

# TWELVE YEARS IN A LONDON CHURCH

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THE Editor has honoured me with an invitation to give some reminiscences of my twelve years' pastorate in London. I do not know that I have anything of special value to narrate. I hope the readers of *The Dalhousie Review* will extend to me at least as much charity as the Rev. Dr. Andrew Murray, of South Africa, showed to a particularly wearisome preacher. Dr. Murray, according to the story in *The Life and Explorations of F. S. Arnot*, was travelling to England along with the Rev. George Robson and Mr. F. S. Arnot, the famous missionary-explorer. At the Sunday service on board ship, a sermon of which Arnot writes that "for dreariness and childishness it would be hard to beat", was given by a certain dignitary of the Anglican Church. Dr. Murray, being asked his opinion of the discourse, replied after a pause, with a twinkle in his eye: "Well! It's a poor hen that can't get a few grains out of a muck-heap." It is a comforting reflection that the "hen" that can't get a few grains out of a pile of refuse argues herself "poor" and inefficient. It shifts responsibility from the "pile" to the "hen," from the present writer to the critical reader.

Mr. Walter H. Page, as reported in his *Life and Letters*—the greatest book produced by the war, whether you view it as history or as literature—writing of his impressions of London, said: "It's a large window you look through on the big world—here in London." He was right. In London you are brought in contact as nowhere else with world movements and tendencies, for it was and is the pulsing heart of mankind. No man, living in London with his eyes and ears and mind open, can remain incurably insular, or narrowly patriotic, or fanatically partisan—religiously or otherwise. I do not know whether or not I caught the contagion of London's large and generous life; I do know that I had ample opportunity to imbibe something of its spirit in my Marylebone church, past which the currents of the great city's many-sided life surged increasingly. It was my own fault if I remained cramped in soul, and did not shed at least a measure of my prejudices, inherited and acquired.

As minister of the premier Presbyterian congregation of the metropolis, I was brought in contact with many leading men in Church and State, and had many public duties laid on me, as representing my church more or less. Many men of great distinction were in London pulpits. Oswald Dykes had just closed his great ministry in Regent Square. I often heard him in my student days, and greatly preferred his prayers to his sermons. In his sermons he was almost always struggling with doubts and difficulties, rarely sounded the note of joy and triumph; in his prayers he was tender and uplifting to a degree. One could have wished that the spirit of trust and hope and love expressed in his prayers had prompted and inspired his sermons, which were always thoughtful, carefully constructed, and highly polished, but lacked the ring of assured confidence and happy experience that makes the preacher's witness effective. "If you want to win some, you must be winsome." I used to hear Liddon and Farrar, occasionally, during my last year in theology, and I much preferred the former. He was an intense believer, and a speaker of tremendous passion and power. I have heard him preach for seventy minutes, and thought it only half an hour. Farrar was more of the rhetorician: his eloquence I thought turgid and strained; and he was not above "playing to the gallery." I remember once—when he was busy denouncing what he called Calvinism, but what was indeed a sad travesty of *The Institutes*—he spoke savagely of the doctrine of predestination. He quoted Calvin's own description of the doctrine as *horrible decretum*. Calvin meant, of course,—as the word in classical usage properly signifies—not "horrible" but "awe-inspiring." Farrar, as a classical scholar, must have known this, but—in order to score off an opponent—he chose to translate it by the incorrect word "horrible," and proceeded to tell the immense throng, which filled every inch of the Abbey, that "Calvin himself being witness, the doctrine is a horrible, a revolting, one." I never got over the impression made on my mind by Farrar's unfair use of Calvin's language, and I have never been able to trust a single debatable assertion he makes without careful verification. I am afraid that my unfortunate, possibly exceptional, experience of Farrar's disingenuousness and stage tricks makes me do less than justice to his general worth, and discount his reputation rather uncharitably.

In Nonconformist circles Parker stood head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. I heard him often at his wonderful Thursday services. He was the greatest pulpit genius that I ever listened to. A poet, with a soaring imagination, and rich

and ready vocabulary; a student of Holy Writ, who meditated therein day and night and brought out of his treasures things new and old, flashing unexpected light on obscure passages, keeping his hearers always on the alert for striking sayings, and applying Bible principles and experiences to modern life with amazing originality and skill; a convinced believer, to whom Christ was all and His Cross central; a very human being, with intimate knowledge of men's motives and hearts, profoundly sympathetic with their frailties and temptations; a fearless champion of righteousness, and a Free Churchman to whom spiritual independence was dearer than life; a natural actor, instinctively dramatic; and a minister of Christ, who counted the preacher's vocation the most glorious on earth;—he was qualified by a quite unusual combination of many gifts for the occupancy of the most influential pulpit in London, not even excepting the Abbey or St. Paul's, and to the very end of his days held a unique position in the public eye. Some one has called him, "One of London's *sights*." No visitor really "did" London, who did not visit the City Temple at Holborn Viaduct. Like all geniuses, Parker had his "off days." He could be frightfully egotistical on occasions, and violate every canon of good taste by his egregious self-conceit. But these lapses were rare, and, in comparison with his superlative gifts and services, only as the small dust of the balance.

*Obiter dicta* of his remain fixed in my memory. I recollect, for instance, his pausing at the familiar words, "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them," repeating them with deliberation, fingering the tassel of the pulpit cushion for a moment or two before he added a word, and then observing quietly, "Jesus Christ evidently anticipated very small prayer-meetings." That golden sentence has been an enormous encouragement to me ever since. I simply dare not despise the smallest company of praying people. Christ did anticipate and provide for even the two or three that meet in His name. Another time Parker was debating with some sceptic the perennial subject of suffering in Nature and in human society. "Ah!" jeered the unbeliever during the discussion, "what did your God do for Stephen when he sank under the pitiless shower of stones?" Like a flash came Parker's retort, "He enabled him to say, *Lord, lay not this sin to their charge*." Could that reply be improved upon? Surely, the martyr's moral and spiritual victory over wrong and hatred was greater far than any escape, however miraculous, from physical pain and death. But the stories I could tell of Parker are endless. I must forbear. He was a prince

among preachers. He had defects, some glaring; but, with all his faults, he was the greatest preacher of his generation, greater than Spurgeon, or Dale, or Maclaren or Whyte, or Beecher, or Liddon, or any other of the world's outstanding pulpit orators. He has no successor. His *People's Bible* is a work of genius, uneven like himself, and—like himself—unique.

Without Parker's genius, but possessing very exceptional gifts of his own, one of London's favourites was Jowett, then of Birmingham, later of New York, still later of Westminster Chapel, London, and now alas! taken from us. He was to me a most helpful and inspiring preacher, despite Dr. J. Fort Newton's verdict that "the substance of his sermons is incredibly thin," and that "for the typical man of modern mind, caught in the currents and alive to the agitations of our day, Dr. Jowett has no message." Each man must speak his own experience, and I can testify that as a spiritual influence Jowett spoke to what was best in my soul as few or none else did. Dr. Newton admits Jowett's musical voice, fastidious use of words, and mastery of the art of illustration, but thinks his oratory is "filigree rhetoric," and "his forte is personal religious experience of the mild evangelical type." Such a portraiture does grave injustice. Incapable, it may be, of rising to the heights that a Parker or a Beecher might reach at times, Jowett had powers all his own, and these he used to the last ounce of his strength in setting forth the pre-eminence of Christ. How completely he became absorbed in his theme, and how entirely he hid himself from view! While listening to him you never thought of the man, or of his skill in sermonic construction and delivery; you got lost in contemplation of the Christian truth that so plainly mastered him and through him laid hold on you. Who that heard him can forget the sermon preached in the City Temple on "Filling up that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ." I am not ashamed to say that I was moved to tears, which I could not repress, and I went home with my heart fairly aching with longing to be a better man and minister. To me Jowett will always be a prophet among the prophets; death has deprived the Church of one who was a great gift of God to his generation, and whose memory none of his contemporaries will willingly let die.

There is no one of whom I have more affectionate remembrance than Ian Maclaren (Dr. John Watson, of Sefton Park, Liverpool) who was a frequent visitor to the metropolis. He was more captivating as a lecturer than as a preacher; an unsurpassed *raconteur*, a born mimic, but full of good humour, with a wit that sparkled but never stung, without the slightest tinge of venom or cynicism

or even acidity. Can I ever forget that night of nights spent in Principal Dykes's library at Cambridge, in company with Ian and a few other congenial spirits who gathered there for a chat before retiring to bed, after all the functions in celebration of the opening of Westminster College were over? Maclaren was in great form. I laughed at his stories till my sides ached. We did not get to bed till nearly three in the morning, but no one thought of moving before then. He told us many "true" stories of what he heard and saw in the Highlands. It is just possible that his vivid fancy and graphic tongue added a touch of colour here and there. No doubt, being an artist to the finger tips, he exercised an artist's license, or—as some might term it—"privilege."

Maclaren was the darling of the Presbyterian Synod. He held us in the hollow of his hand. Once he showed us a side of his nature that we had scarcely appreciated. He was, as usual, presenting the College Report. It was just after the publication of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, a very radical book, containing some sufficiently revolutionary articles by Schmiedel and others. Schmiedel graciously conceded that of the sayings attributed to Jesus in the Gospels *nine* might be accepted as genuine. Maclaren, ordinarily the most tolerant of men, with a mind very hospitable to the new learning, was roused by Schmiedel's rather condescending treatment of the sacred narratives, and protested vehemently against "the presumption and the assumptions of so-called experts," with their little twelve-inch rules of measurements. Then, casting aside his notes and bursting forth in a veritable *abandon* of appeal and testimony, he closed with a passionate declaration of his own faith in the living Christ, that simply awed us by its sublimity and sincerity. No one had ever seen Maclaren's heart as that day, and all of us felt our own confidence vastly quickened by witness so unstudied and spontaneous. It was on that occasion that Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., a member of Marylebone Church, delivered himself on the subject of "experts," theological and other. "They are no more infallible than the Pope. If we have dethroned His Holiness, we are not going to put the 'experts' in his place. Let me tell you what we did recently in the House of Commons. We had a big scheme on hand for lighting, heating and ventilating the House. A committee was appointed, with myself as Chairman. We had several 'experts' before us, and no two of them agreed. What did we do, Moderator? We just listened to them, and *exercised our common sense.*"

Smith's experience tallies with Mr. Lloyd George's, as reported in Page's *Life and Letters*. "Experts" he exclaimed one day to

Page, "have nearly been the death of me. I let twenty experts go, and put in one Man, and things began to move at once. Do you know any real Men?" A little of Smith's "common sense" and Mr. Lloyd George's "real Manhood," would dispose of a good many theories, labelled "brilliant conjectures," and save us from being victimized by men who shut themselves up in stuffy studies, with dust darkening and cobwebs draping their windows, and hiding from them the surging world outside, to spend their time spinning webs of fancy out of the flimsiest materials. Personally, when I read of some things given to the world in solemnly worded books by scholars of more or less eminence, I marvel at the writer's and the public's lack of humour.

Space fails me to speak of men like Newman Hall, Munro Gibson, R. F. Horton, F. B. Meyer, John Clifford, C. Sylvester Horne, J. H. Shakespeare, Thomas Spurgeon, H. Price Hughes, Charles Brown, Alexander Connell, G. Campbell Morgan, R. J. Campbell, and others whom I knew, some intimately, all fairly well.

I may say a little of my own dear old church, and one or two of its people. Marylebone had a seating capacity of over 1,600 and a membership of nearly 900. Under its ample roof the rich and poor literally met together; titled people like the Kinnaird family, Lord Reay, Sir Donald Currie, Sir Andrew Conigate, Sir Alexander Mackenzie; members of parliament like Samuel Smith and Rolland Rainy; professional men, such as the eminent medical specialists, Dr. David B. Lees, Dr. Murray Leslie, Dr. S. H. Habershon (Gladstone's doctor) and Mr. McAdam Eccles, the St. Bartholmew's surgeon; merchants of the distinction of Peter and Duncan Mackinon; the shipping magnates, James Wild, Robert Landale, Alexander Fraser, and John Paton. At the other end of the scale there were the very poor, old almshouse women, whom the church supported at the local "Christian Union Almshouse": and between these two extremes various grades of social standing and financial strength, shopkeepers and their assistants, clerks and artisans, and others too numerous to specify.

If any of my readers ever found his way in recent years to Marylebone Presbyterian Church, he must have observed the fine pile of buildings between the street and the church. One of the last things I did before leaving London was to get a new vestry, lecture hall, gymnasium, guest-room, and class rooms erected for the growing needs of the congregation. This cost £20,000, not counting the furnishing of the halls and rooms with chairs, couches, carpets and musical instruments, which a number of generous

friends undertook to provide at their own expense. Sir Donald Currie, Rolland Rainy, M. P., and Dr. S. H. Habershon were my chief helpers: indeed had it not been for their active and generous assistance the project could never have been carried out.

Perhaps the most novel feature of our new premises was the "Guest Room," a beautiful well-lighted room, furnished with handsome rugs, an American organ, a piano, a small library, a magazine table, as well as easy chairs and couches. Its special purpose was to provide a place where the lonely members of the church, those who came from a distance, those who,—living "indoors" in shops and warehouses—had to walk the streets on Sundays or betake themselves to unsuitable resorts, servants who had their Sunday afternoons and evenings free, could rest in comfort, entertain themselves with music or reading, and obtain light refreshments at very moderate cost. It proved an enormous boon and, I hear, is now more used than ever.

Of all the members of my congregation by far the most interesting was a dainty little lady, not quite five feet high, whom we all regarded and spoke of as "the angel of the church." Her name was Miss Angelica Patience Fraser. A lady of independent means she was led, when quite young, to start work among the tailors of Edinburgh. She found them as a class a very degraded lot, for the most part careless, godless, and churchless. At first she had little success; but the conversion of McAllen, the leader of the infidels in Edinburgh, gave a great impetus to her work. Her plan was not only to hold public meetings, but with the help of lady friends to visit the tailors in their workrooms and read the Bible and other interesting books to them, while they went on with their tailoring. She established branches of her mission in Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen and Belfast, and visited them regularly. Finally she came to live with her brother Alexander, an elder in Marylebone, in London. There she founded the "Tailors' Hall" in Mill St. The tailors of London loved her, and woe be to the person who treated her, as she went her rounds, with the slightest disrespect. Once a newcomer to a particular workroom, which she had just been visiting, ventured to sneer at the little lady after she had left. He was told bluntly to "shut up": and when, despite remonstrance, he persisted in making disparaging comments, he was seized by the angry men and flung downstairs. When she died at the age of 87, after some 60 years of unselfish devotion to the tailors' interests, out of respect for the "Tailors' Friend"—as she was universally known—all the big tailoring establishments in London closed for two hours during the funeral service, while the procession to the

cemetery and the tailors—over one thousand strong—crowded the church and followed the hearse with her remains. It was the tribute of real affection to the most beautiful Christian character I have ever met. She combined in herself, in a way I have never seen in anybody else, intense spirituality with practical common sense, the keenest insight into character with exceeding tenderness of heart, quenchless pity for the unfortunate with unerring swiftness in detecting deceit, the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. I never can forget her: she “being dead yet speaketh” to the best part of me.

As a member of “The Christian Evidence Society,” I frequently found my way to Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch entrance, where almost any evening of the week you would see a dozen or more groups of various sizes, gathered round speakers of much diversity of thought and quality. Here you would have a socialist orator, ventilating his views usually of an extreme type; close beside him an apologist for the Roman Church; next to him an Evangelist declaring the way of salvation as he saw it; not far away a Salvation Army band or the Church Army with banners and instruments; near by there would be the platform of the Christian Evidence Society, where the speakers—for the most part intelligent, well-read working men—debated with any one who ventured to cross swords with them or lectured at length on some pre-announced theme; just over the way the Secularist Association’s Agents would be holding forth against Christianity, the Bible, and the Church; while away at a fair distance you could hear a crowd of people singing familiar hymns, frequently under the inspiring leadership of a Welsh choir. I often gave our agents of the Christian Evidence Society a hand in their very difficult but absolutely necessary work. As a rule they were capable men. The ablest apologist for Christianity I ever heard anywhere was a carpenter, whose acquaintance with the literature on both sides was remarkable, whose patience with gainsayers was in itself an argument for the Gospel, and whose aim always was, not merely to score a victory over an opponent in debate, but to win men by “speaking the truth in love.” To him the “love” was just as important as the “truth.” Occasionally I went to listen to the Secularist lecturers. They, noting my clerical garb, would usually direct attention to my presence and assail me as a hireling, who was “paid to preach a Gospel he does not believe,” and sometimes would offer me ten minutes to “answer our arguments, if he can.” I always accepted the invitation, when it came, and usually got a fair hearing.

I remember once standing in front of a very vociferous lecturer



who had about as foul and copious a vocabulary of abuse as ever I heard. He bowed with elaborate superciliousness to "the well-dressed clergyman with the gold watch and chain, who is exceedingly unlike a follower of the humble Nazarene, etc., etc." and concluded by inviting me to his platform, "though he" he added "would not invite me to his pulpit." The watch I was wearing had been presented to my father, the Rev. David Hanson, in 1858, by the Fahan Congregation, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Mounting the Secularist's platform I began by observing that I did not agree with much that he had said, but that I accepted without a question his statement that I was a poor representative of Him whom I called Master and Lord. I begged the audience to observe that in lauding the Nazarene at my expense, and emphasizing the huge disparity between Him and His professed disciple, the lecturer was paying, unconsciously, something of a compliment to Jesus Christ; and I besought the lecturer and the audience not to let my unworthiness, however evident, interfere with their appreciation of the Lord Jesus. I went on to say that I was sorry that my personal appearance did not please the lecturer; but, after all, I urged, dress is very much a matter of convention; what is appropriate to one person is unsuited to another, and what is fitting at one time may be out of place at another. I should just, I said, leave it to the audience to say which of the two, the lecturer or I, was the more suitably attired. The audience laughed, for I honestly believe the contrast was in my favour. Taking my watch out of my pocket, I said: "This, appears to excite the ire and irony of my friend, the enemy here. May I read the inscription? It belonged to my dear father, and has descended to me as his eldest surviving son. I value it not because it is gold, but because of its associations more precious than gold to me. What would you have me do with it?" The answer came back promptly from the crowd, "Keep it, sir, keep it." "That," I said, "is precisely what I intend doing." Having thus succeeded more or less in securing the sympathy of my auditors, I proceeded to give the Secularist a drubbing. He was an unusually vulnerable specimen, and left himself open to effective attack at many points. Not all of them are by any means such easy marks as he proved. Some of the Secularist leaders were extremely able fellows and, within certain limits, very difficult to tackle: but I found that their knowledge of the Bible was quite superficial and inexact, and, if you get them outside the track marked out for them in Bradlaugh's, Ingersoll's and Fraser's pages they are hopelessly bogged. I also discerned that the *chief* cause of infidelity (notwithstanding the exist-

ence of a good deal of "honest doubt") is, as Christ indicated pointedly long ago, the twist given to the judgment by the perverting influence of some guilty passion. "Men love darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil." Most of the Hyde Park Secularists were immoral men, who preferred their lusts to the truth, and sought to quiet their consciences by stuffing their minds with arguments that gave them a plausible excuse for denying Christianity's right to interfere with their free and easy code of conduct.

Nothing in London appealed to me more than Barnardo's rescue work. The first time I saw the famous philanthropist Dr. T. J. Barnardo (an Irishman, may I remark parenthetically?) I got quite a shock. I was at a big public meeting in the West End. Shortly after the meeting began, a very dapper gentleman arrived on the platform. He was dressed immaculately, with an orchid in his buttonhole, his moustache turned up archly at both corners, and his gold *pince-nez* coyly poised on a snub nose, set in a face shining with intelligence and goodwill—altogether a very striking presence. I said to my neighbour, "Who is that well-groomed individual?" "Don't you know? That's Dr. Barnardo?" I had been accustomed to think of philanthropists as indifferent to their dress, but here was the greatest philanthropist in the world almost a Beau Brummel in appearance. I found afterwards that Dr. Barnardo was very artistic, and loved the beautiful in colour and form. He dressed well, though not really extravagantly, because he did not believe that slovenliness or shoddiness in clothes was a mark of the Christian; moreover, he found by experience that in dealing with the young, even with "waifs and strays," he got nearer to them by wearing attractive garb than if he had gone about in rusty black and badly fashioned garments. When Barnardo rose to speak, you soon forgot all about the orchid and the moustache, the well-cut trousers and the dainty shoes. He made us laugh or cry at will. I came to know him well, and went, as often as I could, to his monthly prayer-meeting, where he met with his workers and a few friends to pray for the Homes. What prayers he offered! He told the Heavenly Father everything that was in his heart, as simply as a child might talk to a mother. It was to me a lesson both in the life of faith and in the art of intercession. I learned the secret of Barnardo's inextinguishable pity and hope for the discrowned and disinherited of the race. Sister Eva, then matron in charge of the Stepney Causeway hospital, and an intimate friend of ours to this day, told me of an incident that will illustrate Barnardo's love for children and show how warmly it was returned.

Sitting one day beside little Jimmy, a helpless cripple who needed much attention, she noticed how excited the lad suddenly became, fairly quivering in his cot with delighted anticipation, and exclaiming "Oh! there he is! Isn't he just looking for a head to pat?" When she turned round, she saw Barnardo standing in the doorway and just looking, as Jimmy put it, as if he wanted a head to pat. Dr. Barnardo is one of my heroes. If there was one man whom I admired (shall I even say envied?) more than another for his record of service to his generation, it was the founder of the Homes "with the ever open door," from which no destitute boy or girl was ever turned away.

May I, without being deemed immodest, mention three or four honours that came my way in London? First of all, it fell to me to move and carry in the English Presbyterian Synod an overture praying the Synod to seek restoration of ecclesiastical relations with the Church of Scotland. For some sixty years, ever since the Disruption of 1843, the English Presbyterian Church had cast in its lot with the Free Church, and had ceased sending delegates to the Established Church Assembly or receiving delegates from it. Time, however, had wrought many changes, and we came to feel that a resumption of intercourse between the two Churches was desirable. Our proposal was warmly welcomed by the Church of Scotland, and a day was appointed for a deputation from the English Presbyterian Church to be received. Sir Donald Macalister (Principal of Glasgow University), ex-Principal Oswald Dykes, Mr. Caverhill (a well-known London citizen) and I were deputed to represent our Church. We got a wonderful reception at the General Assembly, whose members assembled in full force and cheered us to the echo when we spoke. After more than half a century of ecclesiastical estrangement, it stirred our emotions profoundly to stand, as it were, in the ancestral home of Presbyterianism and feel our hands grasped with such evident tokens of goodwill by our friends of the Auld Kirk. Such restoration of relations seems a small matter now, for much water has run under the bridge in Scotland and England since then, but I am thankful to have had some share in healing a breach that, whatever its justification in the past, had become meaningless in the changed conditions of the times.

Only men of more or less distinction, it appears, are asked to be Myrtle lecturers in Aberdeen. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when Professor Currie, on behalf of the Aberdeen Faculty, invited me to be the Myrtle lecturer for one year. I was very shy about undertaking so important a duty, as I am no specialist and

could contribute nothing of an original character from first-hand investigation. However, my objections were overruled by Dr. Curtis, the Professor of Theology, who treated me with a kindness I can never forget, through the preliminary negotiations and during my stay in the Granite City. I took as my subject "The Originality of the Gospel." I had a great audience, with Principal Sir George Adam Smith in the Chair, and was much encouraged by his and others' gracious comments. The lecture was afterwards published by the R. T. S. of London. Its chief merit, if it have any, is that it embodies the sincere convictions of a lifetime and is intended to be, not the mere academic discussion of a problem, but a message of peace and comfort to the heart.

One of the greatest honours I had was my election to the Presidency of the Metropolitan Federation of Free Churches. This Metropolitan Federation is the largest branch of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, and embraces in its membership about 900 different churches of various denominations in and around London. The National Council is a very important body. It has, of course, no legislative or executive authority; it is purely consultative. Nevertheless, like the Anglican Church Congress, it exerts a wide influence; and its discussions and decisions, though not binding on any churches represented, cannot be wisely ignored by any body of Free Churchmen. It established a publishing department, with the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer as editor. I was invited to write two books, each one of a series contributed by such men as Munro Gibson, R. F. Horton, C. Sylvester Horne, and Rendel Harris. My first effort was a devotional book, called *A Chain of Graces*: my second was a more ambitious work, entitled *The Resurrection and the Life*, the first half of which was a discussion of the evidences for Christ's Resurrection, and the second half an exposition of the Gospel narratives of the Resurrection.

All I got for writing these two books was £30. I have not found the field of authorship very lucrative. Mr. D. Lloyd George was a frequent speaker at our gatherings. He has his critics, but I can never think of him except with admiration and gratitude. He had a genuine love for the common people, "whom God must love when He made so many of them," and sought to the utmost of his power to ease their burdens and brighten their lot. David Livingstone did not desire more keenly the suppression of the slave trade than did this later David seek the emancipation and elevation of the masses of Great Britain. His earnest pleas on their behalf and his solemn, sometimes brutally plain warnings to pluto-

crats and aristocrats were born of his intimate knowledge of the tragic facts of humble life, and his vivid realization of the dangers that lurked beneath the apparently placid surface in the growing discontent of the "working classes," which might and would one day break out in irrespressible fury, unless those in authority did something (and did it quickly) to redress reasonable grievances and right palpable wrongs. I am persuaded that if England is comparatively immune from the attacks of extremists, it is largely because of the ameliorative measures that he induced Parliament to pass.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid me was when I was asked to go as a delegate, representing the English Presbyterian Church and the Eastern section of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to the meetings to be held in Sydney, N. S. W., in celebration of the Union of the six separate Synods of Australia and Tasmania into one General Assembly having jurisdiction of the whole continent and the island. I never wish to see the Suez Canal and the Red Sea in July again! 105 degrees of heat at five in the morning under the double awning are just a trifle excessive for my taste: and the South West Monsoon, that hot damp wind that carries rain to India and is so charged with moisture that the very keys in your pocket rust during its prevalence, which kept with us all the way across the Indian Ocean to Colombo, was as exhausting and debilitating as it was clammy and disagreeable. The memory of it is a nightmare. At the big meeting in Sydney Town Hall the enthusiasm was beyond description. Each of the delegates (there were ten in all) as he rose to speak, got quite an ovation, and some of us suffered for a little while thereafter from "tête montée," until the bump of conceit was reduced somewhat by the skilful surgery of candid friends, who diagnosed our peril without the aid of X-Rays. But fancy journeying 12,000 miles to deliver a speech limited to ten minutes! That was all the time allowed a delegate. It was a wise arrangement, however, and saved a long-suffering, closely-packed audience of several thousands from being taxed beyond endurance by elaborate addresses.

The Australians are extraordinarily hospitable. During our three months' stay we were treated with a courtesy and kindness that never flagged. Many friends came to see us off when we were leaving; and when we got down to our cabin, we found it simply festooned with flowers from floor to ceiling. Woolahra Church, where I preached for several Sundays, gave me a beautiful illuminated address, which I value highly, and Mrs. Hanson a handsome carriage clock, engraved with her name and date of

visit, which stands on our drawing-room table and reminds us constantly of our very happy visit, despite monsoons and *mal-de-mer*, to the land of the Southern Cross.

I may mention one last public service I was asked to undertake, for it led to my settlement in Montreal and may fitly close this record. Fourteen years ago "The Evangelical Alliance" of London commissioned the Venerable Archdeacon Madden, of Liverpool, and me to make a tour of Canada in the interests of Christian Union. Madden—alas! now gone to the majority—was then in his prime, and one of the best comrades ever traveller had. During the three months we were together, we visited some sixteen cities in Canada from Halifax to Prince Albert, and I, if you please, was invited to give a paper at the Bicentenary of the Church of England at Halifax. We had one especially amusing experience, when we got off the train at H——. Before we left the platform, we were waylaid by a reporter, who wished to know our impressions of the city. It struck us as very comical to be asked our opinion of a place we had not yet seen. Jestingly Madden ventured an estimate of the town and people: jokingly I contradicted him; in fun we kept up this cross-fire, and with a laugh ended it, ironically bidding the journalist to be sure not to miss a word of so illuminating a discussion. Little did we dream that any reporter would be asinine enough to report our bantering chatter. But when the local evening paper appeared, a whole column of this stuff decorated its front page, with the caption in large letters—"The Apostles of Peace at Variance Between Themselves." The result? The reporter's foolishness proved a fine advertisement. We had in H——the most crowded meeting we had during our trip. Evidently the public expected us to fight out our difference on the church platform, and came to see the duel.

Madden and I found in the course of our trip that Canada was fifty years ahead of the old land in the matter of Christian Union. I shall never forget the Archdeacon's amazement, when he first read the "Basis of Union" prepared for adoption by the Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians. "Why", said he, "this is the greatest document of the kind I have ever seen. Canada is leading the world." I agreed with him then: I see no reason to alter my opinion now.

The proposed "United Church" is not perfect; still it may be a step, and a long step, in the right direction. The Church I long for is a Church with a creed "as broad as God's charity and as narrow as His righteousness;" a Church conservative yet progressive, with a system of government comprehensive enough to include

all evangelicals, elastic enough to admit of large variety of forms and instruments of worship, according to local tastes and traditions, and yet authoritative enough to prevent eccentric developments and to determine the training and election of its ministers, the choice and function of its office-bearers, the character of its missions and the administration of its funds, free and independent enough to alter either its doctrines or its constitution according to the growing light of knowledge and experience and the changing needs of mankind—a Church reverential to the past, but not its blind devotee—a Church of such character or that made such its goal might well enlist the enthusiastic support of every Canadian Christian. I am more and more convinced, as I once heard Professor Rendel Harris say, that “the things which divide us are temporal: the things which unite us are eternal.” In that one great sentence you have the whole philosophy of Church Union. The more expression we can give, in every way open to us, to the truth proclaimed so nobly by Professor Harris, the better for the Church and the world. I declare my adhesion to the general principle of Union, but not to every particular manifestation thereof.