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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THE majority of our readers profess faith in Christ, and in the power of those churches called Congregational to witness for Christ and for His gospel. Are you, kind reader, doing all you can to give vitality to your faith? "Didn't we do well," said one church member to another when it was announced that the church had raised eleven hundred dollars for missions. "No," answered the friend appealed to, "not as a church. Mr. A gave six hundred, Mr. B three hundred, and Miss C one; what did the other three hundred members do?" Has your faith a practical turn, my friend; are you working, not sowing by proxy, rejoicing in your own work, and not in another's?

WE seek success, who can tell what is success? Often in the experiences of life the greatest success comes in the guise of failure, or even of defeat. We lay out plans for ourselves but are not able to carry them out, we embark in enterprises that prove unsuccessful and our whole course of life may be turned aside thereby, but, as it has often proved, turned into a better and more prosperous way that has ultimately led us to unhopèd-for results. So in spiritual work, the faithful pastor or laborious teacher looking back on years of labor is led at times to say, "Who hath believed our report," but there comes an unexpected manifestation of power and the tears of failure give place to the gladness of assured success. Humanly speaking the cross of Calvary was the greatest failure the world had ever seen, to-day it is the mightiest triumph of the universe. Be content, wait, work on.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," says an old proverb. Yes, but power is often latent, as was the power

of steam and electricity until there came the man who could develop the power, and make it of practical use, and much of our knowledge is latent power; we know truths, but the knowledge has no power upon our own lives, we know what might be helpful to others, might aid and strengthen them in the struggles of doubt and unbelief, or be a power to them in resisting temptation, but it all lies buried in our own souls, as useless as steam before Watt, or Californian gold a hundred years ago.

THERE is no occasion to be a dude in literature, on the other hand there is no need for slang in the editorial columns of a religious newspaper. Refinement is not christianity, but christianity refines; slang, certainly does not. One of our contemporaries, speaking of the invitation given to the now noted evangelists, Messrs. Jones and Small, heads the article thus, "The two Sams coming to Toronto." Children assume that what is found in the Editor's department, at least, of their denominational paper, is proper; their view ought to be justified. We confess we are not in favour of teaching them to address their seniors as Sam Jones, Bob Ingersoll, etc. It costs nothing to be polite; but the descent is, alas, too easy.

UNION NOTES.

WE, the editorial we, left Toronto in due time for the Union meetings by the G. T. R., first for Prescott, where we have friends, and then via C. P. R. to Ottawa. There had been rain to lay the dust, the weather was charming, fields and forest had on their freshest, fairest green; the continued glimpses given of Ontario's water stretch and the St. Lawrence's majestic stream added beauty to the charming scene. We were very much impressed with