

with 3,960 guns and 361,200 horses. Let those who so glibly talk of war with Russia reflect on these figures.

It was our privilege to be with the Guelph friends on the Sabbath of their jubilee celebration, a brief account of which is in our news column. Our visit was necessarily hasty, and the weather more than uncertain, nevertheless the attendance and the attention were excellent, the service of song most effectively rendered. There was an air of heartiness and stability throughout the church on these Sunday services which we very much admire. Our home during the short time we were there was with Mr. J. Goldie, whose fine grounds, rare aviary and warm welcome made our visit a treat indeed. Time did not permit us to see more than the outside of the fine grist mill owned and conducted by our friend with his sons, a mill we believe capable of turning out over four hundred barrels of flour *per diem*. We shall not be here to chronicle another jubilee, but our hope is that some of the children and youths we met that day may, and that meantime much blessing may rest upon this one of our jubilee churches.

MR. SPURGEON is denouncing vice in high places, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* is creating great excitement by offering to present evidence of abominable practices among the noble in the land. If the *Gazette* is to be trusted, English high life is only keeping up a decent exterior; this is under the restraining influence of our Queen. Let that influence be removed, and the shameless infamy of the Court under the infamous second Charles and fourth George threatens to break forth again. Spurgeon, who appears to believe the impeachment, deplores the cause in the unbelief of the day. He makes a terrible charge when he says: "Among those who are ordained to be the preachers of the Gospel of Christ, there are many who preach not faith, but doubt, and hence they are servants of the devil rather than of the Lord."

THAT a large amount of scepticism exists through the churches we believe, at least regarding what is known as dogmatic theology; but we believe that the world is longing for the Christ of the earlier age, and though His presentation may not suit parrot-like prejudice,

the church that persists in seeking thus to preach the Christ will be the one eventually that touches the chord of deepest sympathy in the needy thirsting spirit of the age.

WE give a few jottings of our journey to the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the interest of our denominational work. After the usual enquiries as to routes, as though the Empire depended upon the choice, we were led to take the West Shore route to Boston. The agents at Toronto were more than polite, and our comfort thither was materially aided by their forethought. The "Empress of India" was the first step in the progress. Our remembrance of this boat had been that of a large steady vessel, so steady that with anything of a head wind it was extremely difficult to move her. However, some change in furnace and engine has made her a very pleasant vessel in which to cross the Lake. We moved out of the Toronto harbour with smooth seas, a kindly breeze and sunny skies, on a Monday afternoon. The island banks were being laved by the gentle swell, the houses stood out in clear relief, the city panorama changed and faded away, Scarborough heights stretched out a bold coast line in the distance, our inland sea rippled in the clear sunlight with silvery gleam and sparkling blue. Anon some little white spots on the left in the cloud looking bank that rose from the horizon marked Niagara, a bold coast line on the right the heights under which Hamilton rests, and Port Dalhousie looms into view. We gain the shore, step into the train, enter the Pullman at the Suspension Bridge, and turn in till morning breaks, discovering to our half-open eyes the sluggish waters of the Erie canal, the tow path, and the outlying spurs of the South Adirondacks. After a little we begin the ascent of the Green Mountains covered with forest, field and meadow, hill and valley, village and farm, till the Hoosac tunnel is reached, of which our actual experience is simply a plunge into darkness, a ten minutes' ride in the same with an occasional lamp gleam discovering nothing, and a rush into the open again. Something of the audacious appears as the train makes straight for the mountain wall and thunders through it. Yet what cares the mountain? The little hole might fill up again, the triumph of engineering skill be obliterated, and not even a crack