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EDITORIAL NOTINGS.

How pregnant and striking were the words of the Master whenever he opened His lips, how full of lessons to His followers—thus in the story of the healing of the man blind from his birth, John ix. 4, he says, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Then there was a night and a day to the Master Himself; a time of opportunity and of opportunity past; a time of labor and a time when labor must cease. Yet really, do not many of us live as if opportunities would continue for ever and the night never come. Many a christian passing into the night, when as regards his human work the opportunity was ceasing for ever, has sorrowed much that he has done so little for the Saviour's cause, but we never heard of one who regretted that he had done too much.

CLOSELY allied to this is another saying of Jesus, "I have a baptism to be baptised with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished," Luke xii. 8. Suffering and death in their severest and most degrading forms were before the Redeemer, yet in view of what should follow He was eager for the accomplishment. Are we pressed, "straitened," eager, whatever the cost to ourselves, that the fulness of Christ's work should be accomplished?

CAN anything be more incongruous than a perfunctory, heartless delivery of the Gospel message? if there is anything that demands earnestness surely it is here. Life and death, heaven and hell are in the balance. Who can speak of these without the deepest feeling. To such work would we apply the striking words of Charles Kingsley:—

"Be earnest, earnest, earnest, mad if thou wilt,
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed before the judgment day."

Onesimus in haste to get from his Master and to hide himself in the slums of Rome, finds first, his Master's friend; second, his Master's God; third, his Master again, but not as a slave is he now received, rather as a brother beloved, a member of the great family of God in heaven and on earth. So the devil sometimes outbids himself and puts men in circumstances that lead them away from sin and up to God and righteousness. I thank God that the "roaring lion" does at times miss the prey he thought secured to himself.

"THE light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Of course not, it never did and never can. Let a Dr. Pentecost tell us of the claims of christianity; let a Dr. Withrow narrate to us the story of the decadence of faith and the spread of the "New Theology" in New England and elsewhere, and the one is interrupted in his lecture and the other is attacked in the public prints by men who mistake light for darkness and darkness for light, license for liberty and liberty for license. Men who claim to be "Liberal," forsooth! We would not be uncharitable, but we remember the words of the Master, that "Men love darkness rather than light." Is there not in this age of culture, of enquiry, of analysis, a walking darkly in dangerous places; a blind, presumptuous daring that can—save by the grace of God—have but one end, a slipping of the feet and a plunging into the deeper darkness of scepticism and downright infidelity.

THE moral and spiritual recklessness of the age is accompanied, may we say illustrated, by the physical tom-foolery occurring ever and