

ley, England. Until the last hour the two favorites were Dr. Meyrick and the Bishop of Huron, the Low Church party having made up their minds to elect the latter, failing the man they wished. And they very nearly succeeded, he having received a large lay majority, and wanted only three of a clerical majority. Mr. Oxenden was at length elected by acclamation.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The next annual meeting of the Union will be held (D.V.) in Zion Church, Montreal, commencing at 7.30 P.M., on Wednesday, June 9, 1869, at which hour the opening sermon will be preached by Rev. D. Macallum (alternate, Rev. H. D. Powis). After the sermon, the Union will be organized for the session, and Committees appointed.

The retiring Chairman's address will be delivered on Thursday morning, after which the new Chairman will be chosen, and the report of the committee of the Union submitted.

The Union Committee have invited the preparation of the following papers, to be read in the course of the meeting:—1. On "Why am I a Congregationalist?" by Rev. J. G. Mauly (deferred from last meeting). 2. On "Revivals." 3. On "Calling out all the Gifts of the Churches."

INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. C. M. GRANT.

CALCUTTA, MARCH 15TH, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "RECORD."

Having begun I must go on. Having carried those of your readers who thought my former jottings worth reading as far as Aden, it were a pity to leave them there, with few companions save naked rocks and Somalis. (By the way did I speak of the Somalis, in my last, as Arabs? If I did I was wrong. They are Africans who have crossed and settled in Arabia.) As one of our passengers remarked, "Aden is a capital place—to get out of as soon as possible." The five hours we remained there were sufficient, and we were glad to be once more in motion under both sail and canvas. A word as to the P. and O. steamers. You hear people maintain that they are the finest boats afloat, alike in speed, equipment and accommodation. Don't believe them. An ordinary Cunarder would do an average of 40 or 50 miles per day more than a ordinary P. and O. I was on board one of the swiftest of the whole fleet, and with a slight wind favouring us, and a sea like a duckpond and no swell, the "make" of the day was more frequently under than above 280 miles. And as for accommodation, each passenger has about sufficient for half a man—no more. If the sea happens to be a little rough and you have to close your port, then you have two alternatives—either sleep on deck and be knocked up at half-past four to give way for hollystoning the decks, or else suffocate—breathe death. Four are crowded into a cabin which might be endurable with two. Not that I, in particular, have reason to complain. The Purser, a Scotchman and a loyal son of the church, stood my friend, and for a good part of the way I had a cabin to myself—a rare luxury, when the thermometer stood from 80° to 85° at midnight.

At Galle, in Ceylon, a new revelation of natural beauty burst upon us—we were in the fairest garden of the Tropics with all their gorgeous prodigality of growth and brightness of colour. The drive to Waak-wallah—a spot to be visited by every one who visits the Island was five miles into fairyland, the way one continued arbor, overhung by waving palms, feathery cocoa-nuts, and palm-leaved plantains—the air fragrant with cinnamon, whilst the rich undergrowth of floral herbage gave light and colour to the scene. I had seen some of England's soft midland scenery, the boldest and grandest of the Grampians and the Coolins, the finest sweeps of the Hudson and St Lawrence, but this was new, and hitherto to me had only had dreamland existence. I had felt pleased and soothed by the nooks and glens of other lands—awed and silenced by their mighty mountains, emblems of everlasting strength, that spoke of man's insignificance in the presence of such might, but here pure gladness predominated. I could have laughed and danced, feeling that fairyland had at length become reality. But there is compensation. The people nurtured by this bright Isle could never make Covenanters and Puritans. They are too soft and easy and pliant, too unable to grasp the stern and awful facts of life which the Highlander, drawing daily inspiration from deep glens and lofty hills, from lightning and thunder and storm, can grasp, and which, being grasped, form a higher, surer, and nobler if also sterner and more rugged character.

India proper can present no scene of perennial beauty like Ceylon. Nature has lavished her richest treasures at the gate leading to the domain, not in the domain itself. The summer gives not merely to have the winter to withdraw again, but summer is sole mistress—"ever fresh and ever fair."

"Every prospect pleases,
And naught but man is vile."

And really the men are very vile—arrant thieves and audacious liars, with just sufficient English to make a bargain in jewelry, by which they will give you good "glass and brass," and swear they are good gold and diamonds. Woe betide the man who is fool enough to "trade" with any of the Singhalese. There is, however, a small colony of Parsees established at Galle, whose jewelry may be depended on, and whose way of doing business is a high tribute to our national honesty. They sell readily to any Englishman going to London or Calcutta on his simple promise to forward the amount due on arrival at his destination, and this, although they may never have seen or heard of him before. Many of our passengers had, on previous occasions, thus dealt with them, and some of them on this occasion. A Parsee wanted me to buy a sparkling diamond ring. "It is no use talking to me," I said, "I haven't got money sufficient to buy that, even if I gave you all I have with me." "No matter, Sir," was the reply, "take the ring and remit the money from Calcutta at your convenience." "But you know nothing of me: I may cheat you and never let you hear of me again." He smiled slightly and said, "You are an Englishman." Now this is not merely flattery to persuade us to buy. It is real