

Mission work and College interests are suffering with the want of this earnest *esprit de corps*, and the reflex influence upon pastors and churches is disastrous in the extreme. Brethren, do not commit denominational suicide.

THERE is in the present British House of Commons a remarkable man of whom we would speak a word: Joseph Arch. He began life as a Warwickshire labourer, hedging and ditching at ten shillings a week. His schooling was finished when eight years old. He married, his wife brought him no money dowry, *only* character, love and inspiration. In her companionship he found incentives to reading and to work. Forty years ago the English labourer was theoretically as free as the wearer of a coronet in the same land: practically he was a serf. Arch aspired to something nobler. All through life he has proved himself one of God's noblemen. As our contemporary the English *Nonconformist and Independent* says, Arch is an example of what the Free churches of England have done, and are doing. The Established church with its priestly cast had never opened up—it would have closed—the way of the Warwickshire ditcher. In the fellowship of the Primitive Methodists he found room to work, and he worked. Believing Godliness to have profit for this life, as well as for the world to come, he became the champion of the labourer, has written and spoken much and well on the improvement of the labouring class. In 1880 he offered himself as a member for parliament, but was defeated: the wider franchise of the late bill however has given Hodge more votes, and Joseph Arch defeated at the polls the heir to one of Britain's proudest titles. He is now sixty years of age; the idol of his peers, the agricultural labourers, political opponents can but honour the unpretending man who by British pluck and sanctified honesty has risen from plashing a hedge to take his seat on an equality with the proudest in the noblest parliament of the world.

MR. STEAD, the now widely known editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, having served out his term of imprisonment, is again at liberty—if indeed he ever were imprisoned, for walls cannot confine the large and noble soul. Whatever mistakes Mr. Stead may have made, we

cannot but feel that his prosecution was a persecution on the part of a class from whose secret vileness he had remorselessly torn the veil. Confessedly he only technically violated the law, for which he was fined and imprisoned, with hard labour, for three months; while a rascally medical practitioner, who had assaulted a little girl ten years of age, has since been sentenced to *one* month's imprisonment, *without* hard labour. The contrast is painfully striking.

THE English CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK for 1886 has reached our desk. The addresses to the Union by the chairmen for 1885 are published; they have already been noticed in our columns. In statistics the book is poor, yet these we gather: The number of churches and mission stations in England and Wales is 4,218 against 4,181 in 1884. Sittings are provided for 1,582,409 people, as against 1,568,357 for 1884. How many are occupied? The Year Book however is a thorough directory for Congregational churches and ministers, and we trust its energetic editor, Dr. Hannay, may long live to edit and to rule as he so well and kindly does.

FROM the *Christian World* we take the following sketch of London at night, which will also give information as to the work our English brethren are doing in that great city. The indefatigable Secretary of the London Congregational Union, Mr. A. Mearns, is the presiding spirit in this work:—

London at night presents strange pictures, in striking contrast to the activities of the day. Soon after midnight on Saturday last four voluntary workers left one of the missionary centres of the London Congregational Union in search of homeless wanderers. The arrangement was for two to perambulate the district north and east of London Bridge, and two to traverse the streets and lanes, the highways and byways of the western portion, from Blackfriars to Piccadilly. Passing through the city, the deserted aspect of the warehouses, the stillness of the streets, the dimly-described dome of St. Paul's, the suspended bustle of Fleetstreet and the Strand, each in turn afforded material for reflection.

The search was painfully successful. Upwards of 400 homeless outcasts were found by these two explorers within four hours, and from the large number thus met with, how difficult it was to select those who were, apparently, the most deserving. In Covent-garden alone, from 100 to 150 men and women were found who had sought shelter within the porticos. Considering the time of year the night was a fairly good one, less trying to those who were forced by poverty to find