

Bristol, Liverpool, Hamburg and Holland, they come rolling through the surf out of steamers and sailing vessels." "Why," passionately inquires a native missionary, "should European nearness to Africa be Africa's ruin? Negroes have proved themselves able to survive all the evils of the slave trade, terrible though they have been and are, but under the blight of rum the extinction of the negro in Africa is but a matter of time."

Remember that the negro, like the Indian, with his superstitious and native ignorance, cannot be expected to exercise the power of self-control an Anglo-Saxon is supposed to possess; hence to them the curse is intensified. The native missionary already quoted said in April last before a committee of the British House of Commons that "though the slave trade had been to Africa a great evil, the evils of the rum trade were far worse." One of the great African explorers, Sir R. Burton, has written, "It is my sincere belief that if the slave trade were revived with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man, with the gunpowder and the rum which he has introduced, Africa would be a gainer in happiness by the exchange." Think of these—for us—humiliating facts. "Souls of men bartered for money, and Africa slowly but surely desolated by the foremost missionary nation in the world."

And, like to the opium traffic which was forced upon the unwilling Chinese at the cannon's mouth, the desolating rum trade is forced upon the Africans against the protests of their own rulers. When Radama I. endeavoured to keep rum from his dominion, as already told, the traders from Mauritius complained; the English officials heard their complaint, interfered, and as a consequence the trade has free course, and the land is cursed with its miseries. When the natives of the diamond fields in 1883 implored the Government at the Cape to have all public-houses removed to a distance of six miles from their region, the petition was heartlessly rejected.

Their kings and chiefs have endeavoured by their own laws to stop the importation of spirits, but they are powerless in the face of European enterprise and the growing habits of the people. Etc., etc., etc., till the head grows sick and the heart is faint.

What are we to do? First, think upon these things. I am not discussing either total abstinence

or prohibition—only stating facts. If the facts demand either or both, the facts are responsible, not I. As the writer said to a representative and respectable hotel-keeper, "If you desire to checkmate the prohibition party, initiate and pass some other measure that will meet the evil and preserve your 'rights.'" It is the evil we are after, and God pity Anglo-Saxon civilization and missionary enterprise if something is not done to clear our skirts of this monster iniquity.

As another writer in the *Contemporary* said some months ago, "For any African who is influenced for good by Christianity, a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade. Mohammedan missionaries are throwing down the gage to Christianity, and declaring war upon our chief contribution to Western Africa—the gin trade."

And there are many to-day who know the bitterness of the curse, that would rather have Mohammedanism with sobriety, than the Anglo-Saxon Gospel with rum.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Four decades have come and gone since the Congregational Union of the Maritime Provinces was organized. Of the six ministerial brethren present at its inauguration, only one remains, Rev. Jacob Whitman, whose genial presence, untiring zeal and much experience cast a halo of sacredness around the recent conference. Pleasant memories exist of the helpful and inspiring meetings that have convened during the past forty years. It is probable that the Union has been entertained on a more princely scale elsewhere, but never in its history did it receive a more cordial reception than was extended to it by the church and congregation in the metropolis by the sea, when it met for its fortieth annual session on the 8th of July, 1887.

The ministerial brethren were present (with one exception) in full force; the number was augmented by three promising students. We missed the familiar faces of some who have attained the good degree of deacon, and were disappointed by the non-attendance of several delegates.

The more picturesque sections of the Queen City of the East and her suburbs were explored by friends of the adventurous type, while those possessing aspirations of an æsthetic character were gratified by a visit to the art galleries. The social element was ministered to by Deacon William Kerr and friends (on his spacious lawn, 'midst fragrant flowers and neath brilliant skies); and the soldier-like qualities.