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THIS world passeth away, its forms change, its flowers decay, 'all flesh is as grass.' And we are changing, our years are as the shadows that chase each other over the summer hills, and soon here our place another will take, we shall join the great majority, to be wept over and forgotten. Is this all? What of the Christless? If our epitaph be truly written is it to be this?

"Wrapped in a Christless shroud,  
He sleeps the Christless sleep;  
Above him the eternal cloud,  
Beneath, the fiery deep.

"Laid in a Christless tomb,  
There bound with felon-chain,  
He waits the terrors of his doom,  
The judgment and the pain."

If so, then

"— Christless soul awake!  
Ere thy last sleep begin.  
O Christ, the sleeper's slumber break,  
Burst thou the bands of sin!"

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"HE that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever." Abideth.—Ah, there is the unchangeable, the eternal life "all rapture, through and through, in God's most holy sight." Who would not lay hold upon that hope, and abide in that trust? And that trust is made sure in Christ, who ever lives. If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, and abide for ever. Glory, honour, immortality, eternal life; the dream of the philosopher, the theme of the poet, the longing of the many, the inheritance, the purchased possession, of the Christlike. Who would gain the fleeting earth with the loss of this "abiding," or be laid in a Christless tomb with such a gospel at the very door?

NOTHING is more difficult to be certain about than our own motives, even when we attempt to analyse them which is not often, more generally we take the matter as certain without any attempt at investigation. We advocate or oppose certain things because as we suppose we think, they are desirable or injurious, but if we could see the root motive, we might find that it was prejudice or feeling, like or dislike for the advocate or representative of that we espouse or combat. This is patent in the political world. Whatever may be their professions, we know that with the great body of politicians (not all thank God,) the motive is party. Can any good thing come out of the Nazareth of the other side? Impossible! And in the narrower circles of life, as between churches or different members of the same church who do not think alike with respect to certain matters, each side hug themselves with the idea, that their sole desire is the glory of God and the good of his church, which it may be if the matters are done after their fashion, otherwise—their way first, the glory of God second. But while it is so difficult to know our own motives, it is perfectly easy to see the motives of others, and to, judge them accordingly. Is it not so?

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MR. AND MRS. CURRIE'S letter and notes will be read with deep interest. They send their greetings to all their friends with the letter we publish. We all remember them, and assure them of our continued affection and sympathy. May Africa's sunny fountains deal kindly with them, and heaven's blue spread over them its most peaceful light.

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AT a Diocesan Conference held lately in Lambeth palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Freemantle