

operations of our society. The secretary and the man from Canada were subjected to a running fire of questions that was truly delightful to both—indicating, as they did, a desire to know the whole truth in regard to the needs of our colonies. Several subscriptions were handed in, and promises of help in the future. This was a very valuable meeting. Altogether I suppose Bristol will give over \$2,000 to the funds of the society and the Jubilee Fund.

STAPLETON ROAD.

This church is pastorless, and though there are good, earnest men in the diaconate, I imagine it is suffering for lack of an under shepherd. We had a good, hearty meeting.

WHITFIELD TABERNACLE.

Grand old historic place. I sat in Whitfield's study and bedroom, and stood on the spot where he held the multitude spellbound with his mighty eloquence. The building is large, and I believe it is crowded to its utmost capacity. The Rev. Mr. Williams, another eloquent Welshman, is the popular pastor and preacher. We had an enthusiastic meeting.

BRUNSWICK.

I addressed the Sunday school, also the congregation on the morning of the Lord's Day. The school large, the congregation not so large in proportion. It is in the city, and the population has moved to the suburbs. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, B.A., is the esteemed pastor. It was here I met our brother Saer when I was home thirteen years ago. He is fondly remembered by many still, though the faces are much changed since then.

HOPE CHAPEL.

Here I had an afternoon meeting of Sunday school teachers and others, Rev. Mr. Brown, the pastor, taking a lively interest in our mission. We had a most delightful time with the young people, who filled the body of the church. The singing was simply grand.

RUSSELL TOWN.

This is one of the largest, if not the largest, congregations we have in Bristol. The church was built by Mr. Somerville, and presented to the congregation. I believe it cost him nearly \$20,000. Galleries have since been added by the people at an additional cost of over \$5,000. They are now building costly school rooms. There were at least 1,200 present on the occasion of my visit. The whole service was most hearty. The people, I imagine, belong chiefly to the better class of artisans and work people. This church is doing an important work in this thickly-populated locality. The Rev. Mr. Trebiles is the pastor.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

I paid a hurried visit to our old friend, the Rev. William Stacy, in

STREET.

Had a very enthusiastic meeting. He is training his people to support the Colonial Society, and has a monthly collection in his Sunday school for this object. What an interesting place this is! The village of Street is situated on the old Roman road. Not far from here, King Alfred, hiding from the Danes in disguise, incurred the displeasure of the good housewife for being more intent on his strains than attending to the bread she left him to watch during the process of baking. Within a couple of miles is Glastonbury, the site of the first Christian church in Britain. There are the ruins of the finest, and I think the oldest, abbey in England. On your right, as you go from Street to Glastonbury, is

WREANVALL HILL,

where tradition says Joseph of Arimathea and his companions sat down to rest, and he stuck his staff in the ground, when immediately it budded and blossomed—and the thorn on that hill blossomed every Christmas Day since. On a remarkably shaped knoll, some thousands of feet in height, stands the tower of a church. How the congregation can climb there to worship, or why the building should have been placed in such a position, I am sure I cannot imagine. The religion of those days of long ago cost more than it does now—more money, more self-denial. Passing the ruins of the old abbey, you are particularly struck with the monk's kitchen, larger than an ordinary house, peculiarly shaped, and in a state of almost perfect preservation. But it was raining as I drove through here, and I wanted to catch a train, so I must be satisfied with a passing glance at sights rendered famous in the history of British Christianity. If it is correct that St. Paul extended his missionary labours to Britain, there is little doubt but he travelled along this old Roman road, and preached the Gospel in this beautiful valley. Passing along in the train to my next appointment, I am not far from the spot where the last battle on English soil was fought.

WESTON SUPER MARE.

This is a beautiful watering place—crowded with visitors during the season. We have a large and magnificent church and schools. It is at present without a pastor, but we have a good meeting and a cordial invitation to spend Sunday with them before we return to Canada, which is possible. Here I must stop, and assure you I remain very truly yours,

T. HALL.

Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Feb., 1887.

MR. EDITOR,—Pardon my intruding upon you with a few words of comment on the Andover Seminary matter. It appears to me that the wisdom, or otherwise, of an attempt to secure that certain doctrines shall be taught to future generations, is not the point