

ing of January 19, twenty-five men and women entered into covenant as a church of Christ to be known as "The Central Congregational Church." A carefully prepared constitution, comprising doctrinal statement, rules, etc., was adopted. The Apostles' Creed was adopted as a confession of faith. Not one of these twenty-five covenanting members had been members of the First Church. They shortly after received fifteen more. Applications came in from all sides. At the communion last Sunday morning seventy new members were welcomed into fellowship. The membership at present is 110; of these, forty-five were members of the old church, the remaining sixty-five came in on profession of faith, except a few with letters. Many more from the old church will probably join shortly.

Our first communion last Sunday morning was a time to be long remembered by us. More communicants sat down to the table than at any communion I ever attended here. We all felt the gracious and gentle influences of the Holy Spirit in our midst. Rev. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, preached an appropriate sermon from "Let brotherly love continue." Of the seventy received into fellowship, some were young people from the Sunday school, who have recently entered the new life, others were young men and women in the prime of early manhood and womanhood, some of them had years ago been in communion with the churches in the East, but life in the West had alienated them from God, and they had lapsed into religious indifference. It was a good thing to see these wanderers restored to the fold. Very few of them had been Congregationalists. They represented every Church—Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Lutheran, and one had been nurtured in the Unitarian fold. But, as we believe, the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost fused all these various elements into one harmonious whole, even as at Pentecost men of all creeds, climes and colours were blended into one blessed fraternity by the same Spirit.

For many weeks past there has been a genuine work of grace quietly going on in our midst. The rise of spiritual life has been registered in the gradual increased attention and interest in the prayer meetings. Last Wednesday evening fully 125 were present. Hardly a week has passed since the beginning of the new year but some have come forward to report themselves on the Lord's side. After the sermon Sunday evening I received four such, and to-day three more. The harvest of my six years' sowing is beginning to ripen. Conversing with one recently received, I found she dated the beginning of her Christian life to a sermon that dear Brother Wetherald preached when he was here last fall. That was not the only soul that was quickened and refreshed by his short visit.

The new church has adopted the weekly offering system. Although only six weeks in existence, the treasurer reports having received pledges amounting to over \$3,000 for the year from about 130 subscribers. The open collection will bring in about \$2,500 more. A course of five sermons to young men, on "Men who have fallen," that I began on the last Sunday of January has drawn immense audiences every night. We have had an average of from 1,200 to 1,300 present every Sunday evening; the majority of these were young men. I am persuaded that many of our churches in the East might be overflowing full every Sunday evening if a special interest were taken by both pastor and people in the young men, who, in a multitude of cases, are now among the non-churchgoing masses. Young men are not specially depraved, and will heartily respond to any well-devised effort for their betterment. If their reason and intellect and conscience, as well as their affections, are appealed to, the appeal will not be in vain. If the manliness and nobleness, of Christ and the Christian life are presented to them in a wise, earnest manner, and in an unwhining tone, they may be won to the King. But I must not indulge in homiletics.

The church has given me an urgent and unanimous call to the pastorate. I had begun to think that I had served my time in the North-West, and might be permitted to return to the East or go to the South, but the present work seems to be duty, and last Sunday evening I gave them my acceptance. I will have to install myself.

My heart has been sad all day, for on the bulletin boards I find that one single line, "Beecher is dead." No man ever helped me to understand Christ and the Christian life as he did. In 1883 he visited this city, and worshipped in our church on the Sunday morning. The memory of those three days when I was privileged to be much with him and his dear wife will ever be a bright spot in my life. What a great, kind tender, loving heart he had; and what words of counsel and encouragement he gave me to persevere in my work here! A father could not have spoken more kindly to his son than he to me during those days. What a welcome must have been his in the land of light! After all, there is nothing worth living for but Christ and His cause. Our lives are worth only what they are worth to Him. Love to all.

Winnipeg, March 8, 1887.

J. B. SILCOX.

OBITUARY.

DEACON WILSON HALEY.

The Yarmouth, N. S., *Herald* contains the following announcement in the list of deaths: "At Chebogue Point, Feb. 21, Deacon Wilson Haley, aged fifty-eight years." By the death of Mr. Haley the church at Chebogue has lost a most earnest and hearty