

Here I spent the evening, and preached to a good congregation, interesting a number, I hope, in the work of the Lord in the Colonies. The church is old, but substantial; the Rev. G. S. Briggs is pastor, and is working successfully among a large population. There was very little knowledge of Colonial work, and scarcely any interest in it; but pastor and people promise to give assistance in future.

CAMBERWELL GREEN, LONDON.

Here I had a good opportunity to plead the cause of the society. This church has long supported the society, and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Clements, is in hearty sympathy with our work. It is one of the largest of our London churches. Here I met the Rev. Mr. Williams, formerly of Canada. He is in connection with the Religious Tract Society. Of course he and Mrs. Williams, with whom I spent an hour or so, made many kind enquiries about New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and many other places.

I addressed the Camberwell Green Sabbath school in the afternoon, and for London boys their attention and behaviour were good. Evening of the same day I was in

WEST NORWOOD.

This place has passed through great changes since I was last in London. Then the late Rev. Nibb Lee was pastor. After his decease, the Rev. Dr. McCan, from the Church of England. The cause ran down very much, and at present it is weak in comparison with what it was then. Under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. King, it is confidently hoped that things will improve. It is much easier in London and suburbs to let a church run down than to revive it. We had good collections for the society here, both morning and evening. Rev. Mr. H. Fielden, our secretary, preached at noon.

DALTON, POWNALL ROAD.

Here our good friend, the Rev. R. Mackay, has his work. I spent a most delightful evening with him. He was conducting a series of evangelistic services, and although a London fog was everywhere, there was a large congregation. I preached, and greatly enjoyed the services. Those who led in prayer and in service of song seemed to be devout and earnest. A large number have been added to the church since Mr. Mackay began his ministry among them. His Canadian friends will all be glad to hear that he and his family are well and happy in their new sphere. On the committee of the Colonial Society, in him we have a warm friend.

I have been sorry to learn from various sources of many *vacant churches in Canada*. This makes me feel very uncomfortable, for I know how disastrous to the cause such a state of things is. Yet even a long vacancy is better than an unsuitable pastor.

Since I have been in England I have met with

several who are anxious to come to Canada. I think I know the kind of men we need, and who would succeed with us. I can at present, with confidence, recommend four of those with whom I have corresponded and whom I have met. Very likely half a dozen good men from here will come over in the coming spring or summer. In the meantime I do earnestly hope some means will be devised to keep the vacant churches supplied. In a few months from now the students will come to our assistance. I think I can lay my hand on a suitable man for British Columbia, if the superintendent in Washington Territory has not already found the right man. I would also like to get *THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT*; I see it in the office occasionally, but somehow my own copy generally fails to reach me. Only a couple of letters more from here. I am very truly yours, THOS. HALL.

Mission Notes.

NATIVE SUPERSTITION.—HOSTILITY TO THE TRUTH.

Mrs. Stover, in a private letter, gives some incidents which give pleasing evidence that the truth has taken firm hold on some of the lads connected with the mission:—

"You may remember the story of the man who was so dreadfully tortured and finally killed, having been accused of witchcraft, in the early stages of this mission. A few weeks ago the natives had a three days' feast and dance for his spirit. Parts of the eye, ear, tongue and other portions of an ox, as well as some beer and other articles of food, were placed in the woods for his spirit. Though the affair was carried on only a few rods from our house, it seemed to be no temptation to our boys. Two weeks ago the oldest man in Chilume died. My husband and I were out walking after tea. We met a young man, stopped to exchange greetings, and asked if he knew of the death. He covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, crying, 'O my father! O my father!' The man was not his father, but they call all the old men by that name. His grief was genuine, if I ever saw any; our own eyes filled at the sight of it; and he is one of the hardest young men in the place. Yet people say that these black sons of Africa are devoid of feeling! That evening there was scarcely a word spoken by one of our native children. Mr. Stover held Sunday school early that they might go to the old man's funeral. But the chief, Chikulu, drove them away, threatening to shoot them if they dared go to the grave, because they had not been to dance for the dead. He said: 'Go to the whites and stay there. You are none of mine.' The boys felt it deeply. They have been bringing down wrath upon their heads by trying to carry the good tidings to their friends.

"At the time of their yearly hunt, the natives were