

The Governor-General of Canada is to be our next-door neighbour during carnival week. Visitors are daily pouring into the city. This will likely be the grandest of Montreal's far-famed carnivals.

A letter from our missionary, Mr. Currie, kindly handed to us by Rev. Mr. Hall, and read in our "common room" when all were present, brought back very vividly to our minds the time when Mr. Currie was one of our number here. We still think of him as one of us. The brave, cheerful tone of the letter was inspiring; we see that the grand old promise is being once more fulfilled, and that even in the midst of terrible bereavement and loneliness God gives sustaining grace. Don't forget Mr. Currie or his great work.

Examinations are looming ominously up.

Student H. E. C. Mason assisted at the ordination of Mr. Dixon, of Franklin Centre, on 18th ult.

Rev. J. Burton, B.D., has completed his course for the session, having been lecturing the past two weeks on "The Parables," and "Farrar's History of Biblical Interpretation." We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Burton during carnival week.

Student J. K. Unsworth attended the convention at Kingston of the Young Men's Christian Associations, as one of the delegates from the McGill Association, and took part in one of the Sunday services in Dr. Jackson's church.

Two of our visitors during the carnival week were the Rev. A. W. Richardson, B.A., of South Caledon, and Rev. Geo. Skinner, of Eaton, Que., both of them alumni of the Congregational College of British North America.

The churches are beginning to respond to the call of the circulars. One church which has given nothing the last two years has remitted \$40. Another which has given \$3 during the last five years, has sent in \$10. We hope this is only the dropping before the shower.

Mission Notes.

MR. EDITOR,—Would you and your readers like to hear some thing about the church in Smyrna? But first I should like to tell you what a very welcome visitor THE INDEPENDENT is, and how eagerly I search its columns for the news of the churches.

Before telling about the work in the Greek Evangelical Church, which I particularly wish to describe, perhaps it would be better to tell you that there is a Scotch mission to the Jews, where every Sunday there is preaching in English; there is also an Episcopal service at the English Consulate, and preaching in both French and German at the Dutch chapel. Then in our own mission there is the Armenian Church, which has services in Armenian and Turkish. There

has been so much trouble among its members, however, that there is but little life; though, this winter, we are thankful to notice that things are looking brighter than they have done for years.

The Greek Church, under the care of Rev. Dr. Constantine, is, however, the one which I always attend, and I never knew such an active, "live" church. Dr. Constantine is a fine preacher, intensely practical, and not sparing of the faults or sins of his hearers. Of course, being a Greek, he can speak in a way which would be impossible for a foreigner. I admire very much the tender, fatherly interest which he takes in each one of his flock; and it is good to notice how they love and reverence him. On Sunday morning at half-past nine we have our Sunday school. Dr. Constantine has a large class of young men; there are seven other classes, the attendance, perhaps, about seventy-five. At half-past ten we go into the church, and have our preaching service; then in the afternoon at half-past four Dr. Constantine preaches again at the Evangelical Hall, a large hall opening on the quay where people are continually passing to and fro, so that many strangers come in, some only stand for a few moments, others stay through. When the strangers first come in they seem to be rather afraid, and don't dare to sit or even to stay long; but it is interesting to notice the change in those who continue to come, how they gradually lose their fear, and come nearer and nearer the front, and listen more and more eagerly; the next step is for them to come to the Tuesday evening prayer meetings. These meetings are almost like revival meetings at home, only they last all through the year; the interest is constant, and the meetings always good. There is scarcely ever one in which some one does not rise for prayers, or some one decide to be a Christian. I have been here almost two years, and in all that time there has been only one communion service when there were no additions to the church. There seems a greater interest just now than ever before, and we are hoping to see much fruit. The meetings of the Week of Prayer were very well attended. It is strange that as the interest increases the opposition should become more violent. Last Thursday, as Mr. Constantine was preaching the Christmas sermon, he said,—speaking of Christ's birth, "Mary, whom God honoured"—when a voice called out, "Whom you do not honour; you are a false prophet," after which the man walked very noisily out, followed by several others. Soon after a head was thrust in at the side door, and we heard a cry of "Lies, lies." Dr. Constantine kept on quietly, however, and we had no more interruptions that day, but on Sunday there was so much disturbance that the police had to be sent for. We are all saluted in the streets by all sorts of names. We teachers are called Sisters of Charity, Freemasons, etc., while Dr. Constantine is called a