

right to appoint, and should appoint, its chairman. As in the Constitution of the United States, all powers not distinctly conveyed to the General Government, remain with the individual States, so in a Congregational church, all powers not distinctly handed over to officers and committees, remain with the membership at large. As the *Congregationalist* says, "There are no stored up prerogatives by which a Congregational church can be deprived of its liberties."

PROTESTANTISM.—The term has not only a negative, or protesting side, but also a positive or declaratory one; it is a protest against the power of the Pope, auricular confession, image worship, invocation of saints, the priesthood of the clergy, the right of "the Church" to interpret the Bible; in short, all doctrines and practices which put man before God. It is a protest against the distinction between mortal and venial sins, against purgatory, indulgences, penance, and monasticism, and the doctrine that in the sacrament God's grace is conveyed to the recipient irrespective of his faith and penitence. In its positive aspect it may, briefly, be said to affirm the absolute supremacy of the Bible, and the two foundation doctrines of justification by faith and vicarious sacrifice.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT."—Gould, one of the three survivors of the wreck, has described his fight for life:

I had on my cork jacket, and I am a strong swimmer. I found myself struggling in the boiling sea. I was tossed about by the waves like a shuttlecock. I seemed to loose strength and breath: the water rushed into my ears, and I sank. It was strange how clear my mind was then; all my life lay before me like a picture, with my jolly times, and dull times; but as I looked I saw the awful sins I had given way to. Then I saw my mother, as clearly as if she were close by me, her eyes were lifted, her lips moving. I knew she was praying for me.

I rose to the surface, and struck out again. I prayed as I had never prayed before: "O Lord, pardon my many sins; blot them out in the blood Christ, and save my life. Amen!" As I prayed I felt that Christ was there. The next moment I struck a jagged rock; that a thrill it sent through me. Thank God I was safe. I clung on to it, and climbed up. It was pitch dark; I could only cling on. The waves boiled and raged around me, dashing me to and fro, and nearly tearing me limb from limb. After a while a horrible thought struck me: the tide was rising! When I first got to the top of that rock the water was up to my middle; now it was at my chest, and was slowly, steadily creeping on. "What an awful thing," I thought, "saved, to die by inches." I almost broke down, but again I remembered my mother, and my mother's God, and I cried for pardon and safety. The water rose to my neck, and then, thank God, it turned. I was saved.

I was so exhausted that I took off my cork jacket, laid it on top of the rock, and amidst that stormy scene I was asleep in five minutes. When I awoke, my limbs were so cramped I could not move them; but after a time I was able to half wade, half swim ashore, where I was thrown up nearly naked.

Editorial Articles.

JOHN F. STEVENSON, D.D.

We at a distance from Montreal, were taken by surprise at the announcement of Dr. Stevenson's death, which took place in Montreal, on Sabbath morning, first of February. He came out to this country in the autumn; but so far shattered as to be unable to take part in any public functions; and the general public heard nothing of him. A friendly, manly servant of Christ, the section of the church in which he labored will miss and mourn him.

One of the first times the writer of this sketch saw him was in Toronto, on the occasion of one of our Union meetings. Three or four of us went down together into the basement of old Zion Church on Adelaide St., and we found Mr. Stevenson sobbing with emotion, and the tears streaming down his face, which he vainly endeavored to wipe away. "You will excuse me, brethren, excuse me—I was entirely overcome. A man living here has just left me, who was one of my hearers in England; and the poor dear fellow tells me that through the influence of my preaching he has given himself to Christ, and is now walking with the Lord. I knew nothing about him for years; and meeting him thus has quite overcome me. Excuse me." As he hastily wiped his face again. Doubtless Paul had often such experiences!

On the death of Dr. Wilkes, Dr. Stevenson (his D.D. coming about this time from Queen's University, Kingston), became the Principal of the Congregational College, Montreal, in addition to his duties as pastor of Emmanuel Church. Those who, like ourselves, had the privilege of hearing his address at the inauguration of the new College buildings will never forget the lofty enthusiasm with which he laid down what he and his colleagues intended to do and teach, and what *kind of men* they desired to turn out.

As Chairman of the Congregational Union