

England and Wales is to them a very minor matter, while not a few others eye with jealous vigilance from afar, the few functionaries, and the few knots that inhabit or frequent the Memorial Hall in Farringdon street. Still secretaries are necessities, and knots are blessed if they be true love-knots.

By such a blessed love-knot was your loving correspondent drawn, for the various teachers of Old Testament theology in our colleges here have been weaving themselves into a loving brotherhood of late years in spite of the strange liking they show for the older, colder and sterner dispensation. To meet in that fraternity and to confer on the now intensely stirring questions of the Hebrew religion and the Christian use of the Old Testament, with Old Testament professors from Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian colleges, among others your old honored friend, Principal Chapman, was the prime motive and delight in that May week for me. And here let me interpose the remark that it was a bright sign of living strength that shone in your pages a few months since, when from students and from pastors came a yearning for deeper search and vision of the long story of life that the Bible tells.

But that task of Old Testament conference accomplished the first, next duty was to hasten away to Hampstead and greet your Grand Old Canadian Independent. What a vigour, and a sturdy will that crosses the Atlantic at 80, albeit leaning heavily on the staff! Do you wonder that on the great day of assembly after all had listened to good Edward White's Presidential call for less Law and more Grace, and after honest, kindly Dr. MacFadyen had kept us a good while with a motion of welcome to the Colonial delegates I only wish Dr. Wilkes had had that "lion's share" of time—then when the Veteran arose, white, dark, firm-set as ever, the whole great gathering rose too and cheered both long and loud. Then came the old style, colloquial, racy, business-like: first a greeting; then the strong claim that the Colonial Missionary work was begun and for many a day dom, by no separate society, by none other than the Congregational Union itself; then finally a few minutes of rise to a noble climax, when the aged man asked the hearing of every younger soul there that day to his solemn and glad confession of faith in Jesus, and devotion to His great purposes. It was a moving sound, that ended in the great doxology, "Now unto the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, amen."

The Congregational Union has too much to do to let missions of any kind come before it for thorough handling. But some folks would say so much the better, for divisions of labor among different societies is

introduced. Certainly division of labor is well, but not so division of interest, and a sign of the awakening sense of this is the promised devotion of a whole day of next autumn's Union meetings, at Norwich, to Home missions including Colonial, Irish and British missionary churches in the consideration. Evidently a mere official left without the spur of great discussion, in great assembly, cannot be a great success. The concentration of the eyes of all the churches on the mission tasks will undoubtedly procure far greater, worthy results.

The evidence of need for this lay, we may fairly say, in the relegation of the Jubilee meeting of the Colonial society not even to a side chamber in the Memorial hall, but to a rather one-sided suburb of the city, in a church once very honorable indeed, but no longer now that most glorious tabernacle of a congregation worthy of the Empire society which our Congregational churches must surely delight to honor. It is said "we cannot ensure a fair audience unless we meet in some church and so enlist the sympathy and attendance of the one particular congregation." But the day is dawning again, and it is strikingly significant that it is the cry of "England for Christ" sounded by Mr. Mearns that seems to have compelled the truer cry, "The Empire for Christ."

It was at Camden Town that the Jubilee meeting gathered, and there was plenty of room and to spare. But the audience were well honored, for Dr. Wilkes brought the inspiration with him from afar, and no one missed the numbers. For much over an hour the old man stood eloquent, and the ear was hungry when he sat down. The simple and grand story of the foundation of all those missions was like a romance of young love, and old adventure. The ocean-crossings, the perils in St. Lawrence winters, the sacrifice of Scotland's capital—so far—for Quebec's!—aye but who that knows them would not count them rivals fair!—the sacred words Roaf and Lillie, Miles and Dunkerly. Oh, many more passed before the soul! To more than me these provinces 'neath glow of brilliant summer sun or amid gleam of dazzling winter, seemed set in halo of heaven, hollowed as an abode of God.

We heard how the churches had grown; how they had matured into care of their own home missions, while ever rightly claiming wealthy gifts from the churches abiding here; how they had held up the noblest standard and the true for individual character; how they had striven to exalt the standard of the spiritual teacher's equipment; how they had fought in the vanguard victorious for freest and finest culture of children, youths, and all men; how they had stemmed the tide of impurity, pointing out ever the refuge of total abstinence. And all along played the merry glad-