

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

IN the revised version what is said to be a printer's error occurs. In Ezekiel xxxvii. 16, for "That the nations may know *thee*," read "That the nations may know *me*." This note we owe to our contemporary, *The Canada Presbyterian*.

SOME anonymous friend has again sent to the treasurer of our Home Missionary Society five hundred dollars. It is at least a very reasonable conjecture that the yearly benefactions thus received in letters that bear the post-mark "Montreal," are from the same individual that sent the two thousand for work in Manitoba, which two thousand has hitherto remained unused. If our friend reads THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT we would like to say, first, thank you, brother (or sister, if the case demands), God bless your generous heart, and stimulate others to go and do likewise. Friends in need are friends indeed, and we ought to have others likeminded. Secondly, the two thousand have remained unused simply because the Executive cannot fritter such gifts away; the man has not yet arisen on whom the amount could be expended to fit the needy place. He has been sought for, but not yet found. We cannot manufacture, and therefore wait. Yet there is work to be done worthy of self-denying effort. Why should we wait? It may be replied, we have had offers. True, but our wants are peculiar. There is needed power of endurance, the grace of perseverance, pioneer talent, administrative ability, positive theology, and denominational loyalty. To stand *alone* with all these requirements is a rare gift, and that we say without even hinting invidious comparisons. Certainly, our Executive is not infallible, but hitherto the committee have not been able to conscientiously disburse the funds, though they have done their best so to do. The possession of this money, however, has saved

us bank discount, as even during these months our payments are in advance of our receipts. So that the talents have not been wrapped entirely in a napkin; yet we desire to spend it wisely in the North-West, and hope speedily thus to do.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is stretching forth her hands, and here men are offering, though the friends offering are at present strangers to us. Enquiries, however, are being made, and if satisfactory, that far-off field will be entered upon. Then from both West and East we will endeavour to stretch forth hands, locking them eventually mid-continent.

OUR friend, Mr. Allworth, is doing yeoman service in St. Thomas, struggling manfully. There must be some five hundred dollars sent there, or—; well, let the blank remain. It will be a manifest proof of our unfitness for home mission work should the cause be crushed for want of a little aid.

WE want men! Oh, for labourers for the vineyard, men, not hirelings—men full of zeal, and love, and sympathy and power. Our college cries for men, willing and ready to learn, that they, being faithful, may be able to teach others also. Our fields want men, to toil, and even to suffer rejoicingly for Christ's sake. Our hearts cry for men, fellow workers in the faith, partakers of our joys, companions of our sorrows. Lord of the harvest, send men.

MONEY matters once more. The Lord's money. What is the Lord's money? Our Missionary Superintendent travels with a parsimony to us entirely incomprehensible, because he will not waste "the Lord's money"; our Secretary praises him because he thus husbands "the Lord's money." We—well, never mind. Let us have, however, a truer, because more comprehensive view of what the