

Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

THE FOREST CHURCH.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR, — In reply to a communication from J. B., Toronto, I would simply state, that the position of the church in Forest is not that of antagonism to anything that is good and true and pure in church discipline. We will not knowingly vindicate any man in wrong. We afford no asylum to deceivers and hypocrites, if we know it. The character with which the Rev. R. Wallace clothes our pastor, and that which we really have found it to be during a period of over nine months, are so diametrically opposite, that you need not be surprised that we hold him innocent of the charges made against him until his accuser can prove the contrary.

J. B. takes exception to our putting the probability of jealousy as an influence and motive power among some men who have Rev. before their names. Now, we know there are ministers, good and true and pure, amongst all our denominations, and we would be very sorry indeed to hurt the feelings of one of such; for, after all, under God, they are the hope, the light, the glory of our land, and the great standard-bearers of truth and righteousness. And, taking J. B. from the tone of his letter, to be one of such, we are sorry if our remarks jarred on his conscientious integrity, yet the fact still remains, that ministers are men, and even the most spiritual of them are subject, more or less, to all the passions of frail humanity.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

On behalf of the Church in Forest.
Forest, Oct. 24th.

STUDENTS AT WORK.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR, It may be gratifying to some of our people, to learn the following, if you will kindly insert it in *The Canadian Independent*:—

The students of the Congregational College have resolved to open a mission in Montreal, Sunday, 31st, (D.V.) A large brick building has been leased for the purpose, and, thus far, we have every reason to expect success.

Yours, etc.,

W. CURRIE,

Sec. and Treas. Students' Mission.
Montreal, Oct. 22, 1880.

DOGMATIC PREACHING.

Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR, — Apropos of the leading article in last week's paper, which I am "old-fashioned" enough to approve of, I met with the enclosed article from Canon Ryle, which, it seems to me, describes a style of preaching which, I regret to say, is becoming rare. I copied it, and, if you can find room for it, would be glad to see it in the next *Independent*.

Yours very truly,

E. S.

DOCTRINAL RELIGION

Mark what I say. If you want to do good in these times, you must throw aside indecision and take up a distinct, sharply cut, doctrinal religion. If you believe little, those to whom you try to do good will believe nothing. The victories of Christianity, wherever they have been won, have been won by distinct, doctrinal theology, by telling men roundly of Christ's vicarious death and sacrifice, by showing them Christ's substitution on the cross, and His precious blood; by teaching them justification by faith, and bidding them believe on a crucified Saviour; by preaching ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Spirit; by lifting up the brazen serpent by telling men to look and live; to repent, believe and be converted. Thus—this is the only teaching which for eighteen centuries God has honored with success, and is honoring at the present day, both at home and abroad. Let the clever advocates of a broad and undogmatic theology; the preaching of the gospel of earnestness, and sincerity, and

morality,—let them, I say, show us at this day any English village, or city, or town, or district, which has been evangelized without "dogma" by their principle. They cannot do it, and they never will. Christianity without distinct doctrine is a powerless thing. It may to some minds be beautiful, but it is childless and barren. There is no getting over facts, the good that is done in the earth may be comparatively small, evil may abound, and ignorant impatience may murmur and cry out that Christianity has failed; but, depend on it, if we want to do good, and shake the world, we must fight with the old apostolic weapons and stick to "dogma." No dogma, no fruits. No positive evangelical doctrine, no evangelization.

MINNESOTA STATE CONFERENCE.

BY REV. L. H. COBLE.

Editor "Canadian Independent."

You, in the Queen's Dominion, take a friendly and real interest in us here in the States. We re-iterate it. Hence this note, giving you the latest and best news from this side the invisible line that divides us.

Our twenty-fifth Annual Conference met Oct. 13-17, in the beautiful town of Northfield, forty miles south of Minneapolis. It is the seat of our beloved Carleton College. I say "beloved," because it is a child of our churches. It really came into being at a State Conference, and has been affectionately cared for year by year. It has 203 pupils in regular classes, besides music scholars.

Our session opened Wednesday evening, Oct. 13, with a clear-cut sermon on text in Matt 28:18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." It was a grand key-note for following sessions to the end. Papers of great value were read by Rev. J. H. Morley, of Winona, on "Re-statement of Doctrine," by Rev. M. M. G. Dana, D.D., St. Paul, on "The Relation of Doctrine to Religious Life," by Mrs. S. H. Bardeen on "Frontier Experiences," by Rev. C. A. Conant, of Cannon Falls, on "What the Churches owe the Frontier Missionary," by Rev. R. A. Beard, of Brainerd, on "Special Providence," by Rev. G. A. Hood, of Minneapolis, on "Systematic Beneficence and the Morning Offering," by Rev. P. B. Fisk, of Lake City, on the "Methods of Developing the Teaching Power in our Churches." These papers, with the discussions that followed, were stimulating and hopeful. Friday was Home Missionary day. The Superintendent of Home Missions reported 18,976 miles' travel during Conference year; 135 sermons and addresses; seven new churches, seventeen new men in the work, making sixty-seven in all employed during a part or the whole of the year,—these sixty-seven ministering to ninety-five churches and fifty-eight out-stations, a total of one hundred and fifty-three places, at a cost of about \$14,000 missionary money. Four churches completed, and three others began houses of worship.

The Minnesota Woman's Home Missionary Society, auxiliary to the Minnesota Home Missionary Society, gathered up something more than \$500, mainly among the children. The Woman's Board of Missions (Foreign) gathered up \$1,300 to send the gospel to lands in heathenism.

Prayer meetings of quiet, tender interest were interspersed among the longer sessions. On the whole, it was one of the best sessions the Conference has ever held. The work in it was done mainly by home talent, only two of the secretaries of any of our benevolent societies being present, to wit, Rev. Henry M. Storrs, D.D., of New York, one of the secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society, and Rev. S. J. Humphrey, D.D., of Chicago, District Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

A very pleasant diversion from the regular Conference work was made Friday evening, when the tenth anniversary

of Dr. Strong's presidency in the College was celebrated with reminiscences by several members of the Conference, and Willis Hall, beautifully re-built, was re-dedicated with prayer by Dr. Humphrey. All present will go in the strength of the meat given us many days.

Minneapolis, Oct. 22, 1880.

News of the Churches.

HOWICK AND TURNBERRY. — I am happy to inform you that there is a good work going on amongst us here in Howick and Turnberry, through the instrumentality of Mr. McIntyre, formerly a student of the C. C. B. N. A., who has been laboring amongst us since the first of May. He has been holding special meetings here this last seven weeks which have been largely attended. Many have professed their faith in Christ, and truly we have all been blessed and are still waiting for a more gracious outpouring of His Holy Spirit in our midst.

WILLIAM AKINS.

October 26, 1880.

Literary Notes.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 16th and 23rd respectively, contain several articles of great interest, specially, "A Contemporary Narrative of the Fall of the Bastille," and "A Glance at the Jews of England." A new volume began with October. For fifty two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10 50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November, completing the sixty-first volume, claims to be the most beautiful number ever issued, and we think that the claim is just. The illustrations—profuse in quantity—(there are no less than sixty-four of them) are excellent—some of them literally exquisite. It is appalling to think of the amount invested in the art branch alone of a single number, which nothing but a very large circulation can repay. That "Harper's" has always had, and appears determined to retain. The literary matter, though of varied attractiveness, is all good. The poem, "Around the Year," with its illustrations, is worthy of a sumptuous binding. Those who want a good American magazine cannot err in taking Harper's.

The Presbyterian Publishing Company, Philadelphia, announce for November and December the essays and debates in full of the Pan-Presbyterian Council just held in that city. The best minds of the Presbyterian family—Scotch, English, German, Hindoo, were faithfully represented there. Subjects of general import, e.g., Creeds, Dogmatics, Eternal Punishment, were vigorously discussed. The volume cannot but be valuable to all denominations for reading and reference. We shall notice it when it appears.

It is good for man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly, made to feel his need of God, to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence he is no better off in this world than a lost child in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—Chas. Kingsley.

LUNCHING WITH GLADSTONE.

A few hours spent in the home and company of Mr. Gladstone was a glimpse of English life not to be forgotten. The invitation to a lunch at Hawarden Castle, which our little party of Americans had so gladly accepted, suggested three in the afternoon as an hour when Mr. Gladstone's carriages could be in waiting for us at the little railway station, sitting by itself in the meadows, two or three miles from the castle. Turning from the highway into the magnificent park in which the castle stands we drove for about a mile along its perfect road, overhung with grand old trees, through which we caught charming pictures of vale and slope studded here and there with finest oaks and beeches. Approaching the castle, a large structure overhung with ivy and tipped with turrets and battlements in the Tudor style, heavy oaken doors swung open to admit us to the court. A bevy of dogs—hound, collie, mastiff and I know not what other breeds—studied the visitors with dignified interest as they alighted at the door, and footmen shewed the way inside. Wrappings laid off, we were ushered into what seemed to me, in Yankee term, the family sitting-room, where we found Mrs. Gladstone and other members of the family, including one of her sons, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who is the earnest and esteemed rector of Harwarden.

The room was richly but not showily furnished, the two features which most quickly attracted the visitor's eye being, perhaps, the glistening candelabra holding scores of wax tapers which did service instead of gas, as in most English mansions, and the full book cases that had taken possession of all otherwise occupied space upon the walls, even to the back of the swinging doors which opened into the dining-room, to which they hung like barnacles. One door, through which the grand old commoner—surely the greatest commoner of his generation, to say no more—by-and-by came in to greet us by the door which opened into the library, the shop in which so much wonderful literary work has been done. Here again book-cases ruled supreme upon the walls, while up and down the long, wide room were table-topped cases filled with the scholar's tools and treasures. One table was an odd exception to the rest, for on it lay nearly a dozen axes of varying English and American patterns. Mr. Gladstone's penchant for wood chopping is well-known, and this table was to him something like what stables and kennels are to so many Englishmen. We recalled the familiar story told of him to the effect that he never lost but one night's sleep in public life, and that was because of his anxiety lest a high wind should blow down a tree—which he had partly felled the previous day before he should have the pleasure of finishing his task. He laughingly confessed to its substantial correctness. He dwelt with the interest of a connoisseur on the merits and defects of the various patterns in his kit of axes, and shewed us his favourite—a bit of Yankee make, with a waxed end wound around the cracked helve!

If my feminine reader asks what we had for lunch, I have to plead that I could hardly have told an hour afterward. I only know that the company was broken up into little groups at round tables: that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone would not take their own seats until they had helped to serve every guest; and that thenceforward the wide-ranging, delightful conversation of the great scholar and statesman was more than meat and drink to all who sat near him. None of the pictures which I have seen of Mr. Gladstone do justice to the genial spirit that plays over his face at such a time, no picture could do justice to a certain light and depth in his eyes, which I shall always remember as the finest thing in his fine face.—Good Company.