

was "The Evolution of Christianity," and the crowd of witnesses there saw in himself the evolution of Christian manhood. His father's prophecy was more than fulfilled. He could not only "write," but "think," with power and clearness; and he spoke like a born orator, bidding fair, with his sanctified gift, to do grand work as a preacher of righteousness. At the same Commencement, in the alumni meeting, the oldest son, a teacher, told the story of that mother's noble purpose and sacrifices, and paid manly tribute to her work and affection. It was but one of many similar stories, told (or that could be told) annually at Fisk University, and every other colored school. It was the oft repeated history of parental hope and desire for the children, always insisting on something better for them, never satisfied till their lot and condition are some improvement on the past. —*S. S. Times.*

"Where there's a will, there's a way," and ecclesiastical and all other conventionalities have at times to stand aside. Rev. W. H. S. Fielden, of the Colonial Missionary Society, told us this story at our meetings in Montreal in June; which he had brought back with him from the Antipodes. The apostolic Bishop Selwyn found a settlement in New Zealand where the people, for want of Gospel ordinances, had almost relapsed into barbarism. Nobody seemed to have Bibles or prayer-books, and nobody could sing. But they were pleased to have the Bishop come amongst them, and were anxious to have service. And somebody discovered that there was a musical-box in the settlement, which *might* be pressed into the service of the church instead of an "organ." It could play two tunes; and one of those tunes was "Old Hundred," and the people thought if they had *that* to help them they *might* venture on a hymn. So a long-metre hymn was given out, and the box was started off. But alas! it was the "other tune" this time, and the other tune was "Yankee Doodle!" The good Bishop stood aghast, he could find no place for "Yankee Doodle" in the Rubric. But some of these new-found disciples stood around him and explained: "We don't see how we can help it, it has got on the wrong tune and we'll just have to *wait on it!*" As soon as it gets done that tune, it will come on the right one." And it did; and they had their service.

A Calcutta paper says that a native woman has become the editor of a Christian periodical, which she conducts with marked ability and success. Let those of us who are inclined to be "weary in well-doing" think of this and kindred results, and take courage. The work of women for women is surely, if slowly, telling upon the lives and destiny of those who have been so long among the down-

trodden ones of the earth, and for whom the gospel is the only hope and salvation.

A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends, who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days—poor child!" "O no, doctor!" she exclaimed; "my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in His beauty."

FROM KANSAS.—A young lady who sings in our choir, has taken a decided step for Christ. She is the daughter of the wealthiest citizen in our county, a bright, cultured, and promising young lady of about twenty years. Her parents have had little sympathy for Christian work and life. After this young lady had made an open profession of her faith, I called upon her mother with the intention of broaching the subject to her and informing her of her daughter's decision for Christ. I knew she needed some one to do this for her under the circumstances. I expected to be politely received, but not cordially. I opened the subject at once, and when the mother learned of her daughter's decision, she broke down and wept, saying "There must be a change in this household; I think I am willing to take that step myself." I then talked to her about the necessity of a change, and presented Christ as the helper and Saviour. Since then the daughter has been baptized, and has united with the church, and the other members of the family are in attendance upon divine service every Sunday. I am sure the good Master is opening more than one door for us, and we are ready to enter. The ladies of the church conduct a daily prayer-meeting, and some who have never said a word in public have been induced to confess Christ.—*The Home Missionary* for June.

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Editor, is published on the first of every month, and sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. *Cash in advance* is required of new subscribers. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly, local items of church news, or communications of general interest. As we go to press in advance of the date, news items should be in before the 18th of each month. To subscribers in the United Kingdom, including postage, 5s. per annum. All communications, business or otherwise, to be addressed. REV. W. W. SMITH, Newmarket, Ont.