

densely ignorant as all that! When a man gets—as I do—fifty or sixty letters a week, from only two places in the North-West, (and sometimes far more,) it is evident that there are *some* centres of population there! What I said, in substance, was, that there are *very few* centres of population there, (I mentioned four or five,) and that no one could tell what might be the *future* of any place which had promising appearances.”

THE PESSIMIST.—We saw him up a plum tree, at Paris, Ont., this spring, as we were coming down the old road from the Railway Station! He was cutting out the “black knot.” When we suggested that we would have to find some new kind of plum and cherry, for we could no longer raise the common sorts successfully—“I’ll tell you my theory about it, Sir,” said he; “the World is gettin’ auld, and disna produce things like as it did! It’s gettin’ auld, Sir; there’s a change in the *gassies* and the *juicies*—” And if we had only waited long enough, we might have had the whole theory of the Earth’s decadence, and failure to do her duty; especially in the matter of the “black knot.” But how often the “black knot” is in our own lives and heart, instead of nature and our outward circumstances! No, no, old friend; the Earth’s “gasses” and “juices” are all right!

“How does it come that your June number was in the *thirty-third* year of publication, and your July number part of the *thirty-fifth* year?” Well; give us time to explain. The INDEPENDENT began publication in *July*; and for many years “the volume” began then. So much for changing *now*. And then the “33rd” should really have been the “34th”; for June 1888 completed thirty-four years of publication, of twelve months each. If we had made the change just to seem “old” and well-established, we would have made a bigger leap than that; perhaps as big as “Bradshaw,” when that famous publication leaped from the ‘40th’ number to the ‘146th.’

One brother writes that he cannot do much with any extra copies, “for the word INDEPENDENT is a great obstacle to the appreciation of the magazine in these days. Uninformed Christians of other denominations now regard the word, not in our meaning, but as the standard of isolation and repulsion.”

And a lady said to us lately, that she could not make her friends understand that “THE INDEPENDENT” meant a Congregational Magazine! They thought the two names meant two entirely different things; and “if the paper was *Congregational*, why wasn’t it called so?”

We should like to hear from our readers on this subject. *Is* there any dissatisfaction with the name? Do outsiders misapprehend its character and mission, because of its name? Would there be any advantage in calling it “The Congregational Magazine,” or any other alleged “more descriptive” name than the present?

RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—At the Union meeting in June, Rev. William F. Clarke told us of a former meeting with Rev. Dr. Barbour. He had not made the discovery last year; nor indeed till the night before he told us the story: but the kindly face of the Professor haunted him, as might some recollection from a pre-existent state. When he was a young pastor at London, Ontario, not very long from a short residence at Oberlin himself, there came a pale faced student to his house, with a letter of introduction from Treasurer Hill of that University. He (Mr. Clarke) was just going off to Stratford, a long drive, to a Missionary meeting, at which he was one of the deputation; and the only way of having his young friend’s company, was to take him along in his “cutter.” So they had a good time together on the way, in Stratford itself among the friends, and all the way back; and he kept the young friend from Oberlin for two or three days with him. And was rejoiced to find that when Prof. Barbour came to him the night before, asking “Are you the Mr. Clarke who was pastor in London in 1854?” that he was renewing a very old and very sweet acquaintance.

Editorial Articles.

HOW IT STRIKES ANOTHER.

It was years ago. We were at Owen Sound, in secular life. A county official, a Church-of-England man, whom we had not seen for several weeks, met us on the stairs of a public office.

“See here,” said he, “I haven’t seen you for some time; I want to speak to you.”