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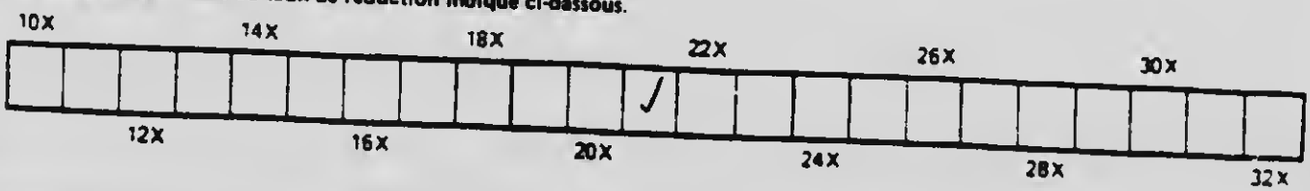

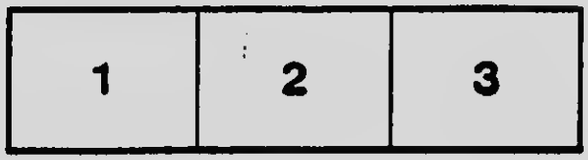

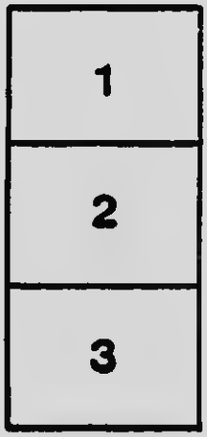

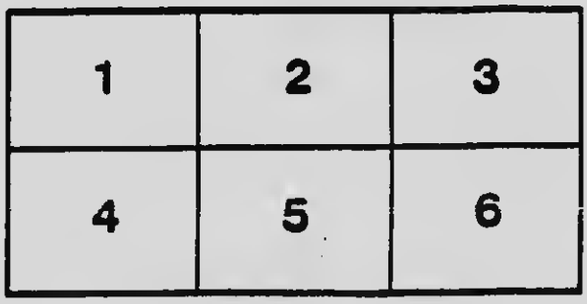

The Impressions of Janky Canuck Abroad

To My

Fellow-traveller:

The Padre.

The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad.

EMILY FERGUSON

TORONTO, 1902

PREFACE.

I HAVE not attempted in the following diary-scraps and letters to write "a glorified guide book." but have rather preferred to touch on commonplace every-day topics that are quite beneath their dignity.

Truth to tell there is but little in the semblance of novelty for the well-informed traveller, except perhaps a different insight, for we all see through our own particular prejudices and temperament. We LOOK physically but SEE mentally.

This must be my plea for the re-weaving of old materials.

E. F.

JULY 15TH. 1898.

HAVE YOU ever noticed the abominable selfishness that distinguishes nearly all tourists in the first excitement of getting settled? Bustling groups vie as to which shall prematurely kill the most stewards. In travelling, one's virtues becomes physical rather than mental, and in spite of your most altruistic principles, it is astonishing how disastrously contagious becomes this low-minded, every-man-for-himself spirit.

We interested ourselves in the partings: "When shall I see you again?" How often is it repeated, and I think it is Kipling who says this is a question that lies very near to the hearts of the world.

* * * *

At six, on the morning of July 5th, we awoke to realize that we were steaming down the St. Lawrence, "The Gallia" having crept away from Montreal some time in the night. Quebec was reached early that afternoon, and looking out on the ancient capital, I found myself peopling it with the charmingly drawn characters of Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*; with "Master Devil" Doltaire, Captain Moray, Mathilde, Alixe Duvarney and Francois Bigot.

It has been said that Quebec is the one *finished* city in the world, and Henry Ward Beecher declared that it was a bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping. This gaunt, grey rock is the centre milestone of Canadian history. Around its war-scarred heights, how many storms of history have broken! The blood of the stolid English and versatile French that blended on that dull September morn so long agone, was the good seed from which has sprung this

passionate young Canuck, with his far-stretching arms, his mighty threws and sinews, and all his abounding vitality. No page in our nation's story is so riveting and dramatic as this.

Further on, we come to where a veritable Minnehaha, the Falls of Montmorenci, lead madly down a lofty precipice, and beyond, in his little white-washed hamlet, lives the *habitant* with his "plaintee good healt' what de monee can't give;" his "good trotter horse an' nice famme Canadienne."

The Island of Orleans is passed; Baie St. Paul and Isle Aux Coudres come into view, and at Murray Bay the "first day out" is ended, and we turn to the study of life aboard ship. We try not to be homesick when we think of the rapidly "lengthening chain" that separates us from home and love; we even make half-tearful jokes about our berths calling them "wooden overcoats," but are glad to turn in and whisper our "Now I lay me," for after all it is our first trip across the ocean, and we have not exhausted the simple, homely emotions of life.

Labrador, that tract which Jacques Cartier brands as the land given to Cain, has been passed, and we begin to feel the swing of the sea. We watch the fast receding shores of the bleak and sterile Newfoundland, until it is like a view from the big end of an opera glass, and then settle down to realize that the happiness of a sea-voyage is a mixed one; that under the name of pleasure, we are prone to afflict ourselves with much misery.

O the dolours of the sea! I become cognizant of the fact the inner womam can take no Turkish bath comparable with an ordinary dose of sea-sickness. The steamer groans, sighs and grumbles in unison with me. I have nothing more to anticipate in this life. My utter lassitude, my complete

collapse of body and soul indicated that the limits of human endurance have heen reached. The "large, airy stateroom" becomes a maddening cubicule and I strangle for air. I am in a floating hospital and there are dismal sounds of retching and wailing, of gasping and gurgling, notes of appalling mortal woe that are distressing in the extreme to hear. After awhile the "contrary winds" abate and I get a sharp appetite, but the very superior stewardess insists on the discipline of renunciation. It saves her trouble ; nevertheless it is a good axiom in travel to eat when you can. Thre is a fortune in store for the person who will write a practical book on "How to be Happy though Travelling."

To a certain extent, there is an unavoidable familiarity on a big liner. You drop your city-bred suspicions of every accidental acquaintance, and the company falls into parties. Natural selection is unconsciously established, and you find yourself more intimate with those whose tastes are congenial. The Padre says it is the old division of the bores and the bored. It do not think he means anything personal, but I must say he has got an aggravating way of letting his chair back to the remotest angle, or of scowling at me as his natural enemy. It doubtless secures him from troublesome intrusion and gives him time to be idle—very idle, or to think "long ong thoughts" about sermons and things.

Early in the voyage we suffered much from the hoarse, anguished bellow of the fog-horn, and presently found ourselves surrounded by gigantic iceburgs. They are intensely interesting studies of polar architecture. The ultra-nautical called them "berge." These shy, spectral apparitions, pallid and luminous as opals, with their indescribable, palpitating hues and polar breath, were strangely and irresistibly attractive. This proximity to "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was overwhelmingly oppressive, and the realization of our human mallness and incapacity was humiliating and entire.

Wishing to see something of the vitals of the ship, the Padre and I climbed down to where the stunning uproar and pulsing thuds of the ship's naked heart upset any preconceived ideas we had on descending. It was a submarine inferno. The engine "buzz'd and bang'd and clackt," and the regular, never-ceasing plunge of the pumps was dizzying in the utmost degree. The engineer told me about the governors, piston, cranks, and valves; about eccentrics and rockers, with a glibness born of long practise, and I pretended to understand it all. I understood the furnaces, however, those huge volcanoes with their white glare and never-satiate throats. Swarthy, half-naked men, with blood-shot eyes, demonstrated the burden of primal curse that by the sweat of their brow they should eat bread. These stokers work four hours and sleep eight, and their wages are $20.00 a month. They regard visitors as their lawful prey, and accordingly, one of them chalked the door-step and we had to pay our footing. When the Padre handed him the money, the man, with a lubicrous air of grandissimo, made a profound bow and shouted a song for our entertainment.

"Oh what care we when on the sea,
For weather fair or fine?
For toil we must, in smoke and dust,
Below the water line."

For those who go down to the sea in ships there are "paths in the great waters," and in one of these, fifteen hundred miles from land, we met a steamer of the Dominion Line. It was the first vessel we had sighted, and as the ships passed on, we "spake to each other in passing."

* * * *

Till you have seen the coming of daylight across the sea in the soft blending of moonlight and dawn, you have not tasted the sweetest draught Nature has to proffer her lovers.

The slow-widening dawn opens a vista of loveliness that is only hindered by clouds so delicate that they might be angel's robes. There is no horizon, for the sky and sea are one.

The disquietude and pain, the grisly terrors of death and disease that hold their earth-born clods in morbid thrall, are all fallen into this "sea of glass mingled with fire." It is a vision that overawes your pettiness. It means that you sit as lightly to the material as you may ever hope to, 'till this mortal shall have put on immortality.

It is the quickening of the soul.

* * * *

There was a score of English people aboard, and they talked of Canada, not quite as "the blawsted colony," but rather as believing Mrs. Jameson's statement that Canada is "a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household affairs the women." They spoke of our gruffness and bad manners. Perhaps it is so. I have not seen enough of the world to institute comparisons, and it may be that we Canadians need the warmth of a more genial atmosphere to soften our brusquerie.

They look upon us as more akin to the Americans than the British. One gentleman pressed the matter rather far when he said that we had the same nasal monotone and the tiresome habit of braggadocio. In the future he will have absolutely no doubts as to Canadian bluntness, for I told him that Miss Isabella Baird, his countrywoman, had given as the result of many years travel, the interesting decision that while the Americans were *nationally* assumptive, the English were *personally* so.

The stewards know the character, habits and idiosyncrasies of all the passengers. It is wise to be good to them. The chief steward is the major-dome of the vessel. He is all

puissant : he has an itching palm : he is the incarnation of the "nickle-in-the-slot" machine.

The eminently haughty stewardess took her "tip" with the patient air of a christian martyr. I was much honored by her gracious acceptance of my poor offering.

The deck-steward is the fountain-head from which much creature-comfort springs. Does Madam wish to air her body and soul? He will find her chair : he will tuck her rugs about her and deftly arrange the pillows : he will bring biscuits and hot bouillon, and will support her head and save her back hair in moments of unutterable human woe.

If you are extremely anxious about it, and are not overly modest, you may have a hot salt bath in the morning, but otherwise, when the angel prepares the water, like the man at the Pool of Bethesda, you will be pushed aside and another will step down before you.

"Time" is "made" each day at noon and remains stationary for the next twenty-four hours. An active pool is operated, the subject being the run *per diem*.

Off the coast of Ireland, we were surrounded by black duck and wheeling flights of strong-winged gulls that shrieked in the very tones of the sea. With weird, yelping cries they dipped after the ship's offal. Their graceful, curving movements were like those of girls skating on our own lakes.

The brown, precipitous banks of "the Scoundrel Isle" loomed up vaguely in a lilac haze. At dusk great curtains of umber clouds hid it from our view.

Early next morning we skirted the Isle of Man and someone quoted Wordsworth's lines :

"Bold words affirmed in days when faith was strong,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ;
For suddenly up-conjured from the main ;
Mists rose to hide the Land—that searched though long
And eager, night be still pursued in vain."

An upstanding rock with a hole through it, is "the eye of man," and as the vessel proceeded on its way, the man shuts his eye after the manner of a doll that goes to sleep. It was too deliberate to be construed into a wink.

The softest of the silken waters is the Irish sea, and acutely green, like an ocean of melted emeralds.

Steaming down the Mersey, we passed through New Brighton, where the lands were thronged with children, and on into Liverpool. There are no "Sky Scrapers" in this wonderful city and all the houses appear uniform in height.

A tender was sent out to bring us ashore. We were transported with an ill-smelling crowd of steerage passengers and quickly landed some place—I could not just say where—all I knew was that the gangway slid out, we were crushed down by its crowd, and stood for the first time on the shores of England. The trip from Montreal had occupied ten days and fourteen hours.

The process of removing the luggage was long and tiresome, and we passed the time in watching a confused heap of towzle-headed uncared-for youngsters, balancing on an iron rail which edged the dock. They kept us in a state of nervousness and trepidation, and then considering their acrobatic feats were worthy of monetary reward, extended grubby little digits for pennies and followed us with a fire of appeals.

Our trunks having received a cursory glance and green billious-looking labels, we resigned ourselves to the mercy of the cabman. I was fairly frightened till the Padre whispered "Codlin's your friend—not Short."

Being so advised, we went to a large Temperance Hotel. We had "a candle to light us to bed." How delightful! In Canada it is exotic: here it is indigenous: it is at home.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 23RD., 1898.

We were outrageously fleeced at the Temperance Hotel. The landlord was a rapacious Shylock. Conscience made no coward of him. We were glad to escape such a raving wolf and move our party of five into lodgings where we are now living *a l' Anglaise*.

For the rent of two bedrooms and a sitting room, with "attendance" we pay three guineas a week. We purchase our own food which the landlady cooks and serves, this with the care of the rooms, is what is meant by "attendance." Coal, gas, the washing of bed-linen and cleaning of boots are extras, indeed, the extras become the bill.

It is more expensive than our system of boarding, and I find it decidedly inconvenient to thus assume the responsibility of catering to a family when I am travel-tired and a stranger in the city.

A dinner deferred maketh the heart sick, but there was no help for it. I had to sally out and forage for provisions. This meant visits to the butcher, baker, grocer and dairyman. Still the system has its advantages: We can consult our tastes and purse in the matter of food, and have as much privacy as possible outside our own home.

Our landlandy has a strident voice. She daily pours out the whole Commination service on the little, work-stained slavey, overwhelmingly cumbered with much serving. She frequently came into my room to tell me that our little girls were too noisy, and finally that she really disapproved of children altogether. I could only express my profound regret and assure her that had we known a few years sooner, it might have been different.

My shopping expeditions were carried out in a state of bewilderment; not only because of the maddening currency but by reason of the names of articles that hitherto I thought I knew. How was I to know that a "pottle" was a peck, that corn-starch was "corn-flour," or that potatoes and apples were sold by the pound, and that a layer-cake was a "jam-sandwich." Neither could I say whether I wanted a "quartern" or "half-quartern" loaf of bread, or whether I preferred malt or date vinegar.

I paid 30 cents a pound for steak, and then my landlady with an irritating sniff told me that it was "only trashy foreign meat." Tinned tomatoes were entirely beyond her comprehension: she declared they were "mashed-up stuff," and quite unfit for food.

Wishing to test some of the national comestibles in the way of vegetables, we tried sea-kale, chicory, scarlet runners endives and Brussel sprouts. The cucumbers are long and smooth and of such delicious flavor that I can understand *Sairey Gamp's* ecstacy. On the whole the edibles of England, while more expensive than in Canada, are infinitely greater in variety and of better quality.

The Padre left us to paddle our own canoe in Liverpool and went to Keswick to attend the great annual convention.

My first impressions of England have not been entirely happy ones. Everywhere, I noticed flashly-dressed women who are avowedly and unblushingly disreputable. Their sidelong glints and encouraging smirks to all male-comers are their offers of sale—their allurements to sin. Occasionally one of these pleasant-mannered Delilahs is attired in widow's weeds, but is by no means as mournful as she is dressed. This life with its vile wage must be a great temptation to kitchen drudges, who see only the fine clothes and not the sad *finale*.

The mendicant and criminal poor are painfully in evidence. Poverty-distorted children with extended hands dog your footsteps with appalling persistency. If you are heedless, they call you a "toff" which is the Liverpool equivalent for a "dude." Indeed, these young gamins do their best to fulfill their baptismal vow by using a great deal of "the vulgar tongue."

Bare-headed drabs, clad only in shawls and draggled skirts, reeled foul-mouthed and beer be-sodden from the low groggeries. The men looked positively oozy, and reminded you of a beer-soaked sponge that you have only to touch to make the fluid come out.

The saloons seem to be innumerable. Over their entrances are the words "Shades" or "Vaults" and who shall say inappropriately? It is not the odour of sanctity that one gets whiffs of, in passing their foul and sloppy bars.

If environment moulds a people, one needs to he endowed with a large hopefulness to predict a bright future for the poorer classes of Liverpool. Their condition cannot be contemplated without moral aud intellectual disr ay. With the lean wolf of hunger always crouching at the door ; sleeping in squalid homes where cleanliness and decency are impossible, and living in foul streets with so many tempting facilities to vice, the deterioration of mankind, both spiritually and physically is inevitable.

I was much struck by the solidity and finish of the City itself. The buildings are of massive strength and durability ; They are built for eternity. The abominable bituminous smoke, that grimy incense of half a million chimneys, gives the City a gloomy, brown atmosphere and dirties the blue skies themselves.

Riding on omnibuses is a source of unflagging pleasure to me. The drivers have graduated in the rough college of practical experience and were veritable Doctors in Philosophy. They are sitting encyclopedias, and are able to post you in all the "wrinkles" of sight seeing, where to go, what to see, and how much to pay. The omnibus horses mostly come from Canada, as do the heavy draught horses. Staid, magnificent, sober-minded, incapable of surprises, with their glossy hides and well-padded contours, they are a credit to our young colony.

Liverpool, being the greatest port in the world, the "sight" of the city is the docks. In order to see them, I took a trip on the overhead Railway, starting at Dingle Station and going to their terminus at Seaforth Sands. I entered a noisy little Juggernaut and was at once plunged into "a horror of great darkness," from which I emerged to find myself speeding breathlessly past the interminable shipping and turmoil of the city's front. For miles along the yellow Mersey, the docks extend in one line of grey granite, broken only by huge gates which are opened when the tide is at its flow to admit vessels

to the basins. When the tide begins to ebb the gates are closed, and so the vessels within float at sea level. Each dock exists for a specific object. In one place are berthed vessels that are in need of repairs. Further on is the Herculaneum Dock, which was blasted out of the rock, and is used for the storage of paraffire. At Prince's Dock, liners are tethered for it is the "Landing Stage" at which ocean steamers arrive and depart. There is a dock for the life-boat service and one for the police; in others cargo boats are laden or landing. These docks are flanked by imposing warehouses, some of which cost as much as a million dollars. Into their capacious rooms, stevedores were carrying grain, tobacco, cotton and other merchandise.

The resinous odour of the squared pines that lay in hug straw-colored heaps in the Canada Dock, the largest of all the docks, was a sudden and subtle elixir. Just now the newspapers are complaining of a pest of ruthless mosquitoes, and claim that these tiny annoyers with their tremendous thirst, had a free passage to England in this very Canadian timber. My brain was bewildered by the maze of shipping that made a continuous scratch etching nine miles in length, against an ashen sky. I was glad to shut my eyes on the return trip and listen to the conversation of my neighbors in the coach.

* * * *

My varied peregrinations led me to St. James' Cemetery, which is a pocket sunk a great depth into the rock. It was at one time a stone-quarry and there are tiers of graves reaching up many feet in the rock. On the grave were wreaths of black beads, or of plaster-of-paris under glass cases—atrocities of taste intended to be highly decorative. On many of the slabs the inscriptions were indecipherable: on others the unprofessional muse and the "monumental liar" have been at work. Untroubled by the tramme's of rhyme and metre, the epitaphs

are often fulsome and extravagant. Among the stones, I looked for the one described by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he visited this cemetery in 1853. On it were the words. "Here rests in *peasc* a virtuous wife." Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniaturist is buried here. She was born without hands or arms and painted by her mouth. The Corporation of Liverpool are about to have this cemetery filled in with clay.

Sometimes we spend our afternoons in Toxteth Park, where the children never tire feeding the swans and water-hens.

I went twice to hear Dr. John Watson, better known as *Ian Maclaren*. His Church was densely packed on both occasions. The creator of *Drumsheugh, Doctor MacLure and Jamie Soutar* did not disappoint me. In his own words they were "rael bonnie sermons" that I heard. Dr. Watson has suffered persecutions long drawn out, because forsooth, his novels are not doctrinal. His flaw-picking brethren have been pouring out vitriolized tirades on this theological Prodigal but as he is a man of strong convictions, and I should judge as unyielding as an axiom in Euclid, it is not likely he will be frightened or bowowed out of his opinions. Before the sermon, he offered a short extempore prayer which was an entreaty for blessing on those who had lost their reason ; a benediction for all near to death ; mercies for any name that might be repeated. His subject was "Successful Life," and his text, "Behold this dreamer." He said had Joseph lived in the Victorian era a book for young men entitled, "From a Jail to a Throne" would have been written, and his life held up as a model of a successful career. This spirit has been satirized by Matthew Arnold, and we are spt to sneer at Smiles' worthies, but if material success be not always honorable, neither is material failure ; "Wherefore," he said, "without a blush, I shall proceed to preach on the excellency of success."

This great divine spoke from notes and the sermon showed thorough preparation. His rhetoric was copious and elegant. His tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Dr. Watson has the power to stir the spirit to its depths. He has an elusive, indefinable something we call personal magnetism, and puts his auditors under the spell of this mesmeric influence. They surrendered unconditionally, now leaning forward to catch every word with highly-wrought tension, and then as he finished a point, leaning back in their seats only to repeat the process a little later. With his pathos, sublimity and cynical humor he touched the cords of every heart. He is versatile, passionate, sympathetic, and intellectually, a giant.

Dr. Watson is one of the speakers whose listeners never wonder what o'clock it is, for he talks *to* people,—not *before* them. He uses cunning, penetrative words : they are his "nimble and airy servitors"—indeed, I can only say of him what Emerson said of Whitman, "I find incomparable things said incomparably well."

I had the great pleasure too, of hearing the "Bishop of Liverpool, the venerable Dr. Ryle, one of the famous champion of Evangelical religion in the world. He is prodigiously tall but in spite of his age and feebleness, preserves an erect and stately carriage : his handsome scholarly face is deep-bitten with wrinkles. Although the Bishop's voice is weak, he speaks with the snap and spirit of youth : his style is direct, terse and pungent. The sermon was live matter ; chiefly

"n'oration
About High Church innovation an' a-driftin back to Rome."

They were no soft words he used in his scathing protests against the "heretical and damnable" doctrines that are undermining the Established Church. His uncompromising hostility to ritualism did not permit his palliating or glossing over the situation He hit straight out, and hard.

I went to a Ritualistic Church also, to see celebrated what is termed "High Mass." In the vestibule was a holy-water stoup for the use of the faithful. No imprudent commingling of males and females is allowed in this church, for the sexes are seated on opposite sides, the sheep from the goats. To overstep the line of demarcation would be too bold an act to even contemplate. There was an altar to the Virgin Mary, so that *Oxenham's* words about the Spaniards in *Westward Ho*; "They pray to a woman—the idolatrous rascals," would apply to these worshippers. Each altar had candles of "unbleached wax" and other importations of Roman Materialism. "Matins" were "said" at half-past ten, the service lasting twenty-five minutes. There was no singing. So miserably mumbled were the lessons, that I was quite unable to glean the faintest idea or what the cleryman was reading. It sounded like a theorem.

Much to my surprise the clergy retired at the close of the morning prayer and as the congregation did not move, I sat on quietly. This service was merely prefatory, a necessary inconvenience, to the Communion service which followed. A few minutes later, a person of ambiguous sex, dressed in a cassock, surplice and red girdle, entered and lit the candles. He bowed to the altar with that shame-faced air a ritualist adopts as compared with a Roman Catholic, "frightened," like Johnson, "at his own temerity." Another pause, when the doors of the vestry were thrown open and a magnificent individual with trimmings of scarlet and lace, entered swinging a censer. In his wake came the Crucifer and the choristers with banners. two Clergymen, the Gospeller and Epistoler, and lastly a most ornate person with his hands clasped as in prayer and showing the whites of his eyes. His pose smacked of "professional piety," or what is more vulgarly called clap-trap. His white satin robe was stiff with embroidery, and he wore something (I cannot say what) on his back : it was more like an inverted

tea-cosy than anything else. Two attendants bore his voluminous skirts : this was the celebrant attired for mass.

Up and down the aisle the procession moved, the choristers singing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Arrived at the altar, the stiff robe and tea-cosy were lifted off the celebrant and carried to the vestry. This left him dressed in a white robe, on the back of which, was embroidered a large cross. I was unable to follow the service intelligibly, but eventually learned that all were kneeling for the epistle, which the Clergyman intoned to the measure of a swinging censer. He seemed to be utterably unable to turn the pages of the prayer book himself, which necessitated an attendant performing that office for him. The Gospel finished, the Priest kissed the book. At intervals the Roman Missal was read in a droning monotone. I could not understand the tricks of scenic devotion or the minutiae of ritual, for the service throughout was a succession of tableaux and burlesques ; it was playing at religion. Still I could not but admire the skill of muscular movement involved in the sinuous and sensuous manœuvres of their strange and intricate quadrille. The priests would bow their heads almost to the floor, till I got alarmed lest their blood-vessels burst. Absolute prostrations on the stone pavement of the chancel were followed by numerous posturings and gesticulatory embellishments. It was highly theatric, and without the clouds of incense, had been entirely trivial and vulgar.

If outward ceremony constitutes religion, then here is truly religion. Well men's hearts fail them for fear, for this service formerly called a holy one, is not even dignified. Dean Farrar has written ; "The ceremonies of such churches are but as spangles upon their funeral pall.' The sermonette which lasted as long as fourteen minutes was prosy and sopoific, it being delivered in a wooden, souless manner without the slightest attempt at oratory. By way of spiritual pabulum

the preacher instructed us as to when, and under conditions, we might eat meat. We took the wine and wafer by proxy, none of us having an opportunity given us to partake of it. This church was showered by stones on the next Sunday, by the Evangelical pugilists of the Church Militant and the clergy roughly handled, for it would appear that the dogs of war are loose, and the end is not yet. Their rage, as exhibited on this occasion is, however, neither dignified nor discreet, and it is to be hoped these tactics will be discontinued. Such "zeal is not according to knowledge." The rough goblin of public opinion as voiced in the newspaper contends, that the Established Church is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of traditional absurdity; is burning out the dregs of the oil in her cruse—is singing her swan-song. We prefer rather to believe that Miller is right when he says: "The present admiration for the mediaeval cannot be other than a transitory streak of fashion, for the shadow on the great dial of human destiny cannot move backward."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10.

It was raining piteously when we left Liverpool. The soot or "black" dirtied our faces and linen, and hurt our eyes. For the superfluous services of opening the cab door, a loafer asked a half-penny, but one soon grows impassive to the wheedling whine of the charity seeker.

We travelled in a corridor car which looked extremely small. A narrow passage runs down one side of the coach, off which the compartments open. The engine seemed unfinished without our indispensaole "cow catcher." The conductor is called a "guard." You can only see him at the stations, for it is impossible to pass from one car to another. We were near the end of the train, and as the engine's loose-jointed vebebra swung its tail round the curves, we kept our seats with difficulty. We had read of English trains as "cushioned bullets," but as our suffering increased, we felt that Ruskin had described them better as "carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." We counted thirty tunnels and then grew tired. Their monstrous gloom is oppressive. It is good advice "never to go under grouud until you are put there."

At Derbe, tea-baskets were passed through the window; We put them off at Leicester. A basket has four compartments in which are held the tea-pot, cup and saucer, cream and sugar and buttered bread; it cost a shilling. We were able to supplement our tea by purchasing baskets of strawberries. This is an improvement on our system of insanely bolting at some junction, indigestible chunks of water-logged-pie, and parboiling your throat with hot tea.

The landscapes are full of interest. The fields partitioned by hedges of box and hawthorne; the yards and the tuck-gardens free from litter; the park-like character of the woods, and the tiny farm-houses with red tiles and deep-pitched, time-warped roofs were pleasing novelties to us. There are smooth turfed lawns too, and gardens wherein all sweet things blossom. The English do not gather into barns, but the grain is piled into stacks or ricks, which are thatched. The pasture-lands are mottled with sheep, usually penned behind fences of basket-work made from split hazels. The fences are built in sections (called sheep-hurdles) so as to be easily moved when one spot is grazed clean.

The graveyard seems to hold "the great majority," for they are more populous than the villages.

We are surprised at the scarcity of the orchards and streams, which are so important features in our Canadian scenery. The fences of warm-colored brick are tapestried with lichens and tender parasites, ivy, fern and myrtle grow in their chinks and add an air of softness to the harsh rock-masses. No stray blots of ugliness disfigure the country: even along the railway the waste places have been made beautiful.

It has been pithily remarked that England is thoroughly groomed, for here Brute Nature has long been subject to the hand of man. The fields appear to be perfected by a hairdresser rather than a plough-man. They are combed, and brushed and pomatumed, and coiffured. They are as formal and precise as stage scenery.

It was a mean view of London we got on our way through to the sea. The train passed underground most of the way, only emerging occasionally to run on a level with the house-tops. It left an impression of mediocre streets, congested brick and mortar, chimney-pots, red tiled-roofs, grime and sordidness.

Being the day before Bank Holiday, that we arrived at Southend-on-Sea, we had great difficulty in getting a place wherein to stow ourselves. Finally we secured three rooms at Westcliff, a pretty suburb away from the noise of the "trippers," who were already pouring into the Town in thousands On Bank Holiday, the trains brought one hundred and fifty thousand of the laboring class from London, and so we made the acquaintance of a "'Arry," and "'Arriet." 'Arry, who is-always crop-headed, is attired in a Derby hat and bell-mouthed trousers; 'Arriet in wide-leaved headgear, an enormous structure-trimmed with an elaboration of velveteen, feathers and flowers. This pretentious hat, she wears jauntily cocked on the side of her head and let me parenthetically observe that her millinery is

usually rented at so much a week, or paid for on the installment plan. Large, pendant ear-rings and a fringe are her absolute essentials. None of her class are good-looking; they are all vulgar and coarse: they are London's brown-bread. 'Arriet is slatternly: she has half-closed, animal-like eyes and what Du Maurier describes as "a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie." She probably has her virtues but they do not lie on the surface. High-kicking and dancing, when she is not heavily *enceinte*, appear to be her favorite amusements. She gets drunk before dinner. Her price is no by means "far above rubies." She is considerably lower than the angels.

'Arry, like David's enemy grins like a dog and runs about the city. He sings too, and harmony is not his strongest point. To the strains of the detestable accordion, he dances with 'Arriet, but his performance in the saltatory way is neither light nor fantastic. He bashfully attitudinises before the camera on the beach. 'Arry rejoices in the day of his youth.

It is a queer conglomeration that goes to make up the swel-tering swarm of this holiday. Among them you will find respectable mechanics and their families, who stretch themselves on the sands to enjoy the draughts of air from the life-bringing sea. They are quiet people, and if you talk with them, they are glad to tell you about their friends who have gone to Canada, and how they were going too, but their brother who settled at Barrie wrote of the many wolves in that district, so they decided it was safer to remain in England. They ask you about the buffaloes and "revolver fights," and you answer them in a "Big Injun" way, which if not entirely reliable, is at least exciting and original.

In the color-splashed throngs there are scores of swaggering "lads in red" busily engaged in "chawfing" 'Arriet; sea-flushed sailors too, with flapping breeches bandy-legs and rolling gait; bovine women whose faces

are marked with evil passions; red-jerseyed Salvationists; rascally-looking sharps with unpleasant leers; and multitudinous children, for Mrs. John Bull has brought her hapless progeny for a day's outing. We wander idly to and fro with the crowds in the bazaars and look at the whimsical merchandise, the lithographic views, ha'-penny toys, trumpery jewels, knick-knacks and "things wherein is no profit." We inspect illuminated pictures through peep-holes and find them not particularly edifying, or take a turn on the "roundabout" and thus solicit qualmishness for a mere song. "Oh! if you will only walk into my parlor," cries the man of the camera obscura, and being simple we turn in thither and try to understand the opticalness of it.

The limitations of poverty need deter no one, for in England, you learn the purchasing ability of a farthing. For this tiny bit of money you may buy a toy-trumpet, an apple, or even a doll. Being females, we could not throw straight, and so did not waste our substance on the riotous man who dodged the cricket balls thrown at his head. His motions were a revelation in dexterity, for no one secured a prize. We pottered around the raree shows and expressed our superlative admiration in copper coin. A gypsy told me "all the things that ever I did". We were merry with swarthy ragamuffins and their monkeys; with harequins and burnt-cork comedians. The penny-in-the-slot machines wrote us love-letters, told our characters, fortunes, strength, our weight (in stones), the names of our second husbands, and showed us the photographs of our first babies. No need to take anxious thought for the morrow, it is all explained to-day.

An entertainment of the "variety" order was in full blast, and as Sairey Gamp would express it, we happened in quite "permiscuous". The principle feature seemed to be the dancing

of a young woman whose garments suggested difficulties in the way of getting into them, and still greater difficulties in the way of getting out of them. They were eminently calculated to display the shapeliness of her nether limbs. She was a living, moving picture, sportive, lithesome and sinewy as a tiger. She was sandal-shod. "The blush was fixed upon her cheek." It was fortunate that her male companion was not seven feet high else she might have kicked his head off. Her hip-play, bodily contortions, and bacchantic leaps were of such a character that most girls would hesitate before taking their mother to see this young wanton. She would stand on her toe, with one leg extended, much after the style of a pair of scissors that have fallen to the ground, and only one blade has stuck. After a little rest, she performed a rhythmic, gypsy dance to a guitar accompaniment in slow *tempo*. The *danseuse* was habited this time in voluminous drapery to correspond to the charm of "woven paces and waving hands" in the trailing, dream*y* easure. Her performance was the elaboration of what is sometimes called "Love", and was well-marked with the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness and the ecstatic tremors that belong to dances of the Oriental origin.

Outside, the Salvation Army were holding a service, for in this way only "the poor have the gospel preached to them." A young soldier from Gibraltar was telling his "experiences" for he was a soldier of the King too. As one looked at the drunken throngs, and then at this little band endeavoring to follow in the steps of the manger-born, work-stained, thorn-crowned carpenter, you wondered if things were not reversed nowadays, for it would appear that the ninety-and-nine are without the fold, and the one sheep inside.

Towards evening, the people became either quarrelsome or roysteringly happy. It could hardly have been otherwise, for all day they had taken long and strong draughts from the barrels of beer which had been rolled into the streets. One man

felled his female companion with a blow like a sledge-hammer on an anvil. She was stunned, and after some little time a policeman was found in a "pub" and induced to take them into his protecting care. The police are not a terror to a holiday crowd, as they must perforce be lenient on these occasions, for the jails would he totally inadequate for the thousands of drunks and disorderly. Besides, it may be said of these guardians of the peace, what Rudyard Kipling makes an Indian to say of the agent on the Reservation: "Melican officer good man—Heap good man—Drink me, Drink he, Drink *he*, me blind—*Heap* good man."

The mad whirling night with its garish glitter and boisterous conviviality, took on the nature of a Saturnalia. It was a lively demonstration of "midnight shout and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity," and all else that goes to make an English holiday.

* * * *

We are having sultry dog-days at the sea but the evening air is divinely soft. I do little the live-long-day but lie supine on the beach in dreamy indolence. I have learned to forget the busy bee whose shining example was held up before my young eyes and have learned to emulate the poor sluggard—and what a world it is to rest and dream in. I am learning a charming variety of ways of doing nothing. I can do nothing by watching in lazily contented fashion, the efforts of the bairnies in amateur canal engineering: or perhaps it is a house of sand which they have built on driftage, and set it about with slimy sea-weeds, rosy-lipped shells and sea-litter, but the cruel ermined waves have attacked its flanks, have undermined its walls, and have brushed it aside, and so my little Babel-builders are sad for their "Palace Beautiful." They have not dreamed as yet how the fierce surges of Time wash away other and bigger castles. I can do nothing very pleasantly by loitering out to consider the lilies of the fields, "How they idle, how they grow," or resting

in the shade of some sweet-scented hayrick, I make idle predictions about the weather which are never established. I can do nothing in a way that has a dash of adventure in it, by crossing to Prittlewell for tea and coming back for supper. I can do nothing by gazing--and this is a most fascinating exercise—at the Sheerness forts and deciding to sail there the day after to-morrow. Indeed the study of the *dolce far niente* is not the least important in the world. Just now, I feel that there is no life so happy as that of a thorough-going loafer.

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31st.

Leigh is a little fishing village that sleeps near Hadleigh Castle.

Tawny-skinned, tar-grimed fishermen who look as if they existed only for the painter's brush, drowse idly in the sun, waiting the flow of tide, to set out for their fishing grounds. Others busy themselves mending sails or nets, and one old fellow tells me about "the gentle craft" of fishing for shrimps. The shrimp is a tiny cousin of the cray-fish. It is caught in a fine-meshed net, in the shallows at the Thames' mouth. Its fate is to be boiled alive and sent up to the London market. The fisher-folks live in quaint, one-storied houses with projecting eaves, dormer windows and rools of red tiles. It is ebb of tide, and for a mile out the mud-banks are naked, except where turbid, beer-colored puddles dot the surface. Bare-footed, and with tucked up skirts, we slither along the slimy earth, and watch the grey-backed gulls swoop down on the ocean's flotsam with weird booming cry. We return treasure-trove with star and jelly-fish, fronds of crimpy sea-weed, mussels and ocean miscellanies.

Tea is taken in a cosy hostelry which reminds us of Izaak Walton's description of "an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the window and twenty ballads stuck against the wall, and my hostess I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome and civil."

Hadleigh Castle is six hundred and fifty years young, for such it is in this land of antiquities, yet it lies "in ruinous perfection." It is said to be the burial place of Guthrun the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. Here in 1555, Dr. Rowland Taylor drank the cup of martyrdom, His "noble failure and heroic death," the maniac ferocity of his persecutors and the agony of his little flock, all go to make up one of the most touching episodes in the history of English martyrology. Near by General Booth has a seven-hundred acre farm-colony and large brickfields. We ride home on our bicycles in the slow waning twilight and are watchful not to run afoul cart-horses on the road, for the outlook is cut short by high hedge-rows. The English roads are metaled and admirably adapted for wheeling.

At present our daily delight is a donkey-ride. There is a luxury in the realization that our doings, even when they have no more nefarious ends than donkey-riding, are wholly unnoticed. In a strange land we may "come like shadows, so depart." When I go riding there are many competitors for my favors, but I always select a thick-skinned quadruped; a rusty, ragged shirk whom I have christened "Israel Tarte." He has no marked contours, but might rather be described as ridgy-spined and raw-boned. His gait is limping and disjointed. He is lumpish and as opinionated as a first-year divinity student. He is not without his good qualities either, for he is patient under the most overwhelming vilification and is absolutely impervious to surprises.

My donkey-girl belabours poor Israel with something like a rail, at the same time giving it as her opinion that

he intends going to roots, for he is a recalcitrant beast and persists in standing stock-still. The wily wench only beats him as a matter of form, for she knows that these vigorous hints make no appreciable difference. When the shower of blows have ceased, without any warning, Israel makes a sudden dart and is off at an alarming pace. I find myself thrown forward on his neck which I lovingly encircle with my arms, and then hold on like grim death.

The donkey-girls laugh immoderately and so do I, till presently my hair bobs down my back, my hat is left behind, and breathless but happy, we run the round of the block and deposit our penny in the tin full two rods ahead of all rivals. Good old Israel!

While not quite as exciting, the pleasures of sea-bathing are equally keen. But here, in blissful colonial ignorance we offended the English proprieties for the Padre accompanied us to our matutinal bath which is not the rule—not even the exception in England. Such naughty, uncivilized doings are relegated to all the rest of the world. I asked a lady the why and wherefore of it, and she assured me that the real reason was because the English women had shockingly bad figures. While it is quite true, that there is but little mystic seductiveness about the average form, this is hardly a valid reason, for their clothy bathing-suits make the ungainly figure passable, and on the other hand, cover the supple, sensuous curves of the uncorseted Venus. The children are thoroughly enjoying the surf-bathing. The pliant arms of Neptune embrace our fry of mermaids with great gentleness, and again in a boisterous mood, he throws them from his health-giving embraces, panting and gasping on the sand. Sometimes, we go to the swimming baths, where we are not encumbered with too much clothing and where there are few onlookers to regard us stolidly. We splash about like water-spaniels, bob like corks, climb the ropes and then step

out to be briskly rubbed down, feeling that at last we have discovered the fountain of youth.

Street orators are much in evidence here, their usual topic being Anarchism or perhaps Socialism, for there is a wide difference in the two.

I listened this morning to a conceited Russian refugee, a young man, who was abusing his haven. Anarchism is his panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. He ranted, raved and indulged in abuse of England and everything English. He talked much about equality and fraternity but it was the fraternity which Sebastian Chamfort described as "A Brotherhood of Cain—that is, be my brother or I will kill thee." A quiet-looking man who was making table-mats for sale, suddenly got up and in vigorous English, punctuated with a kick, told Mr. Russian Bear he would get his neck stretched if he stayed there. He didn't stay.

The Socialist is more often a man with a factory-bleached skin, who talks of the extravagance of "'Is Royal 'Ighness, the Prince of Wiles." He tells in a crude way of his own ill-paid labor and his harassing anxiety: he talks of the great army of the destitute, the submerged tenth, the other half; men, women and children who are the victims of an industrial *regime* that demands human sacrifice, for it is their blood and agony that is transmuted into accursed gold.

The poor labourer hates the filth of his verminous home. He contends that his birth is like a dogs, his life like a dogs, and his burial like a dogs. His awful nightmare is the fear of being eventually gathered in by "the union", by which term he means the workhouse. He believes in a great co-partnership of the classes, and would humble the "Robber Knights of Capital". He calls on the Church, to prove her boast that Christianity can solve the social question. All the ministers are asking, he says, how they may reach the masses, when

they know it can be done by substituting the Christianity of Christ for Capitalistic Christianity. His story is one of fatalistic tragedy in its intensest developments. Perhaps Dean Farrar is right when he says, there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus, against which Dives has no antidote.

We went last night by boat, to Clacton, another popular sea-side resort. The pier at Southend, from which we set out is the longest in the world, and is traversed by an electric tramway.

On the steamer, I talked to a girl suffering from necrosis or matchmaker's leprosy, more commonly known as "phossy jaw". She said it was caused by inhaling the fumes of the phosphorous, used in tipping matches. The teeth ache and then drop out. She is now at this stage of the disease. Later the loathsome leprosy eats its way into the roof of the mouth, and inside the nose, when the jaw drops off. They sometimes lose their sight before death. This girl's wages were $1.92 per week. Who is responsible? It is not nice to think about.

We passed the Norelights and other "street lamps of the ocean". A black, oily-backed whale was sighted making its way across the mouth of the Thames.

Torpedo-boat destroyers skimmed past us at the rate ot forty miles an hour: they carry guns to sink torpedo-boats. They are the sea-serpents of the nineteenth century. Those who man them are in great peril, but it is said there is no lack of volunteers for the work.

We bought our lunch in a confectioner's shop at Clacton, and ate it on the sun-lit stretch of sand that fronts the town About us were the London "trippers" with their baskets plethoric of pork-pies, bologna sausages and oranges, They buy gastronomical novelties in the fish line from itinerant peddlers,

to round out their *menu*—whelks which are huge, tough snails, and winkles, or more correctly peri-wrinkles, which they harpoon out of the shell with hair or hat pins. They eat enormous quantities of cockles which are deluged with date vinegar and black pepper. Oysters, although expensive, are also much favored. These oysters are natives, and are said to live almost wholly on typhoid germs. The devil beguiled me and I did eat some that had been reared in the Thames. A week later, I saw by the newspapers that the corpses of two men had been uncovered by an unusually low tide. They had died from cholera and were thrown out of the vessel, close to the oyster beds.

While eating our lunch, we listened to the thrumming of guitars and the songs of music-hall "artists", the humor of which was not so intangible as to evade analysis. They border on the ragged edge of indecency. The "spoken" interpolation though often dissolute is immensely popular. It is only a heart full of immorality that could appreciate them.

We walked into the country, hoping to gather some bramble-berries but alas! it is true that blackberries are green when they are red, and then too, their cruel talons guard them well. The wheat fields, white unto harvest, were gay with morning-glories, and crimson poppies. The summer air hung heavy with the odor of celandine, honeysuckle, rosemary and rue. Everywhere I looked the landscape composed itself into a perfect picture, yet its prettiness tired me and I began to long for the bold features of our Canadian scenery; for their sun-blistered hills; for Nature in her girlhood. Walking through these sequestered rural districts, one sees over many of the cottages the words, "Lunch with Tea"; "Refreshments"; "Hot water furnished"; "Temperance drinks." The England of *L'Allegro* does not seem to exist now, but has been succeeded by one that is more mercantile and less romantic.

In an old cemetery, the grave-digger with soil-stained hands turned up poor fragments of men without a qualm, for the mould was full of bones, full of the humid, greasy awfulness of human decay. I could not bear the sickly reek of the uncovered earth, and turned away to talk to a laborer who was rolling straw in bundles for the market.

He told us it would bring $18.00 a cwt. He stigmatized Canadian "high" (hay) as rough, the best he said came from France. He told us of the wonderful new self-binders that the English had invented, and which were coming into use thereabouts.

The English crop more grain to the acre than we do—not that the Godess of Plenty has shown any favoritism with her cornucopia—but because the soil is better cultivated and manured.

The farm waggon is a two-wheeled cart, with enormous hubs, and rims as thick as car-wheels. The farmer seems to have little conception of dynamics for the horses are not hitched side by side, but tandem fashion. The first horse is quite two rods from the waggon, and so its tractorial force is materially lessened. It is not a mere conservative style,—it is antediluvian.

The farm-laborer dresses in the traditional corduroy, and his trousers are kept comfortably baggy at the knee with a leather strap that buckles around each leg. Under the chin, he wears a fringe of whiskers—indeed, he is exactly like the pictures in the Christmas Graphic.

His unyielding leather boots are wooden-soled, and iron-shod. Nothing short of planing his feet would make them the shape of the boots. By their lack of elasticity or spring, the muscles of the feet are rendered absolutely useless, and the toes are reduced to mere fringes. The result is noticeable in his gait, for he does not lift his feet perpendicularly but shuffles along with a side motion.

I have been struck with the lack of curiosity and the vacuity of mind in their class. Perhaps their lager-thickened blood makes them dullards. The average laborer has, however, the saving grace of a politeness unknown to Canadians of the same rank, for he touches his hat when addressed, and if you impede his path, he does not gruffly shout—"Get out of the road, you there," but courteously says, "By your leave, Madam."

SOUTHEND, SEPT. 25th.

I have been endeavoring to live up to my baptismal vows in the way of hearing sermons and find that in England, as in Italia', "All roads lead to Rome. "The Dissenters are copying the Evangelicals of the Established Church, who in a couple of decades will be High Churchmen. The High Churchmen are Ritualists except in doctrine, and the Ritualists and Romanists are identical. Yesterday, I went to a Ritualistic Church and found myself in Oriental quarters. The church was dimly lighted by wax-tapers and colored lamps, which were suspended from the ceiling by chains. Curtains of scarlet plush were hung on rods and angled out from the walls as screens, against which were erected white marble crucifixes. It is astonishing how prevalent scarlet is among the Ritualists.

Pictures, incredibly bad, marked the stations of the cross. There were tawdry representations of little cherubs all heads and wings, and apopletic saints on clouds, or what might be a more

true portrayal of fat Dutchmen beating up feather beds. The air was oppressive with the sickening reek of stale incense. The officiating priest looked every inch an ecclesiastic. His disfiguring tonsure was about the size of an American dollar. It is unbecoming to a bulbous head.

The service consisted of the same snake-like, Terpsichorean devices that I saw in Liverpool. A certain degree of formalism is necessary in religious worship, it is the etiquette of religion, but the Ritualists seem to possess the sign greatly in excess of the thing signified. They are wandering among formulæ—many of them beautiful, it is true—but have long since lost their meaning. Lightfoot, says "If vice is the death of the irreligious many ; formalism is the death ot the religious few,"

The sermon was slipshod stuff intending to show that it was quite impossible to conduct a service according to the rubrics of the Prayer-Book, and that as no specific directions were given for many of the ceremonies, it was undoubtedly understood we should use those prescribed in the old Sarum liturgy.

The clergyman defined the use of holy-water, the mass, wafer-bread, and the keeping of "the body of Christ" in a receptacle on the altar, that the people might pray in its presence. "For, "he said, "surely if the Evangelicals omit certain portions of the Prayer Book, we may add some." After this impotent conclusion, he told his people that the object of the Ritualists was not to be mere "Apists of the Papists" but to go further, and supplant this imperious foreign heirarchy by incorporating her doctrines and methods into the Church of England. He asked his people to stand firm against the assaults of their opponents who cried up "Lawlessness in the Church" and in good time, God would deliver his people out of their persecutions.

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Last week, I went to Shoeburyness where the Padre is speaking to the soldiers. It is an artillery station at which gunners from all parts of the world are trained and important experiments in the military ordnance take place.

It was a phenomenally hot day for England. The air vibrated with waves of heat and there was nothing hid from the blinding lustre of the sun. At ebb of tide, we walked across the sands past the Stallibras Gap, where in "the good old days" free-booters used to run their merchandise ashore.

An officer kindly showed us the guns. They are of horrible efficiency. England undoubtedly "puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard." Enormous sums of money are required to meet the expense of practise on the long-gun range, but Papa Bull has the marvellous faculty of eating his cake and having it.

The average English artillery-man is an inferior marksman. More often he misses than hits the bull's-eye, and generally he is far wide of it. A Canadian knows how to shoot before he enlists, but the Englishman who takes the Queen's shilling has probably never loaded a rifle, much less fired one. He has to be taught all that afterwards, and it is only after a long practise that he becomes a crack shot.

Mrs Thomas Atkins lives in "the married quarters," which truth to tell, do not look enticing. She is granted two unfurnished rooms with coal and light. She draws no rations but gets her husband's pay weekly. Twelve per cent of the soldiers are allowed to marry, but as a large proportion of these are non-commissioned officers, only 3 per cent of the privates are married "with leave." No soldier must marry till he has served seven years for his Rachel, won two good conduct badges and must have at least $25 in the saving-bank. His pay does not alter on marriage, but his two good conduct badges entitle

him to four cents a day extra. Than he earns extra pay as an officer's servant and his wife washes and sews for the unmarried soldiers.

The wives of the soldiers who are married without leave are "not on the establishment." They cannot follow their husbands abroad, and their is no gratuity if their husbands are killed.

There is a Soldier's Home at Shoeburyness, where cosy reading-rooms, a chapel, a bar with food and temperance drinks, and other advantages may be enjoyed by the men.

It is in charge of two ladies, who not only pay their own board, but give largely of their wealth to its maintenance.

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It may interest you to know that I have changed my lodging, four times in the last two months, and my last stage is worse than the first. We are at present enjoying a minimum of accomodation at a maximum of cost—the cost including fleas innumerable, both small and great. The Padre says it was a flea who wrote "Fee-Fo-Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." I made brave to remonstrate with my first landlady but the savage told me I had brought them myself. I could only assure her that my trunks were not equal to the capacity. I found later that they were everywhere, literally everywhere, diabolical, black incarnations making night hideous with their tickling inquisitiveness and persistent, voracious appetites.

It is not to be wondered at, for a seaside landlady considers it an unheard of extravagance to change your bed-linen under a month, and as for towels, we found it absolutely obligatory to purchase a stock and have them laundried ourselves.

Soap is not supplied and consequently we were often reduced to sore straits in our bird-of-passage life. We know

enough to carry our own brushes, but the carrying of soap is a stage of civilization to which we have not yet attained. There was nothing for it but to lay violent hands on the Padre's stick of shaving-soap, till we were able to supply the deficiency.

All the boarding-houses are the same. Each bedroom is furnished with a cumbersome wardrobe, a small dressing-table and a lumpy bed, with a bolster as round and as hard as a rolling-pin. There is a little closet-room, the blind is impracticable, the grate accursed, and you spot your frock with the abominable guttering candles.

Unless you wish it cold, you order your bath with your dinner. There is no heat in the bath-room and often no lock on the door, so your teeth chatter like castanets and there is goose-flesh all over you. The landylady's respectability is outraged if you call yourself a "lodger." She is hypersensitive that you should be a "guest."

Her furniture, like her temper, is often out of joint. The chairs have a baneful trick of subsiding under your weight; the old crack in the water-pitcher is brought to your notice as a recent occurence, and the paint gets scratched, for all of which we pay fabulous fines. Perhaps some day her head will come off and then I shall be tried for murder. She fears not God nor regards man. Sapphira might have envied her talent for lying. One day the long-suffering public will annihilate her in the germ.

She keeps a "slavey", or perhaps two, who serve up your sodden, puttified cutlets and brew your tea in alarming strength The slavey soap-stones the front door-step and does not allow the brass knob to "rust unburnished." She cleans your boots, and brings your hot water, and in return, you must tip her. Like the landlady, she is a parasite and lives on your cold roast, your jam, and your butter. Indeed, "the landlady's cat" has a well-substantiated existence, and her appetite—Lord save us!

If you speak of any remnant of food, she will say, "*that* little bit! Why, I threw it out." More often it "spoils". If you do not complain, you are "quite the lady".

The only way you can comfortably advise the landlady and her maids is to write your opinion of things in your diary. It is unfailing.

* * * *

The Padre has been preaching in the Parish Church and so we met some of the people. To-day, we accepted an invitation whose objective point was a pic-nic at Canewdon. The road was dotted with uncombed urchins of both sexes, turning cart-wheels and summersaults, with an eye to rewards, and with the imminent peril of sloughing off their last fewrags. While we were reined up to water the horses, an old man came near to "pass the time of day. "He bowed profoundly and broadly hinted his willingness to relieve us of our spare pennies. It is the rule in England that in walking one keeps to the right, but in driving you keep to the left. Some wag has set this forth in the lines following:—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
For if you are driving along, sir,
If you'll keep to the left you'll surely go right
If you keep to the right you'll go wrong sir.'

The farmers were cutting their crops of mustard with sickles. We passed fields of nasturiums, vividly splendid in their gay audacity of scarlet and gold. The orchards were small and the trees woody. It would almost appear that the English pay more attention to the sword than the pruning hook.

Canewdon, which is really only a post office, is named after the Danish King Canute, who for a time, made this his seat of Government.

The pic-nic was at the Rectory, which is at present in charge of a missionary, home from India on furlough. We found the games diverting in the extreme, and began to understand what the English term "yokel" meant. The Padre acted as starter. The heavily-booted country boys found it hard to run, and covered the ground with an awkward, tumbling gait. They had sack races, and wheelbarrow races, and finally the Padre instituted consolation prizes. He gave a shilling to the boy who could eat a sandwich quickest, and his knife to the one who could stand longest on his head, feats which at least did not require any great mental strain. Broad-hipped, clumsy women entered into the potato races with remarkable energy, but only one or two were able to finish. After tea, which we ate in the shade of fig and mulberry trees, the Rector presented the prizes to the Sunday School children. During the afternoon, he had roundly boxed the ears of the boys and girls in a manner that made us open our eyes. Now, he began a running comment on the prizes that was quite as amazing: "Prize for attendance!—Annie Nie. She never would have secured it for good conduct." Prize for good conduct!—John Hawkins. We hope in the future he will come to Sunday School with clean hands." What a sensation this clergyman would be to a Canadian congregation. I suppose, however, it is the ill effects of the Indian climate on his general state of health, for he is really quite a fine man and his wife is charming.

The ladies of the parish had a "jumble" sale of cast-off-clothing. I should say it was cast off more than once. Someone present compared it to the definition given by a Prime Minister of a deputation. It is "a noun of multitude signifying many but not much".

Before leaving, we ascended the steeple of the church, which is seventy-five feet high. The church is gaunt, grey and almost derelict. It is sullenly old.

WESTCLIFF, OCT., 8th.

We were invited to "a house party," a few miles up the Thames for the pheasant shooting which opened October 1st.

I was surprised at the abundance of game. Indeed, it is so plentiful that I cannot see how the shooting of it can be called sport, for there is absolutely no precariousness about it. It savors much of "potting" chickens in a farmyard, as they are made to fly around. The whole art seems to be in making the pheasants rise, which is accomplished by deploys sent into the cover. The birds are shot in great numbers, as they are on wing. Being fed on grain, the flesh of the pheasant has not a gamey flavor, but tastes like turkey meat. For this kind of sport, England is a paradise, as there are immense game preserves managed with the utmost care, and at a great cost.

When the crops have been taken off the fields, branches of thorn are stuck in the ground a rod or two apart to prevent poachers from passing over the fields with nets and capturing the birds as they feed or crouch there. The laws regarding poachers are very rigorous, and it is said to be safer to shoot a man than a rabbit.

Our host was a well-conditioned Englishman, athletically set up and "skilled in all the craft of hunters." The gentlemen of the party talked incessantly of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, riding, yachting, deer-stalking and cricket. They boast that the English understand horses and equine nature better than any people in the world, which is most probable. Riding and hunting are their fine arts; their highest accomplishments, and they certainly do both well. They are proud of the fact that the House of Commons adjourns on Derby Day. They like to tell you about their favorite horse, about its progenitors, its flying leaps over hurdles and stone walls, and of its marvellous feats of endurance.

Fox-hunting seems to take precedence over all other sports, for the English are keen animals of prey. Froude declares they cannot see a strange bird or animal without immediately wanting to kill it, and Charles Lamb quotes them as saying, "Here's a fine day, let us kill something."

An Englishman must always he "up and doing." He can only sit still at dinner or over hot punch. If he is rich, he wears Balmorals and hunts tame deer, if poor, he wears hobnails and kicks his wife. It is sport anyway, for it causes suffering to others and amusement to himself. Nevertheless, you cannot but admire these strapping, hardy Englishmen. It is their grain of cruelty and lust of blood that has given them such wonderful stamina, virility, and the indominitable rugged energy, without which, they could never have attained the proud position of the World's Destiny Makers. A nation or people may become ultra-delicate and refined consequently, being the losers in vigor of thought, force and brawn.

Our host took me over his estate and explained many things of interest. He grumbled at the free-trade policy which has brought the "Agriculturalists" face to face with a serious state of things. English methods of farming are expensive, and consequently they find it difficult to compete with Colonial grain and meat. He seemed somewhat amused when I gave it as my opinion that the trouble lay with themselves, for instead of bringing Canadian grain and meat to be eaten in England, they should be sending out Englishmen to eat it in Canada. The farm laborer gets only "a living wage." In winter his pay is about $3.00 a week, and in the summer $4.00. Generally, there are perquisites—a free house, some vegetables and often a gratuity of what is called "Michelmas money" amounting to perhaps $25.

We spent a day too, at the game preserves at Hockley Woods which are stocked with partridge, woodcock, pigeons

rabbits, and pheasants innumerable. There was an unearthly quiet in the woods, except as we wandered about peering into the moss-cradles, or when occasionally a palpitating rabbit darted from its burrow and scurried across the dry leaves. We had tea under a huge green bay-tree, and spent the twilight hours of the long summer night gathering mushrooms, those toothsome "plants in masquerade" which grow profusely and in great perfection in this county.

* * * *

There is a charity-home here at the sea, where all the children are cripples. One puny weakling seems to be smashed all over, even her head being held up in a metal cage. Surely she is "bound in affliction and iron."

These children are brought up in wholesale fashion very much like a litter of puppies. Their features indicate their birth and station to be of a low origin. England is not an Elysium for children. There are too many, and they are often shamefully neglected. Many of the poorer children seem to have skin diseases, or catarrhal disorders and their youthful noses are never, never wiped. They invariably talk before they walk, which is the reverse of things in Canada.

There have been disrespectful foreigners, who have described England as "a furious centre of prolific vitality," for the rabbit-like fecundity of its people is remarkable. They are not ashamed to bear children, even in public, and three times this season the birthwail has been heard in the waiting-room of the Railway Station in this little town.

Oct. 10th, 1898.

Thackeray wrote, "If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognize my friends, my enemies in countless cages." Perhaps it was something of this feeling that made K. and E. want to go directly to see the monkeys, for are not these loud-tongued, gamesome creatures "a little less than kin?"

The children were much interested in a lemur who was dying of consumption. He had a racking cough, uncanny staring eyes, and a voice like a banshee should have. The lemurs are called the monkey's poor relations because of their woe-begone, humiliated expression and air of general miserableness.

We were greatly entertained by the frolicsome antics of these impish young Simians, who somehow looked human—very human. Could it be possible that the great Editor forgot to correct His proofs, and these pitiful caricatures of humanity were turned out? Hawthorne says that Satan perpetrated them with the malicious purpose of parodying the masterpiece of creation, for the Creator could not have meant to ridicule His own work.

We looked rather nervously at the glass in the reptile house, and wondered if it were quite strong enough to hold back those "running brooks of horror," the gigantic monsters, that crouched behind.

We visited the lions too, who gave vent to their royal feelings in roars that were offensively dogmatic.

None of the birds attracted us more than the eagles with their mighty wings, those peers of the sky that "soar close to the sun in lonely lands". Like the old Gods, they are mean and ugly, only when they descend to earth. What a pleasure it would be to liberate them and watch their flight upward !

We had rides too, on a scrawny, knock-kneed camel. It took no small ability to navigate this "execrable hunchback". Nor were our experiences on "Jingo," the African elephant more pleasant. When this dawdling creature put his best foot foremost, we felt all his bony and twisted irregularities. The sensation was not unlike a storm at sea and we descended from his back, thanking heaven for the luxury of still being alive.

* * * *

As you ascend Ludgate Hill to the highest ground in the metropolis you see "a huge dun cupola like a foolscap crown on a fool's head." There is no need to be told that it is St. Paul's. You have seen it a hundred times in your mind's eye, yet it is different. You are surprised into a wordless incompetency; it is vague, dim, unreal. Its smoke-corroded walls, its mysterious perspectives, and simple yet grandiose proportions, loom up in the homoegeneous light like a half-finished drawing in grey chalk.

On all sides the adjacent buildings press about it. It is a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Whatever may be his political views, there is no spot in this mausoleum of British heroes, where a Canadian's pulses beat quicker than at the foot of the crypt stairs, where the nation has erected a superb bust of the late Sir John A. MacDonald, and underneath in jet black letters, sunken in the snowy whiteness of the marble, have carved the words:

"A British subject was I born,
And a British subject will I die."

Near by lies Lord Nelson. His coffin was made from *L'Orient*, one of his trophies in the battle of the Nile. The mosaic floor surrounding the tomb, records his victories. At his feet lies "the Iron Duke". Side by side is England's greatest Soldier and greatest Sailor.

When Wellington's body was brought here, Tennyson makes Nelson to ask:

"Who is he that cometh like an honored guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by lands as thou by sea.
Thine Island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began,
Now, to the roll of muffled drums
To thee the greatest sailer comes,
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea."

In this gloomy, soul-oppressing crypt is the quaintest monument in England. It was erected to the memory of Dr. Donne. His marble effigy stands on an urn, wrapped in a winding-sheet. He designed this monument himself and had it carved in wood, causing it to be stood by his bed-side till his death.

Here also lie the bodies of Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Canon Liddon, Turner, Opie, West and Sir John Millais.

The compact and solid walls of the crypt are twenty-four feet in diameter. In 1830 while excavating here, a stone altar dedicated to the godess Diana, was brought to light, so that it is believed that the first temple erected on this spot was by the Romans.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world, and the first monument in it was erected to Howard, the prison philanthropist. His statue, with fetters and manacles underfoot, and a great key in his hand is most appropriate, although it might also do for St. Peter.

It is a bright galaxy of stars this Minster has set in her crown, yet you wonder that so many of the huge monuments

are feeble—even ludicrous. It would seem that the English sculptors have a tendency to represent their heroes as "naked and not ashamed", or at least with but a minimum of clothing. Dr. Johnson, is represented as a half-naked gladitorial figure. Captain Burgess receiving a sword from a female figure is stark naked. Captain Westcott is also nude. Sir John Moore, who died at Corunna, is being lifted by a soldier who belongs to the *genus* known as *sans culottes*. Lord Collingwood's clothing weighs about two ounces. Sir William Ponsonby is wholly in undress, and General Andrew Hay is caught by a soldier absolutely innocent of plumage.

The cold, slaty, grey walls and ceilings are being decorated and among the *connoisseurs* a fierce battle of tongues is waging. The ornamentation is considered by some to be overloaded and in poor taste. Londoners are not accustomed to the luxury of color, and prefer the time-honored dirt of these walls to any irridescent or gorgeous scenes of Holy Writ. Perhaps I am ignorant of what constitutes pure art—indeed it is most likely—for these decorations presented to me an harmonious *tout ensemble*. Or it may be, that coming from a land of fierce sunshine, of raw cobalts, scarlet and blood-red; a land where even the moonlights are of sharp, silver intensity, that my eyes are strung to higher lights. The luxuriant beauty of the work delighted me at every turn. It is a symphony in green and gold, illuminated like an old missal with touches of olive, amber brown, and deep tawny orange.

The torn and blood-stained colors used at Alma, Inkerman, Sebastapool and Balaclava hang over an emblazoned tablet, erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in these battles. It is passing strange that trophies of slaughter should hang in a temple dedicated to the Prince of Peace.

At four o'clock there is evensong. The exquisite harmony of the young, elastic voices "might create a soul under the

ribs of death." To the heated and weary, they sing how "He healeth the broken in heart." To those longing for home, their cry is about "the waters of Babylon." To the penitent, it is the sobbing wail of the *De Profundis*; to the irreverent and worldly, how "He bowed the heavens also and came down and it was dark under His feet." I shall come often, for it is rest beside the weary-road to hear the angel's sing.

Then climb the toilsome ascent to the great dome with its dizzing depths, and look-out over London. It is not a city—It is a Kingdom. In the ashen, filmy light it looks like pictures of the disentombed Pompeii. There is a peculiar charm in its atmospheric tints. It is a rayless light, like one sees when the sun is in eclipse. It softens the flamboyant, and harmonises the rough. There is a look of unreality, an unearthliness, which mystifies, blends, exaggerates and throws a nameless glamour over an ocean of sordid roofs and a monotonous pile of blackened bricks. One could get to love this cruel London almost with passion. She bewitches, and fascinates; she represents a different face to different people. To Wordsworth, she was "a crowded solitude," to De Quincey "A stony hearted stepmother." Shelley wrote of her as, "London, that great sea whose ebb and flow at once is deep and loud, and on the shore vomits its wrecks and still howls on for more, yet in its depths what treasures!" Dr. Johnson said, "He who is tired of London is tired of existence."

Near St. Paul's is the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor. In this "City of Refuge," avenging sleuth-hounds breathing out threatning and slaughter, relentlessly "cornered" their terror-stricken victim, but dared not break sanctuary by laying hands on him. These coverts became the strongholds of hulking ruffians, desperadoes and other vampires of society, until the privilege of sanctuary

was summarily abolished. It was "the vexed question" of those times.

* * * *

In the changes wrought by the whirling wheel of Time, the Tower of London has been a castle, a prison, and a fortress, and now is a barracks, an arsenal, and an English show-place.

A grim relic of feudalism, it is haunted by the ghosts of impeached ministers, discrowned Queens, Reformers, Lords, Princes, cowled Monks, Poisoners and Traitors.

What diabolical knaveries, what cruel implacable things, what plots of treason have thickened to their black finish within these drear precincts! What foul murders too!—God alone knows, for the dead are silent. A veil of mystery hangs over many a tragic and dramatic episode of the gloomy past; yet it is a weird phantasmagoria of fierce tragedy, laughter, vain rage, drivelling idiocy, romance, madness and revelry that flit across the sheets of history. "It was the Tower" says Hezekiah Butterworth, "that made America a necessity" to mankind."

Here have been imprisoned the captives of Agincourt, and of the Wars of the Roses, the Lollards, and the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, who were disembowelled alive, for our ancestors knew how to handle the Anarchists.

Through the dim medium of the London atmosphere, the hoary walls with their stout solidity and time-scarred battlements, loom up "grand, gloomy, peculiar," with an inference of imposing vastness.

In the moat, now a parade ground, the Scotch Greys were drilling as we entered. Fine well-set-up soldiers they are too. Straight as spears, with clear skins showing blood underneath, the men of the heather, looked hardy as savage New Zealanders.

The portcullis brings you to the watergate, better known as "The Traitor's Gate".

"That Gate misnamed through which before,
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

It is a Dantesque portal where those who entered might well abandon hope.

It was one of the ironies in which history abounds, that at this gate Henry VIII presented Anne Boleyn to the people as their Queen, and on three years later to the very day, she was executed on the Tower Green. Eighteen years afterwards, her daughter Elizabeth came as a prisoner to the Tower, and entered the same Traitor's Gate. This Henry bulks large in the Tower's history. A merciless, malevolent despot, topful of unbridled lusts, his life is a filthy epistle showing the ultimate vileness, the black and dirty recesses of the human heart.

The crown regalia is guarded and exhibited in the Wakefield Tower. The children were surprised when they saw the Queen's Crown. They thought she always wore it, and sat on a throne. Sparkling amid the seventeen hundred diamonds of the crown is an inestimable sapphire of great beauty, and an enormous heart-shaped ruby, said to have been worn by the Black Prince Diadems, sceptres, swords, a wine fountain, the coronation spurs, the Royal Baptismal Font and many other beautiful things, went to make up a collection that is valued at fifteen million dollars.

The first impression of entering the old Gothic Chapel of the Tower is of standing in a forest of petrified trees. The columns are the huge trunks and the ornate complexities of the groined roof, the limbs. No style of church architecture can be more impressive, or better calculated to trance the hearts of the people in worship. It speaks at once to the eye and soul.

The armour worn by all the King's horses and all the King's men (and by all the Kings too) has been arranged in

chronological order from Edward I. to James I. It is the English history done in steel. The armour may also be classified as milled, white, russet, black and sanguine. James I. said of armour that "It was an admirable invention as it rendered a man from being hurt himself or from hurting others." This is hardly the case, for when once a knight was down, he was absolutely at the mercy of his antagonist and could not rise without aid. The victor could take his time in breaking the armour with his mace in order to make a chink to drive the dagger home. Not unfrequently, a man only slightly wounded, has been stifled by the weight of his own armour.

The weaponry has been arranged on the walls in designs of passion-flowers, serpents and coats-of-arms. In cases of glass there are weapons offensive and defensive, dull-jeweled, damascened and chipped: Crossbows from Sedgemoor, spear-heads from Marathon, the execution axe of the King of Oude, battle-axes, helmets, Greek armour, an assegais from Caffraria, spears, pikes, halberts, rapiers, jousting lances, and huge two-handed swords.

A tablet marks the spot where the bodies of the hapless young princes were found, and from whence they were taken to Westminster Abbey to find honorable sepulture. Pitilessly and in the dark, these victims of Royal ambition were done to death by the mishapen ruffian, Richard "Crookback." To this day, the Anglo-Saxon heart aches for the murdered boys who were hidden away under the awful stones.

Our guide pointed out the little cell where Sir Walter Raleigh spent twelve years in writing his "History of the World." Depreciated, tortured and perplexed, this hero who had basked in royal sunshine and languished in royal shade, was led out to execution with but a few hours' warning. Quietly touching the axe he said, "This is a sharp medicine but it will cure all diseases." No greater life was ever snatched away in these human shambles.

I was content to look hurriedly at the headman's block with its gruesome hollow and terrible axe-marks. We saw too, the cloak Wolfe wore when he fell mortally wounded on the Plains of Abraham. It is of magenta-tinted homespun. Sometime, when we have a Dominion museum, England may be induced to give us this interesting relic that has been carried from Canada.

By spiral stairs, we ascended the Beauchamp Tower, where many of the nobility were incarcerated and carved their anguish on the walls. In letters of Elizabethan character, Lord Guildford of Dudley, cut the name of his girl-bride, Jane Gray. One inscription runs ; "a passage perilous maketh a port pleasant."

On the Tower Green is a tablet marking the place where on May 19th, 1536, Queen Anne Boleyn was executed. On the same spot, in spite of her sex and grey hairs, Margaret of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, was hacked to death with as little ceremony as an ox in a slaughter house. When bidden to lay her head on the block, the proud old noblewoman replied : "So should traitors do and I am none." Speaking of her head, the executioner said he "was constrained to get it off slovenly," for he had to chase her round the scaffold and hit her many ill-directed blows with the axe before he accomplished his horrible work.

Here too, was executed Queen Catherine Howard and Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, who came to his death on this hill "more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death."

On Tower Hill, outside the walls, were executed, the Duke of Monmonth, Archbishop Laud, the Protector Somerset, Bishop Fisher, the Earl of Sidney and Stafford, and scores of others. The last person beheaded in England was Lord Lovat, who suffered on this spot is 1747.

In the Tower Green is the historic little chapel built by Edward I. and dedicated to St. Peter-in-Chains. The mortuary brass at the entrance records the names of "the splendid dead" here interred. Into this chapel have been carried the blood-drenched, headless bodies of three Queens and thirty of England's haughtiest dames and knights. Their kindly ghosts, dark-plumed and visored, are said to haunt the altar in the dusk. This is quite true—I talked to them there.

We were ciceroned by one of the magnificient Beefeaters, who look like nothing so much as the King of Diamonds. It would be an absolute overwhelming insult to designate your largess to this unique personage as a "tip." It is a fee, you could not be small to a man whose raiment was designed by Holbein.

HARWICH, NOV. 5th.

An air of gentle decay hangs over the old port of Harwich. The town is almost given up to soldiers, sailors and longshore-men. Everything suggests the sea. Even the wooden walls and fences are coated with tar instead of paint.

I have been dreaming away a fortnight here, now and then, making a trip to some neighbouring town. Yesterday, I went to Ipswich and dined at "The Great White Horse," thus described in *The Pickwick Papers*. "In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, at a short distance after you have passed through the space fronting the Town

Hall stands an inn, known far and wide by the appelation of "The Great White Horse," rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distinctly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighborhood in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip or unwieldy pig—for its size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such huge number of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich."

If you want to know what I ordered for my dinner you must look up what Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus indulged in, on the occasion of their visit here.

The old houses in the town are of the half-timbered order, and are sadly out of plumb. The skeleton of each is of dark oak, while the flesh is a conglomerate of stone and mortar. What Mr. Ruskin has called "the brick and plaster system", has not yet found its way into Ipswich, for there are no interminable rows of houses, each the counterpart of its neighbour, but in streets that deviously twist through labyrinths of bends, and curves, sometimes striking an unexpected angle, these quaint houses stand as models, not only of utility, but of taste – even of simple grandeur.

To-day, the Padre, Babe and I spent three hours aboard H. M. S. *Severn*, which lies in the harbor at Harwich, hourly awaiting orders to get under weigh, for England claim Fashoda and the French must clear not. This word "claim" seems to be the watchword, of modern times. It is Rob Roy's old rule: "They should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." It is the watchword that lifts a person or nation out of the rut or a narrow and exclusive antiquity and places them on the wings of the prevailing

mode. Be that as it may, the live nerves of "The Dear Neighbours" are a-quiver, and they long for each others blood.

At a given signal, a boat manned with young marines, set out for shore, and taking us in, returned to the vessel which we entered by means of a rope-ladder, thrown over its side.

The vessel, which has been ammunitioned and coaled for three years, is undergoing a resurrectional process. It is being swept, garnished, and painted and otherwise put in what is known as "ship shape."

The sailors crowded around D—— all eagerness to carry her, for a baby aboard a man-of-war creates almost as much interest as did *Tommy Luck* in *The Roaring Camp*. They called her "a jolly little shaver" and other endearing diminutives, finally carrying her aloft where her little high mightiness crowed and laughed to their admiring overtures.

The Master-at-Arms was our escort and explained how these lusty, full-blooded young marines are put through their facings, taught to climb a pole or stand on their heads. A man is not long a 'prentice hand "in the Queen's Navee."

One is apt to think of the armament as separate from the vessel, but when you examine a man-of-war every inch of it seems to be an implement of death planned with devilish ingenuity, Our escort told us all about the lock, stock and barrel of the wonderful quick-firing gun ; of its power of horrible destructiveness, and of the unerring sight which the gunners take for their aim is based on mathematical calculations. Truly the "Q.F." is

> "A preacher who speaks to the purpose
> Steady, straight forward and strong with irresistible logic
> Flashing conviction right into the heart."

The Master-at-Arms sat on the torpedoes while he explained to us their *modus operandi*. A door

under the water level is opened and the torpedo is discharged by means of compressed air, from a tube which is really a gun, and is driven through the water by a propeller that is set going as it is discharged from the tube.

Their is no room for fastidiousness or fine stomachic sensibilities in the matter of food, on Her Majesty's ships, for the range of *menus* is limited. It consists of salt beef, salt pork, and every two days, fresh meat; rice and potatoes are served on alternate days with biscuits, and when in port, bread.

Being married a few days ago, the Captain is away on his honeymoon. On the last trip, they picked up a young lady-missionary at Mombassa and the Captain—ah well! "'Tis an old tale and often told."

LONDON, Nov. 10th.

Mounting an omnibus yesterday in front of the ugly cumbrous Mansion House, I rattled down Cheapside all the while thinking of John Gilpin's ringing ride on that same old thoroughfare.

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheel
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad."

Along we swung past the Bow Church, my thoughts still running metrically :

"Go back, go back
Turn again, turn again
Once—ding
Twice--dong
Thrice—Bell
"Thou shalt be mayor of London,"

For it was the Bow Bells of Cheapside that brought promise to the 'prentice boy, "Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, a virtuous, godly man full of good works and these famous."

It was the 9th of November, and I was to see the new Lord Mayor ride through the city.

Descending at St. Paul's Churchyard, I looked about for the big shop from whence I was to witness the parade, but alas ! my fate was that of the foolish virgins, and so I searched for another point of vantage. There seemed to be millions of people and all bigger and taller than I. Hundreds of little ragamuffins were perched on the stone balustrades of St. Paul's Cathedral and for the modest fee of a shilling, I persuaded two of them to descend and let me have their place. It was a high climb, but presenting a bent knee to them, they lifted me as though to mount a horse. It is not the smallest pleasure in sight-seeing to feel that you are absolutely unknown, and consequently rather enjoy than resent rude remarks even when they apply to such sacred things as your ankles and garters. Once seated, I had an uninterrupted view of all that was going forward. The scene presented a vast mosiac of different colored hats—nothing more, except that here and there merry Andrews and madcaps capered and sung for their copper harvest. Plumb beneath was an ambulance station, whither the bruised, fainting and broken-limbed were borne. My seat was worth several shillings.

It seems the proper thing to sneer the Lord Mayor's show, and to say, "we have lost the art of pageantry," but being an unworn Colonial, I found it delightfully diverting, an excellent opportunity to shout and clap my hands.

The procession was made up of numberless military bands kept apart by detachments of volunteers, police, cavalry, provincial firemen, yoemanry, commissionaires and others, trying their best to drown the brazen, obstreperous jargon of the church bells. A lifeboat, the boys of the Warspite training-ship, and the lads from the Duke of York's Military School were noticeable features. The Worshipful Framework Knitters, Cordwainers, Patternmakers and Loriners drove along, not much to look at, it is true, but still raising their hats and bowing in true Royal style. In state coaches came the fur-clad City Fathers and other bedizened dignitaries looking for all the world like the ribbon department on "bargain day".

When I die, I want to be the Lord Mayor's coachman, and wear his incomparable dress. Solomon in all his glory and the Queen of Sheba never dreamed of anything half so grand.

A car, emblematic of the English speaking races met with rapturous applause. It bore such emblems as "Hail Columbia"; "Defence not Defiance," and "Blood is thicker than water." Following it were the Colonial flags, and one person shouted for the Canadian banner with a patriotic thrill mildly resembling hysteria. The American Ensign was borne by a British soldier and the English Standard, by an American sailor. And what does it all stand for? To the thoughtful it is something more than a gaudy parade. Perhaps George Augustus Sala comes nearest the mark when he says, it is "An annual assertion of the principle of the middle classes, and an outward and visible symbol of the power and influence of the oldest, the most dignified and most hospitable municipal corporation in the world."

Nov. 12th.

The average omnibus driver is a mine of information and knows all the interesting places along his route. Now he points out with his whip Lansdowne House on Piccadilly, yonder, it is the home of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and further on that of Baron Rothschilds who, he says, sends every omnibus driver in London, a brace of pheasants at Thanksgiving. Baron Rothschilds is being buried to-day, and each driver has crape on his whip. They speak of him as "Our jolly pal."

At 138 Piccadilly, lived the notorious Duke of Queensbury, known as "Old Q". At 139 Lord Byron wrote *Parisina* and *The Siege of Corinth*, and from it Lady Byron fled with her infant daughter. The Duke of Wellington's house faces Green Park. This park contains about sixty acres, and is bounded on the north by the Buckingham Palace drive, where Queen Victoria was shot at, on three occasions.

My "Knight of the Whip" told me that he works seven days in the week; always sixteen hours a day and often eighteen. He only sees his children when they are asleep. He is a sire, not a father.

To pilot his cumbrous vehicle through the narrow and sinuous thoroughfares and amid the intricacies of London's traffic requires great alertness of movement, keeness of eye and steadiness of nerve. He can hardly be expected to be at his best at the close of an eighteen hour drive, and such an arbitrary, cruel strain must mitigate against the interests of the employees.

We got down at Hyde Park. Near the entrance, the women of England have erected a gigantic bronze statue of Achilles in memory of the Duke of Wellington. It is copied from one of the Diocuri on the Monte Cavallo at Rome and is the most magnificent public monument I have ever seen,

To the young Byron whose sun went down while it was yet day, the nation has erected a memorial stone—a feeble and unworthy one.

On the bridle path called "The Rotten Row" (supposed to have been originally *Route du Roi*) many equestrians and rosetted flunkies cantered smartly.

The horses curveted and champed their bits, as if to say, "Look, you gaping colonials, at our glossy hides, the easiness of our gait, our beautifully dappled flanks and grandly crested necks."

Oh yes!," we reply, "we know all about your pretty tricks, and about your symmetry, style, good-breeding and intelligence, and about your lineage and collaterals too, for after all you are only colonials, and come from Canada."

There were some smart turnouts on "The Lady's Mile". The horses were showily and ornately harnessed, and the carriage-robes were of mink or other beautiful fur.

It is interesting to watch the pedestrians lounging idly by for here one sees the aristocracy of England and the real monocled Briton. The carefully toileted men are the very acme of elegance. Each has the correct frock-coat with snug waist and drooping shoulders, varnished boots and "tile" of metallic smoothness. The young men do not look as robust and manly as their seniors. Many have figures like the ladies in *Harper's Bazaar*. They are pallid nd languid as if all their vitality were exhausted. It would do them good to loosen out in a street fight.

Dainty beruffled dames suffering within tight-laced corsets, hold their skirts coquettishly in finger and thumb. Madame wears a maximum of lingerie and I cannot say what in silk stockings. She is proud of her finely-turned ankles. In general she is stout, lymphatic, lcquacious and what the French call

"full of temperament." She uses her long silver lorgnette with admirable effect. Mademoiselle is of the "flaxen Saxon," type. Her skin is of a delicate softness. Her eyes are like wet violets and she has a queenly set of head and throat, but alas! a loose-jointed walk.

Close to Hyde Park, at Knightbridge is Tattersall's, commonly known as "Tats," the world's most celebrated mart, for horses.

On entering this town of Houyhnhnms, we were met by a horsey man with a beard like a scrubbing brush, and a nose that proclaimed him to be a son of Bacchus. He volunteered his services as guide. We entered a square, cobble-paved yard, which our voluable cicerone explained, was where the horses were brought out from the stables to show their action, and to be auctioned off. The Tattersalls get 5% of their sales.

Bacchus jr., took us to the stalls and stripped the satin-skinned beauties of their body-cloths that we might see they were thoroughly fit and in good fettle.

"Did Madam want a hunter?" he queried, whereupon the Padre hastened to assure him that we had absolutely no idea of purchasing, being mere curious sight-seers. Our friend's visage fell several degrees, until with a knowing air and a nod, I told him, I could not say just what I would buy before returning to Canada. The Padre blushed for my shameless duplicity. There were high-stepping carriage-horses and lean, nervy racers, lithe, "fleet limbed and beautiful," with heads like the Nedjd Arab.

A spare hunter, black as a sloe, with well-ribbed up body and generously muscled hindquarters, made me forget the commandment about covetousness. What a proud thing he was, a very king of horses—as intelligent and sure as the English themselves. Some of the horses were blemished. One had a

stocked leg and others old wounds caused by hunting accidents, but on the whole it is a magnificient collection that the Tattersalls offer the public.

Leaving here, we took a hurried run through Harrod's stores—England's largest departmental. There are seventy-six departments, a safe deposit, a grand restaurant with a silver grill, a banking department and a rail and steam ticket-office.

* * * *

Vespers are over, and it is dark when we visit the Oratory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, usually known as the Brompton Oratory. The vaulting of this Cathedral is remarkable, having four lesser domes and one centre cupola. At the door stands the baptismal font, or "the laver of regeneration". The great organ is silent, the censers are extinguished, but still the cloying odours hang heavy. The candles are lighted, on the black altar of Our Lady of Sorrows. In the half-light, hushed and devout worshippers bow low before the great white Virgin, the Christ-child and aureoled Saints.

It is tranquilizing to rest here a little: it is a halting in green pastures.

* * * *

Piccadilly was ablaze with light as we drove home. I was deeply impressed by the majesty of London by night. I felt as Nathaniel Hawthorne when he wrote, "By night London looks wild and dreamy, and fills me with a pleasant dread." The opulence of the streets, their blurred complexity, the confused medley of sight and sound, the lurid duskiness of the atmosphere, and the entrancing brilliancy of the shifting lights, stupify and confound me.

It is good to get back to the roof-tree and rest one's travel-tired brain, for at last we have secured rooms that have not the usual comfortless, hired look, and the landlady is not entirely piratical.

And then too, she has a heaven-sent talent for cooking chops. King Kettle on the hob is singing like "an unfallen black angel." I watch the table being laid in a languid ecstacy of expectation and a sense of the rest that remaineth. She busies herself toasting the muffins, and tells me of her latest successful efforts to cast aside fetters matrimonial, for Cupid plays queer pranks with even London landladies.

A young lawyer has promised to put her case through the Divorce Court for £6. It would seem that her husband, from whom she is separated, counts his wives in figures of some arithmetical score.

It no longer needs an angel with flaming sword, to keep man from re-entering Eden. Indeed, on the whole he prefers life as an outlander. It is in the negative that he answers Juvenal's lines:

> Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain
> When hemp is to be bought and knives remain?"

Ah well! *L'homme est un méchant animal.*

Nov. 5th.

Like Satan, "From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it," I finally landed at Temple Bar. The Temple Bar memorial stands on Fleet St. It is the most hideous thing I have seen in England. Why the effigy of a beast, half eagle and half lion, should perpetuate the fame of Temple Bar is not clear, and one tries hard to find justification for what appears to be a very bad joke.

Under a narrow gateway we entered the Inner Temple Lane where the guide at once pointed out to us Dr. Johnson's house. It was here that Boswell visited him. Near by lived Charles Lamb.

Soon we came to the Temple Church which may be said to blush unseen. It is down steps on the old level of Fleet Street. It dates back to 1185 and was one of the few churches that escaped the great fire.

This is the famous Round Church built by the Knights Templars after their return from the second Crusade, in memory of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here on this very pavement, worshipped these mail-clad, cross-decked knights "and their sepulchres are with us till this day."

> "Dead the warrior, dead his glory,
> Dead the cause in which he died."

Their bronze figures lie prostrate on the floor, "In cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched." The shields of these feudal warriors are of Norman design. Their hooded heads rest on cushions.

The floor is tiled with figures of the *Agnes Dei* and the Pegasus—the heraldic emblems of the Templars. It has been ironically said of these armorial bearings in their relation to the lawyers that, "The lamb sets forth their *innocence*, the horse their *expedition*."

The church has been greatly restored in what Miss Thackeray calls "the shabby tide of progress", but the restoration has only been a new patching of the old garment for the stones, crumbled with the grime of centuries are still there. The coal of England is very bad coal. It leaves cruel scars of soot.

The preacher at the Temple is known as "The Master." "The learned and judicious" Hooker was Master at one time, and here wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

In the little green court without the church, on a solitary grey sarcophagus are the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." Standing by his grave, you think of the mischances and blunders and of all the bitter vicissitudes of poverty that hurt this gentle poet, you think too of his peach-colored coat, and remember that he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. And then you wonder if that was because Garrick, Johnson and Boswell never gave him a chance. You pick up a bit of calcined stone that marks the resting-place of this bright heart, to be one of your penates in the home across the sea.

There are fine old cloisters here, built by Sir Christopher Wren. Surely Thompson's eulogium on architecture is just:

"The art where most magnificent appears
The little builder man."

Through brave old oaken doors that have swung on their ponderous hinges for nine hundred years, we entered the Temple. They are black as polished ebony, wonderfully carved, and studded with enormous brass nails. They have been pushed ajar by Somers, Curran, Blackstone, Cowper, Burke, Eldon, Thurlow, Bacon, Coke, Erskine and all the great and eminent lawyers.

In the noble dining hall, with its timbered roof and stone tables, there is a dais at the western end where the benches belonging to this famous fraternity dine. It is an indispensable qualification for being called to the bar that a student should "keep commons"—that is should dine in Hall for three years, or twelve terms.

The walls are panelled with escutcheons, emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained positions of honor in their profession.

The old cow's horn which formerly summoned the judges to dinner, is still to be seen on the wall, as are the kettle-

drums, and flags, used on the occasion when the military company of the Temple received its name. They were parading past the King, who made enquiries regarding them. On being told that the company was composed entirely of lawyers, he said: "Then call them 'The Devil's Own'", the fairness of which title is still an open question". The Devil's Own" – they would be undeniably useful in actual warfare. Just fancy if the other side wanted to settle, and it came to a question of terms—Ah !

We hurriedly visited the middle Temple, and Lincoln and Gray's Inns of Court, which arose in England's legal infancy, and of which Ben Johnson speaks as "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom."

It was in the Temple Garden that Shakespeare made the Yorks and Lancastrians to pluck the white and red roses as their emblems of feud:

> "Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
> Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

After luncheon we set out for the New Inn, where there was an "Ancient" who was to convoy us through the Royal Courts of Justice on the Strand.

The Inns are owned by corporations, but each Inn is vested in a barrister during his life. This barrister is called "An Ancient." The New Inn opens off Wych Street. Now, to the average Cockney, "Wych" and "which" mean the same thing, so that if you ask for "Wych Street", he will at once say "What street?" and mentally catalogue you as a raving lunatic, when you again say "Wych Street." However, it is not well to be discouraged. Londoners do not know London. You are sure to find your way if you keep on enquiring and implicitly disobey the directions. There is just one thing to be borne in mind—*Never under any circumstances* take "a short cut:" it is invariably the longest way home.

The Courts of Justice cover five acres, and cost over seven million dollars. Here are assembled all the divisions of the High Court of Justice, and both branches of the Supreme Court. There are nine Queen's Bench Courts, and in the first we entered, Lord Justice Halsbury was presiding. In the next, "a jury case" was being heard. It was all about a woman falling down stairs. In the third, Lord Chief Justice Russell sat, and beside him with a "dont-talk-back-to-me" air, was sir Walter Fillimore, the eminent ecclesiastical expert. In the Court of Appeal, that evidence of our ultra-refined civilization, were Judges Romer, Smith and Von Williams. They yawned frequently, wrote with quill pens, and unlike our Canadian Benchers, asked quite as many questions as the barristers.

I began about this time, to realize what Whittier meant, when he spoke of "weary lawyers with endless tongues".

In the second Court of Appeal, Lord Justice Lindley, Lord Justice Rigby and the Master of the Rolls "took sweet counsel." A Mr. Montagu Lush had the floor here. Our "Ancient" told us that he is one of the cleverest barristers in England, and he certainly did appear to be "a downright lawyer."

A large guilt anchor entwined with a rope, was the chief decoration of the Admiralty Court.

A lawyer is not permitted to speak unless be-wigged and gowned. If the judge asks for him, he says, "I am present your Lordship, *but I am not visible*". I was glad to know this, for it gives me ever hereafter, the legal authority of the first Court in the world, to state that I am not visible to callers if not properly coifed and robed.

A lawyer who once had to speak for sixteen hours, obtained permission to lay aside his wig, but with the stipulation that this permission was not to be made into a precedent. I can

understand now why justice is not more often done. The wig, not in frequently, covers both ears of the judge, and so prevents his hearing either side of the case.

A *perruquier* in the days of George II, with an eye to the first chance, hung out as an advertisement, a picture of Absalom suspended to the tree by his hair, and underneath the perturbed David, who is made to exclaim:

"O Absalom! O Absalom!
O Absalom, my son!
If thou hads't worn a periwig
Thou hads't not been undone."

A few minutes in the Court where the merciless fiend Bankruptcy, drags his victims to the fierce light of publicity, and then we passed on to the room where another judge, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses carries on the divorce industry. It is here the course of untrue love is daily exploited, for marriage in England is by no a-world-without-end bargain.

It was the usual story of "young blood" and an "old decree;" a story of disillusionment, incompatibility, unabridgable differences, blighted affections, osculatory indiscretions and other post-nuptial unpleasantness.

The "spoons" had become knives and forks: the "eligible match" had turned out a *mesalliance*.

We sat in the seat of the scornful, and so the Padre discarded prose, and like Mr. Wegg, dropped into poetry, at least I heard him say to "the Ancient".

The ventures greater, I'll presume to say
To give your person than your goods away."

Yet, they are not the saddest cases that come to this Court, There is a more terrible divorce—I mean the divorce of souls. Only light sorrows are clamorous. The deadly griefs are silent: they bleed inwardly. What a funeral the dead loves of the world would make!

"The Ancient" asked the Padre if he would not like to be a lawyer, but the Padre gave it as his opinion, that it was easier to preach than to practise.

The Courts had "risen". The "gowned vultures" were going home and we went too, all the time thinking of George Elliot's words, "Law is one of them smartish businesses as is all profits and no outlay."

LONDON, DEC. 17th.

Nothing in Madame Tassauds' or for that matter, in London, interested me as much as the knife, which during the French Revolution found its sheath in the bared and quivering throats of twenty thousand people, and among them, those of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and Robespierre. Assuredly, it was a knife that "cut friendship."

The Chamber of Horrors, is not so terrible as one would suppose from its name, but is chiefly designed to show that the course of murder never runs smooth.

The Tassauds' have gathered many of the relics that go to make up Napoleon's life-story. These remains form an epic of battle, fame, victory, love, defeat and death: a history of a man who never had a conscience. His tooth and tooth-brush, the cot upon which he slept the night after Waterloo, his shirt, waistcoat, handkerchief, coffee-cup, dressing case, camp equipage, stockings, sword, coronation robes, and his snuff-box are all displayed for the public good. It was an awful vengeance this nation took on its fallen enemy, for it exhibits at the Royal College of Surgeons, even Napoleon's diseased intestines. Is it a cause for wonder that the French hate the English?

DECEMBER, 19th.

Yesterday morning I went to St. Mary's, Islington, where the Padre was the preacher. The cavernous pews are like little railway coaches. Indeed Leith once drew a picture for *Punch*, where a dozing churchman on having a bag passed to him exclaimed, "season ticket." Perhaps they were better described by the child, who when taken to church for the first time, complained that a cross old man had shut her up in a pantry and made her sit on the shelf. These enclosed pews deform the architecture of the church and offend the taste. Moreover, they minister to the exclusive spirit and laziness of the people. The pulpit is of the almost obsolete style known as a "three-decker." The clerk sits at the bottom, or in what might be called the steerage deck; the curate is booked intermediate, while the Vicar up near the ceiling, on the third deck, goes first saloon.

Before the sermon, the verger marched the Padre into the vestry, and helped him exchange his surplice for a black gown. Then this wonderful person escorted the Padre to the pulpit, and with profound bows ushered him up to the saloon deck. He then proceeded to make me the cynosure of all eyes, and consequently thoroughly uncomfortable, by coming to my pew and handing me a note with another deep abeyance. I hid my blushes in the corner of the pew while I read what proved to be an invitation to dine at the Vicarage.

In the vestibule, about a score of faded women, most of them lean as Pharoah's cannibal kine, gathered after service to receive a dole of bread, which is meted out upon the basis of an old endowment. The official dispenser did his work with a graciosity of manner that could not fail to make the women feel it was no ordinary or gross nutriment they were receiving.

In the afternoon we went to St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, to a meeting called in the interests of peace, and to take into consideration the Czar's rescript.

The Archdeacon of London, presided, but the star of the occasion was Mr. W. T. Stead, the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*. I cannot describe Mr. Stead's style of speaking, except that it is good, for Sidney Smith says: "every style is good that is not tiresome." His voice is pleasing and flexible. He speaks just as he writes, indeed, I would have almost recognized him without an introduction. This famous editor is a cogent and logical reasoner. His mind is singularly acute and well-furnished. He is a master of bitter and caustic irony and knows his mother-tongue, which he uses with a boldness which nearly approximates dogmatism. His views are ennunciated in a way that leads you to believe that they are incontrovertible. To Mr. Stead, "words are things." He reminds one of what *Humpty Dumpty* said to *Alice*, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—nothing more or less." He has an uncompromising hostility to war, and would inaugurate a holy war against it. He would "drill the raw world for the march of mind."

The subject of international disarmament was thoroughly thrashed out, and winnowed for an intellectual and highly enthusiastic audience. One went away with a whirling brain, trying to think whether the burning words were only the clothing of a highly chiseled or transcendent ideal far beyond mortal reach, or whether in the golden age to come, men should in reality beat their spears into pruning-hooks.

"Who can fancy warless men?
Warless? war will die out late then—will it ever late or soon?
Can it? 'till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead would the moon?"

In the evening we went to hear the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the editor of *The Methodist Times* and ex-president of the Wesleyan conference. He is immensely popular, and is

usually conceded to be an engaging, intellectual personality. I felt guilty and stupid, that I was disappointed in both his matter and style. His remarks might be termed "felicitous". Then he told us much too, about himself, where he had been, what he had done, what the newspapers said of him, and of the wonderful results of his preaching. His prayers were precisely articulated instructions to the Almighty as to what the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes expected of Him, and some little information as to what was going on down here in naughty England.

Mark Guy Pearce, another great Methodist is of an entirely different stamp. You could not hear him too often or too long.

* * *

London is the most voracious city on the earth. Her kitchen absorbs all the world's surplus, which she classifies under two heads—"home-grown" and "foreign." Any English beef which turns out fibrous, is pooh-poohed as foreign, (by which she means continental and colonial) and the juicy toothsome meats are English. The best mutton is labeled "Canterbury lamb", and the poor superannuated trash goes under the designation of "Australian frozen." She will point to the gigantic Canadian turkeys that have been butchered to make a British holiday, and will tell you that they are English—all English.

It has been said that the only fruit which ripens in England is the baked apple, so of necessity England must look to alien sources for her supply. California sends her pears; Florida, oranges; Tasmania and Canada, apples; her cherries and apricots come from France, while the Mediterranean fills her lap with grapes and tangerines. Yet these wonderful English people grow under glass, better grapes than are ripened by the hot suns of France, and pineapples which surpass any imported from the West Indies. This kindly fruit of the earth is, however, only raised to relieve palate-weary people who are

embarrased with riches, for it is well-nigh as rare, and as precious as diamonds.

The best butter London gets is from Denmark. It is unsalted, and costs from thirty to forty cents a pound. Canadian butter retails at twenty-four cents, which is less than one can purchase it for in Toronto. Our white cheese is known as "Canadian Cheddar," but the favorite is the Gorgonzola. It is made in Italy, from goat's milk, and takes about three years to ripen, when it presents queer chiaro-oscuro effects. Eggs are not sold by the dozen, but according to their size, and at the rate of from eight to fourteen for a shilling. *Punch* says there is a gentility in English vegetables, and so the greengrocer is able to classify his customers by their purchases. Asparagus, sea-kale, peas, cucumbers, and tomatoes belong to the first class, while the second is made up of turnip-tops, cabbages, beet-roots and carrots.

Those who are supposed to know, say that at no time has England more than fifteen days supply of food in advance of her need, yet what a variety of food it is, and what "halesome farin':" truly "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude sufeit reigns."

ST. ALBANS, DEC. 23rd.

We were anxious to place K. & E. in a boarding-school and with the help of Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring, the scholastic agents, finally settled on one in St. Albans in Herefordshire, twenty-five miles from London. I often come down here to see the bairnies and to wander about this old town. It

stands on the site of Verulanium, the ancient capital of Britain. Here Rome planted her eagles and this was the conterminous limit of her Empire. The shadow of the ancient city is about twenty feet long, for only one bit of its archaic wall remains. A soft mist of antiquity hangs over it, and over the semi-fabulous deeds of Boadicea and her half-naked warriors who overwhelmed the Roman Legions and massacred the inhabitants of this city, not one of the seventy-thousand Romans being left alive.

We attended the Abbey which was founded by Offa the Terrible King of Mercia, in memory of the Proto-Martyr of Christianity in Britain, Albanus, a soldier of Rome who was executed in 304 A. D. With no custode to distract me, I wandered through the building, studying the old frescoes, which thanks to Lord Grimthorpe, have lately been freed from their coating of "patriotiç lime-whiting and democratic glue," or in trying to discover why the windows known as "The five sisters" are different heights from the inside and all the same height outside. The nave of this Cathedral is the longest in the world. St. Albans also leads the world in having the oldest inhabited house. It is an inn known as "The Fighting Cocks," originally a part of the old monastry.

My landlady has just been in and left the visitor's book asking me to read some doggerel verse which a departing guest has written in praise of the house, and which effusion she tells me is very clever. This is a custom in England, and she has hinted that she would appreciate a like favor at my hands but I fear I am not equal to the task. Each time I leave for London, the servants stand about painfully anxious to perform some office and all modestly expectant of rewards. As one is often arrested in England for a smaller offence, I invariably give to them and then declare all the way back to London that nothing—absolutely nothing shall ever induce me to do so again.

LONDON, JAN. 10th., 1899.

Petticoat Lane, now Middlesex Street, presents a novel prospect of squalor and dinginess. It is a *terra incognita* to us, and so we pressed through the bidding, jostling throngs with all the zest of discoverers. We found miles of "toggery" —dress-coats, pilots jackets, checker-board travelling suits, "sober livery" and livery of bright sulphur yellow; flaming plaids, millinery confections, flapping trousers, knee-breeches, gay kerchiefs, bedraggled skirts, box-cloth spats, cumbersome petticoats, bootblack's coats, dressing-gowns, jerseys, and in greatest contrasts of color, "Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall". Old Londoners boast that they can tell to what class a man belongs, by the degrees of dirtiness on his coat. This being the case, whole volumes could be written on the old clo' of Petticoat Lane. Superlative inducements are offered the passer-by, to invest in dead men's shoes. Cuff-buttons, combs, and shoe-laces, may be had at bottom-rock prices. Jews and Gentiles bandy words over second-handed ulsterettes, and then proceed to "wet the bargin."

A policeman took us through the East-end Ghetto and pointed out the Mezuzah, a narrow piece of metal that is nailed to the door-post of each house. It is a fulfillment of the command, "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of the house in thy gate". On the scroll are the words of Deut. VI. 4-9 and XI. 13-21. In the butcher's stalls, we saw the seal of the *shoumier* or watcher. It bears the word *Koschen*, "right" meaning that the meat was good and pure, and had been slaughtered by a Jew. Al diseased meat is disposed of to Gentiles. The butcher is profusely extravagant with gas. He unscrews the burner and lets it belch forth in great torches of flame.

"Mine Uncle" is driving a good trade in his pawnshop, under the device of three golden balls. A "pavement artist" is on his knees drawing pictures with chalks. He blends the colors with the palms of his hands. We pass into a synagogue and someone shows us the sacred scripts. The building is filthy, and the benches unpainted, yet in spite of their mean surroundings the lowly worshippers unfeignedly "rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

Old Montagu Street is mostly inhabited by tailors. It is the home of the sweated. Only those who give up their lives to the redemption of this place, know of the cruelty and hunger that madden the galley-slaves of greed; know how the rich grind the face of the poor, for this is "Darkest England" and these are "the unreached majority." Some people quickly kill their decrepit and starveling poor, but these English torture them in a slow and more refined method. The Bishop of Winchester says, "The zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty, unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind."

We pass out of the Jew quarters, through streets of untraceable crookedness. They might have been marked out for an Indian trail, or by the meanderings of a drunken man. It is best, I imagine, when alone, to wander forth without any preconceived plan and lose yourself for the nonce, making enquiries later. We visit the scenes of the murders of Jack-the Ripper, and afterwards, I shudder past the hulking ruffians who "lurk privily" in dark alleyways, but the fear is almost groundless, for the police are Argus-eyed, and crime no longer runs riot. Whitechapel thugs prefer to ply their iniquities in "hells" that have screening walls, and in gin-palaces, where ugly vice is dedshrou by a tawdry glitter. It is a land that flows with blood and beer.

Dockers, stevedores, rag-pickers, stokers, thieves, butchers bakers, and candlestick makers, live in the squalid quarters we, hastily pass through. Here and there, a fine, large tenement house has been lately erected, for the City authorities are turning their attention to the housing of the working classes. The beggars startled us with their quiet, gliding movements, their beseeching hands and plantive crescendoes. We see no such adepts of the art in Canada.

The men of the slums, as a general thing do not fare sumptuously every day. It is only the passing rich who dine on the sausages and onions that are fried in the front windows, and which send out such "spicy hreezes" to the pedestrians. It is more usual for them to purchase a half-penny's worth of fish, most likely plaice or grilled herring. The women buy tea, hot-water, flour or sugar, by the farthing's worth. A stew may be cooked for a half-penny, which is more economical than lighting a fire.

The street-cries of Whitechapel are not uninteresting. Itinerant vendnrs of catsmeat, rabbits, matches, coal, kindling-wood, and shrimps, shriek the nature of their wares with harsh insistence. Chair-menders, china-riveters, and scissor grinders join in a rint of vociferation. "Buy a clothes'-prop," "milk-o", "Lavender, sweet lavender," "all alive, catch 'em alive", shriek men in varying tones, but all with voices of fog-horn power. An old woman is singing a ballad, an Italian leads about a dancing bear, but the star attraction is a mangy-looking fellow who hold out his hat for pennies, and calls "Jesus." On the street corners sit men roasting chestnuts over braziers of charcoals, or girls selling roses, carnations, mimosa and daffodils. The bell of the muffin-man rings out and his luscious discs of straw-color disappear as if by magic.

One cannot fail to observe the numbers of women with bruised faces—women who appear to have drained the draughts

of poverty to their very lees. They are having their hell in this world, no matter what may lie in store for them in the future. Men are black beasts. One day science will teach women how the race can be propagated without their aid, and then we will sting the drones to death. An American essayist has more truthfully than gallantly, defined marriage as the insane longing on the part of a young man, to pay the board and lodging of a young woman. It is not so in the East end of London. It can be said of the youths, what Jerome wrote of the priests in his day, "They want nothing proper to the married state—except wives". Nor do the maidens burn the Vestal fires indefinitely: harlotry is rampant. Indeed, the sexes pair like any beasts of the field. As in mercantile life the full-purchase system has largely become obsolete, so marriage by the installment plan has supplanted wedlock as described in the book of Common Prayer. Who can wonder that it is otherwise, when so many girls have a history like this—"The bastard of a harlot, born in a brothel, suckled on gin, and familiar from earliest infancy, with all the bestialities of debauch, violated before she is twelve, and driven into the streets by her mother a year or two later."

This sin-cursed region has rightly been styled "The borders of the Kingdom of Darkness." It is the garbage heap of the wealthiest city in the world, into which the refuse, offal and unsightly things are dumped out of sight. The Church Army and tambourine lasses are doing an incalculable amount of good in the district. Without the alloy of selfishness, they pass in and out, dealing bread to the hungry, binding up the broken-hearted, repairing the breach, and restoring the paths for men to dwell in. Their methods are practical. Once a man is converted he is sent to work among his own class. Dean Farrar, speaking of the relation of the Established Church to these people says: "Our present methods do not reach them; to our elaborate theologies, and our routine ceremonies, they

have nothing to say; for rubrics and millinery, and stereotyped services they care no more than they do for the idle wind."

James Greenwood, who has studied this "riddle of the painful earth" has embodied his ideas in a book entitled "The Seven Curses of London." The curses are:

I. Neglected children.
II. Prnfessional thieves.
III. Professional beggars.
IV. Fallen women.
V. The curse of drunkeness.
VI. Gambling.
VII. Waste of charity.

All dig at the question, but few dig deep enough, for intemperance, the fifth curse, is largely responsible for the others, excepting only the seventh.

The English, like the Canadians, are mightily afraid of legislation being in advance of public opinion. England as a whole is said to be a country of very temperate, very intemperate, and very abstemious people. The intemperate class have congested in Whitechapel. The result can only be untold depravity and unalloyed misery.

LONDON, JAN. 15th.

Every Thursday, I go to the City Temple, to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, and each time I am more impressed by his trenchant utterances and strong personality. A craggy, leonine head, with a tawny mane of hair, a massive outline of countenance

upon which sixty years have printed their tale, and a broad majestic forehead give him a great dignity of appearance. He is dramatic in gesture, and speaks as one having authority. Sometimes, his voice drops to a whisper, and again, it is raised in ringing emphasis. He has a vigorous vocabulary, and a sense of most exquisite irony.

Yesterday, he preached on Eccles, VII., 25 and 29. "Men", he said, have always sought to know a reason. It was so in a memorable interview, in a memorable garden, "Ah Eve"! nothing between you and complete success, *but just one mouthful of fruit.* Yes Eve! You will know all about metaphysics and physiology and psychology: You will get behind the north wind. Eat and be deified!" Man has always sought a philosopher's stone, a lost key, a missing link. He is a foolish man who prys too much into the reason of things. Light is only one syllable, but it holds all literature as a dewdrop holds the sun. We cannot explain God: He comes to us in condescension. He lays His glory by, that we may not be afraid. Comprehend God! We cannot measure beyond our arithmetic, and at times it goes mad, and our minds fail to comprehend its jibber and jabber, and immeasurable cipher. We try to climb the stars. when we have no ladder. Why not say, "I am five feet high, and beyond that I cannot reach, except part of the length of my own arm. If ever I walk on the stars, it will be God's good time, but in the meanwhile, life is duty."

True, God is a mystery, but a mystery of supreme light, but we must choose between a mystery of light, and a theory of darkness. The negative is more troublesome than the positive. No prison is so awful as darkness. God did not say there was a God. He would have belied His credentials. He assumed God. He did not say, "You must pray." He assumed the religious nnture of man and said, "When ye pray" We degrade the sanctuary when we preach regarding the existence of

a God. We satisfied ourselves of that before we built the church. We did not build the church to prove it.

In the dim path of the search for truth, the place for us to halt, is Faith, "Lord increase our faith".

Dr. Parker sent us away with the words of this benediction ringing in our ears: "Mercy, Truth, and Faith, the threefold gift of the Triune God, teach us to know the reason of things." The congregation which is made up of all sorts and conditions of people, frequently applauded his burning words. The singing is always hearty. Indeed, I am constantly struck with the singing powers of the chapels as compared with the churches.

The pulpit which was presented to the Temple by the Corporation of the City of London, is a beautiful thing of colored alabasters, lapsus lazuli, cornelian and malachite. The stained windows do not display the usual saints with impossible drapery, splay feet, goggle eyes and distorted heads. One is a copy of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and another is dedicated to Dr. Livingstone, which recall the lines of *Punch*, the burial in Westminster Abbey, of this famous explorer.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with King and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary born of weaver kin
But great by work which brooks no lower wage.
He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known,
He lived, he died for men, be this his fame:
Let marble perish—this is *Livingstone*."

A stroll westward from the City Temple brings you to Giltspur Street, so called from the knights, who wore gilt spurs riding that way to the jousts in Smithfield, once the scene of quintain, tournaments and miracle plays. At Smithfield too, were held the Bartlemy Fairs, with their bull and bear baiting, acrobatic performances, prize fights by women, shows of dwarfs, monstrosities and tigers pulling feathers from live fowl. How-

ever, the most popular amusement was the burning of witches and heretics, hence it was known as "Ruffian's Hall." It was in Smithfield that the Lord Mayor killed Wat Tyler, and in 1305 William Wallace was here beheaded.

This Golgotha will always be a blot on England's escutcheon, and on the memories of those apostles of religious bigotry, and blinding fanaticism who here lit the torch and whetted the blade. "Rome of Caesar, Rome of Peter, which was crueller, which was worse?" In this squalid mart, Protestantism was thrown into the crucible and the nation read some hard lessons by the light of the fire. Two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt before, in the words of Fuller, "the hydropical humor, which quenched the life of Mary, extinguished also the fires of Smithfield."

Here, the flames licked up the life of the beautiful Anne Askew, she having been brought hither in a chair, because forsooth, my Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, "stockish, hard and full of rage" had almost torn her body asunder on the rack, and so she was unable to stand on her poor dislocated feet. To this spot too, came John Bradford, John Rogers, and a host of other "Holy men who died here marty'd and hereafter glorified". It was a hard problem the church had to solve, for what could she do with men who passed to their death with light steps, and the words on their lips, "This is life eternal." Their bones, with scarce a semblance of humanity, were buried where they fell, and now a tablet marks the spot.

To the memory of these saints, and that of my own good ancestors, who suffered and died for the sake of the Protestant religion, and the liberties of England, I laid a wreath of laurels on the stone, all the while repeating mentally some lines, the burden of which was "Lest we Forget."

FEB. 1st., LONDON.

Last night we attended a Protestant demonstration in the Royal Albert Hall, held under the auspices of fifty societies. Deputations were brought from Ireland, Scotland and Wales, by special trains. Although we had tickets of admittance, we found it hard to get in, and had to push our way through the elbowing crush that filled the vestibule. Already ten thousand people, (six hundred of them clergymen) were seated in the great amphitheatre.

The chairman, Lord Kinnaird, said this meeting was the greatest demonstration of modern times. From four o'clock that day, he had received 685 telegrams from all parts of the world, one from Nottingham said, "We the undersigned English men and women, loving civil liberty, heartily support your efforts to maintain the grand cause of Protestantism to which England owes her greatness." To this telegram were appended 3,333 names, everyone of which was telegraphed.

The speakers were Lord Overtoun, Pastor Cuff, Samuel Smith, M. P., Mr. Austin Taylor, of Liverpool; Radcliffe Cooke, M. P., Lord Wimborne, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Mr. James Inskip, of Bristol; and Colonel Sandys, M. P. It was in no honeyed-words that they spoke of "the tyranny and dishonesty of Romanizing clergy." The concensus of opinion appeared to be that the trail of the Bishops is over it all. You could almost see the horns and hoofs of their Lordships. It would seem that the Archbishop of York is the noblest Roman of them all, for the vast audience were not content to greet his name with groans or hisses, as they did the others, but burst into loud cries of "Traitor".

Amid great enthusiasm a telegram was despatched to the Queen, the final arbiter in all matters ecclesiastic, asking her

to be pleased to direct her Prime Minister to take the necessary steps in the coming session of parliament to suppress the Romish practises now in vogue in thousands of churches, to compel the Bishop to enforce obedience to the decisions ot her Council, and thus put and end to the anarchy and lawlessness which convulse and distract the National Church.

At the close of the meeting, a number of his admirers, called for a speech from Mr. Kensit. The chairman declined to voice the request, but they persisted for fully five minutes, till Mr. Kensit rose, and in heated words said, that by a disgraceful arrangement he had not been allowed to speak.

It is quite evident that Mr. Kensit has been cold-shouldered by the Evangelical party. They object to his designating the Protestant movement as "The Kensit Crusade," and to his self-imposed task of leadership. Privately, the Evangelicals speak of him as an unknown, presumptuous commoner, a bugbear, an incubus—their "old man of the sea". It is true that he is not a gentleman, even in the widest stretch of that very elastic term, but still it was by these same objectionable traits that he brought the flagrant violations of the Clergy prominently before the public.

The Evangelicals look to Prebendary Peploe as their head. His master mind dominates the whole movement. He thoroughly understands the subject, is a quick and accurate disputant, and his words have a manly ring.

LONDON, FEBRUARY.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, preached yesterday at St. Bride's. His sermon was along the line of "definite religious teaching" in which the clergy tell us from time to time we are lamentably deficient. It was a hard-headed essay on the well-worn topic of Baptismal Regeneration. His elucidation of the question was what rude Dissenters would term the exquisite elaboration of a lie. His Grace preached with the aid of an excessively ornate staff, which in no way improved a monotonous discourse. He could not, even by the most charitable, be considered a popular preacher: indeed I have a shrewd suspicion that a Canadian parish is the back counties would probably starve him out.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, I might say that our Archbishop has the uncommon merit of not erring on the side of prolixity. He is logical and concise in expression, a man of enormous erudition and of rugged mental strength. His position at the present crisis is no sinecure. Stormed at with shot and shell, from all quarters of the Church Militant, he holds a true balance. When the smoke of battle clears away, it will be seen that with sanity of nerve and brain, he kept a steady finger on the pulse of the body ecclesiastic. He is a man of sturdy rectitude, has a depth of charity that is not easily provoked, and a width of visions which can see more sides than one of any mooted question—He needs it all!

In pursuit of pulpit celebrites, I betook me to hear the Rev. W. Hay Aitken. In personnel, Mr. Aitken is tall and dignified. He has a masterful carriage, a well-poised head and a thin, sensitive face. A Yorkshire yokel was once asked if Mr. Aitken used much ritual. "Ritual! naw, 'im just sings a 'im and sez a prayer and then goes *bang* at 'em". While this

illustrates Mr. Aitken's practical activity, the great mission preacher is also a man of wide culture and intensity of feeling. He possesses a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and a faith that is clear, sharp-cut and well-defined. He has the power to fuse his thoughts into subtle words that have a spell in them. Words are to him what colors are to a painter. He thinks well, and so speaks well. Mr. Aitken's audiences cannot fail to be impressed with the fervour of his earnestness and the glow of his holiness. He is a master of assemblies and his words are as nails.

FEBRUARY, LONDON.

I had my first ride yesterday in a horseless carriage. On the whole I prefer the horses, but still it has some advantages.

"It doesn't shy at papers
As they blow along the street;
It cuts no silly capers
On the dashboard with its feet;
It doesn't paw the sod up all around the hitching post;
It doesn't scare at shadows as a man would at a ghost;
It doesn't gnaw the manger,
It doesn't waste the hay,
Nor put you into danger
When the brass bands play."

I drove to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, for forty-seven years the home of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. The sound-proof chamber where the crabbed seer wrote "Frederic" is in the attic. Every inch of the house was interesting, even the closets, which Mrs. Carlyle described as roomy enough to satisfy any Bluebeard.

I touched the copies of Carlyle's works as sacred things, and why not? His writings were no mere empty masks. You can feel his heart-beats in them. To no philosopher, historian or essayist, can we attribute greater critical acumen, more piercing insight, or fearful fluency, than to this venerable sage of Chelsea. And how the unholy public have turned him inside out! We are told that he was acrimonious, a sour pickled misanthrope, an old scalded baby, a mangler of his unhappy wife. Nevertheless, none but a man with well-nigh unfathomable depths of love in his heart could pat the marble hands of William of Wykeham's statue.

Froude has told us too much about his peevishness, his gloom, his domestic dissensions, and we poor silly bats have listened, and on the altar of our curiosity have immolated Carlyle with bloody ceremonies. Few look at his other side. His wife's carpings were often the result of tingling nerves and "low spirits," yet he prepared her letters for publication. He hid no evidence of his thoughtlessness or neglect, but made an atonement as bitter as it was magnanimous—What more could a great soul do?

FEBRUARY, LONDON.

Having received permission from the Deputy Master of Royal Mint, I went to see how the coin of the realm was made. It is an interesting operation. Each press can stamp and mill one hundred and twenty coins per minute.

A great deal of Colonial coin is minted here, although there are mints in India and Australia. Everywhere one look-

ed, were great piles of gold. It has been pointed out that there are no gold-mines to speak of in England, but yet it has more gold than in all other countries. In the waiting room is a collection of medals and coins and a skeleton cube $33\frac{3}{8}$ inches in length, showing the size of £1,000,000 worth of standard gold in mass.

I felt pathetically poor, and as if I badly needed the Gold Cure (not the Keeley) but tried hard to think that after all, "this was only a common place of solid granite where they turn out dollars and rubbish of that kind."

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Having secured an "Open Sesame" to Newgate, I was duly admitted to this gruesome gehenna. Strength and durability are written on every line of its thickly-massed masonry. Its smeared face has passed into an adage, for one often hears the expression "black as Newgate."

In the room where criminals were pinioned before execution, the guards show the axe that was used for decapitating the bodies which had been hung. The corpses are covered with quick-lime and buried under the paving stones in the "Bird-cage walk," a passage covered only with cross-bars of iron. Newgate is much the same as other prisons:

> "The grated bars and iron-studded door,
> The cold, bare walls and chilly pavement floor,
> The hammock, table, stool and pious book,
> The jailor's stealthy tread and jealous look."

Since 1868, the public have not been admitted to executious, which formerly took place on a scaffold known as "Black Meggie." In 1882 Newgate was condemned as a prison and will be shortly torn down. Among others imprisoned here were DeFoe, Dr. Dodds who was hanged for forgery, and preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel on Acts XVI. 23; Sackville and Withers the poets, and Penn for street preaching. Lord George Gordon died in Newgate from jail distemper.

The prisoners are of a different stamp to-day. One may read "a dead soul's epitaph on every face." They are men without even hope. Some go insane. They are "God's children," for so the poor call the mad. A pall of sin and misery hangs over the whole place. The very shadows are a crushing weight.

Newgate stands for "the abomination of desolation."

LONDON, ASH WEDNESDAY, 1899.

I was sorry I attended St. Clements' Church (Anglican) to-day. I wanted to celebrate "the Deare Feast of Lent "more devoutly. The service was, I believe, "The Blessing and Imposition of Ashes." It had been more properly styled, "The Last New Dodge from Rome."

A red sacrament-lamp denoted that the Reservation was practised in the church. During the service when recourse was had to the Roman Missal, we had what is known as "the interpolation of inaudible prayers" They were inaudible only in the sense of being unintelligible.

The clergyman deposited some ashes (really black soot) on a paten, sprinkled it with holy water, and then it was censed by the server. I wondered what they intended doing with the ashes, and so watched the proceedings with tense expectancy. The clergyman, much to my astonishment, applied a great smudge of it to his forehead. He presented a preeminently pictorial appearance, and looked at us as much as to

say "Aye! there's the rub". I was seized with an irresistible feeling of the ludicrous; a surprised nervousness, that moved me to unholy laughter. He then proceeded to put beauty-marks on the faces of the servers and clergy, and lastly, upon the congregation. The first to go up was a bunchy little mademoiselle from a nunnery. She came back with a dirty face. Venerable gray-haired men and women followed, only to return with flippant, rakish looks that were sadly unbecoming. It was a realistic pantomime, petty and inane, and by no means tending to inhance one's ideas of dignity or reverence.

I did not wait for the communion service, so cannot tell when they rubbed the soot off. I could not bear

> "To hear the blessed mutter of the Mass
> And see God made and eaten all day long.

That such a service should be tolerated in our church, is inexplicable. I suppose it will presently find its way across to Canada. The clergyman with the ashes facing the people reminded me of the words of Isaiah: "He feedeth on ashes;" or the curse on the serpent, "Dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life". Surely such men have spiritual dyspepsia, or are drunk with the dust of their idols. The gross atoms of ashes he held, from which the beautiful ethereal parts had disappeared leaving only ruin and death, graphically symbolized the spiritually oxidized religion he taught. It is a religion barren, and without life—a mere refuse, fit for nothing but to be trodden under foot of man. The apples of Sodom have become dust and ashes.

PLYMOUTH, MARCH 30TH.

We have been six weeks in Plymouth and leave to-morrow on "The Flying Dutchman" for London, going *via* Bath, Bristol and Exeter.

It is quite warm here. The air has an indefinable softness but withal an inebriating effect. It may be that we miss the bracing Canadian climate, for there has been no snow all winter. The weather has been such as we have at home in the latter part of October. The English know little, if anything, of the ugly woods and wild caprices of nature. Their climate does not inconvenience them, nor do sudden changes of temperature make the exhausting demands that we must perforce meet in Canada.

Plymouth is divided into three parts: Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devenport. Its population is 350,000 but it is only a "town" for there is no cathedral here. The streets are nearly all up-climbing. On the steep acclivities the terraces of houses present a curious, half-tipped appearance, as if resting on one knee.

The Park that stands on the height of land, is called "Freedom Field." The soil thereabouts is rich in blood, for in 1648, after a four years siege, the Plymouth Roundheads made their final and victorious stand against the Cavaliers who were commanded by Prince Maurice. This is recorded as "The Great Deliverance." It might be called "Freedom Field" too, because it is open at night and is a trysting place of questionable or rather unquestionable character, for the soldiers, marines and girls of the lowest stratum of society. The morals of this quarter are notoriously lax and will not bear microscopic examination. It is said that among the servant

girls such a thing as virtue is almost unknown, and as for the soldiers and sailors, while they enjoy a reputation for bravery, they do not for morality.

We spent a morning in the dockyards at Devonport and had to give in our names at the receipt of customs and have it vouched by a well-known citizen that we were not dangerous people sent to spy out the land.

The dockyards are being enlarged and when completed will be the finest in the world. Six thousand men are employed on the works and the annual wages paid amount to $2,500,000.

Under the care of a policeman, we went through *The Ocean*, which was launched last year by the Princess Louise, and is now being fitted with machinery. It is the flagship and the narrow gallery which runs around the bow is the Admiral's coign of vantage from whence he directs the battle. The vessel is heavily armour-plated over the boilers and magazines, but the bow and stern are mere shells, so that if a ball struck at either end, it would go through the vessel and do less harm than if it exploded inside. *The Ocean's* largest guns, which do good work at fifteen miles, are of forty-six ton weight and are made of wire so that they expand in quick-firing. She also carries some twelve-pound Hotckiss guns. The naval authorities believe with Tacitus that the Gods are on the side of the strongest. Other ships were being built too: "Titanic forces taking birth" that one day will carry mutilation and death in their brazen throats.

All the iron and steel required for ship building are cast in the smithies on the dock, and here too the machinery is made. The lighting plants are manufactured and dynamos tested in the electrial shops. The cordage, with its one strand of colored thread, is chiefly the handiwork of women and girls. A

large department of the work is the manufacture and repair of buoys, each one being given an appropriate name, such as *The Knight Errant*.

The Phœbe, a trim snow-white cruiser, had just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. As the clock struck twelve, the sailors poured out of the vessel on the "noon leave." Each man carried a bag containing *curios*, which our guide told us they would sell to dealers. Jack ashore, is a queer fish out of water. He earns his money like a horse and spends it like an ass. All attempts to indue him with self-restraint seem to be abortive—even chains and bad health do not purge his bad soul.

A few days after our first visit we saw the *The Implacable*, a first-class battleship, launched from its slip in these yards by Lady Edgecumbe. Great interest was centred on the vessel—this modern Prometheus chained upon the rock. Sooty-faced, hard-handed workmen stood with the gathered thousands to see the child of their rearing take its first steps. When the moment came for the props to fall, we all held our breath: there was a dead silence followed by a deafening acclaim, for at last "she walks the water like a thing of life." The new battleship has a displacement of 15,000 tons and 15,000 indicated horse-power. She will have a speed of 18 knots, an armament of 40 guns and a complement of 750 men.

There are four regiments stationed at Devonport. Passing the Raglan Barracks one day, we were seized with a desire to go inside and see where the awkward squad were beaten into shape. We endeavored to secure an *entre* at one gate but the sentry gave us a decided refusal. It was rather dampening to our feelings, but by dint of bribery and corruption we were more successful at the next. Once inside, we expected to be arrested as trespassers or "catch it" in some-way or other, but with quakings and knee-shakings, we push-

ed on and addressed ourselves to some important person of the Falstaffian order, who asked no troub. some questions, but called a private and told him to bring us to Corporal S——of company G, and tell him to show us whatever we desired.

A rattling game of football was being played with more vigor than science. The contestants were burly, strong-knit fellows "wanton as youthful goats and wild as young bulls." It is a fit pastime for those whose business it is to kill men.

Corporal S—— was a milky-complexioned chap, and by no means a mine of information, but by extraordinary diplomacy, we managed to secure some little information. We thoroughly "did" the barracks of Company O. The recreation room is large, contains papers, a billiard-table, and games in plenty. Most of the books read appeared to be of the "penny-dreadful" variety. The canteen is at one end of the room. In the bed-rooms soldiers were furbishing up their accoutrements and pipe-claying their leathers. Each soldier sleeps in an iron cot, which folds up and consists of "three biscuits"—a military term for one pillow and two blankets. His meals are served in the room where he sleeps. It is an old saying, that an army marches on its stomach. This being the case, Thomas Atkins should be a good walker, for his *regimen* is decidedly "halesome farin' ". That day for dinner his rations consisted of meat, bread, potatoes and vegetables in generous quantity.

The kitchen was scrupulously clean, and the smell of the food was appetizing. The white linened soldier chef who makes "things to eat", is trained at the Aldershot school of cookery, and can perform culinary feats that would drive an ordinary cook crazy. A one-hundred pound meat pie does not stagger him. He can tell you off-hand to the very ounce how much flour, pepper, salt and meat are required. He can cook in-doors and out-doors, with or without a stove, or on any kind of a stove used in the British Army. He is so well-trained in domestic economy, and in the science of utilizing "truck 'ats just a-going

to waste," that he could almost make buckle and strap meet on a country clergyman's income. For his skilled service the cook gets 84 cents a week extra for three years; afterwards, his pay is raised to $1.37 a week, which is an El Dorado of treasure for a private.

Half a dozen merry roisterers were doing twenty-four hours in the guard house, under the charge of an armed sentry. A closer acquaintance with the average private does not tend to enhance your ideas of him. He is much glorified by his military outfit, and could not be better described than in scriptural language, as "Butter in a lordly dish".

* * * *

The streets leading to the Barbican docks pass through a congested district of disease-breeding rookeries, and noisome courts, mostly inhabited by seafaring people, the men who have "little to earn and many to keep." The docks are a Babel of odors, sights and sounds. Fishing sloops, three and four deep, hundreds of them form into "a line of black that bends and floats on the rising tide." The innumerable spars recall to the mind's eye the burnt pines of our own forests.

An eager, struggling crowd bidded, jabbered and jostled around the big hauls of fish, that lay on the greasy flags. Slimy, tar-grimed old "sea-dogs" emptied great baskets at our feet. Mackerels, pilchards, John Dories, soles, turbots, lobsters and other queer fish, till there seemed a sufficiency, to supply the Kingdom.

It was from this Barbican that *The Mayflower* sailed. Under the chaperonage of a shock-headed laddie, I set out to find the identical spot of embarkation. It was marked by a plain slab bearing the figures 1620. The quay has been built out a stone's cast, but this was the old dock-edge. I have heard it said in England, that the way of the transgressor was the

shortest way to America. It was not so in those days. With all their failings, the Pilgrims were the right stock to create a new nation whose people should be lovers of civil liberty.

Near the docks, and facing the sea, is the promenade called *The Hoe* on which a monument has been erected in memory of the deliverance from the Armada of Spain. It bears the text *Flavit est dissipati sunt*. It was while playing boles here, that Drake sighted the Armada, and said, 'There is time enough to play the game out and thrash the Spaniards afterwards."

On the Hoe stands the old Eddystone light-house, known as Smeaton's Tower. It stood on the Eddystone Point for one hundred and twenty years, when the rock began to give way beneath it. I ascended by stairs, above which is the living-apartment, with a coffin-like bed, and around the walls the words, "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it." The topmost room was where the lanterns hung. It is surrounded by a gallery railed in with ir n. The view from this point is rhapsody-inspiring and is s l to be unequalled for beauty by anything in England, taking in it as does a radius of one hundred miles. In a distance of magnificent sublimity, the veiled mountains of Cornwall, loomed vaguely, and waved a tempting invitation to speed thitherwards. Sixteen miles stands the new Eddystone light-house, and closer still is Rennie's wall. The weight of stone in this huge breakwater is equal that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. It is one mile long, 360 feet wide, 50 feet high, and costs $10,000,000 It hurls back the heavy seas, that used to beat in from the south, bringing so many wreckages that the Sound was called "Dead Man's Bay."

Close to the tower is the wonderful Saltash Bridge built by Brunel, and near too, is Drake's Island, a cubical mass of rock, heavily fortified. Flanking the town rises Mount Edgecumbe with its long dark belt of wood, and beneath in the offing, lie foreign merchantmen, fishing smacks, yachts and great battle-

ships. The sun is bending westward, and the shadows are lengthening, when I reluctantly tear myself from these scenes whose wondrous beauties I cannot translate into words.

Some friends took us one Saturday to Princetown, the highest point of any importance in the Kingdom. It was an hour's "run" from Plymouth. We passed through the Laira Estuary, across which are the Woods of Saltash, skirted the beautiful vale of Bickleigh and out into the Dartmoor, where the granite tors rise in whimsical, erratic shapes. The sequeer freaks of nature are not connected with each other, but rise at intervals from the weather-beaten braseides.

Our train climbed 1380 feet in twenty-one miles, its heavy sterterous breathing, giving evidence of the steepness of the grade. We zigzaged round the towering summit, always upward straining through desolate wolds, great boulders of granite and sodden quagmires. The scape was a monotonous study of dead-brown bracken, gorse, heather and reeds. Wiry polo-ponies, shaggy and unkempt, browsed on the scrub-grass.

We reached Princetown with sharp edges to our appetites and made a substantial lunch of beef-pie, treacle-pasties, scones, "Hovis" bread, apricot jam, cherry cakes and tea. Resuming our pilgrim staves, we walked out to the great prison, which was built in 1809 for the accomodation of French prisoners. The prisoners cultivate the land thereabouts, and although comparatively unguarded, an escape is rare, for there is no covering wherein to hide, and if a break were made during a fog, the men would soon come to grief in the bogs and sluggish morasses which in many places would swallow up a form as light as a bird.

The Moor is the fountain-head of nearly all the Devonshire streams, for here rise the Plym, Tavy, Taw, Teign, Yealm, Okement, Erme and Avon. The hut circles and avenues that our forefathers built on the moors three thousand years ago with boulders of "eternal granite," stand to-day hiding a story

from the pen of the acutest historian. We dawdled about doing amateur botany and geology till the fresh live air made us all sleepy and glad to hie homewards.

* * * *

One day Prebendary H—— of Exeter Cathedral, who is Rural-Dean of Plymouth, took me for a drive into the country to visit some of the churches in his jurisdiction. His office demands that once a year he shall examine the repair of the churches and vicarages, the register, plate and other church property. He meets the clergy and wardens, and inquires into the conduct and affairs of the parish and reports his findings to the Archdeacon.

The office of Rural-Dean is not merely titular as in Canada, although they have same idle dignitaries in England too, for Bishop Wilberforce once congratulating a Rural-Dean upon his zeal and success, received this reply, "Well my Lord, I believe some people are under the impression that I am mad". "All I can say then" neatly answered the Bishop, "I wish you would *bite* all my Rural Deans."

While the Prebendary put the Clergy of St. Pancras church through their facings, I wondered about the cemetery plucking flowers, reading epitaphic literature, and listening to the tattling of the rooks, who seemed somewhat perturbed by my intrusion. Here in their last quiet bivouac, lie English officers who fought in their country's battles. Many of the dead are as forgotten as the roses that fade year by year over their mould but not all, for the inscription over the grave of an old man of eighty-one, records that he was buried in the dust of his betrothed wife, who died sixty years before, at the age of eighteen. The Church of St. Pancras is interesting too. It looks so spick and span, and yet part of it dates back to the days of King Stephen.

Driving to the church of St. Budeaux, we heard "the steady tramp of armed men" and presently a company of soldiers

swung into sight. They looked dusty and tired, and no wonder, for each man carried a knapsack, and was doing his daily constitutional of sixteen miles. Every soldier has to take this march for one month each year in order to inure him to the prolonged marches of a campaign.

It was raining when we reached St. Budeaux, and the Vicar told us in real Devonshire parlance, to "come in out of the weather". A snug fire burned in the Vestry, at which we warmed our benumbed fingers.

The Vicar roundly rated the verger because his hands were dirty. I thought the poor old fellow would be very much hurt at being reprimanded so openly, but such was not the case, for when we were left alone, he assured me that the Vicar was of the right sort—a blood of the first degree. He also told me that he had held the office of verger for thirty years, and had succeeded his father and grandfather. These English have no jealousy of social disparity. On the contrary, they are proud of "the quality". The lower classes confine themselves to their caste and do not aim at imitating the manners of their betters, but when these same classes come to Canada, they at once affect an officious air and familiarity that are most objectionable.

We had afternoon tea at the Vicarage. I like these doll's tea parties, where you sip the tea from dainty china, and nibble at sweetmeats. Miss fondles her Persian kitten, papa drops *The Times*, mamma her tatting, and the conversation runs on airy nothings. On this occasion papa brought out the old Parish Records, to show me the registration of the marriage of Sir Francis Drake to Mary Newman, in 1569, and the burial of Sir Fernando Gorges, the first Governor of the State of Maine, who died in 1635

Then the conversation became more personal, for they discussed my Canadian idioms and colloquial peculiarities. I could not defend the pleonastic use of "right" (e. g. "right

there") nor could I tell why I always "fixed" things, but I gave *Richard III* as my authority for "I guess," and the use of "gotten" for the past participle "got," as an heritage that had come from England with the Pilgrim Fathers. They were all under the impression that I spoke with a decided Scotch accent. So much for the second generation of Irish Canadians!

Old St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth is pregnant with historic interest. In it is interred the heart of Admiral Blake who died as his ship sailed into Plymouth Sound in 1654. Rainbows of light, from the stained windows fall on the effigies of recumbent knights in armour, and on quaint old epitaphs "full of all the tender pathos of the here and the hereafter."

Charles II. touched for the King's evil here, and once Dr. Johnson listened to a special sermon prepared for his betterment by Dr. Zachary Mudge.

Outside, a beautiful cross seventy feet high has been erected to the parishioners of St. Andrews, whose bodies in the last eight centuries have been buried about the church. The records show that two hundred years ago there was a heavier charge laid on coffined than shrouded bodies, the former occupying the ground much longer, and so preventing its use again. It is estimated that in it two hundred thousand people have been laid to rest—yet not to rest, for the men of to-day have violated the graves, and have laid naked hands on the bones. They have broken, and spaded, and leveled them, and all the clay we tread on here, was once human and laughed, and loved, and was ambitious.

* * * *

We spent a day "out to doors" as they say in Devonshire, at the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. It was one of those illusive spring days that cheat you with a deep delight of physical well-being, and of strong youth—a rare golden day, free from all anxious thought for the morrow.

We peered into the opening eyes of the cowslips, and breathed in the languid scents of the orange blossoms, or wandered along paths, fringed with eucalyptus, rhododendrons, and camellias, and on past quaint old ruins. The primrose chequered turf was like velvet moss under our feet. Sweet-throated larks and thrushes, robins and tom-tits, careened over the bracken-covered uplands. There were magpies, jackdaws and comorants too, and drunken-flighted gulls "plaining discrepant between sea and sky." Herds of fallow-deer peeped at us shyly through the laurels, limes and laccas, and then bounded off, leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills.

The English are festive minded and seize ever opportunity of lunching. We had two "spreads" this day, one beneath a corktree that nestled under the lee of a rock, and the other at the head huntsman's cottage, in a little garden paved with round pebbles. We had plenty of Devonshire cream, for no lunch is in this county is complete without clouted cream and junket. The latter is a compound of cream, spices and spirits. Devonshire cream when spread on bread and streaked with golden syrup is locally known as "Thunder and Lightning."

The estate stretches out to Penn Lee, a distance of two miles, and while the gentlemen walked thither, the ladies rested on the bald, sinister, water-worn rocks and chatted, dozed and stored vitality.

This day, however, hardly prepared me for the next which I spent in the ramshackle houses and tortuous, by-ways of the slum-district. The transition from the beautiful sunny-land of Mount Edgecumbe, to the Valley of the shadow of death that crouches at its base, was painful in the extreme. We found that for sordidness and pitiable poverty, the district quite surpasses Whitechapel. It forms what Victor Hugo called "a dung-heap of souls"—a heterogeneous horde, living from hand to mouth in the midst of revolting filth, of both the quick and dead varieties.

The houses are plague spots in the city; real human shambles, whose best visitors are the merciful angels of death and disease. It is said that the poor are the world's feet. It is high time then that the world should look to its boots, for like the Irishman's shoes, they need new uppers, lowers, heels and soles. These houses reek with festering mildew and verminous filth: they are human cesspools holding the lees of humanity.

Closely following the curate of the parish, we warily groped our way up dark staircases by the aid of ropes, through mouldering garbage and trodden-down nastiness. The municipality have compelled the landlords to place these ropes here to prevent the unfortunate tenants making head-long plunges in the dark. It began to dawn on me what "knowing the ropes" meant.

Mr. Curate pushed the doors open as he knocked and entered without waiting for an invitation. He usually said, "Good morning! I hope we are not frightening you," whereupon we would be offered chairs (if they had them), but I had been forewarned and declined the honor, indeed, as I looked at the remains of crushed vermin on the walls and at the ashes, broken-food and fish-bones that littered the floor, I felt that the caution had been hardly a necessary one. The people lodge like peas in a pod, whole families living in promiscuity. Bishop South was not wide of the mark, when he said that the children born in the slums were not so much born into the world as damned into it. They are conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity.

Owing to the overcrowding, from their birth, they are accustomed to inconceivable vice—they are "maimed for virtue," yet the authorities, governmental and ecclesiastical, are agreed that they *have* souls, In the first room we entered, an old woman with red, teary eyes was minding "a bottle-

baby" and giving it sips of gin and water. Its mother is a needle-woman, and during the day leaves the child with its grandmother. Their squalid quarters indicate the vast difference between pin and needle money.

It is in these feverish districts that child-insurance and baby-farming thrive, for there are mothers lower than brute beasts—women who make you long for an *Ivan Ivonovitch*, some "God servant" to slay them with an axe, as he did the mother who threw her babes to the pursuing wolves.

In one court several women were washing. They boiled the clothes in a "copper," a big black kettle set in a brick oven, with a fire underneath. It is only when they have no clothes to change that they wash in their rooms, for all the water has to be carried up and down stairs. The renting of an upstairs room generally carries the right of the use of the copper. The women spread the wet clothes on a plain board and rubbed them with scrubbing brushes. I explained how we washed in Canada with metal wash-boards, wringers and washing machines, but I fear they did not think much of our housewifely accomplishments. One girl accompanied her efforts with a song that ran something like this:

"For its thump! thump! souse! souse!
Scrub! scrub away!
There's nowt but glumpin' in the 'ouse.
Upon a washen' day."

The facilities for cleanliness are not such as to encourage "the great unwashed," for a bath-room is an unknown thing to them.

Loud-voiced, bold-looking jades lounged in the doorways and eyed us sharply as we passed. In an alleyway, a drunken woman lay prostrate on the ground. Her hair was hopelessly matted. A sack tied round her body alone covered her naked-

ness. She was loathsome with disease and unmentionable filth. So awful an object was she, that I could hardly believe her human.

In one room a fine-looking, intelligent man sat up in bed. His foot had been crushed four years ago, and he had not walked since. He was childless: his wife was deaf, he could not read. He was rebellious and who could wonder, for his hours were days; his head ached with wonder and his heart with pain. Outside, the slum-babies, "Satan's Godchildren," were dancing to the strains of a grind-organ and seemed the only happy things in the district. True! the little girls are bound in slavery to the ever-recurring infant of the household, but they seem to accept this as inevitable. In appearence they reminded me of Phil Robinson's description of the low-caste Indian children: "Images of God, cast in mud and never baked."

Some few of the rooms were clean and well-kept, and in one an old woman laying dying. It seemed as if even her minutes were numbered. Our slumming suddenly became an impertinent intrusion, an ugly curiosity. We were looking at these people as we would fossilized toads in a museum. The Padre knelt beside her bed and committed the passing soul to its Creator. He said, as we groped our way down stairs, that we were Levites passing by on the other side. The dark distress, ugliness and pain perplexed and hurt us. We were not so confident about our age after all. Why should these people go down in sight of land? If flesh and blood cannot enter heaven, surely something of heaven can enter flesh and blood? "Christ has come but when cometh salvation?"

The Curate said that they rarely go to a place of worship but that *he left a tract in their rooms once a year*. He assured us that it did not do to get too familiar with them. We had the honor once of being the guests of the Bishop of Stepney,

the apostle of the slums, and he told us on that occasion that only 1% of the inhabitants of the slums ever went to a church—except to get married.

On the whole, the Church seems to handle the slums with dainty finger tips. She is content to touch the mere fringes of the work. She dwells too much upon her efforts of the past, while her present efforts are terribly inadequate, Needs grow infinitely faster than the Church's endeavors. She has practically no influence upon "the lapsed masses". They are blankly indifferent, and faith is sick—very sick.

There is not much use either in preaching to people whose spirits are deadened by hardships and starvation, and who are struggling to keep their footing in a quicksand. Some of them are crying ominously in the night. The working brutes in England's back-yard are growling, and it would not be strange if one day they broke their chains. It is a pressing and depressing question. The whole matter is not of to-day only: it casts a lurid darkness over the future.

LONDON, APRIL 2nd., EASTER DAY.

Unless you spend the Easter Festival in London, you can have but slight appreciation of how generally it is observed. The sonorous joy-bells rang out sharply from every spire and cathedral tower. A sun drenched atmosphere dispelled the mists and glooms that are wont to hang over the city. "Christ is risen," was the inspiring theme on every tongue, and one must indeed be dull of soul in whose heart the words awoke no glad response.

I was not a little embarrased in making a choice of where to attend church, but finally decided on Christ Church, Westminster Road, where the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., the eminent Baptist divine is the pastor. Mr. Meyer uses the Liturgy of the Established Church with some slight modifications. Both infants and adults are baptized here, and can be either sprinkled or immersed. I was early for service, and on entering met Mr. Meyer who had just returned from India and whom I recognized by his portraits. He told me to go to the front and take any seat I wished. In personnel, Mr. Meyer is a spare man with a pale, clean-shaven face, and delicately-cut features. His mouth is slightly indrawn, and under overhanging brows are eyes that at once attract your attention. They are keen eyes, kind eyes, honest eyes, laughing eyes, the eyes of one who sees life steadily and sees it whole. His manner is quiet and dignified. In speaking you cannot but notice his long, thin artistic fingers that somewhat suggest nervousness and power.

The church is octagonal in form, and the architecture is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur. Palms and lillies were banked about the communion table. It being the first Sunday in the month, the morning prayer was dispensed with, and the service opened with the singing of "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The Communion service followed, the congregation singing the *Kyrie* to *Tallis* in A.

Mr. Meyer speaks with great deliberation, but still holds one's interest from exordium to finish without break or waver. He addressed us upon the words, "And they told what things were done in the way and how He was known to them in the breaking of bread." "This, said the preacher" is an idyll of the resurrection: it is an idyll of our king." He gave a vivid and realistic description of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, and of the Sabbatic quiet that rested over the land for the people

had gone up to the Pascal Feast. These two men "communed together and reasoned" of all "the things which had happened," when a stranger joined them from the rear. He probably entered into their ordinary conversation, but suddenly startled them with the words: "What manner of communications are these ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"

Mr. Meyer's description of their unfolding the tragedy of the One "who should have redeemed Israel" showed masterly narrative talent, and a powerful imagination under the control of good judgment. "These men," he said, "wept as patriots. They looked for this Jesus to establish a Kingdom, and to drive back the Roman dogs into the sea from whence they came." He pithily grouped the subject under three phases of experience: Darkness, Sunrise, Daylight, or in a more alliterative way, Hearts that break; Hearts that burn; Hearts that believe; or again, Christ neither seen nor felt; Christ felt but not seen; Christ both felt and seen.

Hearts that break! Desolate hearts! Why are ye sad? It is Easter day. On the resurrection day a tidal wave swept around the Church and lifted it to a higher plane. It was a tidal wave of the warm gulf-stream that should melt ice-bound hearts. The sailors on the Aegean Sea cried out on Easter Day: "Pan is dead!" Why are ye sad when idols are being cast to the moles and bats? Why are ye sad when Heaven rings with the song of angels? Why are ye sad when the women say "He is risen"?

Christ told his disciples they were slow of heart. Their hearts were clean, regenerate, true, but still *so slow*. In describing the slow hearts of humanity, their intellectual doubts and misgivings, the speaker used keen, penetrative phrases that cut like a scalpel. All hearts were bowed and hushed before him, and one could not be other than deeply impressed. He then changed his style of utterance, and with sweet, subtle words

that showed him to have a tremulous sense of pity, and a more than womanly tenderness, he said, "Have I a child who is weak of intellect, dull of understanding, slow of heart, his eyes are holden, he does not answer my suggestions like the others—do I love him the less? Ah! I sit me down, and taking him in my arms, I teach him gently, I give him gifts and whisper, "Little one this is for thee". The conclusion was a quiet recitative which was most effective.

Mr. Meyer is not a believer in close communion for "all who love the Lord Jesus" were invited to be partakers of the sacrament.

In the afternoon I wandered out to the Kensal Green Cemetery. This great necropolis is a mile and a half wide, and laid out like a miniature city, with avenues, streets and paths. It contains seventy thousand graves, and is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated portions, the latter being for the Dissenters. Sauntering idly through the labyrinth of of tombs, some familiar names began to claim my interest. Here lie Tietjens the great singer, and Brunel the engineer. Further on are Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics Institute, Anthony Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth and Shirley Brocks. W. M. Thackeray's grave is marked by a plain grey slab. Here too, sleep Sidney Smith, Allan Cunningham, and Cardinal Manning. Tom Hood's monument, which was erected by public subscription, is the most artistic in the cemetery, and bears the words "He sang the song of the shirt". The headstone of a chorister of Westminster Abbey is headed with two bars of "O Rest in the Lord". One grey monument is in the shape of a huge hour glass.

Many stones were marked with the words "The family grave of ———," which mean that all the family are buried in one grave. By counting the names, you can coldly calculate how many feet deep of bodies there are in it. This great

cemetery is a quiet place for the living, one of "unfathomed rest" for the dead.

"The stones with weed and lichen bound enclose
No active grief, no uncompleted woes
But only finished work and harbored quest
And balm for ills."

LONDON, APRIL.

It was the evening of April 12th, in London, a grey night upon which a heavy fog had settled down like a stifling pall upon the city. A stranger within the gates, a tired Canadian halted at St. Paul's Churchyard and bethought her of a quiet spot to take tea for it was now five o'clock, and the eve of the great praise meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the eve they would celebrate their one hundredth anniversary.

But where to go, and the fog was stifling and hurt ones eyes. It came like an inspiration—*The Castle and Falcon*, and it was within sight. True, it is not a fashionable Inn now, as on the 12th. of April 1799, just a hundred years ago to-night, when sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met to establish a society whose object should be the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen. It was the day of small things, but these men with large-eyed hope looked out into the future knowing that the oak-tree is wrapped up in the acorn, and that the first man represented all humanity: Who then could prophecy how God should use their grain of mustard-seed.

It was a quaint old room, and as I sipped my tea by the light of the open fire, my thoughts leapt across the gulf of the

century to the meeting held in this very spot. John Venn is in the chair. The officers are elected. Mr. Wilberforce declines the presidency. He feels it too important a position, and so the society must perforce start without one. Strange too! the fathers of this baby society quite forgot to give it name, and it is not until six weeks later that it is called "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East." They are busily engaged in drafting the constitution and have just decided to send a copy of it with a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, however, took no notice of the new Society although they waited for a whole year, when he was verbally interviewed.

We long to tell these kindly ghosts we have resurrected, the story of how the leaves of this tree of their planting has been for the healing of the Nations—how it has been a balm in Gilead, but alas! they have faded away into the dull, cold land of the dead.

I have barely time to reach the great Albert Hall, for it is an hour's journey hence. This hall built in memory of the late Prince Consort is a vast elliptical building of red brick, constructed in Italian Renaissance style.

Arrived at South Kensington, swarms of men insisted on our taking sample copies of *The Christian*, *The Life of Faith*, and pamphlets discussing the church crisis from all standpoints —the high, low, slow, broad and fast, for England is now, as in the days of the Reformation, "a land of hearts that burn, and brains that seethe."

Only ticket holders were allowed to enter, and hundreds were turned away. As I watched the disappointed ones fall back, I thought of the story Mr. Eugene Stock tells of the mother of Mr. Cates, a C. M. S. Missionary, who died of fever in Sierra Leone. She went to the annual meeting of the society at Freemason's Hall. To prevent overcrowding only members were admi ted. "Are you a subscriber?," she was asked.

"No", said the poor woman as she sadly turned away. Suddenly she re-appeared. "Yes", she exclaimed, "I am a subscriber, *I have given an only son.*

The vast amphitheatre was densely crowded with twelve thousand men and women. Galleries, floors and boxes were packed to overflowing with people, their faces showing like a white fringe of surf above a dark wave.

A voluntary choir of six hundred voices was singing as we were seated. One word as to the great organ that was to accompany the praises of the night. It is the largest in Great Britain. It has eight thousand pipes, and its motive power is supplied by two large steam engines. It has one hundred and sixty-five stops, and five manuals, and takes three men to manipulate it. Oh! to-night everything that hath breath will praise the Lord. Across the hall was stretched a canvas proclaiming "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad".

Before one realized that the meeting had opened, I had risen and was singing with the great company, "All people who on earth do dwell." What a Niagara of song! Then as we knelt in the confession and prayer for devotion, all hearts were hushed in a profound and unaffected worship. Who could forget the words? "For all the lost opportunities of our lives, for privileges neglected and grace unused, we beseech Thee to pardon us. For our sloth and selfishness, for our dull ears and cold hearts, for our slow feet and closed hands we implore Thy forgiveness. O Thou who didst not spare Thy own Son for our sakes, give us willingness to give ourselves. The prayer of contritinn was followed by an outburst of joy—the glad singing of the 98th psalm.

The Right Hon. Sir. J. H. Kennaway, the beloved and venerable President of the Church Missionary Society, told how that day the Kings and great ones of the earth had sent their

greetings of sympathy with the joy of the occasion, and he told us again how Christendom had poured out her unstinted treasure in the Centenary Fund, as a great thankoffering to be presented at this praise meeting.

Again we rose to sing out our thanksgiving for extension at home and abroad, and anon, were bowed in a profoundly impressive litany. Other speakers followed:—Archdeacon Eyre, with his impassioned eloquence, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and Mr. H. E. Thornton, but the great ovation of the evening was given to Mr. Sidney Gedge, M. P., who only the day before, was the mover in the House of Commons, of the motion of severe censure on the four thousand Clergy of the Established Church who were members of the English Church Union, and which motion was carried by a vote of two hundred to fourteen. Again and again, the deep-seated Protestantism of the people gave vent to itself in prolonged cheers. It was an enthusiasm which fired the blood, stirred the pulses, and lit the eyes of that vast assembly.

Protestantism has not forgotten her baptism of fire and blood, and when the suffering and memory of her Martyrs shall no longer be objects of deepest veneration, surely "it requires no spirit of prophecy to fortell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation."

Perhaps the most impressive part of this impressive service, was the recital of verses by African and Indian clergy, men "black but comely" who had learned to bow the knee to the great white God, men whose fathers a century ago were demon-worshippers and now their sons, "clothed, and in their right mind," told us of "the great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and peoples and kindreds," told us "how beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of great peace." This bringing home of the sheaves was an emotion, too great for the mind's containing.

Again we sang, and this time it was the *Te Deum*. Can you imagine this sublime composition sung by twelve thousand Christians, burning with devotional impetuosity? A great burst of joy, and then softly like a child's prayer they cried out the great chant, "When thou hadst overçome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers." and above it all we heard the twanging of the great harp chords, from the golden throats of the organ. It was like the sound of many waters: it was the whisper of the New Song.

Any account of this historic meeting would be lacking, did it not mention the thanksgiving that was offered for the laborers who had entered into rest, and for those gathered in through their means. Archbishop Maclagan's well-known hymn, "The Saints of God their conflict past", bore our thoughts back to the splendid dead, the noble army of martyrs who for the testimony of Jesus gladly poured out their lives at the feet of the King.

Ones mind reverts to the first C.M.S. Missionary, Henry Martyn, who yielded up his heroic spirit at 32. If it be true that God measures life by love, Henry Martyn did not die young.

What brave Missionaries fell asleep in Sierra Leone thrilling the world with an exhibition of their consecration! Owing to the pestilential atmosphere of this "white man's grave," during the first seventeen years, twenty-nine missionaries, besides a number of their children had died. The first three bishops died within seven years. Pressed by "fightings without and fears within," life was here a fierce tragedy.

Henry During and his wife left its fever-stricken shores to rest in England. Their ship was never heard of again. The strong heart of the noble Henry White was stilled in New Zealand, where he had spent forty-five years in labor without

once coming home. Surely he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ Bishop Heber sleeps in India. Paul Daniel died of cholera, contracted by visiting people stricken with that disease. Death ever loves a shining mark, and so George Maxwell Gordon, fell mortally wounded while attending the injured in the Afghan war.

Nor can we forget Bishop Hannington, Bishop Crowther, George Pilkington, or Mackay, of Uganda, who loved not their lives unto the death, or that fierce carnival of blood yet fresh in our memories, wherein the Stewarts and others were murdered. In the power of midnight thugs, they died the hero-death, but One was near to "loose the silver cord and break the golden bowl at the fountain." Ah! it was a stirring and solemn measure we sang that night in the Royal Albert Hall, a measure that opened an earnest of our final disenthralment from sin and heathendom.

LONDON, MAY, 1st.

One falters at describing the vastness of the stately Abbey, England's Walhalla, or Temple of Fame. It is a symphony in stone—a new "Book of Kings"—the Mecca of Anglo-Saxon Race.

"Here is an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallist seed
That the earth did e'er drink in
Since the first man died for sin."

It stands on the site of a temple dedicated to Apolo. The first Christian Church here was built in 610 by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, whose time-fretted tomb is one of the most interesting in the Abbey.

If you would see the Minster well, you must lay aside al headlong tourist rush. You must come again and again, til you feel a facination, that irresistibly draws you here and makes you love this black Temple with a great love.

I always enter at the Poet's corner. I have friends there, our acquaintanceship beginning with some poem or reading in the school collection. Within its enchanted precincts, for once you become heathen and blindly bow down to worship wood and stone. Speaking of the Poet's Corner, Fuller has said, it is "enough almost to make passengers feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetic dust is interred."

Milton's body lies in St. Giles, Cripplegate, but a cenotaph has been placed here to the memory of this blind dreamer with his divine clearness of eyes. "The poet paramount," who sleeps at Stratford-on-Avon, is represented too among these clustered constellations. Chaucer, "the poet of the dawn," Tennyson, Gray, Sheridan, Macaulay, Dickens and Southey, all lie within whispering distance of each other.

John Gay's epitaph is an outspoken one. It was written by himself. "Life is a jest and all things show it; I thought so once but now I know it." The laurels thrown into Spencer's grave by his friends Johnson, Beaumont, Shakespeare, Fletcher and others, were mournful elegies and the pens that wrote them.

Ben Jonson was buried standing upright. He asked Charles I. to grant him a favor, and when the King asked what it was, he said, "eighteen inches square in Westminster Abbey"; hence the unusual posture. The inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," was cut on the stone at the cost of thirty-six cents, which was donated by an onlooker who happened to be there while the grave was being closed.

There is a grim humor in the post-mortem kindnesses that erected these costly memorials to men who amid the rugged

realities of a calculating age were often direly necessitous. It is quite true, that they asked bread and were given stones. Ah well! perhaps it was wisest. They cannot pawn them now.

Even in Westminster Abbey, Oblivion has scattered her poppy, for here are buried many persons of high degree, good men and true, whose deeds have been written in water, and their memory is only kept alive by these crumbling tablets. In youth, Dame Westminster pressed her roses with tender care, but in old age she has forgotten her passions.

Everywhere, there are blazonings of royal names, for eighteen Queens and thirteen Kings have been borne hither to burial. William the Conqueror was crowned in the Abbey and each succeeding Sovereign to William IV. This is what Waller meant when he sung, "These suns of Empire: where they rise they set."

Queen Victoria has erected a Communion Table over the tomb of Edward VI. at whose funeral the English Church Burial Service was read for the first time. Charles Lamb has called this young King "The Boy-patron of boys". Catherine of Arragon, was once turned away from these doors, but Death kinder than Kings, has brought her hither. Mary Queen of Scots lies close to the mother of the murdered Darnley. One gave life to this unfortunate youth, the other took it.

The tomb of Edward I. was opened in 1774 and the body found to be in perfect preservation. "Longshanks" measured six feet, two inches in length. Henry II and his queen rest in their own marvellous chapel. Its roof is the sublime dream of the sculptor charmed into grey stone. It is said to be the finest thing of its kind in the world.

There are three hundred children buried in the Abbey, and many of them are in "The Innocent's Corner." What an appropriate name! I think it is Emmanuel Swedenborg's pretty

idea that our babies who die sinless and languageless go to t highest heaven and have angels for their nurses.

In the South transept lies Thomas Parr, "the old, old ve old man". He was buried in 1635 and his epitaph relates th he lived in the reigns of ten Kings (from Ed. IV to Charles I and died in his one hundred and fifty-third year. His yea which were many were also evil, for at the age of one hundre and thirty years this hoary sinner did penance in public, havin been found guilty by a spiritual court of gross immorality Fuller, in his "Worthies", tells that on his death, Parr wa found to be covered with hair like fur, and speaks of him a *Thomas de Temporibus.*

The monument of Popham, one of Cromwell's officers, wa at the time of the Restoration allowed to remain here on con dition that its face be turned to the wall, and so it is a black wordless slab—a stone of offence—a record of haughty rude ness and forfeited honor, but yet one's eye rests longer on i than on any of the fine monuments in the Abbey, just as in life we are prone to look more at the scars of humanity than upon their comely parts.

Cromwell's grave is empty, for with insolent barbarity, his decayed, unsightly body was exhumed and hung on Tyburn gallows, his head being placed upon a gable at Westminster Hall—but then the English were never ultra-aesthetic. This grim adornment remained there for twenty years till carried to the ground by a strong wind.

There are a thousand men and one hundred and twenty women buried in and about the Abbey, but among them is none greater than Isaac Newton, whose keen eye tracked out the hitherto secret paths of nature, and planted our feet on the rock of scientific truth. He made the complex simple, and united the diversified. He led us by great altar-steps up to our Creator.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Darwin have ceased from troubling, and before you know it, you have walked over the grey slabs which are simply inscribed with their names.

Mrs. Nightingale's tomb is the finest in the Abbey. The iron donrs nf the grave have been burst open by the skeleton figure of Death. He is aiming his pitiless arrow at the lady, whose agonized husband vainly endeavors to shield her from the enemy. It is a frenzy of love in stone.

The centripetal attraction is the coronation chair, whose glories have waxed dim, for it has been cut and initialed all over. In it is the famous stone of Scone, which has a ring at each end, and a crack that almost cuts it in two. On the Sacred Hill of Tara in Ireland, it was the "Lia Fail," or "The Stone of Destiny." It was taken to Scotland and it is probable all the Scotch Kings were crowned on it since the days of Fergus 330 B. C. This stone has been used in all the English coronations from Ed. I. to Victoria, and may thus be said to be the bond of union between Tara, Iona, and Britain. It was only once removed from the Abbey, and that was on the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector of Westminster Hall.

It is believed by the "ten tribe" people, that England and Israel are identical, and that this stone is Jacob's veritable pillow, and the signet ring of the Almighty. They contend that it is Jehovah's seal of witness that His promises made to Israel should be verified and, therefore, wherever Israel may be at the present time they must have this stone in possession. They also tell us that it was taken to Ireland by Jeremiah and Baruch. So says legend, but science says otherwise, for geologists who have examined it carefully, declare that it is undoubtedly a sandstone from the West Coast of Scotland.

In the cloisters is a great blue slab, known as "Long Meg". Underneath it were buried the Abbot and twenty-six

monks who died from "The Black Death" in 1349. Westminster Abbey is sometimes called "The Fortress of the Church of England," and this slab testifies to the fact that the garrison have not been found wanting in times of need. Every flagstone covers a body whose name, perhaps, Time has let die for "Death is King and Vivat Rex!" Let us tread a measure on the stones.

And so I wander on, stopping now and then, to decipher some name in which much of our English history is embalmed, or to ponder over a quaint epitaph full of tender pathos, till tiring of them, I rest me in a quiet corner of this Temple of Silence and fall into mortuary musings. I idly call the roll of the dead-and-gone, and out of the phantom pageants of past centuries, glide beautiful forms in brocade and ruffs, "faire ladyes of olde time," who curtsey deeply to me e'er they tremble back into nothingness.

Death is a great leveller, for he lays the victim and vanquisher side by side, and so I smile at him, as I call the Normans and Saxons to renew their battle a millenium old. But it was a sad mistake I made, for at once the air is full of dumb voices, and the Lancastrians would renew their feud with the Yorks; the Cavaliers would fight the Roundheads, and the Anti-Jacobites the Stuarts. The bells clang brazenly and once more I am alone.

I would further seek the living among the dead, and from the soft shadows come Bloody Mary and those she persecuted; Bluff King Hal and his wives; Outram and his enemy Clyde; Charles I. and the Cromwells, and all with flushes of red in their pale, ghastly faces would renew their quarrels so long held in abeyance. I leave them and hasten away to think of the broad toleration of Death, and how wise it is that there are "many mansions" in the Land that is beyond.

LONDON, MAY.

A building of rare grandeur is Westminster Hall. The largest room in Europe but one, it now forms a gigantic vestibule to the House of Parliament.

It is said walls have ears, and 'tis a thousand pities they have no tongues, for these might awe and interest us with arguments, appeals, debates, decisions, cries for mercy, challenges, proclamations, music, shouts of laughter, clang of armour, death groans, festal echoes, and burst of minstrelsy. They have listened to the oratory of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and have been startled by the sharp cry of a King, smarting under the epitaphs of "tyrant, traitor, murderer."

No roof in the world has covered so many nobles, kings, artists, generals, princesses, abbots, cardinals, clowns, judges, monks, ambassadors and queens. To be instructed in its tableaux, heroics and tragedies, is to know the whole history of England. Its fantasies and wildly chivalrous deeds start up to challenge one's attention.

Here, at the coronation of Richard I. began the cold-blooded massacre of the Jews. Richard II., who completed the Hall, gave a "housewarming" for which two thousand cooks prepared a regal feast. All the coronation banquets, from William Rufus to George, were held in the "Palace of Westminster". At these entertainments, right royal in their way, a panoplied knight with blare of trumpets, rode into the Hall, and throwing down his steel gauntlet, thrice defied to single combat any who denied the rights of the Sovereign. The King then pledged the Royal champion in a silver cup which became his property.

This venerable building laves its feet in the Thames, and we read of an inundation in 1238, when the people crossed the Hall in boats. The subsiding tide left a quantity of fish stranded and splashing in the mud. A brass plate marks the spot where Charles I. stood to be sentenced under the banners taken at Naseby. Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector and Anne Boleyn enthroned on the same spot. In this Hall, Baxter was arraigned before the infamous Judge Jeffreys. Others tried, were Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Laud, Guy Fawkes and the seven Bishops. Two whole days were spent in reading the charges against Warren Hastings followed hard by Edmund Burke's wonderful harangue that shall last as long as the English language, a declamation which has been ranked with the Crown Oration of Demosthenes.

Standing perhaps in the same place, the Padre repeated its finish, "I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament whose trust he has betrayed; I impeach him in the name of the English Nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied, I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert; lastly in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all." We could see Warren Hastings, cringe and cower like a whipped dog; the women are in hysterics, and Mrs. Sheridan is fainting near by. The nation had not learned then, what General Gordon told her later, that England was made, and would hold her place, not by her Government, but by adventurers.

The police examined my chatelaine bag to see that I carried no dynamite into the House of Parliament. You enter this huge, opulent edifice through a corridor lined with ducal petrifactions in white. The police keep moving the crowds

through the different rooms in an officious and aggravating fashion. You want to look at the throne, the frescoes, and the lavish magnificence of this most splendid building erected in the present age, but barely get time for a cursory glance. The big Parliamentary clock beats even a Waterbury watch for it takes five hours to wind it. The Victoria Tower, in which the clock is placed, is said to be the most beautiful that has ever been built.

Outside, runs London's greatest highway—The Thames. It may be said of this city as of Tyre: "The harvest of the river is her revenue and she is a mart of nations." From the bridges, we unweariedly watch crafts of almost every conceivable kind: wallowing barges, deeply-laden coal-hulks, picturesque schuits carrying eels from Holland, and smacks with olive green, dingy burnt amber, or piebald sails that make wide washes of color on the smoked glass of the stream.. Magnified by the indistinctness of their outlines, they loom out of the river fog like in-gliding spectres, upon which the gradations of shadow play with ever-varying effect. The gloom and misty grayness of this hazy city are its greatest facination. Not more beautiful are the liquid carmine and gashes of gold that light up the Canadian snows at set of sun.

Of the fifteen bridges that span the river, the Westminster is tha handsomest. The view from this suggested Wordsworth's sonnet, "Earth hath not anything more fair to show." Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, is jocularly known as "Westminster Bridge", so you must be explicit when you use this term in London.

The Waterloo Bridge is the favorite suicide station. Police boats stationed at its piers rescue most of the people almost as soon as they touch the water. A young girl jumped off at this point. Two "bloods" saw her wild leap, whereupon one exclaimed "£100 to 10 she drowns!" "Taken," replied number two who immediately shouted to the police, "£20. Let her alone!" She drowned.

LONDON, MAY.

"The British Museum"—As a child what vague romantic images the words called to my mind, yet now after spending quite a month in desultory wanderings through its misty halls, or in close study of its garnered treasures, my ideas are still chaotic and crude. All I have fairly grasped is that it preserves record of the birth and annihilation of races: that it is a history of death.

I found it profitable and interesting to study the museum in the light of Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, taking the Assyrio Babylonian Monarchy as the childhood of history; Persia as the rough, turbulent boyhood; Greece as the youth; Rome as its manhood, and the present as the old age of History—old, not in the sense of decrepitude, but in the spirit of ripeness and strength.

No section is more interesting than the Egyptian rooms. It was Egypt who lit our lamp of knowledge, for ere the arm of her power had withered, she was the mother of arts, letters and science. Superiority, elegance, and variety seem to have distinguished her every industry. Her old domesticities are not the least interesting, for someway they bring you more in sympathy with this dead race than do their stone tablets telling of victories, law, and hunting. You begin to realize that the Egyptian did not differ widely from the Anglo-Saxon after all, for here is a wooden model of a house made twenty-five centuries ago, and the "Lord and Master" sits meditating on the roof while his wife kneads the dough in the yard beneath. Here too, are my lady's tweezers, hair-pins, fans, caps for her hair, necklaces, ivory pins, beads, buckles, sandals, linen, combs, mirror, bracelets and writing material, for in truth she was a fashionable dame.

That the children of the world's dawn were as fond of pretty and useless rubbish, as are our tinies of to-day, is evidenced by toy animals, a leather ball, bells and a wooden doll with hair of clay beads. There is a palm-leaf table, and a couch from Thebes, and a feather pillow that still looks inviting. When you see that the Egyptians were troubled too, with the folding-chair monstrosity, you realize for the first time that much of our furniture is modeled from theirs. The gnostic rings gemmed with agate, carnelian, chalcedony and lapis-lazuli, are excellent specimens of goldsmith's work.

Draughtsmen, dice, scarabs, musical instruments, fishing-tackle, and the veritable "flesh pots of Egypt," all cause one to marvel at the stupendous and unrivalled activity of this people. The food collection, recovered from the tombs, included roast ducks, bread, dates, fish, grapes, nuts, pomegranates, and wheat, for the fertility of Egypt won her the title of "The Granary of the World."

In Egypt, the vase attained its zenith. It had other use than to stand on a table as a mere ornament. Of different shapes and wearying profusion, they were for carrying wine, for pouring wine, for mixing wine and water, (much in use by merchants), for drinking wine. There were sepulchral vases to contain nil, honey or perfume. All of them are marvels of decoration, coloring and shape. Of all the recovered treasures brought to light by the spade and lamp of the archeologist, none impressed me more than the ugly sundried bricks of the pre-exilic period. They were made by the Children of Israel, for they bear the names of Tothmes I. who lived 1633 B.C., and of Rameses II. B. C., 1333. The Egyptian sculpture seems to be the work of mere stone-cutters, rather than artists. It is entirely narrative.

After studying their productions, it is interesting to study the Egyptians themselves. They are their own monuments,

and some of them are more than five thousand years old. The guide book to the museum tells that it cost $1,200.00 to mummify a body in the best style, but it might be done by a simpler method for $400.00. The very poor, only salted the body for seventy days, and then soaked it in hot bitumen. The cost was slight. The practise was almost universal, for the people believed that after many ages had passed, the spirit would re-inhabit the body. The numerous canopic jars in this section contain the intestines of the mummified. In modern language it is "a choice assortment" of Egyptians that the English people—the heirs of the ages—have gathered here.

The wrappings, in some cases, indicate the position and occupation of the person. There is something strangely facinating about these withered relics of poor dead mortality. On the soles of the feet of one who was a priest in the temple of Amen-Râ, is painted the representation of the enemies of Egypt, put there to indicate that they were to be trodden under foot. Cleopatra, the daughter of Ammonios, still wears an ivory comb and a wreath of flowers on hair that is the dull red of Florentine bronze. It is not such a stretch of imagination after all, to realize that "A heart hath beat beneath that leathern breast, and tears adown that dusky face have rolled." Here too, is a musician with the cymbals he clashed three thousand years ago, and in another case, on a withered hand that had been exquisitely delicate, was a ring inscribed with a scorpion. A young singer from the Temple at Thebes looked girlish and pretty through her wrappings of burnt umber. The lines of her breast were still rounded and beautiful.

The mummified children were not unrolled. The adults of the Roman period had painted shrouds, gilded faces and bead-work coverings. On a few, the portrait of the person was painted. Some lie in their sarcophagi, like gilded pictures in wooden frames. Most of them with their dried heads, lugubrious visages, and stringy throats, are uncanny and awesome.

One thinks of Tennyson's li[illegible] on a skeleton, "Lo God's likeness!—the ground plan—r[illegible]ither modell'd, glazed or framed. Buss me thou rough sketch of man—Far too naked to be shamed."

The gazelles, cats, dogs, crocodiles, apes, hawks, snakes and ibises, which were kept sacred to the Gods in the Temples, were also mummified. Grimalkin seems to have been the favorite. Beside the Nile he reached his apotheosis, for he was worshipped while alive, and preserved in his death. It is doubtless true that God made the cat so man might have the pleasure of caressing the tiger.

The religious collection illustrated Buddhism, Brahmanism, Judaism, Confucianism, Shamanism, Taouism and Christianity. It was a huge Pantheon of leering, grotesque gods. Each idol is the embodiment of some strange yearning, or need of humanity that has crystalized into an article of faith. They are all dropsical and ugly as huddled devils. They winked their fat, sensual eyes at me, for like the witch of Endor, each has a familiar spirit,and I confess with shame and confusion of face that forgetting my native austerity, and self-restraint, I stood there, and in return, made risque mouths at these unholy, foolish, old scarecrows.

The gold room was filled with "inestimable stones,unvalued jewels," dating from the barbaric opulence of the times of Ptolemy to our own days. The police follow you through the room, observing your every movement. What an obdurate materialist John Bull is, to be sure! He thinks we all covet these glittering baubles, and so he carefully watches them. I would infinitely prefer to steal the Rosetta Stone, or the Codex Alexandrinus, which in their slightly guarded condition, would be tolerably easy loot.

Before I could see the Reading Room, I was obliged to give a name (supposedly my own) as a sufficient demonstration

that I was not an anarchist, assasin or dynamitard. There are three miles of book cases, and each case is eight feet high. The room is in rotunda form with a glass dome. Each reader is provided with a chair, a desk, a small shelf for his books, ink, pens, blotting pad, and a hook for his hat. Baedecker says that there are in this room, one million, eight hundred thousand books, and they increase at the rate of thirty thousand per annum. How true is Solomon's aphorism: "Of making many books there is no end." An illiterate Englishman looking at these books remarked, "No wunner us English be a rare sharp people, just look at them books we read."

One looks long at the little prayer-book Lady Jane Grey carried to the scaffold, and at the first book printed by Caxton: it is on vellum. Here is Milton's agreement to give his bookseller, *Paradise Lost* for £13; Mozart's composition at eight years, and a letter from the Duke of Wellington, on the field of Waterloo. The manuscript works of Locke, Walter Scott, Rousseau, Ben Jonson, Letters of Erasmus, Byron, Knox, Franklin, Swift, Galileo, Washington and scores of others, attract more than a passing attention.

The penmanship of the English sovereigns is uninteresting, for in comparison with these literary genuises, their rank is but the guinea's stamp, unless perhaps, one is struck by the inimitable signature of Queen Elizabeth which has almost as many flourishes as the caligraphy of a Canadian Business College.

Mr. Gaviller, of Bondhead, Ontario, has given an excellent collection of Indian curios to the museum. The British public are informed that Ontario is in the United States of America. I had a "Breeches Bible" valued by an encyclopedic person in connection with the museum and seized the opportunity to speak of this geographical error. He assured me that while the authorities were all very wise indeed, they were hardly infallible as was instanced by the fact that in their eagerness to possess

"The treasures of Egypt," they once bought two terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris for a thousand guineas, and have since discovered them to be modern clay.

To interest the curious, the museum contains the surgical instruments, fire-pumps and carpenters tools of the Romans. Jewels from the noses of African beaux, and anklets of iron from the African slave; armilla that were conferred on the men for bravery; elaborately jewelled and chased rings to prevent cramps; signet rings that were worn on the thumb, and combs of ivory used by the dandies in the times of the "Merrie Monarch", with which they combed their perukes in public places much as the gentlemen of to-day twirl their moustaches.

To instruct the antiquarian, there are thousands of links with a dead and mysterious past: profusely hieroglyphed slabs from Nineveh that are sullenly old, giving as they do, the Babylonian and Assyrian accounts of the Creation (at least the foot-note told us so): There are colossal shapes of gods and men cut from a single stone, and monstrous effigies with the face of a man, the wings of an eagle and the feet of a bull.

To the delight of the artistic, are those exquisite productions of genius, the famous Elgin marbles. They include the friezes, pediments and sculptures from the temple of appollo in Phigaleia, from the Temple of Zeus in Olympia, and from the Parthenon at Athens. Belonging to these marbles is the matchless group of statuary, known as "The Fates". It is a ravishingly beautiful representation of the form of matured womanhood, and seems to throb with strong life. The ethereally draped figures are the very arch-types of physical perfection and loveliness.

But why presume to describe the indescribable? Gorged with sights, the mind falls back incapable of grasping more. Like Dominie Sampson you ejaculate "Pro-digious"; you recover the umbrella (the guards believe you have an inordinate

desire to destroy the stones) and foot-sore and weary, are soon slithering along the sloppy pavement of this second and greater Babylon.

LONDON, MAY 19TH.

"Soon we'll be in London Town
Sing my lads yeo ho!
We'll see the King and his golden crown.
Sing my lads yeo ho!

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London town to see the Queen,"

All this is prefatory to the news, that at last mine eyes have seen that august personage, in whom the world's greatest Empire is personified,—"Our Most Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria."

Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace at 4.15, for South Kensington, where she laid the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum. In order to see her, we took up our stand at Hyde Park corner at 3.30, and as we were beside the police in front of the crowd, had a better view than those who were there from ten o'clock. We were within a few feet of the driveway, and the view was unobstructed. The police were so closely posted along the sidewalks, that they could have touched hand in two continuous ranks, three miles in length. By inexhaustible tact and good humor, they got the crowd within the prescribed limit, and then there was nothing for it but to stand and wait for the passing of Victoria. I was sorely be-elbowed and be-kneed by the crowd, but on the whole

the good order of the quiet, respectful multitude, was simply wonderful. Loyalty in the English is a living force. Emerson says it is a sub-religion, and it would appear so, for these people anticipated the Queen's coming with all the freshness of unworn enthusiasm.

A boy near me asked another, why the English were the most economical people in the world, and vouchsafed the answer himself: "Because they have kept one Sovereign for sixty years." The other boy had his little joke too: (Q) "Why is the Queen like a rainy day?" (A) "Because she reigns (rains) and reigns, and never gives the son (sun) a chance."

An Englishwoman who stood beside me, proceeded to enlarge at wearying length, on the excellent characteristics of Victoria, the Good. She seemed to think that I required enlightenment on the subject. When I could stand her patronage no longer, I gave it as my humble opinion that the Queen was "faultily faultless," perhaps even "splendidly null"; that we would love her a trifle more if she surprised us sometimes, or made mistakes once in a long time. The Englishwoman was not to be put down so easily, and hastened to assure me that if it gave me any satisfaction to know it, the Prince Consort had been a thoroughly henpecked husband.

We had "Queen's weather" and the scene soon became brilliant as "the weather curled darlings," flashed by in elegant turnouts. Most of the gentlemen wore diplomatic, military, or levee dresses with their "riband star and a' that." The Lord Mayor and his sheriffs rolled by in state, their incomparable coachmen and footmen making a brave show. And so passed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Princess Louise, till finally, amid prodigious enthusiasm, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Fife, with a mounted escort came into view. The Prince wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and acknowledged

the rousing ovation by military salute. He has a broad-blown face and looks as if he had thoroughly seen "life." He just bubbles with good humor, and is the idol of the people. With a long white beard, he would be Santa Claus.

Immediately following the Prince, were the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke is almost aneamic looking: the Duchess is not. She sat in her carriage with a proud, self-possessed pose of figure, that was admirable. She looks her rank.

White sand was scattered on the roadway, and shortly a deep-throated chorus of welcome assured us that the Queen was approaching. First, came a dashing cavalcade of the Life Guards, their cuirasses glistening like fire in the sunshine. The superb black horses, with their showily dressed riders, was a magnificent spectacle. The clank of bits and golden spurs, the clatter of the steel-clad hoofs on the pavement, the rattle of the swords and the long bridle chains, had a military ring that was entrancing. One felt a choke of emotion; a great heart-leap.

There was a glint of scarlet through the lush green of the Spring, and the Queen's outriders burst into view, making brilliant splashes of color on the white sand. The Queen's landau was drawn by four bay horses with postilions. The Duchess of Conaught, the Princess Beatrice and the Princess Christian attended Her Majesty, who sat in one corner and looked small—even tiny. She wore a dowdy-looking gown and a black bonnet, adorned with a white feather. Someone told me afterwards, that this feather is the Queen's one extravagance, and only indulged in on state occasions. I do not know whether the crowd cheered or not. I could not hear, I was so intently watching the dear, faded, little mother, who has stamped her name and character on the world's golden age. God bless her! "As Queen of our hearts, she reigneth alone."

* * * *

In the evening, we went to the annual meeting of the Woman's Temperance Association. The first speaker was Dean Farrar. He has delicately cut, handsome features and there is something monastic in his appearance. His voice is pleasing and flexible ; it is a gamut of delicate intonations. To the work of temperance, this eminent divine has given an earnest and unwearied advocacy. He has touched the very quick of the brutal and dangerous sin that Englishmen are hugging to their hearts.

Prison reform, he said, had been effected by John Howard in a lifetime. In one generation the British had learned that they must not use the arm of liberty to bind the slave, but in spite of the enormous mass of warning gathered from every age and country, and in face of facts, as undeniable as facts could be, intemperance was greatly on the increase. The daily papers are full of horrors and crimes, attributed by the ordinary channels of justice to drink, yet it seemed to make no impression on those whose object in life was to live in pleasure on the earth and be wanton ; to have hearts as fat as brawn, as cold as ice, and as hard as the nether millstone. The workers must continue to press upon the people the plain fact that if they forgot the example of Tyre, which if now only a memory, of Venice, which is but a ruin, the English nation would be dragged from a prowder eminence to a less pitied destruction.

With a rush and rhapsody, this great speaker leads us through deeps of thought, exuberant imagery, savage sarcasm and irrefragible arguments. Throughout his address which lasted forty minutes, he enchained the acutest interest of the audience.

Dean Farrar was followed by the Rev. Benjamin J. Gibbon, Bloomsburg Chapel. He spoke of the "spiritual wickedness in high places" as evidenced by the fact of three hundred and eighty-one bishops and clergy being share-holders in

English breweries. He said public opinion should force them to resign their positions or their shares. This remark met with loud and prolonged applause.

The audience clamorously demanded a speech from Lady Carlisle, who was seated on the platform. With remarkable spirit and dash for an elderly lady, she repudiated what she called "the dreary pessimism of the other speakers." But then in the nature of things, woman *should* have the last word.

COLCHESTER, JUNE.

Colchester might fairly be termed old, for it dates back to the Christian era. The Romans called it *Cunobelin*. To see it aright, you must ascend "Jumbo," which Cutts in his *Historic Towns*, describes as "a monstrous tower-like structure, surmounted by a reservoir for the supply of water, so large and lofty that it dwarfs and dominates the whole town."

The place has an air of vanished prosperity. Once it swung gay or grave to the tread of kings, mail-clad barons, minstrels, stout men-at-arms, swaggering exquisites, free foresters, cavalcades of knights, traders, friars, gilded courtiers or Roman ladies of dark saturnine beauty. But ours are more utilitarian times and now-a-days, it is chiefly famous for its oyster fisheries.

From my outlook, I could see the church where the Padre speaks while here; it is grimly simple, and why not? It needs no bird-cage trumpery to add to its prestige, for it comes all the way down from the Saxon Heptarchy, and is

mentioned in the Domesday book. In the Norman survey, this parish was described as belonging to one "Godric of Colchester" who was the great man of the Saxon Burgh, but Eudo the Dapifer, became its generous patron under William, the Conqueror. What waves of sudden fury and terrific shocks of battle have broken on these old temples, in the twenty centuries agone! Yet they remain—Romish once, Protestant now; Low Church last year, High Church this; established by law to-day, disestablished to-morrow; unless mayhap another wave may send them back to Rome—but never to Methodism, for the middle wall of partition between the Church of England and Dissent is high—very high, and it has iron spikes, broken glass and no end of tar on the top.

Plumb below me is St. Martin's Church. It was beheaded when Colchester was beseiged by the Roundheads. Cromwell seems to have smote the churches hip and thigh. Outside, parasitical vegetation softens its decay; within, the hand of renovation has covered its gaping wounds, except where the shells have embedded themselves deep in the white marble of the font.

Nearby is Colchester Castle, bearing, too, the scars of blood, conflict and years, yet it seems to me that these very scars, and the hoary rime of the almost timeless masonry, convey a greater sense of dignity than do the most stately civic edifices that crowd against the sky. Its great keep is built of flints and Roman bricks. Sometimes the bricks are laid endwise and sometimes, in herring-bone fashion. Until recently, it was a convenient quarry for the neighboring houses, but this is no longer permitted. The fireplace of the keep yawns with the roominess of a small chapel. Its smoke ascended through the side of the wall, by means of a spiral flue.

You ascend the stone stair-case, worn hollow by numberless feet, to peer through deep embrasures, or cross-shaped

arrow-ports, or to shudder at the little cavity in the wall, where a Quaker lad was confined for eleven months, and died from the torture of his position. Then the guide will sit on the sunny side of the tower that overlooks a plot of greensward, and will point out the identical spot where Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle suffered death at the hands of their victorious enemies. He is a Royalist, this old guide, and will tell you that the King's officers only surrendered when their food gave out, and that they were "wickedly slaughtered."

Your innocent curiosity leads him to surmise that you have not heard the story, although the inhabitants of the town, to this day, contend as hotly as to the justice and legality of the shooting, as did their forefathers in Ireton's times. Lucas, he will say, suffered first! This Cavalier fell on his knees, and when he had prayed a few minutes, opened his shirt and bade the soldiers fire.

Lisle, after kissing the face of his dead friend, stood up and requested the musketeers to come closer, thinking that they were at too great a distance, to which one of them replied: "I'll warrant you Sir, we'll hit you." The other said, "Now traitors do your worst," and immediately they shot him dead. You only remark that Sir George Lisle, being an English officer, knew what notoriously bad shots the privates were, whereupon the guide is silent—painfully, politely silent, and you feel properly rebuked for your levity and impertinence.

It is well at this point to be good to him, for the museum and prison are yet to be seen. The former has an excellent collection of Roman domestic appliances—of lamps, rare and beautiful glass vessels, and pottery of Samian ware which differs from the ordinary pottery in being glazed and having a raised pattern. The treasures include tiles, cinerary urns, lachrymatories, grotesque clay figures, lead coffins, the tombstone of a Roman Centurion, and absolutely bushels of coins.

From the amount of coins in England to-day, I should judge that the Romans must have treated their money like dirt. A pair of stocks are displayed that were used as late as 1855. As you examine them, the words "stock-still" take on a new meaning. They were no mere empty terror unto evil doers.

Follow the guide, and after lighting a lantern, he will lead you down a crazy staircase where a cold air strikes into your very marrow, and gets colder every second till your teeth chatter. Presently, you find yourself in the arched vaults that were built as a foundation for the castle, but were used also for prisoners. "What came ye out for to see?" There is nought but appaling darkness; so dark that it is palpable. There is an eery dripping of water. It is the cold sweat on the dead face of the stone. Nothing could be more awful than to be incarcerated alone in this place. You might not even stir lest you touch some clammy, gruesome thing not to be thought of. It is the very epitome and quintessence of horror. You have a sharp nightmare at noonday, and feel dizzy and ill.

There is another prison in the Castle. It was used in more modern days, and is less gloomy and soul-oppressing, but still "top-full of direst cruelty." There is some writing on the door. It directs that the male and female prisoners be separated, that more water be provided, and that the cells be whitewashed, and a window cut in each. It is signed by John Howard, for this is one of the Augean Stables cleansed by the modern Hercules, who, following in the footsteps of the Christ, bound up the broken-hearted, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of prisons to them that were bound.

Cavities are still to be seen in the wall where the head and shoulders of the prisoners were crushed, and where, in a chaos of terror and agony, they were made to confess some imaginary crime. It was the refinement of cruelty. What "sorrowful sighing of the prisoners," what maledictions, unavailing shrieks

and death groans have been thrown back by these ponderous walls! In nnother room, twenty-one prisoners, under the persecutions of Mary, nnswered the question, "What think ye of Christ?" They were all burnt at the stake, and the guard will bind you down with their shackles, and as you feel shivers of fright running down your body, you realize that you are not of the stuff to make a martyr.

If you would further "Beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town," turn your back on the Castle and wander on through intricate streets with their wealth of curious architecture till you come to St. Botolph's Priory, the first home of the Order of the Canons of St. Augustine, in England. We are told that it was erected by "one Ernulf." Its most noticeable feature is a magnificent doorway, above which are semi-circular arches, so interlaced as to form a double row of pointed arches. An underground passage, nearly a mile in lengtn, connected it with the Castle. Wishing to see if the passage were still open; an archaeologist drove a pig through the entrance. It was never seen again.

Near my watch-tower too, is the workhouse, known in England as "the Union." I went there one day with the Padre who had addressed the men and women, so was not a stranger to them.

One of the inmates, an old Canadian, who poses for the *gentilhomme* of the place, took us through the establishment. He showed us his oil-paintings—a collection of billious monstrosities, very simply and broadly treated, somewhat after the manner of impressionists. He seemed pleased when the Padre assured him that they were "really remarkable," and charmed when I gave it as my opinion, that his originality bordered almost on the bizarre. Poor old fellow! a couple of years ago he sold his little farm near Hamilton, and came to England to acquire an estate whish someone else held, and which, of

course, was rightfully his. The lawyers took his money, and now he has reached the low-water mark. This method of swindle is the English equivalent to our "farm-pupil" scheme. This old man has a proud and resentful spirit, and his failure is gall, and bitterness to him. Some one has divided the poor into three classes, "The Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils." He belongs to the last.

The children of the workhouse are of the gutter-snipe species. Many of them, like the butterflies, do not know their parents, nor like the grubs of the bee, they are nurtured neither by father nor mother, but by neutral bees. Presently these young Ishmaelites will slop over into Canada, and some progressive person will write letters in the papers telling us that these rickety babes, with their black-lustre eyes and poverty-distorted bodies, are noxious vermin conveying the vile contagion of the old world to our young country.

The rooms were clean and cosy. The inmates are supplied with tobacco and reading matter, but what is that to people whose "particular wanity" is oeer? The old men are lachrymose and doleful; all are malcontents. They repine at being immured, and criticize the management hostilely. The squat hags of the women's quarters would furnish types for the cartoonist. Intolerably coarse-minded, they made obscene jests about marriage, finally asking the Padre to find them lovers,—"partners" they called them—or to express it in Max O'Rell's *jeu de mot*—sleeping partners. We turned and fled from the old beldames and their moral vileness.

The inmates are not altogether those who have been improvident in habits, but some are honestly destitute people who belong to the class known as "the virtuous poor." Ill health, financial failure or other adverse circumstances have landed them in these nadir depths of poverty. To them the Union is an "intermediate purgatory before the grave;" to all England's poor, it is the grim skeleton in the closet.

LONDON, JULY.

You ask me how the Archbishop's decision on portable light and incense has been received, and what my opinions are of the Church crisis? I do not pretend, like the average American tourist in Ireland, to settle the Home Rule Question in a week, but must acknowledge, after more than a year's study of matters ecclesiastic to be staggering along ever more dazed and bewildered by their many aspects and perplexities.

The trouble appears to arise from the two parties in the establishment, accepting different standards of rule, or precedent both in practice and doctorine. The Evangelicals base their authority on the Bible; the Ritualists on the Church—preferably the Church of Rome. It has been wittily remarked of the latter that they set out for Rome, stopped short on reaching the Apii Forum, and got drunk at the Three Taverns. The Ritualists are age-bound, Sydney Smith said the Puseyites were silly people who wanted to revive every obsolete custom which the common sense of mankind allowed to go to sleep. They are the same to-day. They have resuscitated tradition, that they may dress up the present in the old fashioned garments of mediaevalism.

The aim of the Ritualists is to de-Protestantize and re-Romanize the National Church, or to use their own expression to "exercise Prostestantism." They claim to be both *anti* and *ante* to the Reformation, and are now the true non-conformists in distinction to the Wesleyans who are Dissenters. They disdain the title of Protestant, but designate themselves as Neo-Anglicans or Anglo-Catholics. It would be hard to draw the exact line of cleavage between the parties. Perhaps the Rev. W. Hay Aitken best described it as "The mechanical versus the

spiritual," for Ritualism is simply a recurrence of the lifeless Pharisacial religion of Judaism in the heart of the Church of England.

There are ecclesiastics who contend that considerable latitude of interpretation and practise are allowable, and that the theological breadth and comprehensiveness of the Church will berth both schools. Be that as it may, at the present moment its elastic limits are stretched to their utmost, and the majority of both clergy and laity, realize that Truth and Falsehood are not sisters—that the twenty-fifth article and the Mass are incompatible. Indeed, the signs on the ecclesiastical horizon show the most casual observer that the epoch is indeed a serious one.

The Evangelicals are unswervingly loyal to the great Reformation principles, but have done much to alienate people, because their services have not been bright; too often "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

John Bull has at last decided to set his house in order, and is energetically wielding his broom. His task is not an easy one, to an onlooker, the contention seems to be irreconcilable. What has been settled in the past is being unsettled in the present, and must come up for re-settlement in the future. The quarrel is not merely a matter of incense pots or ritual, except in so far as they affect doctrine.

The Parliament fairly voiced the nation when it passed a vote of censure on the English Church Union, the members of which (thirty-two Bishops inclusive) are pledged to work for the mixed chalice, unleavened bread in the Communion service, and incense. In turn, the members of that body deny the authority of the Parliament, but this is only natural, for the Oxford movement, inaugurated by John Henry Newman, was intended to resist the interference of Parliament with the State Church. The English Church Union does not, however,

own *any* authority, unless like their Sister Society, The Order of the Corporate Reunion, they acknowledge the Pope, but show a spirit which is the direct antithesis to obedience. Part of them elect to follow their leader, Lord Halifax, and part hold with the Primate's decision with mental reservations, or as has been better called "moral contradictions," a subtle contrivance of casuistry, which would be considered by themselves in any other matter, as dishonest and ungentlemanly. Others, for prudential reasons, have made temporary concessions.

The present distress is largely due to the action or inaction of the Bishops. They contradict each other in conflicting gabble. One quotes this court, and another that decision, and a third his own prejudices, till the average laymen is driven in desperation to hold up his hands and exclaim "mud! mud! mud!" The present attitude of the laity towards our Right Reverend Fathers in God, is one of distrust. These prelates have raised a Frankenstein monster, which they will find it difficult to lay.

Nearly all men of varying tempers and knowledge, feel that the Church is capable of amendment; that must be either distinct reform or disestablishment. As things now stand, any young stripling may change the service of the Church to suit his ideas of so called "Catholic usage," and laugh in the face of his objectors. Both from within and without, there is a loud call, not only for disestablishment but disendowment.

The matter of disendowment is the old quarrel of the Haves and the Havenots. The Haves contend that it would not only be an act of State desecration, but an act of State spoliation. The Havenots argue that the Established Church is a monopoly and is the State Church in so far as she is state-made, and state-paid, but deny that she expresses the nation's faith or ministers to the nation's need. They consider a State-Church is no longer a necessity. This question, particularly in its relation to vested interests, will be a difficult one to grapple

with successfully. The Havenots are also moved by both social and religious jealousy. They are placed in a position of social inferiority, and deem it unbearable arrogance of the Haves, whose equals in culture, education and wealth many of them are, to consider them as mere Gaderene swine, simply because they are outside the establishment. They repudiate any spiritual or social serfdom.

Although assuredly, we live amid "a dust of systems and of creeds," it seems an impossibility that the Church should be disestablished and disendowed, for it is the warp that holds the woof of the State. There is no great interest or family of importance which does not form a design in the texture, and it would appear that nothing short of a revolution could destroy it, nothing mayhap, but the moth and rust of Puseyism, which being harbored in the weft might cause it to drop apart for want of cohesion.

Dean Stanley, once speaking in a Congregational Chapel, said, that as a clergyman of the Established Church, he gloried in "the freedom of the freest, the learning of the most learned, and the rationalism of the most rational Church in Christendom." This distinguished man was right so far as he went. He did not say she was a growing Church. Indeed, as one looks at her folded wings, you wonder if she is not a falling Church.

There are many cancerous growths that need to be cut from the body ecclesiastic, with sharp and unsparing blade. The gulf between the bishop and the curate is too great. To a colonial, there is much in her *regime* that would appear to be organized red-tapeism. She is too fastidious and finical. She has gathered her wood and laid it on the altar, in the most approved style, but somehow the fire has not descended from heaven.

Too often, it would seem that her spiritual offices are subordinated to her social ones. Emerson says of her, "It is

not in ordinary, a persecuting Church, it is not inquisitorial not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. * * * The Gospel it preaches is, 'By taste ye are saved.'"

She is the espoused ally of caste and capital. Her policy and attitude has frequeutly been such as to lead men to believe that her kingdom is of this world. She has a capitalistic Ministry, a capitalistic Gospel, and a capitalistic Christ. Much capitalism has made her mad. She is too fortunate, too prudent, too polemical, too unsympathetic. She is not receptive of new influences. Her eyes turn more often to the past for slavish imitation, rather than for instruction and warning.

But why linger in the rocky and thorny paths of ecclesiastical criticism. I can only voice Arnold's words: "Most earnestly do I wish to see the establishment reformed, for the sake of its greater security and its greater perfection; but whether reformed or not, may God in His mercy save us from the calamity of seeing her destroyed."

GERMANY, JULY.

The Padre had been "across the ocean in Germanie", preaching for the season in Christ Church, Homburg, and two weeks ago went over to England for me, as I was suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous sciatica, and he thought the mineral baths and waters of this famous *Spa* would benefit me.

I had only eight hours to gather in my laundry, my new frock, (half-completed) and take a hurried run to St. Albans to

see the bairnies. We had no troublesome arrangements, however, to make about routes and time-tables. We went, as is our wont, to Cook's tourist agency where all the business of pleasure is transacted before starting. We touched the button of our *porte-monnaie* and the Cooks did the rest. At 8 o'clock we had taken the Continental Express, and were trembling away in the night. An hour and a half later the harbor-lights at Harwich flashed in view, and before we knew it we were aboard "The Vienna" and faced Hollandwards.

There was a heavy Channel sea, and our boat played a "heel-and-toe" antic. The breeze from the North Sea took all the London smoke out of our throats, and made us seek shelter and gasp for breath. All night the ship "drave heavily" and the waves spat viciously against its sides. I have more respect than love for the channel. At five o'clock the stewardess turned us out of our berths for the Hook of Holland was in sight. It was a leaden-eyed, unwashed crowd that effected a landing that morning, and fell into the clutches of gangs longshoremen, who bore their "traps" off to the custom house to be examined.

At last I was "abroad", in "furrin' parts", in the land of "the unprincipled foreigner". Hereafter, I shall be like the dreadful traveller Dickens describes as "Our Bore". Almost immediately we met "The Flying Dutchman." Like the guard in "*Through a Looking-Glass*," his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute. He bundled our luggage hither and thither in an alarming manner. It was no use, we could not make him understand what we wanted, and so had to work our own salvation in fear and trembling.

The first impression you have of Holland is that it needs to be strained or wrung dry. It is half-submerged. It is amphibious. The people live on the sink or swim principle. The country is flatter than the proverbial pancake, and in some

places is thirty feet below sea-level. The inhabitants boast that God made the sea, and they made the land. It is in reality a delta formed by the slime which has been deposited by the Rhine. The Dutch have wrested this delta from the maw of the sea, by their huge dykes which say to water, "Thus far shall ye go and no further." Holland recalls the description in Hudibras:

> "A country that draws fifty feet of water
> In which men live in the hold of nature,
> And when the sea does in upon them break
> And drown a province, does not spring a leak."

It is a land of paradoxes too, for the roads are higher than the houses, and the swallow in the chimney listens to the croak of the frog in the canal overhead. There are no fences but a great many picturesque old windmills. The canals crawl and twist all through the country. Clumps of low-growing willows are frequent features of the scape, being planted that they may absorb the water. These sedgy flats must be the happy hunting grounds for snipe and duck. We saw numerous cranes which appeared quite tame. The country was covered with herds of sleek kine. All of them were spotted, glossy-coated, well-built and sturdy. It is not to be wondered at that Dutch cheese is such a gastronomic delight, for these animals browse knee-deep on the finest pasture-lands in the world.

Surely Holland is the peasant's heaven. The ground is so rich that it recalls an Editor's description of Texas: "Tickle the ground with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest." The scenes of pastoral life as you ride through the country are restful to ear, and eye and brain. The people seem slow-going and sleepy, and you feel it were an easy matter to settle down here to inertia and dreams. This country once supreme in commerce, and on the seas has now settled herself comfortably to mediocracy and agriculture, and who shall say she is not the happier for it.

The houses abound in odd features, and are picturesque in the extreme. Some are peaked like dove-cots, and picked out in red and white. All are low-ceiled, gabled, hooded and alarmingly out of perpendicular. At Amsterdam, "The Venice of the North," the roofs were quaintly jumbled, the gables arabesqued, and the architecture most irregular and entrancing. I was loth to leave so much beauty behind,but tried to carry away some "eye-crops".

We were able to secure good meals on the train for $1.00 each, but there was nothing to drink but milk and lager, for the water was brackish and deadly-looking. At the stations fleshy, broad-faced women thronged the car- vindows to sell us ripe mulberries, scones, cheese, hard-boiled eggs and cherries. All the notices in the train are in three languages. In the winter you can regulate the temperature by turning a needle on a disc from *Kalt to Warm* or *vice versa*. Your ticket does not entitle you to a seat, but you must pay fifty cents extra for one.

There were two ladies of the court of Queen Wilhelmina in our coach. They spoke English fluently, and seemed much interested in what I told them of Canadian life. I made bold to question them about the recent reports of the Queen's engagement to William of Weid. They said that as yet Her Majesty was heart-whole and had not undergone the process described as "falling in love."

We stayed off at Rotterdam, but I did not like it. The population of the city is a quarter of a million. The place is dirty, unkempt and featureless. Its redeeming beauties are the gay shipping on the Maas River, and the huge quay fringed with linden trees. It is called the *Boompjees* and is a work betokening great industry. In Rotterdam was born that Desiderius Erasmus who "laid the egg that Luther hatch-

ed". A bronze statue has been erected to his memory in the *Groote Market.*

The hotel we stopped at was inordinately expensive—outrageously so. Mine host, an obese Dutchman, made me think of Lewis Caroll's dragonfly, for his body was a plum-pudding, his wings were made of holly leaves, and his head was a raisin burning in brandy. As you cross the borders into the Fatherland you feel very small indeed, for at once you are surrounded by tremendously be-buttoned men, very grand, and officious. It is hard to withstand the orders of a man who wears a furious cavalry moustache, and a spread eagle surmounting his plated person. The Padre had taken our hand-bags into the Custom-house, but three of these important officials visited my coach one after the other and tried to get me out. "The sinewy vigor of the traveller" had failed me, and I was not in a humor to be moved, so pointing to the station, I said *Mein Herr*, whereupon they left me. The last one seized upon some baggage which did not belong to me, but had already been examined, and bore it off in defiant triumph.

Germany is "a land of vineyards and olive yards and of brooks that run among the hills." There is no riot of nature here. Indeed, that old shrew has been so tamed and tyrannized over as to be now warped and twisted into the most capricious designs. The crops of different kinds and colors resemble a crazy-patch work quilt. The women cut the grain and bind it in sheaves. It is not unusual to see a horse and cow plowing together.

The comfortless tedium of the trip was added to by the numerous tunnels where there was nought but Cimmerian darkness, steamy, vaporous air and a smell "of the earth, earthy". Like somebody in the Bible, we had "gone down to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with her bars was about us forever." At the stations, as in Holland, there were

all kinds of commodities for sale, and everybody drank beer. Heads must be strong in Germany.

Our train passed down the Rhine through scenery of surpassing beauty. The river leaped and sparkled in dazzling discs under the lustre of a blazing sun. The fantastic rock forms with their castled tops, add romance and beauty to the scene. These hoary palaces are the dry-bones of the mediaeval strongholds of "the good old times". The heat was scorching and I was too ill to crane my neck out of the window, so allowed the beauties to pass by unnoticed, while sympathetic travellers drenched me with eau-de-cologne.

Kôln !—This is the German spelling of Cologne, but being British, it would be *infra dig* for me to use even a name "made in Germany." I shall not attempt to tell you of the dizzing wonder of the stupendous Cathedral, its vast and delicate proportions, pillars, portals and chiselry. It has best been described as "frozen music". To read aright its arches, buttresses and statutes is to understand all architecture.

St. Ursula's Church in Cologne is a vast charnel house dedicated to the saint, who with eleven thousand virgins, was murdered by the Huns in the eleventh century. The interior of the Church is "decorated" with the skulls of these virgins. Some of the skulls are partly covered with velvet. We dawdled about Cologne till we were tired of antiquity—wearied of the scents and scenes of the city, and then we journeyed on to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we rested a few days before going to our destination.

There are two fine monuments in Frankfort, erected to Gutenburg and Goethe. The city is opulent, and the streets clean and wide. It is a city of sun. The householders by a cunning arrangement of looking-glasses placed on their window sill, are able to see all that goes on in the street without look-

ing out. In this way they are able to reconnoitre their callers. Hood, pertinently remarked, it was that the tidy housewife might watch before being at home to a caller with dirty boots.

In a bookstall here, I saw a print representing theGerman farmer, and those whom he supports. They stand on steps and the Emperor occupies the highest one. He is made to say, "I am supported by the taxes". The preacher exclaims on his step, "I live on the tithes." On the next platform the soldier remarks, "I pay for nothing." The lower parasite is the beggar, who says, "I live on what is donated me" and on the last step the Jew boasts, "I strip them all".

We arrived at Homburg, the lovely Tanus town, late on Saturday evening. As we alighted from our *coupe*, an old woman, followed by two young ones, made a sudden sortie from a doorway and fairly embraced the Padre. Before I knew what had happened, D—— was whipped off and we were landed upstairs in a big room. This was Frau Bêcker and her maids, and here the Padre had lodged. One maid flew off for a warm bath for D——, another bed was put up for me, (they all sleep in single beds in Germany,) tea was on the table and D—— and I had been patted and petted and called *das gute kind*, and the prettay *frau*. Just fancy- an English landlady being so demonstrative!

HOMBURG, AUGUST.

Homburg has nine thousand inhabitants. It was the residence of the Landgraves of Hesse-Homburg (I am not just sure what a "Landgrave" is,) and years ago it was the Monte

Carlo of Europe. The Marquis De Caux, Adeline Patti's first husband, was then the leading star of the place. The people talk about "the good old gambling times," although I should judge the town has fallen upon better days. Since gambling has been abolished, each guest is obliged to pay a tax of eight marks to the municipality for the maintenance of the parks, springs and roads. Already this season, exclusive of tourists, there have been twelve thousand visitors. We escaped this tax, for the Padre and family go to make up the parasites who live on the farmer.

Homburg is said to have the worldliest society in Europe at this season of the year. The visitors make it their business to thoroughly "enjoy bad health." In the mornings they throng the springs to drink the waters and to chatter in all known and unknown tongues. I take my morning draught at the Elisabethbrunnen on the tesselated floor, of which are wrought the words :

> "Bubble, holy spring, thou present of the active depth,
> Distribute forever and ever, a blessing to mankind."

Beautiful roads lead to the Springs, which are surrounded by parterres of flowers, orange trees and statues of dazzling whiteness. All the while we are drinking, a string band plays entrancingly. I am beginning to believe that the early rising, the walk before breakfast, a plain diet and life by schedule, are not entirely unessential in the curative process.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* bath-house is an imposing edifice, and contains eighty-four rooms. Hither come the victims of spleen, obesity, gout, rheumatism, and of anaemia both mental and physical. In it, you sweat and frizzle in baths of mud, pine, electricity and vapor. If your purse and constitution will stand it, you may take inhalations galore, or the water, gymnastic and massage cures. Outside the baths, a Swiss prepares and serves goats' milk whey. We drink deeply, and try to believe it most beneficial.

The centre of attraction, however, is the *Kurhaus* gardens, where twice a day we listen to the most ravishing music. I'll never, never laugh at another German band. At nights when the Rose Gardens and parks are lit up by hundreds of colored lights, they look like a fairy-land nocturnal spectacle. Sometimes, a glittering girl dancer, with seductive grace of gesture will execute a series of gyral antics and giddy paces, on an improvised platform, but under the spell of soft music, subtle odours, low laughter and the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl," her performance does not seem vulgar, but rather those of a "trickey, dainty Ariel."

In Homburg, it is never safe for a woman to look directly at a man, no matter how venerable he may appear. He is almost sure to give her a knowing glance, and perhaps follow it up by some ingratiatory remark, thereby hoping to lead up to his evil and unmentionable purpose. Some of these men, I am told, are loose-moraled Englishmen who come abroad for adventures. They are heart-scalds to their families, many of whom make some claims to respectability. It is quite evident that if hundreds of people are trying to climb the social rungs an equal number are as busily engaged in descending it. The ascent of man is kept balanced by the descent of man.

The stately *Kurhaus* contains reading-rooms, ball-rooms, a theatre, a museum and a concert hall. The play-room where formerly the devotees of *Trente et Quarante* gathered, where the roulette ball rolled and the croupier's monotonons voice was heard, is now given up to games of more innocent nature. There is a gigantic dining-hall too, but it is the smart thing to dine on the *Kurhaus* piazza, where however, you pay for "atmosphere". One portion of it has been set aside for the Prince of Wales and his suite who come here every summer. If you would view the grand dames aright, you must promenade on this Piazza between nine and ten o'clock, taking care to have on you finest bibs and tuckers, for the procession is nought

else than dress-parade. Up and down they go; Russian princesses with costumes fearfully and wonderfully made, the wives and daughters of Ambassadors, English Duchesses alarmingly *decolletee*, beautiful Americans and wealthy Jewesses. Down the long walk too, lounges Adelina Patti and her boy-husband. Her hair is dyed the new shade. Known as "Tuscan red." Her jewels would buy a small kingdom.

Twice a week *réunions* are held. Last night the Duke of Cambridge gave an affair at the *Kurhaus*. The majority of the ladies were dressy, rather than well-dressed. The German officers with their tortured moustaches, gold-sheathed swords and studied politeness, were striking figures, indeed nowhere have I seen men of better physique and bearing.

I engaged a nurse-maid for D——. We call her Gretchen. She is the most sullen savage in Germany. My attempt at making her understand what I require of her are as ludicrous as they are useless. In the best German I could summon up and with the assistance of my pantomimic powers, I told her one day that I was not well, and wanted her to bring over my dinner from a restaurant. I waited nearly an hour, when Gretchen appeared looking particularly happy. She had gone to the restaurant and had eaten my portion. I could suggest some reforms in the Meisterchaft system.

The Padre has had the offer of the Church here, but I think will decline it, as the season only lasts five months and he would have to spend the remaining seven in idleness, which would be sheer torture to one of such an active temperament, besides he likes roving better.

The Church seats about five hundred, and is well attended. Like our American Indians, the people come and go through the service—some come only for the prayers, others for the sermon, and a third lot appear for the Communion. There is a "Royal Pew," and when the Padre prays for the Royal family

he can look down and see them there. He must also include In the State Prayers, as is customary here, the names of the German Imperial Family and the President of the United States. The Padre preaches to all these grandees as if they were very simple people and regulation every day sinners given to gambling, lying, sensuality and hypocrisy, which is most likely.

On his first Sunday two ladies and a little boy came up, and after shaking hands with him, chattered freely, asking him about his country. He was surprised to learn later that the ladies were the Empress Frederick and the Crown Princess of Greece. The little chap he had been patting on the head, will one day be king of Greece. A few hours fater the Duchess of Rutland who had sung in the choir, died suddenly, and a memorial service was held the next Sunday. The Empress sent a telegram expressing her regret at being unable to be present. She is always thoughtful and kindly, and in spite of newspaper gossip is greatly respected by the Germans.

LONDON, SEPT.

We returned to London three days ago. My sciatica has been completely cured by my stay in Germany, and I am again sight-seeing. Before leaving the Fatherland, we spent an afternoon in the Emperor William's summer palace at Homburg. He was not here this season, and so we were permitted to see it.

The Royal Park which encloses the Castle on three sides is not laid out with the oppresive regularity of most palatial grounds. The paths lead you through avenues of chestnut, lime, poplar, maple, and cedars of Lebanon, over rustic bridges, and past a miniature lake wherein floats a fleet of lily-pads with golden varnished petals. A castle has stood on this site since Roman times, and about its protecting walls the houses have been built "Like chickens coily nestling close beneath the mother's wings". The oldest part of the castle is the dunjon or white tower which was built in the year 1200.

Under the care of a herculean German, we pass into the courtyard through a huge *porte cochère* of red stone which was decorated by statues and lions cut in bas-relief. Crossing the yard we entered the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. At the head of the ornate staircase leading to the King's Corridor, is a statue of St. Elizabeth feeding a child. This Queen was an ancestress of the H[illegible]nt[illegible]g. The King's Corridor is of grey marble, and is hung with a picture of Noah's Ark, and portraits of Maria Theresa, the Prince of Orange, a Turkish Princess who married Count Gleichen, and Frederick I.

Standing in the Emperor's bath-room, there is a vista of state rooms three hundred feet long. They are all arranged with an eye to comfort rather than magnificence. After his bath *Der Kaiser* reclines to his "Rest Room" for an hour. The writing room is a sunny den with an elaborate escritorial outfit. On the desk is a piece of beautiful Wedgewood, a gold inkstand, and busts of Blücher, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. There are books too, containing drawings of all the vessels of the Russian, English, German and French men-of-war, with their tonnage and armament. The draughts are the deft work of the King, and show not only energy and a great capacity for work, but also that William II. (to none) has given the matter of the navy his most sedulous attention.

Through an ante-room we entered the dining-room, where two huge porcelain vases, the gift of Nicholas I. of Russia, singled themselves out by their magnificence. The yellow and red Assembly Rooms are hung with sumptuous brocades, a century old. We lingered long examining the tables of marble marquetrie, priceless cabinets, needlework of divers colors and exquisite paintings. The Empress has in her writing room a large vase made from a single amethyst, some beautiful *articles de luxe* and an epergne of rare, antique, ruby glass. In an apartment given as a wedding gift from the town of Homburg, the walls are a marvel of ingenious handicraft. The monograms and crests of the wedded pair are inlaid with thousands of pieces of wood of different color and texture. The elaborate smoking-cabinet of Rubens is in this room. The Emperor and Empress occupy a large stately bedroom looking out over the town. Their downy beds of ease are sent from Berlin when required. Off the bedroom are dressing-rooms fitted up with a wealth of delicate tiles and furnishings in birds-eye-maple.

In spite of all the saws about the crown, and the uneasy head, the position of kingship is by no means to be despised.

Two tennis tournaments were held at Homburg during the season. One was open to all the officers of the Army, and the first prize was donated by the Emperor. It consisted of a gold smoking set, with his initials in diamonds on each piece. The other tournament was inter-national. The champion was a young woman, a hybrid person, who looked more male than female. She was loose-jointed, long-strided and prodigiously muscular.

Twice a week, in the afternoon, a ball was given for the children in the beautiful Golden Hall which almost translates one to "Bagdats' shrines of fretted gold", The figures of the children and grave masters of ceremony were reflected in scores of mirrors that paneled the rooms. The tiny maidens were be-

curled, be-powdered and be-sashed. Their important, old-fashioned airs made one moralize on the fact that the child is not always father of the man, but sometimes mother of the woman.

The light infantry was composed of Italian, French, English and Spanish children. There were little German Princesses too, who pirouetted with as much spirit as their subjects and visitors. Eminently proper little boys with high collars and gloves, looked nervous till the music started, and in a moment they lost all their airs and daintiness in a good old-fashioned polka. The tiny tots just hopped around on the polished floor and looked very sweet and kissable. A rough-and-tumble little lassie from Ontario, almost invariably chose for her partner a dark-haired Irish boy named "Teddy", who reciprocated the preference, and in every way upheld the national fame for gallantry.

When tired of the gayety and glitter of the crowds, we used to fly as birds to the Tanus Mountains that surround the city like outriders in green. In these mountain forests thousands once lived, moved and had their being. Under our feet in gigantic mounds lay the remains of the original inhabitants, who with their weapons and ornaments were buried milleniums ago. Most of these mounds have been opened for scientific research.

It is good to rest oneself in these "black forests." It is the joy which a wandering child might feel when compassed by the loving arms of its mother. The dark languor of the wood and the soft depth of gloom have an air of mystery. You long to know their secrets. Perhaps it is the delirious glamour of your own mood, for some say that we see nature through temperament. It is not strange that the Northern imagination invested the pine woods with awe as the haunts of Odin and Thor; that the Teutons should make them the home of the Erl

König and his Elfin Court. The pine-trees have such educated formal looks that they can be personified with ease. The Brahman's saw Pan in them. The Christians call them "God's crops."

The Padre used to read aloud from Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. It is an old book—two hundred years old—and tells how the imprudent use of an estate corrupts all the tempers of the mind, and fills the heart with poor and ridiculous passions through the whole course of life as represented in the character of *Flavia*. Listen! "If you visit Flavia on Sunday, you will always meet good company. You will know what is doing in the world. You will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera, who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion." Then we read of the pious *Miranda* who "while she was under her mother, she was forced to sit up late at nights, to be the folly of every fashion, always visiting on Sunday; to go patched and loaded with finery to the Holy Sacrament, to be in every polite conversation, to hear profanity at the opera; to dance at public places that rakes might admire the fineness of her shape and the beauty of her motion".

When tired of the doings of *Flavia and Miranda*, we used to sleep our weariness away. The air in the forests is dim and slumbrous, the tree-tops croon a lullaby, and the tassels of the rich pines form themselves into pillows.

There is a Swiss Châlet at the edge of the pinery where we would buy rusks, for the all-pervading resinous odor makes one hungry. The rusks crackled in our teeth, and like silly children of the woods, we made believe we were Canadian red-squirrels eating beach-nuts, and laughed with the sheer bliss of being alive. I used to dip my rusk in the Rhenish wine

called "Dragon's Blood", for it was enchanted wine, and came from the Castle of the Drachenfels, where Siegfried slew the dragon, and bathed himself in its blood, that he might become invulnerable. Rested and rejuvenated, we pass from the woodlands, out into the summer night and down the green feathered slopes of the mountains, to the ever-brilliant shifting sights of the town.

* * * *

The Canadian climate and country resemble Germany in many respects. When the next century will have combed out Canada's tangles, the resemblance will be even more apparent. It seemed to me too, that the people more nearly approach the Canadians in habits and manners, than do the English.

I did not find the German cookery as startling as I expected. True, we went to restaurants where they catered for English guests, but sometimes we sought out a purely German eating-house, that we might sample the national eccentricities in comestibles. All German food has been divided into three classes—the salt, the sour, and the greasy. I have quite new ideas of the possibilities of veal. The German cook serves it in a dozen appetizing and savory ways, such as his soul loveth. I could not endure their oily salads and salt, rye bread of indigestible solidity, but the divine rolls made amend for these short-comings. A distinctively German dish to which my palate was totally uneducated, consisted of baked apples, with lemon peel, sugar, and brown meat gravy. Many indefinable dishes are served, which taste well and about which I was not too curious.

The *Weinkarte* figures largely on every table. Indeed, strange as it may seem, you are always charged extra for dinner if you do not order wine. If you order water, mineral water is understood. You must be more explicit and say you wish "natural water". Coffee, black and strong, with rolls,

make up the German breakfast. Our bill for that meal always contained "extras" in the way of ham, eggs, and marmalade. At four the people have afternoon coffee—not tea. We found it almost impossible to purchase tea in any of the shops. They sold us something by that name, but when brewed it was evil both in looks and taste. The German waiter is a model of attention and obsequiousness. He knows what you are thinking of, and presto ! it is there.

By seven each morning all the streets have been swept, and chiefly by women, who use brooms of twigs. The females wear abbreviated skirts. Their heads are bare and without disfiguring halos of curl-papers. In person they are always clean and tidy. Pauperism is unknown among them, and thieving is a lost art. This is probably owing to the officialism and inquisitorial system of espionage that exist. During our stay we did not see a single case of intoxication. There does not seem to be any room there for the W. C. T. U.

The people complain greatly of the taxes, which are a crushing burden. They stigmatize the system as grand larceny. It is for the maintenance of the army, that they are so heavily charged, yet they are proud of their soldiers, and well they may be, for the world has never seen a larger, finer physiqued, better drilled or equipped army than is now be found in Germany. Long ago Heine said of the soldiers, that they looked as if they had first been thrashed with ramrods, and then swallowed them. It has been hinted too that the heavens opened and rained soldiers for forty days in Germany. The people we talked with have a poor opinion of the English soldiers. They consider the British Army a convenient and soft berth for young men of high station, the majority of whom are mere beaux, while the privates are of the rawest material. John Bull, himself, they style as the insatiable thief of the world.

The plegmatic German males, appear to exist largely on newspapers, Wagnerian music, beer and politics. The Teutons do not display the same gallantry to their wives and daughters as do Anglo-Saxons. The women are simply his domestic appanage. He holds that "To be without color, is the highest virtue of the women and the diamond." The Germans ask of a woman, only blue eyes, a bust and economy. I was, however, surprised by what I saw of this people. Going among them with an English bias, I expected to find an inferior race. On the contrary they are more ambitious, sober and thrifty than the English, and cleaner both in person and morals. Vogelweide was right when he sung

"German men have virtues rare
And German maids, are angels fair."

We did not expect even, with our Colonial democracy, to meet socially, the grand people who went to make up the Padre's congregation, and so were surprised and pleased when "The Lords of the Council and all the nobility" called on us and invited us to their luncheons and merry tea-drinkings.

Among the ladies who go to make up the smart set, there were some few beautiful women, who could swear upon occasion, who had cold hearts and hot lips, and who lovers were not of necessity their husbands. These dames were not by any means considered the skim milk of the *crême de la crême.*

But while birds of prey were plentiful, they were greatly outnumbered by real birds of Paradise, for refinement has reached its zenith in the persons of English ladies of birth. Their voices are soft and musical; their manners dignified, yet gentle. In their company I found what I had frequently read of, but seldom met, "the indefinable charm." These ladies are truly religious too, but it is a part of their breeding. They would no more speak of their fidelity to their Maker than of their faithfulness to their husbands. These things you may

take for granted, without any misgivings. If their religious sensibilities are keenly wrought upon, they even shrink into deeper reserve, but will show their appreciation by gifts and kindnesses of us mean order.

Yet I have somewhat against them. They are unjust and harsh in their opinions of *La belle Americaine* who figures prominently in European society at present. While outwardly the English women are courteous to her, they give it as their opinion that she poses, twangs and over-dresses. They say that she is surface-clever, has a superficial veneering of refinement, and is purely of the genus *nouveau riche*. These strictures may in a measure be intended to act as deterrents to the young man who is matrimonially inclined, for his mother calls her "a poacher;" or it may be that they really do consider her bad form. At any rate it is what the Englishwomen consider her vices, which become her virtues to the Englishmen.

The American girl is vivacious, clear-witted and an adept in the art of conversation. She knows how to fence, thrust and parry in brilliant repartee. She is quick to assimilate new ideas or manners, and is always deeply interested in whatever for the moment is uppermost. It is not to be wondered that John Bull jr. finds her society entertaining, and many matrimonial alliances that have been attributed to cupidity, are really only the doings of Cupid.

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To oblige an eccentric time-table, we rose with the sun and took the train to Biebrich, where we boarded the steamer *Die Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* for our trip on the Rhine.

Early in the day, we passed the "vine clad hills of Bingen." Across the Rhine from this lovely Rhenish town, stands Rudesheim, above which on a high rock is the Niederwald Monument, which is reached by a rack-and-pinion railway. This

national monument was erected to commemorate the confederation of the German States in the present empire. The celebrated Mouse Tower, where the cruel Archbishop of Mayence was said to have been eaten alive by mice, stands on a rock in the river, opposite the Castle of Ehrenfels.

I half expected to see a fair lady sitting on the Lorelei Rock combing her hair with a golden comb. She no longer intoxicates with her voice, but with her grapes, and we had plenty of this intoxicant on our own vessel.

All about us, soft-spoken attendants filled the flowing bowls with vinious potations, for in spite of the beauties of the scenery, travellers on the Rhine get unromantically thirsty. In generous quantities, they quaffed rare and costly hocks that gurgled and laughed in the glasses, and excitable wines that recalled George Augustus Sala's wise advice, "Look not upon the champagne when it is dry."

The River forces its majestic way thorough volcanic upheavals and barriers of rock, up whose giant staircases the vines have stormed the position. There is no waste or irreclaimable rock; every inch is utilized and tilled. "Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere." The Rhenish vine-dressers are far ahead of our Canadian farmers in diligence and thrift. The earth long chastened by the hands of man, has been brought to a state of the utmost perfection. In many of the vineyards there are shrines and watch-towers, for these people literally obey the command to "Watch and pray."

Each lofty rock-head is crowned with a castle and bastioned burgh, deep-wrinkled with the sun of a thousand summers. Ehrenbretstein has a fine fortress, whose grim-eyed batteries command the Rhine and Moselle. It is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. We seemed to hear the echoes of the mighty conflicts that once convulsed Europe, when the monu-

ment was pointed out to us, that marks the spot where in 1814 Blücher crossed the Rhine.

At dusk, Cologne was reached. Some of the passengers expressed themselves as dissappointed with the River. I have been wondering ever since what they expected. To me, it was a matchless panorama of beauty. Its castled rocks and sun-bathed, vine-mantled slopes were unspeakably lovely. Its unique spell will live long in my memory. It is "the land of longings fulfilled."

WOLVERHAMPTON, SEPT.

We came to "The Black Country" by night and found it to be red. Rembrandtesque, is the only word that would describe the light. Leagues of sulphurous reek aescended cloudward like sacrifical incense at the shrine of Vulcan. From burning fiery furnaces, lurid glares and darting tougues of flame cut the blackness and made the entire scene to resemble a brilliant Aurora borealis. By day a grey pall of smoke hangs over the district, here and there suffused with blurs and gleams of murky red.

If you would know the extent of this district, you must "plant in imagination, one foot of your compass at the Town Hall in Birmingham, and with the other sweep a circle of twenty miles radius and you will have ' "The Black Country."'

It is the great iron depot of Europe and by its multitudinous variety of manufacture, has earned for itself the title of the "toyshop of the world." Coal mines honeycomb the ground, and the gigantic mounds of refuse demonstrate how the bowels of the earth have been rent for their wealth. Once there was exhibited in London, from the cellar of this Black Country, a lump of coal that weighed six tons. Among "the burrowing toilers of the mine" were many women,—strong, swart-faced wenches, whose brawny shoulders and Amazonian proportions made them fitting types of the female Carytides. I cannot say that I wasted much pity on them, for if the back is fitted to the burden, so likewise, are these women's legs and arms.

Thirty miles from Birmingham you may see, even through the troubled light, the great conical mount called the *Wrekin* meaning "chief-hill." I think the people worship it, for almost everyone points it out. If you are introduced to a gentleman and the conversation flags, he remarks, "Have you seen the Wrekin?" Just as in Canada the men when talking to each other fill up the awkward pause with the standard invitation! "Come and have a drink". This mountain is the *Auld Reeken* of the Scotch toast; "To all the friends round the Wrekin", and if the hot stuff that has been quaffed to it were all emptied down the mountain's side, it would be entirely submerged. Elihu Burrit, says, that outside of Judea, no hill has ever had such social status.

We are stopping at Wolverhampton, near Birmingham in a beautiful old Rectory that is swathed in roses. Great voluptuous flowers with a subtle, sensuous perfume that somehow make one realize what Tennyson meant when he said, "The soul of the rose went into my blood". The garden is enclosed by a stone wall, and is a source of continual delight to me. It is full of surprises. Every day I find something new. There are low-growing cedars and ferns that grow rankly; hedges of

box, jasmine, laurel, lilac, lime, barberry, holly, laburnum, almond, japonica, privet, myrtle and the Star of Bethlehelm.

The apple trees are made to grow on a trellis like grape vines. The plum-trees are small, but have large fruit. Each plum is protected from insects and birds by muslin, thus presenting the appearance of bags of goodies on a Christmas tree. I do not think the Rector likes my laughing at them, and the gardener gives sniffs that are indicative of whole books. I wanted to explain how plentiful plums were in Canada, and so to-day I told the Rector how the Padre once took the Bishop of Huron to a prize farm near Chatham, and while waiting for the farmer to appear, the Bishop helped himself to some choice fruit that lay in great heaps on the ground. On the arrival of the host, the Bishop made profuse apologies and said, "I fear Mr. B—— we are making too free with your plums," whereupon Mr. B—— assured him that he was quite welcome to them, stating that they were *for the pigs anyway*. The Rev. William Hinde who happened to be present made a profound bow, and turning to the Bishop said; "Wherefore my Lord! being so aptly reassured, I hope you will make a fresh start."

The Rector, like Zaccheus, is "a little man", and well over the meridian. He has a magnetic personality, an infections laugh, and a vim and go that make you think of him as a Frenchman. He plays well and has a good tenor voice. He is a type of the old High Churchman, which alas, are becoming more rare every year. I mean the kind while perhaps impatient with all form of dissent, are yet unbendingly loyal and Protestant. Finally, he is intensely devout—and smokes cigarettes.

Mrs. Rector is even shorter in statue than I am. It is a mistake to say that little people make up for their size in conceit. Vanity is essentially a vice of the tall, for since coming here I have felt pre-eminently superior, because someone has

had to look up to me. I am convinced it is only when the average woman is taller than the average man, that she will be able to reduce him to his well-deserved subjugation.

Mrs. Rector is not tall, is however, trim as wax-work. It would be impossible for her to make a mistake, or commit a wilful sin, yet withal, she is intensely human, an ideal mother and kind to her very finger tips. She belongs to the Pentecostal League, and attends the Keswick Conventions. Her pet aversion is the memory of the late Mr. Gladstone, whom she considered an incarnation of the devil. "How", she would like to know, "could such a pronounced Ritualist be otherwise?"

One day the Rector took me to the Parish School. On entering, the children rose and saluted us. They have not the clever, wide-awake look possessed by Canadian children of the same class. The Primary scholars were put through their lessons for our benefit, and one pudgy little girl whose consonants were queerly mixed up, recited Wordsworth's "Lucy Grey." I was not impressed with the standard of the school. It seemed greatly behind hand in appliances and methods, and the rooms were dark and small.

The schools of the Establishment are known as the National. The teachers are not of necessity certificated. There is a strong feeling in England, that these schools should be abolished. The Board School, which is State-supported, is unsectarian and is under the control of Central School Board in London. The National, correspond to the Canadian Separate Schools, and the Board, to our Public Schools. No person who pretends to belong to the classes, ever dreams of sending his children to either Board or National Schools. They are only for the children of the masses.

I spend much time in the Parish Church. I don't know how old it is, but let us say ten centuries. It was built by the flaxen-haired princess, Wulfruna, who was a sister of Ethelred, the Unready.

In front of the Church stands the remains of a cross of immemorial antiquity; it is said to be of Runic origin. In the distance it looks like an Indian totem. "Time's effacing finger" has almost obliterated its quaint carving. The stone lion that stands near the pulpit, is unknown to the Natural Histories of to-day. Indeed, it is an extraordinary conception of a lion, produced entirely from the sculptor's imagination, and executed with a startling freedom from all the trammelings of technicality, and with a vigor and animation quite beyond all recent art. Surely the architecture of those early times was infinitely superior to the sculpture.

LONDON, SEPT. 23rd.

Thursday was "Benefit Day" at the Crystal Palace, and thither from Ludgate Hill, I wended my way on the London, Chatham and Dover R. R. It was a noisy crowd that filled the third-class carriages that morning. One tries hard to think why the English are described as taking their pleasures sadly. On holidays they are surely the merriest and maddest of all Anglo-Saxon folk. They do their best to live up to Bill Nye's advice to the public to have a good time while alive for they will be a long time dead.

The area of the Palace Grounds is extensive and includes cycling paths, cricket grounds, and water for boating. Here, landscape gardening is seen in perfection. The tennis-court is in such prime condition that the balls cannot fail to bound true. It is only after years of unrelaxing supervision that they could bring it to such a state of excellence.

I watched for half an hour a hotly contested game of polo. The round-bodied, sure-footed ponies seemed to enter into the sport with as keen a zest as their riders. Then I went "sky-larking" in a captive balloon, and although I did not hitch my waggon to the stars, almost realized the meaning of Victor Hugo's words, "I am the tadpole of an archangel". It was the very next thing to flying. We were "exiled from earth and yet not winged for heaven." The balloon which had a capacity of 64,000 feet shot up, up, up, till we reached an altitude of 1,000 feet. The sudden lurches of the basket as the wind blew us wherever it listed, were rather alarming, and one felt that "Heaven's high road" was not as substantially paved as it might be. We were all nervous and tried to appear unconcerned by saying smart things, but only succeeded in being silly. I remarked that we were all "stuck up"; someone else sang "up in a balloon boys", and a third person confessed that he never expected to get so near heaven again. It was an exploit rather than a delight.

I shall not write about the beauties of the Crystal Palace, because I did not see them. It is a huge, ugly pile; great only by size. The building was pathetically expensive, and its chief value is in demonstrating how easy it is to spend $7.000,000.

It would take one a long time to see properly the Byzantine, Renaissance, and Industrial Courts; the picture galleries, museum, theatre, and concert halls that are covered by the enormous glass roof. Concerts were in full fling, but I preferred to *see* rather than to *hear*, and so wandered off to the

Pompeian Court which represents a house in the time of Titus. The floors are tesselated, the walls fresco-decorated, and *tumuli* from the city itself add to the illusion. In the Egyptian Court, is a model of the Temple of the Ptolemies, B. C. 300, and further on, a representation of the Pillared Hall of Karnak. The principal apartments in the Alhambra are the Court of Lions, Hall of Justice, and the Hall of Ahencerrages. The arcades of open filigree work and elaborate carvings are beautiful. It is semi-eastern, with a smudge of west, for inside are mutoscopes and penny-in-the-slot atrocities.

There is an aquarium too, in the Palace, but without any fish. For the modest sum of two pence, I was able to view the microscopical exhibition, including among other things the polarization of light, the photographs of one hundred and four English sovereigns on a pin's head, and a lively flee held by the neck with a silver chain to prevent his escaping and molesting visitors.

Fifty thousand people witnessed the fireworks, which are said to have been the finest ever shown in London. Millions of lamps lit up the palace, the lawns, fountains, rose-gardens and walks. Every device of pyrotechnic art was brought into requisition to make a brilliant spectacle. Some of the novelties were a flight of mammoth shells, releasing a shower of electrical jewels, mechanical devices such as the Village Blacksmith, Blondin on the tight rope, conjurers, cycle races, and a piece designed to show the progress of lighting, from the rush light to electricity. Boquets of flowers were displayed in fire, which as they burned gradually evolved the portrait of some noted person; the flowers chosen for each portrait being in some way symbolical of their character or actions. Daisies and violets, the emblems of modesty and innocence, were ironically made to do duty for Mr. Kruger. Kitchener and "Bobs" were evolved out of oak and bay leaves, signifying courage and reward for merit. The shamrocks representing "promise", as they faded away

left Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Henry Irving, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and Kipling were well received, but over the portraits of Zola and Dreyfus, with the motto "Partial Reparation at last," the crowd cheered itself hoarse.

Entering the Palace, I was caught in a mad vortex of surging humanity and carried along for some yards without once touching the ground. The omnibuses do not outstay the hour of Cinderella. and so I had to walk to my lodgings from *The Angel* at Islington. The day had been "perfect indeed", but I may also add, "perfectly wearisome".

LONDON, OCT.

An interesting place to attend service on Sunday morning is the Foundling Hospital. It was established one hundred and fifty years ago, by Thomas Coram, who lived for some time in Nova Scotia, and is for the maintenance of sin-born children, or for the legitimate children of soldiers and sailors, who were killed while in English service. It is now only a "Foundling" hospital in name, for formerly any child was admitted without question or stipulation, except that each child was to bear some mark whereby it might, if necessary be afterwards claimed. Some of these badges of identification may still be seen. They are such as coins, purses, crosses, and lottery tickets. One infant was left with these lines:

"Not either parent wants a parent's mind
But friends and fortune are not always kind,
The helpless infants by its tender cries
Blesseth the hand from which its meets supplies."

The music in the chapel is always good. The organ is the gift of Handel, who once performed an oratorio in aid of the hospital funds with a result of $35,000. The altar piece is by West and represents Christ blessing the little ones.

The children sit in the gallery during the service; the boys on one side, the girls on the other.

"With a suit of yellow clothes do they cover each little limb,
And a smell of yellow soap, and they sing like cherubim."

These little morsels of humanity are well-cared for, and are as happy as children could be, who are bundled up in barracks.

* * * *

One evening lately I went to hear the Rev. George Grubb preach at Islington. He is about to leave for Sierra Leone with the Bishop of that Diocese. Mr. Grubb has aged greatly since his visit to Canada, which is no doubt largely due to the troublous times through which he has been passing. To all intents and purposes the Church in England has washed her hands of this celebrated missioner.

The head and front of his offending are certain views he holds regarding eternal punishment and baptism. He is a thorn in the flesh of Keswick, and they will have none of him. I am not wise enough to decide whether or not his intellectual errors should be deprecated as moral faults, but I feel that the words Rogers used regarding Arnold apply to Mr. Grubb: "It is with him as it was with Joseph when a certain man found him wandering in the field. If he had lost his way, it was because he was seeking his brethren."

* * * *

In one visit you can only "do" the Art, Science, and Natural History Museums of South Kensington. Even after spending days there, you feel that they have only been seen in

a slap-dash style. From the various cases, "Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative speaks to man impersonated". You may read the rock pages of nature's diaries, roam through corallines and fishes that heard the voice of God say, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly living creatures after their kind," and among multitudinous fossils so arranged as to show our descent from what Tyndall calls a "primordial atomic globule."

You may halt to look at the moa, Raphael's cartoons, priceless embroideries, ingenious handicraft in wrought brasses furniture that was made time out of mind; carved ivories as frail in their exquisite tracery as delicate lace; or at Arkwright's first hydraulic press.

Chopin says while contemplating certain pictures he heard music. Here, you may find this to be quite possible, as you linger long and lovingly over Turner's sunset pageants. Each is a wide vista of color dashed all over with glowing crimson flame. You look and look at his complex greys and ambers and wonder how human hands so could soften, intermix, and degrade the primary colors.

If you care to, you may fag out your body and brain in the consideration of Palaentology, Geology, and Mineralogy and only come to the old and painful conclusion, "We are but of yesterday and know nothing."

LONDON, OCT. 20th.

People can be found who will dispute that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, or the correctness of Euclid's axioms but none save a Frenchman will contend the right of London to be called the Metropolis of the world. It covers half a million of acres and has a population of six million people. There is something terrifying in its irresistless growth. It is a polypus, a spreading sore ; it seems to have no boundaries. Take a train and travel on and still further on. Surely you have reached it purlieus, for here are green fields. No! you still find more houses, more green fields, and again pavements, and surburban villas.

London is a show city. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The great sight of London—is London." It is a dynamo among cities. It is a summary of the earth. To persuade its mind or passions is to lead the world. It would take a life time to know it. What then can a poor Canadian hope to learn in a little year? Nothing but to love it.

All its classes are interesting, even the costers, those queer people who help fill London's huge gaping mouth. The male coster is quick-tongued and has a queer lingo, besides being master of an amazingly rich vocabulary of oaths, which he strings out on all possible occasions. His unmentionable adjective is not sanguinary but its Anglo-Saxon synonym, For some unknown reason, when he gives his donkey a sharp admonisher, he calls it a "moke." Poor old moke! Its hide is so worn in holes that it can scarcely keep the bones from falling out. Its underfed body is only kept together by some strange law of attraction.

I hope I may not be considered wanting in politeness in passing rapidly from the donkey of the coster to the woman

thereof. She has a saucy tongue too, and "slangs" her "bloke." She has a sinewy appearance, and is usually so dirty that one cannot tell whether she is good-looking or the reverse. Her scraggly hair is always surmounted by a huge structure with nodding plumes. She is blowsy and lacking in smartness, has an impudent laugh and a hard manner. The costers of both sexes are industrious. They despise the idle, greasy brotherhood who swarm the seats on the park, or sleep on the floors of this, their green *salon*, often presenting a spectacle that might be anpropriately called "After the Battle." The women who lie drunk on the grass with no underlinen and exposed bodies are rarely of the coster class Objectionable as the costers are in many ways, one cannot think of London without them. They are as much a part of it as the paving-stones.

Equally as interesting a class are the omnibus drivers. If you sit in the front seat, perhaps your Jehu will tell you that he has just returned from India, where he served under Sir Havelock Allen and was with him when he died. He will tell you not to believe what these newspapers say, for Sir Havelock died by his own hand, and not by an enemy's. He will proudly point to the monument built to commemorate the fire of 1666, and tell you that it is caged in at the top in consequence of the mania for commiting suicide from it. Perhaps he will even advise you to ascend it, whereupon you tell him how Dickens represents the man in the monument as laughing when two visitors pay their sixpences to go up, and saying, "They don't know how many steps it is. It is worth twice the money to stop below."

As you rattle down the Thames embankment, you question him about Cleopatra's Needle, the huge obelisk around whose base, prostrate nations seem to crouch. He unfolds how it was brought to England, and how someone told him that it came from the Temple of the Sun, and that Moses played around it, and Joseph was imprisoned under its shadow, and that it saw Abraham, the Hebrew, when he came down to Egypt. This,

with a superior air, he assures you that he is not gullible enough to believe that it is quite so old as all that, for it is not even chipped.

On your ride with your voluble instructor through narrow lanes, the inside seams of the city, bearing the quaint nomenclature of olden times; past Lilliputian shops not much larger than Canadian apple bins and where $10.00 would oe a fair estimate of the value of the stock in trade, till finally you descend and peer through the gates of Christ Hospital, commonly known as "The Blue Coat School," an institution which has handled thirty generations of Boy.

You whip out *Baedeker* and he says it is "a school for twelve hundred boys and one hundred girls, founded by Edward VI., with a yearly income from land and funded property about £60,000." The quadrangle where the boys are playing is the burial ground of the Grey Friars. It is said that in order to cheat St. Peter into the belief of the sanctity of the dead, many laymen were buried in the habit of the brotherhood. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge played in this quadrangle, and bled each others noses in the same chevy-chase style as the young barbarians of to-day. The boys have yellow stockings, buckled shoes, flapping skirts, and wear a clergyman's band around their necks. They are always bareheaded. The French say the English thus expose their boys in this atrocious climate because the population is inconveniently large.

A few minutes walk from this interesting school, down Cheapside and along past Ludgate Hill, brings you into Fleet Street, so called, because it is the old bed of the River Fleet. It is now occupied by "eating houses" and "paper stainers in monochrome"—otherwise editors. It is with quite the nature of a shock that you recognize the figure of *Mr. Punch* in the original.

This street leads into the Strand, where you find it pleasant to drop into Rimmels' and buy of the scents at headquarters. And how much there is to purchase in London. You feel it is not only an agreeable diversion, but a necessity that you should buy every second thing you see in the shops. You degenerate into what Max Nordau calls the "onia mania," or "buying craze." For prudential considerations it is well to put your money in a bank and order them not to give it to you.

The bells of St. Clements' are really saying "Oranges and lemons," as you leave the busy Strand and pass into the sepulchral chill of the Church. A brass plate on pew 18 informs the public that Dr. Johnson usually sat there. Boswell says of this grim old worthy, "He carried me to St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat, and his behaviour was, as I imagined to myself solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany "In the hour of death and at the day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us." At Charing Cross where the Strand empties into Trafalgar Square, the traffic is congested into a deep-throated and vociferous confusion. Omnibuses, bicycles, broughams, carts, sandwich men, autocars, drags, drays, and things that are nondescript, become locked in embraces that could hardly be called affectionate.

The hansom driver, "London's gondolier," calls in mighty dudgeon to the carter who has grazed his wheel, to go home and drive ducks to water, which advise is greeted with an original fertility of invectives more personal than complimentary, but still a representative of "the force" holds them back. As Joshua bade the sun to stand still, so one man standing in the surge of diverse and mighty currents of traffic, performs apparently, as great a miracle by merely holding up his hand. He stretches it out again as Moses did his rod over the Red Sea, and a passage is open into which the jumbled mob pour like the Israelites rushing their last breach.

Trafalgar Square is the heart of London. From it all the city radiates. It is the centre-piece of the British Capital and the Corinthian column that has been erected to Nelson, is the epergne. The sun is sulking behind dirty rags of clouds so I can barely descry Nelson's statue at the top of the pillar.

It is Trafalgar Day and the monument is a veritable sheet of color. Tons of laurels and flowers have been hung about it, and about Landseer's lions that form its flanks. These conchant majesties strike different persons in different ways. To the ordinary observer they stand for the unconquerable might and masterhood of England. They appeared otherwise to a Scotsman of whom Julian Ralph tells us.

He was on his way to the South African diamond fields; stopped overnight in London and suddenly discovered these lions. "Great Heavens," he said. "Look at the size of those lions! Think what they must have cost! If there is money enough in London for people to leave out of doors like that, this must be a better place than Africa in which to make a fortune. At anyrate they've got all the money I want, and I'll stay here and get it." He stayed and he got it, but Scotch and insatiable, he is remaining for an indefinite period.

To the one side is another "precious stone of the nation." It was erected to Gordon, who, on an evil day, died for the honor of England. On it rested a fresh wreath of green, encircling the words :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The lines suggest what Elihu Burrit said of Dr. Johnson ; "He left something more than footprints on the sand of time. He left footholdings for the men wrestling with the surges of

misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shores of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example."

The National Gallery fronts on Trafalgar Square. One is always surprised at the comparatively few visitors there. Perhaps too, their necks get cramped and their brains drunk.

The Padre likes Dutch pictures, which I argue are ugly in their extreme realism. He bluntly tells me that I am "ignorant of the first principles of art," which sounds very superior on his part. Aside from their richness of coloring, the paintings might be photographs, so perfect is their minutiae. The artists of this watery Arcadia had perforce to depict domestic life, simple landscapes, dykes, pigs, cows, pots and pans, for lack of more striking *motif*. They limn the women as big-haunched and lubberly ; possibly to match the stolid-faced,doughymen. It was of these pictures Ruskin spoke when he gave it as his opinion, that a Dutchman seated between a cheese paring and a lemon pip, could look as solemnly contemplative as an Italian before the Virgin Mary.

Turner is the other extreme of Dutch art. He paints etherealized truth. His confused obscurities are "an intermediate, somewhat between a thought and a thing." More nearly than any artist, he rendered the transparent by the opaque. It was into "the bridge of colors seven" he dipped his brush, to catch the glorious visions of purple and flame color. that enchant the beholder. Turner cast aside the lenses of conventional technicalities and made his own law. It was simple—it was perilous—it was superbly demonstrated ; "You ought only to paint your impressions." His brush is an Aaron's rod that eats up all other brushes.

Landseer's animals have human eyes ; Hogarth's evergreen *marriage à la mode*, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael, they stagger and daze so that you are glad to leave them, promising your-

self to come again to-morrow. The younglings turn away unwillingly. They want to stay longer before the boy, St. John by Murillo, for his eyes, they say, laugh into theirs, and children because of their white souls understand each other.

LONDON, NOVEMBER.

In the National Gallery one's mind is distracted by different subjects and styles for it is difficult to appreciate in rapid succession a battlepiece, a water scape, a vision, a portrait, or an interior. It is not so in the Doré Gallery. True, you are startled by the delirious tableaux, and the wonderful combinations of light and shade that Doré works out in his pictures, but all the scenes are devotional in character and the mind becomes attuned to them.

The greatest picture is that of *Christ leaving the Praetorium*. A savage entering the room and seeing this Man-God could not fail to be profoundly impressed. The figure is the embodiment of all suffering borne with a manly dignity—not the broken, haggard Nazarene, artists have so often portrayed, but that of one who knows "How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong". It is a transcendant ideal of "The King in His beauty" that strikes you into silence and tears. The other figures in the picture—about three hundred in all—are so delineated that one can name them without hesitation, and yet taken as a whole, they act only as a background portraying all

the loves, jealousies, and griefs that humanity is capable of, and throwing into relief the one ideal man, who while He was touched with all the feeling of our infirmities, was yet without sin. If this work tells the secret of the artist's soul, if it be the result of his insight into the nature of the Christ, then this French artist was one of the world's greatest seers. Surely it is true, "when the Gods come among men they are not known."

We lingered lovingly over *The Vale of Tears.* It was Gustavé Doré's swang-song for he died while the paint was yet wet on the canvas.

* * * *

The Padre has returned to London. He has been at Colchester for a fortnight speaking to the soldiers. The regiments there quartered, are the Warwicks, Gordon Highlanders, and Irish Fusiliers. He reports that when orders came for the men to be ready for immediate transportation to South Africa, the hospital was full of sick privates. In three hours there was not a solitary man in bed. The devilish itch to fight, which lies close under the skin of all Anglo-Saxons, had come out in a red heat, and every mother's son of them was ready to pay "the tax of blood" to his country, and if need be, lay his body down to fertilize the soil of an African veldt.

John Bull deserves his name, for he is decidedly bellicose. He was keen for battle and was far from pleased when the Hon. Cecil Rhodes said Kruger would "climb down." The war has not, however been taken up with universal enthusiasm. Those called "Little Englanders" are making themselves heard. Still the red horse has begun his dread march, and this time it is a fight to the finish.

On Saturday we went to the Waterloo station to witness the departure of the soldiers. Some of the officers left in private cars. Their mothers, wives, and sweethearts said good-bye to them with dry eyes, but pale, drawn faces These women are

of the best stock in the world and would consider any display of feeling as bad form. Their stoicism, if less admirable, is quite equal to that of our Red Indians.

Every inch of space was occupied by eager spectators, with a strong cordon of police lined up to hold them back. At one o'clock we heard the throbbing of the drums and the stirring strains of the band of the Grenadier Guards, and soon the Kharki-clad troops came into view. The cheering was tremendous, and with one voice the people welcomed The Black Watch by singing "Auld Lang Syne." In spite of the police, the crowds pressed on the soldiers so that they were unable to preserve anything like good formation, and were therefore allowed to "march at ease." The detachments became thin lines of dust-color that wormed their way through the dense mass of people.

The Duke's son stood up in his stirrups and cheerd; the cook's son came with his arm linked in his wife's; the son of a hundred Earls bared his head to wave the national colors. Youths and women insisted on carrying the soldiers kit-bags, rifles, and impedimenta. The enthusiasm was unbounded and one heard such shouts as these: "Ip, ip urroar;" "Them's the boys for old Kruger;" "Shoot straight for the old country;" "Pull his whiskers;" (Kruger's); "Don't forget Majuba;" "God bless you laddies and bring you safe home to your mothers." The Padre threw his silk hat into the air and didn't catch it. The result was disastrous.

There were many tear-stained faces, and hearts that ached too, for these tough-fibred sons of Mars, led out like sheep to the slaughter, for it will be a mere handful who come home again.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, earth groans as they tread,
The clay-covered bones going down to the dead.
Every stamp, every step, every footfall is bolder,
'Tis a skeleton tramp with a skull on his shoulder.
But O' how he strides with his high-tossing head!
This clay-covered bones going down to the dead."

The cars pulled out to the strains of "God bless you Tommy Atkins, Here's your country's love to you." Ah well! all the rest will be prose and sharply punctuated.

* * * *

For a stranger in the land to express dogmatic opinions regarding the social life and traits of the inhabitants always smacks of presumption. It is only upon the secure basis of several years residence that one can hope to make a fair judgment. At best you can only present the characteristics of the comparatively few people you have met, and as they appeared to you under certain circumstances.

It has been pointed out that in England a woman is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady. Perhaps this is the only way in which as a sex they are particularly emphasized. As compared with the Americans, the English women of position are lacking in individuality: they are solid but not brilliant: wanting in tone but not insipid: they are an amalgamation. Animated, graceful, polished, dignified, and domestic are all terms that could be properly applied to them, but apart from their high culture they have no organic individuality unless perhaps it is their religionism. An English lady has a high sense of her moral obligations. She considers it meet, right and her bounden duty to be entirely religious. Often she makes her life a continuous round of labor in the performance of sacred or philanthropic undertakings.

In her home, you may be sure of luxurious and opule appointments: it is well-ordered and neat. If rich, she keeps small army of servants, and if poor, does not make the work living too hard, but reduces her housekeeping to a very simp system.

When she bids you to "a great supper", it is always we for a stranger to go. It means that you have successfull passed a searching scrutiny into your position and genera deportment. It is just possible that you may find it a disma function, well-mannered and dreary beyond words, for in many homes, even when you are the guest of the evening, it is not usual to make introductions, for a presentation is almost as binding as a marriage. Some attribute this to insolent insularism, but I have always believed it to arise from shyness. On being introduced, they often seem embarassed and ill at ease, even to the verge of *gaucherie*, and when you lead off the conversation, are greatly relieved. It is a strange trait in their make-up, that while they can so cleverly express their feelings in music and painting, or on paper, they sadly fail in conversation.

The English *menus* are excellent, but if on any rare occasion the dinner should be poor, you may still count on its being served with the finest linen and plate, and with dignified ceremony. Sometimes a hostess will consider her hospitality at an end when you have partaken of her claret and sandwiches, but this is not the rule. True, she will not assume a concern she does not feel, nor will she voice a social falsehood, no matter how tiny, to make you feel comfortable, but as a general thing she is *really* interested in her guests. On one occasion while discussing a certain old ruins with my hostess, I expressed regret at not having photographed it. I had forgotten the conversation until a couple of weeks later, when she sent me a beautiful water-color painting of the scene. The incident remains typical.

Her husband's chief characteristic is pride. An English man is proud of his national pre-eminence, his church, his university, his sovereign, his home, and even of himself—with "Pride in his port, defiance in his eye," he will give you to understand that he does not like foreigners, and above all the inhabitants of America. He does not think much of the prospects or wealth of a nation that is expressed in a decimal system instead of in pounds. He almost invariable underrates the strength and intelligence of other peoples. Without braggodocio, and yet in a manner that is vaguely irritating, he suggests to your mind the words of the vivacious Mrs. Squeers, "I pities your ignorance and despises you". And why not? It is well known that the Almighty is English, or at least possesses only English traits.

If you are a Canadian, he is mildly surprised at the fairness of your skin. He had an idea that you were half French and half Indian. It must be that the hot-air furnaces in the colonies bleach your complexion. He is distinctly charmed when he finds you do not eat with a knife. As he does not of necessity read the daily papers, he sneers at your passion for news and dubs you, "the inquisitive Canadian."

The male Briton claims that when the fogs allow it, he is capable of seeing the ludicrous side of a thing. He has an extravagant passion for walking. Rude foreigners say that he walks straight ahead like a mad dog. To summarise him brutally, he is a queer conglommerate of obstinacy, pride, justice, refinement, acquisitiveness, hard-headedness, bravery and sensuality.

Westward Ho! Nov. 7TH.

The Padre was chaplain for the voyage, and on boarding the vessel at Liverpool, we were met by a clergyman bearing a large package of books and magazines to be distributed among the steerage passengers. They were the gift of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It seems a pity that all the books were in English, for the majority of the 350 steerage passengers did not speak that language.

We watched them coming aboard, a swarthy, motley, gang, skimpily clad, down-at-heel, and out-at-elbow. The question of "wherewithal shall we be clothed" is one that presses hard on this swarm from the European hive. These hard-featured, unwashen, shambling fellows are perhaps the filthiest sweepings of the Old World, and yet bound for the better land of Canada, every one of them is looking out grandly into the future with unbounded faith. And fortunate too, is their escape from the foul atmosphere of fetid slums and rotting tenements; or from a rural serfdom, replete with all that is debilitating, debasing, and destructive of intellect and morality. They are what Froude calls "the few elect." Pallid, puny children, as thick as blackberries, and as ragged, held others that were younger. We were glad to walk to the other end of the vessel for the smell that greeted our nostrils was by no means the sweet odours of Araby the blest.

The night closed in with high seas and heavy weather. The breath from the wintry ocean was marrow-freezing, and we were forced in off the storm-swept deck. Through the port-holes we could see as our bows ducked and nosed, that we were executing a vigorous see-saw with the horizon. Now

the boat shook herself like a huge, writhing monster, and again, the sensation was that of rapidly descending from a great height in an elevator. We began to recall the words of the prophet, "They go down alive into Hades." We were glad to retire to our airless dungeons and settle down into that sluggish torpor, the solid lethargic silence, that is peculiar to *mal-de-mer*.

All night the screw raved as if angered by the tramp of insurgent waves on the deck. Next morning the sea was wrathily white and hissing wreaths of foam, mounted to the upper decks. A few ladies emerged from their staterooms with toilets, displaying more haste than taste. For six awful days the ship was walloped about, and on the seventh, something like a hurricane blew up. We were in "the roaring forties"—it was night and the ship trembled like a frightened bird. Few and and short were the prayers said on the vessel if we except the cry, "How long, O, Lord, how long?" Even the Padre began to believe that there was something in Schopenhauer's dictum, "Life is a folly which death repairs." My brain was on fire and every bone was sore with unwonted acrobatic feats. After having shot twice out of my berth, I settled down to an old-fashioned, womanly cry. The good, grey stewardess gave me a Scotch potion that was hot and wet, and then said as she tucked the pillows around me: "Hoots child! dinna greit sae sair."

As the vessel leaped and swung there was a crashing accompaniment of broken plates and bottles and a queer hurly-burly of cutlery. Thud after thud came the huge rollers with mad impetuosity on the deck, an occasional wave finding its way down the halls and into our staterooms. Yet it was grandly awful, this dread shrieking and the wild clangor and moan of the storm, and as one listened through the long watch-

es of the night now and then you prayed for the lonely man lashed to the bridge.

The boat was turned to face the storm, and for two days we travelled out of our course. On the ninth day the ship stopped dead. The screw had been out of the water so frequently that the packing had worn out and in its present condition we were making only three knots an hour. I was staggering along the corridor when the extremely cross old woman in the next stateroom put her head out of the door. She looked frightened. "Why had the boat stopped in the storm ?" At that moment my innate germ of original sin asserted itself, and in a low tone that could mean anything apalling, I told her that the boiler might burst any second, and then by dint of marvelous balancing hurried on.

This stoppage was the climax of our troubles. We were at the mercy of the opposing waves which, in their wild orgy, kicked the ship like a football over the black mountains of water, or hurled her down in the wide-mouthed graves of the sea. Madame de Stäel was right when she said travelling was one of the sad pleasures of life. After two hours we felt the tremor of the screw and were again under control. Eventually we weathered the storm, and once more began to realize that life was not entirely devoid of sweets.

In his official capacity, the Padre took me to see the cave-dwellers in the steerage. Horses are carried to England in this part of the vessel and passengers are carried back. A strong smell of poverty, a soul-sickening reek, drove us back from this human sardine tin. By-and-by we mastered our feelings sufficiently to enter and found it what the nautical gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby* would term as "pernicions snug." There is no nonsense here about modern sanitation and so many cubic feet of air perperson.

We could not talk to many, for it was a strife of tongues, except for the querulous cries of the children which are in the one language the world over. Here lay a dark-eyed woman of magnificent physique, her full breasts heedlessly exposed. Further on were decrepit old crones from Asia Minor. Their deeply-lined and repulsively ugly faces, and their skinny claws caused you to associate them with harpies. Poor souls! with only a limited dole of water, their dirt is not so much their fault as their misfortune. There were a number of young English girls too, whose fresh complexions looked like nothing so much as a mixture of coffee and milk. Some of them were very ill, and as the Padre poured the oil of wine and sympathy into their bruised hearts, I fed them with oranges and apples for I have a clear, well-defined idea, that women are not all soul; that they have a way of hungering after bread, even before they hunger after righteousness.

All the emigrants are counted and vaccinated before landed. The interpreter told us that most of them had money, but it is hardly credible that these offscourings of the old world own much else than their poor rags which are the *prima facie* evidence of their poverty.

We were glad to escape the pungent stenches and once more breathe freely on deck. I did not visit the men's quarters. The sexes are separated by the whole length of the boat, but in the day time mingle freely on deck. Towards evening they settled down into couples and make love with a brazen boldness and brutal indecorum that almost braves the onlookers, for what care these wantons, young or old, with their passions on fire for the prejudices of the officers or saloon passengers. George Herbert was not wrong when he said that there were two things not to be hidden—love and cough.

Our crew were all Scotch, and of that hale and hearty class who demonstrate that much of the stamina and energy of the British Isles is to be found in the Land of the Heather.

We had the regulation concert when a "chappie" with riding leggings, and a suit of aggressive design, sang for our entertainment "Swanee" River. He gave to the word "home" a queer crescendo effect introducing a couple of extra notes that threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. He was highly pleased with the sensation he had created and sang it for an *encore*. A young French Canadian played on the violin-cello with high finish, purity and brilliance of tone. His instrument was presented him by the Queen of the Belgians, he having graduated at the head of his class.

It was contrary to all known laws that we should see ice-bergs in November, but nevertheless we sighted several of these huge battering-rams. It was good to see Newfoundland in the distance; its shore hugged by a pearl grey mist, for it was Canada and we were gliding gently to the haven where we would be. The Padre told us that in the privy purse of Henry VIII there is this curious entry: "To the man that found the new isle, £10." This man was Cabot, the island lay before us.

We got up at five o'clock to see the Laurentians: it was the most beautiful sight that had ravished our eyes since we left home. "Dress'd in earliest light", the mountain-tops blazed in the sky like altars of beaten gold. They seemed a mirage of the god-lit hills of heaven.

We spent the last and fourteenth night aboard ship, on the St. Lawrence. The steamer's talons were dropped on the river-bed and we lay at anchor, once more in "the first, best country," God's fairest gift to man—The Land of the Maple.

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