

UNITY.

THE Rev. Thos. J. Melish, of Milford, Ohio, has a capital article in a late number of the *Church Union*, in answer to the objections of a Congregationalist Brother's reason for not coming into the Church. He says that with Hines, Whitmarsh, and a host of others, he has solved the Church Union problem by uniting with the Church, and gives the most convincing reasons for doing so. The article of five columns closes with these sensible words:—

For myself, at least, I settled the question that Unity was destroyed by the formation of these modern sects, and that my duty was to undo it, as far as I could. I have no doubt that the course I took is the wisest course. Let us all unite on the old organization, and then whatever evils exist we can correct.

COURTESY.

THE Duke of Wellington was one of the first gentlemen, as well as generals, of England. He showed it by his respect for others. One Communion Sunday, as he knelt alone by the Chancel rail, an old colored man came forward and knelt beside him. The sexton motioned the old man to leave, but the Duke raised his head and said, firmly, "No, we are all equals here." And side by side the negro and the General received the symbols of their Saviour's love.

It is said that his last words were, "If you please." They were spoken to his servant, who offered to bring him some refreshment. Thus the last words of this true nobleman were words of courtesy to an inferior.

THE Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota, who has been visiting various points in the "Indian country," writes to the *St. Paul Dispatch*: We camped on Pike's Bay, of Cass Lake, and went across to the Indian village, which is situated at the entrance of the Mississippi into the lake, for our Sunday service (July 25th). The Cass Lake chiefs—Johnson, "Tom bey;" Nenawigwunnet, "Fixing his Feathers;" Netawegabowk, "Standing in Front," gave us a hearty welcome. We invited them to bring all their people to Church, and reminded them that our religion has good words for women and children as well as for men. We had a large congregation, and it was a beautiful sight. Before us was a lake whose waters were as bright as those of Galilee, on whose shores our Saviour preached, and those faces are as swarthy as those of His auditors. The service was short and in Ojibway—the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, a lesson of the Sermon on the Mount, and a few hymns and prayers. We have in Ojibway "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Come, Ho'y Spirit. Heaven'y Dove," and a score of other familiar hymns. The Indian voyagers and our good missionary Gillilan were the choir. Indian voices are very sweet, and you could not believe that they were the same voices you have heard in the wild heathen grand medicine or the horrid scalp dance.

As a rule, people are not half as fearful of being a minute behind the starting-time of church or Sunday school services as they are of being too late for a railway train.