

churches have been imposed on by "clerical adventurers." Some of us think *general charges* should be superseded by *facts*. If I have asked too much, pardon me. I do not wish to impose unnecessary trouble on you.

I remain, yours very truly,  
W. H. ALLWORTH.  
Paris, March 29th, 1881.

## REV.

To the Editor of the Independent:

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with your correspondent with reference to the title *Rev.* It certainly is not Scriptural. It would indeed sound strange to hear Paul addressed as "*Rev. Mr. Paul.*" I presume, however, it is simply used as a term to designate the office of pastor, (except in case of those who are the rightful successors of the apostles), (?) and as such I do not see any particular sin in it, though I prefer the term *Pastor*. Yet it is not ministers' faults for being thus styled. They scarcely ever style themselves as *Rev.* I should more strongly object to the title *Rev. Dr.*, especially when the *Dr.* part of it has to do with a spurious M. D. diploma, which the person may hold, and which cost him say \$30. A good deal of light has been thrown on this subject by the arrest of one "*Buchanan*" across the lines, who acknowledges to having issued thousands of such diplomas and sold them as low as \$5. Any title that is *genuine denotes worth* and should be recognized, but a spurious one should be stamped under foot.

PASTOR S.

Embros, April 2, 1881.

## News of the Churches.

LONDON.—According to reports the church here is prospering under its new Pastor, Rev. H. D. Hunter.

MANILLA.—Rev. D. McKinnon has resigned the pastorate and intends returning to Scotland early in April. He will be away about two months.

STOFFVILLE.—The church is being supplied by local preachers and students from the Presbyterian College, Toronto. They hope soon to have a permanent ministry.

PERSONAL.—The friends at Cowansville and Brigham have presented to the Rev. Geo. Willett a purse of \$243, as an expression of their sympathy on account of his losses by the recent fire at the parsonage buildings.

MIDDLEVILLE.—The parsonage was invaded on the eve of the 16th ult. by about forty-five people from various sections of the parish, and after a social repast, and spending a few hours in social enjoyment, they left for home, leaving the pastor and his family greatly improved in circumstances. Had it not been for the bad state of the roads, and the prevalence of scarlet fever in Middleville, the party would have been much larger.

UNIONVILLE.—The Congregational Church here was re-opened on Sunday, March 20th. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. E. Ebbs, preached from Ex. xx. 24 "In all places where I record my name," &c. In the evening Rev. D. McIntosh (Presb.) preached from the words—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me."

On the following Monday afternoon and evening a tea meeting and concert was held, which was well attended, considering the bad state of the roads and disagreeable weather. The proceeds amounted to \$118.50.

The damage to the church by the late fire has been repaired by the insurance company; the ceiling and walls recalcimined, and the wood-work varnished.

WINNIPEG.—Rev. J. B. Silcox is being very much encouraged in his work here. In a private letter he says: "The con-

gregations are continually getting larger, especially the evening. Last Sunday night the hall was filled—600 present, and fully half of them were young men. It is a grand opportunity to do good. The thing promises to be a success. The prayer meetings are also growing. This North-west will be one of the finest mission fields in the world for a few years. A good class of settlers are coming in. English Congregationalists should send men and money here. It will yield a good return.

Thousands will go into the interior this year and we should have churches in all the important centres. So soon as we get a good foothold here we must branch out.

Mrs Silcox and family will leave for Winnipeg early in April."

## LITERARY NOTES.

THE ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK for 1881 is now before us—a volume of over five hundred pages, and containing several papers read before the English Union together with general denominational information. One marked feature is a map of London, England, with the various Congregational churches marked—over two hundred. A glance at the map seems to show that our London brethren have wisely distributed themselves the city over, and not, in general, crowded against each other. We miss in the *Year Book* of the Fatherland statistics, which though not fully reliable, afford an approximation which gives some satisfaction, therefore we are unable to gather items of progress or of work. Its papers, at least some of them, we shall draw attention to from time to time. We gladly recognize in its editor our genial friend Mr. Hannay, and feel none the less little on finding that our Canadian list of Congregational pastors and churches fills a respectable series of pages in the enumeration of the Congregational host.

"A FAIR BARBARIAN," by F. H. Burnett. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Mrs. Burnett is not unknown in literary circles, having written for *Scribner's Monthly*, where she first attracted general attention. At least two other stories beyond that which appeared in *Scribner's* have been given to the public ere this present and latest issue from her pen. As a novel it has several negative virtues, not to be underestimated. It is not sensational, has no silly, love-sick swain, nor mercenary moral, neither is there an intimate plot to unravel in the ordinary way of popular novels. The heroine is a typical American girl, open, generous, utterly unconscious of conventionality, who thoroughly shocks the *ton* of a staid English town where a faded aristocracy was all in all. It is a simple story well told without any effort, that carries you through two extreme national types without weariness, and leaves you the lighter-hearted for the excursion. It will while away an otherwise weary hour of enforced leisure without suggesting a doubt or a false emotion, and leave you as one who has had a pleasant visit returning home refreshed.

## FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

On the third day of June, 1879, Frances Ridley Havergal, one of the purest, sweetest spirits which ever dwelt in a house of clay, passed from this world to her everlasting home in heaven. It would seem to be preposterous to say that she died; for such as she was "never to see death." She was the daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, the author of very much of our sweetest Church music. She inherited from her father a very superior musical talent, and was not only a very fine singer, but, also, a musical composer. She wrote a number of very beautiful hymns, such as, "I gave my life for thee," and many others in "The Ministry of Song," and "Songs of Peace and Joy," and she composed the music as well as the hymns. She was a frail, delicate child, often hindered in her efforts to obtain an education by severe and protracted illness; and yet she acquired knowledge with remarkable facility. This was

especially true of the languages. She was an excellent French, German and Italian scholar, and read her Hebrew Bible and her Greek Testament with great ease and profit. She was a most thorough Bible student, and seemed to have much more than an ordinary insight into the deep meaning of the divine word. In her later years she frequently gave Bible readings, which, from the brief outlines furnished in her biography, must have been models of simplicity, careful research, and clear conceptions of the truth.

In the year 1873 she received a little book from a friend, entitled "All for Jesus." It presented before her mind a richness and fullness of Christian experience to which she had been hitherto a stranger. She knew how clearly she had been saved at first—how she had for many years loved the Lord, and delighted in His service; but she now saw that there was a fullness in Christ, and an earnest longing took possession of her heart to "know the length and breadth and depth and height of that love which passeth knowledge." She had been walking so long on the borderline of this promised country that it was with little effort that she passed over into its rich and joyful experiences. A friend wrote to her "on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and of the continually present power of His blood to cleanse from all sin." Her faith at once grasped the truth, and, believing, she entered into rest. She wrote at once "I see it all, and I have the blessing." This was on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2, 1873. Speaking of this a short time afterward to her sister, she said: "I saw it (the blessedness of true consecration) as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee." There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences: man's teaching has, consequently, had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me."

This experience tallies well with that of Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Mortimer, Lady Fitzgerald, and many other elect women of Methodism. She, however, clearly recognised, as they did, that purity is not maturity; that sanctification, even entire sanctification, is a progressive work; that there may "be a renewal of the surrender, and a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made." This blessing, she testified joyfully, had "lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fullness of summer glory." In this clear light she walked to the close of her beautiful life, and it culminated amid the glories of an endless day. Months after she had come into this experience she writes as follows: "One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word 'cleanseth.' The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing in its fullness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of Heaven. I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two letters from a stranger were little. All the rest was, I am sure, God's own direct teaching. I am so conscious of this, through His word and His Spirit in the matter, that I cannot think I can ever unsee it again. I

have waited many months before writing this, so it is no new and untested theory to me; and, in fact, *experience* came to me before *theory*, and is more to me than any theory." So for nearly six years she walked in the light of the Lord.

But her constant labors with her pen and her voice, and her frequent exposures, were too much for a frame so slight as hers. She, although an Englishwoman, born and bred amid polite society, and mingling all her life with cultured and refined persons, had, from conviction, become a total abstainer, and devoted much of the later years of her life to the work of temperance reform. It was so ordered that her last public service was on this line. She had promised to meet some men and boys on the village bank in May. The day was damp, and, standing a long time on this cold, damp spot, heavy clouds came up from the Channel, and she returned wet and chilly with the rain and mist. Fever came on; still she continued to work, writing letters, correcting proofs, until inflammation came on, and her agony was so intense that she could do no more. In sweet submission she said, "God's will is *delicious*. He makes no mistakes." When informed that she was seriously ill, she said, "I thought so; but, if I am going, it is too good to be true." Bidding one of her doctors good-bye, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Probably." And she replied, "Beautiful; too good to be true;" and, looking up with a smile, continued, "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven." At length the moment of departure arrived. There was a rush of convulsive sickness, then, nestling down into the pillows, she folded her hands upon her breast, saying, "There, now, it is all over! blessed rest!" Her countenance now became radiant with the glory breaking upon her soul, and for some minutes it seemed, to those who watched her, that she had met and was conversing with the King in His beauty. She tried to sing; but after one sweet, high note, "He—," her voice failed, and she was gone—satisfied, glorified, with her Lord.

So she took . . .

The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,  
Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,  
Into the everlasting joy and light;  
The zenith of the earthly life was come.

She was buried in Astley churchyard, and on the north side of her father's tomb are the following inscriptions:

"By her writings in prose and verse she, 'being dead, yet speaketh.'"  
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.—Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most purely quicken the blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.