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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

CHRISTMAS is coming. God bless the bright eyes that sparkle the brighter at the sound of the coming footsteps. May good old Santa Claus have lots of presents, heaps of fun, and the blessed Christ of Christmas tide be the joy of every child heart. May the joy of the festive season lighten the burdens of our careful Marthas, and its peace rest upon the sons of toil, the worried with life's business.

Christ tarry specially with those who silently gaze upon a vacant chair, the widowed, the orphaned, the bereaved. Over all may the bright dove of peace hover, and through the cloven skies may the angels' song come, and the Christ glory shine. Rest one and all, during the Christmas hours at least, beside life's road, and "hear the angels sing."

Nor let the poor and needy be forgotten; our joys will be the brighter as we find companionship in rejoicing. The more the merrier, and thus may all spend in truth

A RIGHT MERRIE CHRISTMAS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

So wrote Wm. Cowper as the shadow of his life was darkening, so has sung many an anguish-wrung heart since, so echo we as we record the death, in the wilds of Africa, of the young wife of our Foreign Missionary, Walter T. Currie. Clara Wilkes has passed the river, and is now on the other shore. Both Mr. and Mrs. Currie were laid aside in Benguela from fatigue, anxiety and change; from that sickness Mrs. Currie never rallied thoroughly, and on September 24, after a miscarriage and a distressing sickness of several days, she departed to be with Christ. The dream of her wedded life, a missionary's companion and helpmate, suddenly vanished as she awoke to the life in the many

mansioned home. On the following day her mortal remains were laid in a lone grave in Mid Africa. From that solitary resting-place may a voice call to many for loving consecration to the Master's service. Being dead may she speak even more than by her life, had it been prolonged.

For her husband in that lone land where the great Livingstone passed into the presence of his God, our hearts go forth. He is *our* missionary, we bear him upon our prayers as we bow before the throne. God bless him, the Christ comfort him, the Spirit sustain. With her friends and his we bow in submission before the blow. All things work together for good to those who love God; He doeth all things well. To sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters, our heartfelt sympathy is given; our heads with them are bowed, our hearts with theirs are one, as we enter the cloud and wait till the shadows flee away.

In that outspoken monthly, always welcome to our desk, *Words and Weapons*, there appears in the December number an article on "Moribund Churches." Thirteen churches of the Congregational order in the United States are taken from different parts, having a membership of over five hundred. These churches during the ecclesiastical year 1885-6 report an addition to their fellowship on profession of faith, of sixty four, an average of less than five to each. The largest addition reported is ten, two report one. One hundred and sixty churches in Massachusetts report none, ninety nine, either one or two. We place no implicit faith in figures, statistics can be made to lie grievously. We have nothing to say regarding other bodies, as bad perhaps as our sister denomination. The churches just named, being all wealthy, may be doing grand mission work, and supplying means for the same, elsewhere; yet the figures are suggestive, and call for earnest thought. American