

HAMILTON.—This church has been celebrating its jubilee—on Sunday, October 25—by appropriate services conducted by Rev. H. D. Powis, of Zion Church, Toronto, and on the Wednesday evening previous by a social and public meeting. They who were present at the late union meeting need not to be told how thoroughly our Hamilton friends can manage such gatherings; others may imagine and feel sure they cannot reasonably imagine too much. We give the pastor's (Mr. J. Morton) address: "To give a history of this church at a social gathering, and so to give it as not to weary you, is a task which requires some courage. My purpose is to give a full account of the first years of the church and to touch but lightly on more recent times. In the beginning of the year 1835 there was an Episcopal congregation in the town. It met in the court-house—a frame building. The church had a minister whom they appreciated, and from whom they did not wish to part, but the bishop saw fit for some reason to remove him. Some of the members appealed to the bishop to alter his decision and to allow them to have their old minister. He refused. The brethren, feeling that their wish was not respected, resolved to separate and to meet by themselves for public worship. Accordingly they took a school house which then stood where the Central Presbyterian church now stands, and met regularly. This was in February, 1835. For a few Sabbaths they had prayer meetings and mutual exhortation; but one of their number, Mr. Robert Sewell, was a gentleman of ability and culture, who had been educated for the ministry in the Old Country. This gentleman was asked to preach for them, which he did with great acceptance for several months. In the few months while he was leading their services, they removed from the school to an upper room in a two-story house which stood on King Street East, on the site of Sanford's warehouse. Up there, in that room, some thirty Christian people might have been seen every Sabbath, during the summer and fall of 1835, meeting to worship God. Rev. Mr. Dyer, the first pastor, was sent out from England under the auspices of the London Colonial Missionary Society. In 1835 an important event occurred—an event which has fixed the date of our present meeting, which has had an important bearing on the lives of many present, which has had something to do with my own life, although I have been so short a time here; an event which has affected the eternal destinies of many who are now in the other world. When the autumn tints were on the trees, when preparations were being made for winter, on October 21, 1835, the brethren met in the house of one of their number and formed themselves into a church. Since then the church has continued by the grace of God to do its work, and to-day it is as life-like as ever. Most of the brethren have gone to Him whom they called their God; but

one, though not now in our circle, is still in a green old age in our city, taking a prominent part in all benevolent and religious enterprises.

The newly-formed church continued to meet in the upper room on King Street till 1836, when another important event happened, an event which brings us all to the corner of Hughson and Cannon Streets two or three times every Sabbath. In the early part of 1836, if you had come on a certain day to the spot where we are now met, you would have seen great activity. There was a number of farmers with bobsleighs unloading hewn timber, lumber, and shingles. As they helped each other to unload they were cheerily chatting to each other. Had you asked one of them what all this meant he would have said: 'It is a bee. We're hauling lumber for a Congregational Church that's to be built here. We have brought it from the mountain. It is from the bush of that farmer over there—his name is Green. He gave the timber for nothing. We had a hewing bee and prepared it all, and now we are bringing it down. It's for the new church, sir, and we are doing all the work free, and glad to do it.' Thus, then, these men who did not see many pound notes, having the love of their fathers' God in their hearts, gave the sweat of their brows and the labour of their hands to the good cause. The building which they erected is no longer here; but let us be thankful for their work, and let us also be stimulated to go on doing the work that lies to our hand as they did the work that lay to theirs. In the following year, 1837, had a Scotch Congregationalist visited Hamilton, and spent a few weeks, he might have written to his friends at home the following letter:

HAMILTON, UPPER CANADA, March, 1837.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I have been in this thriving little town three weeks, and have been able, after attending to business, to look around a little. It has between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants. The principal street, called King, is about a mile from the wharf and runs east and west. The dwellings and stores are chiefly on this street and at the wharf. It is expected that the space between will yet be built up. Indeed there is every prospect that the town, being at the head of the lake, will grow. As you know I am interested in churches and I am glad to say the town is well provided. There are six in addition to the Congregationalist—the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian, the Wesleyan and New Connection Methodists, the American and the Auld Knox Presbyterian. As you know, I am specially interested in the Congregational; have worshipped there every Sabbath since I came and have enjoyed the services. The minister is a vigorous little Englishman and an excellent preacher. In theology he is Arminian in tendency, and has, I believe, given offence to some of his members on this ground. But, as you are aware, I do not think the less of him for this. But with all my radicalism in religion there was one thing about the service which was too much for me at first. The praise is led by an instrumental band. They have a great bass violin and a clarinet, both of which are well played, evi-