

# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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## Editorial Jottings.

WINTER has scarcely bidden us good-bye before we are into the midst of summer. How rapidly the seasons chase each other. How short our time is. How long eternity. Ah! Eternity. What of its ages untold? What of its life? Summer with its welcome relaxations appears largely to demoralize church work in our towns and cities, yet let us not forget that the devil, or whatever is doing the devil's work, abates not his energy, and soul-life needs the bread of life in the summer months equally with the winter. Christian reader, do not allow your loins to be ungirded, or your lights to burn dim. Watch and pray, and wait for the Master who is surely coming. Ready, aye ready; let His soldiers and servants be.

Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful day  
In patient hope I watch and wait and pray,  
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,  
And what a sunrise will that advent be.

The M—— Quartette Club,  
Of D——,  
Will sing morning and evening,  
Next Sunday at C—— Church.

THE above hand-bill (we leave names blank) appeared lately, prominently posted on the streets of this city. What does it mean? The Salvation Army fife and drum does draw the unchurched masses; the above advertisement drew, and could only be expected to draw, the church-goers who, like the Athenian citizens, are ever seeking some new thing. It drew a Christian crowd to a free concert, with a sermon thrown in. This is the sober truth. We were in Quebec Province on a recent Sunday. An afternoon walk took us past a company of happy French-Canadians who, having attended mass in the morning, were free for enjoyment the remainder of the day; they were tossing jackknives

into the sod. If, canonical hours past, Sunday is for pleasure, let us say so in plain English, and act accordingly; but it does seem solemn mockery to talk about the sanctity of the Sabbath, and draw crowds to the churches by advertising professional singers, with the Gospel to give spice to the performance. The true state of the case is, the church that draws is the church now deemed successful; therefore, as one store seeks to outbid a rival store in the loudness of its advertising, so one church strives to outdo its neighbours in bidding for the public patronage. No doubt such shows are better than the saloon, but are they Christian worship? Do they minister grace to the hearers? We more than doubt it!

It is a bad sign when a man has to argue with himself to justify his own actions; the very fact that actions require any argument to justify them is pretty strong proof that they had better be abandoned. If the question arises, "Is it lawful for me to go to such and such a place?" or "Will it be right for me to do so and so in my business?" or "Can I say such a thing of my goods?" or "Can I invest my money on such an undertaking?" or twenty things of a like character; and I have to consider the exact letter, not the spirit, of Scripture teaching, to look what other professing Christians do, to put these into the balance, and weigh them against my feelings of doubt as to the righteousness of what I propose, then the matter is already decided; and the further I can put from me the thought and desire for such action, the better for my spiritual life and happiness.

BUT is there not to-day (perhaps it was always so) a desire to sail as close to danger as possible, not that the danger is courted from a spirit of heroism or even recklessness, but from sheer, wilful blindness? There has been put forth lately a