

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, the ministers and delegates attended a Social gathering, in the vestry of Zion Congregational Church, Liverpool, when addresses were made by the Rev. H. M. Parsons, Rev. Alex. McGregor, and others.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Having frequently heard the Annual gatherings of the American Board spoken of as seasons of blessed refreshing, and having been urged by loved ones in the land of the crescent to attend the earliest meeting I could, I found myself among the large company convened at Chicago last week. And thinking that perhaps the readers of the *Canadian Independent* might be interested in the narrative of an eye-witness, I venture to send along a few jottings.

Some years ago when the proposition was made that the Board should meet in Chicago, there were not a few who thought it would be going to the extreme western limits of civilization. But when they came, and learned of the wonderful development of States yet further West, it was discovered that Chicago was a great *Central* rallying-point. When we looked upon the faces of Christian brethren from Boston, Montreal, Washington, St. Louis, and even San Francisco, how the sight prompted the thought that Christian love cares little for distance or inconvenience when the Master wants its presence.

The enthusiasm of the Christian public of Chicago had a severe test during the entire series of meetings. It rained with very slight intermission from Tuesday till Friday. Chicago is well enough in fine weather, but it is simply intolerable in rainy weather. Chicago mud is the filthiest kind of mud. Many were fearful that the inclemency would interfere sadly with the attendance, but their fears proved groundless. Large and deeply interested audiences were present at every session, sometimes numbering over four thousand. It was a grand sight to witness such a vast audience rising with one accord to sing its faith in the thought that

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run."

To add to the interest of the singing, it was led by that beloved Brother, P. P. Bliss, the Christian songster of the West.

Around the spacious platform, maps of the various mission fields were hung, and mottoes like, "Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh!" and "The field is the world," were tastefully arranged. On one side was suspended the fac-simile of a Nestorian tablet in Chinese characters, which was engraved A. D. 781, and discovered amid some ruins A. D. 1636.

The sight of the faces on the platform was one which could not fail to inspire every Congregational heart. In the Presidential chair sat the Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Massachusetts fame. Close beside him might be seen the placid New England face of Secretary Treat, and the warm and friendly countenance of Secretary Clark. In the rear might be discerned our Boston Congregational champion, Dr. Dexter, Dr. Patton of the *Advance*, Dr. Magoun, of Iowa College, President Sturtevant, President Fairchild, of Oberlin, Dr. Calhoun, of Mt. Lebanon, Syria, and numbers of others who have won stations of proudest distinction among our American brethren. In the reserved seats were about 30 returned missionaries, among whom were Haskill, of Columbus, Baldwin, of Newark, Doane of Micronesia, and others who had made themselves beloved for their work's sake. And among the audience at every sitting might be discovered the genial face of one who has often graced our Canadian Councils, dear Bro. Ebbs of Plainfield, Illinois. Such a large and venerable assembly cannot be looked upon every day of the year.