

March. No man, not one of the editors, ever did so much for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT as Mr. Clark. For a long series of years he wrote the "Transatlantic Retrospect" monthly, in the "old series;" afterwards, for a number of years, the "Notes on the S. S. Lessons." The present editor, having written these one year, to relieve Mr. Clark, knows of the labor involved; it took *him* three solid days every month. Often Mr. Clark wrote some of the "Jottings," sometimes over an initial or a star; sometimes without a mark. But the most laborious, and least conspicuous part of his work, was for several years, without fee, managing the business part of the magazine. He loved work. We hope to have, before we go to press, an extended notice from one of our friends in Toronto.

"FOR SHE IS A SINNER."—Some one sobbed again. It was a young, slender girl, with a face disfigured by small-pox, and save for the tearful look it wore, poor and expressionless. Falconer said something gentle to her.

"Will He ever come again?" she sobbed.

"Who?" said Falconer.

"Him—Jesus Christ. I've heard tell, I think, that He was to come again some day."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," she said, with a fresh burst of tears, which rendered the words that followed unintelligible. But she recovered herself in a few moments, and, as if finishing her sentence, put her hand up to her poor, thin, colorless hair, and said, "*My hair ain't long enough to wipe His feet.*"—George Macdonald.

CHURCH MUSIC.—In February, "Church music" was discussed at a ministers' meeting in New York. Mr. Wiskie, a musical professor of long experience, said:

Drill all the children of the congregation, and young folks of the Sunday school in the best music. Moody & Sankey "jingles" have not been useless, but there are nobler melodies, lofty anthems and hymns of the days to come. He would do away with operatic voluntaries, quartette crudities and noisy postludes, with the distracting interludes between stanzas, an impertinence almost unknown outside America; he would have converted souls in the large chorus choir drawn from the volunteers, taught by a musical director, himself a man of God, in close sympathy with the pastor and the service.

One brother said that his sanctuary seemed like a nest of magpies as soon as the benediction was pronounced, each trying to talk louder than the loud organ. He told them so, and asked them to speak softly, and retire

without noisy talk and laughter. A low, sweet solemn postlude is suggestive of meditation and reverence, and should never be supplanted by the military march or season's waltz.

THE OCCASION MAKES THE MAN.—Dr. George Thomas Dowling, discussing in the *N. Y. Independent* the question, "Whether Oratory is Declining?" says, among other things:

The thought which I am trying to express was never better put than when Mr. Gladstone said: "The audience gives to the speaker the eloquence in mist, which he sends back in rain." A crisis makes orators, because it not only calls them forth from other walks in life, but provides the great occasion when their oratory is at the burning point. No man can be a great orator unless he stands behind a cause greater than himself.

Thus, all the examples of marvellous eloquence which have been preserved for us in our school readers, are relics of the world's crises. Run over the list of famous speakers—Clay, Webster, Phillips, Sumner, Beecher and the rest; they were the mouthpieces of their time: silver mouthpieces it is true; but their notes would never have roused the world as they did had they not providentially been called to concentrate within themselves the blast of a nation. A clergyman preached a thrilling discourse on the eye of God, when a fearful thunder and lightning storm was shaking the building in which he spoke, and it seemed as though the Judgment Day had broken loose. "You must publish that sermon," his officers said to him at its close. "I will," he answered, "if you will publish the storm."

PROGRESSIVE ITALY.—In Rome I am greatly impressed with the tremendous work Victor Emmanuel and the present King Umberto have done, in relieving the State from the drain of the Church. No more public money for monasteries or churches: every three months commissioners of the King go to every convent or ecclesiastical establishment and ask if they desire to stay. If not, the door is open, and out into the world they can go. \* \* \* We asked our guide one day: "What will the country do when King Umberto dies, as he must do some day, and the young Prince of Naples comes into power? He may not be as liberal-minded and progressive as his father and grandfather were." It was pleasant to see a smile of serenity come on his face and to hear his words: "We have our Constitution, we have our Parliament—we are safe." *E.c.*

ORGANIZATIONS INSIDE THE CHURCH.—We have read of churches where there were ten "committees" for as many different departments of service; and every new member was asked—not whether he would join one or