

Correspondence.

NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR IN INDIA.

BY R. G. WILDER.

NO. 1.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS:—Will you accept a few hurried notes from the villages on preaching tour? Alone as we are, at our isolated station, you will readily perceive it is extremely difficult to suspend our local duties for the village work. And yet it is hard to restrain our desire to make known the Gospel in "the regions beyond;" and we long since fully resolved that our local preaching, schools, chapel-building and all, should give way, for a time this cold season, to the claims of the villages.

This resolution was fully confirmed by a letter from a dear servant of Christ in Leeds, England, who enclosed £20 for this special work, and was even moved to express a wish as to some of the particular villages we should visit. One of these was Meerut, a large town in the Patwardhan States, some forty miles to the northeast of us. And this, too, was in exact accordance with our wish and purpose, as we had already visited the villages in every other direction to the distance of from twenty to seventy miles from Kolapore, but had never been in the direction indicated.

Of the man of God in Leeds, we know nothing, except what is conveyed in his letter, and how he came to know any thing of us or our mission, we know not. But after enclosing the money, indicating the villages, and specifying particular portions of scripture for distribution, he added: "Rely much, dear brother, on God—in great simplicity and strong faith. Remember Gideon and the cake of barley bread that tumbled into the host of Midian. Taking the sword of the Spirit in your hand, which is the word of God, and the sword of the Spirit in your lips—the sword of divine love and power with its two edges, moving as the Spirit wieldeth it from within, you will be armed for a successful warfare—sure of victory more or less! Go, brother, in this thy strength—the Lord be with thee, and my spirit also."

With these animating words, bringing with them funds for the extra expense of the tour, you will not wonder we felt that the will of God was plain to us.

With the first cool weather of November, we began to dismiss chapel workmen and adjust station duties; but so many and pressing are these, that it took us a whole month to complete arrangements. And then arose the question how we should protect ourselves and three little children from the burning heat of day and the damps of night, on a route unprovided with Rest-houses; for we have no tents, and with the present enormous prices of all cotton fabrics, they would cost more money than we should dare ask our friends to furnish us.

But this difficulty was met. Our kind Political Agent loaned us a couple of tents, our Rajah sent a guard to protect our house in our absence, and a good riding horse for the journey, and thus supplied, we are on our way. Come with us, please, and see a few of our India villages.

Our tents have gone forward seven and a half miles to the village of Chitwad; dear wife and the children have also started in the bullock gharry; last things have been attended to, and now we'll take our ponies and follow.

Three miles out of Kolapore, starting along the base of a hill. What is that isolated building on the top of it? That is the temple of the famous goddess *Tembles*—one of the high places of Hinduism—where the Rajah, his Durbar, Sardars, Mahajans, and all Kolapore pour out in grand parade with martial music and the firing of guns, to bow down to the stone image of the goddess. Let us ride up and have a look at it. It is a massive, costly structure, made to endure for ages. How firmly all these temples are built! The king's palace is needing repairs, but these temples seem as firm as when first erected, centuries ago. It has an open audience-room large enough to seat three hundred men. A door opens into a small room in the rear of this, but near that we must not venture. The priests are already scowling at us, because we are in this open room without taking off our shoes. That small room they regard as the *sanc-tum sanc-torum* of their goddess. We can look in and catch a glimpse of the dirty idol besmeared with red-lead and oil and covered with flowers, and of the old priest lighting the lamps to burn before it. But should we enter there, it would defile the holy shrine and rouse the bitter anger of priests, people, and the whole Durbar.

The priests are engrossed in their senseless rites; little hope of good from any efforts to enlighten them, I fear, but knowing "kind words never die," we tell them of One who loves them, died for them, and would gladly save them. They listen demurely and accept a copy of the Gospels.

And now we remount our ponies, and a mile further on our way comes Oonch-gaw, (high-village, because on a hill.) Winding our way through bridge-paths to the suburbs, we first come to the *Mahar wadi*, (low caste people), one of whom leads us by narrow lanes, to the Patil's house in the centre of the village. He meets us with a courteous salaam and waits our message. Our presence is quickly known, and thirty or forty men soon gather around us. We tell them of the true God and preach Christ and

the resurrection. The truths we utter are new and strange, but they listen attentively, and many give audible and earnest assent. Will they not abandon their idols now and become Christians? Would to God it might be so, but such precious fruit is not gathered so easily. We spend only an hour, or at most an hour and a half with them. We find a village of eight hundred and ten souls who have never heard these things before—no school among them; only two, the Patil and Koolkurnee, know how to read our books in their own language. We give them a Bible and tract, with the ready promise that they will read them to all the villagers; and rejoicing in the good impressions awakened, and praying God to deepen and make them permanent, we take leave and go on our way.

Now, who is to come again to-morrow to explain and enforce God's truth, and revive and deepen these good impressions? We cannot, and even if we could we should find their iron customs still holding them fast in the ruts of idolatry, and notwithstanding their ready assent to the truth, we should find it necessary to give "line upon line, and precept upon precept" for many long months to secure a change of life and satisfactory evidence of a work of grace in their hearts; and in the meantime the wily Brahmins will have interposed, warning them of the ignominy and peril of neglecting the religious rites of their fathers, or doing anything to violate *caste*. O, where are the missionaries to prosecute this work on a scale to give any reasonable hope of success?

But the sun has gone down and we must hasten. A ride of three miles brings us to our camp at Chitwad, a pleasant village, so called from the surrounding grove of Chitwad trees, whose dark green foliage furnishes a cool and never-failing shade. We are thankful to find our tents pitched and our party all arrived.

Within a stone's throw from our camp are other tents of great size, and a broad field covered with the white canvass of small ones. What is this? we ask, and are told it is the camp of His Highness the Rajah, prepared for his expected arrival to-morrow. We further learn that he is starting en route to Nursoba's Wadi, a very holy shrine at the junction of the Panchgunga and Krishna rivers, where he goes to make offerings to the god and priests, expecting to be healed of a troublesome disease. "Like king, like people"—all immersed in the grossest superstition. The Rajah is somewhat educated, reads and writes English a little, and really seems too enlightened to have the least faith in these idols, but the bigoted priests and officials about him have great influence, and since British interference and control have been relaxed, they are constantly bringing him more completely into their power. "*Descensus Averni facilis est.*" O that these toils of superstition could be broken, and His Highness be brought under the elevating influences of the Gospel!

But here comes Bapooji, a friendly native official from Kolapore, who is here arranging tents and supplies for the royal train. He quickly sends us milk, water, fuel, fruit, fresh fish from the river, and provender for our horse and oxen—all from kindness and hospitality. "Why is this? Is he not a high caste Hindu? Yes, a Brahman of the 'strictest sect.'" One of his family has just returned from a long pilgrimage to Kashi (Benares), the most holy spot and shrine in all India. But two years ago Bapooji fell in with the missionary. Since then he has—called—has read our Christian books and Scriptures, and privately admits his conviction of the truth, though still shrinking from the sacrifice involved in publicly confessing Christ. May the grace of God yet triumph in his heart.

It is late. We converse with little bands of callers, have our evening worship, and retire.

Morning comes, and fresh from invigorating sleep in our cool tents we explore Chitwad. We find it a village of some twelve hundred inhabitants. An old Brahman from Kolapore has gathered a school of ten boys and is teaching them to write the *mod* or business character. Not a book among them. The Patil and Koolkurnee (village officers) received us respectfully, and we are soon seated in their open Chowdi, with some eighty men around us, who listen attentively for two hours, while we try to unfold to their comprehension the great doctrines of our Christian faith. Many nod their heads at some clearly-stated truth, some give audible approval, none dissent. O for the missionary force to follow up this favorable beginning with line upon line. But giving the Patil a Bible, the old teacher a Testament, and the Koolkurnee the Gospel of John, (not another soul in the whole village can read), and having preached to several parties at our tents during the heat of the day, we pass on and find our next camp at Rooklee.

Here we find a village of seventeen hundred and forty-one souls, only three of whom can read our books—no school at all. The Patil and Koolkurnee read well and accept a Bible, promising, as usual, to keep it in the public Chowdi and read it to all the villagers who will listen. The people come out to our preaching services in large numbers and listened with much interest.

Having crossed the sacred river Panchgunga on our last march, and being now in the centre of her fertile valley, surrounded with thriving villages, our tents beautifully shaded by venerable Chitwad trees, we keep our camp unmoved for three days, during which time Mrs.

M. has good audiences of women at her tent, and within a circle of three miles radius I visit seven other villages, preaching and laboring in each in the manner already described. In one of these, the pleasant village of Mangaw, with a population of eighteen hundred and seventy-two, I became so much interested as to visit it twice. More than two hundred listen to the truth as long as I have strength to preach, and their importunities for a school and frequent visits constrain me to make them a promise to come again and establish a school if possible. In another village, I find an old pupil who had been some two years in one of our mission schools in Kolapore. Having acquired the rudiments of education, he recently came here and gathered a small school of boys, to whom he is now imparting his knowledge. I gladly speak words of encouragement and furnish his pupils with books. Find he has imparted some knowledge of Christian truth.

SIR EDMUND ANDROSS

AND HIS PERSECUTION OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.

BY REV. E. H. GILLET, D. D.

Neither Dr. Green, in his History of Princeton College, nor Dr. Sprague, in his "Annals," gives a complete list of the works of that eminent man, whom Dr. Bellamy was accustomed to call "the great Mr. Dickinson." In the Episcopal controversy of the last century, originating in the renunciation of Presbyterian Ordination by Timothy Cutler, President of Yale College, and others, in 1722, and which was continued by Chandler, Chauncy and others, for many years, Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabethtown, bore a prominent part. His first publication in this controversy was issued in 1724, and was entitled "A Defence of Presbyterian Ordination," in reply to "A Modest Proof of the order and Government, settled by Christ and his Apostles in the Church," from the pen probably of Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut. In 1736 he published a sermon on "The Vanity of Human Constitutions in the Worship of God," and in the following year defended it against the assaults which it had provoked.

Meanwhile, however, he had issued a more elaborate work, for which, from the fact that it was published anonymously, he has failed to receive due credit. It was occasioned by a reply to his "Dialogue between Prelatical and Eleutherian upon the Scripture Bishop." The title of this reply, probably from the pen of Dr. Cutler, now settled at Boston, was "The Scripture Bishop Examined." In this work, the Congregationalists of New England were charged with intolerance and persecution, and their system of Church order and ordination was re-proved as unscriptural.

In answer to this work, Dickinson again takes his pen in "A Defence of the Dialogue," etc., published at Boston in 1733. He answers specifically the arguments adduced by his antagonist, and carries the war into the enemy's camp. Not content with vindicating the New England Churches from the charge of persecution, he goes into a history of the intolerance shown toward the Puritans and Non-Conformists by the Church of England, not overlooking the tragic experience of the Scottish Church in that troublous period of her history, which followed the restoration of the Stuart line. In the previous year, the first volume of Neal's History of the Puritans had been published in London, and of this Dickinson makes large use, referring also to the works of Burnet, Calamy, Stillingfleet, Pierce, Calderwood, and others, which indicate the richness of his library in this field of investigation.

Among other things which he brings forward, are some which the historians of New England generally seem to have overlooked. Episcopacy had betrayed its aims, in connection with the mission to this country of the notorious Sir Edmund Andross, who was foiled in his attempt to wrest her charter from the Colony of Connecticut.

"Let us now turn the tables," says Dickinson, "and see how it fared with us, when in an evil reign we lost our charters, and fell into Episcopal hands, in the days of Sir Edmund Andross, who, with four or five of his Council, by the most arbitrary proceedings, harassed and enslaved the country, invading liberty and property, and threatening a dissolution of all our rights, civil and ecclesiastical. Armies they levied; laws they made; taxes they raised on the people, and did whatever else they pleased, without the advice of an Assembly. Some worthy persons, having in an humble address represented this proceeding as a grievance, were committed to the common jail for a high misdemeanor; denied the benefit of the *habeas corpus* act; tried out of their country; fined exorbitantly, and obliged to pay £160 for fees. . . . And when, upon their trial, they claimed the privileges of Englishmen, they were insultingly and scoffingly told, those things would not follow them to the ends of the earth! Their title to their lands was absolutely denied by the Governor and his creatures, upon trifling pretences. Oppression rushed in like a tide, and bore down everything before it. There were standing forces to keep the country in awe; a crew that were ever raising tumults, and committing insufferable riots amongst a quiet and peaceable people; and that without redress, upon frequent complaints. The Governor had said upon occasion 'that

it would be for the king's interest for this people to be removed and another introduced;' and there were several things which made it suspected that Sir Edmund (carrying on secret intrigues with the Indians) had conducted seven or eight hundred of our soldiers into the Eastern wilderness, in the depth of winter, to sacrifice them there. Some of the principal gentlemen of the country were imprisoned, bound to their behaviour, and cruelly squeezed by the demands of cormorant messengers and officers, and all without accusation, but merely upon a jealousy that they joined in the common complaint of these grievances. Some of our old magistrates were put in jail without any fault laid to their charge, and there kept for several months. Some of our ministers were grievously persecuted; a process commenced against one for a book published long enough before Sir Edmund arrived in New England. Another, accused of seditious preaching, dragged out of his county to be tried, because there (where he was best known) a panel could not be got wicked enough to ruin him on the testimony of one debauched person, contradicted by the whole assembly that heard the sermon.

"The scrupled mode of laying the hand upon the Bible, in taking an oath, was then imposed, and many holy and worthy men suffered for refusing it. The church-party, demanding the keys of the South Meeting-house in Boston, and being refused, the Governor threatened 'he would presently seize upon that house and all the meeting-houses in the country, and hinder the people from contributing the value of two-pence toward the maintenance of any non-conformist minister.' He also bade them consider what effects the stiffness of the Protestants in France had, who would not yield in what they might have done, and now (said he) there is not a Protestant in France. But this not prevailing, the consequence was, they thrust themselves into the South Meeting-house, and there continued, until by interrupting that congregation, often in their tunes, sometimes in the very parts of their worship, the whole town cried shame upon them; then they thought of building. Some of our people contributed towards it. But can the townsmen of Boston tell at whose charge the land (part of one of their burial places) was purchased? The people of New England endured these and a hundred more such injuries from a little restless party who arrogated to themselves the name of the Church of England."

Some—not all—of these facts are stated by Bancroft, but it is instructive to note their impressions upon the popular mind, as set forth in the words of Dickinson. The Boston Churches especially had little reason to love Episcopacy. Cotton Mather, in sending out his "New England emissaries" to plant Presbyterian Churches in the middle Colonies, was but acting in self-defence. Episcopal aggression and ambition for more than two generations threatened the liberty of the country, and had no small influence in inaugurating the revolution. In exposing the nature of this aggression, and refuting the exclusive claims of the Episcopal Church, Jonathan Dickinson occupies an honored place.

LETTER FROM MONTANA TERRITORY.

What is now known as Montana Territory was first settled in the fall of 1862. Parties from various places, mostly from Denver, Colorado, started for the Yellow Stone country, attracted by reports of gold found in that region. Simultaneously with this movement, teams laden with provisions from Salt Lake City set out with the same destination. These parties met on the Yellow Stone, but finding nothing at that place, determined to push their investigations further into the Rocky Mountains. They continued westward, not knowing whither they were going, until they reached the Beaver Head country, and on Rattlesnake Creek, the advanced party learned that a small party were at work in rich diggings about twelve miles distant, whereupon they wrote a note and fastened it to a stake, telling the rest of the party to remain there until they could report. They then proceeded to the place named; there the men were at work in rich diggings on the Grasshopper Creek. A courier was dispatched for the remaining party, and soon travellers and teams were encamped, and the city of Bannock was founded.

Had not those provision trains started from Salt Lake on a venture, these hardy pioneers would have perished before spring for food; but God never sends men to do any work without making ample provision for them. This little party was also exposed to extermination from the Indians, who came down upon them like grasshoppers, and warned them to leave; but the time had come for these treasure-vaults to be unlocked, and God again interposed, by giving them favor with the red men.

The reports of these newly-discovered mines scattered far and wide, and thousands flocked into them. In the summer of '63 the Virginia diggings were discovered, and in less than one year the cities of Virginia, Nevada Junction, and Summit were built, containing a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand. The gold taken from the mines of Bannock and Virginia is estimated by the ton. In these mining camps men of every shade of opinion and character had met without the restraints of law or gospel, consequently whiskey became the law-giver, and the pistol and knife the judges. Bold outlaws usurped authority, and sealed their decisions in blood. Under this reign of terror a vigilance committee was or-

ganized, as the only means of safety and protection, and during the winters of '63 and '64, from forty to fifty of these outlaws were executed. It was a summary method, and, in most cases, the first intimation the people received was the swinging bodies of the victims. No trial, no jury, no judge; even the executioners were not known. The promptness and firmness of this committee soon restored peace, order and safety.

Last June, Congress divided the large Territory of Idaho, and formed the new Territory of Montana from the eastern portion, lying between the parallels of latitude 41½ deg. and 44 deg., and of longitude 104 deg. and 116 deg.

The mines are confined to the mountains, and are about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, which gives us a light and dry atmosphere and healthy climate. The weather is mostly very pleasant. Sometimes, for a few days in midwinter, the cold reaches 40 or 50 degrees below zero; but this is not at all insufferable, owing to the dryness and rarity of the atmosphere.

The soil in the valleys is exceedingly productive, and grain and all kinds of vegetables can be raised in great abundance. Potatoes were raised here last summer which weighed 6½ pounds. A great many are going to farming in the spring, which will greatly reduce the expenses of living, which at present are fabulous. Board in private families, with furnished room, fuel and light, is from \$50 to \$100 per week.

Montana has already a larger voting population than Colorado, as shown by the last election. This large population will be largely increased this year, as the excitement from constant new discoveries is continually augmented. Towns are springing up like magic. Within a few weeks, and in the dead of winter, a new town has sprung up numbering thousands, and the roads are lined with others flocking thitherward, with bright visions of gold. This new town is called Silver Bow, about 80 miles north of Bannock, in the Deer Lodge country. Three thousand are estimated to be already on the ground building houses, saloons and stores, and making preparations for the spring.

The mines are from fifteen to twenty miles in length, and considered rich and very regular.

Preparations are being made for two new towns at Bald Mountain and Rattlesnake; both of which are but twelve miles from Bannock. On the "Prickly Pear" there are two towns, Montana and Jefferson. These will be largely increased this year, as that place is rich in leads or lodes, which are veins of silver and gold in the mountains. Extensive and rich gulch diggings have also been discovered, seven miles from Montana City, which are attracting the attention of the people. A town is building there called Last Chance, which is the name of the gulch.

In all this rich and extensive territory, with all its large and rapidly growing settlements, there are but two appointed ministers of the gospel. Fortunes have been made, and more are to be made. The devil is getting the first use of this treasure; and is thus fortifying the ground. Truly, "he is going about as a roaring lion," and many are the noble boys he is devouring. Shall the Church allow him undisputed possession of this rich field? The Church needs these hardy, enterprising young men; she also needs to convert this virgin gold into the treasury of the Lord. Let her send out good and faithful men and she can have her share of both. Now is the time to strike, and not wait until these young men from Christian homes and Christian Sabbath-schools, are so debased and corrupted that it will be next to impossible to rescue them. They are here free from all parental restraint, and even that of good society. They have no books, papers, or literature, save that of the place, a pack of cards. They have no place to spend their leisure time, save whisky shops, gambling saloons, and places even worse than these. These constitute all the opportunities of amusement and recreation. They soon become familiar with scenes of drunkenness, gambling, and degradation, and then plunge in headlong. They say that they shuddered at it at first, but now do not think there is much harm in it. "We must have some amusement, and there is none other." This is not astonishing. They are away from home and a Christian community; they live in small log cabins, plastered with mud and covered with earth to turn the rain; the ground is their only floor; a buffalo robe and some blankets their bed; a box and some stools their furniture. They do their own cooking and washing. Living in this desolate way, is it wonderful that they should seek companionship and diversion in haunts of vice? Send faithful men to these places at once, with the necessary means, not with hands and feet tied, and spirits crushed out of them, and they can rescue these, your loved ones. The work is Army work. Send out chaplains. Send with every man a large and well-selected library; a full set of Sabbath-school books; a set of hymn books for church purposes; a large quantity of tracts and Testaments, with the Psalms, (large print,) and let your children send the religious papers, when you have read them. The missionary can then gather together the professors of religion, they can fit up a room, and with these books and papers can establish a Christian Association, and furnish a profitable place for young men to spend their evenings.

The government would not suffer her noble braves to be taken from Christian

homes and religious privileges without giving them the means of grace; nobly and faithfully she supplied and supported these heralds of salvation in her army. Shall the Church be less Christian, less in earnest than the Government? Is it not the duty of the Church to furnish chaplains for her army, and send the bread of life to the dear boys in these mountains of gold? Send them out and you will not have to support them as long as the government does hers; they will soon be taken off your hands. The government furnishes one chaplain for every thousand men. By the opening of spring there will be five thousand at Silver Bow, with no minister to lead them to mines of imperishable treasure; to gather in the scattered sheep and lift up the fallen; to visit the sick and point the dying to the Saviour; to bury the dead and comfort the afflicted; with no minister to protect the sanctity of marriage, and restrain the impious hand that would seek to undermine, or overthrow, the ordinance of God; no minister to look after the children, and gather them into the Sabbath-school, and lead their young hearts to the Saviour.

SEND US HELP. There is no such field. Montana will soon become a State of boundless mineral wealth. Soon the Pacific Railroad will reach us, giving additional advantages and privileges. Schools, academies, and colleges are to be founded, and who is to attend to this if not the Church?

I suppose several men will come here next spring. Let the Churches fully equip these men. Let every man have, before he starts, a good library, as stated above; Sabbath-school books, hymn books, tracts, Sabbath-school papers, and Testaments. Take up a collection, raise a subscription, or let some individual give the requisite means for one of the above necessities. Send your donation or subscription to the Home Missionary Committee, No. 150 Nassau Street, New York, and they can invest it better than you, and spare you all the trouble of selecting, buying, and shipping. Let no Church or individual fail to do this, on the supposition that some one else will attend to it. It is too important a matter to be neglected. The men who come cannot furnish these supplies, neither can the Committee, unless you furnish them with the means. If the missionary have not these appliances, he will be as helpless as a mechanic without tools. If you would be sure that he is supplied, attend to it yourself. If more money is sent than is necessary for the object stated, the only difficulty then will be that more men can be sent and supported, and all will know that they are represented in this great work.

G. G. SMITH.

BANNOCK CITY, Jan. 31, 1865.

MINISTERIAL RECORD.

MONTHLY.

Armstrong, Hallock, Pres. O. S.—Appointed to chaplaincy in U. S. Volunteers.
Bartholf, Benj. A., Ref. Dutch.—Ordained and installed pastor at Wolcott, N. Y., Feb. 7.
Bird, Wm. H., Pres. N. S.—Taken charge of the church in Sandoval, Ill.
Blaichly, Eben, Pres. O. S.—Appointed Itinerant Missionary to Freedmen in Kansas.
Boyd, Samuel, Pres. O. S.—Suspended from the ministry by St. Clairsville Presbytery.
Cannfield, Nathan P., Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to Casanova, N. Y.
Clarkson, C. B., Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to Caba, N. Y.
Dieffenbacher, C. R., Ger. Ref.—Accepted pastorate at West Greenville, Pa.
Garretts, John, D. D., Ref. Dutch.—Accepted call to churches of Esopus and St. Remy, N. Y.
Gerhart, Isaac, Ger. Ref.—Died in Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 11, aged 77.
Hamilton, J. C., Cumb. Pres.—Died in Illinois, Feb. 13.
Hovden, William, Un. Pres.—Died in Erie Co., N. Y., Feb. 15, aged 82.
Humphrey, Henry, Pres. O. S.—Died at Hudson, Wis., Feb. 6, aged 82.
Kasson, A. K., Ref. Dutch.—Accepted call to Cleveland, Ohio.
Kelley, Joseph C., Pres. O. S.—Ordained and installed at Cambria, Wis., Feb. 14.
Kennedy, Joshua, Ref. Pres.—Installed at Rovinia, N. Y., Jan. 11.
Laurie, James A., Pres. N. S.—Ordained an Evangelist at Lowell, Wis., to labor in Lowell and Arlington.
McCartee, Robert, D. D., Pres. O. S.—Died in Yonkers, N. Y., March 12, aged 73.
McCoy, John, Pres. O. S.—Ordained and installed at Smyrna, Del., Feb. 21.
McLean, John, Pres. N. S.—Resigned pastorate of North Church, St. Louis, Mo.
Matthews, J. T., Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to 8th Church, Chicago, Ill.
Martin, W. W., Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to San Jose, Cal.
Morton, J. B., Pres. O. S.—Resigned pastorate of Middleton Ohio.
Nicolls, S. J., Pres. O. S.—Installed over 2d Pres. Church, St. Louis, Mo., March 12.
Nugent, E. R., Pres. O. S.—Taken charge of Mapleton and Pleasant Hill Churches, Kansas.
Patterson, J. B., Pres. O. S.—Resigned pastorate at Steubenville, Ohio.
Patton, John, D. D., Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to Middletown, Del.
Phillips, W. W., D. D., Pres. O. S.—Died in New York, March 20, aged 68.
Riddle, M. B., Ref. Dutch.—Installed over 2d R. D. Church, Newark, N. J., Feb. 2.
Roberts, H. P., Pres. N. S.—Taken charge of church in Cairo, Ill. S.
Robinson, Charles E., Pres. O. S.—Installed at Onida Village, N. Y., March 1.
Saylor, John, Pres. N. S.—Accepted call to Allegan, Mich.
Slack, C. I., Pres. N. S.—Died in Newton, Iowa, Feb. 24.
Stevenson, Joseph, Pres. O. S.—Died at Bellefontaine, Ohio, Feb. 24, aged 86.
Sutherland, W. B., Un. Pres.—Installed over 28th Street Church, New York, Feb. 7.
Sutton, Robert, Pres. O. S.—Accepted call to St. Paul, Minn.
Trovebridge, J. M., Pres. N. S.—Resigned pastorate of Calvary Church, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, S. M., Pres. O. S.—Accepted call to Elmsburg, Pa.
Wilson, S. R., D. D., Pres. O. S.—Dismissed from Mulberry Church, Shelby Co., Ky.
Woods, John, Pres. O. S.—Accepted call to Urbana, Ohio.
Young, John C., Pres. O. S.—Ordained and installed co-pastor of 2d Church, Louisville, Ky., March 5.