

went in true Acadian style. People may laugh as they will at the primitive order of things, but for real solid enjoyment from the moment of starting, commend me to a good, steady, well-laden ox team. You are not sent flying up and down by electric springs, but one feels they are *in to stay*. With flags flying and blowing of horns the procession started, and in little over an hour we arrived at the camping ground of our "Fathers."

In the month of June, 1761, these first settlers from the State of Massachusetts came here, so that you see we preserve a "true apostolic succession"—*Mayflower*, Plymouth Rock, Sunday Point, N. S.,—and from Old Zion Church has gone out influences that shall *never cease* to be felt in this county of Yarmouth. From the old Congregational stock went out Baptists, Free Baptists, Presbyterians and others. Standing there, on that never-to-be-forgotten spot, where, 126 years ago the few passengers from New England struck tents (or pitched them, no matter)—the same sea rolling in with its soul inspiring music; the same rocks standing guard, voiceless, yet grand in their stateliness; the same sun shining down as then shone; the same blue sky of heaven; the same breezes wafting health-giving properties to the tired, and giving wholesome appetites to young and old alike,—could you wonder that our thoughts went up and beyond all these, to "our father's God," "our mother's Friend"? It was sacred soil, soil worthy of being trodden by our worthy editor and his lady, by Dr. Jackson and his good wife. I only wish that we could have you down, *all* together, and Dr. Cornish, etc., etc., all of you. Never mind, the Union meets next year at Yarmouth, and then, who knows *what* may take place? only all of you be there!

After partaking of a good reliable dinner, for which the ladies of Chebogue are noted, and then allowing an hour for digestion, we gathered together and listened to some excellent addresses, short but pithy, from Rev. Wm. McIntosh, Rev. Edwin Crowell and Mr. Chase, a gentleman visiting from Boston. This last speaker in pleasing terms alluded to the method by which America was effecting annexation, her young men were coming over to these shores and inviting our fair daughters over the lines of forty-five to dwell there. After a few words from the pastor, a hymn was sung and prayer offered by Rev. W. McIntosh. Thus we made our picnic *International*, as Scotland, Canada, United States and England were represented among both speakers and hearers. After several games and climbing of rocks, we entered our vehicles of transit and journeyed homeward. We had a large company and, so far as we can learn, a delighted one. Our secretary, Mr. Hilton, deserves great praise for his management, and the courtesy of Mr. Allen, the owner of the soil, is beyond forgetting. Ever yours,
Chebogue, August 16, 1887. CORRESPONDENT.

DISCIPLINE.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best;
But the artist with inward sight
Looked further than all the rest:
And saw in the hard, rough stone
The loveliest statue that sun shone on.

So he set to work with care
And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast,
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives,
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
'Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

—Select*d.*

Literary Notices.

WE are glad to have before us so early (August 23) our Year-Book for 1887-'88, and must congratulate the editor, Rev. W. W. Smith, of Newmarket, not only upon the promptness of the issue, but also upon the book as a whole. In some respects this issue is even an advance upon the previous numbers, and that is praise sufficient. Paper, typography and general care are all that can reasonably be desired.

We note one or two new features. There is a portrait of the late Mrs. Currie, which we shall give ere long to the readers of THE INDEPENDENT, and a plate of the church in which the Union met this year.

We miss the address of the chairman of the Western Union, but hail the able address of Mr. Saer, the chairman of the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is worth careful study. Its publication in the Year-Book will render its production in our columns unnecessary, as the same readers ought to have both.

We notice two advertisements. One, a memoir of the late Dr. Wilkes by Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, soon to be issued; the other a volume of poems of the respected editor, Mr. W. W. Smith. Mr. Smith has more than once favoured our columns with a poem from his pen. We have seen others—in Scottish dialect—and await consequently the publication with some interest. We trust that the Year-Book will soon be in all our readers' hands.

THE new CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HYMNAL prepared for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is before us at last. Of making of books there is verily no end, and Hymn Books are numerous—shall we say—as sands by the sea? So are alterations, omissions, etc., etc. What hymn book suits every taste? What collection but omits some hymn that association has endeared to the reader? The "Congregational Hymn Book with Supplement," now familiar to most of our churches, sins perhaps the least in that respect, but then its proportions swell to 1,281 hymns! During the eight years in which we have used this book, 490 have been given out, of which 140 were in the Supplement. We ventured to