

we walked round and through it, and up the steeple stairs—a monument of earnest effort and self-denial that have wrought blessings and unity. There is other wealth than mere dollars; there is, and no fuss made about it either.

SOME years ago in another neighbourhood there arose a gold excitement. A useless corner of a poor farm sold for some \$20,000. The church to which the owner belonged was in financial straits; the man who had been thus blessed contented himself with an annual subscription of \$20 and an occasional \$5. His family grew up in neglect of the ordinances the father cared so little for. The sons had farms and mortgaged them. Relieving them the \$20,000 wasted away. One son was a suicide, the other two intemperate, and on the verge of the grave the man who could not afford to encroach for the Lord's work upon that which was to be kept "against a rainy day," finds himself virtually beggared, his gray hairs being brought in sorrow to the grave. We have told our experience for the present occasion; reader, pray and ponder.

LAST month we made an appeal on behalf of the new cause at St. Thomas. We shall let the following extract from a letter, the writer of which enjoins the withholding of his name, speak for itself, thanking God that we have some friends ready to give for the Lord's sake, and praying that other hearts and hands may be touched:

DEAR BROTHER,—Having read in THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT your notice of the state of affairs at St. Thomas, I transmitted \$25 to our Brother Allworth, which was answered immediately with such a full statement of particulars that I felt immediate help was required; and, to aid the cause and encourage a worthy hard-working brother and wife, I sent him a post-office order for \$75, which, with \$25 previously sent, would make up \$100, which I wished to be an investment on his church edifice. His heart is evidently cheered by my communication.

I think the Lord has given us a very favourable position in St. Thomas, a church and parsonage for the small sum of \$3,150. Now, if money could be obtained to annihilate that debt, or to largely reduce it, it would encourage greatly our esteemed brother and

wife, give *éclat* to the commencement of our denomination in St. Thomas, rejoice the hearts of friends, establish waverers, silence the doubters, and, through God's blessing, do much to promote God's cause.

If there are few individuals able to afford \$100 in a church, there may be twenty who can contribute \$5 each, or ten who can contribute \$10 each, or five who can contribute \$20 each. A willing mind is all that is wanted, and may God, through your appeal, give them that and the cause will be won.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury is dead. "Not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old man who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him"—so said the Earl of himself not long ago. He had reached in years to almost fourscore and five. His life-long devotion to the cause of humanity, his influence upon the social customs of England in their relation to the poor, are matters of history. A poem culled from the *Christian World* well indicates the tenor of his life:

"I am among you as one who serves,"
So read a young man in the days gone by,
And he shaped his life as his Master did,
To deeds of love and a purpose high.

All things were possible—letters, fame,
A merry life in his own estate,
Should he lead his fellows, and crown his name?
The servant's life is the truly great.

And never a nobler nobleman lived
Than the man whose choice was the servant's place;
The times have been rich in men; but his life
Was beautiful, grand, and of highest grace.

He was a knight, and he swore to his King
To protect the distressed, and maintain the right,
And never, by word or deed, to stain
His character true as a Christian knight.

And well did he keep the oath he made!
He did not shrink from the thickest fight,
And the sword that had been on the altar laid,
Proved true and trusty in deeds of might.

Not for himself did he go to the war,
He guided his sword for the weak and the frail;
He lifted his voice for the poor and oppressed,
And the champion never was doomed to fail.

And his Master with long life honoured him,
For the earth is poor and has need of the best.
But the faithful servant grew tired at last,
And he has his gerdon of peace and rest.

—Marianne Farningham.

WE are not sorry to find our Associations criticising the actions of the Missionary