

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

ATTENTION is directed to the several notices in our official column bearing upon the approaching Union in Brantford, commencing Wednesday, 7th inst., regarding which we content ourselves with saying that we trust the old Hebrew psalm, the one hundred and twenty-second, will be in every heart, yea on every lip, and this will we do if we remember we meet as Christians, not as party politicians striving for victory, but to inquire "What, Lord, wouldst Thou have us to do?"

IN *re* our INDEPENDENT. Many, yes many, subscriptions yet are due. Will pastors and delegates make an effort to bring very many of such with them to the Union? and can nothing be done meanwhile to extend our slowly—too slowly—increasing subscription list? One or two have lately subscribed, not because they are Congregationalists, but because the paper is worth the money—the lesson notes themselves being an equivalent for "that dollar." Not to speak boastfully, there are few periodicals which give to Congregationalists, in Canada at least, such a *multum in parvo* of matters that concern them.

NOTORIETY seems to be the sure road to public favour; worth is nowhere. Let but a man have brazen impudence enough to force himself upon public notice and he becomes a hero, and the memory of his death as the memory of a martyrdom. A son of a Baptist minister at fourteen years of age applied for a guerilla post during the late American civil war, and was refused because too young. He soon began campaigns on his own account, aided in the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas, and in the murdering of nearly all the male inhabitants; killed thirty-two sick and helpless Union soldiers on a captured railway train for sheer fun; took to train wrecking and bank

robbing for gain, shooting in gentlemanly style those who sought to remonstrate with him in these exploits; manifested his continued bravery by occasionally shooting the inoffensive and unarmed; kept Kentucky and Missouri in constant terror, living with a growing price on his head by society that feared him from 1868 till a few weeks past; was at last shot, as he had shot scores of others, by a discarded companion, an offer of \$10,000 for him dead or alive stimulating the deed; and now society weeps for him. His funeral was such that many, in anticipation, would feel proud of. The services were commenced by singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" and the wonderful discovery was unearthed that he had been converted in 1866, before some of his darkest deeds had been committed: and now his memory is virtually enshrined in the sympathy of a kindly public, who can allow scores of self-denying missionaries and earnest truth seekers to live in the shadows and die neglected because some brazenfaced imposture or daring deed of wrong has not "dragged them into fame and chased them up to heaven." Of course there was heard at Jesse James' funeral some ill-timed sentiment about Christian forbearance and Christ's forgiveness. The world is full of such lip sentiment; but where is outraged justice, and the long arrears of wretchedness which lie at the door of a man whose life was one of continued outrage and murder?

CHARLES DARWIN is dead, and Westminster Abbey has added another name to the illustrious roll of those whose dust reposes within its walls. Christianity, through its representatives, has at last done justice to itself by dropping a tear upon the grave of the patient, conscientious, reverent scientist. Whether his theory of evolution be accepted or not, he has made the world his debtor by his accumulation of faith, and his candour is manifested by the