

ness that did not fail to tell of the make-shifts in omigrant life which a Colonial minister had often made himself and often taught to faint-hearted others.

Such was the feast of the Jubilee meeting, although not a few spoke besides, notably the venerable and unchanging friend of the Colonial churches, Mr. Spicer; also the dearly loved of all who draw near him, Dr. John Kennedy, who told how he had been long ago one of the two church members sent by an Edinburgh church to see Henry Wilkes, student of Edinburgh University, when he was seeking admission to that fellowship. Can I help loving John Kennedy? He ordained my Father, and spoke the tenderest love for him, as 43 years after that he buried him.

Dr. Wilkes has not been idle since May. He told the Union and the Colonial Society's audience that, while he never begged, he would be glad to carry home a few hundred pounds, or a few thousand dollars, for theological education in Montreal, and I half think he will do so. But he has also been down in Yorkshire, where one of England's biggest nerve centres throbs. He preached to the church worshipping in our Airedale College hall in Bradford, filling thus the pulpit of our pastor, whom many of you know, Rev. Hugh Elder, now taking a happy rest in Salem, Mass. To hear the aged preacher there, gathered some who heard him 50 years ago, when, with Thomas Binney he went up and down the land telling of Canada's need and securing help for the missions there. — Now, for some reason, those subscriptions have been let largely lapse. This lapsing must cease. On the Wednesday after preaching Dr. Wilkes addressed a large united gathering of friends from many Bradford churches in the large hall of Horton Lane chapel. — The pastor presided, and let me say that he, the brother of the revered first pastor of Calvary church in Montreal, Rev. K. C. Anderson, D. D., is proving himself one of the ablest preachers, and one of the profoundest thinkers, and truest leaders in all our country side. He comes to us from the first Presbyterian church in Troy, N. Y.; he had previously been pastor of a Congregational church in Wisconsin; before that he had studied at Edinburgh University, at Middlebury college, Vt., and at New Haven Theological seminary, and before that he had been a pupil and a teacher in the Huntingdon academy in Canada east. Of course he urged his people warmly to do their duty to Canada.

Dr. Wilkes told the old story well. You know it, and his manner of word. At the close the venerable senior deacon rose, and lamenting the lapse of the old subscription lists, challenged young men to see them renewed. The challenge was heard, an excellent man volunteered to be collector, and already a good earnest

of handsome gifts has been gathered. Its reception in London may be followed by similar new work over the land. I think it will.

Forgive my gossip length. I think you will follow me thus far. For I write in love as of old.

ADAGE.

DEAR MR. BURTON.

Will you kindly publish the following extract from a letter read at the International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness, held at the Agricultural Hall, London, England, in June, 1885, and oblige.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN SALMON.

TORONTO, Sept. 7, 1886.

"Organic diseases, such as cancer, have been healed as instantaneously and perfectly as disease of a functional character; but as Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, U. S., has especially called for cases of the first named class, I will therefore specify several which are beyond all question. The persons named have, I may say, repeatedly testified before more than a thousand persons in the tabernacle, to their perfect healing, and their testimonies have been published throughout Australia and never once challenged.

Case I., Mrs. Coates; *internal bleeding cancer*. — This lady lives at No. 42 West Garth Street, Fitzroy. In March, 1883, she lay at the point of death, the cancer having almost destroyed the organ wherein it had formed. For days she had been losing blood "literally in bucket fulls," as she expressed it. The medical men in attendance gave no hope of restoration, operation was out of the question, and a speedy death was expected by all, herself included. At this crisis I was sent for simply to pray with her as a dying woman who had been blessed, although I knew it not, by hearing the Word of Life from my lips. She was an entire stranger to me. I found her calmly trusting in Jesus for salvation, and waiting without fear for her departure. Finding her husband and family were unsaved, I exhorted her to 'look and live.' Up to that moment, she had never once thought of looking to God for physical life, and thought it was His will she should die of that terrible cancer. But in that hour she received His word, realized His healing power, and, after I had prayed and laid hands on her in the name of Jesus, she declared that she felt that the bleeding had stopped. So it proved, for not a drop came that day. It was Thursday. The next day she opened the door when I visited her, and on the Sabbath she walked more than a mile and a half (there and back that is,) to attend divine worship, and hear me preach, and she remains healed to this day. All glory to Jesus be given; for all power in heaven and on earth is His.