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# The Canadian Independent.

Vol. 29. No. 26  
1 July 1880

'ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN.'

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1880.

[New Series. No. 26]

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Life hath its barren years,  
When blossoms fall untimely down;  
When ripened fruitage fails to crown  
The Summer toil, when Nature's frown  
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days,  
The golden promise of the morn,  
That seemed for light and gladness born,  
Meant only midnight wreck and scorn,  
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,  
Where we must walk with vain regret,  
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,  
Toward sunlight hopes that soon may set,  
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,  
Its tasselled corn and purple-weighted vine;  
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign  
Of plentiful reaping, bread and pure rich wine;  
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;  
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,  
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air  
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth its rare,  
Grand speech by joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights;  
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,  
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition  
Of love and truth and clearer intuition.  
Hail! Mount of all delights.

—Evangelical Magazine.

## Topics of the Week.

A highly-educated Mahratta Brahmin lady, Romia Bai, has made a civil marriage with a lawyer, a native of Sylhet. The event is significant as a breach of the straight rules of caste. The parties are of different race and different caste.

There is in prospect a great law suit for next year, when the revised New Testament appears. An eminent firm of London publishers has resolved to print an edition of the new version, and dispute the legal power of the company of revisers to hold a copyright, or transfer it to the universities.

The Vatican is stated to have addressed a note to the French Government protesting against the application of the March decrees. There have been very high words between the Papal Nuncio and members of the French Government, and the former has threatened to retire.

At a meeting held in London, under the presidency of the Dean of Westminster, it was unanimously resolved that the survey, which has now covered the whole of Western Palestine, should be carried across the Jordan, to the lands of Basham, Gohad, Moab, and Hauran.

The discussion as to the possibility of a general disarmament has increased of late throughout Europe. It is estimated that there are at the present time 2,578,000 men under arms, and that if war were threatened 7,358,000 could be put into the field within ten days. This enormous drain upon the material resources of the nations is the main cause for demanding the reduction of the military.

The attempt of the French Jesuits to enter Spain and Portugal has caused great excitement in those countries. At Alicante and Barcelona their arrival occasioned hostile demonstrations, and they were compelled to re-embark. On their attempt to enter Portugal, the various governors were instructed strictly to enforce the decrees of 1834 abolishing all religious orders. Protestant England and America seem to be almost the only countries where their arrival makes no public excitement and their efforts are not dreaded or interfered with.

It is announced that Sir Francis Lacett has left a fortune of £250,000. He has left £23,000 for the building of Wesleyan Chapels, and at the death of his widow the greater part of his property will go to the same object. If this report be true, the legacy will bring its perils and difficulties as well as its benefits. Fine houses require fine furniture, and grand chapels require preachers and appurtenances of many kinds to match, if they are to be of any use. The legacy of a wealthy City knight may provide chapels, but it will strain the best energies of all Methodism to provide and maintain a ministry capable of turning those chapels to the best account.

One of the peculiarities at the recent elections of mayors is the large number of Nonconformists elected. Following the example of the city of London, which has elected a Wesleyan, York has elected a Quaker probably the first Friend who has become a Lord Mayor, Durham a Presbyterian, Leeds has again chosen a Quaker, and there are an unusually large number of Wesleyans and Congregationalists, especially in the North of England. On the other hand, the number of titled mayors is much fewer than it has been, and it would seem as if the aristocracy were less interested in municipal affairs than they were wont to be. *World.*

The Dean of Westminster has been applied to by the Brighton Literary Association for permission to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the late Rev. Frederick William Robertson. The Dean, while avowing full sympathy with the memorialists in their admiration for Robertson, regrets that he cannot comply with the request, partly because the space at his disposal is very limited, and partly because the application comes from "local admirers" merely, instead of being supported by "persons from a larger range and with a larger fame." The objection appears to be a sound one; but there are people in all parts of the world, it cannot be doubted, who would have been glad to join in the expression of a wish to see Robertson's statue in the Abbey, had they been invited to do so.

The Rev. Joseph Cook's Lectures in Edinburgh have been most successful. They have been delivered to overflowing audiences, and the meetings have been presided over by the Lord Provost, Professor Calderwood, and Principal Rainy. On Sunday, 21st Nov., Mr. Cook delivered an address at the United Presbyterian Assembly Hall on the New Birth and the Atonement. In spite of fierce wind and pelting rain, the hall, which seats 2,500 persons, was crowded to excess with an audience almost entirely of men. Principal Rainy presided, and Professor Calderwood, Principal Cairns, Professor Blaikie and many other dis-

tinguished men were on the platform. Mr. Cook has arranged to lecture in Glasgow this week and next.

The Conservative associations of Edinburgh have lately been listening to some very edifying utterances by ministers of the city. The Rev. T. Knox Talon, of St. Vincent Episcopal Chapel, delivered a lecture to one of the associations the other week, in which he positively raved against Mr. Gladstone, comparing him to Uriah Heep and Pecksniff. He also deplored the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. The Rev. James Barclay, of St. Cuthbert's Established Church, rendered a similar service to the Western Conservative Association. He took for his subject "Church and State," and served up to his audience a *rechauffe* of the well-worn arguments for Church Establishments. It must not be supposed, however, that Conservatism, in spite of its numerous associations and frequent lectures by clergymen, is making any headway in Edinburgh, for the recent election showed that it could not keep pace in the least with the healthy growth of Liberalism in the constituency.

"PETER'S PENCE" FROM IRELAND - An audience of Irish Roman Catholic bishops waited upon the Pope recently to present "Peter's Pence." Cashel gives £2,766; Waterford, £1,350; Cloyne, £1,070; Limerick, £860; Kerry, £400; Ross, £260; Meath, £1,650; Belfast, £300. The Pope dwelt with great affection and admiration on the fidelity of Ireland to the faith. He expressed great sympathy in Ireland's suffering. The *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, commenting upon this event, says "The Romish Bishops of the Cashel Province have handed to the Pope £7,000, from their starving flocks. We wonder that his Holiness had the face to take this pauper's dole. He ought to have told them to teach their people that debts should be paid before anything can be devoted to alms. The Pope refuses the liberal allowance which Italy offers him for his maintenance. Surely Italy ought to be allowed to support him, when it is willing to do so, rather than have his begging hat sent round to this country, which is almost always begging itself."

Mr. Gladstone being recently asked his opinion of the legality of Jesuits in England, under the statute of 1829, has duly referred his correspondent to the Act of Parliament. The 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, commonly known as the Catholic Emancipation Act, while carrying out the well-known reform commemorated by its name, imposes restrictions on "Jesuits and members of other religious Orders, communities, or societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows," of whom, it recites, "it is expedient to provide for the gradual suppression and final prohibition." Any of these persons, not including nuns, coming into the realm without a licence, which can last only six months, are, by section 29, declared guilty of a misdemeanour, and may be sentenced to be banished for life. Similarly, any persons admitted within the kingdom to membership in any of the Orders in question may, by section 34, be sentenced to banishment for life. If, although banished, they do not go out of the country, the sovereign in Council may have them conveyed to some place abroad. Moreover, if they are found in the country at the end of three months

they may be convicted again and transported. Penal servitude is now substituted for transportation; but the process of conviction twice over before any coercive measure can be taken is so clumsy, and the severity of penal servitude so far overleaps the object, that Jesuits and members of other Orders in England have reason to consider themselves tolerably safe. *The Law Journal.*

It is not often we find a Bishop of the Established Church calling the attention of his Church brethren to the fact that there is among Nonconformists a minister who is really a "great preacher," whose sermons he has "read for years," whom he admires as a Christian gentleman, and who, he believes, would even ornament the Established Church, but we find that the Bishop of Rochester has secured for himself this distinction. At a public meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, the Bishop, says the *Manchester Guardian*, delivered an address, at the conclusion of which he said: "They had a great preacher in Manchester, who was not of their communion, though they would be proud of him if he were. He (the Bishop) had read his sermons for years, and brought one with him that he might have the pleasure of reading it on the spot. He dared say they knew the name of Alexander McLaren. He did not know whether Dr. McLaren was good to hear, but he knew he was good to read." Should not such an utterance as this suggest to Episcopalians this question—What is the barrier which stands in the way of clerical members of that communion ascertaining for themselves by personal experience whether Dr. McLaren is equally "good to hear," as he is admittedly "good to read"? *Nonconformist.*

A writer in the *Fountain* says—Perhaps I never felt so strongly on the temperance question as I do this week. Last Tuesday I met an old friend, and, chatting over those we had known in the "green and sunny days of youth," I asked what had become of D. I thought he was going to make some little stir in the world. He had been one of the most promising young ministers I have ever known, full of zeal, fired with a noble and generous enthusiasm, and I had always expected that he would make no mean mark in the world as well as in the church. The changed tones of my friend prepared me for a dark tale, as he said, "Do you not know?" "No, what is it?" "Ruined body and soul, turned out of his church, and wrecked as surely as if he were already in hell. Nothing stops him. A highly nervous temperament and a love of drink to stimulate it have quenched his power of doing good forever." Again, this same week I was speaking to a man concerning a journalist who has one of the most brilliant pens of which I know. Clear, logical, and concise, it used to be a pleasure to look upon the outcome of his labor. Drink has drugged his brain, stayed his pen, and literature will know him no more forever, unless some temperance reformer wins him over to the side of the growing majority. These are the sermons which preach loudest to us; we disregard the foe until our friends fall around us, and we realize that temperance is something more than a word, because it is the safeguard of a nation's honour and a nation's genius.

## THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do! I'll be great, and good, and noble, and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—No one shall ever be turned from my door—But I'm only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time To think of heaven and things sublime; My time is now full of studies and play, But I really mean to begin some day.

I am only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said, "I'll try to do right, and not be afraid, I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys Of the world with all its dazzling toys.

But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years, Her heart full of cares and doubts and fear "I've kept putting off the time to be good, Instead of *beginning* to do as I should, But I'm an old woman now."

And so the years pass on.

*Now* is the time to begin to do right; To-day, whether skies be dark or bright; Make others happy by good deeds of love, Looking to Jesus for help from above,

And then you'll be happy now,

And as the years pass on.

—Christian at Work.

## Our Story.

## BOB'S TALKING LEG.

"That wooden leg of yours must be rather inconvenient."

"Maybe, sir; but I walk with it better than when I had the natural pair complete."

Bob was our crossing sweeper, and a sort of public messenger self-established, but recognized in time as one of the institutions of the Bank. The road just opposite our main entrance was rather wide for a country town, and it was here Bob kept a path carefully swept in all weathers.

When employed by the Bank or one of the tradesmen with a message, Bob would leave his broom leaning against the letter box, and go on his way quite certain that the most mischievous boy in the place would not interfere with it. Bob was so good natured and kind to all that even his broom was respected.

He was a bit of a character, and generally wore a post boy's cap and an old red hunting coat when on duty. But these were only sort of trade signs; and work done. Bob put aside his "uniform" and assumed the garb of a respectable laborer.

And a laborer he had been once upon a time—a man well known in the town, and not a little notorious for his drinking; but he shall tell his own story. Listen to him as he relates it to me.

"Walk better with a wooden leg than with two sound ones," I said, "how can that be? I cannot fancy a wooden leg would be better than either of mine."

"I was not speaking of your legs, sir," replied Bob, dryly, "but of the pair I had. They were not given to walking very straight."

"That must have been your fault, Bob," I said.

"Well, yes, sir," he said, "of course it was; but I was speaking in a sort of meddlesor, you see."

"I hear you are fond of a metaphor," I returned; "but tell me about this leg of yours. How did you get it?"

"Drink gave it to me," replied Bob, "and I must say that it ain't very grateful to drink in return; for although it makes noise enough in orninary, it knocks double as loud whenever I'm nigh a public

house. It says 'don't' as plainly as you can, sir, meaning, don't go in. I was once nearly led back into the old ways, and was going into 'The King's Head' with a friend, as I hadn't seen for years, but this leg wouldn't go in; t'other went over the step right enough, but the wooden one tripped up, and down I went. 'All right,' I says, 'you know how I got you, and I'll go back again,' and out I went, dragging my friend with me."

"Of course," he added, "I don't mean to say as the leg knows what it's doing; that's my meddlesor way of speaking; but it's there, and it is always stumping out the same story, 'Don't drink, don't drink.' Just you listen to it."

He stumped rapidly up and down in front of me, and really 'e leg and his sound foot gave out so s not unlike the words he had spoke.

"You hear, sir," he said, "the wooden leg says 'Don't,' and t'other says 'drink.' Put 'em both together, and you've got good advice—'Don't drink!'"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "but will you tell me how you came to lose your limb? It is a quiet day, and you are not likely to be interrupted for a few minutes."

"It's soon told," said Bob. "Eight years ago I was a bricklayer's laborer, a smart, active fellow when I hadn't a drinking fit on; but I used to break out for the week and fortnight at a time and leave my work, and starve them at home in the way of drunkards generally. When the drink's in, kindness and love and industry is out, which is a meddlesor I'll have you make a note of."

I promised not to forget it, and with his hands crossed on the top of his broom he went on with his story.

"When sober, I worked as a runner. I headed a gang of laborers, and timed 'em, as it were. If there isn't a runner they don't keep up the work, and get into confusion. One day, when I was a little worse for drink, I went to the works, and kept at it all right until 11 o'clock, when a man from a public house close by came round. I had two pints of him, and that, with what I had taken, finished me. The next time I went up the ladder, I lost my hold, and the sky seemed to turn right over; then I heard a shout, and I lost my senses."

"When I came to," he said, "I found myself at the hospital, with a sensation of being as helpless as a child. At first I didn't feel any pain, but soon my leg began to throb, and I was going to put my hand down, when the nurse, as was close by, stops me. 'Don't touch it,' she said, 'you've injured yourself.' They gave me some medicine and it soothed me and I went off to sleep. When I awoke again several grave looking gentlemen were standing about the bed talking, but they stopped as soon as it was known I was awake. I asked for my wife, and they told me she would soon come to me. To cut a long story short, sir, one of the kindest told me that my leg must be taken off, or I should lose my life."

"And what am I to do in the world with one leg, sir?" I asked.

"He told me to leave all to the wisdom of God, but I didn't know much of religion then, and found no comfort in it. That night they gave me something, and I lost my senses. While I was in that state my leg was taken off, and I shan't forget the feeling when I came round and found it gone."

"And yet it wasn't exactly the feeling in the leg that told me so, for at first I fancied it was there; and what is more, I feel it now, and a very curious thing it is. But I'll get back to the hospital, where, after my leg was taken off, my poor wife used to come and cry over me as if I had been the best of husbands, instead of one of the worst; but women, speaking in meddlesor, are angels on earth, they are."

"With my wife a gentleman used to come. He was grave and quiet and kind,

and I recognized him through having often seen him down our street visiting the sick and poor. I wouldn't have nothing to do with him in the old days, but lying there maimed and helpless, I was glad enough to listen to him, and I'm thankful to this day that I did so; for there I first really understood what salvation through the Saviour meant for me and other sinners, and learnt to see the blessings of a sober life."

"I was a long time getting well, for my constitution was terribly cut up, and it was supposed at one time that I could not live; but prayer and faith saved me, and I got about at last, full of good resolves and hope for the future."

"Being only a laborer, I wasn't fit for much with a wooden leg, so after casting about, I thought I'd take this crossing the man who had it afore having just died of drink—and try to get a little public messengering. The young gentlemen inside the bank has their little joke, and calls me the 'Dot and carry one,' but I don't mind that. I shall not object to my leg so long as it keeps on saying, 'Don't, and the other leg may say 'Drink' as often as it likes. Don't drink. I've told lots of people what my legs say, and some as do drink thinks it funny to call me 'the man with the talking leg.'"

"And this wooden leg have done some good to others. When I came out of the hospital and stumped around to my mates, and told 'em what I'd suffered, and that I'd signed the pledge, five of 'em did the same, and three have kept it to this day. The other two went back and one is dead, and t'other nobody knows where. He left a wife and three children behind him."

"Wh' first took my stand here I got hard messages. I had a bad name and people mistrusted my leg, but when they got to know that it was a leg that wouldn't go into a public house, work began to roll in. On Saturday I'm running about all day, and I lose a lot at the crossing, no doubt; but the messenger money is fairly earned, while a shilling a day gained at the crossing is very fair pay. I sweeps it in the morning about seven, then again at nine, and so on every two hours if I am here, and if you put it all together you wont make more than an hours fair work of it. I like the messengering as it's honest labor; and I'm trusted and it fits in with t'other, so that I'm hardly ever idle."

"And what do you make per week?" I asked.

"One way and another, about as much as I did as a laborer," Bob replied, "and the missus does a bit of washing and clear starching." (Bob himself was renowned for the linen he wore). "and we've got three children, and a little picture of a home. Mr. Sawyer, the photographer, he took me here one morning, and he put a lot of my pictures in his window. I've got one at home he gave me, but it ain't quite right. He ought to have done the jacket red, and it came out white; but the leg is took splendid, and that is the chief point. They do tell me that the publicans hate the very sound of my leg, as the very noise it makes is a sort of accusation against 'em, and I do know that it is often cast into their teeth by angry customers."

"So you see, sir," said Bob in conclusion, "that I walk better in every way since I had this wooden leg, and I'm content to travel so until it shall please God to call me away to heaven, where Jesus has perfected all things, and where He will reign forever."

A voice from a house on the opposite side called Bob from me, and I walked away, musing on what I had heard. The story was not without profit to me, and I trust it will be of benefit to the reader, who has yet to realize the deadly work drink is everywhere doing in this fair land of ours. *The British Workman.*

## "PLAYING AT MISSIONS."

Said Dr. Duff: "We are playing at missions." It is not altogether strange that this strong, almost bitter utterance should have been forced from this great-hearted, eager, self forgetful servant of God, as he looked on the one hand at the people of God in Christian lands, and on the other hand at the condition of the heathen world.

"Playing at Missions." There are probably ten millions of people in Christendom, each one of whom has professedly devoted himself to the service of Jesus Christ; each one of whom has said, "I no longer live unto myself; I no longer live, but it is Christ that liveth in me, I am not my own. I am bought with a price," each one of whom has pledged himself to obey the last command of the Lord, "Go, teach all nations." And yet what do we see? In our own land, certainly in our own denomination throughout this land, but a fraction of the 23,000 churches do aught for the cause of missions, and, in the fraction that do anything, it is all done by but a fraction of the church. It would be safe to say that to withdraw from the Missionary work the contributions of fifty churches and of a hundred contributors, would be to cripple it fatally.

We profess to have consecrated our all to Christ and his cause. And yet, as we look over a Christian congregation, how often do we see a single Christian lady wearing diamonds that would support a school, a missionary, for a year? How many a professed Christian is spending more on one of his horses than he gives to the spread of the gospel over all lands? How many a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world? Surely we are "playing at missions."

The women of Carthage were not playing at warfare, when they cut off their hair to make bowstrings for the defenders of the city. The people of Holland were not playing, when they broke down the dykes and let in the sea over the fields and orchards that they might drown out the Spaniards. The German women were not playing at patriotism, when they gave their gold ornaments to the government for the expenses of the war against Napoleon, and wore, instead, ornaments of iron. The Moravian missionary was not playing at missions when he consented to be sold as a slave that he might be admitted to the West Indies, and might preach to the negroes. But we, are we not playing?

And when we look at the work to be done, the hundreds of millions to be evangelized, and at the scale of our preparations, we are compelled to realize bitterly that we are "playing at missions." Is it not time that we ceased playing, and began to be in earnest.

*Presbyterian Record.*

## PLEASANTRIES.

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

A faithful brother in a Fairfield (Iowa) church recently prayed for the absent members who were "prostrate on beds of sickness and chairs of wellness."

A Galveston school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked to the boy, "If it wasn't for me, you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, Jan. 2.

ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH. — Luke 1.5-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.”—Luke 1:6.

Commit 13-16.

INTRODUCTION.

In turning from the Old Testament to the New, we should bear in mind that we are not turning to a new history, but only to a later portion of the same,—namely, the history of Jesus Christ our adorable Saviour and Lord. During the last half year we have been tracing Him and His work through the typical men by whom His Priestly and Mediatorial offices began to be exhibited and through the typical sacrifices by which His sacrificial death for the salvation of men began to be fore-shadowed. The story of Joseph, which we have just left, is a beautiful allegorical history—limited, indeed, but marvellously full and suggestive so far as it goes—of our Lord, and now He of whom the mother of Joseph unconsciously prophesied when she named her son, is to appear in the pages of that same wonderful history as a real living man—the Son of God made flesh and dwelling amongst us. If we who have studied those lessons have been duly impressed by the great truths concerning Christ contained in them, we are now prepared to turn from them for a little while, and study His character and life as exhibited by himself during His sojourn in human flesh.

LESSON NOTES.

Luke 1.5. Herod.—Surnamed “the Great,” an Edomite, and made King by the Romans. The word of prophecy (Gen. 49:10) was thus being fulfilled—“the sceptre” kingly power was departing “from Jacob” when the Messiah was revealed. A certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia. The course of Abia, or Abijah, was the eighth of the twenty-four courses into which David divided the sons of Aaron (1 Chron. 24:10). Those that retired from the captivity were again divided into twenty-four courses, retaining, as far as possible, their ancient name and order; and each of these took the whole temple service for a week. His wife was of the daughters of Aaron. Thus both husband and wife were of priestly lineage. Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord, or “God hath sworn.”

6. They were both righteous.—not merely amiable, or virtuous, but righteous—pious, just, not only in the sight of men, but before in the sight of God who searches the heart; and the proof of their being so is, they were zealous, diving, acting in all the commandments and ordinances, (things ordained, or appointed) of the Lord blameless,—that is, so as not to incur blame or censure.

7. They had no child. God had purposed in His own time to give them a son—a prophet son, the Lord’s forerunner and messenger, Mal. 3:1, and he was preparing them through patience and submission to His will to be the parents of such a child.

8,9. And it came to pass, &c. We are told that, at the time of the offering of incense, three persons were employed, and the particular work of each was decided by lot. One had to remove the ashes of the former offering; another to bring in, and place on the altar of incense the pan containing coals taken from the altar of burnt offering, and the third to scatter incense on the coals, and while the smoke was ascending to offer intercession for the people. This last service had, on this particular day, fallen to the lot of Zacharias.

10. The whole multitude . . . praying without,—that is outside the court fronting the temple, in which stood the altar of burnt offering. At the time of incense, incense was offered twice every day along with the morning and evening sacrifice,—that is at 9 a. m. and at 3 p. m.

11. There appeared unto him an angel of the Lord. This was the hour of intercessory prayer—a favorable moment for meeting God’s messenger. Standing at the right (south) side of the altar of incense,—that is, facing Zacharias, and between him and the golden candlestick. Angel—messenger of the Lord. For the name and exalted dignity of this angel see v. 19. This was no mere appearance, as some would have us suppose, but a real person. He was sent from God to tell Zacharias what was about to transpire.

(12). He (Zacharias) was troubled—“discouraged,” disturbed by seeing such an unexpected visitor. Fear fell upon him. It is natural to fear beings more glorious or more terrible than ourselves, especially when we know they have come from another world.

(13). Said unto him—probably spoke to him in his own language; at any rate, if the language was different, Zacharias understood it. Fear fell upon Zacharias. So far as we know, this was the first direct message from heaven that had come to men for four hundred years. But God’s time, so long deferred, had at length arrived. The Old Economy was about to cease, a new one to be ushered in, and the Lord whom men had been so long expecting, was suddenly to come to his temple. Thy prayer is heard. Doubtless the prayer referred to was for a son. Probably both Zacharias and Elizabeth had prayed many years for that blessing; and as they were then aged people, (see v. 7) probably they had for some time given it up, and concluded that their prayer was not to be answered.

But God had treasured up their prayer, and was about to answer it—Thy wife Elizabeth shall have a son, and thou shalt call his name John.—Johanan—God’s gracious gift.

14. Shall have joy and gladness, not only the joy of having a son in his old age, in answer to many prayers, but of knowing that that son was to be a prophet of the Most High God, and the forerunner of the Saviour of the world. Many shall rejoice—“have cause to rejoice” at his birth. Why? Because, through his preaching, they would be led to believe in Him who was to come.

15. He shall be great, great, as the Heaven-sent messenger who was to prepare the way of the Lord,—great, as a more powerful preacher, probably, than any that had ever before appeared,—great, in his own character—see Matt. 11:11. He shall drink neither wine nor strong drink,—that is, he should be a Nazarite, or “separated one.” The Nazarites were usually such by their own choice; we read, however, of three who were such from their birth,—namely, Samson, Samuel, and John. As the leper was the living symbol of sin, so the Nazarite was of holiness. One of the outward conditions, under the Old Dispensation, for becoming a Nazarite, was that he should drink neither wine nor strong drink, shall they who seek to become “separated ones” under the new, be content with any lower standard? He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, &c. He should thus be set apart by God, in a high and peculiar sense, for a special and peculiar work.

16. Many of the children of Israel shall be turned to the Lord their God—to Christ. This was literally fulfilled in the results of his preaching—John 1:15-42.

17. He shall go before him (Christ). John preceded Christ in point of time, and also in the sense of preparing Christ’s way by his preaching. In the spirit and power of Elias. There was a striking resemblance in many respects between John and Elijah; and Christ tells us that John “is the Elias which was for to come”—not literally the same person, but one endued with the same spirit and power, and doing a similar work. To turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the Just. Both these results were seen in the case of all those who were truly turned to Christ through John’s preaching, and those were not few. To make ready a people. These were made ready through repentance towards God, and faith in the Christ whom John preached. Such had a heart-readiness for Christ’s appearing; but many had only a formal and outward profession of being ready. Prepared for the Lord. The preparation of this people had extended from the call of Abraham down through forty-two generations; or something more than two thousand years; and yet when Christ came, He was despised, rejected, and crucified by them. Some, however, were spiritually prepared for His coming; and readily became His disciples.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the Children.)

(5-7). Who was Herod? What was Judea? Who made Herod King over Judea? (See note). Who, then, really ruled over the Jews? Who was Zacharias? Who was Elizabeth? What were they both? What do you mean by righteous toward God? What by blameless? (See note). What do you mean by well-stricken in years? What great blessing had they never had? (8-10). What was Zacharias’ office? What had fallen to his lot to do? What were the people doing outside? They were praying; and, at the same time, the lamb was burning on the great altar; but Zacharias was in the temple burning incense at another altar—what was that altar called? (11). Who appeared to Zacharias? Where was he standing? (12). How did Zacharias feel? (13). Had he any need to be afraid? What did the angel say? Who had heard Zacharias’ prayer? What was God going to give to Zacharias and Elizabeth in answer to prayer? What was the baby’s name to be? What is the meaning of John? (14). What would Zacharias and Elizabeth have on account of their son? Would anybody else be glad? Why? (15). What would he never do? Who was to come and dwell in him as soon as he was born? Who is the Holy Ghost? (16). What would this holy little boy do when he grew to be a man? (17). Who would he go before? What other great prophet would he be very much like? Can you tell anything about Elijah? What did the prophet Isaiah say about John? (Is. 40:3). What did the prophet Malachi say about him? (Mal. 3:1). What did the Lord Jesus say about him? (Matt. 11:11). Is God as willing to make you holy as He was that little boy? Do you want to be made holy? If so, come to Jesus with all your heart, for His blood, and nothing else, can cleanse away sin.

Parents are requested not only to see that their children get the answers to the above questions, but to help them to do so.

WANTED CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Where is a worshipper to be found who is not interested in the Service of Song? If a hymn goes well at the service everybody is pleased and edified, if one goes ill everybody is chilled, everybody feels then an opportunity of spiritual profit has been lost. Good singing reacts on all other parts of the service. It kindles the preacher and prepares the hearts of his hearers. It fixes and glorifies the impression made by an earnest sermon, it translates into emotion the thoughts awakened by the reading of the lessons. Picture, for a moment, a service without singing, and we feel at once its place and its power. No one can say that there is at the present time an apathy on the subject of music in worship. There is, indeed, great activity. Never was there more fireside singing on Sunday evenings, even the good old fashion of singing at family prayers is being revived, and harmoniums and pianofortes in a thousand homes speak to the touch of the daughter of the house as the family worship song ascends. In our churches there is the same spirit. Never was there a more earnest desire to mend matters; never was money so readily subscribed for musical purposes as at the present time. But do this activity and this generosity always take the most profitable form? Ask any man or woman gifted with good sense and religious feelings what is the best form that music in worship should take, and they will tell you that the most heart-kindling music they know is congregational singing. Flood the church with the sound of common praise, and you are lifted to a level from which the delicacies and ornaments of the concert-room seem very small indeed. Concert-room music is like a well-planned and well-kept garden, graceful with studied curve and undulation; gay with well-ordered colouring from a thousand flowers. Congregational singing is like a great mountain, rough in face and outline, sombre, perhaps, and disorderly in detail, but calling up, as we look at it, that sense of grandeur and worship which blots out even the desire for elegance. The weary, the suffering, the sin-laden, the proud, the hard-hearted, the cultured and the ignorant, the rich and the poor yield alike to the spell, and acknowledge its power. Few, if any, will be found to question the truth of this, and if it be true, the conclusion is plain. Organs, harmoniums, choirs, leading singers, new

tune books, and all the rest are only means to an end, and the end is Congregational singing. Would that ministers and church managers could be brought, not only to believe this fact, but to act in accordance with it! Congregations, too, are as much off the scent as their leaders. On every hand the means are being mistaken for the end. Hundreds of pounds are spent on organs; musical people are besought to “join the choir,” new tunes are played we will not say sung every Sunday, yet the Congregational voice remains stationary, or perhaps grows fainter.

The whole method is wrong, and the fruit of a degenerate spirit. Imagine the Tollards, the Covenanters, the early Methodists cultivating their psalmody by attention to mere accidents of this sort! Among them the song rose high, and was powerful for good, because every one felt the obligation of joining in it. The organ which sounded at their services was a great human organ, to which every man, woman, and child contributed a pipe. Nowadays we do our praise as we do our fighting—by proxy. We subscribe to the organ fund, and thus purchase the liberty of standing silent during hymn and chant. If we are content with this, the decadence of our worship song is a matter of course. But in our heart we are not content with it; we feel it to be the wrong method. We admit that congregational singing is the end to be sought, and we cannot, therefore, escape the conclusion that our first duty is to teach the congregation to sing. To do this is to strike at the root of reform, and every attempt at this turns the current and makes it set in the right direction. How this is to be done we need not here consider. Only let it be remembered that merely teaching a few tunes by ear can exert no permanent influence for good, and that the only fruitful method is to teach the people to read musical notation as they read a newspaper. There is no doubt that this can be done. Upon what system it be attempted matters not, so long as it is a system which enables dull and slow people, with but little time to spare, to accomplish their end. Such people form a large proportion of every popular class, and a system which they do not grasp is useless.

A rage for singing classes, and a franker recognition of the place of the singing-class in church work, would be a healthy proof of returning life in our worship music. Not long ago I took an American musician, who was passing through London, to hear a choir which met in a lecture hall adjoining one of our London churches. He was much struck with the singing, and took for granted, in his remarks, that the choir belonged to the adjoining church. I had to undeceive him. I told him that it had no connection with the church; that its meeting-place was an accident a merely commercial arrangement. His surprise at this was unfeigned. He said that in America every choir belonged to a church, and that church was proudest which had the largest and best.

The application I leave to those whom it may concern.—J. Spencer Curwen in the Christian World.

THE Jesuits have at last found the sympathy which was denied them even by Spain and Italy. The “English Church Union” stretches out towards them fraternal hands. Its president has written to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris “in the name of 12 bishops, 2,500 clergymen, and 15,800 laymen of the Church of England,” expressing their “indignation” at the spectacle of “men for piety” cast forth from France. Churchmen would like to know who these bishops are. The Archbishop in his reply expresses his grateful acceptance of the sympathy, “all the more valuable coming, as it does, from the members of a religious communion differing in several points from the Catholic Church.”

## The Canadian Independent

Is published every Thursday, and will be sent Free to any part of Canada or the United States, or delivered Free in the City of Toronto, for

One Dollar per Year.

Remittances to be addressed to THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2048, P.O. Toronto. A list of communications for the Editorial News of Churches and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 2048, P.O. Toronto.

TORONTO, DEC. 23rd, 1880.

WE regret to find that there is still cause for complaint of inefficient delivery of the INDEPENDENT in some parts of the city. May we ask our friends to drop us a card if the paper is not received by the Sunday following its issue. We are promised that it shall be earlier and more regular than heretofore. Any omission or delay should be promptly reported.

WE thank those subscribers who have responded to our various appeals for payment of the various amounts against them. There are still, however, a large number, some hundreds, the labels on whose papers show that they have not paid for the current volume. Will they not remit to us at once? Printers and paper-makers must be paid. We dislike these paragraphs, but when they are discontinued remittances share the same fate.

### CHRISTMAS

We disavow all superstitious regard for that Christmas which comes "but once a year," conscious that the Saviour's birth-day is still unknown, and that the wild mirth with which it has been too often kept must remain still under the old Puritan ban. We do not seek to remove that ban. Nevertheless Christmas is a fact, none the less a fact because the winter solstice, after which the days begin to lengthen and the sun gain power, has been in heathen countries ever kept as a season of festive joy; for have we not all one Father? and is not the whole world akin? We, however, are not Pagans, and therefore are not disposed to view Christmas as a Pagan season. We accept it as a fact, that is, that once a year, on the 25th day of December or thereabouts, stockings are hung up by the chimney-corner—how Santa Claus gets in where there are no chimney-corners is as yet an unsolved mystery. Carols are sung, tables spread with more than usual bounty, families do gather as throughout the year they otherwise do not, bells do more merrily ring or chime, at least to the ear, on Christmas morning than on any other morning; and the birth of our Saviour is more in the mind of English-speaking peoples on that day than on any other occasion. So long as these facts remain without the alloy of debasing superstition and of carnival rites; so long as children are made to view the season as specially a home season, storing up happy memories for the years when cares sit heavily and weary; so long as families gather, and happy memories have a place therein, so long shall we accept Christmas as a fact, ordering ourselves accordingly. We purpose, gentle reader, a little Christmas gossip in this issue with your kind permission.

John Milton was a stern Puritan; his Puritanism did not suffer, whilst his heart became more manifest, as he indulged in Christmas memories.

Hear him as he sings his Christmas Carol:

No war or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around;  
The idle spear and sword were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still, with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by  
But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the water kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

No more appropriate season for the general remembrance of the rising of the Sun of righteousness does the year afford than when the sun in its yearly round begins anew to lengthen out the days, and lead to spring and summer glory.

Seasons of remembrance are an anchor to the heart. To stand again where once we stood in days gone by; to double back on life's pilgrimage; to walk anew along our yesterdays; "to chew the sweet or bitter herb of memory," is to make us, perhaps, the sadder, but most surely the wiser. Christmas has its memories, and as we summon up the vanished Christmas evenings, with their snowy mantles brooches with frost, we remember the years of our pilgrimage. Why not? We are nearing home, and the *Christus qui natus est hodie* has surely made that home the brighter; certainly His presence makes these homes more cheery.

Close the shutters, draw the curtains close; the fire light gleams through the room, Christmas glows the brighter for the outside winter cold. Even the chill of the year's estrangements warm and disappear before the Christmas fire; and the friends that are far away—does there not lie before us their Christmas card, they too are gazing upon ours; sundered far, yet Christmas hearts are one. And that vacant chair in the shadow of the corner,—well this is Christmas night, and he whose birth is thus commemorated is the resurrection and the life. In the light of that Christmas glow

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,  
Their life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

Friends live in the heart of friends even though their forms have departed, happy reunions they on our Christmas evening!

We have comfort, yes, but there are bare tables and empty stoves not far away. "The poor ye have ever with you." Will you read charitable reader another carol?

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow  
The timid robin comes,  
In pity drive him not away,  
But scatter out your crumbs."

"And leave your door upon the latch  
For whoever comes,  
The poorer they, more welcome give,  
And scatter out the crumbs."

"All have to spare, none are too poor,  
When want with winter comes,  
The loaf is never all your own,  
Then scatter out the crumbs."

"Soon winter falls upon your life,  
The day of reckoning comes,  
Against your sins by high decree,  
Are weighed those scattered crumbs."

This Christmas, like all its predecessors to which it is linked by thousand memories, must pass; the midnight hour draws nigh, Minnie, tired out, sleeps soundly with her doll upon her rosy cheek, Johnnie's toys lie there in a heap beside his clothes, they have had a merry day, those household gems. Now they are in dreamland, living Christmas over again in fairy light; a quiet calm, a pleasant weariness invites to rest; the evening hymn has been sung, the evening prayer been said, and we

press a chastened contented pillow with the "sweetly solemn thought" that there is one Christmas the less between us now and heaven our home.

Reader, we wish you in Christ's name, a sober, merry, Christ-like Christmas, and as many happy returns as God in wisdom and in love may see best fitted for your work and preparation here.

### TO THE CHILDREN.

You have all heard of the sea, the wide wild sea, tho' few may have seen it. A wonderful sight is the sea, far as the eye can reach, no house, nor tree, nor land, nothing but sea and sky, water everywhere; and when the tempest blows the waters toss and roll and foam, roaring in glee like giants at their sport. Grand is it to see those big waves beating on the shore, for you know the ocean has its bounds, and where that shore is high and rocky those big waves dash themselves to foam and spray against the rock, forcing themselves up its rough side, seeming to climb with large white limbs, hand over hand up to the top, and then suddenly fall into the bosom of the next white billow which in like manner rushes on. Ah, sad to see a ship that with bright hope is beginning a voyage, or, the wide ocean crossed in safety, is nearing home, rudder broken, engine disabled, tempest bound, driven on such a shore.

"Those cruel rocks and angry waves all human skill defy,  
Wh. strikes them once, beyond relief must die."

Should one wave wash you up on some ledge and you begin to hope for safety, the next as if mocking will tear you down back to the briny deep. Thank God, dear children, for quiet homes when you hear the storm roar and you are safe. Often near where ships have to sail rocks stand, the terror of the sailor, and especially in the darkness of the night, seeing there are no hitching posts in the sea, amidst storms, the vessel is in danger of striking and of being dashed to pieces, and when the ship is thus shattered nothing remains for sailor and passenger but to be drowned in the deep or bruised upon the rocks to death. Some of these rocks are covered at high water, and where the channel is narrow, there is great danger especially with a heavy sea, of running on them unawares. Across the ocean where no road is marked out or land marks to be seen, the sailor boldly steers, guided by sun and stars which he has learned to use instead of landmarks, having a mariners compass on board, in a manner you may learn something of as you grow older. So true are their marks that after being days out of sight of land, he will tell almost the hour when, and the direction where, land is again first to be seen. On hidden and dangerous rocks lighthouses are built, not surrounded prettily, as among our Thousand Islands, with shrubs and shady banks, but out alone in the midst of the raging waters.

"Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;  
A ruddy gem of changeable light  
Bound on the dusky brow of night;  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail."  
One dark but not stormy night,  
A fine steam ship was nearing our  
Canadian waters, the captain

thought he must, ere midnight, see the light from one of the rocky headlands. He lay down in his cabin, giving orders how to steer, and to awaken him when the light appeared. The vessel steamed boldly on, fearing no danger before the friendly light should appear. The look-out reported a dark cloud looming before, which was—no light appearing—taken to be a fog bank rising. The speed was slackened, a man sent aloft, when suddenly a dull, heavy thud, the noble ship trembled like a tree struck by a sturdy axe, another, and another, she was on the rock, and there was a scramble for life before she foundered, and when passengers and crew had found landing, looking around, there was the lighthouse not far off. Were the watch asleep? How was that high shore mistaken for a fog bank? Nobody knew until some months after, one of the keepers of that lighthouse was dying, and with failing breath he told how, on that fatal night, when the steamship had sunk, he had fallen asleep, and thus neglected to trim his lamp, which, when he awakened, he found had gone out. How different from that other lighthouse-keeper, who, when asked, "Suppose your light was to burn dim, go out?" (he had been boasting of how his light could be seen ten leagues at sea), warmly replied, pointing out over the darkness, to a sail crossing the lighthouse beam, "Stranger, see there! from all quarters vessels come and watch for the Calais light. Why, sir, were that light not to shine, I might hear from some distant city that on such a night the keeper was not at his post. Go out? Burn dim? No, never!" Children just stop and sing:

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy."

And now, my young friends, let me speak a few words about "some lights along the shore," that you may take heed and steer safely through what we may call the voyage of life.

A few years ago and you were not, a few years to come and you will, so far as this life is concerned, not be, and yet we know, for God hath told us, that beyond death there are countries, either of beautiful homes and sunny days, or of prison blackness and dark despair; heaven and hell are at the end of life; it is very necessary you should take heed whither you are going, along which way you travel. Through life also there are many dangers, temptations, snares, bad companions, the dram shop, pleasures that lead to ruin. We need, and we have, from the great God and Father of us all, bright beams of mercy and shore lights if we only open our eyes to see. You would, of course, answer to the question, what is our great Light, "Jesus." Yet how do we see him? We cannot look upon him as those little children that from his kind arms looked up in his loving face; nor can we touch the hem of his garment, as that poor woman of the gospel story who was thereby healed. How can we see him? By faith you say—but what does faith see? I have been taught to say Jesus, teaches, gives light to us "by his word and spirit." Is not that a plain and true answer? His spirit given in answer to prayer, his word made plain by a careful study of the Bible, thank God, the most common, the cheapest, and the very best

of all books. When Christ was tempted he used the old Testament, the then Bible, as the sword by which he fought the foe, and the Psalmist calls it a light to our feet and a lamp to our path. Now mark its light, and remember how good a thing it is to have a friend ever ready to comfort or to warn.

The sleeping keeper let his light out, and shipwreck was the result; the sleeping sentinel was surprised and slain and the enemy took the city; and often when we think it not the Evil One tempts and destroys. Alexander the Great, conqueror of the world, was overcome by sudden passion and hurled his javelin against, and thus killed his best friend. Have not you, my young friend, in a moment been surprised by some evil impulse and had continual sorrow afterwards? Look to the light—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Sabbath comes, and temptation whispers in the words of careless companions, leave the school for the woods and have some pleasure—a course that has been the beginning of ruin to many a young man. Heed the beam which glances from the Sabbath-keeping light. Read *Is. LVIII: 13-14*. Young men, aye, and women too, is it told you that the social glass with a friend occasionally can do no harm? Read *Prov. XXIII: 29-32*. And when companions urge you, knowing they urge where parents and teachers would warn away, look again at your lights, and read *Prov. I: 10-16*, and hearken, *Prov. I: 20-33*.

Be careful what light you follow. In low lands and marshes bubbles of air ascend and burn, moving around with every gust of wind. On dark nights the traveller has mistaken them for the light in the cottage window, and following the will of the wisp (ask your teachers what they are) got entangled in briars and lost in marshy wildernesses. Don't follow false lights, bad advice, your own naughty desires, but remember, "the Light of the world is Jesus."

#### MINISTERIAL STANDING.

Our correspondent "E" animadverts upon our article of two weeks ago with the above heading. He has read carelessly or he would have seen that we were simply recording the all but unanimous action of the St. Louis Council, and that our comments, if comments they were, were virtually summed up in directing attention to the signs of the times which that action of the St. Louis Council indicates, and regarding which Dr. Dexter, in the Boston Congregationalist says "the remedies hinted and commended ought surely to satisfy all." At any rate the article faithfully presents what American Congregationalism is in that particular. We have not yet spoken *ex cathedra*.

"We are not Presbyterian or Episcopalian," writes E., to which it might be replied,—better if you were, unless you can tell more definitely what you are; in other words, give some definitions beyond negations as to what is Congregationalism, for surely Congregationalism is something more than a declaration of what we do not believe. What does our friend mean by a broad and liberal orthodoxy? What is orthodoxy? What is it you know and believe? The merit of the St. Louis Council is that

you know exactly where to find its Congregationalism, and that is something in an age given much to chasing shadows, and proclaiming its disbelief. The only point in our correspondent's letter that suggests an answer is this: "Should the Church say *yes*, and the Council *no*, the Church would undoubtedly maintain its position." Doubtless, and the Churches represented by the Council would maintain theirs, and the independency of the Church would be unvisited by any pains and penalties, but would be left free from all control "alone in its glory."

There are conditions of life against which all our *isms* strive in vain, and when these conditions remain unfulfilled, consequences follow, and any Church, Congregational or otherwise, that insists upon its own ways irrespective of the sympathies and the rights of others, must simply bear its own burden, do its own work in the way it has for itself chosen, and do it alone. Independency, as our fathers understood it, and as the Bible gives it, is not independency to do as one likes, to have one's own way, but Independency to serve and worship God, and extend aid, not to the wilful, but to the needy; and it has not as yet been shown that one single position taken by the St. Louis Council contravenes that Independency. Whether our Canada Churches will assume another Congregationalism remains to be seen, but we shall use our Editorial Independency we trust in maintaining liberty without license, order without tyranny, and thus most surely aid the incoming of an Universal Church, which will not be a sand-heap, but one spiritual body, built upon the one foundation, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone.

As for "a useless ecclesiastical formula," our correspondent will search our columns in vain for any place therefor.

#### THE FOREST CHURCH CASE.

We have received from the Rev. C. Pedley of New Durham, a lengthy letter on the Forest Church Case, in which he attacks the Rev. R. W. Wallace and THE INDEPENDENT for their action in this matter. In view of the fact that we did not publish the last letter from Mr. Wallace on this subject, only giving a short extract from it, and further that we have already declined to insert a communication from an old contributor of the same tenor, we do not see that we ought to give a column and a half or two columns to Mr. Pedley, who has really no light to throw on the subject. We have no feeling in this Forest Church case, save for the welfare of our own churches and the good name of the denomination. We have not, and would not adjudge Mr. Frazer guilty on the *ex-parte* statement of any one. We have striven to show our impartiality (as witness our last number), but charges have been made which, so far, the Forest Church has declined to submit to any tribunal but itself. It needs but a very little knowledge of proprieties to feel that while this may satisfy the individual church, it cannot satisfy those who are to share in the stigma, if any should arise. We pointed out this in the case of another church in the early part of the year; our remarks were unheeded, but some of those who pooh-poohed then have since confessed to us their

error. Our last issue contained an account of the ordination of the Rev. C. Pedley, and we find that after certain questions had been asked and answered, it was moved by Rev. W. H. Allworth, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Griffith, that Mr. Pedley be received into the fellowship of the Christian ministry. If that meant anything it meant that those ministers were satisfied, after enquiry and examination, that Mr. Pedley was worthy of confidence and endorsement. Let the same principle be held and the same practice followed in all cases, by the ministers who fill our pulpits, and the churches that call the ministers; let each be willing to lay all before an assembly of the brethren, ministerial and lay, as at New Durham; then our body will be largely saved from the disgrace that has of late been cast upon it, and our good name will not be trampled in the dust. We shall not again refer to the Forest Church case, nor insert any communication upon it, unless it assumes a new phase.

WE are not political, except as politics may touch the social well being of the community. Such an occasion is before the Toronto people just now in the contest for the Mayoralty of the City. The Lincensed Victuallers are straining every nerve to secure an extension of the hours of liquor-drinking from 7 to 11 on Saturday nights. One of the candidates is the nominee and tool of the tavern keepers, and his election is part of the plan to obtain their end. Let all our readers vote as one man for the candidate who is opposed to this retrograde movement, and show plainly that drink is not to dominate Toronto. "Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty."

#### FAREWELL SOCIAL AT WESTERN CHURCH, TORONTO.

A farewell social was held in the Western Congregational Church, Toronto, on Friday evening, December 10th, 1880, on the departure of the Rev. J. B. Silcox for his new charge in Winnipeg. The tables were as usual supplied by the generosity of the ladies of the congregation, and were under the management of Miss Riley. After the guests had regaled themselves, the meeting was called to order by Deacon Williams. The hymn, "The God of truth His church has blessed," was sung, and the Rev. E. D. Silcox engaged in prayer. The chairman, after a few remarks, called on Mr. Silcox, who briefly reviewed the work of the Church and the men who had worked with him since its small beginning, five years ago. They were all new in the work and inexperienced then, but God had blessed their labours, and 115 members had been added to the Church since that time. He impressed upon the Church the importance of its work among the boys and girls, and trusted they would always be welcomed within the fold. He felt that the work here had been given him by God, and to Him he returned it, and was sure he would guide the Church, and would bring to them a man of His own choice. The Church at Winnipeg had called him, and he felt it his duty to go, and would always gladly welcome the boys and girls of this church when they came to the North-west.

Deacon Flint then read the following address from the Church, which was accompanied by a purse containing \$50 gold.

"To the Rev. J. B. Silcox; "Dear and respected Pastor,—It is with mingled feelings of gratitude and sorrow that this Church feels called upon to address you, and while wishing you God-speed in your new field of labour in the North-west, we would seek to cheer you by assurances of the abundant success, through the blessing of God, on your work and labour of love among us here. To you as the under shepherd we owe much of the success and standing of the Congregational body in West Toronto, as well as the great spiritual prosperity of this Church. It is with unfeigned regret that we part from one who has so faithfully laboured among us, and heightened our joys, lightened our sorrows, and who has affectionately attended those who are dear to us, both at the cradle and the grave, and ministered unto us prayerfully and faithfully in holy things, going in and out among us, breaking unto us the bread of life. Your especial interest and encouragement in connection with the work of our Sabbath School has endeared you to the hearts of both teachers and scholars. It is our ardent wish that the Christian grace and manliness which has endeared you to us here, may be still further developed by the fresh associations of your new sphere of usefulness. In wishing you farewell, we would ask you to accept this small purse, as a token of our esteem, and may the God of all grace accompany you and your estimable wife and family to that distant corner of the Lord's vineyard, and may you acquit yourself there as here, a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Signed on behalf of the church and congregation of the Western Congregational Church, Toronto. R. H. Flint, C. H. Arms, James McMahon, D. Langford Graham.

An address was then presented by Miss Sarah Riley and Mr. Canfield on behalf of the Pastor's Bible Class, accompanied by a photographic group of the members of the class, and another address to Mrs. Silcox, by Miss Sanderson and Mr. Walter Roper, from the Sabbath School, accompanied by a case containing a dozen silver dessert knives. To each address Mr. Silcox suitably responded.

After a short address from the Rev. E. D. Silcox, the meeting was brought to a close by singing, and the benediction.

#### WINNIPEG CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

Since last acknowledgment there has been thankfully received from the Ulverton Church, \$6.35; Mrs. P. Armstrong, Paris, \$1; Mrs. J. McKavel, Hamilton, \$10; G. A. Hine, Toronto, \$5.

W. EWING.

Winnipeg, Dec. 11, 1880.

—The *City Press* states that the gross annual income of about eight hundred of the London charities amounts to a sum approaching four millions and a quarter sterling.

## News of the Churches.

**TURNBERRY**—I wish to call attention to the Turnberry Church in which Mr. McIntyre has been laboring for the past seven weeks. Having been present for the past few evenings I was pleased to notice the interest taken in the meetings. Fifteen have been added to the church and many more have professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Truly we can say the Lord has been working in their midst, and that they have all been blessed in the good work in which they are all engaged. And now as Mr. McIntyre is about to leave we wish him prosperity, and may the Lord crown his labors wherever he may be with abundant success as he has done in the past, and at last may he hear the Lord say to him, "well done good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The church is now without a pastor but we trust it may not be so long, but that they may find a suitable man, a man filled with the spirit of Christ, one who will be able to lead them beside the still waters and into green pastures, so that they may be kept faithful until the last, until they receive that crown laid up for those who hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering. May the Lord grant that this may be the portion of each and everyone of us.

DAVID MINNS.

Dec. 13th, 1880.

**GEORGE**. Yesterday being the first anniversary of the induction of Rev. Mr. McGregor to the charge of the Norfolk street Congregational Church, it was observed in a very happy and most appropriate way by the people and their pastor. Last night the regular monthly after tea social, which has become such a popular and profitable event, should have been held in the basement of the church; but with a view of celebrating the first anniversary of their connection as pastor and people, it was held at Rev. Mr. McGregor's house. During the evening Mr. McGregor was made the recipient of a sewing machine and a very handsome China tea set. The presentation was made on behalf of the congregation by Mr. D. Spragge, who expressed the high esteem and respect they had learned to feel for him as their pastor. The reverend gentleman was taken completely by surprise, but made a very feeling and suitable reply to their expressions of esteem. Afterwards the company sat down to a comfortable supper, such as they are not accustomed to receive at after tea socials. What with parlor games, music, etc., the balance of the evening passed off most enjoyably. Both the pastor and the congregation, over which he presides, are to be congratulated on having formed so strong an attachment for each other. — *Georgian Mercury*.

**QUEBEC**. Amid many discouragements the friends here have been struggling bravely to hold the banner of Christ aloft. The financial storm of the past few years, coupled with deaths and removals have greatly reduced the strength of the cause. But difficulties have drawn the true-hearted closer together, and developed a spirit of determination and liberality worthy of the highest praise. To the efforts of the ladies the noble stand made by the church is largely due. By an unsparing devotion of time and skill the Ladies' Sewing Society has, during the last year, raised about \$170. Of this sum \$100 was contributed to the pastor's salary, and \$25 presented to the pastor's wife as a token of kindly regard. On the evening of Dec. 15th, a tea-meeting for church and Sunday school was held. After a bountiful repast had been partaken of, an interesting programme was presented. Several choruses were sung by the school. The

superintendent, Deacon W. C. Young, reviewed the past history of the school showing that many former pupils were scattered widely, filling important places and reflecting credit upon the school; while many others had been called home by their Saviour. He trusted that many now "in the days of their youth" would give their hearts to Jesus. Solos were sung by Misses Mary Jackson, Lillie Duffett, Evelyn Dalkin, Annie Duffett, and Lavinia Young; Readings were given by Misses Gracie Hatch, Annie Young, Marion MacColl, Mary Jackson, Florence Eutchart, and Masters Henry and John Willis. Miss Lillie Tremaine and Miss Pye contributed each a piano solo. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Jackson and Miss Longmuir, to whose kind exertions the success of the musical part of the programme was due. The utmost cordiality prevailed, and all down to the "tiny tots," seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. A brief address was given by the pastor, whose heart was cheered by witnessing the kindly spirit which prevails among the people of his charge.

AT THE yearly meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association held on the 13th instant, the Rev. Henry D. Powis, of Zion Church, was elected president by acclamation.

**WINNIPEG**. The First Congregational Church have sold their building lot which was purchased about nine months ago at an advance of \$1800.00, and have secured a larger and more eligible site at a reasonable rate by a favor from the Hudson Bay Co. This indicates the rapid progress of the North West and is a strong argument for the wisdom and economy of beginning work for Christ now in its many growing towns.

Dec. 15, 1880.

## Literary Notes.

"MOST PERFECT OF JUVENILE MAGAZINES," is what the *Detroit Free Press* calls *St. Nicholas*. Its growth in England is keeping pace with its success in this country, and the English papers are as unanimous in praise of its beauties as the American press.

"Bright-eyes," the young Ponca Indian maiden whose sketch of Indian life is to appear in the January *St. Nicholas*, writes as follows to the editor of that magazine: "It seems so hard to make white people believe that we Indians are human beings of like passions and affections with themselves; that it is as hard for us to be good as it is for them,—harder, for we are ignorant,—and we feel as badly when we fail as they do. That is the reason I have written my story as I have.

It would be so much better for my people if the white people had a more thorough knowledge of them, because we have felt deeply the results of their ignorance of us." Price, \$3.00 a year. Published by Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

"Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," 2 vols. by Dr. Wm. Smith and Prof. Cheetham, Willing and Williamson, Toronto. Their work we noticed some months ago, our knowledge of it then was very limited; we have not yet by any means exhausted its columns, but we have had frequent occasion to consult it and have never been disappointed. In its own department the articles are fully equal to those of the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. We would note in the second volume the article on marriage and prohibited degrees as specially opportune just now when legislation is approaching upon one particular relation, which though tolerated is under ecclesiastical ban in some quarters. Every minister should be possessed of the leading points, they are reliably presented in this work. The articles on the catacombs, music, papacy, mecca and the councils, etc., are really treatises on those subjects, they are but samples of many more. The work presents for the most part facts, and seldom theorizes, hence it is in the main thoroughly reliable, and though an exact reprint from the English plates is sold at a very reduced cost.

Apropos of the new revision of the New Testament, now on the eve of pub-

lication in this country and in Europe, Scribner's Monthly will contain three articles: one of these by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D., on "The Bible Society and the New Revision," in which the record of the society on this whole subject is traced with some care; the second by Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale College, showing "How the New Testament Has Come Down to Us," and the third a review of the revision itself, in which the excellence and thoroughness of the work—the American scholars will be pointed out. The first appears in the January number.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF DR. A. CLARKE.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a man of high integrity, with an exquisite sense of honor, such as it is generally supposed, only the higher walks of life are acquainted with. This is placed in a strong light in the following adventure. Dr. A. Clarke is the narrator:

"I will tell you a curious circumstance that happened to me some years ago. A friend desired me to take charge of a young lady to Dublin, to which I readily agreed, and she was sent to me at the coach. I soon found from her conversation she was a Roman Catholic, and I also quickly perceived that she had been led to entertain a very high opinion of me. After we had travelled some distance, talking occasionally on various subjects, the daylight began to sink fastly away, when she took out of her reticule a small Catholic book of prayers, and commenced most seriously her evening devotions. While she was reading, such thoughts as these occurred to me: I believe this lady to be sincere in her religious creed, which I think to be a very dangerous one, she appears to be of an ingenious temper, and to feel much personal respect for me. Is there not here, then, a good opportunity to exercise my influence, and to deliver her, if possible, from her erroneous creed? "But," continued I, in my thoughts, "was she not intrusted to my care? Would her friends have so intrusted her had they even suspected that an attempt at proselytism would be made? Would not the attempt be a breach of trust, and should I, even were ultimate good to accrue to Miss —, be a morally dishonest man? I instantly felt that my own honesty must be preserved, though the opportunity of apparent good might be lost. In a short time Miss — closed her book with this observation: 'We Catholics, Dr. Clarke, think it much better to believe too much than too little.' I replied, 'But, madam, in our belief we should recollect that we should never yield our assent to what is contradictory in itself, or what contradicts other ascertained truths.' This was the only observation I made that looked at all towards Catholicism. In process of time we arrived at our journey's end, and I deposited her safely in the hands of her friends.

"From that time till about two years ago, I never heard of Miss — till we met in the following way: I had been preaching at Chelsea Chapel, and, entering the vestry after the service, a lady followed me, shook hands, spoke with much emotion, and said, 'Do you not recollect me, Dr. Clarke? I am Miss —, whom you kindly took care of to Ireland. I was then a Catholic, now I am a Protestant, and have suffered much in consequence of the change.' I inquired how the alteration in her views were affected, and she gave me in detail the account which I will shortly sum up to you. When she heard to whom she was about to be intrusted, she resolved closely to watch and observe this eminent Protestant minister; she was pleased with the conversation and the friendliness shown to her, and was so struck with the observation I had made in the coach, that she said it absolutely haunted her, caused her to examine and think for herself, and at last led her to freedom from her thralldom.

'But,' said she, 'I should never have been induced to examine had it not been for the examination I had previously made of you. From the first moment you entered the coach, I watched you narrowly; I thought, now I have a fair opportunity of knowing something of these Protestants, and I will judge if what I have heard of them be true. Every word, every motion, every look of yours, Sir, was watched with the eye of a lynx. I felt you could not be acting a part, for you could not suspect you were observed. The result of all was, your conduct conciliated esteem, and removed prejudice. Your one observation on belief, led me to those examinations which the spirit of God has blessed to my conversion; and I now stand before you, the convert of your three days' behaviour between London and Dublin.'

## KAREN SACRIFICES FOR CHRIST.

"We heard the other day a little incident which seemed to us well worth recording.

"A Baptist Missionary and a friend from America were visiting a Karen village out in the district. The native Christians gathered about, and the Missionary inquired concerning their circumstances. The report told of much suffering and loss. The crops had been very badly damaged—nearly all destroyed, indeed—by incursions of rats, and the people, poor at the best, were in great straits, hardly knowing which way to turn. The pastor had only a bushel and a half of paddy (rice in the husk) in his house, and did not know where more was to come from. They had all been driven to eat the rats which were so superabundant, and this food, though not at all to their liking, was better, they explained, than the common house rat, because the field rat lived on rice; and it was no more than fair that if he ate their food they should eat him. After a pleasant season of Christian intercourse for these men, though poor and heard pressed, were cheerful and uncomplaining the Missionary was about to depart, when the deacon of the native church pulled out of his girdle ten rupees and handed them over, saying, 'This is to go towards the support of the Missionary among the Kha-Tchins (a heathen tribe farther north, among whom the Karens support a Mission). Our friend was completely taken aback by this, and, after a little consultation with his American companion, strongly remonstrated, saying, 'It is too much; you should not do this; the poor fund of your church here, which is so badly off, should have this money; I cannot take it.' But the deacon insisted, and the other brethren heartily united with him, saying, 'It is God's money; it has been given for this Mission; we cannot touch it; you must take it;' and the pastor clinched the matter with the noble words, 'We can eat rats, but the Kha-Tchins cannot do without the Gospel.'

"So the money went as was designed. But if anybody thinks those Karens will be the poorer for the gift, he greatly misunderstands the economics of God's Kingdom. And if anybody wants to go and do likewise, he will have to give a good large sum before he begins to reach their standard of self-forgetful and self-sacrificing benevolence." — *Missionary Herald*.

A young lady on being asked where her native place was, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" When the reply from a little girl came, pat and prompt: "Please, air, ministers should earn not to preach too long sermons."

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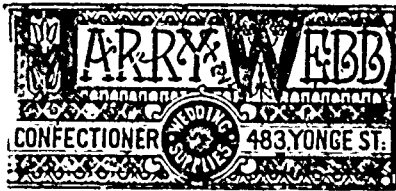
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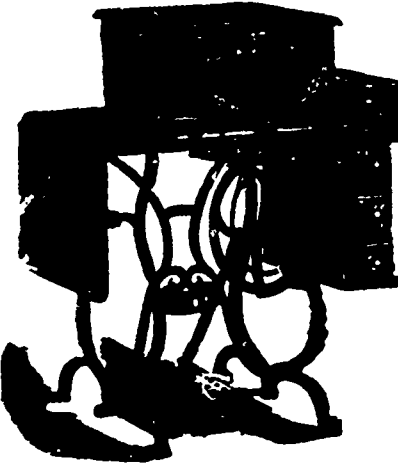
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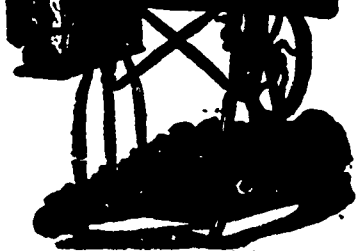


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