CRUELTY AT SEA.

Brutal Treatment of His Crew by a Captain—Evidence of Cruelty Given by the Mate.

A Montreal despatch says: Mason D. Cogswell, mate of the barque Alpheus Marshall, confirmed in his evidence yesterday before the Magistrate here the charges made in court of the gross cruelty and starvation of the men on board by the captain. The following is the chief part of the evidence given by the mate: At half-past twelve the men went below, and at half-past one I told the boatswain to turn them to. They told him they were not able to do so, and they also told me personally, telling me that they were too weak. I don't know how the men felt, but had I been one of the men I would have considered the men's statement a fair one. I went aft and reported to the captain that the men would not turn to. The captain said, "Well, I guess we are men enough to make them." The men were then ordered aft, and the captain came down to them. They told him they were not able to go down to work, and that they had had no food since the previous day. The steward was called, and he said that they had been given their soup and meat that day, but that they had eaten all their bread the night before. I was then ordered to put them in irons. Not a man refused, and I went to my room and got the irons and the second mate and boatsman to help me. They were ironed. The irons were a pair of handcuffs. As soon as the irons were on the captain ordered us to trice them up. When he said to trice them up I knew what he meant, though I had never seen it done before. A piece of ratling stuff, rope about as thick as a pencil, and about five fathoms long, was brought out. I wished to be a little humane, and I went to put it around their irons, but the captain said to put it on their thumbs. I said that the rope was too thick, and the captain told me to unlay it. We took three of the strands out of the ratling stuff and "triced up" so that their feet just touched the deck. The captain told them that they could stay up until the d——d arms dropped off them, and I have do doubt he would have done so. I do not know how long a time a man could live when triced up. Tupper was a good man. I never knew him to complain. He saved all his complaints to make here in court. I have been at sea for eight years.

There is more evidence to come, but what has been produced already agrees almost completely.

FATAL FIRE IN CHICAGO.

A Brave Man Saves Many Lives and Loses His Own—Panic-Stricken Girls.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: The large building at the corner of La Salle and Michigan streets, the lower floors of which were occupied by hide dealers and the upper portion by Fisher's cigar-box factory, caught fire at noon and was completely gutted. One man was killed by jumping and two smothered on the stairs. The factory girls escaped with the greatest difficulty. It is believed that all are safe. The loss will be over $100,000. After the fire commenced, the foreman of the cigar-box factory, James Carr, got thirty-seven employees together and led them to the fire-proof stairs and safely to the ground. Being in doubt whether any were left behind, Carr returned to the fifth story. The flames cut off his escape. He hurried to the roof, and a rope was thrown him from an adjoining building. While descending, the rope broke or was burned. He fell through the tarpaulin, which was held below, and broke his neck. Another thrilling scene, meanwhile, took place at the fire escape from the chewing gum factory. Eighteen girls, panic-stricken, came down pell-mell, and when within twenty-five feet of the ground the last eight jumped to the pavement, falling in a confused heap. Three were painfully cut and bruised. LATER.—Carr, whose neck was not broken, as at first supposed, revived on his way to the hospital, but died this afternoon. No other loss of life is reported. The loss by fire will be $125,000.

EXCAVATING ZOAN.

Lecture by Mr. Petrie, the Egyptian Archæologist—Interesting Relics From the Vanished City.

A London cable says: United States Minister Lowell was present yesterday at the lecture before the Royal Institution by Mr. Petrie, the Egyptian archæologist, upon his recent explorations at the site of Zoan. Mr. Petrie gave some highly interesting details of his excavations among the ruins of this vanished city of the Nile delta, the antiquity of which is conclusively shown by Josephus and many Biblical writers, while its ancient splendor has been proven by Mariette and other modern explorers. Mr. Petrie has obtained a splendid collection of Egyptian antiquities, which are to be distributed among the British and Boston museums, which subscribed to the expenses of Mr. Petrie's expedition. At the close of Mr. Petrie's lecture, Mr. Lowell was elected Vice-President of the Board of Trustees in charge of the fund for future explorations. Mr. Lowell also made a brief address in his pleasantest vein. He said that personally he would be inclined to bury deep underground many of the monuments and so-called works of art which are now cumbering the earth, but he was very glad that Boston was to share in the possession of the beautiful objects which Petrie's skill and labor had rescued from among the relics of the Pharaohs.

A Devoted Son-in-Law.

Count de Vermicelli, an Italian nobleman now in New York, is engaged to be married to Miss Maud Snobberly, of Fifth avenue.

One of the guests at a recent social gathering at the Snobberly mansion, asked old Mrs. Snobberly—she used to be a servant girl—how she liked her prospective son-in-law.

"Me and Mr. Snobberly are both tickled to death with Count de Vermicelli, and the way he is stuck on Maud is a sin. You can't have any idea of how the Count dotes on that gal. Everything in the world that he imagines she wants, he makes us buy for her."

The new Chapel of Trinity College, Toronto, cost $20,000.

ANOTHER FAITH CURE.

After Years of Suffering a Woman is Suddenly Restored to Health and Strength.

A Sandersville, Ga., despatch says: Fifteen years ago A. J. Jernigan, of this county, married Miss Fannie Thompson, one of the most beautiful belles that ever reigned in Georgian society. For a couple of years Mr. and Mrs. Jernigan were leaders in social circles, but after the birth of a daughter the mother found herself completely paralyzed, and for years her condition has been such that not only was she unable to move a limb, but her tongue was paralyzed so that she could not speak, and she had to be fed on liquid food. A few weeks ago Mrs. Jernigan was given up for dead. The watchers stood around her bed momentarily expecting the expiring breath, while the sufferer lay almost without respiration. She seemed at length to fall asleep, and the watchers left the room. During the whole morning the sufferer, without the knowledge of her attendants, lay, not as they supposed in a stupor, but in silent prayer. She threw her whole soul into her appeal to God to save her for her daughter's sake. It was the fourth hour of her prayer when her attendants had retired. Suddenly she imagined she heard words repeated:

"Arise, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Offering up one more fervent prayer, she found that the power of motion had returned to her, and the conviction came to her that God had indeed answered her prayer. Getting up, she felt as strong as on the day she was married. Hastily dressing, she opened the door into the adjoining room, where she appeared before her husband and friends as though risen from the grave.

"Fear not," she said. "God has restored me to life."

The whole company knelt down and thanked God for what had occurred. That afternoon she walked half a mile to church for the purpose of praying, at the end of which she was not in the least fatigued. The incident excited the whole county and hundreds have been calling on her, all of whom she assures that her cure has come from God.

A GREAT STORM.

A Steamer and Fifty-Seven Lives Lost During the Storm on the Coast of Lower California—Many Schooners with Their Crews also Lost.

A San Francisco despatch says: The following further particulars of the disastrous storms on the coast of Lower California were learned this morning. The news was brought here by the captain of the steamer Newbern, from Guaymas. He says the steamer Estado de Sonora left Mazatlan on September 29th. The first storm broke out on the following day. It raged with such terrific fury that the Estado was unable to put back. It is supposed she rolled over and went down with fifty-seven souls aboard. Nothing was ever afterward heard of the passengers or crew. October 14th the Newbern passed a large quantity of wrecked stuff near the entrance of the Gulf of California. Among it was a pilot-house with a band attached. A lot of brass work had been picked up by the natives of San Jose Island. They had stripped off all the wood part and burned it, leaving only the brass work. There were no marks on any of these, but it is believed these were all from the wrecked steamer. Some brass work was sent to Guaymas for the purpose of identifying it. The Estado was commanded by Capt. Rode, nephew of Capt. Charles Wilson, formerly Danish Consul in this city. The second storm began October 7th and lasted three days. It was more violent even than the first. The only particulars are from Cape St. Lucas. As reported last night, there was such a tremendous sea running the Newbern was unable to touch at the Cape. She passed through fields of loose candles, believed to be part of the cargo of the schooner Dora. Out of all the small coasters only one has been heard of, a small sloop (name unknown) with five souls aboard. Two of them were saved—a young boy, son of M. Greene, manager of Cape St. Lucas, and a sailor. The latter held the boy sixteen hours in his arms in the water. Of nine schooners lost, four were the San Pablo, San Pedro, Cisne and Antonio. The names of the five others are unknown.

WILD WINNIPEG.

The City in Possession of a Mob—Demand for the Dismissal of Attorney-General Miller, Who is Hanged and Burned in Effigy.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: There was a great demonstration to-night against Attorney-General Miller, on account of the flogging of the prisoner McCormack yesterday. Some 3,000 people assembled in front of the Queen's Hotel, where Miller was burned and hanged in effigy. The crowd then started for his residence, armed with a cat-o'nine-tails, which they intended to apply to him if found. He was in hiding, however, and the mob went to the Parliament Building, where they called Mr. Norquay out and asked him to dismiss Miller. He promised to answer within two days, and said the answer would be satisfactory to them. It is supposed that he will let Miller go. The city and Provincial police and a detachment of the 90th Rifles were on hand, but the crowd was orderly and needed no repression. No such indignation has ever been seen in Winnipeg before last night.

Miss Hattie McCreary, of Gettysburg, Pa., has by will bequeathed $3,000 to Princeton Theological Seminary, for the support of students preparing for the missionary field; $1,000 to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and $500 to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Since July a drought has prevailed in lower east Tennessee, north Georgia and north Alabama. All farming interests are seriously imperiled, and unless there is rain soon the result will be disastrous. Grazing lands are burned up and the creeks are dry.

Earl Dufferin will sail with his suite from Southampton for India, Nov. 15th, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Tasmania, a swift steamer which will bring the new Viceroy to Bombay, at the latest, Dec. 9th.

Scottish Notes.

At Crieff feeing market, on the 7th inst., foremen were engaged at from £28 to £31; second hands at from £24 to £27; orramen, £22 to £24; halfins, £13 to £16; women, £14 to £16.

The old regimental colors of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders were, on the 10th inst., at Aberdeen, presented to the Princess of Wales, on her way south.

At a marriage on the 14th inst., in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, the Episcopalian service was performed by an Episcopalian clergyman. This is said to be the first occasion on which such a service has been performed in the cathedral.

At the opening service of the new place of worship of the Wellington Street U. P. Church, in the west end of Glasgow, the collection amounted to £12,500, being the largest collection ever made in any church in Scotland.

The International Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh was closed on Saturday, October 11th. During the three months in which it was open the exhibition was visited by about half a million people.

Lord Rosebery left Edinburgh on the 17th inst. for London. His Lordship, though still suffering from the effects of the accident which he recently sustained, seemed in good health.

The people of England and Scotland, says the London *Spectator*, are multiplying so fast that pessimists may well be excused for feeling some anxiety as to the future. The population of the kingdom, which in 1815 was 15,000,000 is now 36,000,000—that is to say, it has grown more in the last seventy years than it accreted in all the untold ages of the previous past.

The following rhymed version of the Ten Commandments is said to have been taught in the little school kept by Daniel Simpson at the "Saw pit," near Lanark, about sixty-five years ago:

First—Have thou no other gods but Me;
Second—Unto no image bow the knee.
Third—Take not the name of God in vain;
Fourth—Do not the sabbath day profane.
Fifth—Honor thy father and mother, too;
Sixth—And see that thou no murder do.
Seventh—From evil keep thou chaste and clean,
Eighth—And steal not though thy state be mean.
Ninth—Of false report bear not the blot;
Tenth—What is thy neighbor's covet not.

DARWIN'S DOCTRINE.

The Doctrine of Evolution and the Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina.

A Grenville, S.C., despatch says: The Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina has been discussing the Darwinian theory of evolution. The issue arose from the fact that Dr. Woodrow, Professor of the Columbia Theological Seminary, with the avowed purpose of fortifying young ministers in scientific knowledge, set forth the theory of evolution expressing his own belief in it in a modified form, and declaring it not inconsistent with scriptural teaching. The discussion was warm and spirited, most of the leading divines of the Synod participating. A resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 50 to 45 declaring that in the judgment of the Synod the teaching of evolution in the theological seminary at Columbia, except in a purely expository manner with no intention of inculcating its truth, is disapproved.

The Drowned Voyageur.

A Cairo despatch says: A great gloom has been thrown over the party of Canadian voyageurs by the sad death of Louis Captaine. The whale boat, manned by the Canadians, was worked through the Gammel cataracts in fine style, the passage only occupying six minutes. Their success was greeted with hearty cheers from the regulars. Just as the boat got through the rapids, Captaine, while standing up in the boat trying, it is supposed, to change seats with a companion, fell overboard and was swept away. He was a lusty swimmer, and made strong but fruitless efforts to reach the shore. Life buoys were thrown to him, but none came within his reach. He struggled for a few seconds, when, with a despairing shriek, he suddenly threw up his arms and was carried down the stream and dashed against the rocks. His body was not recovered. The deceased was a Caughnawaga Indian, 28 years of age, and had been engaged by Lord Melgund at Caughnawaga.

A Wonderful Cat.

Kingston, N. Y., boasts of a wonderful cat. Its owner gives it a high chair at the table. The cat considers that chair its own, and if anybody else attempts to take possession of it at the dinner table he will make a fuss. He seats himself in this chair, cat fashion, and when his owner says grace it is claimed the cat will cross its paws and act in a very serious manner until grace is finished. When the folks at the table begin to eat, if the cat has not been helped, he will immediately make that fact known by putting his paw on the arm of the gentleman of the house. The cat is not satisfied, as a rule, unless he has a little of everything to eat on the table, and will drink coffee out of a saucer.

The Plump, Proud Plumbers.

The poor plumber has returned from Europe and is now waiting impatiently for the early frost.—*Boston Times.*

A Chicago woman has been paying a pawn-broker $58 a year for the use of $25. No mention is made of it, but it goes without saying that this lady is the wife of a plumber.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"I am a plumber," answered a burglar, who was discovered in a chamber of a house in Cincinnati at midnight, and the owner turned over in bed with the remark: "Oh, I was in the hopes it was a burglar, and he would leave me something."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The plumber believes with Hamlet that playing upon a pipe is as easy as lying. He has a vast experience in both, for most of his jobs are accomplished with more play than work, and the stories he tells about the time of his men entitle him to a place among the most determined haters of the late lamented George Washington.—*Boston Budget.*

People unaccustomed to the Church of England service have some difficulty in finding the places in the prayer book. An effort is being made to overcome this difficulty by having the entire service printed in the order in which it is said.

THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS.

A Correspondent Shows What Country Life in Russia Really Is.

The remark that "he who knows only St. Petersburg and Moscow has not seen Russia" was accentuated in my experience, when, on my way to Central Asia, I accepted an invitation to a nobleman's seat in the Russian interior, says a correspondent of the London *Times*. Previous journeys to the extremities of the empire had brought me in contact with diverse races along the high roads, but I was anxious to see what the peasant was like, not when shouting "Long life to the Czar" under the walls of the Kremlin, but when buried at home, out of reach of steamer and railway whistle, and miles away from a post road, a telegraph station or a post-office. With interest, therefore, after driving over dusty roads the whole of a summer night, I found myself in the early morning approaching my destination. "You must not expect to find anything peculiarly Russian about the house," my friends had said, "for it is a new structure, of Elizabethan architecture." And so from the outside it was. One might have fancied it a Kentish mansion, purchased for £50,000, and set down in the middle of a Russian estate. The interior of the house was somewhat more adapted to Muscovite ideas in that the rooms opened one into the other, and the sleeping apartments of the family could be cut off from the rest. The materials for the house had been obtained for the most part on the spot. The bricks were burnt on the estate, and the handsome carving and wainscoting of the hall were of indigenous timber. Some of the ornamentation, however, was from abroad. The panels on the drawing-room walls were filled with immense Italian paintings, and the room of my hostess was hung with large photographs of the masterpieces of Raphael.

In keeping with this was the intellectual culture of the family. English was spoken by parents and children all day long, and French, German and Russian when required. In the morning we read, wrote and took horse exercise, and in the evening were enlivened with classical music, after which it was but a step out of the drawing-room doors on to the spacious terrace to look in the gloaming over one of those vast Russian plains, which can hardly be called beautiful, but which are striking to an Englishman by reason of their vastness and unlikeness to anything he sees at home. The mansion was built on a hill at the foot of which a river meandered, containing trout and perch; and intervening were terraced lawns and grounds, covered in their seasons with homely buttercups and daisies, as well as forget-me-nots, wild roses and lilies of the valley. The grounds were planted, not, indeed, with conifers—for there are none on the estate—but with tall poplars and sturdy oaks up to two feet in diameter, clusters of pliant willows and graceful birch, together with lime, beech and elm. These trees are a refuge for the cuckoo, thrush and nightingale, while a little further off in the forests are to be found, among birds, rooks and crows, ravens, hawks and eagles, and among animals, hares, foxes and wolves. But it was not the mansion that interested me so much as its surroundings. The estate consisted of about 25,000 acres, of which one-fifth is forest and one-twentieth pasture, the soil varying between good black earth, loam, sand, loam and sand with clay beneath, and in some parts of all clay. It furnishes no building stone, but plenty of alabaster, which remains, however, unworked. Growing wild were to be found horseradish, raspberries, strawberries, black currents and fruit called rebina; while on the cultivated lands wheat was said to thrive, but not barley, and buckwheat, rye, oats, peas, flax and hemp. Beans, too, are grown in gardens, and tobacco. I inquired, of course, the cost of this produce, and found that on the spot, for the pood of 36 English pounds, wheat and buckwheat sold for 2s.; rye, 1s. 8d.; oats, 1s. 4d.; potatoes, 7d. a bushel, and hay from 2½d. to 4d. the pood, this last being of tolerable quality, but not comparable to English fodder. Ordinary land yields from 25 to 35 poods of hay an acre, and the better sort from 50 to 75 poods, with, sometimes, a second crop. The estate was inhabited by about 1,000 families, living in wooden, thatched houses, usually of two rooms only, built often of willow, of which a log 30 feet long and 10 inches in diameter cost a couple of shillings, the outer bark of the tree being used for roofing and the inner bark for matting and ropes. The houses were furnished only scantily. Twenty in the home village might each perhaps possess a bed, but not one of them a bed and bedstead, too. It was common, however, for a family to possess a cow, one or more horses, and three or four sheep; a good specimen of the last weighing forty pounds to fifty pounds, and its wool selling from 4½d. to 5d. per pound. The food of the peasants was extremely simple, consisting of rye bread and stchee, or soup of cabbage and fat; soaked and boiled buckwheat eaten with hempseed oil; mushrooms, curds and onions. For drink they consumed kvas, small beer made from rye bread, and here and there tea, though this latter has not become general among them. Beef was a delicacy and cost 2d. per pound, mutton 1½d. and pork 2½d. Chickens sold from 2½d. to 4d. each, ducks from 5d., geese for 20d., while extravagant persons feasted on turkeys at 2s. each. The clothing of the peasantry was in keeping with their food. A man's summer suit consists of a cotton shirt, a pair of linen trousers and shoes of lime-tree bark, the last costing 5d. per pair. If a peasant aspires to high boots they cost him from 12s. to 14s., and he pays about the same price for his homespun kaltan, while in winter his sheepskin shouba or coat may cost him from 16s. to 30s.—dearer, I may remark, than I paid at Khiva, where common shoubs could be had at 10s. each.

The Prussian fire damp commission has ascertained that during last year there were 34 accidents, which resulted in loss of life in 24 mines. Ninety-four persons were killed and 22 injured. The amount of coal mined per fatal accident was 1,491,817 tons. One man was killed for every 5,415 engaged. These figures show that the dangers attending coal mining are being reduced.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is loaning the distressed fishermen of the British coast money to replace their lost boats.

REMINISCENCES OF COL. STEWART.

The English Officer Lately Assassinated by Arabs on the Nile.

Your notice of the death of Lieut.-Col. Stewart brings to my mind many pleasant things concerning this brave officer, says a letter to the Springfield *Republican*. About three years ago while passing through Asia Minor I met Col.—then Capt.—Stewart, Vice-Consul to Corea, Turkey. As we were going the same direction we agreed to travel together. I found him a true English gentleman, of high culture, sympathetic and uniformly kind. He was extensively travelled, having seen most of the world, and not yet more than 30 years of age. He had travelled extensively in Europe and Asia, and was in Egypt when death claimed him early in his promising career. No obstacle turned him from his purpose when once settled upon. At the time he travelled through Persia it was not safe for an officer or tourist, so he travelled as an American missionary. He had already visited China and western Asia, and was anxious to see the intermediate countries. He visited the States—as the English call the United States—and Canada a few years ago. Just after I bid him good-bye at Aleppo he started for the desert with three camels and Arab servants and an interpreter. He left his own servants in Aleppo, so that he would be compelled to talk Arabic and so get the language. He acquired a language rapidly. In one year he spoke Turkish like a native; of course, this is wonderful. He was a hard worker and constantly active. He, with a number of other English army officers, was sent to Turkey to help the Turks carry out some reforms which the Sultan had promised England to have carried out. But a very little of his time was required for this purpose. However, I suspect that part of their object in residing in Turkey was to study its strategic points, for whenever I travelled with them they were making observations and noting distances, etc., which I afterward saw at the consulate were being converted into maps. The Sultan made a spasmodic attempt to ameliorate the condition of his subjects. Gen. Valentine Baker was appointed, at the request of the English Minister at Constantinople, chief of an imperial commission, composed of Lord Pasha, Sulman Pasha, Col. Salvier Bey, and others, to visit all parts of Turkey and make a report to him. Gen. Baker made an elaborate report and the whole thing ended there. Gen. Baker told me that his report would never be read. The whole thing was done to quiet England.

At Sivas, Asia Minor, Col. Stewart came to reside for a while before leaving Turkey. While there Gen. Baker and the commission came to remain six weeks. Col. Chermside, whose finished diplomacy is doing so much in Egypt, soon arrived at Sivas with his party. He was Lieut. Chermside then, and a splendid gentleman. I was taken sick at Sivas and he insisted on a change, he going with me, attended by his bodyguard, caring for me as a brother. And one of the last acts Col. Stewart did for me was sending me a military guard to escort us from the interior to the Mediterranean Sea. Gen. Valentine Baker, Col. Stewart, Col. Chermside, and other English gentlemen were at my kuonag at breakfast, dinner and at all hours, and I have met them under many other circumstances, and I never met truer gentlemen. The English who criticise our country and people do not represent the true English people.

Col. Stewart sympathized with the oppressed people of the country, and was always doing something for them. He was often called upon to act as arbitrator between them. They had great faith in him. He was constantly exhorting them to industry and a better life. He rose very rapidly in the army, and would, had he been spared, have been high up, for he was brave and every inch a soldier. When passing through part of a country infested with Circassian robbers—and if anybody has been in their hands he will ever remember of them as a bloodthirsty, cruel race; I fell into their hands, and know how cruel they are—the colonel was riding along but two servants, when they met twelve armed Circassian horsemen. The colonel immediately placed himself and his men on the defensive, and by his coolness and skilful defence he kept the robbers at a respectful distance until they neared a town, when the brigands smilingly withdrew, fully acknowledging their defeat. The last I saw of this modest, courtly, brave gentleman was at Aleppo. I had been in the city a day or two when he sent his servant, saying that he had just heard that I was in town, and would call on me in an hour or two. He felt very badly that I had not come directly to the consulate, and then urged me to make the consulate my home. He said he was sorry on his own account that I had not come directly to his kuonag, as he would have been glad to have presented me to an English party who had just come from the desert, and was *en route* to England. I was sorry, too, not to have met them, for I had heard of this Englishman who yearly visited the desert, making his home with its most powerful chief. He is his blood brother. A few years ago this gentleman, with an escort, visited the desert, and there met this chief. The gentleman drew blood from his arm, and the chief drew blood from his, which ceremony made them blood brothers. That Englishman is as safe there as in the streets of Springfield.

I don't know when I was more deeply affected than when I heard of the death of that sincere, unselfish, noble gentleman, Col. Stewart. Truly, Gordon has lost a true friend and a wise counsellor, and an able soldier, and England a finished diplomat, as well as one of her most promising military men.

Correcting the Preacher.

From that wicked paper, the Paris *Figaro*: "Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate window at the age of 24 years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the window, in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

It is now announced that the Rev. Mr. Miln will shortly sail for Australia. Does he go to evangelize the dramatic field?

Sherbrooke Baptist Church is without a pastor.