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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

A VERY kind friend has taken exception to Mr. Hague's letter in the last number, and to our virtual endorsement of the same, on the ground that it is not wise to expose our weaknesses and make public our shortcomings. Neither our respected correspondent nor ourselves claim infallibility in our methods of presentation, nor hold ourselves to be above fair criticism. If we however judge Mr. Hague aright, and know ourselves as we drew attention to his letter, the illustrations were secondary matters. Congregationalism, seeking primitive Christianity, aims first at life; where two or three assemble in Christ's name, with his presence, there is the church. That is the root principle; the church must be a witness to a living Christ and a full redemption; organization follows; a living man may be encased in Saul's armour, with many joints and cumbrous devices, but the polity called Congregational or Independent is chosen, as David chose the sling and stone, because of the liberty afforded in going forth to meet the Goliaths of error and unrighteousness. This is the point in Mr. Hague's letter as we read it.

ON more than one occasion we have drawn attention to the necessity, if our work is to be carried on, of doing more denominationally. Mission funds and College needs must be laid upon the consciences of the churches. Our Mission Superintendent's letter in this issue emphasises this truth in a way that may startle some—we sincerely trust to good purpose. For want of means we must stop growing and lessen the much needed grants to our needy fields. Are we prepared for such an issue? "Hard times." How many have denied themselves any comfort for the cause they profess to love? Has any one been hurt by giving? "He loved me and gave himself for

me" we say in Christian experience, and we give—What? The crumbs which fall from our table! Comparing ourselves with ourselves we do very fairly, no doubt; comparing ourselves with what Christ did and his apostles and martyrs sacrificed,—well we had better hold our peace. Friends, ponder what Mr. Hall has felt impelled to write, and disappoint his fears.

MR. HUNTER, of London, has addressed a spirited call to the misisters and churches of the Western district which we vainly hope will reach other ears. We have no fear of our work ultimately, there is vitality in Congregationalism. We do desiderate that it awakes fully now. As a friend writes us regarding some timid council, "the fact is I am tired of snail's pacing, when with a bit of executive skill and consecrated enterprise we might get up and walk."

JOHN B. GOUGH is dead, died in harness, virtually on the lecture platform. We remember hearing him for the first time in 1852. and came under his spell. Raven black locks, voice of marvellous sweetness and power, all on fire with his subject, the impressions of his marvellous descriptions of the dangers of moderate drinking and of the horrors of *delirium tremens* are with us still, as well as the plaintive words of his own penitential song:—

"Where are the friends that to me were so dear
Long, Long ago, long ago :
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer
Long ago :
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now,
I was degraded, for rum was my foe,
Long, Long ago.

He rests from labour and temptation now,
and his works do follow him. Few men have served their generation better.