

the prayer meetings. The first crowded the large school-room with over three hundred people, many having to stand; the second was held in the church and twice as many were present at it. How many would you expect to take part in an hour? You could not say! Well, there must have been about sixty taking part in prayer and song and testimony. No time lost and the beauty of all was that when the close came they wanted to go on longer, but the hospitable homes were waiting breakfast for the delegates, so that the meeting had very reluctantly to close.

The Rev. William Patterson did excellent service in speaking of the "Distinctive Features of Christian Endeavour" in just such an address as he can give—full of wit and wisdom and enthusiasm.

A Model Society Business Meeting was presided over by the Rev. G. H. Cobblestick, M.A., B.D., of Dundalk, in which the work of eleven committees was described. This imparts valuable ideas as to modes of work in the different departments of the Lookout, Prayer Meeting, Music, Social, Sunday School, Home Missionary, Foreign Missionary, Flower, Visiting, Good Literature and Temperance Committees.

The outcome of the Christian Endeavour movement is work for these at home and work for those abroad—missionary work. Out of some societies as many as four workers have gone into the mission field. The Christian Endeavour is not merely emotional, it is practical and intensely earnest and wide awake. It lays hold on the work-a-day world with the grip of a strong man.

General Secretary Baer gave an excellent address on the work of the Christian Endeavour, and dealt especially with Christ, co-operation and conquest. He also answered a multitude of questions on the nature and work of the Society. The last meeting of the Convention was one that will long be remembered. It was addressed by Dr. Wells, of Minneapolis, on "World-Wide Movements for Christ"; Prof. Du Vernet on "Power for Service"; Dr. Sutherland on "Christ's Likeness—How it is Obtained." Mr. Baer took charge of the Consecration Meeting at the close. The church was packed full of attentive hearers who were well rewarded, as the addresses were thrilling.

The officers chosen for the next year, 1891-1892, are: Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, B.D., Ph.D., Galt, president; Thomas Morris, Hamilton, and Rev. G. B. Sage, B.A., London, vice-presidents; E. A. Hardy, B.A., Lindsay, secretary; A. F. Wickson, B.A., Toronto, treasurer; Miss E. M. Carson, London, and A. E. Scott, Peterboro', assistant secretaries.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

ST. KITTS.

Thirteen hours' sail over calm waters in bewitching moonlight has brought us into the lovely bay in front of Basseterre, the chief town of St. Kitts. It was in November, 1493, that Columbus discovered the island, then peopled by the Caribs, and called by them Liananiga, on account of its great fertility. So charmed was he with its richness and beauty that he christened it after himself, or the saint whose name he bore—St. Christopher. But though fertile and beautiful, the Spaniards did not colonize it. For 200 years after its discovery it was no man's land; but at the end of that time a number of English families formed a settlement on it. Scarcely had they done so when emigrants from France arrived to take possession of the place. Both laid claim to the island, and with equally stubborn tenacity clung to their claim, so that not till after both nations had again and again met in deadly battle was it finally ceded to the British in 1783. It has an area of over 44,000 acres, one-half of which is bare mountain side, while the rest is fully and carefully cultivated. Sugar is the principal, almost the only, product. The hills all round, with wide-spreading verdant valleys, look like the summits of buried mountains, so abruptly do they rise, so deeply cleft by the torrents are their almost perpendicular sides, and so constantly hooded with clouds are their rocky heads. Immediately behind the town rises Mount Monkey, where monkeys used to be, but for its steepness rendering it almost inaccessible, only a hill; while eleven miles inland rises to the height of 4,000 feet an extinct volcano known by the name of Mount Misery, because of the devastating floods that rolled down its sides about twenty years ago. A series of bare hills, with a mountain, and well cultivated but treeless valleys between, is a full and complete description of the physical features of this island that mysteriously charmed the great navigator. Since his day some vandal hand must have marred her beautiful face and shorn away her powerful attractions. The poor negro is blamed. So long, it is said, as he could lie under his mango tree and eat the fruit that ripened and fell at his feet, so long would his hands decline the daily task and the fields lie fallow. So, driven by necessity and filled with fury, the planters went forth as woodmen and spared no tree.

The town of Basseterre, pretty when viewed from the bay, is a decided disappointment when entered. It is simply a collection of shanties, and these generally of the most rickety description. In the centre is a diminutive square or garden, round which are a few dwelling houses that wear an aspect of comfort; but take this away and the only attraction is gone. In the little oasis are some young but beautiful specimens of the cabbage palm; a magnificent banana tree; a great variety of crotons; the hibiscus, al-

most a tree, and a blaze of bloom, the cordia, covered with coral clusters, at a distance resembling the rowan berries, and cacti, some of them thirty feet high, in whose prickly sides are securely fastened the neat little homes of tiny canaries.

In the midst of the meanest surroundings stands the English Cathedral, or Church of St. George, a small and exceedingly plain stone edifice, rebuilt in 1856. The interior is in keeping with the exterior, but the simplicity is greatly spoiled by three very brilliant specimens of stained glass windows. The pews in the choir and nave are of the rudest description—roughly planed boards, and the pulpit of wood with the very faintest attempt at carving, standing on a square basis of masonry, was pitted all over with tacks, the abiding result of floral decorations at festival seasons. Two marble tablets, doubtless to the memory of illustrious individuals whose glory no one any longer cares anything about, are broken to pieces, yet somehow with all their fragments, hang on to the wall, as if hoping that a descendant of the Berkeley family might some day pass this way, and, moved with a feeling of gratitude to those who perchance brought greatness to them, might tenderly heal their scars, and renew their ancient beauty. Our Anglican friends agree with us in thinking that a spirit of taste and moderate energy could at no great cost make that church the pride of the island and worthy of the ancient and honourable name of the Church of England. At present the very doors are a rebuke to bishop or curate or communicant that passes through them to worship. But how often it is that such voices are never heard! In how many churches faded pulpit trappings, dirty and tattered books, cracked and broken windows and torn blinds, cobwebbed corners and smoke-grimed ceilings; unwashed and often unswept floors and yellowy green baize doors and general unsightliness, as if it were never written that He "walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks;" and grave yards, rank with burdocks and nettles and thistles, as if no hope were cherished of a glorious resurrection morn, speak all in vain to those that have abundant need to listen concerning those that are not faithful in that which is least. Worship in spirit! Bah! does that mean worship in ugliness and filth?

By a rough road, called a street, everywhere deeply rutted by torrent rains, and irregularly lined with dilapidated dwellings, we are led to the market place. It consists of an open square—open to the heavens, but surrounded with a rough stone wall, and having a covered court in the centre and stalls running along one side. Very uninviting are place and people and the wares displayed. One butcher, blacker and more shiny than all the virtues of Day & Martin could make him, with an air of conscious superiority to all other butchers, chops up his steaks, hands them to his customer as a precious treasure, tosses into his box a look of contempt the price received, and rolls up his eyes as if calling heaven to witness that he is, for some undivulged benevolent reason, accepting dross for gold. On a rough sign-board behind him, under the staggering letters of his name, is a motto in Latin—perhaps by this time he has added an appropriate crest—"Semper Idem," which, being interpreted, is, "Always the same." To strangers, however, who know nothing of the excellencies and see only the eccentricities of this scholarly butcher, the motto is a "double entendre," and may mean, "Always the dearest and worst in the market." We would like to walk round that row of peasant women squatting on the ground, with their fruits and vegetables arranged in small heaps before them, but it will be more agreeable to quit the place, for a few voices have run up the scale to the oratorical screech, and bare black arms are bandying wildly in the air, and the police are hurrying to the scene to the evident disappointment of the many.

One thing, however, is gratifying to see, both as a thing of beauty on the face of so many unsightly cabins, and at the crossings of so many shadeless thoroughfares; and as a sign of the enterprising spirit of a great people of the north, namely, bright scarlet squares proclaiming the comforting tidings that Canadian healing oil, ever effectual, can always be had at the well known and ancient establishment of Messrs. Northrop, Lyman & Co., Toronto.

Another thing which is forced upon our attention and would cheer the heart of desponding Froude is the superabundance of British feeling which the Kittyfonians possess, from the Government officials down to the beggar on the street. The one, when at last his persistency in following and entreating is rewarded with American silver, scorns it from him, and the others, rather than accept a dime for a five-cent stamp, remove it from the envelope on which it was fixed. High patriotism like this is beautiful to see, but to the possessor of this pure sentiment it often brings loss, which may be of little importance, and to the stranger visiting the island it causes inconvenience and sometimes irritation. Even in patriotism it would be well to remember the golden mean—neither too much nor too little.

The roads over the island are all macadamized and in excellent condition, and a drive is very enjoyable. It is true that after a while the scenery becomes monotonous, for nothing can make up for the want of trees, but the distance in every direction is limited, and the green of the sugar-cane fields is always refreshing to the eye; and the sea breeze softly blowing on one's face and the constant delicious whiffs of ozone, make it a grateful and exhilarating recreation. Proceeding in a south-easterly direction we come to the Narrows, a channel about two miles wide, which separates from St. Kitts what evidently at one time belonged to it—the small

island of Nevis. I here it is right before you—a tree-covered, corral mountain, with tansured head, coiffed with a cloud of blackness, fringed with a fluffy grey, and nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its marly sides are extremely fertile and beautifully green, like northern Erin to voyager emerging from Atlantic fogs. Ten thousand blacks, with scarcely one hundred whites, call it the land of their birth, and find their subsistence upon it. Once it was the scene of wealth and fashion when the whites were more numerous and masters; when the whip had labour at its crack, and when the British navy were scouring the sea to prevent the free intercourse of rebel children on the newly independent mainland with the loyal inhabitants of the islands. There in that little village of Charlestown, clinging to the skirts of the extinct volcano, and gently touched by the ocean waves, Lord Nelson was united in marriage to the youthful Francis Herbert Nisbet on the 11th of March, 1787. In anticipation of the event he wrote: "I daily thank God, who ordained that I should be attached to you. He has, I firmly believe, intended it as a blessing to me, and I am well assured you will not disappoint His beneficent intentions. Well would it have been for both had he held fast to his Calvinistic creed. But how little do we know in the morning what may become history before the sun goes down, not only in the great world without, but in the small realm within."

(To be continued.)

MINISTERIAL SETTLEMENTS CRITICIZED.

MR. EDITOR,—Every day that passes over my head brings conviction to me at least that the sooner the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada introduces a new system for the filling up of her vacancies the better for the Church. The cry of the congregations as a rule is for boy ministers—in swaddling clothes if possible. Personally I have but recently had this fact pressed upon me. I preached in a certain congregation "for a call." The elders, representing the people, asked me to return. I did so. The third time I was invited back. I went. The elders, after consultation together, waited upon me, and asked whether, if I got a majority of the votes of the people, I would accept a call. I replied that I would favourably consider the call. The people in due course met to moderate in a call. Two graduating men and myself were before the meeting. The outcome was that my name was placed upon the call. As customary, the call was carried around amongst the people for signatures, giving me a large majority. Meanwhile some delay occurred in laying the call before the Presbytery, and in the interval opposition sprang up, so that when the call was laid before the reverend court, after calm deliberation the Presbytery did not sustain it, "because of a division" was the only reason given to me by the Clerk. But it now transpires that the real reason is that the people have changed their minds. An informant says: "I found that a great many were opposed to sign the call in your favour; the reason was that they preferred a younger man." The Clerk of Presbytery told me that the people liked my preaching and had nothing against me personally—"only"—and there he stopped. He meant to say I was too old. Now I only graduated about four years ago. I may say that owing to adverse circumstances I could not get attending college so early in life as I wished—that I had previously to work with head and hands to get the wherewithal to pay my fees, sacrificing at the same time health and comfort, and now when I was never stronger and abler for the work—when I am as yet years under the age fixed by Rev. Mr. McKay in his resolution lately before Toronto Presbytery when ministers might be supposed to be ineffective—when "my eye is not yet dimmed, neither my natural strength abated"—when I feel I could run a race, and perhaps with success, with most of the younger members of the flock that rejects me on account of old age—I am put to inconvenience and expense and thrown into a position of seeming incompetency in the eyes of my friends and fellow-students by being thus set aside upon the plea that the people want a younger man. Mr. Editor, you would imagine that if young men are needed anywhere, they are required in the North-West. Well, I was asked to go to the North-West, but I was awaiting the decision of the people and the Presbytery under whose jurisdiction they are. The people now wish a younger man; members of Session, who a few months ago were unanimously in my favour, now wish to please the people, and the Presbytery in turn now desiring to please Session and people, do not sustain the call. When is this nonsense to cease? A few days ago I stepped into Osgoode Hall. I saw four elderly men sitting upon the bench in the Appeal Court. They were not asked to sit in deliberation upon the life of a fellow-man, but as to whether or not a certain corporation had wilfully or negligently allowed the water of a dam to break its banks, and, flooding property, do considerable damage. I saw elderly men pleading the interests of contending parties. I saw the young aspirants to judicial honours respectfully sitting in rear of the learned advocates, glad of the opportunity of more light as how best to persuade learned judges and win judicial laurels, when, however, ministers of the Gospel are required to plead with their fellow-men when the highest human interests are at stake, staid advocates and judges are pushed aside by congregations and by Presbyteries, and young, inexperienced aspirants get the front rank. The people must get what they like—justice is not considered.

ALEPH.