

Centenary of last year, however, and erection of the Raikes statues in London and Gloucester, so largely occupied public attention that it was thought best to wait till that movement was accomplished.

The project is now revived. An influential committee has been formed, and an appeal is made to all the English-speaking race to take part in the enterprise. Mr. J. Macgregor, the gentleman who explored the Jordan, as well as many of the rivers of Europe, in the "Rob Roy" canoe, is one of the secretaries, and he, with six other gentlemen, have contributed to this object one hundred pounds each. Mr. John Macdonald, the Missionary Treasurer of our Church, who has himself, with his usual liberality, given generously to this object, will be happy to receive contributions to the Tyndale Memorial Fund. It is particularly desirable that Canada, the noblest colony of the British Empire, should largely share the privilege and honour of contributing to this fund. Let no one be deterred because he cannot give much. It is desirable that the contributions be general, however small, that we may feel as a people and as individuals that we, too, with the rest of the great Anglo-Saxon family throughout the world who rejoice in the rich possession of the Holy Scriptures in our own mother tongue, substantially the same version as that given by Tyndale to our race, have a share in the Martyr's Memorial on the banks of the Thames. Address contributions to John Macdonald, Esq., Wellington Street, Toronto.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The conspiracy against law and order in Ireland is becoming daily more and more tyrannous, and is extending its ramifications throughout Great Britain as well. Society in Ireland is utterly disorganized. Terrorism stalks like a dread spectre through the land. No man who is obnoxious to the Land League, when he leaves home, knows if he shall return alive. Nay, he is not safe under his own roof, for midnight assassins and incendiaries lie

in wait to fulfil the fell behests of a secret society as cruel and as cowardly as Vehmgericht, or the Council of Blood. No land laws, however oppressive; no grievances, however great, are any excuse for such outrages as have been wreaked upon helpless women and innocent children, by depriving them of their natural protectors, their husbands or fathers, by cowardly assassination. This secret conspiracy has not even the courage of open revolt. It is not war, it is midnight murder. And the poor peasants themselves are coerced into these outrages—from which their generous hearts would naturally recoil—by the commands of a secret conclave, which they are bound under the most dreadful oaths to obey, and they are mulcted of their scanty means to maintain that very conspiracy of which they are the victims.

And while idleness, anarchy, and distress are thus filling the island, the arch conspirators in the great council of the nation are seeking to harass and paralyse the Government by frivolous and vexatious delays; by organized and systematic obstruction; by endless speeches and amendments, insulting to the Queen's authority, and inquiries "whether the Sultan of Turkey has intervened on behalf of Ireland," and others equally grotesque. Never were the privileges of discussion more perverted and abused. The patience of the nation is becoming exhausted, and the outrages perpetrated by so-called Irish patriots makes it more and more difficult for Ireland's best friends to redress her real grievances and remove her real wrongs.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. JOBSON.

To many men in many lands who never saw his face, Dr. Jobson has been familiar by reputation as the efficient agent of the Wesleyan Book Room at City Road, London, England. Under his able administration that institution reached a remarkable development and very great success. His life-story is highly instructive. He was educated in an architect's office in his