

CHAPTER IX

My Trip to England

In 1881, whether I would or not, the Conference determined that I should have a holiday. I was appointed a Representative to the British Conference, and one of the Delegates to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in London in September. I attended our General Conference held in Adelaide in May, gave the opening address, and left before the Conference closed. We sailed for England in the P. & O. steamship *Khedive*. Mr. S. G. King and Mr. James Warnock, of our Conference, and Mr. King's son, were of our party. We had a good ship, a good captain, favourable weather, and a pleasant voyage. An Episcopalian minister was on board, and, according to the rule of the P. & O. boats, he conducted service on the Sunday morning. But as many of the passengers wished me to preach, they, at my request, applied to the captain, and the saloon was arranged for an evening service. We had, however, a difficulty to begin with; for although we had Presbyterians, Baptists, Independents, and Methodists in the congregation, not one of them could start a tune. We applied to those who had played the harmonium and led the singing at the Episcopalian service, but they would have nothing to do with the dissenters. I went to the clergyman and reminded him that he had told me he was no bigot, and asked him to come and raise the tunes for us, and he promised to do so. Meeting at the appointed hour, we waited for the clergyman, but he came not. The purser then offered to lead the singing. During the singing of the first hymn the clergyman entered. At Galle a number of officers and others, including a few ladies, came on board. One of the ladies, when she saw me, said I reminded her of her father, and we became friends. She offered to play for us at our service, and with her help we got on nicely. We expected to find the Indian passengers full of pride, and anxious to keep all Australians at a respectful distance; but we were mistaken. Many of our Australians refused to join us in public worship; but many of those who came on board at Galle were regular attendants, and one, as I have stated, became our organist.

The drinking and gambling on the steamers is carried to a great length. Every day on our boat there was a shilling "sweep" in connection with the daily run of the vessel. Nearly all the young ladies were drawn into it by the example of the clergyman, who was one of the leaders in the movement. He was a young man, and I could speak freely to him. So one day, when he had won one or two pounds, I said to him, "You will, I hope, sir, pardon me for speaking to you; but, really, you are leading these young people into gambling. Your acting as you do has a powerful influence on them." He seemed at first annoyed at my speaking, but soon he turned to me and said, "Sir, if my own father were here, he'd say the very same to me. I thank you. I'll do it no more." And he kept his word.

I cannot say how delighted I was, notwithstanding the great heat, as we steamed up the Red Sea. At Suez we met, as all steamer passengers do, the donkeys and their drivers. One or two of our party were soon galloping away as fast as the donkeys could carry them. They tried hard to get me to ride, but could not succeed. We left the steamer here, and took train for Alexandria, where, after a very slow, sandy, and dusty journey, we arrived about six o'clock next morning. After a few hours' stay, during which we visited the bazaars, we took steamer for Brindisi. Our passage

across the Mediterranean was very interesting. At Brindisi landed passengers and mails, and in the evening left for Venice. The next day, Sunday, I preached in the morning at eleven o'clock. After the service we were all horrified to hear that we had smallpox on board. Arriving at Venice, we hoisted the yellow flag, but no one came near us. After waiting some time, our doctor and chief steward went in a boat to communicate with the authorities on shore. They soon returned with an officer wearing a red sash across his breast: we were in quarantine. There was now much commotion on board, everyone being greatly excited. We had in the steamer English, Americans, Germans, French, and others. When opportunity offered, the men of different nationalities sent to their consul begging him to intercede for us. All we could learn from the shore was that they had sent to Rome for instructions, and when these arrived they would communicate with us. To add to our troubles, we had no sooner come to anchor than the purser of the steamer informed us that we should be charged ten shillings a day for our board while we remained in quarantine. The second day, at three o'clock, a flag was hoisted on shore for an officer to go near to the station. He went, and soon returned with the joyful news that in half an hour the sick man would be removed, that the doctor would then examine passengers and crew, and if all were well we should, after the ship had been fumigated, be allowed to enter Venice. When the news came, a Jewish gentleman, who had been greatly annoyed by the detention, came to me and said, "Mr. Watsford, I think you have been praying about this." It told him I was glad to know that he had faith in the efficacy of prayer. In half an hour the doctor came, had the sick man removed, but hesitated himself to come on board. He gave orders for the second-class passengers and crew to stand in line on the main deck, and the saloon passengers on the poop. When all was ready he hurried in board, passed down the lines of those on the main deck, rushed on to the poop, took off his cap, bowed to us, and was over the side of the vessel as quickly as possible. Two men then came on board, each with a saucer in his hand, and something in it burning. They went to the fore part of the ship, then into the saloon, and away down to their boat as fast as the doctor had gone, and the fumigation of the steamer was complete. At once our anchor was up, and by seven o'clock we were in the great Canal.

There is no need to describe Venice with its wonderful sights, for this has been done scores of times. One or two things connected with our visit, however, I may mention. We had a very intelligent guide, who spoke English well. We went to St. Mark's, and, among other things, saw the relics – bones of saints, pieces of the cross of Calvary, and a bottle of blood from the crucified Saviour. We were greatly shocked when this was shown. I said to our guide, who was a Roman Catholic, "But you do not believe that, do you?" "Oh," he replied, "there is the pope's seal on it." "But, I said, "you surely do not believe that that is some of the Saviour's blood?" He shrugged his shoulders and, laughing, said, "All I know is that they tell us it is." He no more believed it than I did. When we went into the church of the Jesuits our guide spoke bitterly against them. He said, "This is their church, but they have gone to do their dirty work in England and America."

From Venice we travelled to Milan, and of course were filled with astonishment at its wonderful Cathedral, the costly crypt below, and the tomb and skeleton of the Cardinal St. Charles. We paid a visit to the old church where Leonardo da Vinci's great painting of the Last Supper is, and, notwithstanding all that the never-to-be-

believed Mark Twain has written, we were fascinated by the faces in the group before us.

From Milan we went to Como, steamed up the beautiful lake, crossed to Lake Lugano, then by coach to Lake Maggiore, on to Lucano, and thence by train to Biasca, where we had to rest on the Sabbath. This journey from Milan to Biasca was full of interest. We passed through a well-cultivated country, every available yard of which was utilised. All along our road, however, we had unmistakable proofs that we were in a land of superstition and gross darkness. Very frequently we passed small rooms by the wayside in which was the picture or image of some saint or other. These became ruder and ruder as we travelled on, till at last we came where there were boxes on high poles, something like pigeon-boxes, with a penny doll inside. The driver of the coach directed our attention to the first of these. Roman Catholic though he was, he could not help laughing at the blind superstition. We came to an old church where was a window with iron bars and no glass. There were about sixty human skulls in the window; and on a stone chest, with a hole in the top, an inscription praying the reader to give something for the release of these souls from purgatory.

On Sunday morning at Biasca, while my friends went to a Roman Catholic church, I set out in search of a Protestant place of worship, for I was told that there was one in the town. I had learned one or two Italian words that I thought would help me, and, using them freely, soon found myself standing before a very humble church, with a cottage at one end. I knocked at the door of the cottage, and a bright-eyed, intelligent looking Italian opened it. I looked at him, and he at me. I could not speak to him, nor he to me. At last, recognising each other as friends, we heartily shook hands, and he then put on his hat and beckoned me to follow him. He went into another street and knocked at a door, and a lady came; he said something to her, and she, turning to me, said, "You wish to speak to the minister, do you?" "Yes," I replied, "I do; and how glad I am to find someone who can speak to me in English. I have just come from Australia – from Victoria." "Have you?" she said; "why, I lived in Daylesford for eleven years." We were soon friends, and she went with us to the church. The pastor brought me a hymn-book, and tried to explain what it was. Some of the words being like the old Latin, I could just make out that if anyone is in the hands of Jesus he is all right; but I did not really know the hymn until they began to sing "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Then they sang "Shall we gather at the river?" The pastor preached an earnest sermon, if I may judge by the way the people listened. After preaching, he would have me say a few words, and the lady interpreted for me. In the evening my friends went with me. We had no sooner entered the church than a man came to us and said he had lived in Bendigo seven years, and was glad to see us. The service seemed to be a very good one. My friends and I had to speak, the Bendigo man interpreting. After the service we went towards our hotel, accompanied by the pastor and the interpreter. On our way the latter said, "I wish I was in Victoria again." "Why so?" we asked. "Oh," said he, "I've had no luck since I left. Some time ago my wife and I quarrelled, and she left me; and last week my son, living in the country, took the smallpox, and I had to bring him home, and nurse him all week." This last remark startled us a little. We had been quarantined because we had a case of smallpox on our steamer, and yet here we were shaking hands and walking with this nurse of a smallpox patient. We soon discovered that our mission to this man was ended, and hurried off to our hotel.

The next morning we were in our carriage early, and all day were climbing Mont St. Gothard. About seven o'clock we reached the hotel at the top. There we met travellers from many parts of the world. Next morning, soon after dawn, we were descending the mount on the other side; and the mountain peaks crowned with snow, the roaring torrents, the foaming waterfalls, the deep dark gorges, and the fearful precipices, filled us with awe and delight. At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Lake Lucerne.

We went by train to the top of the Rhigi, ascending over five thousand feet in one hour: a very trying trip indeed to most people when they make it the first time. The car, which held about forty persons, was full, the great part being ladies. Few words were spoken by anyone: I was not myself inclined to talk much. Nearly all the way I was reading a little guide-book bought at the station, in one part of which it was stated that it was safer to travel in this train than in an ordinary one on level ground. I thought it might be so; but to find one's self safe at the station on the return trip was a considerable relief.

I left my companions at Lucerne, as I had to hurry on to be in time for the British Conference. Travelling by express from Lucerne to Paris, I was greatly amused with a Swiss. I said to him, "Why don't you people come to Australia? Here you have an acre or two at most to cultivate; there we could give you three hundred and twenty acres to begin with, for a very little." "Oh," said he, "who would go there? Our papers say that ten thousand die every year from snake-bite, and that a monster goes hopping about on its hind legs, sucking the heart's blood of all he can lay hold of." Our poor kangaroo, what a terrible creature they have made of him!

The day after I arrived in Paris was the 14th July, the National Fete Day. What a day it was! I spent the greater part of it on the top of omnibuses, riding in and out of the city in different directions, and seeing the wonderful sights. The people were excited, wild: there were processions, singing, dancing, shouting, everywhere. The illuminations at night were something never to be forgotten. I was staying in a *quiet* street in the city; but the noise all night was fearful. The men seemed to be raving mad, and the women madder than the men. Never shall I forget that night in Paris.

The next day I took train for Havre, and thence by steamer reached Southampton on the following morning.

I was in England, the land I had longed to see, and that I had ever thought of as the glory of all lands, where God is honoured, and from whence so many had gone forth to bless the world. By eleven o'clock I was in London. Having found my quarters in Charterhouse Square, I soon made my way to City Road Chapel. I knocked at the parsonage door, and told the minister who I was, and that I wished to see the chapel. He very kindly showed me everything. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I walked through that Methodist Cathedral, and thought of Wesley and others who had preached the glorious Gospel there. I visited Mrs. Wesley's grave in Bunhill Fields Cemetary, and blessed God for that noble woman to whom Methodism and the world owes so much. I stood by the grave of our venerable founder, and, a stranger from the very ends of the earth, praised God with all my heart that Wesley was ever born, and that the grace of the Lord Jesus made him what he was, and enabled him to do his

glorious work. I afterward went to see the grave of Charles Wesley, who, a High Churchman to the last, was buried in consecrated¹ ground in Marylebone Churchyard. The gates were closed, but I looked through the iron railings, and thanked God for the bard of Methodism, who wrote the glorious hymns that, with God's blessing, have melted many a sinner's heart, have comforted many a mourner, have cheered and stimulated many a Christian, and have been death-songs of many a believed: thanked God fro him who wrote "O for a thousand tongues to sing," "O Thou who camest from above," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown."

On my first Sunday in London I walked to Spurgeon's church. I had been introduced to one of his deacons on Saturday, and he told me he would be waiting for me at the door ten minutes before the time of service. I found him there when I arrived, and he took me to his pew in the middle of the church. Mr. Spurgeon preached from, "By grace are ye saved," a simple, gospel, soul-stirring sermon. After service the deacons kindly invited me to see Mr. Spurgeon. The hall was filled with persons waiting to see him, but being with the deacons I had an early interview. When my name was announced, Mr. Spurgeon rose to meet me, saying, "God bless you, my brother! You are from Australia: have you seen my Tom there?" – referring to one of his sons. I had a few moments of interesting conversation with this noble man, and then left with the opinion I had long formed greatly strengthened, that he was one of the grandest, if not the greatest, of the preachers of the Gospel in the world today. In the afternoon I went to St. Paul's, expecting to hear Canon Liddon; but he did not preach. I heard, however, a good sermon from Canon Goodman. The intoning of the service I was not particularly pleased with, and was greatly disgusted with the conduct of many of the people, who, when the anthem was finished, rose and left the Cathedral. They had gone for the music only. In the evening I went to Dr. Parker's church, and heard one of his lectures on Ingersoll. To a stranger Dr. Parker seems very pompous and stiff. I heard him again on a Thursday, when my friend the Rev. Thomas Williams was with me. The sermon was full of Gospel truth, and did us all good. After the service Mr. Williams and I went into the vestry to see the Doctor. How different he was there – so genial and kind. He gave each of us his lectures on Ingersoll, and talked very freely about the work of God in out land. At the close of the interview he said, "Now, brethren, what do you really want? Do you wish me to go and take an appointment for you in Melbourne?" We told him that we hoped he would visit us soon, and that whenever he came we would all give him a hearty welcome.

On Tuesday I left London for Liverpool, where the British Conference was being held. I arrived about six o'clock, and immediately drove to Brunswick Chapel, where I found a great many ministers walking in the chapel yard. I inquired of two or three where I could see the Secretary of Conference or the Rev. John Kilner. They all told me that it was the Open Session of Conference, that the Representatives of the Affiliated Conferences were speaking, and that it would not be possible to see either of the gentlemen I had named. Presently I saw a minister hurrying across the lyard. Thinking him to be one of whom I had often heard, and whose portrait I had seen, I called out, "Mr. Rowe!" and he stopped. I went to him and said, "You are the Rev. G. S. Rowe. I don't know you, and you don't know me: I have never seen you before, nor you me; but I think I can make you know me very quickly. You wrote John Hunt's Life: I was John Hunt's colleague; my name is Watsford." Seizing my hand,

¹ As he supposed. In reality it was not "consecrated." – ED.

and shaking it very heartily, eh said, "Oh, bless you, I know you. What can I do for you?" "Show me the Secretary of Conference or Dr. Kilner," I said. "Come along," he replied, and in a minute or two I was introduced to Dr. Kilner, who said to me, "What are you doing here? You should be on the platform: you have to speak tonight." In about ten minutes I was on the platform, surrounded by ministers of whom I had long heard, with Dr. Osborn in the chair, whose name had been for many years very familiar to me. I had to speak. The audience, which crowded the church, gave me a warm welcome, and seemed to feel as I told them of our work in Australia. After the meeting, when I was leaving the church, I saw a man in the crowd pressing toward me. When near enough he laid hold of my hand with both of his, and cried, "Bless you, Mr. Watsford! I was the first man converted in Ballarat when you came to that Circuit." No honour that the Church or the world could confer on me could equal the honour of being instrumental in saving a soul from death.

I attended the Conference frequently, and was glad to meet Dr. Osborn, William Arthur, Dr. Pope, Benjamin Gregory, and others. Accustomed for many years to read of mighty men in the Conference, I expected to find a much stronger platform. But the days of Bunting, Newton, Lessey, and others have gone, and there are men in the body of the Conference with equal influence to most on the platform. I was surprised once or twice at the ruling of the President, and was told that it was respect for the father who was in the chair that made the brethren submit to what they would not have allowed in any other man. A beautiful obituary of Dr. Punshon, prepared by Dr. Gregory, was read, but its effect on the Conference was much weakened by a very inopportune discussion on the length of obituaries.

From the Conference I went to London, to the gathering of delegates from Young Men's Christian Associations in all parts of the world. I was thankful for the opportunity of hearing Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Cuyler, and other eminent men.

During my stay in England I visited Derby two or three times. An old friend of mine from South Australia, Mr. Corlett, was living there, and was at the time a leader and steward in the Circuit. At the Sabbath School in Derby I gave an address, and many of the young people felt deeply. In the evening I preached, and many sought the Lord. I also spoke at a very enthusiastic missionary meeting. The Rev. William Griffiths, well known in the Wesleyan Reform movement, was on the platform. When I sat down he came to me and warmly shook my hand, saying, "I'd rather shake hands with you, my brother, than with any of the crowned heads of Europe." I was greatly delighted with the charming scenery around Derby. Our visit to Dovedale and Chatsworth was a great treat.

At Wednesbury I spent a week or more with my friend Mr. Holloway. On the Sunday morning I preached on Entire Sanctification. After the service some came into the vestry, greatly concerned about the blessing, and fully consecrated themselves to God. At the evening service many were penitently seeking mercy, and some were made very happy. On the Monday we had a glorious missionary meeting. Everything about Wednesbury was full of interest to me. I went over the ground where Wesley had been so cruelly persecuted, and where the seed sown in tears has brought forth a hundredfold. One evening I heard a Primitive Methodist preaching to a great crowd in the street. In his address he said, "There was a time when if a man preached in the street he would be laid hold of by a policeman; but it would take a good lot of

policemen to manage us tonight. Then he would have been led off, and shut up in the lock-up; but it would take a large lock-up to hold all of us that would have to go tonight.”

When I arrived in England two letters were delivered to me at the Mission House. One was from a lady friend of ours in Australia, who, a few years before, had gone home to Scotland. She said that she would soon be in Glasgow, and hoped to see me there. The other was from my old friend Captain Williams, of London. He was a great favourite with us all in Sydney, where he often came in his famous ships *La Hogue*, *Light of the Age*, *Parramatta*. He used to stay most of his time when ashore in my Circuit, and glorious meetings we have had together. He told me in his letter that he was very unwell, and had been advised by his doctor to go to Scotland, and was then at Dunoon. In concluding his letter he wrote, “I want to see you as soon as you can come. You’ll find enclosed a cheque for your expenses here and back.” Who could refuse so kind an invitation? I set off as soon as possible, and spent a few pleasant days with my old friend and his excellent family. I then left for Glasgow, hoping to see Miss Fraser, our Australia friend, there. I had written to her to leave her address at the Wesleyan minister’s house in John Street, and I would find her out. Arriving at Glasgow by train, I walked the platform for a time, not knowing where to go. At last I went up to a minister on the platform, and inquired if he could direct me to the Wesleyan minister’s house in John Street. “Yes,” he said, “I can; but you’ll not find it.” “Oh yes,” I said, “I can; if you’ll only start me in the right direction.” “No, no; you can’t find it,” he repeated; “wait a while till I leave my bag in the parcel-room, and I’ll go with you.” I strongly protested against this; but he was determined to help me. On the way we discovered that I knew some of his intimate friends in Australia. This drew us closer to each other, and he never left me until he landed me at the door of the Wesleyan parsonage. I shall never meet him again on earth, but I shall never forget his kindness; and I hope to meet him in the better land. From the Wesleyan minister I obtained the address of my friend Miss Fraser, and made my way to the West End, to a Mr. Lockhead, a civil engineer, living in that neighbourhood. From Mr. Lockhead I learned that Miss Fraser had gone to Edinburgh. I was going away when Mr. Lockhead said, “Where are you staying?” “At the Temperance Hotel,” I replied. “Oh,” said he, “wait and take tea with us, and my wife, who will then be home, will show you where you can get good lodgings near at hand.” I waited till Mrs. Lockhead returned, and had tea with them. After tea I said, “Now, Mrs. Lockhead, will you kindly show me where these good lodgings are?” She replied, “Sir, my husband and I both very much wish you to stay with us tonight, and we can talk about the lodgings in the morning.” I stayed that night, and in the morning again asked Mrs. Lockhead to show me the lodgings. She said, “Sir, we have made up our minds that you must stay with us while you remain in Glasgow.” And with them I had to stay; and if I had been their own brother, just come home, they could not have treated me with greater kindness. All the family were members of Dr. Arnot’s church, and active workers there.

On Sunday morning we had a very early breakfast, and then walked to the Evangelistic Hall, where about two thousand from the slums and lanes of the city were met for a free breakfast. It was a wonderful and touching sight. The breakfast was served without any confusion, and most ravenously the poor wretches devoured it. After breakfast there was a religious service. A very excellent address was given by Mrs. Baxter, wife of the Rev. Mr. Baxter, the prophet of Napoleonic destiny. It

made my heart ache to look upon the faces before me; but greatly I rejoiced that Christian men and women were seeking to save the outcasts. I attended Church service twice, and in the evening spoke to a great crowd in the Mission Hall, where much good is done. Glasgow is a wicked place, but it has many earnest workers. Before leaving the city I had an operation performed on one of my eyes, for the removal of a growth which had been troubling me.

From Glasgow I travelled to Edinburgh, and there found my friend. I ran about the beautiful city for a day or two, seeing the wonderful sights; but having a good deal of pain in my eye I hurried off to London, where I saw a doctor, and in a short time was much relieved. I had the pleasure of staying some days with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Waterhouse, in their charming home at New Barnet. Their kindness to me in many ways was very great. Here I met some of our most distinguished ministers, including the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, who was then stationed at New Barnet. I heard him one Thursday evening preach a capital sermon from “If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.” I wrote the following brief outline of it immediately after: - Introduction. Comprehensive character of the text – “If it be possible”; “as much as lieth in you”; “all men.” The subject is, Keep the peace. 1. In the Church. From the first there have been dissensions. 2. In the family. There is often discord – at marriages: reunions often breed discords: at funerals – they divide dead men’s money and old friendships. 3. In the city: called a hive of bees, often a nest of wasps. Rivalries, jealousies, quarrels – “If it be possible.” A specimen of the morality taught by the Gospel: no impossibilities, no transcendentalism that no one can reach. It is not always possible: to be at peace with some, means (1) giving up our intelligence: if not think as they do, no peace; (2) neglect of duty; (3) denying God; (4) being at war with everyone else: some will be at peace with us, the better to fight the rest. But mark fulness of admonition – “as much as lieth in you.” Study to be quiet. Do your best. 1. Guard against *spirit* of discord: that is, (1) spirit of selfishness; (2) intolerance, bigotry; (3) ambition: some lunatics think they ought to rule the world: many not in a lunatic asylum ought to be; (4) unkindness. 2. Guard against occasion of discord. Springs from small things. Great fires in West from two crooked branches rubbing against each other: so in the Church. 3. Do not perpetuate quarrels. If there is a spark, do not run and blow on it; put your foot on it. In the South Seas they hang up something in the house to remind them of the quarrel and stimulate to revenge; so we hang up things in our hearts against the day of reckoning. Do not take this for your model. The Greeks, when they had a grand victory, built a trophy in wood, that it might soon decay and the quarrel be forgotten. If we would learn this virtue, or any virtue, we must look at Christ; have Him in our heart and in our midst. The apostles were men of very different natures, but with Christ in the midst they agreed. So if Christ is in the city, family, church – there will be peace.

I was invited to preach in City Road Chapel, and was the guest of the Rev. R. M. Spoor, the Superintendent of the Circuit. I cannot say how deeply I felt while staying for a day or two in the house where Wesley lived and died. On the Saturday evening I attended the prayer-meeting. Sixty or seventy persons were present, and some lively sisters among them. I was at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting with about fifty others, and we had a good time. At eleven o’clock I preached to a large congregation on Entire Sanctification (1 Thess. V. 23), the glorious subject on which Wesley and others had often spoken in that building. In the evening I preached on “What shall I do with Jesus?” The church was well filled, and the power of the Lord was present to

heal. I afterwards assisted in administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to about three hundred communicants. We had in the evening congregation a good number of American and Canadian ministers.

A few Sundays after, I took part in the reopening of Hinde Street Chapel. The Rev. W. Arthur preached in the morning a good comforting sermon from "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me." I preached in the evening, and had many seeking mercy at the prayer-meeting which followed. After the service a young man came into the vestry, and introduced himself as the son of one of our friends in South Australia. When passing through South Australia I heard of his being in London, studying as an architect, and I hoped to meet him. He said that he lived in another part of London far from City Road, but on the Sunday I preached there he had all that day a strong impression on his mind urging him to attend the service in City Road Chapel in the evening. So he went. He did not recognise me, but in telling an anecdote I had to mention my name, and he was then delighted to learn that I was the preacher. He was very glad to meet me and to hear of his friends, whom I had seen just before leaving.

The Ecumenical Conference commenced in City Road Chapel on Wednesday, Sept. 7. The attendance of delegates was large, and each body had its own special place in the church. The galleries were well filled. Bishop Simpson's opening sermon was very good, but not equal to many he has preached. The Representatives who addressed the Conference spoke well. More than half the members of Conference, however, had gone before Dr. Douglas finished his speech. I had been asked to speak, but there was no time. I need not give any account of the work of this Conference: that has been fully done by others. Only to one or two matters will I refer. The great thing in this assembly that was most pleasing to me was the meeting together of so many members of the different Methodist Churches. Among those present was the Rev. W. Griffiths in the same Conference with Dr. Osborn. I hoped and prayed that this Convention might help to bring about the union of the Methodist bodies, when Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, United Free, and Bible Christian, and all similar distinctions shall be done away, and there shall be one united Methodist Church the wide world over. Preaching the same doctrines, and with almost the same discipline, it is a burning shame that we should be divided as we are. In the divisions of the past we all have some share of the blame, and we should now be willing to forget the irritation, and hard words, and unkind deeds of the past, in order that a real scandal before the world may for ever cease. To me it seems that the great hindrances are merely financial, and I sincerely hope the day will soon come when we shall be thoroughly determined that neither these nor any other difficulties shall prevent our becoming one United Church.

Our American brethren did very much of the speaking. Some of the coloured ministers spoke frequently. The only time that the Conference was really roused was while a minister of the African race was giving his address on what the Gospel of Christ had done for his nation. Referring to slavery in America, he said, "For a long time there was a simple misunderstanding between the two nations as to their relation the one to the other," etc. Coming from one of the deeply injured race, this stirred the heart of the Conference to its very depths. The brethren rose and faced the speaker, and cheer after cheer followed. But the bell rang, and time was up. "Go on! Go on!" shouted the ministers; "Go on, Price!" "No, he won't go on," said the chairman, old

Bishop Peck. "You have made a law, and you must abide by it." Forgetting the respect due to the chair, some of the more excited delegates cried, "Go on, Price!" "He has too much sense to go on," said the unmoved chairman, and Price was down in a moment.

During the whole of the time that the Conference was sitting, and long before, the public heart was deeply touched by the suffering and precarious condition of President Garfield of the United States. The first line in the morning papers on which the eyes of hundreds of thousands rested was the cablegram from America reporting the President's state. What a terrible fight for life was that; what feverish excitement took hold of all as we read of it; and what tender sympathy there was for the noble wife who watched day and night by the side of the President's bed! When the sad news came at last that all was over, it seemed as if everyone in England had lost a friend. A great genuine heartfelt sorrow spread over the land.

After the Conference I spent some days sight-seeing in London. Of course I went to the Parliament Houses, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Museum, the National Gallery, Hampton Court, the Tower, etc., but I need not dwell on these. I ran down into Kent to Faversham to see my friend Mr. B. Berry, and he drove me to Brighton to see his father, a grand old Methodist, who has for many years done good work for our Church. I also visited Canterbury Cathedral and heard some good singing.

Being appointed one of the Missionary deputation to Leeds, I left London and ran to York, where I had the great pleasure of meeting again with my old Fijian friends and fellow-missionaries, the Rev. R. B. and Mrs. Lyth. After two or three days' stay with them I went on to Leeds, where I was kindly entertained by Mr. James Stocks, of Chapeltown. Mr. Stocks, thinking I would like to hear Mr. Gladstone, who was then in Leeds, had procured tickets for a monster meeting which was to be held. There was great excitement in the town, and the crowd in the hall was very large and full of enthusiasm. There were said to be many thousands in the building, and the whole mass was moved together one way or the other. We were in a gallery strongly barricaded off from other parts of the building. As the swaying multitude sang "Rule Britannia" with all their might, I said to Mr. Stocks, "That surging crowd will be on us before long." "No, no," he said; "we are safe." Before long, however, the barriers gave way under the heavy pressure, and the crowd came rushing against us. I thought I should be crushed to death. It was of no use speaking, for no one would listen. I was not far from the staircase, and as two or three ladies fainted and had to be lifted out, I followed them just as Mr. Gladstone appeared on the scene. I had longed to hear him, but I could not stand that pressure. It was, according to the reports in the morning papers, a grand speech that the wonderful old man made, and I was sorry I had not heard it.

I preached on Sunday in Oxford Place Chapel at eleven o'clock, and in St. Peter's at night. The chapels in Leeds are very large, but not the congregations. Methodism was once the religion of Leeds, but it is not today.² The Church of England has wonderfully revived and prospered here during the last few years. After the service at St. Peter's I went to Brunswick Chapel and assisted the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes at the prayer-meeting. There were many penitents. On Monday I attended the Breakfast

² This was in 1881. Great changes for the better have happened since then. Old chapels have been filled and new chapels built. – Ed.

Meeting at Headingley College. Dr. Osborn was in the chair. It was a grand meeting: a very hallowed feeling rested on us. About £900 was given to the Missionary cause. In the evening I spoke at the public meeting in Brunswick Chapel, the other speakers being the Rev. J. Albrighton, Dr. Kilner, and H. P. Hughes. The church was crowded, and the meeting very enthusiastic. On the Tuesday evening we had another great meeting at Oxford Place. On the Wednesday we had a great gathering at the breakfast in the Town Hall, and a most successful meeting after. There is the true missionary spirit at Leeds. The kindness of the friends to me was very great.

Leaving Leeds, I went to Horncastle to see Mrs. Watson, sister of the Rev. J. Williams. The next day I went on to Newton-on-Trent, where I had the very great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Hunt again. We rejoiced and wept together. And now I was for some time running about visiting relatives of my friends in Australia. All were delighted to see me, and to hear of their loved ones at the other side of the world. After some of the meetings that I attended, I had to answer many inquiries about friends in Australia. I was sometimes amused to find that I was expected to know everyone in all Australasia, no matter where they resided. I was asked by one, "Do you know my brother, sir?" "Where does he live?" "In Dunedin, sir," was the reply. Of course I had to tell him, much to his disappointment, that Dunedin was very far away from my home, and that I did not know his brother.

I visited Dr. Stephenson's Children's Homes, and was greatly pleased. At Red Hill I spent a glorious Sabbath with Mr. Duncan. I preached in the morning on Entire Sanctification, and we had a good time. In the evening we had many penitents. I went to Blackheath to see the Rev. J. Chapman, brother of the Rev. B. Chapman, our beloved Missionary Secretary in Australia, of whose death I received news from home three days after this visit. I stayed a few days at Croydon with my dear friends Captain and Mrs. Williams. While there I visited the Ladies' School, one of the best in England. There were over three hundred happy girls in the school, for whose instruction no male teachers were employed except for music. I was making inquiries at the time for a head master for our Ladies' College in Melbourne. The Lady Principal of this school gave me all information about their system, which she thought the best in the world. She was amused at our idea of a head master being required.

Two or three times I was sent for at the last moment by the Mission House secretaries to supply for Dr. Kilner, who could not go where he was announced. At these places I found the attendance only small. Indeed, as Dr. Kilner told me, except when they have returned missionaries, and extra means are used to draw the people, the congregations are generally poor at the missionary meetings, and we cannot wonder at that. We have all along been training the people to expect something new and exciting, and we have not been able to meet the increasing demand. What is new and exciting one year becomes stale and commonplace the next, and so the attendance at the meetings falls off, and the missionary cause suffers.³

November fogs were coming. It was time for me to be off. Having made all arrangements, on November 2nd I crossed the Channel, leaving the grand old land with a deep sense of the continued kindness of all the friends. Almost everywhere "Australia" gained admission for me, and secured for me kindly recognition and

³ In this respect, also, there have been changes for the better since 1881. – Ed.

friendly help. I ascertained that many knew very little of our country. At one meeting I was introduced as “a brother from the other world.” I told the people not to be alarmed, for I had flesh and bones as they had. But, indeed, to some I might have come from another world, for they knew little or nothing about Australia. I was travelling one day in a railway carriage with a number of passengers, and told them something about Victoria and our doings there. A lady sitting near me asked, “How long, sir, have you been in England?” “Only three months,” I said. “Only three months!” she exclaimed. “Why, you speak English well.”

Methodism in England is very much the same as in Australia. In the cities many of the large churches are poorly attended. As people prosper in the world they move into the suburbs, and we do not draw others to fill their places. The class meetings are badly attended, as with us. There is no denying the fact that Methodism today is not doing the great work our fathers did: going out after the masses of the unsaved, among the lowest and the worst, and seeking to bring them to the Saviour. We are building grand churches, and gathering very respectable congregations; many of our Funds are flourishing, and we are becoming a great financial society. We have evangelists who are doing a good work, but too frequently all the soul-saving work is left to them. We are becoming, as the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse says, “dreadfully respectable, and our respectability is killing us.” Since I was in England, what is known as “The Forward Movement” has been commenced, and in one or two places in Australia we are doing a little on the same lines. But “The Forward Movement” shows our weakness and deadness. The need of forward movement among us is where we have been lagging behind or have come to a standstill. I thank God for this movement; but I am afraid it may be only something outside, that will leave the regular church work to go in the old rut, and with the same barrenness of results. What we want is a great movement in all our Circuits in connection with the usual means of grace – ministers and officers and members of the Church all baptized with the Holy Spirit, all living the Christlike life, and all labouring to win souls for Jesus. Then would God, our own God, bless us, and Methodism today would be stronger and more successful than ever it was in the past.

My English friends will, no doubt, impute it to prejudice or ignorance when I say that three of us, who travelled together through Italy, Switzerland, France, and Great Britain, came to the conclusion that there was no country we had seen where there was the same amount of real civil and religious liberty as we had in Australia. To me the great religious Establishment in England, overshadowing all, was anything but pleasant; and the quiet way in which this was submitted to, and in many cases approved of, was simply unaccountable. I cannot refer to particulars, but may just mention the Marriage Act. How degrading to all outside of the Established Church are the conditions imposed upon them by this Act.

The caste feeling in England and the extremes of wealth and poverty strike a stranger very painfully. One of my friends took me to Rotten Row, and we sat there for two hours looking at the display. Then we went into a part of London where poverty and wretchedness are found, and saw what filled us with shame and sorrow. This state of things is not what God intended, and it cannot last. God grant the evil may be corrected in some mild and righteous way; for if not, it may one day be corrected, as in other lands, with deeds of cruelty and blood the thought of which makes one shudder. Carlyle says, “A lie may prosper for a while, but it will turn round at the last

and smite the liar down.” That is true of any wrong, as the history of the world testifies. England is highly favoured, and is a Queen among the nations. She has had, and has today, some of the noblest and the best on the face of God’s earth, and most earnestly I pray that her glory may never depart; that the evils existing in her may be all removed; and that by her wise legislation and her religious and philanthropic enterprises she may ever have God’s richest blessing, securing for her peace and prosperity at home, and making her a blessing to the world.

Leaving England and crossing the Channel, I took train for Paris, where I remained a week. The Electric Exhibition was then being held, and I spent a day examining its curiosities. Seeing some people hurrying towards one part of the building, I went with them, and was soon standing in line waiting to go somewhere, but where I did not know, for, as I cannot speak French, I could not question anyone. Patiently waiting, I was at last allowed, with about a dozen others, to enter a room; and as everyone ran and seized the cords hanging in different parts and placed the instruments at the end to their ears, I did the same. Soon I heard the most exquisite music, and then the most charming singing. Speaking of this afterwards to our minister, the Rev. W. Gibson, I learned that through the telephone I had been listening to a performance at the Grand Opera. But I did it unintentionally and ignorantly, without any of the condemnation many a professing Christian has felt after having been to the Opera House.

The evening I arrived in Paris, after getting my things nicely in my room, I had to go out and buy soap. On the Continent they give you no soap in your bedroom: why, it is impossible to say. In England and wherever English people are, they take it for granted that you use soap, and it is provided for you; but you have to buy for yourself in France and Italy. It is a reflection on the continental people: a stranger might think that among them cleanliness was not considered a virtue.

The Rev. W. Gibson kindly secured me a capital guide. He was the caretaker of our church in Paris. With his valuable help I saw most of the sights. One of the most beautiful is the Tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, and one of the wildest is the Bourse. Approaching the latter, I heard the noise at a distance. Outside, there was a large crowd constantly on the move, and all talking very loudly: inside, it was a perfect Babel. I never heard such shouting and screaming before. A man might think that he was in Bedlam, or that another revolution had begun; and yet all were doing business one with another. I went into the gallery and looked on the surging, bellowing mass, and thought I had never seen business men so much like raving madmen. I visited Versailles, the luxury, waste, and wantonness of which had so much to do in bringing about the terrible Revolution. What pictures are there, nearly all historical, and all representing the glory of France! Among the many pictures of battles, there was none of Waterloo! Very much of the glory of the palace is now gone; but one cannot look upon the palaces built by the Kings of France for their mistresses, at a cost of millions, without thinking that the patient endurance of the people must have been very great, and that the terrible blow that fell at last was what might well have been expected.

One evening I went with Mr. Gibson to a meeting in a part of the city where the workmen live. There were sixty or seventy persons present, most of them women in white bonnets. It was a kind of fellowship meeting. They would have me say a few

words, Mr. Gibson interpreting. After the meeting everyone came forward to shake hands.

I was anxious to see Mr. M'All's work in Paris. He was a minister in England, who went to Paris for a holiday. While there he and his wife distributed tracts among the people in one of the worst parts of Paris, and told them the old, simple, glorious Gospel of Jesus crucified, and salvation by faith in Him. The people were deeply impressed with what they heard, and begged Mr. M'All to give up his church in England and live and labour among them: he did so. When I visited Paris he had been a few years at his great work, and his success had been wonderful. In Paris alone he had twenty-three preaching-places, where services were regularly held by himself and others. I went to one of the meetings. About one hundred and fifty persons were present, nearly all men; many of them in their working dress, some with their sleeves tucked up. They listened most attentively, at times clapping, then laughing, and then cheering. After the sermon was ended, it was freely criticised. I had to speak to them for a short time.

On Sunday I preached in our church to about seventy persons, English and American. At four o'clock I went to hear Pastor Bersier. His fine large church was crowded, the aisles being filled. Everyone was very attentive. A lady friend of Mr. Gibson, who was with me, said it was a grand sermon. Bersier is a man like Luther in appearance, is clean-shaved, and parts his hair in the middle. He had the reputation of being the most eloquent man in Paris. He was in earnest, sometimes greatly so, and had complete control of his hearers. In the evening I went with Mr. Gibson to hear a remarkable man preach to a large company of doctors, lawyers, and others of the educated class. His history was a wonder. He was a Roman Catholic, a barrister, and editor of a Republican paper. He came into contact with a good Protestant minister, and got light: but was not converted. He wrote a pamphlet, *Protestantism Solving all our Difficulties*, which was scattered all over France. One day, he says, he had been studying the Apostles' Creed. He retired to rest, and as he slept dreamed that he saw the Creed before him, and read it, and when he came to "I believe in the Holy Ghost," light from heaven came, and he saw the way of salvation, believed, and was saved. Filled with joy, he awoke. "And now," he added, "as wide awake as I am now, I went over the Creed, and when I came to 'I believe in the Holy Ghost,' what had been a dream became a reality. I cast myself on Jesus as my Saviour, and He saved me then and there." He at once gave up his paper and his profession, and has been ever since preaching the Gospel. He is a fine-looking man, with a large head, and is an eloquent speaker. On the Sunday evening I heard him he read a paper on the Life of Christ. When he had finished, the audience cheered, and cried "Good, good!" I wanted to hear Père Hyacinth, but could not. He is not exerting much influence for good. He draws a great crowd by his eloquence, but he is neither one thing nor the other. Papists hate him; Protestants have little faith in him, and cannot work with him. There are many who admire this liberal spirit, as it is called; but what does it ever accomplish?

Paris is a beautiful city, but its wickedness is very great. The very shop-windows bear testimony to its impurity and lewdness. The love of pleasure everywhere, the desecration of the Sabbath, and unblushing immorality, stamp it as one of the most profligate cities of our day. But, thank God, it is not all evil. There are in it devoted

men who are earnestly praying and labouring for its good – the little leaven that we hope and pray may, with God’s blessing, soon leaven the whole lump.

On Monday, Nov. 7th, I left Paris by express, travelled all day, and rested at night at Aix-les-Bains. The latter part of our journey was very slow and the stoppages long – very different from the express trains in England, and the fares much higher. I left in the morning by express, and reached Turin in the evening at six o’clock. It is a wonderful journey through Mont Cenis: the scenery all along is very grand and romantic. We were a little over twenty minutes passing through the tunnel. I left Turin at 9.15 a.m. on the following day, and arrived at Florence at 9.20 p.m. The Rev. Mr. Foster was at the station to meet me, and kindly invited me to stay at his house. Mrs. Foster gave me a hearty welcome, and Mr. Foster did all he could to show me Florence. We admired the beautiful Cathedral with its magnificent tower, and wonderful baptistery, the door of which is so splendid that Michael Angelo said it would do for the door or Paradise. Here we saw a baptism. The priest made the sign of the cross over the child’s head and breast, put salt into its mouth, rubbed oil on its neck and breast, and plentifully poured water on its, all to exorcise the devil. The child was only a few days old. We visited St. Croce, where are monuments to Dante, Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, and Galileo, and where the three last are buried. We went through the house of the famous Angelo, and saw many of his unfinished works and rough sketches, and the little study in which he wrought. In St. Mark’s we saw the cell of Savonarola, his beads, writing-desk, and books. We also saw the little chapel where he took the sacrament before he went out to die, and then the place where the martyr was burned to death. He was a great and good man, not with all the light that some had, but still to be reckoned among the first Reformers. While I was in Florence they were putting up a large statue of him in the great hall: Leo the Tenth at one end, and Savonarola at the other. We saw the houses of Dante, Macchiavelli, Galileo, and Mrs. Browning. We visited the picture galleries, where are some of the finest pictures in the world by Raphael, Murillo, Titian, and others. In the hall of Niobe are thirteen figures, discovered in Rome in 1563, and brought to Florence in 1775. These are very fine. At the Academy of Arts we saw Angelo’s “David,” a splendid piece of sculpture. We also visited the Medicean Chapel, the new sacristy of which was built by Angelo, and where are some of his greatest works. There is a statue of Julian de Medici, and under it two others, “Day” and “Night.” On the other side is a stature of Lorenzo de Medici, and “Twilight” and “Dawn of Day.” Florence is a beautiful city. I shall never forget my visit there.

On Friday, Nov. 11th, leaving Florence by express at 7.45 a.m., we arrived in Rome at 6.5 p.m. The Rev. Mr. Piggott was waiting for me. Leaving my baggage at the hotel where I intended to stay, we had a pleasant drive to Mont Pincio, from which we had a fine view of the city and of a lovely sunset. In the morning Mr. Piggott kindly went with me to see the lions: St. Peter’s, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Catacombs, the Forum, the Palace of the Caesars, and many other places of historic interest in old Rome. I had the pleasure of meeting the ministers of most of the Protestant Churches in Rome, and conversing with them about their important work. I had an interview with grand old Gavazzi, who reminded me very much of the late Dr. Cairns, of Melbourne, in his strong way of putting things. He warmed up as he spoke of his long battle against popery, and of his hopes of the final overthrow of that terrible power. He said he intended some day to visit Australia. To his name, which he wrote in my text-book, he added his motto, “For God and my country.” As long as I live I

shall be thankful for my introduction to that noble man, who so long battled for the truth, and gave popery many a heavy blow. We want more Gavazzis in the world. I had also the privilege of meeting Count Campello, one of the Canons of St. Peter's, who had just come out of the Romish Church. This step involved the sacrifice of much on his part, and caused no little stir in the Church. I was greatly pleased with my interview with him. He talked very freely, and expressed the hope that many more would soon be brought out of the darkness in which they had so long lived. He spoke of the difficulties and dangers that would beset his path, and asked me to pray for him that God would give him grace to be faithful. He wrote in my textbook, "Count Henry of Campello, late Canon of St. Peter's in the Vatican, now converted to the Gospel. May Christ by His grace be my comfort unto death."

On Sunday, Nov. 13th, I attended service in the Episcopalian church in the morning, and heard a fairly good sermon badly delivered. The text was Isa. lviii. 13. I have said the sermon was fairly good, but a rendering of a passage was given that seemed to me supremely ridiculous. Referring to the clause "not speaking our own words," the preacher said that whatever else it meant, he thought it meant "not using our own words in prayer, but the form of prayer prescribed by the Church." In the evening I went with Mr. Piggott to the soldiers' service. About sixty were present. I gave a short address. One of our Italian converts has given himself entirely to this work, and has done a vast amount of good. At the service in the church I gave an address on the work of God in Fiji, Mr. Piggott interpreting. After the service a number wanted to hear more; so we went into Mr. Piggott's large upper room, and they kept me till near eleven o'clock talking to them of our Fiji Mission. When I told them of our first revival, and how it came, they wished me to tell it to them over again, and then said, "That is what we want in Rome." When we closed at last, they all begged that I would speak to them again on Monday evening. This we arranged to do, and we had a good gathering and a blessed time. Some of the young students were full of Fiji, offering to go if we needed missionaries there.

Mr. Piggott is a grand man, and is doing a great work in Rome. So are the ministers of the other Churches. There are eight branches of the Protestant Church here, and, of course, the Romish Church makes as much as possible out of this. It would have been far better if all the Protestant denominations had agreed to have only one Church there. But from all I saw and heard, most of the Protestant ministers and people are wonderfully united in heart, and, without clashing, are labouring together to bring the poor deluded Romanists to the light, and God is blessing their labours. I cannot give particulars of other Churches, but I can of our own. When I was there we had in Italy three English and twenty-six Italian ministers. Some of these were formerly Roman Catholic priests. The Rev. F. Sciarelli, who was with Mr. Piggott, was a brother beloved, and a faithful minister of Christ. I saw much of him during my stay in Rome, and thanked God for giving us such a man. The Rev. S. Raghianti had been one of the most popular preachers among the priests. The Rev. C. Tollis was formerly Professor of Philosophy in an Italian college. On day when Sciarelli and I visited the sacred stairs up which Luther climbed on his knees, and up which we saw a poor old fellow wearily struggling, a priest sat at a table near the door receiving donations of the faithful before they started on their painful journey up the stairs. Pointing to him, Sciarelli said, "That is where Tollis sat; that is what he did before he became a Protestant."

When I was in Italy we had there 1377 members, with 251 on trial and 2495 hearers. This may appear small; but we must remember where these trophies were won, and the difficulties that had to be encountered. Popery has destroyed or blinded conscience in Italy: the poor Italian is in gross darkness, and everything is done to keep him there and to exclude the light. The priests are not at all respected; but they are regarded as the medium for the communication of grace, and popery with all its mummerly and superstition has an awful hold of the people. We look on the work done by our Church as the promise of the greater work to follow. In fifty years what changes have taken place in Rome itself! I rejoiced greatly that I had the great honour and glorious privilege of reaching the Gospel "to those at Rome also"; but if I had attempted anything of the kind a few years before, I should not have lived to tell the tale. During the last fifty years the pope has lost his temporal power, and Italy is free. What will be done in the next fifty years, who can tell? Let us hope and pray that the pope may lose his spiritual power, and that the galling chains of error that now bind the Italian people may be broken off for ever.

I left Rome humbled and sorrowful, and yet glad and rejoicing. Humbled and sorrowful before of the wretched, perishing condition of this fair country, with the curse of popery upon it; but rejoicing because the cloud, though "little as a human hand," had surely risen upon Italy, and would grow and spread, and pour down showers of blessing that would bring a change like life from the dead.

From Rome I went by express to Naples. The Rev. T. W. S. Jones met me at the station and took me to an hotel. The kindness of the brethren in Italy to me was very great. I had only two or three days to spare, so I made the most of the time, visiting from early dawn till late at night. I first went to Pompeii, and saw the wonders there. It must have been a fine city, and there is no doubt that it was a very wicked one. Proofs of this are still to be seen among the ruins in the rooms that are under lock and key and not opened to the general public. As Vesuvius was in action I intended going up the mountain, but heavy rain prevented me. I spent some time in the Museum, examining especially the works from Pompeii. I spoke to the people one evening on our work in Fiji, and the next evening had the pleasure of meeting a number of English people at Mr. Jones' house. The Bay of Naples is, as everyone knows, exceedingly beautiful; but I wrote in my journal, "Naples is a dirty city," and I have heard the testimony of many who have visited it since I was there, confirming the truth of my statement. As I drove down the street at four o'clock in the morning, wine-shops were still open, and good many persons were in them.

By the five o'clock train in the morning I left for Brindisi, arriving there at 6.30 p.m. The next afternoon I went on board the *Tanjore* for Alexandria. Among the passengers were two Presbyterian missionaries for India, and eight young ladies connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were going to the Rev. William Taylor's mission work in India. We had prayer together every day. Our passage across the Mediterranean was smooth and pleasant. We reached Alexandria at ten o'clock on the 24th. After a drive through the dirty town we started by train for Suez. When we arrived there we found that our steamer, *The Pekin*, was detained in the Canal, so, our company being large, we had to "rough it" for the night; eleven or twelve of us sleeping in one room, on the table or under it.

On the 26th, our steamer having arrived, we started from Suez. We had two Episcopalian ministers on board, and they preached on Sunday. Our passage down the Red Sea was very pleasant, the heat not being at all oppressive. We called at Aden and took in water. This port had been closed some time before, as Asiatic cholera was raging there. It had now been open again for a month. Some of us were ill after we left Aden. I was very poorly all the way to Galle, suffering from a very violent attack of English cholera. Some of the passengers advised me to remain at Galle, as they thought I could not live if I went on in the ship. I determined to see the doctor of *The Surat*, the steamer in which we had now to embark, and do what he thought best. Very ill and weak, I went on board *The Surat* and saw the doctor. He said, "No, no; you go on with us. You'll die if you remain here." The captain and all the passengers were very kind. I had a cabin on deck all to myself, and I had a steward who attended to me as if he felt it to be a pleasure to do so. I soon began to get better. When able to sit up of an evening, the captain sent to me one afternoon, requesting me, if I felt strong enough, to read the funeral service at the burial of a gentleman who had just died. I consented; and at eleven o'clock the next morning we gathered at the steamer's side, where all the necessary preparations had been made, and I read the service. It was a solemn time. Nearly all the male passengers were present, and there were few dry eyes when the body was lowered into the surging sea. I was now able to conduct service every Sunday morning, and had always a large and attentive congregation. As usual, there was much gambling and drinking on board. Some of the young men were very bad. One of them, the son of an English general, behaved so wildly and drank so freely that they had to confine him for a time. There were fancy-dress balls and Christy Minstrel entertainments during the voyage, and they tried very hard to get me to join in these, but I firmly refused. I would not patronise these things on shore: why should I on board? Some thought I was too stiff, and that it would give people the idea that religion was a gloomy, straight-laced thing; but I could not help that. I found in the end that the passengers respected me none the less for being firm, while their opinion of others was not improved by their giving way and being willing to meet them in these amusements. It is often said, "'o know a man, you must live with him; "but I thought, "'o know a man, you must sail with him;" and I prayed God to help me to do the right on sea as well as on land.

On the 22nd of December, very early on a misty morning, we sighted Australia, and the joyous feelings of my heart found expression in the following: -

LINES WRITTEN ON FIRST SEEING AUSTRALIA ON MY RETURN FROM EUROPE

I caught the first glimpse in the grey of the morning,
As I walked the ship's deck on her watery way;
I saw the bald cliffs, all stripped of adorning,
For a white misty veil all over them lay.

I had come from the lands of classical story,
Whose deeds, all enrolled in the annals of fame,
Have thrown around some the bright halo of glory,
And others involved in destruction and shame.

No words can express with what thrilling emotion
My spirit was moved as I journeyed along,
As I thought of the true and their earnest devotion,

And saw the sad work of oppression and wrong:

But nothing had stirred the depths of my being
Like this magical glimpse of Australia's shore:
Enraptured I gazed, the dim outline just seeing,
Till my spirit was melted as never before.

Here, here was my home, to me ever dearer
Than all the rich treasures this world can bestow,
Where the light and the joy of heaven come nearer,
And earth's purest fountains incessantly flow.

Here loved ones in sweetest affection are dwelling,
Where the blessings of love abundantly fall.
O land of my home! All others excelling,
I love thee, I prize thee, far better than all.

Arriving in Melbourne, I was thankful to meet my wife and children again, and to find all well. The Lord had watched over us, and blessed us, and we praised His holy name.