

have ranked the Congregationalists as first in number and wealth of churches in this city, was heartily concurred in.

Among those who spoke on the subject were the Rev. Dr. Cornish, Geo. Hague, Charles R. Black, Charles T. Williams, the Rev. Mr. Noble, acting pastor, all of Emmanuel Church, Rev. W. H. Warriener, Thomas Moodie and Robert Seath of Zion Church, and Messrs. J. R. Dougall, T. D. Macaulay, H. M. Marriott, R. W. McLachlan, George McGarry and Charles Cushing of Calvary Church, and finally the resolution was adopted unanimously declaring, "That we do now form a Congregational Club or Association; and that a committee composed of the Rev. E. M. Hill, Convener, Messrs. Charles T. Williams, Seth P. Leet, Thos. Moodie, Rev. W. H. Warriener, Robt. Seath, T. B. Macaulay and Charles Cushing be appointed to communicate with similar organizations elsewhere, and after obtaining all necessary information, to draft a constitution and by-laws, and report at a general meeting to be convened a month hence."

The salient features of the club or organization will be communicated to the readers of the INDEPENDENT as soon as decided upon.

Yours sincerely,

C. CUSHING.

PLAIN TESTIMONY.

I am forty-five years of age. Have been a Christian for nearly twenty years. Twenty-seven years ago I was greatly affected with kidney and heart trouble. Had best medical skill for nine years. Got no better. One doctor told me that I was incurable; one kidney being so far gone. I was advised to use alleviating medicines, but with no hope of cure. I grew tired of medicine; taking that was doing me little good, and I quit it, and have taken no medicine for eighteen years, save a stomach tonic occasionally. I gave my case into the Lord's hands. Now from the beginning of my trouble, until April 15th, 1890, twenty-seven years in all, I never saw a well day; and at times the physical debility and mental depression were such as to unfit me for doing any work of any kind. Usually though, I have been able to get about and work a little, but always with torture to myself. All this trouble was greatly ag-

gravated by an attack of *la grippe* this last winter. After it left me (if it ever left), until April 15th I was completely undone—body fevered and weak, mind clouded and dull, religious life bruised and broken, and altogether I was very sorely afflicted. On April 15th, 1890, I was at home in the evening. I have a class in the Sunday School at the church at Pine Grove, and was, at about eight o'clock that evening, sitting with my friends in our house. I was studying the Sunday School lesson called "The Widow of Nain." *There and thus* I was. A voice said to me suddenly and plainly, "Go and be alone with God." I could not mistake, the words were so plainly spoken. I did not wait. I got up and went out; not knowing what for, only that I was obeying the voice. I was led by the Spirit to the barn. I was impressed that my work was to wait upon God. I knelt down. I was now spoken to the second time by the Lord. I was told to make three petitions. I made them in the name of Jesus. Only a few words were uttered. When I had done all that I had been told to do I rose from my knees. And lo! I was a new man, a *well man bodily*, and a *happy man in the Lord*. I was healed by the power of God. I give Him the glory.

The Sunday after I received this blessing, I walked five miles to a meeting, to state publicly what the Lord had done. I had to do this (obey), to keep what I had got in that way (obedience). I have worn a belt for years; but the Lord told me to take it off since the cure. I have done it, and am well and strong. God tells me now that I am to sin physically no more. To God be all the glory.

Now, in conclusion, let me say to any one reading the above, whoever you may be, whether you are a Christian or not, if you feel your need of a friend, go to Jesus, who always was, and is yet, the Friend of the poor sinner who comes to Him for help. "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

THOS. HUTCHISON, Pine Grove, Ont.

[The writer of the above is a man of singular piety and faith, a Deacon in the Congregational Church, Pine Grove; whom we have known for