

The Canadian Independent

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All communications for the Editorial, News or Church and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 3018, P.O. Toronto.

TORONTO, DEC. 30th, 1880.

WE regret to find that there is still cause for complaint of inefficient delivery of the INDEPENDENT in some parts of the city. May we ask our friends to drop us a card if the paper is not received by the Sunday following its issue. We are promised that it shall be earlier and more regular than heretofore. Any omission or delay should be promptly reported.

WE thank those subscribers who have responded to our various appeals for payment of the various amounts against them. There are still, however, a large number, some hundreds, the labels on whose papers show that they have not paid for the current volume. Will they not remit to us at once? Printers and paper-makers must be paid. We dislike these paragraphs, but when they are discontinued remittances share the same fate.

1880.—1881.

In a few hours after this issue of the INDEPENDENT is in the hands of our readers, before even it reaches those at a distance, eighteen-hundred and eighty will have passed away, and the New Year will have commenced. The old heathen deity Janus—from whose name we get our January—was represented with two faces, one looking to the past, the other to the future; this will be the attitude of all thoughtful men when they are crossing a boundary of time like that which divides year from year. The Christian especially will therein find much food for thought. These earthly divisions of time are connected in his mind with that great hereafter when there "shall be time no longer," and are but the steps up which he may climb to the eternal presence of his Father and Friend. Let us take a brief glance at the past and coming years, seeking to gather from them as we may, thoughts that will help and strengthen us for the duty and battle of life. Some of our readers will feel on looking back that they can erect an "El enezer," a stone of help, for they have been helped in all their way through the year. The sun has shone upon their path, their sky has been cloudless—tenderness and love have been in their homes, and the blessing from above has filled their life with gladness. Will such suffer a word, and let us say to them that true Christian joy is not selfish, and that the truest gratitude is to let some of that stream of joy well out to others, and to consecrate blessings to Him who blesses, by using them in His service and cause.

Some, it may be, have been called to walk through the wilderness of life, and with torn and bleeding feet to struggle toward the rest for the weary, the city of life. Lovers and friends gone, the stars that once gladdened gone out in darkness, and the journey measured by the graves that are left behind. To such there can come a light and a peace, a

strength and a comfort; there can come a rift in the clouds, and a glimpse of the glory beyond, the glance of a moment, but a consolation not to be measured.

To the great bulk of our readers, however, it has been an ordinary, uneventful year. Day has followed day, and the daily round has brought the ordinary daily duties; there has been a peaceful monotony in their lives—if the fading year has had no specially dark shadows, neither has it had any unusually bright hours. Happy are such, let them rest and be thankful, and in the quiet and peaceful, prepare for the dark and stormy times.

Among our churches the past year has been one of considerable change. To say nothing about the smaller places, there have been changes in the pulpits of Toronto, London, Guelph, Kingston (Bethel), and Brantford, while the last days of the year witness the departure of the Rev. J. B. Silcox, from the Western, Toronto, to Winnipeg, and of the Rev. H. D. Hunter, from Newmarket, to London. Both those churches are now vacant and we trust that each will wisely and cautiously choose its pastor. The Western of Toronto is a cause which might fire any true man with a noble ambition. It is not too much to say that with the right man there is every reason to hope that it will become the strongest church in the city. The location of the building is excellent, the neighborhood is a splendid one for work, and Mr. Silcox has laid the foundation of the spiritual edifice broad and deep, in a united and hearty people, a large number of whom are young and earnest, ready to follow a true leader in work for the Master. Newmarket which a few years since was looked upon as hopelessly gone, has, under the three years' wise and careful guidance of Mr. Hunter, assumed a different aspect, there has been during the whole of his ministry the utmost cordiality and oneness, the reproach has been largely wiped away, and the Church there also will answer responsive to the touch of any good and true man. May such an one be sent to them.

Old Zion, of Montreal, has gone, so far at any rate as relates to the building; it has been sold and is to be used for secular purposes. We sigh for the end of the old building so dear to many, but under the circumstances it appeared inevitable.

The year has—we regret to note it—been characterized by more than one flagrant pulpit aberration, and, what deepens the regret is, that these might have been expected, were expected, and that those most deeply interested were the last to see and be convinced. The house was in flames, the spectators all around saw it, but the inmates refused to believe the warning cries.

And now we are on the threshold of the New Year, a few steps and we shall have crossed it and be writing 1881 on our letters. Friends and fellow workers, what is the year to be? It need not sadden any of us to think that to some the coming New Year's day may be our last, before another we may have entered the dark valley, and our feet be wet with the waters of the silent river. Need not sadden us, but make us more active, energetic, and determined; more anxious to work

while it is day, knowing that the night cometh when no man worketh. We trust that this coming year will witness a great advance of true religion in our midst, it is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that we live in perilous times. We do not believe that the Ark of God is in danger, but we know that we are surrounded by bitter and active enemies and that we have a great many lukewarm friends within. Without are scepticism and superstition, and with them are leagued the drink-fiend with his great army. Within are ease and worldliness, laxity and charity, falsely so called, and not a little of unbelief. We need a revival, not what is so known generally, but a revivifying of the church, a quickening unto new life and power. Shall we have it? "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

One final word as to our denominational objects. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that not one of them is in a very thriving state. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and try if we cannot help along these works better than previously. Two objects specially need help—the Home Missionary Fund and College. Some may think that neither of these is altogether what we should like; perhaps not, nor is anything human. But imperfect as they may be they are doing a good work, and we would urge our readers to a liberal support of these as well as other efforts—the Provident Fund, Indian Mission, &c.

Here we leave the matter. Thought crowds upon thought. If we followed on, this already lengthy article would fill many columns. We canonically conclude by wishing all our readers, with the fullest Christian meaning, "A Happy New Year."

OWING to press of matter, several articles in type stand over until next week.

THE *National S. S. Teacher* says:—Rev. W. F. Crafts has left the Methodist and joined the Congregational ranks solely because he does not like to "move" so often. This new move is expected to prevent a good many yearly and triennial ones. He, however, remains the same Sunday-school man as ever. And so does his wife.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The gentleman and his lady who sent their pastor a cheque of five hundred dollars a few days ago, will be kind enough to accept this acknowledgment in the *Canadian Independent*, as a slight expression of thanks from himself and family for the same. Those who read will understand that said pastor's salary is regularly paid.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue reaching us later than the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

OLD FRIENDS AND THEIR WORK.

The Editor *Canadian Independent*.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I met you during your recent visit to England, I promised to write an occasional letter,

which I hope may serve the double purpose of keeping upon my part some connection with Canada, and also prove interesting to your reader.

It affords me great pleasure to read in THE INDEPENDENT from time to time tidings of old friends and brethren in the ministry, whose names will always be held to me in memory dear.

Since February last I have been working as assistant minister to Rev. Wm. Tyler, F.R.M.S., a highly esteemed and venerable minister, who is called by many "the Bishop of East London," where he has laboured for forty years with earnestness, and success.

We have four Sunday Schools, and a large number of benevolent and evangelistic societies in connection with the Church. We have been recently holding a series of special services, hoping, that in answer to prayer, God's work may be revived, and many precious souls be led to Jesus.

My holiday this year was spent at Morthoe, near Ilfracombe, Devon.

The Rev. Uriah Thomas, of Bristol, has founded, at this romantic and beautiful spot, a minister's seaside home, where all the advantages of good society, relaxation, pure air, and charming scenery may be obtained by ministers who are seeking rest and change.

The state of Ireland is causing a great deal of anxiety to our government. Owing to the agitation caused by the Irish Land League, under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, the crops in some places have been gathered under great difficulties.

"What is to be done?" This is one of the vexed questions of the day and how effectually to deal with it is one of the most difficult problems which the Gladstone Ministry will have to solve. Notwithstanding the comparatively good harvest, business prospects here are at present by no means tinted with a rosy hue. Trade is very dull, and the scarcity of money is affecting our Missionary Societies very greatly. Some four most important missions are deeply in debt.

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that Rev. Dr. Nickson and family are well. The Dr. is at present doing a good work as Secretary of the London Christian Instruction Society.

I am glad to have good news to tell about the Young Men's Christian Association. It has, you will be rejoiced to hear, taken quite a fresh start. The old headquarters at Aldersgate street have been renovated and much improved; the alterations at Exeter Hall are being completed; a new branch has been opened in the West End; and it is hoped that many young men in the upper classes of society may be reached with the gospel. At the Freemason's Hall in 1875 I remember Mr. Moody being asked by a clergyman if, in connection with the proposed Revival services, he had made any provision for the miserably poor. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "and for the miserably rich also." The great evangelist was right, for certainly the rich homes and wealthy are poor indeed without the unsearchable riches of Christ. Not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country a renewed interest is being manifested in the good work of seeking to win the young men for Christ.

At the Montreal Convention in 1867, a banner was displayed, the motto on which sank into my heart:

"Christ for the world and all the world for Christ!"

What inspiring words! As soldiers of Jesus we may well emblazon them on our banners and feel it a privilege beneath such a flag to strike blow after blow until the field is won. Let us

"Hope on, Hope ever!"
At Trinity Church in Hanbury street
A moulded form mine eyes oft meet,
And underneath this motto sweet,
Hope on, Hope ever!"