

SPEECHES OF REPRESENTATIVE DELEGATES AT THE JUBILEE MEETING.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. STORRS, of New York, representative of the American Home Missionary Society, delivered a long and stirring address on the great work which has been accomplished under the auspices of the Association. Speaking of the progress of religion generally in the United States, he said that during the present century the number of evangelical churches had risen from 3,090 to 97,090, the increase of ordained ministers in the same period had been 67,000, and during the last ten years 22,261. Fifty years ago the enrolled scholarship in the Sunday schools was 570,000, but it was now 6,500,000. In 1800 in all evangelical denominations in the United States there were 364,872 members, at present the number was 10,065,963. At the former period they had one communicant to every 15 of the population, but now they had one to every five in evangelical churches. These were some of the figures that would serve to illustrate to them—to borrow a great thought from Milton—that if truth had an open field, and freedom, they need fear nothing from error. The Church of Christ needed nothing but her divine Lord behind her—the King of Kings and no earthly monarch, the Sovereign State, and no inferior creature.—(Applause.) Give the Christian principle and the Christian spirit its free play throughout the earth, call on the believers to do their work as knowing that Christ only was behind them, and there was an enthusiasm, a power of multiplied growth, that characterized all Christian history. He pointed to the vastness of the American continent and its immense resources as offering inducements to other lands to take up their abode there, and showed that in view of these facts it was becoming increasingly important that religious organizations should not relax their efforts. There was a great future before the churches of America. The accomplishments of the past, great as they seemed, were but as the drops before the shower, they had just entered upon the ante-initial stages of their work.—(Cheers and laughter.) He had been reading the article on America in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—they were always coming back to England or to Scotland for whatever might enlighten them as to America—and he there learned that in the course of the next four centuries the population of America was likely to become three billions and six hundred millions. Europe had been pouring forth for generations a large portion of its population, and there were indications that ere long the Chinese would pass in great numbers across the Pacific Ocean and take up their residence on the continent of America. The brimming goblet of China might spill 100,000,000 of people into the bosom of America and not feel the loss. This was a fearful problem to them, whether they could purify and sanctify their own people in time to handle that great Asiatic horde which threatened to come upon them from the other side of the water. Could they carry their Christian institutions so high that they should not be submerged by that inundating flood of heathenism and impure life? He asked English Christians to strike hands with Americans in this matter, and unite with them in prayer and sympathy.—(Applause.)

Rev. J. BURTON, of Toronto, said: There are a few things that I wish specially to say to my British brethren. I would speak a word for our Congregationalism in that oft times forgotten place called Canada. I acknowledge that, judged by visible results to-day, the work of the Congregational churches in Canada does not bulk so very largely. We are small among the princes of Judah; but Congregationalism,

in the days past in that little, large colony of yours, aided in establishing north of the American boundary line freedom of Christianity without that curse of inferiority to which your chair man referred, which is found under the shadow of an Established Church. More than that, Congregationalism has in Canada permeated other bodies, and we have suffered there the fate of all true reformers. We sowed the truth there, not organization, and the truth has been reaped. We have laboured, other men have entered into those labours. As organizations, we have, to a great extent, suffered diminution, but the truth has gone on, and is going on still. But we believe that now we are at the commencement of a new era in that almost unknown land, and that there is still a function and a work for us to do. There is a boundless region opening up in what we call our North-west Territory, once the district of the Hudson Bay. May I ask you in imagination to journey 2,000 miles inland till you stand on the border of Manitoba, which in its own extent is equal to the British Isles; but beyond Manitoba, in land which has not been surveyed, which is now being only explored, north of the Forty-ninth Parallel, as far north as John o' Groat's Land, stretches out a territory the richness and the capacity of which we have as yet got a glimpse of. Great Britain, I believe, contains, in round numbers, seventy-eight million acres, but the territory I am now alluding to contains 200 million acres, half of which is fit to produce wheat. You ask "How do we know?" You know wheat is a grass. There are certain grasses which require the same conditions of life that wheat does. Around Toronto is a wheat-producing country, and out of 300 species of plants and mosses that grow there, 280 have been found along the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Peace River, and the Assiniboine. As a matter of fact, eighty millions of wheat-growing land have been already explored. That is your heritage as well as ours. Friends, there is a future. Papal Rome toils for the ages and she is to-day reaping the fruit in outward prosperity. In Quebec, for example, what did she toil for? When first American enterprise spanned the American continent, a map of the projected line of railway was before the Roman Curia, places of prospective importance were marked out, and, though this generation may pass away before the full intent is seen, there are watchful eyes and eager hands ready at the proper time to grasp the prize. The same thing has been done in a measure along the line of our own Canadian Pacific. May we not learn a lesson from this? We rejoice to-day in a liberty, not altogether complete in this old land, but growing so every day, a liberty which is due to those that have gone before. Are we to enjoy the heritage of the past and leave nothing for our sons in future days to rise and call us blessed for? Believe me, friends, there is a work and a toil for us in that new land. Do I not speak to British hearts? We must be free, not only politically, but religiously—free or die,

That speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake,
The faith and morals hold that Milton held.

So said the men prelate England expelled from her shores in days past, and who founded a greater Britain in what was then a wilderness. The streams of emigration that drain many lands are poured upon American shores, and are being moulded to-day in an Anglo-Saxon mould. Brethren, another such wilderness is now opening up in the interior of the continent of what is virgin soil. Do not repeat the mistake of a hundred years ago, and misunderstand even to severance your colonies that are now loyal to the core, and yet can go if you say decidedly, "Go." You have or ought to have in your colonial possessions a

work for the future, which future is given to those who in patience and faith work, looking for the result. Already on British territory a double iron thread is being spun across the broad continent, soon to be worn bright by the traffic which it invites; stream after stream of willing hearts and busy hands will pour upon those plains where now the trapper sets his snare and the wild Indian shrieks his cry. Yes, in lonely vales and on prairie steppes, where now the roaring torrent rushes madly, peaceful farms and homes will rise where Anglo-Saxon speech will recount the memory of the past; the hum of industry and the stir of commerce will be found in cities that in friendly rivalry will emulate that in which we are now assembled. Is that stream of religious life which has preserved England from religious stagnation to act its part in making that wilderness bloom and blossom? It is a question for you to answer. True, there are difficulties in the way; but what are difficulties to British hearts? There is a spirit which throbs to the words, "England expects every man to do his duty"—(applause)—with the sense of individual duty that nerved Trafalgar, and made that wildly heroic charge at Balaklava, and leads on over difficulties to every ennobling work. (Loud applause.)

Rev. ALEX. M'GREGOR, of Nova Scotia, said: In the name, and on the behalf of the twenty-one churches composing the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I extend to this Union, now assembled, its most cordial and loving greetings. It were sad for us if our affection were to be measured by the proportions of our physical frame—(laughter)—it were sad for us as a Union, if our esteem and love for the Congregational Union, of England and Wales were to be measured by our size numerically, but this being the year of Jubilee, and at the kind and cordial invitation of your Secretary, we thought that no family re-union would be perfect without the little ones. (Laughter.) I think it is Grace Greenwood, an American authoress, who says that a family gathering without little ones, is like Eden without flowers. For the last two days I have been under a sense of oppression, listening to the results of the most profound thought from the fathers and honoured brethren of this Union, and I felt myself now and again getting a hold of the words in Richter's *Rhapsody*, when he cried out, "This is insufferable for the soul of man, the infinities beyond." (Laughter.) While we are not of yesterday in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, yet I am sorry to say that we are not of stunted growth, but stunted growth not unfrequently comes from hard labour and poor feeding—(laughter)—and who can tell but that may have been our experience? We all know that *Aeneas* felt uncomfortable when Queen Dido told him to renew the narration of what it was horrible to refer to, and as my brother has referred to that magnificent land of wonderful capabilities and resources from ocean to ocean, I can only say, "From one learn all." I will not inflict upon you anything in reference to the special work of the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick beyond the fact that now and again we have been like children looking forward to this autumnal gathering, in the solemn belief that when you were feasting upon your fat things, the order might come from some dictator, "Send portions for them for whom nothing is prepared." (Laughter.) I can simply say that I have been accustomed to see the struggling side of Independency ever since memory can recall anything. My father, for nearly a quarter of a century in old Scotland under the flag of the Congregational Union, served in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. He has gone to his rest, but four of his sons still continue in the

active work of the ministry—(applause)—and though I have seen the struggling side of Independency, I too have four sons, and they are the Lord's, if He will, for his work too. (Applause.) If I were inclined to hang my harp on the willow before coming here, catching the enthusiasm of all that has been said and done here for the last two days, and what I expect to see, I shall be so no longer. The best wine, I suppose, must come at the last. I remember in college days we were told that in starting in our preaching the sermon that began in ecstasy, to be consistent with itself, must end in frenzy. What, then, must the end of this gathering be? (Laughter.) We were at fever heat last night, and I must say that since I have had the opportunity of listening to eloquence—such eloquence as fell from the lips of your esteemed Mr. Richard and Mr. Dale, I never listened to before—and I will go back stronger and bolder to say that there are brethren across the water that are giants even in these days. And now, recognizing this fact that here in this great assembly we are of varied culture, I am reminded of a morning watch that I was honoured to keep on one occasion, when those present were grotesquely enough clothed. Some here understand my allusion. They were called up by the sound of the Alpine horn, and they dressed themselves in this way, and that way, and the other way, but they were all bent upon one object. They stood shivering there in the grey of the morning; they were men of varied culture, and varied ideas, but all looking and listening for the coming of the day. And here we are of varied culture, some of us only showing our heroism by standing still and seeing what the Lord shall do. Till the Lord calls us home, we go back to our fields, already by the eye of faith seeing in this grand assembly, and the thousands that this assembly represents, the assurance that the King in His beauty, with all the trophies of His redeeming love, is marching on to the victory which He is ultimately to attain. Already by the ear of faith we hear a grander jubilee anthem than can come from the magnificent tones of this great assembly, as from every kindred and every nation we hear the coronation song,

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

(Applause.)

GALLANT RESCUE BY A LADY.

Whatever other rights the friends of woman may deny her in pursuance of their excessive care for her womanliness, they never deny her the right to be brave, even though it be by means supposed to be specially masculine. The Grace Darlings and Ida Lewises of the world are embalmed in a thousand hearts; it has never been thought necessary to blame them for not standing on the shore wringing their hands, screaming in most approved *womanly* fashion for some male man to go to the rescue of the unhappy beings struggling for their lives in the midst of wave and storm. We wonder if it has ever struck the admirers of these heroines that in order to be able to render the assistance that has rendered their names famous they must have had experience and training in similar work. Did woman wait for her well-intentioned censors to decide what she may or may not do with propriety, some rather unlooked for results would ensue, it is well for the world that she solves the enigma by acting according to her own judgment. We are happy to give our readers the following account of a brave woman's brave deed, taken from the *Orillia Packet* of Oct. 14th, 1881:—

"Yesterday, between 11 and 12 a.m. cries for help were heard from the lake, opposite the residence of Mr. H. S. Scadding. Examination disclosed an upturned boat, with a person struggling in the water, about half-a-mile from shore. Upon being made aware