

BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND

By REV. WALTER D. COLE, D.D., LAFAYETTE, IND.



EW countries have had as much to do with making our own country what it is, as Holland; and the debt of humanity to her is great, because of the part she has taken in the defense and propagation of the principles of liberty. The Dutch immigrant in America is usually an honest, liberty-loving individual, and speedily becomes a loyal, in-

telligent citizen of his adopted country. Many of our best citizens are proud of their Dutch ancestry. To the truth of this latter statement every New Yorker will vouch without hesitation. The most striking features of a Holland landscape are dykes, canals, storks and windmills. The typical Dutchman presents an appearance which suggests staying qualities rather than grace and speed, and I have heard of no movement in our country to adopt the styles of the Dutch in the cut of their raiment.



The peculiar pride and treasure of the Holland city is its art gallery. Amsterdam and The Hague are possessed of rich and attractive art collections, in which are to be seen, as nowhere else in the world, the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Rubens and Van Dyke. Although the works of the Dutch masters are most in evidence,

there are not wanting those of other countries, notably the Italian.

The people of Holland are wonderfully attached to their queen, and few of them seem able to engage in conversation for more than a few words without mention of her. An interesting feature of our sojourn in Amsterdam was a visit to the church in which she was crowned; and in The Hague our guide could not be content until we had visited the church in which her marriage took place. Our guide also wished us to see the Royal Palace, and thither our driver was directed, but we were met at the portal with the information that the queen was not at home, and that the entire interior of her residence was in the chaos of the annual house-cleaning. At sound of the last-mentioned word we turned pale and precipitately fled.

It is perfectly safe to say that no person has ever seen either tulips or hyacinths, who has not made the journey from The Hague to Rotterdam in the

spring-time. Here these flowers are to be seen in greater profusion than anywhere else in the world, aflame with all the gorgeous coloring which the sun splashes upon the petals of tulip and hyacinth—miles upon miles of them—billows of beauty in endless succession, like the waves of the wide sea—and the breezes so heavy with perfume that they seem to be blowing from other and fairer worlds.

The only regret connected with our stay in Holland is, that it could not have been for weeks instead of days. A country so rich in art and beauty and historic association cannot be done in any satisfactory fashion in a short time. Leyden, Delft and Rotterdam are names suggestive of what awaits the visitor to Holland. In the first the student of history may find volumes of material. In the second the taste of the connoisseur may find unlimited delight. In the third the person interested in commercial enterprise may linger long without weariness.

"Commerce is the life of Holland," says Dr. Griffin, and the little submarine country cannot even afford to let the water stand still. There is no rest for a lazy river in Holland. It must keep moving and be made to work. The Dutchman has a jealous eye. He is always after the bottom of the water to dig up the valuable turf to dry and burn, the clay to knead and bake into bricks, and the fertile soil to turn into pastures or grain-fields. He routs out the eels and fish of shell or fin to put the mild-eyed cows in their places. The Dutch have already drained ninety lakes. They have dyked all the rivers and the sea. And they intend to conquer one new province by pumping out the Zuyder Zee. Nature left Holland a mudhole; the Dutch have made it a garden. We are glad to have seen this wonderful land and the people who say to the waves of the sea "thus far but no farther." But we must rush now like the rest of those tourists to be in time for the departure of the *Celtic*. We take passage across the North Sea on the good steamship *Dresden*, and in one short night from Rotterdam we are in the world's metropolis on the Thames.

ANY GRUMBLING ABOARD?

Certainly; a cruise like that, with eight hundred and twenty people gathered from all conditions and all States, must have some grumblers. I have no doubt the conductors of our Cruise felt more than once like comparing us to that persistent grumbler, "Sandy Black."

One morning Sandy rose, bent on a quarrel. The haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"If you had been a good and considerate wife, you would have known before this what I liked!" Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house.

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion the former called out: "Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken with mushrooms was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, followed by a roar of laughter from his friend, Sandy clinched his fist and shouted: "How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

IN SANDY'S LAND



REV. DR. FINDLEY IN IRELAND



BLARNEY CASTLE

FROM MILAN TO LONDON, VIA PARIS

BY PRESIDENT THEO. L. GARDINER, D.D.



SOME of our tourists are still lingering in Italy and we must go back a little.

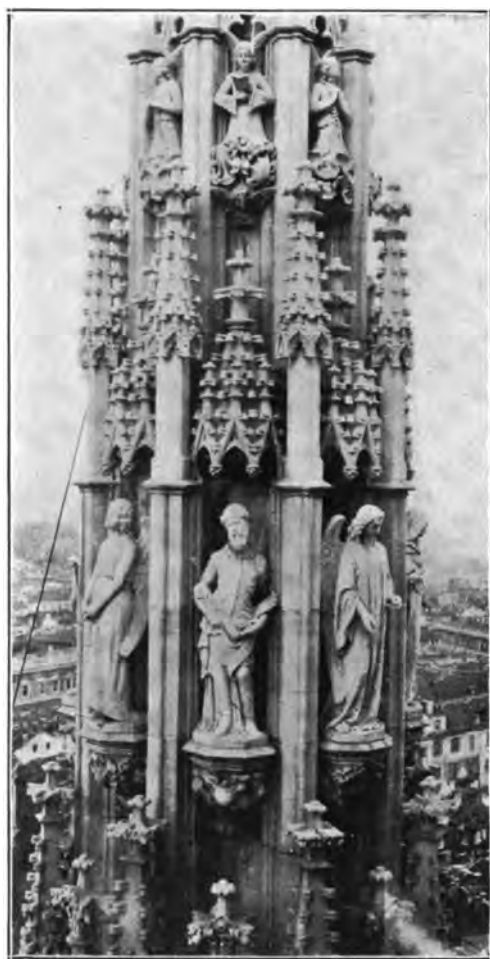
The main point of interest in the city of Milan is the famous cathedral. Every school-boy has its picture in his geography. It stands like an airy thing, with its hundred pinnacles and twenty-five hundred statues piercing the sky, and looking in the distance like fine, deep lace work inverted; while in reality it is solid Carrara marble. For hundreds of years it has attracted the attention of the world. We will not enter into details in any of these descriptions. Statistics which can be read in any cyclopædia or guide-book seem out of place here. There are beautiful churches and galleries, and a city that makes one of the finest commercial centers in all Italy, inviting the tourist to tarry here. Milan is the central point for many fine excursions to the beautiful Italian lakes and attractive Lombardy towns.

It was a beautiful morning when a fine company of "Celtics" met at the great cathedral, wandered through the magnificent interior and climbed three hundred and twenty-eight steps to the platform of its highest central tower. The panorama that spread about us was grand beyond description. We had passed through a forest of spires and statues and bas-reliefs into the clear upper air, and the world lay at our feet. The beautiful valley of Lombardy, well watered by the Olona, and prolific in the fruits of vineyards and orchards, stretched away on every hand, with the city at our feet set like a bunch of pearls in its midst; and with the rugged, snow-capped Alps in the distance, we had a picture never to be forgotten. It was a most inspiring scene.

But the scene in the basement of this cathedral was not so inspiring. The priest led us into a subterranean chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo, whose remains were there deposited. The chapel sides and ceilings were covered with gold and silver. The great casket case was made of precious metal; and a few turns by the showman slid the front side away, revealing a casket of pure rock crystal and gold. By manipulating an electric "bull's eye," he



enabled the company to look upon the black, skinny, grinning mummy face of this old saint, with thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, diamonds and precious stones piled upon his moldering form and hung about the



A SPIRE OF MILAN CATHEDRAL IN DETAIL

casket. The stories he told were off the same piece with those yarns spun out by the guides at Rome, about some other "saints"; and there was one observer at least thoroughly disgusted. This is a fair sample of the way some poor, deluded souls attempt to please God. Instead of using their money to endow some good school or hospital to bless mankind, they pile four million dollars' worth of jewels upon the rotting ashes of some poor, misguided dead man's corpse, who took a short cut to glory by suicide—starvation route by fanatical fasting—and then they spend all their God-given power in worshipping by holy water, and mumbled prayers, before this shrine while life lasts. It is *too bad*. We wish we had not seen such folly. Why can't they let the ashes of St. Charles rest in peace, instead of opening his grave to the eyes of curiosity-seekers every hour—for backsheesh!

We are ready to leave Milan by noon, and our train flies along the beautiful plain of Lombardy, with the snow-field of the Alps cutting the sky away to the northward, and we draw near to the borders of Switzerland. We bid adieu to Italy.

Beautiful, sunny, vine-clad, garden-terraced Italy! May the good work of Victor Emmanuel and Humbert go on until Italy becomes as free from superstition and ignorance as is our own native land.

And now, as we climb the rugged steeps toward St. Gothard Pass, with mountain-piled grandeur before us, and far-spreading beauty of plain and sky behind us, with the afternoon sunshine bathing all in splendor, we feel the utter incompetency of human pen to describe the scene. The tunnel at St. Gothard Pass is seven miles in length, and the combined length of this, with the smaller tunnels approaching it, make a tunnel travel of over fifteen miles. Several times we could see our own track over which we had come lying three

tracks below us, and, looking above, we could catch glimpses of the same track two or three stages above us, and holes of other tunnels through which we must soon plunge. This marvelous feat of engineering, by which the railroad zig-zags over the Alps, is the world's masterpiece in this line of work. As we broke through the mountains on the Switzerland side and began to descend, we found ourselves in the midst of great fields of snow and ice. Glaciers here and there, as we reached the lower grades, gave us fine illustrations of the work done by these rivers of ice in tearing down the mountains and building up the "drift" of the geological world.

The picturesque Swiss villages, the well-kept, terraced fields of the Swiss peasantry, with their little cottages hanging on the mountain sides, were all full of interest. The glimpses of their quiet and thrifty home life which we obtained gave sufficient explanation of the secret of their success as a sturdy, world-honored, freedom-loving people during their wonderful history.

The train halted a moment at the home of William Tell, and we had a fine view of the crags and peaks which he loved so well.

As the train bore us in and out along the winding borders of Lake Lucerne, surrounded by its fertile fields filled with herds of the splendid Swiss cattle and with its fine cottage homes on every hilltop, we could see behind us, glistening in the rays of the setting sun, the snow-covered peaks towering to the sky, and thanked the kind Providence that brought us into Lucerne just as the evening sun was doing his very best to display the supreme grandeur of this wonderful country.

In four hours we had passed from the garden lands of Italy into the ice-bound fields of snow and glaciers; and again, into the clear, cool, bracing spring-time of Lake Lucerne. The city itself sat in the glory of this sunset mirrored in the clear waters of the lake, surrounded by its mountains of crystal, and seemed like a city in Paradise.

The student of geology finds a world of interest in this country. Here in Lucerne are found the world-renowned glacier gardens, with their glacier mills and wonders of fossil life and marvels of erosion. We could have spent two months here instead of two days, and found every day full of new interest.

The next week was spent in Paris. What a contrast! From God's best work in nature to man's best work in art! From the sturdy, strong-hearted people of the Alps to the effeminate, soft-mannered people of France! The one constant in all history in its efforts for freedom and in its devotion to republican government, the other inconstant and fickle in all its history, wavering



LOVELY LUCERNE

between the monarchy, the commune and the republic. In the one you feel the genuineness of every pretention, in the other you cannot help the feeling that half of the pretended politeness is a sham.

But Paris is a great city. Here you meet the refined polish of Christendom. It is a city of magnificent buildings—the monuments of Louis XIV and of the Napoleons.

Everybody visits the Louvre, the Tuileries and Versailles. Everybody rides on their splendid boulevards and studies the scenes in the great business marts. Paris boasts of the finest opera house in all the world, but we did not see the inside of it, so will not testify as to the truth of the boast.

What everybody sees, everybody writes about. Then why should I intrude upon your precious time with details about the Louvre, with its world-renowned



THE CITY ON LAKE LUCERNE

museums of art, heraldry and archæology? Why should I try with feeble pen to portray those noble, historic palaces, with splendid ornamental architecture, stretching away until you feel as if there was no end; and surrounded by magnificent parks filled with fountains, with flowers of every clime, and with monuments that immortalize the heroes of France, and keep fresh the memory of the world's greatest deeds? You must see it for yourself.

Why should I attempt to portray the almost incomprehensible grandeur of Versailles, the home of all the kings, with its magnificent halls, full of royal furniture and royal paintings; with its artificial lakes, fountain, and beautifully kept gardens; and its famous park of Louis XIV, as large as a county, containing the Petit Trianon and the Grand Trianon?—home of Napoleon and his queens?

You have strolled through the shady dells of Versailles, amid the throngs of sight-seers, and witnessed all these signs of departed glory.

You have joined the multitudes in the Louvre to admire the works of famous artists; you have bowled along the wonderful boulevards of Paris, with her thronging, bustling thousands, and felt the thrill of her wonderful life until fairly bewildered with the world of culture and of beauty about you. It was worth a pilgrimage to see and feel the beauty and the power of Paris.

We hope the days of her vacillation are ended, and that she may never again be compelled to humble herself before mobs of the commune; and that her love for the republic may never again give place to a craze for the mon-

archy. Five pleasant days in beautiful Paris, and with hearts full of hope for a pleasant journey, we are off for London.

But alas for human hopes! The English Channel lies between France and England, and he who would see London must needs cross this turbulent little pond. This would mean nothing, however, if there could be found a Frenchman capable of running a decent, up-to-date steamer, in case such a



PARIS—PALAIS DE JUSTICE

steamer could be found for him to run anywhere along these shores.

A fine American steamer, with an ordinary American captain and wide-awake crew, would make this trip a thing of comfort instead of five hours of misery, as it now is.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

But when you take into consideration the dumb-headed stupidity of the average French sailor, and the fact that you are compelled to cross in a miserable, filthy, toppling old tub, such as no American would be mean enough to use in transporting swine across the lakes, then the crossing of the boisterous English



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS

Channel does become formidable. Here we met the first really unhappy experience of the three months' cruising around the world. The flunkey, with the strut of a drum major (they called him captain), whose chief business on board seemed to be to display the gilt and tinsel spread over his uniform and to keep the line between the "first" and "second" classes clearly defined, seemed

to care nothing whatever for the comfort of his passengers.

If you want to find a flunkey with about as much brains as a clothing-store dummy, who can put on a fool face and strut and swell as though he made the world and all the people in it, you need go no further than the Paris coachman or the uniformed thing called "captain" on a French tub in the English Channel.

There was a large, jolly company of the "Celtics" on board that day, who prepared to be happy in a five hours' trip at sea. Everything went well for the first half hour. The flunkey had been fairly successful in sending the many who traveled "second class" below decks, where they belonged, and left the few who held "first class" tickets to swing in the sky on the upper deck (this is the only thing wherein he was a success), and with one part overcrowded while there was lots of room in the other, he left Dame Nature to do the rest. Soon there seemed to be a lull in the sociability of the passengers, and most of them seemed more thoughtful than I had seen them for weeks before. Many of them began to wear a far-away, lonesome look, and finally all conversation ceased and everybody seemed absorbed in meditation, thinking, I presume, of home and native land. About this time I noticed my own true yoke-fellow and companion in travel with his face buried in his two hands and his elbows planted on his knees. It was certainly an attitude of true penitence, and on second look I discovered that a large proportion of my fellow-passengers also were seized with this strange freak. What could they all have been doing to bring upon them such a woe-begone look of despair? They had crossed the great Atlantic without any such symptoms of penitence; they had tumbled about in small craft at every Mediterranean landing for two months and sailed that great sea from end to end and back, and yet had never shown signs of such

a mood as this. There is certainly some burden too heavy for them to bear, or this crowd of people could never be so wrought upon in so short a time. We also noticed that when they "came to a decision," and "made a start," they always went through a similar "experience." This was simple and was "only a step," but it seemed in every case to be a step in the right direction, and you all know that such a step always brings relief.

It was remarkable to see what a change came over their faces as one after another they arose, stepped to the rail and quietly looked overboard for only a few moments. The look of relief that lighted up each countenance as they turned away from that rail was proof conclusive even to the most skeptical that all that burden was gone; and the look of quiet resignation that took possession was a pleasant thing to see. My companion seemed like another man after that little look overboard, and he came and stood by me with a look of sweet resignation such as I had not noticed for some time. During all this time I began to feel very stubborn-hearted, to think I was unmoved by that which had so marvelously affected all the congregation. I confess to a strange "Oh, my!" feeling, and that I was inclined to regard things far at sea rather than things near at hand that were associated with the rolling and tumbling of the old tub—I cannot call it ship. Indeed, I quite determined to ignore everything in connection with my immediate surroundings and "stave off conviction," if possible.

In this I had been fairly successful until within a half hour of smooth waters and had begun to feel that victory was mine. But alas for poor human nature! It can't stand everything, and all at once, and just at that critical moment when victory was wavering in the balance, up came two miscreants in human form and, standing on the windy side close beside me, deliberately lighted two of the meanest-smelling foreign cigarettes ever made, and puffed the stinking stuff squarely in my face. This was the "last feather," and it broke the poor camel's back. Quick as thought I stepped away from those fellows toward the rail. I did not wait to excuse myself, either. I had yielded the point, and the case seemed urgent. The response was instantaneous and relief came quickly.

Somehow, I feel as though my companion in travel really felt glad to see his chum yield the point and get rid of his burden. At any rate, he seemed to have a sort of self-satisfied look, which I had failed to discover before. But then, he is welcome to it, and, now it is all over and we are safely on shore, the accustomed sociability manifests itself among the *Celtic* crowd, and we speed merrily towards London.

FINAL BITS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY

PARIS

PERIODICALS

- BOIS DE BOULOGNE, THE PLEASURE PROMENADE. By B. De Saint-Pol Lais. *Catholic World*, vol. 75, p. 441.
ELECTRIC TRANSIT IN LONDON AND PARIS. By I. N. Ford. *Century*, vol. 63, p. 399.
HOLIDAY NOTES FROM PARIS. By K. De Forest. *Harper's Bazaar*, vol. 36, p. 66.
IS PARIS HEALTHY? *Review of Reviews*, vol. 25, p. 358.
LATIN QUARTER OF TO-DAY. *Harper's Weekly*, vol. 46, p. 42.

LONDON

PERIODICALS

- ARTISTIC, LITERARY AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES. By J. H. Hager. *Bookman*, vol. 15, pp. 141, 263.
LONDON AS IT NOW IS. By C. Roberts. *World's Work*, vol. 4, p. 2182.
NEW BOHEMIA. *Living Age*, vol. 233, p. 28.
OUTDOOR POOR RELIEF IN LONDON. *Charities*, vol. 8, p. 299.
VANISHING LONDON. By W. Sidebotham. *Living Age*, vol. 233, p. 493.

IRELAND

PERIODICALS

- IRISH CHEER. *Living Age*, vol. 233, p. 60.
IRISH RENAISSANCE. *Review of Reviews*, vol. 25, p. 727.
ISEULT'S CHAPEL NEAR DUBLIN. By J. Moore. *Atheneum*, 1902, vol. 1, p. 473.
LAND WAR IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. *Nineteenth Century*, vol. 51, p. 732.
LIGHT AND SHADE IN IRELAND. *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 171, p. 456.

SCOTLAND

PERIODICALS

- AMERICAN GIRL IN SCOTLAND. By E. Taylor. *Harper's Bazar*, vol. 36, p. 493.
CLASMEN OF SCOTLAND. By D. Story. *Munsey*, vol. 27, p. 209.
CRIME IN SCOTLAND. *Charities*, vol. 8, p. 303.
MISTS OF SKYE. By A. Colton. *Harper's Monthly*, vol. 104, p. 797.
TRANSFORMATION OF THE SCOTTISH TEMPERAMENT. By W. Wallace. *Fortnightly Review*, vol. 77, p. 690.
WALTER SCOTT'S LAND. By W. Sharp. *Harper's Monthly*, vol. 105, p. 3.

MILLIONAIRE GLOBE-TROTTERS AT LIVERPOOL

There was a scene of more than usual interest on the landing-stage yesterday morning, April 8th, when the magnificent White Star liner, *Celtic*, came alongside, after completing one of the most comprehensive pleasure trips of modern times.

A GLIMPSE OF LONDON

BY MISS S. M. LEVERICH, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



SPECIAL train was in waiting at Liverpool to convey passengers of the *Celtic* to London, and they were soon whirling past the smiling fields and hedges green of beautiful "Old England."

"How shall we begin to see this great city," said a fellow-traveler the next morning.

Let us walk along Oxford street to Regent Circus (that Mecca of shoppers) and so to Trafalgar Square, stopping to admire Landseer's Lions, that guard the Nelson Monument; glancing at the National Gallery near by. Let us continue along Whitehall, with its memories of Charles I and Cromwell; surveying the living statues of the "Horse Guards," to Westminster Abbey and Parliament Square, where stands the statue of Lord Beaconsfield. His statue was profusely decorated with wreaths and devices of his favorite flower, the primrose, for this is Primrose Day. It is kept each year to commemorate the death of the "Great Conservative."

And now let us go to the Victoria Embankment, that magnificent boulevard and garden on the shores of the Thames, on which stands the Obelisk given by Egypt to the City of London, and taken from its native soil fifteen hundred years before Marc Antony and Cleopatra. But a few short weeks ago we were standing on the site from which it came. How like an alien it seems amid the roar and smoke of mighty London. Westminster Bridge, on which we stand, is the finest of the fifteen bridges of London, under which flows the Thames, that living, moving line dividing the great city into twain.

Upon this river anchor the large ocean steamers and every kind of craft that navigates the seas. A tour of its banks will give one an idea of the famous



Port of London, and of the docks, covering more than a thousand acres. We were a little early in the season and missed the smart little steamers that always ply the river in summer and have their piers on the Embankment.

How strange to think that the Strand, now the great artery to the West End, was once upon these very banks.



TOWER OF LONDON

Westminster Abbey shows grandly from here. Within it all the reigning sovereigns have been crowned since Edward I; but its hospitable doors, except those of the Jerusalem Chamber, were now closed in preparation for the coronation of the seventh Edward; consequently we could not view the larger resting-place of so many of England's illustrious

dead. But it is not here alone that the Resurrection Day will sound:

I say to thee, come forth."

Waves may not foam, nor wild winds sweep

Where rests not England's dead.

The Jerusalem Chamber will well repay a visit. You enter it from the abbot's courtyard, a place anything but inviting.

Once upon the inside, however, your interest is at once awakened. The whole room seems to be panelled on the inside with cedar, and here at one side is a splendid cedar mantel-piece, put up at the time of Charles I's marriage. Its walls are hung with tapestries representing many fanciful scenes from Jerusalem and the Orient. They date from the time of Henry VIII and formerly hung in the choir.

The story of Henry IV's death here is of special interest to us, as we have just come from Jerusalem. When he



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

fell asleep here in 1413, he was on the eve of starting for the Holy Land. In 1643 the great Assembly of Divines made here the famous Confession of Faith, which has been exciting so much interest recently among Presbyterians in America. Two weeks after our arrival and more than two hundred and fifty years after it was formulated, it was so revised and modified as to be accepted by all the parties who subscribe to it as expressing their faith.

It was here, too, that the noted Assembly of Divines met for fourteen years to give to the Christian world the revised version of our Bible. It occupied seven hundred and ninety-two days, completing its work June 20th, 1884. It has been the scene of so many stately meetings that we are at first disappointed with its furnishings; but we must remember that it is five hundred years old and has been kept for its sacred associations. The windows contain some painted glass from the thirteenth century. The arms of James I, combined with those of Westminster and the see of Lincoln, may be seen in the carved cedar chimney-piece.

And now that bird of London, the hansom, entices us for a drive to the nearest parks, those green oases in the wilderness of masonry, St. James's Park, on the borders of which stand St. James's Palace, Buckingham Palace, and Marlboro House.

The Green Park is almost a continuation of St. James's; Regent's Park, with its botanical and zoölogical gardens, and lastly, to Hyde Park, the choicest of them all. It contains three hundred and ninety acres, with delightful walks, flowers, shrubbery, great gnarled old trees, its Rotten Row and its numerous drives, many of them sacred only to the world of rank. In the distance, on the right, looms up Kensington Palace; on the left rises the golden spire of the Albert Memorial.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Seven miles from Hyde Park Corner are the Royal Gardens of Kew, said to be the finest in the world, and covering over two hundred and seventy acres. Here is the Great Palm House; the Rhododendron Walk and the Botanical Garden, with its water-lily basin, in the center of which rises the papyrus that we had seen in its native land of Egypt.

There is always something so hospitable in the notice of "tea" around about England, and here it was most acceptable, inviting us to rest and be refreshed. To be sure, it must be paid for, but the cost is so little that it always seems

as if our "English cousins" were heaping coals of fire on our heads for throwing over the tea in Boston Harbor.

Another thing we might copy are the cities of refuge, as it were, in the midst of London's thoroughfares, where, if one can reach safely certain four posts and a platform, they are safe till a chance comes to cross to the other side. It is good for self-esteem sometimes to find there is something we can mend at home.

These are a few of the "ways around London." Let us take one of the countless 'buses, whose destination is almost lost among its advertisements, and dismount as near as possible to the Houses of Parliament. The Victoria Tower is the most conspicuous object in the metropolis, and "Big Ben," its clock, is the largest in England. As we enter the central hall, to the right is the House of Lords; to the left the House of Commons. No pauses in the sight-seeing are allowed. And, "ladies, leave behind your side-satchels."

The Tower of London! These "Towers around whose circuit dread," how closely are they entwined with the most stirring scenes in English history. How many groans and tears have consecrated these gray old walls! When we enter by the Lion's Gate, the first object of interest is the Traitor's Gate. Opposite to it an arch and portcullis lead to the inner ward. Among the many towers are the Bloody Tower; the Wakefield Tower, in which is the Regalia; the Great White Tower, containing the Armories; the Bell Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower, or the prisons, whose arches are inscribed with names cut by the illustrious prisoners. Opposite is Tower Green, in the center of which suffered Anne Boleyn, Katharine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey.

These grim old towers are the only fortification of London, and the most celebrated citadel of England; but

Britannia needs no bulwarks
To frown along the steep.
Her march is on the mountain wave,
And her home is on the deep.

London may have its darkest side, but it has also its brightest, and among the latter are the many churches, which are as a mighty bulwark against the war of sin and Satan. There is St. Paul's, the masterpiece of Wren, whose dome stands so grand and serene amid the tumult of the great metropolis, and where also rest, in monumental remembrance, so many of her illustrious sons; St. Mary le Bow, with its famous Bow Bells, and the great three thousand others, that are a link between the present and the past, and whose influence radiates to the utmost parts of earth.

The town palaces of royalty are three, viz.: St. James, from which came the name of the famous court; Buckingham Palace, which Her Majesty first occupied in 1837; and Marlborough House, the home of King Edward when Prince of Wales.

But the *Celtic* beckons, and we must go. Tears almost start as we drive along the familiar streets, each endeared to us by the ties of literature and tongue. I must hasten to give you the summary of one who has made a longer study of this great metropolis.

FACTS ABOUT LONDON

It is the largest city the world has produced, teems with the most interesting social problems, and presents many opportunities to study some of the most important movements of society. Those who desire to engage in this study will find the large district of which Whitechapel is the center a most promising field.

The London County Council recently constructed six thousand eight hundred and sixteen tenements, modern and comfortable, and at a low rental, capable of housing forty-one thousand two hundred and one people, at a cost of ten million dollars. A scheme involving an expenditure of fourteen million seven hundred thousand dollars is now being carried out to enlarge the main drain system. The length of the main intercepting sewers in London is eighty-seven and a half miles, and sixty million tons of sewage have to be pumped and deodorized annually. The entire work will be finished by 1907-08. A new bridge is being constructed to take the place of old Vauxhall Bridge, at a cost of one million nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two new tunnels are also being constructed under the Thames below the Tower Bridge. The first is a foot-passenger tunnel, and will cost a half million dollars. The second is for vehicles and tramways, and will involve an expenditure of ten million dollars.

Directions for investigation can be received at Toynbee Hall, which is located in the district. All grades of humanity are found in this city, and in London one can study the world in epitome. It makes a deep impression as one emerges directly from Lombard street, the Bank of England, and the great center of wealth and commerce, into the slums, a contrast the like of which it is hardly possible to find elsewhere. In spite of the multitudes which hustle and almost trample on each other, it can be the dreariest and loneliest place on earth. "I have no one to think of or care for me," said a lady who had spent her entire life in the heart of the city. So overwhelming is the great mass that the individual is in danger of being lost and life of becoming cheap.

Interesting statements respecting the city were made recently by the editor of "Great Thoughts." Taking the whole of London, not merely what is technically called The City, we find that its area stretches fourteen miles from north to south, and seventeen from east to west. It contains at least thirty thousand streets, which, if placed end to end, would stretch as far as from New York to San Francisco.

"There are more Jews in London than in the whole of Palestine, more Scotsmen than in Edinburgh, and more Irishmen than in Dublin. It contains thousands of Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, while numbers of Dutchmen, Spaniards, Japs, and Chinamen mingle daily in its crowded thoroughfares. . . . It exceeds by three hundred thousand souls the whole population of Portugal, by eighty thousand that of Canada, and surpasses that of The Netherlands by more than half a million."

Five hundred and eighty-one aliens in Great Britain applied for naturalization during 1900, but there were only twenty-six Americans among the number. There are more than six thousand Americans permanently settled in London alone, and of this number not one hundred have become naturalized subjects of His Majesty.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND

BY REV. MOSES D. H. STEEN, D.D., PH. D.



CATHEDRAL is a church containing a Bishop's throne or seat, and a source of ecclesiastical power. It is usually built in the form of a Latin or Greek cross, and is not distinguished architecturally from the *basilica*—a term first applied in Athens to buildings in which public business was transacted, and afterwards in Rome to stately edifices of an oblong shape, with four corners adorned with Corinthian columns, generally used for the administration of justice. Many of them became churches—places of religious jurisdiction and authority, and are still called basilicas. The Church of St. John of Lateran at Rome, founded by Constantine, is called a basilica. It



is the Episcopal, or Cathedral church of the Pope of Rome, and at its chief altar none but he can officiate at mass. Over the portal is the Latin motto: *Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*; "Mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world."

England has many cathedrals which are worthy of description and special notice, but as space is limited, and we have not visited all of them, we shall confine ourselves to a few brief words concerning the most important only in the "Church of England." This Church is divided into two Archbishoprics, of Canterbury and York. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the primate of all England,

the first peer of the realm, having precedence over all temporal Lords, excepting those of royal blood, and the Lord Chancellor. He is not only a member of Parliament, but a leader representing Episcopacy in England, and exercising great political power. He crowns the King, and is a member of the privy council. The Archbishop of York is Primate of England. He crowns the Queen, and is her chaplain, and has the same honors, privileges, and political powers in Parliament and the King's Cabinet as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The city of Canterbury is located on the line of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway, fifty-two miles from London, and can easily be visited by stopping off one day on the way to Brussels or Paris. It is a beautiful place, of no commercial importance, but of great historical and ecclesiastical interest. The Cathedral building is a splendid structure, standing forth in magnificent grandeur. It is five hundred and seventy-four feet long and one hundred and fifty-nine feet wide, and the crypts, which extend under the entire building, are the finest in England and contain several chapels. The windows are of stained glass, and the colors exceedingly rich and beautiful. It has three towers—one in the center, of remarkable beauty, two hundred and thirty-five feet high—and two at the west end. The nave and transepts are lovely, and the whole interior is considered the finest in England. It contains numerous monuments, among which are those of Edward the Black Prince, Henry IV, and the remains of Archbishop Thomas à Becket, who was murdered before the high altar December 29, 1170.



The Cathedral of York is located in a city of the same name, about one hundred and seventy-two miles from London, and is by many considered the finest church in England. It is irregular in plan and different parts, erected at different dates, yet it is imposing from its grand dimensions. It is also the seat of the most important Bishop in the North of England. The majestic appearance of the exterior, with its three richly decorated and lofty towers, its magnificent west front and gracefully pro-

portioned windows, fill the mind with beauty combined with grandeur. The interior, with its lofty nave and choir (the highest in England), and far stretching distance, adds dignity to beauty. The great west window is one of the most famous of English cathedral windows, and probably one of the largest in the



world. It is famous for its stained glass, dating from the early part of the fourteenth century. It is five hundred and twenty-four feet long and two hundred and twenty-two feet wide. The height of the nave is ninety-nine and a half feet, and the height of the central square tower two hundred and thirteen

feet, which contains a chime of twelve bells, one of which weighs eleven and one half tons. One of the best views of the exterior of this Cathedral is from the walls of the city.



LONDON—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

St. Paul's Cathedral in London is the fifth in size of all the great churches in Europe, being smaller than the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedrals of Florence, Milan and Amiens. It is built of fine Portland stone,

after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and was finished in 1710. Its length is five hundred feet, the transept two hundred and eighty-five feet, and the west front one hundred and eighty feet wide. The campanile towers at the west front are each two hundred and twenty-two feet high. We cannot but admire as we look at the splendor of St. Paul's, with its vast and graceful dome, its spacious interior, the innumerable arches culminating in the great central arch whose keystone is the summit of the dome itself. The stained glass windows, which harmonize with the rich color of the mosaic, illustrating the Six Days of Creation, and the great costly marbles and rich sculpture, serve to throw into relief the magnificent wood carving of the stalls and organ case. Near the western end of the Cathedral the great monument of the Duke of Wellington is a conspicuous object in one of the side aisles. The great dome of this Cathedral



is the most prominent object in all views of London, rising as it does to a height of four hundred and four feet.

The Cathedral of Oxford is Christ's Church, and also the Chapel of the College of the same name. It was originally the Priory of St. Frideswide, founded as a nunnery by the father of the Saxon saint whose name it bore. Soon after the formation of the diocese of Oxford it became the Cathedral. In its present form it is the smallest in England. A recent writer has said, "As a college chapel it is a noble fane; as a cathedral, it is a disappointing —"

The Cathedral of Chester is located in the quaint old walled city of Chester, on the River Dee, seventeen miles southeast from Liverpool. It was originally the Abbey of St. Werburgh, built for the Benedictines, in 1095, by Hugh Lupus, assisted by St. Anselm. It is a remarkable Gothic structure, full of interesting memories.

But when shall I tell you of Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, Salisbury, Wells, Exeter, Truro, Litchfield, Bristol, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Southwell, St. Albans and Norwich, New Castle-on-Tyne, Wakefield, Ripon, Durham, Manchester, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough and Liverpool?

These cathedrals stand as splendid witnesses of the heroism, self-sacrifice, and faith of the past. But the New World is bent more on the building of character than of cathedrals.



LESSON IN TOMB AND SPIRE

A VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

By C. W. ARCHBOLD, PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.



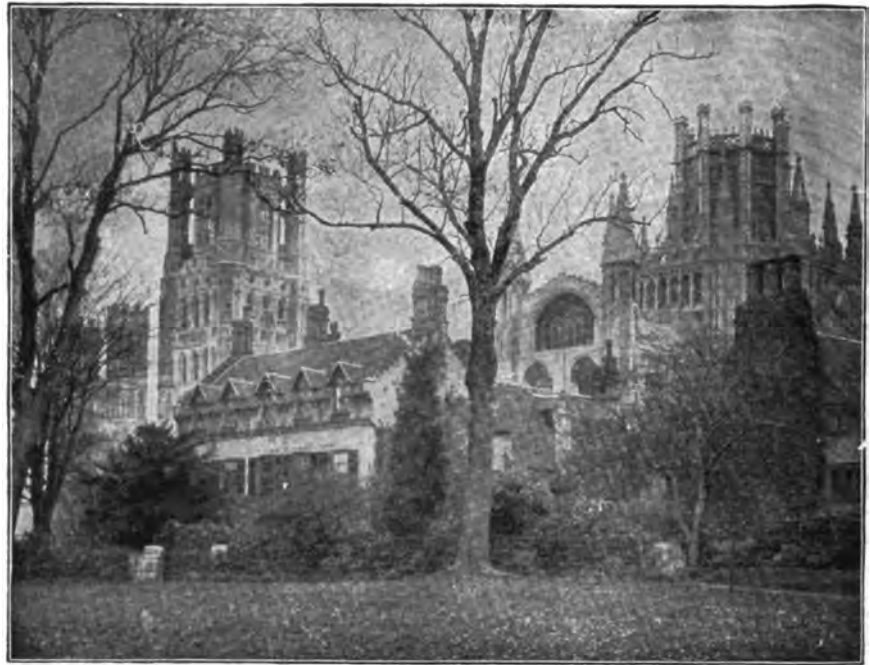
LARGE percentage of American tourists visiting England, possibly a majority, contemplate a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. This desire of American tourists is so well understood by the railroads that special favors are granted them, allowing them to stop off, not only at Stratford-on-Avon, but at other points of interest in traveling across England. Our ride via the North Western Railroad from Liverpool to Shakespeare's birth-place afforded us our first glimpse of rural England. The country was beautiful in the early spring time, and most of the farms we saw seemed to be kept as



carefully as a park. There was not a bramble or thorn to be seen, and in fact not any of the underbrush so readily discernible from car windows in many parts of our own country. The country is apparently under perfect cultivation.

On arriving at Stratford-on-Avon, we discovered that the 'bus that met our train was labeled "Shakespeare Hotel." We were pleased to be assured that we could find quarters in this famous hostelry. As the matter of hotel accommodations is always of much interest to travelers, perhaps a few words about the Shakespeare Hotel, "with its five gables," may not be out of place. It was originally a manor house, but for the last two hundred years it has been known as a hotel. On arriving at this hotel, we were assigned a room designated "Love's Labor Lost," and some friends who journeyed with us were assigned to

"King Lear." I judge all the rooms in the hotel are named after Shakespeare plays. Perhaps the most pleasing name for a bedroom is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The coffee room is appropriately named "As You Like It," and the bar "Measure for Measure." We noticed an old sign at the head of the black oak staircase, which we were informed used to swing outside the hotel at least one hundred and fifty years ago. This sign bears an excellent portrait of Shakespeare, with the inscription, "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." I confess I was much impressed with this old sign and although so long a time has elapsed since it first began to swing, it seems certain a second Shakespeare has not yet appeared above the horizon of the world of letters.



There is much about the hotel to suggest Shakespeare's famous saying, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" In fact this inn doubtless represents a class of public houses well known in smaller English cities and villages. I noticed with interest that the really fine looking woman who, in accordance with English custom, had charge of the business affairs of the house, would promptly leave almost any duty to which she might be giving attention, to draw ale or porter for guests who were bibulously inclined. The bar or tap room consists of an enlarged section of the main hall of the hotel at the rear end. Another famous hotel of Stratford-on-Avon is the Red Horse Hotel, known as Washington Irving's Inn.

In making the rounds at Stratford, we first drove to the little village of Shottery, located perhaps a mile from the center of the town, where is the cottage in which Anne Hathaway (afterwards Shakespeare's wife), is said to have lived. I confess my heart goes out to poor Anne Hathaway, after all these hundreds of years, as I fear she has been the subject of unmerited harsh judgment. Critics seem to find fault with her because she was eight years older than Shakespeare, and also because there seems to be no record that she ever accompanied him in his visits to London, and it is of record that she was only mentioned in his will in connection with the "Second Best Bed." Perhaps the writer who played upon her name by saying, "Anne Hath-a-way, Anne Hath-a-way," may have hinted at the real cause of the trouble, if trouble really existed—between her and her poet husband. But at all events, as our little guide book informed us, "It is certain she was once his sweetheart and the humble thatched cottage in which she dwelt attracts therefore that interest which surrounds all belonging to the immortal poet of Avon." The cottage has a picturesque location, and is doubtless a type of the better class of cottage homes of the old days in England. Cosy nooks were pointed out to us, where it is said the poet did his courting. Beautiful April flowers were blooming in the grounds about the cottage, and in fact the atmosphere of the place seemed favorable to love-making. Many tourists of Stratford prefer to walk across the fields in the traditional path which Shakespeare took in his visits to Anne Hathaway. The birthplace of Shakespeare is a double two-storied gabled house with latticed windows, located on Henley street. It was restored about fifty years ago, and is closely cared for, with a view to gratifying a multitude of visitors. We were told that about thirty thousand people visit the birthplace annually. On entering the house we were promptly shown to the birthroom of the poet. The signatures of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle, inscribed on a window pane, were pointed out. The windows overlook the garden, in which are planted trees and flowers alluded to in Shakespeare's works. The Shakespeare Museum immediately adjoining the birthplace occupies a portion of the tenement which formerly served John Shakespeare, father of the poet, as a wool shop. This Museum contains many relics connected with the poet and his times, including an old desk from the grammar school, at which he is said to have sat, also several early editions of his plays and legal documents of various kinds connected with the Shakespeare family. The custodian of the Museum in speaking of the distinguished visitors he had welcomed there, said that one of the recent visitors was Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who will be remembered as a former resident of New York, but now a resident of England and a subject of His Majesty King Edward VII. In speaking of Shakespeare's desk and the grammar school where he was educated, the intelligent lady attendant at the Museum told us with much enthusiasm, that if the character of the grammar school in which Shakespeare was educated was better understood, there would not be so much surprise at the extent and accuracy of his learning. She maintained it was a superior school for the time, and added, "That school educated an archbishop of Canterbury." The Holy Trinity Church is where Shakespeare was christened, and where he lies buried in an imposing structure of pointed gothic

architecture, is approached by a beautiful avenue of lime trees. Many tall elm trees are found in an enclosure in which a colony of rooks have made their home. The verger in attendance in the church told us there was no evidence that Shakespeare was a regular attendant on the services in the church, but it is certain he was brought there twice, at his christening, and at his burial. I take the liberty to quote here the well known lines on the slab over the poet's grave, for the sake of emphasizing what the verger told us as to the poet's probable reason for composing this remarkable epitaph for himself. He said the sensitive nature of the poet had doubtless been shocked at seeing the village gravedigger throw up the bones of people long since dead in excavating new graves:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt. spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt. moves my bones.

No doubt this epitaph served the purpose of preventing the removal of the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey, where they would likely otherwise have been taken. Other notable objects to be seen in making the rounds at Stratford are the Shakespeare Memorial buildings, which consist of a theatre, library and art gallery; the Shakespeare Monument, the gift of Lord Ronald Gower to the town of Stratford; the fountain and clock tower, the gift of our discriminating and benevolent fellow-countryman, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Also the "New Place," which was Shakespeare's later home, purchased in the days of his prosperity, and in which he died. Shakespeare had three children, Susanne, born in May, 1583; Hamnet and Judith, twin children, born in February, 1585. The boy Hamnet died at the age of twelve years. The daughters grew up to womanhood, and Susanne was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, and Judith was married to Thomas Quincy, a vintner of Stratford. From the records it would seem likely that Shakespeare died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth. The record is that he died April 23rd, 1616. He was christened April 26th, 1564. The custom of the time was to christen children when three days old, and it would therefore seem likely that he was born on the 23rd of April in that year.

I confess my visit to Stratford gave me a new conception of the vastness of Shakespeare's genius. It is true there have been many more voluminous authors, but what poet is there who maintained such a high standard of excellence throughout, or who said so many things worthy to be preserved for all time? The town of Stratford is an attractive, well-kept little city, evidently proud to have been the birthplace and home of the greatest of poets. The Avon excited our unbounded admiration, and this gentle stream, which Shakespeare loved so well, and which he has immortalized, still

Makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

WALES

THE LAND OF THE RUGGED WORTH

BY REV. LEWIS WILLIAMS, B.D., UTICA, N. Y.



At last we are in Wales, the "land of our fathers," the only spot where men, women and children did not reach out the hand for "backsheeh." We have had a little time to visit some points of interest, and this only to admire the more its wooded hills, its rugged mountains and beautiful and fertile valleys, the clear, pure springs issuing from the hillsides, its trout streams and winding rivers flowing between the tall mountain ranges toward the sea.

In comparing Wales with all the lands of our wanderings, we can truly say it is far and away ahead in mountain scenery, beautifully wooded vales, the bluest skies and most golden sunsets. Our fates located us in the most picturesque part of this little principality, whose entire length in all is only two hundred miles and breadth one hundred miles. Like Palestine, it has concentrated history and natural beauty. Dolgelly, the town of our birth, sixty-five miles from



Liverpool, is nestled in a vale surrounded by lofty and wooded mountains, the chief point being "Cader Idris," whose peak is three thousand feet above sea level and second to Wales' famous Snowden in height. The name is derived from Idris, a traditional giant, and from its shape is called the "chair," from which he viewed the heavens in astronomical study, and cast down stones, which to this day are pointed out. From its top, difficult of ascent, Ireland and the British Channel may be seen, and, under clear skies, more than fourteen villages, with rivers and lakes. Bugle echoes here have marvelous effects, and the discharge of a pistol calls forth the tongues of the rocks with prodigious power. Every variety of hue and kind of forest obtains. Our cousin, with whom we chiefly stop, Evan Francis, made a collection of four hundred and

thirty-four different kinds of wood in this one little shire (Merionethshire) which he placed in a museum—a rare exhibit for so small a territory. Outside our window stands a grand sycamore and beside it two magnificent “cedars of Lebanon.” To us who have seen the naturally beautiful Palestine in its present barren, treeless wastes, it seems a very lavish wealth of nature. I do not wonder the hearts of Wales’ sons scattered over our own land turn loyally and with warmth to their native land. John Ruskin says, “The grandest scenery in all the world is from Dolgelly, ten miles to Barmouth on the sea; and the next grandest is from Barmouth back to Dolgelly.” The sea on one side of the fine boulevard and the high cliffs with castle and abbey on the other. Wales is old

in history. Since its subjection to the English under Henry VIII, English laws and customs of inheritance have prevailed. Lords and gentry own the land. There is small chance for the small tenant; still a wonderful strength of clannish



DOLGELLY AND "CADER IDRIS"

character, loyal to its race and true to its own peculiar instincts, lives and will ever live in every warm Welsh heart. Here and everywhere the musical predilections of the Welsh are well known. Their attachment to the harp is



PRECIPICE WALK, DOLGELLY

universal, and is strengthened by traditional and historical associations. Anciently their harp had only a single row of strings, but by a peculiar management of finger and thumb, flat and sharp notes were perfectly produced. The modern congresses of bards and minstrels have strengthened the people's natural love of music, until child or adult among the hardy Cambrians can scarcely be found who do not give forth the plaintive melodies and joyous carols of their hills and valleys. Their past afflictions have given a deep pathos to their Welsh airs. In minerals Wales abounds. A large gold mine is just back of us, now worked by hundreds of men, "Prince of Wales" mine. It long remained idle, when the father of your honored townsman, William B. Parry, of Roberts & Parry, hard-

ware, discovered a new vein, and gave new impulse to the enterprise, which now nets £59,000 a year clear profit, English money. Twenty-three of these mines are now worked throughout North Wales. Extensive slate quarries and iron and lead ore mines constitute a most important and lucrative Welsh industry. Marbles of a green color are found in Anglesey. Wales is full of castles. Edward I, after the cruelties and conquests which placed him in front rank with Nero, tried to conciliate the people by building numerous castles, especially Carnarvon, over which for a time he placed Welsh chieftains. It took two reigns to erect Carnarvon. English help and money was secured for the purpose.

Two miles from Dolgelly is Nannan Park. Its abbey stands higher than any house in Great Britain, commanding delightful views. It is entered under a fine gateway at least a mile from the mansion. Many romantic traditions are attached to this place. Popular belief and his-



BARMOUTH FROM
BELLEVUE

tory has it that one Owen Glyndwr concealed in an old oak on this place the body of his murdered cousin, Howel Sele, for over forty years. Beddgelert is a noted place, raising Welsh bards. I once heard Apmadoc, formerly from Utica, sing "Gelert's Grave."



BARMOUTH FROM ISLAND, WALES

We have seen the chapel monument erected at Beddgelert over the body of the faithful hound "Kill Hart," given Prince Llewelyn by King John. On returning home from a hunt, preceded by his dog, he found his child's cradle overturned, and lying beside it, covered with blood, was "Gelert." Filled with rage, the prince stabbed him with his sword, to find on the other side the body of an enormous wolf which his faithful dog had killed to save his child. Whatever fact is attached to this beautiful story (and it is currently believed by all here), certainly Kill Hart's grave or Beddgelert's monument attests to the Welsh faith in its truth, and an adage is common, "He repents as much as the man who killed the dog."

Altogether this Cambrian land of our fathers is a most notable one. It has leading representatives in literature and arts. Here at Dolgelly lives a noted Irish-Welsh authoress, Miss Frances Powers Cobbe, who with her pen and voice has helped to move the world for humanitarianism. At present, at the age of eighty years, she is agitating Parliament in the interests of antivivisection. Disappointed as I am, owing to severe illness, in not seeing more of Wales, I am yet proud to consider myself a "citizen of no mean country," and am determined to see it (D. V.) more fully at some future time. I have been under the skilful care of Dr. Hugh Jones of Dolgelly, than whom I know of no abler, more thorough or conscientious physician in any land. I am disappointed that I could not visit the hills and mountains of this, my native land, or fill one at least of the six pulpits opened for me, but all in all, our trip has been most successful. I must refer to one Utican I met in Cairo, G. F. Horsey, of the Horsey Building, who, during eight months' residence at Cairo, has built up a grand practice in dentistry.

So far the season has been backward; much rain and cold weather. The farmers had just now sent the thousands of sheep up the mountains for the summer. I have met many persons who have been and are active in advancing the work of education and general intelligence among the people. Wales is looking up in the direction of educating her common people. I met a second cousin at Port Madoc, whose wife is a near relative of the late Admiral Sampson's mother. She was Welsh; his father was a Scotchman. "Bob" Evans, of the *Texas*, was born at Talsaman, several miles from Llanelltyd, and Gen. Miles comes from a Welsh family. Saw in one of the papers sent me from your office an article suggesting planting over four hundred thousand trees in the Adirondacks. No greater blessing can be bestowed on generations yet to come than to cause the uncultivated sections of our country to become covered with useful forests. Near Llanelltyd, North Wales, and within ten minutes' walk of my cousin's home, is a large tract of woodland, taking up the side of a mountain ridge. The trees, now large and used for various purposes, are called "Trees of Peace." After the battle of Waterloo, over eighty-six years ago, Col. Watkins, of Hengwrt, near the above place, had companies of the militia, after their discharge, employed to plant trees all along the hillsides as indicated—ash, oak, larch, pine, tamarack, etc. What a blessing to-day unto this section of Wales! What a grand employment might this be for the hundreds of idle men and boys in Palestine! How the desolated hills could be made beautiful under the growth of all manner of wood, even as in the time of our Saviour. Earth could be carried up the steeps and terraces formed to protect, in view of heavy rains; the olive planted and the fir, with vines and fig trees on the slopes. What a gift for a future generation! But instead of encouraging the industry, the sultan levies a tax of \$1 on every tree planted. When in Constantinople with Consul General C. M. Dickinson, who was a classmate in Lowville Academy, I had the pleasure of visiting the old palace and the treasury building.

[Written while convalescing from an illness, at a window overlooking the "Mawddach" River in North Wales.]

THE VALE OF LLANELLYD

O, beautiful valley of Llanelltyd,
How charming thy face to behold,
With woodland and mountains so girded
Thy beauty is ever of old.

How lovely thy groves and thy fountains,
Thy meadows and river to see;
Old "Idris," a peer among mountains,
Looks downward with pride upon thee.

'Tis pleasing to waken at morning
And list to the lark on the lea,
Repeating its carol inspiring,
A song of glad welcome to me.

How charming to view from my window
The herds on the hillside away,
And the gamboling lambs on the meadow
When chasing each other at play.

O, beautiful vale of Llanelltyd,
A refuge in sickness to me,
We came to thee tired and wearied,
We came to thee over the sea.

Thy people are gentle and loving,
How great is their kindness to me;
Heaven grant them the choicest of blessing,
While "Mawddach" flows on to the sea.

Once more, Llanelltyd, the beautiful,
Thy glory through ages shall be,
And all of thy borders be joyful
While "Mawddach" flows on to the sea.

L. WILLIAMS

NORTH WALES, G. B., MAY 3, 1902

THE TRIAL, WITH POSSIBILITIES OF HANGING OR IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE



TRIAL is one of the concomitants of such a cruise as the *Celtic's*. It was fully arranged for, but during the delay incident to a multitude of other functions claiming attention, a settlement out of court, which it is understood, was most favorable to the plaintiff, and big with promise for the future, was effected.

The plaintiff, a most charming young lady from Manhattan, by her attorney from up the State, brings an action against an eminent New England physician, under the following complaint:

COMPLAINT

Breach of contract and assault without malice, resulting in serious bodily harm and mental anguish.

The plaintiff, who is an inexperienced and confiding young woman of tender age, on or about the eighth day of February, 1902, came on board the steamer *Celtic*, White Star Line, looking for some one to cling to during the cruise.

The defendant, a man of mature age, of superior personal presence and extraordinary mental endowments—born under the sign Virgo—then and there promised, covenanted and agreed to and with the plaintiff, that, in consideration of the exercise by her of her social gifts and arts, he would protect, defend and hold harmless the plaintiff, during the entire voyage; that he would be a brother to her, and that if her personal safety required, he would sacrifice his life in her behalf.

The plaintiff further says that she fully performed the said contract upon her part, and enlivened the trip of the defendant with brilliant conversation, sparkling wit and winsome ways.

The plaintiff further shows that on or about February 11th next ensuing, the defendant fell a victim to other attractions and from that time ceased to care for and protect the plaintiff according to the said covenants and obligations, and that as a consequence of such neglect, plaintiff is suffering from severe bodily injury, sustained by the sudden shutting of a door which it was the duty of the defendant to hold upon for her, and from keen mental anguish. That this disability and distress promise to be protracted, if not permanent, and will require the plaintiff to forego the pleasures of polite society for a long season.

By reason of which the plaintiff has been damaged in the sum of ten thousand dollars, for which sum the plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant, together with the costs of this trip also.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF A FEW MEN WE HAD
THE PLEASURE OF KNOWING ON THIS PLEASURE
TRIP TO SACRED, CLASSIC AND
HISTORIC COUNTRIES

After ten years of most arduous toil, Rev. Dr. Tyn-
dall has built The People's Tabernacle on East 102d St.,
New York. He has four lady missionaries associated
with him in this, one of the most needy and at the
same time one of the most hopeful fields in Christendom.

He and his family are doing a great undenominational
work, which is only limited by the means at hand.

He will be glad to welcome all the friends of the
Celtic Cruise at his home and his church, and acquaint
anyone who is interested, either by correspondence or
otherwise, with his great work.

Ten thousand dollars a year is needed to conduct the
work as it should be done. Can we help?



REV. H. M. TYNDALL,
S. T. D., NEW YORK



MR. AND MRS. W. H. BATES,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

The tourists of the *Celtic* are prob-
ably more indebted to Mr. and Mrs.
Bates than to any one else for the pub-
lishing of the Souvenir Volume.

Mr. Bates has a heart as big as his
body, and is an inspiration to whatever
he wants to go. He is a lithographer
and printer on a large scale in Mem-
phis, Tenn., and knew something of
the vast amount of labor connected
with such an undertaking as this Sou-
venir Volume has been.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN, BOSTON, MASS.,



Who was born of sturdy old New England stock, at Calais, Maine, on a Sunday forenoon, February 13, 1859. While still a little boy, his family moved to Massachusetts, from whence his father enlisted for the Civil War, leaving the children wholly to the care of the mother.

At the return of peace the father came home, impaired in health and fortune, to

take up life where he had left it four years before. But the struggle was a hard one and when he went to California in search of the success denied him in the East, the burden of the family rested wholly upon the brave young shoulder of George Frederic, the oldest of a family of five.

Before he was twenty-one, he was a partner with his uncle in the book-binding business in good old Plymouth town. Here he joined the church, became an enthusiastic advocate of temperance

and a leader in a movement for "no license," that went to a successful termination with a vigor that even to this day has prevented any retrograde movement.

This was really the beginning of active participation in reform movements, an activity that has continued ever since, in various directions.

From Plymouth young Washburn went west as traveling salesman for a large safe manufacturing concern, a calling which he followed successfully for two or three years, his alert mind making the most of the opportunity for knowledge and experience extensive travel in the West and South afforded.

Returning to Boston, he married then and entered upon his career as a merchant, which has been a signally successful one, although inaugurated and continued during a period when failures were far more numerous than successes.

In religion Mr. Washburn is a Methodist of the practical, progressive type. He is widely and favorably known in the denomination, having been prominently identified with its work for many years. In 1900, he was chosen delegate to the New England Conference, and by that body appointed delegate to the Great General Conference that meets but once in four years. This Assembly appointed him representative of the American Methodist Church at the Ecumenical Council, which was to meet the following year (1901) in London, and he participated in the work of that great international deliberative body. This is the highest appointment, or mark of confidence, that the Methodist denomination can bestow upon a lay member.

Politically, he is and has always been a believer in the great, underlying principle of republicanism upon which our government rests—not as embodied in any political party—but as a standard by which to test men and measures. Mr. Washburn was a prominent figure in the political campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and is still a warm personal friend of Mr. Bryan.

For more than ten years co-operation has been a marked and successful feature of Mr. Washburn's mercantile establishment; and both here and abroad he has made it the subject of close observation and study. Now that it has made such headway in other countries and is assuming colossal proportions in this, he has been urged to take the management of the largest co-operative plant in the country, if not in the world, and at this writing is in the West, looking over the field with a view to the acceptance of this great responsibility.

In person, Mr. Washburn is tall, finely proportioned, brown-haired, blue-eyed, resembling to a marked degree his mother, who is still a handsome woman with never a white thread in her fine dark hair.

His personality is genial, sunny, magnetic, adaptable. He is at home in business, political, or social circles, and equally welcome in all. Mr. Washburn is President of the Commonwealth Club of Massachusetts, a Thirty-second degree Mason, and justly proud of his connection with that ancient order. He is also a member of the Loyal Legion, his father having been a commissioned officer in the army. Despite his various interests and responsibilities, Mr. Washburn is domestic in his tastes, and very happy in his family relations.

Though denied by the circumstances of his youth a university training, Mr. Washburn is a clear, direct writer, a convincing, agreeable speaker, and altogether a splendid example of the graduates turned out from our greatest of educational institutions, "The University of Hard Knocks." The present time finds him finely equipped mentally and physically, to serve his day and generation worthily and to good purpose.

REV. WILLIAM K. HALL, D.D., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Dr. Hall has a striking face and the bearing of a soldier in a ministerial garb at all times. Even when his horse fell with him in Galilee, landing him on the rock hip foremost, he was ready with his glass canteen to apply remedies to the wounded spot.



After that he seemed to think that all Galilee was infested with enemies, for he kept his hand toward his hip pocket as ready to draw his pistol at any moment.

Oh, yes, I remember, you want to know about the man more than his experiences on this trip. Well, he was born in Boston, Mass., was fitted for college at the Boston Public Latin school, and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1859. After graduation, he pursued his theological studies in New Haven and in Berlin, Germany. In October, 1862, he was ordained Chaplain of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers. He was installed pastor of the First Congregational Church of Strafford,

Conn., in October, 1866, and in February, 1873, he accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburgh. This pastorate has continued to the present time. Its twenty-fifth anniversary was observed not only by the church and its Bethel Branch organization, but also by the citizens of Newburgh, in a public banquet in recognition of his active interest in the general welfare of the community. He was elected Moderator of the New York Synod in 1878. In 1879 he was honored by the President with the appointment as a member of the Board of Visitors at the United States Military Academy at West Point. In 1881 he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of New York.

Dr. Hall has been president of the Newburgh Historical Society, and of other local organizations, and has been prominently connected from the beginning with the associated charities of the city. He has spoken at many of the assemblages of his townspeople; he presided and delivered an address at the religious centennial in 1883, and delivered the oration at the presentation of the flag by Ellis Post, G. A. R., to the Academy at Washington's Headquarters, on Memorial Day, 1889. Many of his sermons and addresses upon public occasions have been printed. The following reference is made to him in the Encyclopædia of the Presbyterian Church in the United States :

"Dr. Hall has fine scholarly attainments and a vigorous and healthy intellectual organization. He combines with an earnest and intelligent interest in the various phases of modern thought a wise and strong conservatism. He is decidedly a thinker, and shows his New England training in his leaning toward

the philosophical and metaphysical aspects of truth. But not less marked are the practical tendencies of his thought, which are always characterized by keen spiritual insight, elevation of tone, width of view, comprehensiveness of grasp and vigorous common sense. His sermons show marks of careful preparation, literary finish, rhetorical power and logical sequence of thought, and never lack the directness, earnestness and simplicity which distinguish his ordinary address. His manner in the pulpit is impressive. He combines breadth of sympathy with decision of character and thought. He is a man of public spirit, ready and efficient in the support of every public good."

REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., NEW YORK CITY.

He was easily the leader of the brainy literary men aboard the *Celtic*. Always in evidence, yet never obtrusive, he seemed as much at home in the parlor with a piccolo, as on the lecture platform telling in his most incisive and comprehensive way, of Egypt or America. In his book on Expansion, he says: "We must keep the noblest ideals constantly in mind, and unceasingly struggle toward them; but as sober men dealing with present facts we must acknowledge that physical conditions still dominate the nations."

In his latest book, "The Next Great Awakening," which every man and woman should read, he begins: "The supreme need of the world is a real God." That statement seemed especially striking after our visit to people of strange religions, and after mingling with many so-called Christians. Dr. Strong's books are a real tonic to the man with brains and heart. Very likely you will find in your encyclopædia something like this:



Josiah Strong was born of New England parentage at Naperville, Ill., near Chicago, January 18th, 1847. While yet a child, his parents removed to Hudson, O., the seat of Western Reserve College, where he was graduated in 1869. He studied at Lane Theological Seminary until 1871, and began his

work as a home missionary the same year in Cheyenne, Wyo., with a little church of thirteen members. Two years later he was recalled to his college as chaplain and instructor in natural theology. After three years the college church was united with that of the village, so that the services of the chaplain were no longer required, and he accepted the call of the First Congregational Church of Sandusky, O.

While at Sandusky, he became profoundly interested in the condition of the country, and after a pastorate of five years accepted the secretaryship of the Ohio Home Missionary Society, in order to avail himself of the special facilities which the office would afford for the study of the great home missionary problem in all its aspects. During the secretaryship of three years, he added much to the materials which afterwards appeared in "Our Country." In 1884, the attractions of the pastorate prevailed, and he accepted a call to the Vine Street Church of Cincinnati.

In 1886 "Our Country" appeared. With its revised edition, issued in 1891, this book has had a circulation in the English language of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand. Nearly the whole book has been republished, a chapter, more or less, at a time, in pamphlet form, or in the daily press of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and has been translated into a number of European languages. This led to his election as General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, which office he assumed in November, 1886. In 1893 he published "The New Era," which has had a circulation of forty-six thousand. It was published at the same time in London, and permission has been given to translate it into French, and to publish it in Switzerland. Early in 1898 appeared "The Twentieth Century City," which reached the thirteenth thousand in the course of a few months.

Dr. Strong continued General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance until the 1st of June, 1898, when he resigned to organize the League for Social Service, the object of which is the education of public opinion and the popular conscience through the instrumentality of literature distributed by the various young people's societies and through a bureau of information and a lecture bureau. He has been elected president of this organization. We may add still further for the benefit of our readers, that if you are seeking in any way to aid or improve your town or society, or school, in short, anything that is looking to the betterment of your community, or any individual in it, you cannot do better than consult Dr. Strong, President of the League for Social Service, Charities Building, New York City.

REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, D.D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



It was your fault if you did not know Dr. Hallock well. He was one of the most genial passengers aboard the *Celtic*. His theology doesn't spoil him. He is a busy man, though he seems to take time to get the fun and the knowledge of the crowd that is passing. He looks a little weighted with responsibility, but when you see all those initials going before his name—the prefix and suffix, it is accounted for. He is hardly accountable for this great name, as it has developed in a natural way, though his parents might have relieved him a little at the start. He is the oldest of twelve children, and how the parents found names for the other eleven is a mystery. Forty-six years ago he was born in Holliday's Cove, W. Va. He worked up a good constitution on the farm with his father for twenty years, and then went into the hardware business in Steubenville, O. But he had a message from Christ for the world, and fitting himself by the drill of the Princeton College and Seminary to deliver it, the Lord has called him to stand with the Rev. W. R. Taylor, D.D., of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., and deliver it.

He has here a congregation of over two thousand members to minister and speak to, while his actual parish must include five times that number.

His marvelous ability for work and his faculty of making the best of every moment has enabled him to give the following books to the world: "Altar and Ring," "A Square Man," "The Psalm of Shepherdly Love," "Wanted! A Strong Boy." He has still later works and is writing every day the kind of books that the world needs, besides keeping up a department in a great religious monthly—*The Preacher's Assistant*.

He has spent twelve years in his happy field in Rochester, declining calls to other places, even to that needy, but attractive city of New York, believing what we found to be true on shipboard, that he is best appreciated where best known. He does not have to tell you about his pedigree, like one lady who was always boasting of her noble blood, until you began to suspect. He has a noted ministerial ancestry.

He has four brothers in the ministry, while two others are practicing medicine. And one of his four sisters is a missionary in India. They seem to be the material out of which world builders are made. No man could be held in higher esteem by an appreciative people, as is evident by the resolutions offered when they thought he would accept the call to New York City.

And is he married? That was the interesting question asked by many, concerning all the men on board. Oh, yes, he is the bishop of one wife. He was married on May 8, 1888, in New York City, to Miss Anna Cobb, daughter of Rev. Archibald Cobb, deceased.

When you want a good story to relieve life's monotony or to find out the way to heaven or to a successful career, or how to be a manly man among men, just send for this modest, unassuming man. He is always at home, in the pulpit, the study, the saddle, or the ship.



CAPTAIN SAMUEL SMITH BROWN, PITTSBURG, PA.

Captain Samuel Smith Brown, son of W. H. Brown, was born in time to enlist while very young, in the Union Army with the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves. He had been thoroughly educated at normal school and college. He is still interested in his old college—Jefferson—located at Cannonsburgh, Pa., now united with Washington, and called Washington and Jefferson. He served in the Union cause in the Army of the Potomac, where he won his title of captain. Having, however, a practical knowledge of coal mining and shipping, he took charge of this kind of work for the government at Memphis, where Grant began his campaign against Vicksburg.



The malarial fever, so prevalent in that section, forced him to return North, where he soon identified himself with his father's large coal mining and shipping operations. He is associated with so many business interests involving millions of dollars, that the wonder is he could be persuaded to go on such a cruise as that of the *Celtic*.

But he has learned, like many others, that all life's pleasure is not simply in making money. Spending it wisely is just as much pleasure as making it.

While not posing as a philanthropist, he has done much to smooth the rugged pathway of many, and speed the world on to a nobler life.

As an illustration of this side of his character, a little incident at Constantinople will serve. The passengers of the *Celtic*, in reply to a short speech of Consul General Dickinson, of Constantinople, undertook to gather a purse of \$1,200 to liquidate a debt standing against the girls' school in Scutari. The collectors had made fair headway when the Rev. Dr. Holmes was selected to approach Capt. Brown. At the close of the brief interview, the Captain asked, "How much are you short?" The sum named reached up into the hundreds. "I'll give you a check for that amount," was his reply. We all breathed freely, as this completed the work.

But the genial minister no doubt thought that he might just as well have asked for that many thousands.

As the leasee of the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, Pa., he thus becomes identified with the hotel that has held the leading place among the first hotels of that great center of wealth and population.

He has never been a politician, but as a man deeply interested in the welfare of the City of Pittsburg, he has represented her in Select Council more than once.

He belongs to the Manhattan Club of New York, the Pendennis Club of

Louisville, the Genessee Club of Memphis, and the Americus Club of Pittsburg. In every part, therefore, of our great nation he finds the doors of brothers swinging open to him. Lest this welcome should not be strong enough he clasps hands with the Order of Elks, the Scottish Rite men and the Masonic Brotherhood, even up to the thirty-third degree.

Farewell, *bon voyage* forever.

THE REV. MICHAEL CLUNE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Rev. Michael Clune, "the Priest of the Protestants," he is called at home and abroad. He ought to have been a Methodist preacher, or a Baptist or even a Presbyterian. But the environments were against it and he, seems perfectly happy. He certainly ought to be a bishop in his mother church, for he is broad-minded, scholarly, and a Christian gentleman.



His face and wit, more than his language, betray the fact that he was born in Ireland, or "on the way over." But the record makes it definite that he was born in County Clare, in 1847. He has had a good deal of experience in facing the world and its problems alone. His widowed mother brought him to this country when he was five years old, and started him in the public schools of Syracuse. As the years went on he became a dry goods clerk, then pushed on to higher things, graduating from the Niagara University in 1867, and from St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy in 1870.

He was ordained to the priesthood three years later and settled in the city of his boyhood—Syracuse. Here for fifty years his life has been telling for the uplift of his fellow-men. In 1891 he was called to assist the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, of St. John's, Syracuse, N.Y., in his great cathedral work, and has proved himself in every way the right man in the right place. He despises cant and hypocrisy, whether in Protestant or Catholic. He is loyal to the Pope and is at the

same time a patriotic American citizen. He delivered his famous lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" when the "Celtics" sought to honor the great American's name, and won hearty applause from his large and intelligent audience.

"Four things," says Dr. Van Dyke, "a man must learn to do,"
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely."

FATHER CLUNE ON THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The possibilities attending a union of Christendom cause the blood to tingle in the veins. They excite hopes beyond the dreams of the world's greatest generals or philanthropists.

How peacefully did united Christendom change the Sabbath, calm the controversies as to Easter time, elevate women, abolish slavery, introduce printing, juries and parliaments into the world.

It is in union and not in competition, that humanity is to be crowned. As an illustration, I remember when the States of our Union, instead of the National Government, issued bills as money. The bills of one State were at a discount in almost every other State. The national bills were lately taken from me as readily in Europe, Asia and Africa as they were in Syracuse. Mr. Blaine proposed a coinage for North and South America. A better proposal is a universal coinage, the same quantity of gold being given a Latin name and coined by every State.

It is, however, in moral problems that the union of Christendom would be supremely useful. Why should there be war? When the Emperor of Russia convoked the peace conference, two mistakes were made. One was internal, the other was external. The internal mistake was the proposal to stop invention of destructives.

The external mistake was in not inviting the Holy See to participate. The Pope is the Viceroy of the Prince of Peace. He sways the consciences of men. As governments are selfish and brutal, they ignore conscience. As they are enlightened, they respect it.

The Hague conference was followed by one of the saddest wars of history. Experience will guide us along safer and wiser paths. Truth is leading us upward and onward.

New York State and North Carolina are not equal in many things. The fact that they cannot make war upon each other does not prevent them from developing along their own lines. It helps them to do so.

So universal peace will let every government develop along its own lines and safeguard it in following out its destiny.

Then shall the vision of Isaiah be realized. Then will streams of water burst out in the desert and the wilderness blossom as the rose. Then will men from all lands seek the paths which the sacred feet trod, and grow stronger and more humane as they walk upon the hallowed ground.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH S. NANSON, ST. LOUIS.

Joseph S. Nanson, the bright, genial, unassuming friend among our *Celtic* cruisers, has been identified with the navigation and trade interests of St. Louis



for more than forty years. When you get acquainted with him you want to know more of him. This is what we found out after a little investigation. He was born January 22nd, 1827, in the town of Fayette, Howard County, Mo. He attended a country school in his boyhood, until he was old enough to assist his father in his business, his educational advantages thereafter being limited to attendance at a night school. For some prior to 1851, he clerked in a store at Glasgow, Mo., and then made his first business venture on his own account, with a capital of one thousand dollars, loaned him by his friend, John D. Perry. He began business as head of the firm of Nanson & Robbins, succeeded in 1852 by Nanson & Bartholow. The last named firm continued in existence until

1855, when Mr. Nanson disposed of his interest at Glasgow, and, coming to St. Louis, purchased the steamboat *Banner State*, of which he took charge as captain. He built a number of steamboats with varying success, but gave up steamboating in the spring of 1860 and formed a partnership with Logan D. Dameron, under the firm name of Nanson, Dameron & Co., and engaged in the grain trade.

After a conspicuous leadership in many business enterprises Captain Nanson incorporated the Nanson Commission Company, in 1892, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. He became president of this corporation, and still retains that position. While engaged in the grain trade, he was interested incidentally in various other enterprises, and in 1864 became part owner of the steamboat *Sultana*, which was blown up in 1865, above Memphis, with great loss of life, about sixteen hundred being killed. About the same time he was also interested with the firm of Sells, Nanson & Co. in the purchase of cotton, in the lower Mississippi and Red River country. This firm purchased the steamer *Shreveport*, and sent her to New Orleans, where she was put into the government service. On this boat Captain Nanson followed General Banks up the Red River to Alexandria, La., and when Banks was driven back, found himself in a trying and dangerous position. He had in his possession one hundred thousand dollars in money, which it had been his intention to invest in cotton, and was fortunate in getting back to New Orleans without the loss of both his life and the money. While he was a member of the firm of Lewis,

Nanson & Co. the firm was interested in the steamer *W. J. Lewis*, famous for having realized sixty thousand dollars as the profits of the first trip to the upper Missouri region. In later years Captain Nanson has confined his trading operations largely to St. Louis, and in addition to being president of the Nanson Commission Company he is president of the Wabash Elevator Company.

He is now director and secretary of the Hill City Steamboat Company of St. Louis. His life has been throughout an exceedingly active one, and he has contributed much to the development of trade, not only in St. Louis, but throughout the West. Notwithstanding his extended and active business career, Captain Nanson is still endowed with great energy, and devotes as many hours daily to the details of his business "on 'change" and elsewhere, as many younger men. Being gifted with an agreeable manner, he has hosts of friends among his associates, who find pleasure in listening to Captain Nanson's numerous stories of his early experiences on the river, which are full of romance and adventure, while founded on fact. August 24th, 1853, he married Miss Mary Belle Billingsley, daughter of Colonel Edward and Mary Ann Billingsley, of Glasgow, Mo. Two sons and two daughters were born to them. Both sons are dead, but the daughters are still living, married, and mothers of families. The Captain's genial, smiling face will not be forgotten by the many friends he made on board the *Celtic*.

ALPHONSO CHASE STEWART, ST. LOUIS.

He is one of those typical Americans who does things. He has more brains and heart, and money, and generosity than his appearance indicates. He began life in the town of Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn., August 27th, 1848. He had the advantage of an intellectual ancestry, his father being at one time a college professor and a man of rare attainments, and his mother, who was Miss Harriet Byron Chase, a member of the family which claimed the eminent jurist of that name.

Mr. Stewart received his early education in the academic schools of Lebanon, later entering Cumberland University. When only fifteen years of age he joined the Confederate Army as a member of Starnes' Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Wheeler's Brigade, and a little later was appointed cadet on the staff of his father, Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, of Confederate fame.



He was graduated from Cumberland University with the degree of LL.D., before he attained the age of nineteen, and began the practice of law in his native county, being especially admitted to the bar by order of the County Court of that county, as he was then under age. About the year 1870 he became a member of the firm of Evans & Stewart, at Meridian, Miss., but in 1873 removed to St. Louis, where he continued his legal practice, and is now senior member of the firm of Stewart, Cunningham & Eliot, one of the leading law firms of the State.

In 1889 Mr. Stewart organized the first trust company in St. Louis, now the St. Louis Union Trust Company, and one of the largest, best-managed and most successful financial corporations in the West; and from its organization has occupied and still holds the position of its counsel. His history with this institution has caused him to be called in Missouri the "Father of Trust Companies." He is also connected in official or directive capacities with various other companies.

He is prominent in social, religious, educational and Masonic circles; member of a number of the best social clubs, and always actively identified with any movement in his adopted city for the advancement of social or religious life. He is a Knight Templar, Master of the Kadosh of Missouri Consistory No. 1, A. & A. S. R., Honorary Thirty-third degree, and Deputy at St. Louis for the Inspector General, thirty-third degree of Missouri; an enthusiastic and successful Sunday school superintendent and teacher for more than eighteen years, and is now, and has been for many years, president of the largest summer Sunday school assembly in Missouri. He is also vice-president of the St. Louis City Presbyterian Social Union.

We found him contributing to every good cause aboard the *Celtic*, as Mrs. General McAlpin will tell you after her address in behalf of the discharged criminal prisoners in the United States. He stood behind our book, too, like a true American and said quietly, "Count on me." But he said it with such emphasis, qualified with such business ability, that we at once placed him on the bench. He should be Judge A. C. Stewart. May the Pilot on the sea of life guide you safely into the port that is always light, always open and extending welcomes to the men who have helped the wrecked, the wearied, the lost.

The throne is higher than the bench.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES W. BROWN, PITTSBURG, PA.

Captain Brown is treasurer of the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company, of Pittsburg, Pa. He and his pretty bride are both quite young looking. Indeed, when we first saw him and his pleasant companion facing the promenade deck, we thought it was a young bride and groom off on their honeymoon. We are not sure yet that that is not correct. But when he stood up after Mrs. General McAlpin's fine address on the *Celtic's* home voyage in behalf of the prison work, and said he would be one of five to second the resolution of thanks that had been tendered Mrs. McAlpin for her address, with one hundred dollars for her cause, we said that man has a heart for humanity as well as a head for business.

His enthusiasm spread like a prairie fire and kindled in places that you did not expect. Instead of five hundred dollars, the sum of one thousand four hundred dollars was contributed in fifteen minutes. People who had never before given a thought to the condition of the prisoners were enlisted as mem-



bers of Mrs. Ballington Booth's and Mrs. General McAlpin's association, for saving prisoners to society and to God. On a little inquiry, we found out that this young looking man had been born in Newburyport, Mass., over forty years ago. He went to sea at an early age, gained a large experience, and won the confidence of those about him. For a time he was in the employ of the China Steamship Navigation Company.

At twenty-one years of age he was given full charge of the bark *Agate*, and sailed as her captain from New York to Australia. For six years he sailed the sea as the captain of a vessel. But there were greater possibilities open to

him on the land, especially in this great land of America. 1885 finds him in Minneapolis, Minn., as a member of the firm of Brown & Haywood, manufacturers of stained and fancy glass. In thirteen years this firm had built up such a trade that the large concern known as the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company made them an offer for their business. This corporation found Mr. Brown so essential to the business that he was appointed its secretary. He thus became a resident of Pittsburg, where this great corporation is located.

When the question of sound money was an issue before the country, Mr. Brown was for two years chairman of the "Sound Money" organization of Minneapolis, the largest and most important independent feature in the campaign of 1896, in Minnesota. Mr. Brown does not claim to be away up on theology, but he still clings to the old family pew in the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass. Like so many other Presbyterians, he always has his purse strings open to the cause that is helping his fellow-men to a better life, and a nobler manhood.

REV. EDGAR W. WORK, D.D., DAYTON, O.

We have reserved this unique, and one of the most attractive characters aboard the *Celtic*, to the last. That young, handsome looking man over there with side whiskers, cap and big coat, is Rev. Dr. Work, pastor of the large influential Presbyterian congregation at Dayton, O. He is so modest and retiring that you wouldn't think there was much in him, till you looked a little closer at the classic features.

Even then you would hardly take him to be the strong, popular preacher that metropolitan churches are seeking. But a little closer acquaintance reveals him as a man of true worth, a scholar, and an eloquent preacher.

Born at Logan, O., the State that has given us so many presidents, we find him pushing through the various grades of school until in the spring of 1884, when he graduated from Wooster University. It was quite likely that he was dedicated to the ministry by Christian parents when he was a mere child, so that when he graduated from Wooster he knew what the next step in his career was.

At all events he turned his face toward Cincinnati, and graduated from Lane Theological Seminary three years later. He was called the same year to Van Wert, O., where he labored successfully for three years.



In the third year of his ministry he was honored with a call that few men are able to resist, and which few men have the privilege of refusing. His *Alma Mater* called him to be College Pastor and Biblical Professor, where he spent five most happy years ministering to the students of that growing University of Wooster.

The Third Street Presbyterian Church, of Dayton, O., in casting around the States and examining the records of many able men, finally fixed upon Dr. Work, who had just received the honorary title of D.D., as the most likely man to unite all the interests in their church. They extended him a call which he accepted. For seven years he has been laboring in that charge with unabated zeal. Flattering calls have come to him, the last one, we believe, from Cleveland. But his people could not part with him. They know when they have a good man and feel quite able to take care of him.

While he joined the games of the tourists on deck, we found him an indefatigable worker, either preparing notes, writing for the papers, reading or giving a helping hand to some tourist.

In the midst of a busy pastorate, and the care of a large congregation, besides many outside interests, like the trusteeship of Lane Theological Seminary, Wooster University, and the local societies of Dayton, he has found time to write and publish a "Life of Paul," "Moses, the Home Missionary," and other works, besides newspaper and magazine articles. Taking him all in all he impresses you as quite the ideal minister, a genial traveling companion, and a Christian gentleman through and through.



A TYPICAL MEAL



LUNCH AT EPHEBUS.—HORLICK'S WONDERFUL MALTED MILK

While the arrangements for the meals of so large a body of excursionists were such as to merit in most cases the commendation of the parties most interested, still there were many times when a supply of civilized food in a palatable and condensed form proved very acceptable, and a real preserver of health. We were fortunate in having as a fellow-passenger Mr. William Horlick, Jr., of the firm of Horlick's Food Company, of Racine, Wis., and through his forethought and kindness, which extended during the whole trip, a generous supply of that well-known product, Horlick's Malted Milk, was on hand to meet every emergency. When the water was doubtful a tablet or two answered for a drink. All on board found the Malted Milk, on many occasions, the only food which satisfied without producing distress, and *mal-de-mer* for once could be fought very successfully with it. The view here given of the party enjoying a meal at the historic city of Ephesus will be recognized, and we know that Horlick's Malted Milk played no secondary part on that occasion. Inquire of William Horlick, Jr., Racine, Wis.

OBITUARY NOTES

MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY

Mrs. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., whose charming spirit won for her many friends on this cruise as well as at home, fell asleep very suddenly on the morning of June 14th. She and her husband, Mr. Robert Galloway, will be pleasantly remembered by their many friends on board the *Celtic*.

The following rare tribute will tell of her life's richness to a larger circle.

(From *The Shibboleth*, Memphis, Tenn.)

It is a rare occurrence where fraternity periodicals ever mention the death of a woman unless she be prominently connected with some of the female so-



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

cieties which claim affinity with the order in whose interest the periodical is published. Amid the rush of business and the environment of custom, habit and neglect, the memory of good women is neglected, and an honorable mention of their fair names, their lovable qualities and deeds of benevolence is passed without notice. We have often wondered at this, especially so when the af-

flicted husband was prominent both as a citizen and Mason. On behalf of the *Shibboleth*, we propose to act differently, and shall render "honor to whom honor is due," either in male or female.

Mrs. Robert Galloway (*nee* Miss Mary Hall), was born in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on the 6th day of June, 1845, and was, therefore, fifty-seven years old at her death. She was educated in the schools of that city. Her parents died when she was quite young, and while yet in her girlhood she came South to live with relatives. She was as thoroughly Southern as though to the manor born, and her sympathies were with its institutions.

In 1865, after grim-visaged war had passed away and the white wings of peace had encompassed our land, she married Mr. Robert Galloway, and together they began life without a dollar; but with his energy, business capacity and honesty of purpose, aided by her allegiance and love and always ready hand to do her part, they soon began to be successful. Time rolled on, and with each succeeding year fortune favored them, and her husband points to the fact with pride "that she helped him make every dollar he is worth." It is a remarkable fact, in the life of this good woman, that as her husband grew in wealth, so did her charities, which were always without ostentation or show, and many tears of sorrow and love will flow from the eyes of God's poor as the winter winds sigh through their squalid homes and pierce their thinly clad forms as they do battle with the world for sustenance, when they call to mind her untimely death.

She fell in the midst of life's harvest. Within her reach lay all the pleasure and happiness that wealth could give, together with the love, indulgence and devotion of a doting husband, in whose arms she expired ere his tear drops reached her cheek, and from whose bounty she had illustrated the greatest of God's virtues—charity.

The place selected by the grim reaper was most timely. It might have been on foreign shores, in the land of strangers, as she had just made the famous tour of the Holy Land and other Eastern countries, on the *Celtic*, with her husband, but he spared her to return to her home and friends ere he slew her. O! death, how unfathomable are thy ways, and seemingly cruel are thy mandates, and yet in this instance thou wert kind.

Mrs. Galloway was our personal friend, made so by a lifelong friendship which we enjoyed with her husband, and we esteemed her greatly for her many lovable traits of character. She was gentle, kind and good. We never saw her out of humor, or appealed to her charities in vain. She became a member of the Christian church in her young life and always lived by faith and in the spirit of the "golden rule." To say that she was prepared is but to call to mind the lines :

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me.

In the death of Mrs. Galloway we are one friend less in the world. The great heart of the fraternity will go out to Brother Galloway in his irreparable loss, yet we remind him of the fact that Christ alone can heal the wound that death inflicts upon the loving heart.

DR JOHN N. TILDEN, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

He was quite ill when he started and a sufferer all the way. He was very cheerful when we saw him at Cairo, but sank rapidly on his return home, and died July 10th. Those who knew him best will mourn their loss, and tender their sympathies to the loving circle of his home.

One of the most remarkable facts about our voyage was that every one of our tourists returned in safety. But the angel of death entered some of their homes in their absence, and is still calling to this one and that one among their friends.

Rev. A. L. Yount, D.D., of Greensburg, Pa., sailed from Liverpool on the *Majestic*, April 22nd. On that very day his little daughter Anna, aged ten, was taken ill with spinal meningitis. The father knew nothing of her illness, for she had written him a sweet, loving letter at Cairo. The message that he received in New York as he landed was, "Anna died at 12.45 April 29th." He was home in time to kiss the temple of clay that held his jewel. She had gone to the New Jerusalem before he could return from the old.

Come ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish!
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.



MR. FRANK C. CLARK

ORGANIZER AND MANAGER

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Manager in the Orient

Mr. HERBERT E. CLARK,

United States Vice-Consul for Palestine, who meets the ship at Alexandria.

Directors:

Mr. LEON LOMOND COLLIER,

Mr. J. HARLEY DICKINSON,

Capt. GEO. B. BEARDSLEY,

Rev. EDWIN S. WALLACE,

Ex-U. S. Consul for Palestine.

Mr. HERMANN HORNSTEIN,

Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.

Mr. J. E. M. SOLOMON

Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.

Mr. T. W. WILLIAMS,

Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.

Mr. C. HILLIER,

Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.

Mr. OSCAR EMS,

Will meet party in Egypt.

Assistant Organizers:

Rev. D. E. LORENZ, Ph.D., New York City.

Dr. J. W. PETTIT, Ottawa, Ill.

Rev. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. WM. E. BARTON, D.D., Oak Park, Ill.

Rev. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., New York City.

Rev. S. EDWARD YOUNG, D.D., Allegheny, Pa.

Rev. JNO. B. DONALDSON, D.D., Davenport, Ia.

Rev. R. H. McCREADY, Ph.D., Chester, N. Y.

Rev. J. B. LEMON, Manchester, N. H.

THE TOURISTS

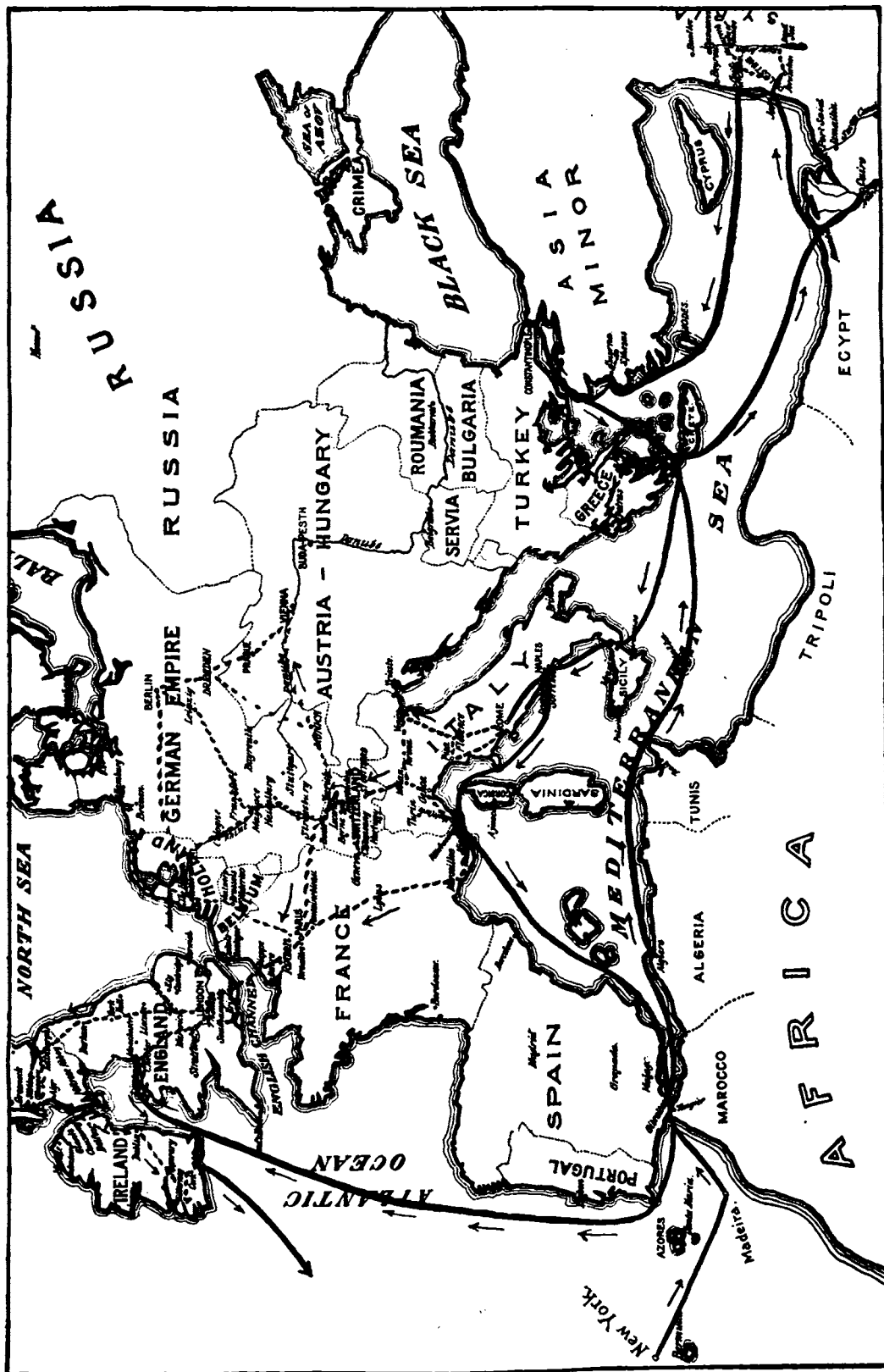
An analysis of the ship's company showing the vocations of the passengers would be interesting. Approximately there were about four hundred of each sex in the party. The women outnumbered the men, but the men were more elderly in appearance than the women. The *New York Herald* is authority for the statements that there were one hundred and seventy-nine women with the prefix "Miss" to their names, also that there were one hundred and seventy-five bank officers and bank clerks, eighty clergymen and about half as many doctors. It is also certain that nearly all lines of business were represented. Forty millionaires were among the tourists; the Bible Students' Travelers Club numbered two hundred and fifty. They had a little library for their own use, from which they could draw books for one day at a time.

ITINERARY

The Captain and Director of Cruise reserve the right to change itinerary if circumstances should render it necessary

FROM NEW YORK, SAT., FEB. 8, 1902, 11 A. M.	MILES	ARRIVE ABOUT	LEAVE ABOUT	STAY	ABOUT
NEW YORK.				days	hours
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.	2,650	Sun. Feb. 16, 7 a. m.	Sat. Feb. 8, 11 a. m.	1	6
GIBRALTAR.	610	Wed. Feb. 19, 7 a. m.	Wed. Feb. 19, 6 p. m.		11
ALGIERS.	410	Fri. Feb. 21, 6 a. m.	Fri. Feb. 21, 6 p. m.		12
VALETTA, MALTA, (by rail to Citta Vecchia and back).	573	Sun. Feb. 23, 8 a. m.	Sun. Feb. 23, 6 p. m.		10
PIRÆUS, BAY OF SALAMIS or Phaleron Bay.	470	Tues. Feb. 25, 6 a. m.	Wed. Feb. 26, 4 p. m.	1	10
ALEXANDRIA.	20	Fri. Feb. 28, 6 a. m.	Wed. Mar. 5, 3 p. m.	12	19
" to Cairo, the Pyramids and return, R. R.	580	N. B.—Option of 5½ or 12½ days in Egypt.			
JAFFA.	240	Thur. Mar. 6, 9 a. m.	Thur. Mar. 6, 3 p. m.		See Note
" to Jerusalem, Bethlehem and return, R. R.	267	N. B.—Option of 5½ or 12½ days in Palestine.			
ALEXANDRIA (steamer returns for those spending 12½ days in Egypt).	120				
JAFFA.	267	Fri. Mar. 7, 3 p. m.	Wed. Mar. 12, 3 p. m.		
CAIFA (embark Galilee and Samaria sections).	54	Thur. Mar. 13, 9 a. m.	Tues. Mar. 18, 1 p. m.	5	4
SMYRNA, passing Cyprus and Rhodes.	650	Tues. Mar. 18, 5 p. m.	Tues. Mar. 18, 6 p. m.		1
CONSTANTINOPLE.	295	Thur. Mar. 20, 10 a. m.	Thur. Mar. 20, 8 p. m.		10
" steam up Bosphorus to Black Sea and back on arrival or departure.		Fri. Mar. 21, 4 p. m.	Sun. Mar. 23, 4 p. m.	2	
Steam through Straits of Messina, pass Scylla and Charybdis.	16	Fri. Mar. 21	Fri. Mar. 21		
NAPLES.	956	Tues. Mar. 25	Tues. Mar. 25		
" to Pompeii and return, R. R.	28	Wed. Mar. 26, 7 a. m.	Mon. Mar. 31, 1 p. m.	5	6
" to Rome and return, R. R.	236				
VILLEFRANCHE (Nice).	360	Tues. April 1, noon	Tues. April 1, 12 p. m.		12
Drive to Nice and Monte Carlo via the Corniche Road.	18				
LIVERPOOL.	2,100	Wed. April 9, 6 a. m.	Sat. April 12, 5 p. m.	3	11
QUEENSTOWN.		Sun. April 13, 10 a. m.	Sun. April 13, 11 a. m.		1
NEW YORK.	2,000	Tues. April 22, 7 a. m.			
Total.	13,425 miles water, 634 miles R. R.				

We changed our course and instead of going from Athens to Alexandria we went direct to Constantinople, thence to Ephesus and Caifa and on to Jerusalem from the north, going out of Syria at Jaffa and from there to Alexandria and Cairo.



THE ROUTE

OFFICIAL LIST OF MEMBERS

1.	Mr. William L. Abbott.	Pittsburg, Pa.
2.	Mrs. Frances L. Achey.	Dayton, O.
3.	Rev. De Lorenze, Ph.D.	New York City.
4.	Mrs. Sarah P. Adams	Newton, N. J.
5.	Mr. W. J. Aitchison.	Hamilton, Ont.
6.	Mr. G. L. Albrecht.	Massillon, O.
7.	Mrs. Albrecht.	Massillon, O.
8.	Mr. Eugene D. Alexander.	New York City.
9.	Mr. Charles L. Ames.	Oak Park, Ill.
10.	Mrs. Ames.	Oak Park, Ill.
11.	Miss Edith M. Ames.	Oak Park, Ill.
12.	Mr. Charles W. Archbold.	Parkersburg, W. Va.
13.	Mrs. Archbold.	Parkersburg, W. Va.
14.	Miss Julia De Armit.	Pittsburg, Pa.
15.	Mr. L. A. Ault.	Cincinnati, O.
16.	Mrs. Ault.	Cincinnati, O.
17.	Mr. Wm. Lawrence Austin.	New York City.
18.	Mrs. Austin.	New York City.
19.	Mr. Wm. R. Avery	Canastota, N. Y.
20.	Mr. Daniel H. Ayers.	Troy, N. Y.
21.	Mrs. Ayers.	Troy, N. Y.
22.	Mr. Lyman H. Bagg.	New York City.
23.	Mr. Mark Bailey.	New York City.
24.	Mr. J. M. Baker.	Oak Park, Ill.
25.	Mrs. Baker.	Oak Park, Ill.
26.	Miss Cordelia A. Baker.	Chicago, Ill.
27.	Mr. James F. Baldwin.	Manchester, N. H.
28.	Mr. W. A. Baldwin.	Arlington Heights, Mass.
29.	Mrs. Baldwin.	Arlington Heights, Mass.
30.	Miss Anna E. Barnard.	Brighton, N. Y.
31.	John H. Bird.	Peekskill, N. Y.
32.	Edwin N. Bell.	Buffalo, N. Y.
33.	Mrs. C. C. Barker.	Bay City, Mich.
34.	Miss Alice Barker.	Bay City, Mich.
35.	Miss Ada E. Barker.	Bay City, Mich.
36.	Mr. G. W. Barnes, Jr.	Toledo, O.
37.	Mr. H. Y. Barnes.	Toledo, O.
38.	Mr. Geo. W. Barnes.	Toledo, O.
39.	Mrs. Barnes.	Toledo, O.
40.	Mr. Frank W. Barnes.	Telluride, Col.
41.	Mrs. C. Isabel Barr.	Quincy, Ill.
42.	Miss Alice E. Barton.	Kankakee, Ill.
43.	Mr. Jacob P. Bauer.	Cincinnati, O.
44.	Mr. W. H. Bates	Memphis, Tenn.
45.	Mrs. Bates	Memphis, Tenn.
46.	Mr. Henry L. Beach.	Bristol, Conn.
47.	Miss Marguerite N. Beach.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
48.	Mr. Frank C. Beach.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
49.	Miss Phoebe Beadle.	Rochester, N. Y.
50.	Rev. W. I. Beatty.	Lisbon, Ia.
51.	Mr. Eliot M. Beardsley.	Bridgeport, Conn.
52.	Mrs. Beardsley.	Bridgeport, Conn.
53.	Mrs. Calista E. Bigelow.	Chicago, Ill.
54.	Mr. Edgar C. Bird.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
55.	Rev. C. H. Bixby.	Chicago, Ill.
56.	Miss Marie A. Bixby.	Chicago, Ill.
57.	Mr. Samuel Blackler.	Lake Forest, Ill.
58.	Mrs. Blackler.	Lake Forest, Ill.
59.	Mr. Fred G. Bonfils.	Denver, Col.
60.	Mrs. Bonfils.	Denver, Col.

61.	Helen G. Bonfils.....	Denver, Col.
62.	Judge E. N. Bonfils.....	Denver, Col.
63.	Mrs. Bonfils.....	Denver, Col.
64.	Miss May Bonfils.....	Denver, Col.
65.	Miss Marie H. Bosler.....	Franklin, Pa.
66.	Rev. Edwin M. Bauman.....	Braddock, Pa.
67.	Mr. James Bowman.....	South Branch, N. J.
68.	Col. J. T. Bowyer.....	Winfield, W. Va.
69.	Mrs. E. S. Bowyer.....	Chicago, Ill.
70.	Mr. Geo. L. Bradbury.....	Chicago, Ill.
71.	Mrs. Bradbury.....	Chicago, Ill.
72.	Miss Ella A. Brackin.....	Omaha, Neb.
73.	Mr. R. G. Brooks.....	Scranton, Pa.
74.	Mrs. Brooks.....	Scranton, Pa.
75.	Mr. Geo. W. Brown.....	Augusta, Kan.
76.	Miss R. A. Brown.....	Galveston, Tex.
77.	Mr. Geo. W. Brown.....	Augusta, Kan.
78.	Rev. A. B. Brown.....	Canonsburg, Pa.
79.	Capt. C. W. Brown.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
80.	Mrs. Brown.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
81.	Capt. Sam'l S. Brown.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
82.	Mr. W. S. Brown.....	Braddock, Pa.
83.	Mr. B. A. Buffington.....	Eau Claire, Wis.
84.	Mrs. Buffington.....	Eau Claire, Wis.
85.	Mrs. Edwin Bugbee.....	Willimantic, Conn.
86.	Mr. L. Eugene Bunnell (to Algiers).....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
87.	Mrs. Bunnell (to Algiers).....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
88.	Master Arthur L. Bunnell (to Algiers).....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
89.	Miss Helen Burgess.....	Titusville, Pa.
90.	Miss Elsie Burke.....	Plainfield, N. J.
91.	Mrs. Edith F. Burns.....	Carrollton, Ill.
92.	Rev. D. E. Burtner.....	Swampscott, Mass.
93.	Mr. Jno. J. Butler.....	New York City.
94.	Mr. R. P. Butchart.....	Shallow Lake, Ont.
95.	Mrs. Butchart.....	Shallow Lake, Ont.
96.	Miss M. Callaghan.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
97.	Col. Alexander Cameron.....	Richmond, Va.
98.	Mr. J. S. Cameron.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.
99.	Miss Sarah P. Cameron.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.
100.	Mrs. Cameron.....	Richmond, Va.
101.	Dr. Archibald Campbell.....	Flushing, L. I.
102.	Mrs. Horace Candee.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
103.	Mrs. Isabella L. Candee.....	Cairo, Ill.
104.	Rev. Chas. W. Carroll.....	Cleveland, O.
105.	Miss Frances D. Cary.....	Baltimore, Md.
106.	Mr. C. W. Casc.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
107.	Mrs. Casc.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
108.	Dr. B. F. Cessna.....	Kenton, O.
109.	Hon. Judge Alexandre Chauveau.....	Quebec, Can.
110.	Charles A. Chauveau, Advocate, Esq.....	Quebec, Can.
111.	I. Donaghue.....	
112.	Pres. B. C. Davis. Ph.D., D.D.....	Alfred, N. Y.
113.	Lieut. W. B. Day (Married).....	Mansfield, O.
113½.	Jesse W. Canfield.....	Middletown, N. Y.
114.	Hon. Frank Champlin.....	Boone, Ia.
115.	Mr. Gabriel Chiera.....	Detroit, Mich.
116.	Mrs. Chiera.....	Detroit, Mich.
117.	Mr. Otis H. Childs.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
118.	Mrs. Richard H. Chipman.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
119.	Mr. David W. Clark.....	New Haven, Conn.
120.	Miss Frances A. Clark.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
121.	Mrs. J. W. Clemesha.....	Port Hope, Ont.
122.	Miss Marian Clemesha.....	Port Hope, Ont.
123.	Mr. Jos. H. Clements, Jr.....	Schenectady, N. Y.
124.	Rev. Michael Clune.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
125.	Mrs. Abbie W. Coes.....	Boston, Mass.
126.	Miss M. L. Coffin.....	New York City.
127.	Rev. Walter D. Cole.....	Lafayette, Ind.

LIST OF MEMBERS

403

128.	Mrs. Cole.....	Lafayette, Ind.
129.	Mr. Wallace L. Conaughty.....	Waterford, N. Y.
130.	Miss Harriet M. Connable.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
131.	Mr. Bartlett Cooley.....	Galena, Kan.
132.	Mrs. Cooley.....	Galena, Kan.
133.	Mrs. Job A. Cooper.....	Denver, Col.
134.	Miss Genevieve Cooper.....	Denver, Col.
135.	Mr. Frederick A. Copeland.....	La Crosse, Wis.
136.	Mrs. Copeland.....	La Crosse, Wis.
137.	Rev. Jesse L. Cotton.....	Coraopolis, Pa.
138.	Mr. Irving F. Cragin.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
139.	Mrs. Cragin.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
140.	Mr. Thos. Crary.....	Hancock, N. Y.
141.	Mrs. Crary.....	Hancock, N. Y.
142.	Miss Elsie Craven.....	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
143.	Mr. C. Templeton Crocker, and valet.....	San Francisco, Cal.
144.	Rev. James Cromie.....	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
145.	Miss Millie Cullman.....	Ennis, County Clare, Ireland.
146.	Mr. R. J. Cunningham.....	Sewickley, Pa.
147.	Mrs. Cunningham.....	Sewickley, Pa.
148.	Master Edward G. Cunningham.....	Sewickley, Pa.
149.	Col. J. H. Cunningham.....	Boston, Mass.
150.	Mr. L. A. Curtis.....	Southport, Conn.
151.	Mrs. F. J. Darlington.....	West Chester, Pa.
152.	Miss Frances B. Darlington.....	West Chester, Pa.
153.	Miss Flora F. Davis.....	Orange, N. J.
154.	Mr. Joseph B. Davis.....	Orange, N. J.
155.	Miss Marian E. De Forest.....	Bridgeport, Conn.
156.	Mr. Andrew J. DeMott.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
157.	Mrs. DeMott.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
158.	Mr. Louis F. Demmler.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
159.	Mrs. L. F. Demmler.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
160.	Miss Elenora E. Demmler.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
161.	Miss Annie L. Demmler.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
162.	Mr. Walter R. Denison.....	Groton, Conn.
163.	Mrs. Denison.....	Groton, Conn.
164.	Mrs. D. Stewart Denison.....	New York City.
165.	Mrs. Frank A. Devlin.....	Chicago, Ill.
166.	Miss Helen A. Devlin.....	Chicago, Ill.
167.	Miss Marie E. Devlin.....	Chicago, Ill.
168.	Mr. W. D. Devol.....	Marietta, O.
169.	Rev. James Taylor Dickinson, D.D.....	East Orange, N. J.
170.	Mrs. Dickinson.....	East Orange, N. J.
171.	Mr. J. Charles Dicken.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
172.	Mrs. Dicken.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
173.	Mr. S. C. T. Dodd.....	New York City.
174.	Mrs. Dodd.....	New York City.
175.	Miss Marjorie Dodd.....	New York City.
176.	Mr. Frederick G. Dodd.....	Zanesville, O.
177.	Mrs. Dodd.....	Zanesville, O.
178.	Mr. John J. Donaldson.....	Millbrook, N. Y.
179.	Mrs. Donaldson, and maid.....	Millbrook, N. Y.
180.	Mr. J. P. Donworth.....	Caribou, Me.
181.	Miss Katharine M. Doty.....	Greensburg, Pa.
182.	Mrs. D. H. Dougan.....	Denver, Col.
183.	Miss Dougan.....	Denver, Col.
184.	Mr. Michael Dougherty.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
185.	Dr. Thomas W. Dresser.....	Springfield, Ill.
186.	Mrs. Dresser.....	Springfield, Ill.
187.	Mr. James Dukelow.....	Hutchinson, Kan.
187½.	Mrs. E. J. Dunn.....	New York City.
188.	Mrs. M. J. Earl.....	Connorsville, Ind.
189.	Mrs. M. B. Egbert.....	Cleveland, O.
190.	Mr. Wm. H. Eager.....	Wauseon, O.
191.	Mrs. Eager.....	Wauseon, O.
192.	Mrs. Leetta S. Eaton.....	Lancaster, N. Y.
193.	Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D.....	Kingston, Pa.
194.	Mr. Albert J. Edwards.....	Pittsburg, Pa.

195.	Mr. J. H. Elder.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
196.	Rev. Fred Elliott.....	Reinbeck, Ia.
197.	Mr. R. S. Evans.....	Hillsboro, O.
198.	Miss Myrtis V. Fairchild.....	Stratford, Conn.
199.	Mr. Murray W. Ferris.....	South Orange, N. J.
200.	Mrs. Ferris.....	South Orange, N. J.
201.	Mr. E. Ferri (from Algiers).....	Paris, France.
202.	Mr. George Field, Jr.....	Newburgh, N. Y.
203.	Mr. John V. L. Findlay.....	Baltimore, Md.
204.	Mrs. Findlay.....	Baltimore, Md.
205.	Miss Mary V. L. Findlay.....	Baltimore, Md.
206.	Rev. J. G. D. Findley.....	Newburgh, N. Y.
207.	Mrs. Findley.....	Newburgh, N. Y.
208.	Miss Florence G. Findley.....	Newburgh, N. Y.
209.	Mr. J. J. Fisher.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
210.	Dr. H. H. Fisher.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
211.	Rev. John A. Fitzgerald.....	Pittsfield, Mass.
212.	Rev. Charles H. Fleming.....	Foley, Minn.
213.	Henry F. Fletcher.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
214.	Mrs. Henry F. Fletcher.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
215.	Miss Cora E. Fletcher.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
216.	Miss Flora A. Fletcher.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
217.	Mr. Edward C. Fletcher.....	New York City.
218.	Mr. Franklin Floete.....	St. Paul, Minn.
219.	Mrs. Floete.....	St. Paul, Minn.
220.	Rev. Lewis Ray Foote, D.D.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
221.	Mr. Ellsworth I. Foote.....	New Haven, Conn.
222.	Mr. Wm. S. Ford.....	Washington C. H., O.
223.	Miss Emma E. Foster.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
224.	Mrs. Sarah M. Franklin.....	Lancaster, Pa.
225.	Rev. Chas. W. Fritts, D.D.....	Fishkill, N. Y.
226.	Mr. John Fulton.....	Johnstown, Pa.
227.	Mrs. Sarah Jane Funk.....	Bloomington, Ill.
228.	Wm. Franzen.....	Milwaukee, Wis.
229.	Miss Sarah B. Furman.....	Rochester, N. Y.
230.	Miss Helen P. Furman.....	Rochester, N. Y.
231.	Mr. Paul H. Gaither.....	Greensburg, Pa.
232.	Mr. Robert Galloway.....	Memphis, Tenn.
233.	Mrs. Galloway.....	Memphis, Tenn.
234.	Mr. G. Gamberini (from Algiers).....	Paris, France.
235.	Mr. Chas. C. Gardiner.....	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
236.	Mrs. Gardiner.....	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
237.	Miss Seraphine Gardner.....	Chicago, Ill.
238.	Dr. L. W. Gardner.....	Harbor Springs, Mich.
239.	Mr. Woodroff Garthwaite.....	Oakland, Cal.
240.	Miss Helen Garthwaite.....	Oakland, Cal.
241.	Miss Lillian Gates.....	Savona, N. Y.
242.	Hon. Jas. A. Gary.....	Baltimore, Md.
243.	Mrs. Gary.....	Baltimore, Md.
244.	Mrs. R. E. Geissler.....	Bridgeport, Conn.
245.	Major John S. Gibbs.....	Baltimore, Md.
246.	Mrs. Gibbs.....	Baltimore, Md.
247.	Mr. James P. Gillespie.....	New York City.
248.	Mrs. Harriett A. Gilmore.....	Sewickley, Pa.
249.	Rev. Wm. Gison.....	Old Forge, Pa.
250.	Mr. James A. Goodrich.....	Schenectady, N. Y.
251.	Mrs. Goodrich.....	Schenectady, N. Y.
252.	Mrs. Martha S. Goodwin.....	Brookville, Ind.
253.	Mrs. Jennie P. Goodwin.....	Rochester, N. Y.
254.	Gen. Edward A. Gore, and valet.....	Derrymore, County Clare, Ireland.
255.	Mrs. Gore.....	Derrymore, County Clare, Ireland.
256.	Mr. Wm. R. Gormly.....	Rochester, N. Y.
257.	Mrs. Gormly.....	Rochester, N. Y.
258.	Miss Helen S. Gowing.....	New York City.
259.	Rev. Wm. F. Grace.....	Gilbertville, Mass.
260.	Mrs. Wm. C. Grant.....	Chicago, Ill.
261.	Mrs. Mary M. Greenawalt.....	Buena Vista, Pa.
262.	Mr. C. C. Greenleaf.....	Wauseon, O.

LIST OF MEMBERS

405

263.	Mrs. Greenleaf.	Wauseon, O.
264.	Miss Anna L. Greenleaf.	Wauseon, O.
265.	Rev. Walter B. Greenway.	Lyons Farms, N. J.
266.	J. K. Griffith.	Latrobe, Pa.
267.	Pres. Theo. L. Gardner, D.D.	Salem, W. Va.
268.	Mr. Robt. J. Gross.	Dunkirk, N. Y.
269.	Mrs. Gross.	Dunkirk, N. Y.
270.	Miss Julia F. Gross.	Dunkirk, N. Y.
271.	Mrs. Fidelia L. Guild.	Wayne, Ill.
272.	Mr. Arthur T. Hagen.	Rochester, N. Y.
273.	Mrs. Hagen.	Rochester, N. Y.
274.	Mr. Roscoe A. Hagen.	Rochester, N. Y.
275.	Rev. Wm. K. Hall, D.D.	Newburgh, N. Y.
276.	Mrs. Hall.	Newburgh, N. Y.
277.	Mr. Walter P. Hall.	Newburgh, N. Y.
278.	Miss Elizabeth D. Hall.	So. Willington, Conn.
279.	Miss Ida M. Hall.	So. Willington, Conn.
280.	Mrs. Thomas H. Hall.	New York City.
281.	Mr. Levi L. Hall.	Lowell, Mass.
282.	Mrs. Nellie M. Hall.	Rochester, N. Y.
283.	Mr. M. C. Hall.	Cleveland, O.
284.	Mrs. Hall.	Cleveland, O.
285.	Rev. Harry Horatio Hall, M.A.	Winnipeg, Man.
286.	Mrs. Hall.	Winnipeg, Man.
287.	Dr. M. J. Halloran.	Worcester, Mass.
288.	Rev. Gavin L. Hamilton, A.M.	Rochester, N. Y.
289.	Mr. Theodore O. Hamlin.	Rochester, N. Y.
290.	Mrs. Hamlin.	Rochester, N. Y.
291.	Miss C. Esther Hamlin.	Rochester, N. Y.
292.	Rev. W. H. Harshaw, D.D.	West Pittston, Pa.
293.	Mrs. Harshaw.	West Pittston, Pa.
294.	Rev. Andrew F. Harty.	Chester, Conn.
295.	Mr. Burton Harrison.	New York City.
296.	Mrs. Harrison.	New York City.
297.	Mr. Edward Hartley.	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
298.	Miss Maud Hartley.	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
299.	Mrs. W. M. Harsha.	Chicago, Ill.
300.	Mr. Wilmot S. Haskell.	Boston, Mass.
301.	Mrs. Haskell.	Boston, Mass.
302.	Mrs. Cordelia M. Hatheway.	Ottawa, Ill.
303.	Mrs. Martha O. Hawes.	Dayton, O.
304.	Mr. Arthur M. Hay.	Philadelphia, Pa.
305.	Rev. G. B. Hallock, D.D.	Rochester, N. Y.
306.	Mrs. Martha C. Hayes.	Rochester, N. Y.
307.	Hon. Daniel Hays.	Gloversville, N. Y.
308.	Mrs. Hays.	Gloversville, N. Y.
309.	Dr. James J. Healey.	Newburyport, Mass.
310.	Mrs. Healey.	Newburyport, Mass.
311.	Dr. W. W. Hewlett.	Babylon, L. I., N. Y.
312.	Miss Edith R. Hemming.	Colorado Springs, Col.
313.	Mr. David R. Hepting.	Pittsburg, Pa.
314.	Mr. Dwight S. Herrick.	Pekskill, N. Y.
315.	Mrs. Herrick.	Pekskill, N. Y.
316.	Mr. Charles P. Hill.	Pittsburg, Pa.
317.	Mrs. J. C. Hill.	Elyria, O.
318.	Miss Edith L. Hill.	Elyria, O.
319.	Miss Flora E. Hilton.	Westfield, N. J.
320.	Mrs. Marie S. Hobb.	Dayton, O.
321.	Miss Louise Hoge.	Evanston, Ill.
322.	Miss Jane H. Hoge.	Evanston, Ill.
323.	Mrs. L. de Wardener Hollub.	New York City.
324.	Master L. Alexander Hollub.	New York City.
325.	Rev. N. H. Holmes, D.D.	Braddock, Pa.
326.	Miss Laura Hollmeyer.	Cincinnati, O.
327.	Mr. S. C. Holley.	Danbury, Conn.
328.	Mr. William G. Hoople.	New York City.
329.	Miss Margaret B. Horbach.	Camden, N. J.
330.	Mr. Wm. Horlick, Jr.	Racine, Wis.

331.	Mr. Webb Horton.....	Middletown, N. Y.
332.	Miss Carrie J. Horton.....	Middletown, N. Y.
333.	Mrs. Samuel Howard.....	Malone, N. Y.
334.	Miss L. P. Howard.....	Malone, N. Y.
335.	Rev. James J. Howard.....	Worcester, Mass.
336.	Mrs. Clara F. Howes.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
337.	Miss Clara F. Howes.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
338.	Rev. J. G. Huber.....	Dayton, O.
339.	Miss Edith Hume.....	Port Hope, Ont.
340.	Mr. Hamilton B. Humes.....	Jersey Shore, Pa.
341.	Mrs. Humes.....	Jersey Shore, Pa.
342.	Mr. Richard Huncheon.....	La Porte, Ind.
343.	Miss Clara Hunt.....	Chicago, Ill.
344.	Miss Anna M. Hunt.....	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
345.	Mrs. M. S. Hott.....	Dayton, O.
346.	Mr. Geo. K. Halladay.....	Suffield, Conn.
347.	Mrs. Henry M. Hurd.....	Baltimore, Md.
348.	Miss Eleanor H. Hurd.....	Baltimore, Md.
349.	Miss Anna G. Hurd.....	Baltimore, Md.
350.	Mrs. S. A. Hyatt.....	Rochester, N. Y.
351.	Rev. J. Chester Hyde, M.A.....	Quaker Hill, Conn.
352.	Judge James Inglis, Jr.....	Paterson, N. J.
353.	Miss Adina Inglis.....	Paterson, N. J.
354.	Mr. C. M. Jenkins.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
355.	Mrs. M. W. Jackson.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
356.	Mr. J. A. Jacobs.....	Lima, O.
357.	Mr. L. M. Jenkins.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
358.	Miss Nellie Jenkins.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
359.	Mr. Arthur Jenkins.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
360.	Miss Bertha M. Johnson.....	Willimantic, Conn.
361.	Miss Mabel H. Johnson.....	Willimantic, Conn.
362.	Mr. Cyrus D. Jones.....	Scranton, Pa.
363.	Mrs. Jones.....	Scranton, Pa.
364.	Miss Helen F. Jones.....	Scranton, Pa.
365.	Mr. Fred B. Jones.....	Scranton, Pa.
366.	Dr. L. P. Jones.....	Greenwich, Conn.
367.	Mr. Barrett Jones.....	Greenwich, Conn.
368.	Mr. Chas. S. Joslyn.....	Kenwood, N. Y.
369.	Mrs. Joslyn.....	Kenwood, N. Y.
370.	Mrs. Mary Judge.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.
371.	Miss Kathryn Judge.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.
372.	Mr. Samuel Justus.....	Oil City, Pa.
373.	Mrs. Justus.....	Oil City, Pa.
374.	Miss E. M. Jordan.....	New York City.
375.	Albert F. Kasten.....	St. Paul, Minn.
376.	Mr. Andrew Kaul.....	St. Mary's, Pa.
377.	Mrs. Kaul.....	St. Mary's, Pa.
378.	Miss Josephine Kaul.....	St. Mary's, Pa.
379.	Miss Bertha Kaul.....	St. Mary's, Pa.
380.	Mr. T. J. Keenan, Jr.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
381.	Mrs. Keenan.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
382.	Miss Sophie G. Keenan.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
383.	Mr. Julius Keil.....	Catskill, N. Y.
384.	Mrs. Keil.....	Catskill, N. Y.
385.	Rev. Austin H. Jolly.....	Carrick, Pa.
386.	Mr. Leonard Keck.....	Greensburg, Pa.
387.	Mrs. Kenealy.....	Watford, Eng.
388.	Miss Katharine Kenealy.....	Watford, Eng.
389.	Mrs. W. J. K. Kenny.....	New York City.
390.	Miss Elsie M. Kenny.....	New York City.
391.	Mr. Geo. A. Kent.....	Binghamton, N. Y.
392.	Miss Grace Kiehle.....	Milwaukee, Wis.
393.	Mr. J. M. Kilbourne.....	Owen Sound, Ont.
394.	Mrs. Kilbourne.....	Owen Sound, Ont.
395.	Mrs. R. H. Kilpatrick.....	Baltimore, Md.
396.	Miss Ellen P. Kilpatrick.....	Baltimore, Md.
397.	Miss Mary G. Kilpatrick.....	Baltimore, Md.
398.	Miss Isadora F. King.....	Xenia, O.

LIST OF MEMBERS

407

399.	Miss Emma C. King.....	Xenia, O.
400.	Mr. F. A. Kingsley.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
401.	Mrs. Kingsley.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
402.	Mrs. Kate E. Knickerbocker.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
403.	Daniel C. Knickerbocker.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
404.	Mrs. Wm. Knight.....	New York City.
405.	Mr. Geo. G. Knowles.....	Washington, D. C.
406.	Mrs. Knowles.....	Washington, D. C.
407.	Mr. R. G. Knowles.....	London, England.
408.	Mrs. Knowles.....	London, England.
409.	Mrs. Frederick W. Kruse.....	Olean, N. Y.
410.	Miss Kruse.....	Olean, N. Y.
411.	Mr. W. J. Lander.....	Toronto, Ont.
412.	Rev. Charles Stoddard Lane.....	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
413.	Miss Marie W. Laney.....	Rochester, N. Y.
414.	Miss Anna B. Lawrence.....	Chicago, Ill.
415.	Miss Martha E. Lawrence.....	Painesville, O.
416.	Mrs. Mary S. Lee.....	Erie, Pa.
417.	Miss Elizabeth M. Leech.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
418.	Rev. John F. Leonard.....	Warren, Mass.
419.	Mr. Eugene Levering, Jr.....	Baltimore, Md.
420.	Mrs. Levering.....	Baltimore, Md.
421.	Dr. Willard A. Long.....	Lewiston, Mont.
422.	Mrs. Long.....	Lewiston, Mont.
423.	Miss Marguerite Long.....	Lewiston, Mont.
424.	Miss Susan M. Leverich.....	Bridgeport, Conn.
425.	Miss Marian V. Loud.....	Au Sable, Mich.
426.	Mr. Henry Nelson Loud.....	Au Sable, Mich.
427.	Mrs. Henry Nelson Loud.....	Au Sable, Mich.
428.	Mr. G. Brewster Loud.....	Au Sable, Mich.
429.	Mrs. W. R. Maffet.....	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
430.	Mrs. Christopher L. Magee, and maid.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
431.	Dr. W. J. Magill.....	Erie, Pa.
432.	Mrs. Wm. E. Magill.....	Erie, Pa.
433.	Hon. Bryan J. Mahan.....	New London, Conn.
434.	Miss A. M. Manning.....	Hartford, Conn.
435.	Mr. Geo. H. Manson.....	Charleston, S. C.
436.	Rev. Wm. S. Marquis, D.D.....	Rock Island, Ill.
437.	Mr. Theophilus M. Marc.....	East Orange, N. J.
438.	Mrs. Marquis.....	Rock Island, Ill.
439.	Mr. G. A. Marr.....	Houghton, Mich.
440.	Mr. Walter Martin.....	San Francisco, Cal.
441.	Mrs. Martin.....	San Francisco, Cal.
442.	Mr. J. K. Martin.....	Bridgton, Me.
443.	Mrs. Martin.....	Bridgton, Me.
444.	Miss Marian D. Marx.....	Easton, Pa.
445.	Rev. S. B. Mase, D.D.....	Greensburg, Pa.
446.	Mrs. Annie C. Mathews.....	Springfield, Ill.
447.	Mr. Wm. H. Mathews.....	Rochester, N. Y.
448.	Mrs. Mathews.....	Rochester, N. Y.
449.	Miss Anna M. Matthews.....	Oak Park, Ill.
450.	Mr. Frank G. Maus.....	Erie, Pa.
451.	Mrs. Harriet M. Maus.....	Erie, Pa.
452.	Miss Clara Louise Maus.....	Erie, Pa.
453.	Rev. Michael Henry May.....	Colchester, Conn.
454.	Master J. Roderick McAlpin, and governess.....	Ossining, N. Y.
455.	Major-Gen. E. A. McAlpin.....	Ossining, N. Y.
456.	Mrs. McAlpin.....	Ossining, N. Y.
457.	Rev. E. A. McAlpin, Jr.....	Ossining, N. Y.
458.	Mrs. Isabella S. McAllaster.....	Rochester, N. Y.
459.	Mr. Geo. Roy McAllaster.....	Rochester, N. Y.
460.	Mr. Chas. McKnight.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
461.	Rev. Neal A. McAulay.....	Wilton, Jct., Ia.
462.	Rev. French McAfee.....	Portland, Me.
463.	Rev. R. H. McCready, Ph.D.....	Chester, N. Y.
464.	Mr. J. L. McCutcheon.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
465.	Mrs. McCutcheon.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
466.	Miss Ella J. McFadden.....	Moundsville, West Va.

467.	Miss Mary McGary.....	Ottawa, Ill.
468.	Miss Nellie McGavren.....	Van Wert, O.
469.	Dr. G. W. McGavren.....	Van Wert, O.
470.	Mrs. McGavren.....	Van Wert, O.
471.	Rev. P. J. McHale.....	Pittston, Pa.
472.	Mr. S. F. McKinnon.....	Toronto, Ont., Can.
473.	Mrs. McKinnon.....	Toronto, Ont., Can.
474.	Mr. R. C. McLaughlin.....	Mapleton, Ia.
475.	Mrs. McLaughlin.....	Mapleton, Ia.
476.	Rev. Henry W. McLaughlin.....	Greenbank, W. Va.
477.	Mr. Daniel T. McLean.....	Washington C. H., O.
480.	Miss Amy W. McNair.....	Groveland, N. Y.
481.	Miss Anna McNair.....	Groveland, N. Y.
482.	Miss Mary F. McQueeney.....	New York City.
483.	Rev. R. J. McVeety.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
484.	Rev. Jas. A. McWilliams.....	Ossining, N. Y.
485.	Mr. John J. McWilliams.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
486.	Mrs. McWilliams.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
487.	Mr. Nelson B. Mead.....	Greenwich, Conn.
488.	Mrs. Mead.....	Greenwich, Conn.
489.	Mrs. Elizabeth L. Mead.....	Greenwich, Conn.
490.	Mr. Thos. J. Meehan.....	Baltimore, Md.
491.	Mrs. Edwin J. Meeks.....	Boston, Mass.
492.	Mrs. Sarah A. Meeks.....	Meriden, Conn.
493.	Miss Melheny.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
494.	Miss Ida Miesse.....	Chillicothe, O.
495.	Mr. Charles O. Miller.....	Stamford, Conn.
496.	Mrs. Miller.....	Stamford, Conn.
497.	Mr. Charles O. Miller, Jr.....	Stamford, Conn.
498.	Miss Estelle A. Mills.....	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
499.	Mrs. John L. Mitchell.....	Franklin, Pa.
500.	Miss Mary L. Mitchell.....	Franklin, Pa.
501.	Mr. Chas. Mount.....	Connersville, Ind.
502.	Miss Estelle T. Montgomery.....	Chicago, Ill.
503.	Mr. Walter L. Montgomery.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
504.	Mr. Frank S. Montgomery.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
505.	Col. W. L. Moody.....	Galveston, Tex.
506.	Mrs. Moody.....	Galveston, Tex.
507.	Mr. James Moodie.....	Hamilton, Ont.
508.	Mr. Thomas P. Moore.....	Holton, Kan.
509.	Mrs. Moore.....	Holton, Kan.
510.	Mr. John G. Morgan.....	Denver, Col.
511.	Mr. Henry C. Morse.....	New York City.
512.	Mr. Jay Morton.....	Chicago, Ill.
513.	Mrs. Morton.....	Chicago, Ill.
514.	Miss Mary Morton.....	Chicago, Ill.
515.	Miss Lulu Morton.....	Chicago, Ill.
516.	Miss Alma Mougey.....	Cincinnati, O.
517.	Miss Lillian Mougey.....	Cincinnati, O.
518.	Rev. M. W. Mulhane.....	Fitchburg, Mass.
519.	Miss Ada Mulligan.....	Port Hope, Ont.
520.	Mr. Julius Myers.....	Springfield, Ill.
521.	Capt. J. S. Nanson.....	St. Louis, Mo.
522.	Mr. Geo. K. Nason.....	Willimantic, Conn.
533.	Dr. A. W. Nelson.....	New London, Conn.
534.	Miss Leanore Nelson.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
535.	Miss Pearl Nelson.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
536.	Miss Mary Nevins.....	Franklin Park, N. J.
537.	Mr. Frank B. Newell.....	Chicago, Ill.
538.	Mrs. Newell.....	Chicago, Ill.
539.	Mr. S. C. Newhall.....	Lynn, Mass.
540.	Mr. Newhall.....	Lynn, Mass.
541.	Mrs. Isabella Niccolls.....	Greensburg, Pa.
542.	Mr. Franklin A. Niles.....	Flushing, Mich.
543.	Mrs. Niles.....	Flushing, Mich.
544.	Mrs. D. R. Niver.....	Oak Park, Ill.
545.	Mr. J. C. Nolan.....	Chicago, Ill.
547.	Miss Florence Northrup.....	Sudbury, Ont.

LIST OF MEMBERS

409

548.	Miss Grace A. Norton.	Scranton, Pa.
549.	Mr. C. W. Norton.	Wilton Junction, Ia.
550.	Mrs. Frank M. North.	New York City.
551.	Eric M. North.	New York City.
552.	Mrs. F. B. Norwood.	New York City.
553.	Mr. Crosby S. Noyes.	Washington, D. C.
554.	Mrs. Ira P. Nudd.	Chicago, Ill.
555.	Rev. Michael T. O'Brien.	Worcester, Mass.
556.	Miss Carolyn Odell.	New York City.
557.	Mr. Ross Oenslager.	Harrisburg, Pa.
558.	Mr. Earl W. Oglebay.	Cleveland, O.
559.	Mrs. Oglebay.	Cleveland, O.
560.	Miss Sarita H. Oglebay, and maid.	Cleveland, O.
561.	Miss Marie O'Reilly.	Chicago, Ill.
562.	Mrs. Fannie C. Osman-Starrett.	Ottawa, Ill.
563.	Mrs. Katharine Ott.	Albany, N. Y.
564.	Dr. W. W. Owen.	New York City.
565.	Mrs. S. S. Packard.	New York City.
566.	Miss Packard.	New York City.
567.	Miss Laura Packard.	Oak Park, Ill.
568.	Mrs. William P. Parker.	Detroit, Mich.
569.	Mr. W. J. Park.	Cleveland, O.
570.	Rev. Samuel Parry.	Pluckemin, N. J.
571.	Mrs. Parry.	Pluckemin, N. J.
572.	Dr. A. Per Lee Pease.	Massillon, O.
573.	Mrs. Pease.	Massillon, O.
574.	Hon. S. S. Peirson.	Newark, N. Y.
575.	Mrs. Peirson.	Newark, N. Y.
576.	Miss Charlotte Soutter Perkins.	Baltimore, Md.
577.	Miss Inez Perrin (married).	Detroit, Mich.
578.	Mr. Gersham M. Peters.	Cincinnati, O.
579.	Mrs. Peters.	Cincinnati, O.
580.	Miss Betsey King Peters.	Cincinnati, O.
581.	Mrs. J. W. Pettit.	Ottawa, Ill.
582.	Miss Annie M. Phelps.	Brookline, Mass.
583.	Hon. J. D. Phelan.	San Francisco, Cal.
584.	and valet	
585.	Dr. William J. Phillips.	Pittsburg, Pa.
586.	Mrs. Phillips.	Pittsburg, Pa.
587.	Miss Sadie E. Phillips.	Chicago, Ill.
588.	Mrs. James W. Paramore.	St. Louis, Mo.
589.	Miss Emily Pickard.	New York City.
590.	Miss Hannah J. Pierce.	Pleasantville, N. Y.
591.	Mrs. Oliver P. Pillsbury.	Milwaukee, Wis.
592.	Mr. A. A. Plumer.	Franklin, Pa.
593.	Miss Adaline Polhemus.	Franklin Park, N. J.
594.	Mrs. C. Burton Pomeroy.	Troy, Pa.
595.	Miss Emma Porter.	La Porte, Ind.
596.	Miss Louise H. Porter.	Michigan City, Ind.
597.	Miss Julia Porter.	Michigan City, Ind.
598.	Lieut-Col. Richard H. Pratt, U. S. Cavalry.	Carlisle, Pa.
599.	Mrs. Pratt.	Carlisle, Pa.
600.	Miss Richenda H. Pratt.	Carlisle, Pa.
601.	Rev. Wm. J. Priest.	Stoneham, Mass.
602.	Mrs. Anna L. Priscler.	Ottawa, Ill.
603.	Mr. J. S. Radcliffe.	Millville, N. J.
604.	Miss Margaret B. Radcliffe.	Millville, N. J.
605.	Mr. Gilbert T. Rafferty.	Pittsburg, Pa.
606.	Mrs. Rafferty.	Pittsburg, Pa.
607.	Miss Helen V. Rafferty.	Pittsburg, Pa.
608.	Miss Anna E. Rafferty.	Pittsburg, Pa.
609.	Mrs. Irving P. Rankin.	Akron, O.
610.	Mr. Chas. E. Rapelyea.	Elmira, N. Y.
611.	Mrs. Rapelyea.	Elmira, N. Y.
612.	Mr. Wm. Reader.	Marietta, O.
613.	Miss Mabel E. Reed.	Livonia, N. Y.
614.	Mr. Jos. P. Reed.	Pittsburg, Pa.
615.	Mrs. Reed.	Pittsburg, Pa.
616.	Mr. Wm. Reed.	Huntingdon, Pa.

617.	Mr. Chas. J. Reilly.....	Williamsport, Pa.
618.	Mr. Henry C. Rew.....	Evanston, Ill.
619.	Mrs. Esbon B. Rew.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
620.	Mr. Harvey Rice.....	Blanchester, O.
621.	Mr. Frank Ritter.....	Rochester, N. Y.
622.	Miss Laura Ritter.....	Rochester, N. Y.
623.	Hon. J. D. Ross.....	Oak Park, Ill.
624.	Mrs. Ross.....	Oak Park, Ill.
625.	Miss Grace A. Ross.....	Oak Park, Ill.
626.	Miss Louise A. Ross.....	Oak Park, Ill.
627.	Mr. John F. Ross.....	Oak Park, Ill.
628.	Miss Hattie M. Rood.....	New York City.
629.	Mr. John G. Roth.....	Cincinnati, O.
630.	Mrs. Roth.....	Cincinnati, O.
631.	Mrs. John C. Roth.....	Cincinnati, O.
632.	Mr. Frederick C. Rowley.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
633.	Mr. Ed. H. Royce.....	Mansfield Centre, Conn.
634.	Miss C. Lenore Roys.....	Lyons, N. Y.
635.	Mrs. J. Sidney Roys.....	Lyons, N. Y.
636.	Mr. Harry M. Rubey.....	Macon, Mo.
637.	Mrs. Rubey.....	Macon, Mo.
638.	Mrs. M. J. Russell.....	Oak Park, Ill.
639.	Mr. John R. T. Ryan.....	Williamsport, Pa.
640.	Mrs. Ryan.....	Williamsport, Pa.
641.	Rev. Denis A. Ryan.....	Keene, N. H.
642.	Mrs. Anna E. Safford.....	Cairo, Ill.
643.	Mrs. Anna E. Sauer.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
644.	Miss Martha E. Sawyer.....	Cambridge, Mass.
645.	Mrs. Fannie H. Sawyer.....	Manchester, N. H.
646.	Mr. Lewis P. Schaus.....	Newark, O.
647.	Mr. Wm. E. Schoenborn.....	Washington, D. C.
648.	Mrs. A. D. Schrender.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
649.	Miss Sophie E. Schuknecht.....	Rochester, N. Y.
650.	Mr. E. T. Scovill.....	Dansville, N. Y.
651.	Mrs. Scovill.....	Dansville, N. Y.
652.	Mrs. L. B. Sears.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
653.	Mrs. Edward A. Seccomb.....	Washington, Conn.
654.	Mr. Samuel B. Sexton, Jr.....	Baltimore, Md.
655.	Mrs. Sexton.....	Baltimore, Md.
656.	Miss May E. Sexton.....	Baltimore, Md.
657.	Mr. Charles H. Shanafelt.....	Kenton, O.
658.	Mr. J. M. Sharon.....	Cadiz, O.
659.	Mr. Oliver W. Shead.....	Boston, Mass.
660.	Mr. Jesse G. Shead.....	Eastport, Me.
661.	Miss Margaret Shepard.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
662.	Mrs. James G. Shepherd.....	Scranton, Pa.
663.	Mrs. Neva D. Sherwood.....	New York City.
664.	Mrs. Jane S. Schick.....	Reading, Pa.
665.	Mrs. Mary J. Shinn.....	Columbus, O.
666.	Mr. John C. Shirk.....	Brookville, Ind.
667.	Mrs. Shirk.....	Brookville, Ind.
668.	Mr. Charles A. Shirk.....	Brookville, Ind.
669.	Mr. James A. Shirk.....	Delphi, Ind.
670.	Mrs. Shirk.....	Delphi, Ind.
671.	Mrs. Nannie R. Shirk.....	Tipton, Ind.
672.	Mr. Geo. R. Schockley.....	New York City.
673.	Mrs. A. J. Shores.....	Butte, Mont.
674.	Miss Minnie Shores.....	Butte, Mont.
675.	Gen. Thomas J. Shyrock.....	Baltimore, Md.
676.	Mrs. Shryock.....	Baltimore, Md.
677.	Mr. C. C. Shultz.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
678.	Mrs. Jennie I. Simpson.....	Peekskill, N. Y.
679.	Mr. Henry D. Sizer.....	Cleveland, O.
680.	Miss Clara A. Sizer.....	Cleveland, O.
681.	Mr. Eberle D. Smith.....	Blanchester, O.
682.	Mrs. Smith.....	Blanchester, O.
683.	Mr. Elias D. Smith.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
684.	Miss Jessie J. Smith.....	Elizabeth, N. J.

LIST OF MEMBERS

411

685.	Mrs. John J. Smith.	New York City.
686.	Hilda W. Smith.	New York City.
687.	Mr. Walter L. Smith.	Rochester, N. Y.
688.	Dr. J. Dutton Smith.	Groton, Conn.
689.	Mrs. Smith.	Groton, Conn.
690.	Dr. F. W. Spaulding.	Clifton Springs, N. Y.
691.	Mrs. Spaulding.	Clifton Springs, N. Y.
692.	Mrs. Mary J. Spence.	Watkins, N. Y.
693.	Rev. Ruter W. Springer.	Fort Washington, Md.
694.	Mrs. Springer.	Fort Washington, Md.
695.	Dr. Daniel A. K. Steele.	Chicago, Ill.
696.	Mrs. Steele.	Chicago, Ill.
697.	Mr. George Steinman.	Lancaster, Pa.
698.	Miss Mary E. Steinman.	Lancaster, Pa.
699.	Rev. Moses D. A. Steen, D.D.	Woodbridge, Cal.
700.	Mrs. Steen.	Woodbridge, Cal.
701.	Mr. M. H. Stevens.	Pittston, Pa.
702.	Mrs. Stevens.	Pittston, Pa.
703.	Dr. Charles G. Stockton.	Buffalo, Pa.
704.	Mr. Richard Stevens.	Braddock, Pa.
705.	Mr. A. C. Stewart.	St. Louis, Mo.
706.	Dr. S. Smith Stewart.	Little Rock, Ark.
707.	Mrs. Eleanor D. Stewart.	Pittsburg, Pa.
708.	Mr. Wm. F. Stifel.	Wheeling, W. Va.
709.	Miss Flora E. Stifel.	Wheeling, W. Va.
710.	Col. Robt. B. Stinson.	Anna, Ill.
711.	Mr. Ferdinand D. Stone.	Louisville, Ky.
712.	Mr. J. M. Stoner.	Pittsburg, Pa.
713.	Mr. Herman Straub.	Pittsburg, Pa.
714.	Mrs. Straub.	Pittsburg, Pa.
715.	Dr. A. Gale Straw.	Manchester, N. H.
716.	Mr. D. E. Strayer.	De Graff, O.
717.	Miss M. Virginia Strode.	West Chester, Pa.
718.	Mrs. Harriet E. Strong.	Wilton Junction, Ia.
719.	Mr. L. E. Sturgis.	Des Moines, Ia.
720.	Miss Mary Shannon.	Swissvale, Pa.
721.	Miss Harriet S. Taylor.	Springfield, Ill.
722.	Mr. Charles L. Taylor.	Pittsburg, Pa.
723.	Miss Blanche M. Thayer.	Quincy, Mass.
724.	Miss Elizabeth Thayer.	Rochester, N. Y.
725.	Mrs. Laura K. Thomas.	Chicago, Ill.
726.	Rev. T. Charles Thomas.	Washington, D. C.
727.	Hon. R. S. Thomas.	Smithfield, Va.
728.	Mrs. Thomas.	Smithfield, Va.
729.	Miss Jane De G. Thompson.	New York City.
730.	Hon. Geo. Thompson.	St. Paul, Minn.
731.	Mrs. Thompson.	St. Paul, Minn.
732.	Miss Hazel Thompson.	St. Paul, Minn.
733.	Miss Florence Thompson.	St. Paul, Minn.
734.	Mrs. William Thompson.	Sligo, Washington, D. C.
735.	Miss M. Ida Thompson.	Sligo, Washington, D. C.
736.	Mr. J. E. Thomson.	St. Louis, Mo.
737.	Mrs. Thomson.	St. Louis, Mo.
738.	Rev. W. T. Tibbs.	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
739.	Miss Mary K. Tibbs.	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
740.	Dr. John N. Tilden (deceased).	Peekskill, N. Y.; Died July 10.
741.	Mrs. Tilden.	Peekskill, N. Y.
742.	Mr. John N. Tilden, Jr.	Peekskill, N. Y.
743.	Mrs. Geo. W. Tilton.	Chicago, Ill.
744.	Mrs. E. W. Tinkham.	Harrisville, R. I.
745.	Miss Miriam E. Tinkham.	Harrisville, R. I.
746.	Mr. Geo. Townsend.	South Livonia, N. Y.
747.	Mrs. M. L. Townsend.	South Livonia, N. Y.
748.	Miss Helen M. Towle.	Oak Park, Ill.
749.	Mrs. L. M. Trauger.	Greensburg, Pa.
750.	Mr. J. Harvey Treat.	Lawrence, Mass.
751.	Mr. William Trego.	Chicago, Ill.
752.	Miss Alleen Trego.	Chicago, Ill.

753.	Miss Clara H. Treglawn.....	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
754.	Miss Adaline D. Truman.....	Oswego, N. Y.
755.	Mr. Bayard C. Tullar.....	Wellsville, N. Y.
756.	Mr. W. F. Thurlow.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
757.	Miss Laura M. Tuthill.....	Quincy, Ill.
758.	Mrs. George R. Tweedy.....	Danbury, Conn.
759.	Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, S.T.D.....	New York City.
760.	Rev. Robt. S. Van Cleve, D.D.....	Erie, Pa.
761.	Miss Frances L. Van Cleve.....	Erie, Pa.
762.	Mr. Cornelius H. Van Ness.....	Port Jervis, N. Y.
763.	Mrs. Van Ness.....	Port Jervis, N. Y.
764.	Mrs. Bazel Wells Veirs.....	Chicago, Ill.
765.	Mr. Job Voak.....	Britton, S. D.
766.	Dr. F. S. Wagenhals.....	Columbus, O.
767.	Mrs. Wagenhals.....	Columbus, O.
768.	Dr. Jas. E. Walker.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
769.	Dr. Wm. R. Ward.....	Lyons Farms, N. J.
770.	Mrs. Mary R. Ward.....	Lyons Farms, N. J.
771.	Miss Mary C. Ward.....	Lyons Farms, N. J.
772.	Miss Emily T. Ward.....	Lyons Farms, N. J.
773.	Mr. Thos. E. Wardell.....	Macon, Mo.
774.	Mrs. Wardell.....	Macon, Mo.
775.	Mr. M. W. Warren.....	Webster Grove, Mo.
776.	Hon. Geo. F. Washburn.....	Boston, Mass.
777.	Master Alden F. Washburn.....	Boston, Mass.
778.	Mr. Wm. L. Watson.....	Pittston, Pa.
779.	Mrs. Watson.....	Pittston, Pa.
780.	Dr. Walter B. Weaver.....	Cincinnati, O.
781.	Mrs. Weaver.....	Cincinnati, O.
782.	Miss Anna C. Weigelt.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
783.	Miss Margaret Wells.....	Johnstown, N. Y.
784.	Miss Corinna G. Welch.....	Waukesha, Wis.
785.	Miss Margaret P. Welty.....	Greensburg, Pa.
786.	Mr. Henry K. Werner.....	Allegheny, Pa.
787.	Mr. M. O. West.....	New York City.
788.	Miss Mary E. Westfall.....	Rochester, N. Y.
789.	Mr. Seth Wheeler.....	Albany, N. Y.
790.	Mrs. Wheeler.....	Albany, N. Y.
791.	Miss Kathryn C. Wheeler.....	Milwaukee, Wis.
792.	Mr. William H. White.....	Fargo, N. D.
793.	Mrs. White.....	Fargo, N. D.
794.	Mrs. Lydia V. Whitlock.....	Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
795.	Mr. Lyman Whittier.....	Whiting, Ia.
796.	Mrs. Whittier.....	Whiting, Ia.
797.	Dr. J. E. Wilkinson.....	Ottumwa, Ia.
798.	Mr. J. J. Williams.....	Cleveland, O.
799.	Capt. J. B. Williams.....	Bellefontaine, O.
800.	Mrs. Harry R. Williams.....	Hartford, Conn.
801.	Rev. Lewis Williams.....	Utica, N. Y.
802.	Mrs. Williams.....	Utica, N. Y.
803.	Mr. M. B. Williams.....	Chicago, Ill.
804.	Mr. L. L. Williams.....	Rochester, N. Y.
805.	Mrs. Williams.....	Rochester, N. Y.
806.	Rev. Dr. Leopold Wintner.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
807.	Mrs. Henry G. Wise.....	Auburn, N. Y.
808.	Miss Anna L. Wolcott.....	Denver, Col.
809.	Miss Catherine D. Woodward.....	Middletown, N. Y.
810.	Rev. Edgar W. Work, D.D.....	Dayton, O.
811.	Mr. James H. Worley.....	Cleveland, O.
812.	Miss Susan Wright.....	Dunkirk, N. Y.
813.	Mrs. Selina Wygant.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
814.	Mr. Bryan L. Winters.....	New York City.
815.	Miss Grace Yates.....	Springfield, Ill.
816.	Miss Fannie Yates.....	Springfield, Ill.
817.	Miss Mohida V. Yost.....	New York City.
818.	Mrs. S. E. Young.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
819.	Miss Louise Young.....	Liberty, N. Y.
820.	Rev. A. L. Yount, D.D.....	Greensburg, Pa.



TOURISTS'



GALLERY

















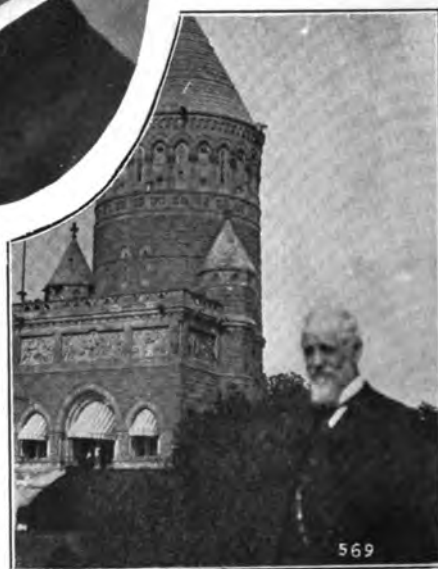
















THE REV. R. H. M'CREADY, PH.D., AND HIS HOME, CHESTER, N. Y., WHERE THE
WORK OF THIS VOLUME WAS DONE.

We extend our heartiest thanks to our many friends, on this cruise, for their cordial support in the execution of the Souvenir Volume and with very best wishes remain,

Yours very truly,

R. H. MCCREADY
H. M. TYNDALL

INDEX

A

Aboard the <i>Celtic</i>	4
Addresses of Tourists.....	401
Analysis of Tourists.....	398
Amusements aboard the <i>Celtic</i>	26
Algiers, Bibliography.....	31
Alhambra, Court of Lions, Interior ..	33
Athens, Over Sea and Land to.....	49
Bibliography.....	53-54
Temple of Jupiter.....	54-62
Arch of Hadrian.....	54
The Eye of Greece.....	55
Stadium.....	60
Temple of Thesus.....	60
Propyleon.....	60
An Episode.....	63
Donation to Girls' College at Scutari	80
Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President.	81
Ayers, D. H., Esq., Author of Masonic Souvenir.....	175
Alexandria, From the <i>Celtic</i> to.....	219
Art at Rome.....	297
Vatican.....	300
Archbold, Mr. and Mrs. C. W.....	367

B

Bates, Wm. H., and Wife.....	378
Brown, Captain Samuel Smith.....	385
Brown, Captain and Mrs. Charles W.....	391
Bibliography of the Cruise, General.....	8
Business and Pleasure Combined.....	11
Bibliography, Madeira.....	16
Bulletin, The, Board.....	25
Bay, St. Paul's, Malta.....	44
Bethel.....	135
Beeroth.....	136
Bethel Mission, Jerusalem.....	170
Bibles and Medicine: A Plea.....	170
Brown, W. S., Pittsburg, Pa.....	178
Bethany, Home of Mary and Martha.....	207
Bethlehem, Visit to.....	215
Bowing Down on Way to Alexandria.....	221
Blue Grotto.....	270
Basilica.....	296
Brussels, Rev. Dr. Moses D. A. Steen on	336
Brown, Captain and Mrs. Charles W.....	390

C

Clark, F. C., Manager.....	398
<i>Celtic</i> , The Greatest Cruiser on the Oceans	12
Caros or Bullock Cart.....	22, 21
Columbus, House of.....	25
Cloud Effect, Malta.....	48

Constantinople, On to.....	65
American College for Girls, Scutari	65, 72
Bibliography.....	67-68
The Capital of the Turkish Empire	69
Mosque of St. Sophia.....	73
Sultan's Palace.....	76
Carmel, Mount, from the Sea.....	94
Capernaum, Supposed Site of.....	115
Cana of Galilee.....	118
Convents of Palestine.....	138
Calvary, Mount, Sermon on.....	166
Colony, The American.....	170
Church of England, Jerusalem.....	170
Chair, Strapped into.....	219
Cairo, Daily Life and Scenes in.....	228-233
Nile Bridge at.....	229
Street Scene, Continental Hotel ..	229
Water Sprinklers.....	231
Dervishes Dancing.....	231
Channels for Investment.....	268
Clune, The Rev. Michael.....	386
Catacombs at Rome.....	294
J. Harvey Treat on.....	295
Constantine.....	295
Cuppuccini Cemetery.....	297
Church, St. John Lateran.....	297
Ara Cœli.....	303
San Lorenzo.....	310
San Giorgio Maggiore.....	319
Crucifixion, Guido Reni's.....	299
Campanile, The, at Venice.....	314, 318
Coblenz on the Rhine.....	342
Cole, Rev. Walter, D.D., on Holland.....	346
Channel, Crossing the English.....	353
Confession of Faith, Famous.....	359
Cathedrals of England.....	362
Cathedral of York.....	363
St. Paul.....	364
Oxford.....	365
Chester.....	365
Cottage, Anne Hathaway's.....	369
Cambrian Land.....	374
Christendom, Union of.....	387

D

Distinguished People.....	5
Diving for Silver Coin.....	23
Davis, President Boothe Colwell, Ph.D., D.D.....	69
Dickinson, Consul-General, U. S.....	71
Dothan, Joseph's Pit, Angel Hosts.....	126
Darlington, Miss F. B., West Chester, Pa.....	153
Demler, The Misses, of Pittsburg, Pa.....	165
Dead Sea and Jordan.....	205
Dead Sea Foam.....	210

Dickinson, Rev. J. J., D.D., Orange, N. J.	215
Disobedience of Orders.	221
Desert, Arabian.	239
Diseases Prevented.	266
Donaldson, Rev. John B., D.D., on Rome	287
Duomo, Florence.	309
Dresden, Dr. Findley and Family at.	339
Dolgelly and Cader Idris, Wales.	372

E

Expounding a Hard Problem to the Fish	3
Ephesus.	83
Egypt, Bibliography.	223-226
Egypt in a Nut-Shell.	235
Europe.	260
Edwards, Rev. T. C., D.D.	273
Ephesus, Lunch at.	394

F

Facts About the Ship <i>Celtic</i>	10
Funchal, Madeira, The Celts at.	17
Frith, Rev. Chas. W., D.D.	97
Fulton, John, Mining Engineer.	147
Funicular Railway at Vesuvius.	277
Florence.	308
Beautiful, from the Park.	310
Uffizi Pitti Palace.	311
Findleys and Careys at Venice.	316
Frederick Barbarossa.	320

G

Gardner, President Theo. L. D.D., on From Milan to London via Paris.	349
Great Thoughts; Facts about London	361
Gambling at Funchal.	21
Gibraltar, Bibliography.	27
Greece, Bibliography.	51-52
Galilee and Samaria.	101
Sea of.	113
Geology of Palestine.	147
Gethsemane, Garden of.	162-163
Glory, The, of Christ.	166
Guard, Swiss.	297
Good Samaritan.	301
Garibaldi, Statue of.	301, 303
Greenway, Rev. Walter B., on Florence	308
Giotto, The Shepherd Boy.	309
Germany, Miss Jessie J. Smith on.	339
Grumbling.	347
Galloway, Mrs. Robert.	395

H

How We Parted (Poem).	7
Hall, Rev. William K., D.D., Newburgh, N. Y.	380
Hallock, Rev. Gerard B. F., D.D., Rochester, N. Y.	18, 383
Hymns Sung.	4
Harshaw, Rev. W. H., D.D., Sermon by	18
Hyde, Rev. T. Chester, on Algiers.	32
Horseback Riding in Galilee.	99
Howard, Rev. James, Worcester, Mass.	138
Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Webb.	164
Health Officers, Education of.	267
Herculaneum, Relation to Pompeii.	284

Heidelberg.	341
Celtic Group at.	343
Holland, Bibliography.	345
Brave Little, by Rev. Walter H. Cole, D.D.	346
Horlick, Mr. Wm., Jr., and Malted Milk	394

I

Itinerary of Tourists.	399
-----------------------------	-----

J

Jezreel, Jezebel's Window.	123
Jenin, Camp at.	124
Jacob's Well.	132
Jerusalem, The Ancient.	143
Jerusalem, The Site of.	145
When We Were in.	152
Mosque of Omar.	16c, 161
Scenes at.	157
Chicago Party on Steps of Omar at	162
Christian Missions in.	170
Jordan, The.	205
Jericho, Scenes at.	209
Pleasures at.	211
Jones, Dr. Lander P.	265
Jerome, St.	300
Jews in London.	361

K

Kom-Ombo, Temple of.	236
Karnak, Temple of.	243
Portal at.	268
King Victor Emmanuel III., of Italy.	303

L

List of Members.	401
Lemon, Rev. John Bunyan, Manchester, N. H.	101, 113
Lukban.	133
Landing by Tackle, Alexandria.	219
Luxor.	244
Lucerne, the Geologist's Mecca.	333, 351
Lovely.	351
Louvre, The.	352
London, Bibliography of.	356
Greatness of Population.	361
A Glimpse of.	357
Jerusalem Chamber.	358
Largest City of the World.	361
Tower of.	360
Americans in.	361
Llanelltyd, The Vale of (Poetry).	375

M

Map of Cruise.	400
Members of Cruise, Official List.	401
McCready, Rev. R. H., Ph.D.	428
Manager F. C. Clark.	5
Mark Twain's Cruise.	9
Madeira Bibliography.	16
Programme.	17
Menu.	17
Missions at Funchal.	20
in Algeria.	40
Malta Bibliography.	43
Scenes at.	45
Medicine, Need of.	170
Scheme for Preventive.	265

- Masonic Souvenir..... 174
 Masons on the Forward Deck..... 184
 McAulay, Rev. N. A., Wilton Junction,
 Ia..... 205
 Moabite Stone..... 227
 Mamre, Oaks of..... 218
 Mathews, Miss Anna M., Oak Park, Ill.. 219
 McCutcheon, Hon. J. L., at Cairo..... 230
 Map Showing Route from Cairo to
 Assouan..... 235
 Museums, Capitoline..... 299
 Michael Angelo..... 311
 Marquis, Rev. and Mrs. W. S., D.D.... 315
 Monte Carlo..... 327
 Garden..... 328
 Mainz..... 342
 Milan, Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Gardner on... 349
 Spire of Cathedral..... 350
- N
- Nanson, Captain Joseph S..... 388
 Names and Addresses of Tourists..... 401
 Nazareth, Where Christ was Reared. 107, 109
 Fountain of the Virgin..... 108
 to Gennesaret..... 108
 to Nablus..... 120
 A Good View of..... 121
 Nablus to Jerusalem..... 130
 Nile, Scenes About the..... 237
 Length of..... 234
 Steam Pumps on..... 238
 Its Richness..... 238
 Sand Bars in..... 240
 Naples and Vesuvius..... 269
 and Vicinity..... 273
 Houses in..... 274
 Moral and Religious Condition... 275
 Milk Distributers at..... 275
 Museum..... 276
 Tomb of Virgil..... 276
 Nero's Gardens..... 296
 Nürnberg..... 340
 McAlpin, Mrs. Major-General E. A.... 391
- O
- Obituary Notes..... 395
 Occupation of Tourists..... 398
 Official List of Tourists..... 401
 Officers of the *Celtic*..... 13
 Over and Over (Poem)..... 117
 Olivet, Visitors at..... 137
 "Our Country"..... 382
- P
- Provisions, The Great Abundance..... 15
 Palestine Bibliography..... 90
 Map of..... 149
 Patmos, Island of..... 93
 Palanquin, The Easy Conveyance..... 120
 Palestine, Where We First Saw..... 94
 Palm, The Groves of, in Egypt..... 242
 Preventive Medicine, Scheme for..... 265
 Pompeii, Excavation of the House of
 Vettius..... 278
 Restoration of Peristyle..... 279
 View of the Forum of..... 280
 Wall Painting..... 281
 The Buried City..... 282
 Domus Milliacro..... 282
- Pompeii:
 Preservation of Relics in..... 282
 Bacchus and Ariadne..... 283
 View of Large Theatre..... 283
 Decorative Wall Painting..... 285
 Street View in..... 284
 Paul at Rome..... 294
 Plaza at St. Peter's, Rome..... 295
 Persecutions, Rome..... 296
 Pope, The..... 297
 Audience with..... 298
 Alexander III..... 320
 Palace, Barberini..... 299
 Pieta, in St. John Lateran..... 299
 Pantheon, The..... 301
 Palace, The Royal, at Rome..... 301
 Pitti..... 312
 Paris, The City of Fashion..... 352
 Place de la Concorde..... 353
 Palais de Justice..... 353
 Arc De Triomphe..... 354
 Bibliography of..... 356
- R
- Remedies for Sea-Sickness..... 7
 Railway, Cogwheel, at Funchal..... 22
 Ryerson, Mrs. M., Missionary..... 171
 Rosetta Stone..... 223
 Rameses II., Statue of..... 241
 Records of the Past..... 269
 Rome, Arch of Augustus..... 286
 A Week in..... 287
 Piazza del Popolo..... 287, 288
 Corso..... 287
 Piazza del Colonna..... 287
 Pincian Gardens..... 287
 The Trinita from Plaza Spalgua .. 288
 Romulus, Burial-place of..... 288
 Cloaca Maxima..... 288
 Capitol Hill..... 289
 Castle of San Angelo..... 289
 Ruins of Basilica of Julia..... 289
 Forum..... 289, 290
 Temple of Hercules..... 290
 Palatine Hill..... 290
 Tiberius..... 291
 Septimus Severus..... 291
 Baths of Caracalla..... 291
 Arch of Constantine..... 291
 Reformation of, Wished..... 298
 Arch of Titus..... 292
 Coliseum..... 292
 Early Christianity in..... 293
 Forum and Coliseum..... 293
 Catacombs..... 294
 Plaza of St. Peter's..... 295
 Mary Worship..... 295
 Vatican Palace..... 296
 Its Poverty and Wealth Unique.. 304
 Appia Via..... 304
 Trevi Fountain..... 304
 Column of Marcus Aurelius..... 305
 International Institute..... 306
 Romola in Florence..... 312
 Rhine, German Love of..... 343
- S
- Start, The..... 1
 Strong, Rev. Josiah, D.D..... 381

- Stewart, Judge Alphonso Chase..... 389
Shibboleth, Extract from..... 395
 Student Travelers' Club..... 5
 Stores and Provisions..... 15
 Shryock, General Thos. J..... 176
 Solomon, Quarries of..... 194
 Sphinxes, Avenue of, Egypt..... 242
 Scarabees, How Given Age..... 245
 Shelley's Grave..... 303
 St. Gothard Pass..... 350
 Steen, Rev. Moses D. H., D.D., Ph.D.,
 on the Cathedrals of England... 362
 Stratford-on-Avon..... 367
 Shakespeare, Home of..... 368
 Stewart, Judge Alphonso Chase..... 389
 Scotsmen in London..... 361
 St. Valentine's Day..... 6
 Sketches, Biographical..... 378
 Schoenborn, W. E., M.E., LL.B., Patent
 Office, Washington, D. C..... 9
 Smyrna and Ephesus, Bibliography... 82
 By Evangelist M. B. Williams... 83
 Syria and Palestine, Bibliography... 90-92
 Sailing Onward to Palestine..... 93
 Samaria and Galilee..... 101
 Solomon, Mr. J. E. Michelin..... 104-5
 Strong, Rev. Josiah, D.D..... 81, 110
 Shunem..... 122
 Samaria..... 127
 Shiloh..... 134
 Springer, Rev. Reuter W., A.M., LL.M. 143
 Sunset at Pyramids..... 249
 Savanarola the Dauntless..... 312
 St. Mark, Translation from Alexandria. 320
 Switzerland..... 330
 Bartholdi's Famous Group at Basle 330
 A View of..... 331
 The Rugged Mountain Peaks of.. 331
 Politics of..... 331
 The Lion of Lucerne..... 332
 Her Thrift..... 333
 Her People..... 334
 Social Service, League for..... 382
- T
- Trial for Breach of Contract..... 376
 Tilden, Dr. John N..... 397
 Tents, Life in..... 97
 Tiberias..... 112
 Turmus Arya..... 134
 Temples in Egypt..... 246
 Thebes, The Ruins at..... 266
 Temple at..... 267
 Tiber, Father..... 304
 Tell, William, Home of..... 351
- Trial, The, (Mock) with Possibilities... 376
 Tilden, Dr. John N., Death of..... 397
 Tourists, Analysis of..... 398
 Photograph Gallery..... 413
 Tyndal, Rev. H. M..... 413
- V
- Van Cleve, Rev. Robert S., D.D..... 110
 Vesuvius, Ascent of..... 273
 Vegetation at..... 274
 Funicular Railway to..... 274
 In the Crater of..... 274
 Vatican Palace, Rome..... 296
 Vickery, Miss M. E..... 307
 Venice, Rev. W. S. Marquis on..... 315
 Dreaming in Lovely..... 316
 Founding of..... 316
 Entrance to the Grand Canal..... 317
 Panorama of..... 320
 The Two Columns D'Acres..... 320
 San Maria Della Salute..... 321
 Ruskin on..... 322
 Churches of..... 322
 Westminster Abbey of..... 322
 View of, from San Giorgio..... 323
 The Doges of..... 324
 Bridge of Sighs..... 325
 Academy and Art..... 325
 Palais Van Axel aux Miracoli..... 326
 Villefranche, View from *Celtic*..... 327
 Versailles, The Grandeur of..... 352
- W
- Wave-Breaking by the *Celtic*..... 2
 Work, Rev. Edgar W., D.D..... 3, 234
 Willing and Yet Unwilling (Poem).... 6
 Wail of the Woeful (Poem)..... 6
 Washington's Birthday..... 40
 Well, Jacob's..... 132
 Wallace, Rev. Edwin S., Ex-Consul for
 Palestine..... 152
 Ward, Dr. Wm. R..... 313
 Washburn, Hon. Geo. F..... 378
 Wales, The Land of Rugged Worth.... 371
 Williams, Rev. Lewis, B.D., on Wales.. 371
 Work, Rev. Edgar W., D.D., Biography
 of..... 392
- Y
- Yount, Anna, Death of..... 395
 Young, Rev. S. Edward and Wife, Pitts-
 burg, Pa..... 4
 Rev. S. Edward at Calvary..... 166
 Mrs. S. Edward in Costume..... 171

Geog 4329.02
The cruise of the Celtic around the
Widener Library 005889973



3 2044 082 187 220