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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The year which has just closed is red-lettered in the annals of British Congregationalism. It has witnessed the Jubilee gathering of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which in its enthusiasm and success has witnessed to the strength of our principles in the old land. The Jubilee Fund for wiping out church debts and increasing general efficiency is a new departure in the right direction, and the best wish we can utter for our New Year's greeting to our Canadian churches is, "Go thou and do likewise." In all departments business seems improving. This is a propitious time for us to hear the inspiring word, "Tell the children of Israel that they go forward." Will our churches take that as their New Year's motto, and in the name of the Lord set up their banners?

There may be expected from me, in assuming the Editorship of the "Monthly," some explanatory words. I have none to give. The responsibility has slipped upon me unsought, I shall endeavour to do my duty trusting in God and His truth, remembering the avowed principles of the Congregational Union of Canada, which I serve, and that no justification can be urged for the Editor of a religious and denominational paper seeking to make prominent his own personality rather than Christ and His cause. I have really no more to say, but wish my readers all, aged and vigorous, feeble and sad, young men, maidens and children, a truly happy and God-blessed New Year.

As these lines fall under the reader's eye, 1881 will be all but, if not entirely, passed away. Not, however, its history and its results. How, dear reader, does it leave you? Nearer the Father's house, where many mansions be? or still a prodigal, far from

home? Ponder well that inquiry, for we may each be nearer our account than we think.

Some notable names have passed into the shadowy lines of the never-to-be-recalled year. Among those memories we may yet linger. Thomas Carlyle has entered the Immensities whose mysteries he pondered. Here he could discover no better faith than that he learnt at his mother's knee. He knows now its purity and strength. Lord Beaconsfield, too, has gone where "Jingo" policy avails nought. Brilliant and marvellous was his career—from being the son of a *litterateur* to be the leader and master of Britain's proud and titled aristocracy. His life reads like a romance, and his personal influence seemed marvellous. The grave is too green yet for an impartial verdict upon his statesmanship. It may be questioned, however, whether without Disraeli's sharp wit Beaconsfield had ever been. Yet we cannot forget his chivalrous devotion to his only wife, and are constrained to feel that under the impassive exterior often genial fires were burning. Dean Stanley also has gone during the months of the year—a man claimed by the entire Christian Church; and yet what sectional Church can claim him as the champion of its creed? No man has done more by purity of life and culture to commend Broad Churchism to the sympathies of the many.

Nonconformists mourn the silence of Morley Panshon's eloquence, the loss of the practical common sense and philanthropic impetus of Sir Charles Reed, and the energy of Edward Miall, men that had faithfully served God by serving their day and generation ere they fell asleep. May some of the rear rank step in to the vacant places, and worthily fill them!

The year has witnessed two notable assassinations—the autocrat Czar of all the Russias, whose word was law to his millions, and the chief magistrate of the most democratic of nations—the President of the United States: the