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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1887.

[No. 21.]

Editorial Jottings.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" So merrily sing the children, as their bright eyes gleam with thoughts of Santa Claus and his gifts. Light hearts, may the great Santa Claus fill your lives with His blessings, and gather you truly into His loving arms. "Christmas is coming," thinks the careful mother, as she ponders over those gaping stockings which will soon call for something to fill. Blessed motherhood! Not even Eden's fall has destroyed the heavenly self-forgetfulness and patient joy of a mother's devotion, a wife's daily sacrifice, without which home would be—as where such is not—a den and a desolation. A Christmas blessing on the mother and the wife. "Christmas is coming," thinks the bread-winner, as he thoughtfully balances his gains and his losses, with a view to meet with honesty the many claims the season demands. Be painfully anxious for nothing, but trust in God, and do the right.

"CHRISTMAS is coming," and the chair is vacant, for the grave is full. Ah, the lost one keeping Christmas in the many-mansioned home, where vacant chairs are waiting to be filled! Not empty, as here, for ever. Blessed hope, may it burn ever bright. "Christmas is coming," and the glad note sounds weirdly in the home—if such there be—of the poverty-stricken. Ah, the joy of doing good! May some bright angel shed some ray of loving light where the children cry for bread.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" May every heart echo to the angel song, to God the glory, and on earth the peace. Let none be without some response to the heavenly strain.

"THE Christ is coming!" Glad news to the waiting heart, the weary life, the careworn and the

faithful. Coming to make all things new, and make all earth resound with the song which on the first Christmas night spread joy over Bethlehem plains. Even so come, the new Christmas. Come, Lord Jesus.

A SERMON has been preached, and widely published, virtually advocating "moderate drinking." The consideration which, above all others, will condemn the same is that it will be read with delight in every saloon and whiskey dive throughout the Province. When the devil shouts approval, the Christian had better cry a halt. Easy is the descent, but to rise, that is the endeavour, that the labour. We desire the ascent, and to aid therein.

A MEETING is called for in London, England, to confer on unity in foreign mission work. A deputation has visited Toronto to urge the sending of representatives. The denominations are responding. At a representative meeting of our own churches in Toronto it was suggested that the secretary of each district association should by correspondence obtain from their respective associations the name of one pastor and of one member to represent our interests there. The names are required before the end of the present year. Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., Toronto, is the member of the General Committee, representing the denominations, and to him the names are to be sent. The meeting is to be next June, and accommodation will be provided for the delegates during their stay in London. As the time is short for entering names, and it is important that our churches be represented, it is hoped that this suggestion will be acted upon by all our association secretaries and by the Union secretary of the Lower Provinces forthwith.

ATTENTION is directed to the change in the address in the management, etc., of this paper, on the last page.

THE AUTUMNAL SESSION OF THE CON-
GREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND
AND WALES.

Leeds, the real capital of the great county of Yorkshire, was honoured for the third time by the presence of the representative men of the English Congregational Churches in their autumn conference. The number of members and visiting delegates was about 950.

The *Christian World*, ablest and most influential of all religious newspapers, writes its editorial comment on the gathering under the caption, "An Epoch in Congregationalism." To some extent that descriptive phrase is strictly accurate, though probably the first flush of delight of our liberal contemporary at the trend of the principal speeches and addresses prompted a heading with, at the least, a touch of exaggeration. Still the splendid address from the chair, the important paper read by Professor Wilkins, and the speeches thereon of Drs. Fairbairn and Stevenson, and, above all, the reception these met from the general audiences revealed a theological spirit and doctrinal position which means a virtual revolution. In the space at our command to deal with all or even a moiety of the vital questions introduced during the three days' deliberations would be impossible. Our ambition must be the humbler one of stating personal impressions and helping our readers, through a knowledge of the chief men who spoke, to a fuller appreciation of the reports which they can get in the English papers.

As never before were the two branches of Congregationalism so lovingly allied, nothing could have been happier than the selection of Dr. Clifford, an eminent London Baptist minister, to be the preacher of the year. Dr. Clifford is not only one of the most influential and popular preachers of the day, but he holds the honour of being chairman-elect of the Baptist Union for the coming year. A man in the prime of life, a thorough student, fluent and rhetorical in speech, and sometimes rising to real eloquence, with an undefinable personal magnetism. We give full credit to the report that the Doctor's sermon on Monday evening was a genuine success. The thought elaborated was the science, the culture and the philosophy of the day knew much, but did not know God, and the danger attaching to their teaching was that they might take away all that was gracious and redeeming in the theistic idea; while on the other hand Jesus, as the revealer of God, was the solution of all problems.

By his service as chairman for the year, Dr. MacKinnell has laid the Congregational Church under deep obligation. First of all, we feel proud to be represented before great England in a manner so digni-

fied, so rich in culture, so purely spiritual. Then to have two such addresses as those he delivered, is to have our inheritance of instructive teaching on the essence of our church life and faith splendidly enriched. The later production possibly is the more valuable, though, remembering the unfolding in the former of the sublime nature and mission of a Christian Church, we venture the judgment with some hesitancy. "The Life of the Spirit" was a selection of topic as natural to the man as song to the nightingale. His gifts and acquirements drew him to the theme and fitted him to handle it. The pure eye to which the vision of light is granted, the heart full of tremulous sympathies, yet reverently brave in its search for the true, the nature at once conservative in its best sense and in touch with every proclamation of liberty to the captive mind, a scientist with a mixture of the mystic, a worker as well as a thinker,—these, embodied in the individual, explain the product we possess in this brief tractate.

Forsaking chronological order, we take the order of importance of subject. This unquestionably runs to the front Professor Wilkins' paper on "The importance of making systematic arrangements for the scientific study of theology." In the present condition of religious thought in England, and in the midst of cultured men to whom the right and usages of individual judgment were as vital breath, to open up such a subject demanded exceptional competency. It was found in Mr. Wilkins. Let us speak for a moment about the man. He was nurtured in boy life amid the fine surroundings of a high type of a Puritan home. His father was a deacon in our church in Clapham. After a grammar school training in Bishop Stratford, in Berks, he went up to Cambridge as a scholar in St. John's College. His taste lay in classical study, and it is worth mention that his most intimate university friend was the senior wrangler of his year, Mr. Moulton, now occupying a high position at the Chancery Bar. If Moulton was supreme in mathematics, Wilkins was nearly so in classics, and, we believe, he was only beaten in the tripos by young Kennedy, from Shrewsbury, son of the celebrated headmaster. Mr. Wilkins is now professor of Latin in Owens College, Manchester, evidence enough of the possession of more than classical scholarship. Though still young, so thorough and wide in reach has been his student life, he stands today one of England's most thoughtful and best cultured sons. It is this fact which gives such emphasis to a statement made in his paper: "I have not the shadow of right to speak with authority on the question of evolution. But mixing as I do very much with the younger leaders of science, I do not fear to assert that it is accepted by them with practical unanimity as an unquestionable solution of the *physical*

origin of man." We strongly urge the careful reading of this paper upon our ministerial readers especially ; for it is not often we get the chance of having this great field of study dealt with by a foremost scholar and reverent Christian, who acknowledges that convictions are deeply rooted in the finest intelligence of the age which are simply fatal, not indeed to the truths which are most precious to us, but to the forms in which they have commonly been cast, and to the arguments by which often we have endeavoured to support them. Here is a man, to apply a phrase of the chairman,—he has seen the decay of dogma and survived it, for he ends with a confession of faith evangelical to the core.

We pleascably note the fact of our dear friend Dr. Stevenson, speaking instructively and boldly in this discussion. One sentence of his we must quote : "The Christ that stands behind those four Gospels is infinitely greater than the four Gospels themselves." It was reserved, however, for Dr. Fairbairn to kindle the full enthusiasm of the audience. On the previous evening this weighty speaker had made a transcendent speech on two principles as incarnated in John Milton, one of the greatest and most representative of all Independents. For literary finish and lofty thinking, no such speech was made at these meetings. Now in quite a different department of thought this wonderful professor holds his listeners spellbound and worthily brings to an end one of the most important debates ever held in the Union. Who is this man? some may ask. A brief look-out at himself may be as interesting as an exposition of his speech.

Many years ago at the close of a public meeting held during the session of the Scottish Congregational Union gathered in Aberdeen, we had come from the platform to the vestry, when there entered a gentleman, evidently a clergyman, who introduced himself as Mr. Fairbairn of that city. For the moment we concluded it was the author of the book on "The Typology of Scripture." With the most natural and winning modesty he made the correction, and told us he was but the pastor of a small Evangelical Union Church in the Granite City. Pleasant words were uttered about some poor sermon of ours, and we parted, ourselves little dreaming we had been talking to one soon to prove himself the greatest living master in the domain of Christian Apologetics. It was a fortunate day for more than our college in Airedale when this retiring student and fine genius was unearthed. The moment he obtained his proper sphere his unique gifts lifted him into European fame. How perfect is the Divine teaching? Years of obscurity in some small pastorate in Saltcoats or Aberdeen ; yes, but these give the priceless time and opportunity for high position beside the grandest teachers of his time. In personal appearance his lot is not one of

special favour. He is short, with a thin delicate frame, that looks too frail for the spirit within. His head compensates for all, it is so finely formed, the only drawback being the red covering. The eye is good and dreamy, and one glance at the eager intellectual face proclaims the student, for it is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." As a speaker with a fit audience he ranks with the ablest, every sentence is a gem and the poetic richness—never approaching tawdriness—which, like fragrance from the rose, exudes from the whole is, like Christabei, "beautiful exceedingly." But oh, the physical mannerism ; tone of voice, hesitancy of utterance with not infrequent bodily contortions form no common drawback to Mr. Fairbairn as a popular speaker. No doubt genius can laugh at defect, but what an orator our Oxford professor would be, had he aught of the grace, ease, command of voice and dignity of gesture, say, of the late Robert Vaughan. Perhaps it may be as Goethe says, "God has taken care trees won't grow through the sky." While reading Prof. Wilkins' paper and speeches thereon, up would rise the wondering question, What would happen if by some miracle this could have taken place in any representative denominational assembly in Canada? An incident which took place at another of these meetings gives answer. A number of young ministerial lions had met to discuss the condition of Ireland. In wildest form they had given expression within the safe sanctum of a hall in Leeds to the most fiery nonsense as to our ministers on the spot taking leadership on the Parnell side of the Home Rule question, when up rose a minister from Belfast—Rev. J. Fordyce, by name—and said : "Brethren, were I to preach Home Rule from my own pulpit, my people would think me mad."

In our issue of November 1 we had a few sentences on Dr. Hannay, the secretary of the Union, as a speaker. As a specimen of his power we call attention to a magnificent speech of his on Church Guilds. It is in his finest vein and there is a delicate poetic spirit in some of the sentences quite Wordsworthian. Take this : "It is always time for sowing, and I do not know that any rain from heaven will so refresh the fields and make them fruitful as the tears of him who sows." The idea of these Guilds is to organize the young life connected with our congregations on a basis broad as their entire nature. Through the sports and amusements of youth as well as through their moral and mental training, the church of Christ should breathe its spirit. Meditation upon this might not be without profit to our churches.

Another of our leading speakers—the Rev. J. G. Rogers, of Clapham,—took a prominent part in the Union Meetings. Few men have served his denomination more devotedly or more successfully than Mr.

Rogers. A man of exceptional strength, mentally and physically, passionately found of controversy, and with a manner almost brusque to bluntness, the general conception of our brother is that of a mere Boanerges, a terrific opponent in debate, an imperious pastor; but the last soul in the world to whom any child of sin and sorrow, or any heart burdened with cares, would dream of approaching. Never was mortal more completely misjudged, we might add maligned. In that strong breast beats a heart tender as a woman's, aflame in a moment to any true tale of distress and generous to extremes with charity's sweet help. To the end of England he will hurry off at the appeal of some poor struggling country brother, or small village church at his own charges, to preach or lecture on their behalf. The friendship between Dr. Dale and himself is akin to that of David and Jonathan, and it may be truthfully asserted that Mr. Rogers' love for his brave comrade in a hundred battles, "passes the love of women."

Room must be made for another layman. At the close of the exciting diet of Wednesday morning a paper on "The necessity of maintaining the Christian spirit in political conduct," by J. C. Carwell Williams, the real leader of the Liberation Society in England. As he was quite recently one of the members of Parliament for Nottingham, and during the last election was an influential member of the Radical caucus committee, no one could have had greater opportunities for observing the especial need in these days of eschewing all partisan bitterness. There have been instances of professors of the Christian faith "lying for God," but in the world of politics, from Sir William Harcourt to Conybeare, the fool of the House of Commons, lying for party is worn like a crown. With a wisdom and impartiality worthy of commendation Mr. Williams handles his dangerous subject. We wish for the sake of our Dominion that one of our secular contemporaries would publish the paper in full. Few men can have spoken on so many public platforms as Mr. Williams, and his advocacy has been chiefly on the burning theme of anti-State Churchism, yet during all he had so held himself that a great religious body selected him to present their conception of the true spirit of political controversy. No higher compliment was ever paid him.

Another day we may try to sketch a few more of the notabilities taking part in these meetings, and certainly one of the noblest of them all is that fine scholarly Christian gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Eustace Conder, pastor of the largest church in Leeds.

Loath to quit these pleasant memories, space compels, and so we end with a glance at the future. During these meetings it was announced that in the coming summer Canada is to be favoured with an official visit on the part of the Rev. W. Fielden, secretary of

the English Colonial Society. A wise resolve indeed, and hearty will be the welcome Mr. Fielden will receive. But such is the extent of the field over which our visitor will have to travel, and so many and so minute the details which, as secretary, it will be his duty to examine, that a special service, also needed by our churches, Mr. Fielden alone could not even begin. We crave then an added English representative, and if either the Colonial Society or the Congregational Union will send as companion one of their foremost men and greatest speakers they will confer a blessing upon men and churches struggling in their weakness and poverty to render faithful service to Him who bought them with His own blood.

"WESTWARD HO!"

From the tender and inspiring meeting in the Northern Church, with its hearty God-speeds and well-wishes, we stepped on board the train, bound for the West. As the last faint tones of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," sung by the friends who came to see us off, died upon our ears, we felt for the first time a sense of loneliness creep in upon us. We had begun a journey, which, when completed, must, for many months to come, separate us far from home and friends and work, about which our very heart-strings had entwined themselves.

But we were not alone, for the Master, whose we are, and in whose name we went forth, said, and continues to say, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end."

A railway journey, and in the dark, northward from Toronto, through Newmarket, Barrie, Gravenhurst, etc., has little of interest in it to report.

We slept, and in the morning the scene which greeted our eye was not an inviting one. We were in Muskoka. Bare and blackened tree-trunks, rocks and hills, snow and ice, were the chief and almost only objects in a dreary picture.

At North Bay we struck the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and settled ourselves as quietly and comfortably as possible, not again to be disturbed until Winnipeg was reached.

From North Bay westward to Rat Portage, and beyond, the country is an all but unbroken wilderness. Desolation reigns supreme from one end to the other. For two days and two nights we rolled along through this dreary, uninviting region. In the vicinity of Heron Bay, where the railway begins to skirt the shores of Lake Superior, the wild, rocky islands, the bays and curves around: bays and inlets, together with the bridges and tunnels on the track, serve to relieve, in a pleasant way, the monotony of the scene.

At Trudeau we turned out at four o'clock in the morning to see the agent, a Belwood youth, son of

good Methodist people there. At the request of father and mother, we shook hands, delivered a parcel, and had a few words with their boy, so far away from home. The train was off in an instant, but both the lad and ourselves felt better for the meeting. Farther on the same day we met another Belwood youth—from good Congregational stock. He is also a station master on the line, and was gladdened by the sight of somebody from "home." Christian men and women, do not forget these young men scattered here and there along this lonely line, but now and then send a thought and a prayer after them, that they may be guarded and kept from the evils incident to isolation and frontier life, and that they may be, even in these far-away places, honoured instruments in helping to advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

At Port Arthur a few words were exchanged with a former teacher of my own, now a successful physician there. The lapse of years has left traces in the shape of gray hairs and a well rounded form, but the same warm heart and kindly face was there as in the days of bare feet and dinner pails, marbles and snowball fights, and a little modicum of study taken to keep the system right.

At Winnipeg, which place was reached on Saturday forenoon, a pleasant half-hour was spent with the popular pastor of the Central Church. The farewell words of Mr. Silcox were characteristic and to the point, "Go, and do all the good you can," he said, as we bade each other good-bye.

Portage la Prairie was reached soon after noon, and here a quiet, restful Sunday was spent, worshipping with the Methodists and Presbyterians, and giving a short talk to the Sunday school of the latter church.

After spending a day or two prospecting in the Portage, I started for Brandon. At Sewell I left the railroad in search of a brother, who is farming on the prairie. Making enquiry of a gentlemanly young fellow at the station, I received the kindly direction, "You'll find a trail at the other side of that bluff; follow it north eight or ten miles." Away I started, valise in hand, over the prairies, and for miles saw nothing to indicate civilization, save the waggon trail on which I walked. Soon night fell, and I was alone on the prairie. The weird, lonely stillness of the scene produced a feeling never before experienced, and the only relief afforded was by the cry of wild fowl as they winged their way overhead, and the bright light which gleamed from some distant prairie home.

After going out of my way about a mile I found my brother's house. I was tired, and was surely possessed of all the physical qualifications at least to be enumerated in the class known in Western phraseology as "Tenderfeet." The meeting, after a lapse of six years, between two brothers, can be better imagined than described. A pleasant day was spent on this

Western homestead, walking over a beautiful farm of three hundred and fifty odd acres, with scarcely a waste foot upon it, talking over the scenes of childhood and the good folks at home in Garafraxa, of father, and brothers and sister, and of mother, too, taken home to be with Christ since last we met. Hardships and trials, incident to Western life, were recited which brought moisture to eyes unused to weep, and choked off words that would fain have made reply. But a brighter day is dawning. The clouds are breaking away, and the sun is beginning to shine, and as we gathered around the family altar in the little prairie home, we could thank God for all the past, the bitter as well as the sweet, and realize with a sweet, calm trust that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

Next day we were off for a twenty-four mile drive across the plains to Brandon, on a buck-board, in the face of a bitter north-west wind. Brandon is a beautiful town situated on an incline at the foot of which meanders the muddy Assiniboine. Here I bade my brother good-bye, hoping often to see him so long as we are spared and permitted to live in this Western land.

I then spent a day or two gathering such information as I could in the interests of the Missionary Society. By previous arrangement, and at the request of Congregational as well as Baptist friends, I returned to Portage la Prairie and preached in the Baptist church, which is at present without a minister. Afterward I met, by appointment, a few of the Congregational people of the place and found them deeply interested in the work of the society, and anxious to have a Congregational missionary at work in their midst. But my commission was to Brandon, consequently I returned to make a more thorough canvass of the place.

The two towns I found to be about the same size, Brandon probably the larger of the two, with a population possibly 2,500. I believe this would be the extreme limit. That Brandon will always be a place of considerable importance there is every reason to believe; but I do not think the growth will be either rapid or great for some time to come. That we should have a church in this centre I am deeply convinced, but for the present I found the place well churched. There are in the place two Presbyterian churches, one Baptist, one Methodist, an Episcopalian, together with the Salvation Army, and all, with the exception of the last and perhaps one Presbyterian, strong and aggressive. I found four Congregational families on the eve of removal from the town, thus leaving two families in town and one in the country upon which we have a claim.

Taking these circumstances into consideration as well as others of which I need not speak at present

and after consultation with the friends there, I came to the conclusion that since we had delayed so long to occupy Brandon we could not possibly lose by a short delay at the present time, and might gain much by it. The friends, however, appointed one of their number, Mr. J. Howard, to act as secretary for the Congregationalists of Brandon, to keep track of one another, to seek out others who may from time to time settle in the place, and to serve as a medium of communication with myself and the Home Society. They have also agreed to hold meetings among themselves from time to time, so that even now we have the rudiments of what I trust one day may be a strong aggressive Congregational church in this Western city.

I then returned to Portage la Prairie to begin permanent Christian work in the interests of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society, one of the Brandon friends saying to me as I left, "Go and begin work there, if there is work to be done, and we will, at any rate, have a Congregational Church nearer us than ever before." That we have a work to do here, I'm convinced, but we shall have to be contented with small things for a time, but the day of such things we do not despise.

We have rented the Council Chamber for Sunday services and commenced in dead earnest our work there on November 18. By the kindness of Doctor and Mrs. Franklin a room in Lansdowne Colloge has been put at our disposal for week night prayer meeting, so that we have fairly launched out into the deep, and have let down our nets for a draught. There is missionary work to be done in the place, may the Master help us to do it.

We are a little company, but we have given our hearts and our hands to the work. That it will be hard and discouraging at times, we fully expect; but we are knit together by the bonds of Christian fellowship in the first place, and secondly by a conscientious love for our own denomination, so with the Divine Master's blessing and presence we go forward to the success He sees best to bestow.

A. W. GERRIE.

THE Rev. Mr. Jackson has been visiting several Canadian centres in order to interest the friends of missions in the World's Missionary Conference to be held in London next June. A meeting was held in Toronto last week, at which Rev. Dr. Kellogg presided. Revs. Dr. Castle, Professor MacLaren, Septimus Jones, Elmore Harris, A. F. McGregor, and Hon. John Macdonald and Mr. John L. Blaikie were present. Sub-committees were appointed to confer with the missionary boards of the different denominations in reference to the appointment of six delegates. A committee was also appointed to designate suitable persons to write papers on missionary topics, especially pertaining to this country, to be read before the Conference.

PREACHING WITH AND WITHOUT MANUSCRIPT.

A recent article in *Macmillan's Magazine* expresses the opinion that written sermons are "gradually falling into something like disrepute, and extemporary discourses are all the rage." I am afraid that even the latter class of discourses cannot, without considerable exaggeration, be said to be "all the rage," except it be when some pulpit humourist like Sam Jones comes along, which is not very often. The undeniable fact is, that preaching, whether with or without use of the manuscript, is "gradually falling into something like disrepute." Why is this? There are many reasons for it, quite independently of the main question. Time was when people would go to church, and patiently hear long winded discourses from solemn-faced divines, who spoke with "holy tone." It was an infliction and a punishment, but they endured it for the good of their souls. They had much reverence, too, for the minister, and regarded him as a kind of super-human being, with whom contact of some sort was necessary in order to salvation. But all this is of the past. People know better now. They have lost faith in solemn looks, holy tones and wearisome platitudes; and they know that the preacher is only a man, like themselves; in some cases, alas! not much even of a man. The public are, no doubt, culpable for the want of interest in preaching, to a certain extent, and I do not wish to screen the guilty, any of them. But my present object is more especially to address my brethren in the ministry, and ask them if we are not largely responsible for that "something like disrepute," into which preaching has fallen? I have been out of harness for nearly two years, owing to the state of my health, and have come back to it with a firm persuasion that a thoroughly wide-awake minister need not and will not lack hearers. In reviewing my own work I see the two great defects—poverty of thought and want of fire. I can see many more, but these loom up as the two most prominent faults, and I think they are those of the ministry generally. A sermon, whether delivered from the MS., or extemporaneously, needs to be packed full of ideas. They are the fuel with which the preacher is to make the fire. "While I mused," says David, "the fire burned." The people must have something to think about, if they are to be made to feel. The preacher having got together a pile of good fuel, in the shape of soul-stirring ideas, must kindle a fire with them, by virtue of his own earnestness. Noise is not earnestness. Those words which which move all human souls most deeply, such as "mother," "home," and "heaven," are softly-spoken words. Lovers are in earnest, but do not vociferate. Noise is the crackle of a fire of thorns, earnestness the glow of a furnace. The furnace of true pulpit earnestness must be lighted in the study, and brought

to a white heat there, and then, whether a man preaches with or without manuscript, he will infallibly kindle the people. More than thinking must be done in the study. Prayer is even more important. The preacher must be a man of faith, able to discern things unseen, yea, to "see Him who is invisible." And he must take care not to go to the pulpit alone, but be enswathed with that presence of which we have the promise in the memorable words, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." If Cowper is right when he styles the pulpit :

The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause,"

and if those Scriptures are true which declare that preaching is God's chosen means for making the world better, then it is a public calamity for preaching to fall into "something like disrepute." No particular mode of preaching will improve matters. A manuscript discourse may be only like a bouquet of pretty flowers, and of what use are they to put before a crowd of hungry people? An extemporaneous discourse may consist from end to end of "sonorous platitudes." Either or both may be full of inspiring thought, intense feeling, life and power. The age furnishes examples of successful and mighty preachers, who employ both methods of delivery. Of all whom I have heard, I would put Spurgeon at the head of the front rank of extemporizers, and Swing in the foremost place of preachers from the manuscript. And if any man doubts whether fire can be carried in paper, let him hear Swing, and especially let him look at the vast congregation of leading minds in the most wide-awake city on earth, which this man has gathered, though awkward in gesture, weak in voice, and with unpleasant nasal intonation, but nevertheless rolling out big ideas, often only whispered, that kindle enthusiasm even in the hearts of unbelievers.

W. F. C.

St. Thomas.

EVANGELICAL ministers and laymen in St. John, N. B., held a meeting lately and formed an association for promoting the better observance of the Sabbath. The running of street cars on that day has given rise to this movement, though its efforts are not to be confined to combating one, but all forms of Sabbath desecration.

A GENTLEMAN, Robert Treat Paine, of Waltham, Mass., has established at Harvard a fellowship in social science, which bears his name and becomes available for the first time this year. The fellowship, whose income is \$500 a year, may be used either for home or foreign study, and may be awarded to a graduate of any department of the university who wishes to investigate "the ethical problems of society, and the efforts of legislation, government administration and private philanthropy to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITORS: *A. P. Solandt, B.A., F. W. Macallum, J. Daley.*

Many persons hail the approach of the Christmas holidays with joy, but in our case joy is very moderate on account of intervening examinations.

Student Macallum has been elected to the highest honour in the gift of his class at McGill University. He has been chosen valedictorian, and in that capacity will no doubt do credit to himself and to this college. He, as well as Students Mason and Pedley, go up for the degree of B. A. next spring.

The class who complete their course in theology next spring consists of Students J. P. Gerrie, B.A., A. P. Solandt, B.A., and Frank Davey. Churches looking to our college for pastors are invited to correspond with the above named gentleman directly or through Principal Barbour.

The friendly feeling existing between our college and that of the Presbyterians, across the street, is seen in the fact that they have requested us to send items of college interest for insertion in their *College Journal*. Mr. Gerrie was selected to supply our quota.

Rev. P. S. McKillop, M.D., of St. Albans, Vermont, addressed our students one evening on the benefit of a medical training to men who were going abroad as foreign missionaries. He plainly showed that while an ordinary missionary can do little until he has mastered the language, a doctor can practise at once, and thereby do much to win the confidence of the people. Mr. McKillop represents the Medical Missionary Society. It is international and interdenominational. Its aim is to assist suitable men and women in procuring a first class medical education for missionary work. We heartily endorse the object of the society, and hope that many will avail themselves of its privileges.

Through the kindness of some friends in this city, a barrel of apples arrived at our college on St. Andrew's Day. After a short time of intense excitement the contents of the said barrel were amicably divided, and now comparative quiet reigns, broken only by the occasional footstep of some visitor, who earnestly inquires: "Say; have you any apples left?"

We are glad to note the great advance that the McGill University Young Men's Christian Association is making this term. Its members now number over 200, and it has become the most influential of all the university societies. Most of our students are active members of it.

At the request of the literary society, Rev. K. M. Fenwick, pastor of Zion Church, addressed us, his subject being the Hebrew language. He showed how

important the mastery of this language is to the minister of God's Word. He enforced his arguments by illustrations drawn from his own experience.

At a recent meeting of the Literary Society it was our privilege to listen to an address by the Rev. F. H. Marling, of Emmanuel Church, Montreal, on "The Pastor's Library." From his extensive experience Mr. Marling was able to speak with authority on the subject, and much was said that will be helpful to the students in making selections of books for present and future use.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society for this term we had the pleasure of hearing a paper read by our good friend Mr. Hague. On account of his close connection with the college, his present interest in it, and his broad experience, words falling from his lips are listened to with great attention by the students. His subject on this occasion was "The Requisites for a Successful Minister," and he dealt with it in a very satisfactory manner. Any condensation of his thought would be an injustice to it. Suffice it to say that the great interest manifested by his hearers witnessed to the appositeness of his remarks. We were glad to welcome brethren of the other theological colleges to our meeting, and, if their expressions of approval manifest it, they too were highly interested in the lecture. Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College, made a few appropriate remarks at the close in endorsement of what Mr. Hague had said.

By the time the reader's eye glances over this column the work of another term will be almost ended. Thus far we are thankful to say that no serious illness has entered our college. The work has been pleasant, and the progress in study, we believe, has been on the whole satisfactory. Little preaching has been done by the students, as the churches hitherto supplied from college have pastors of their own. Now comes the time for a brief change. Dr. Barbour will spend the vacation with his family, at Yale College, New Haven. The Revs. J. Burton, B.D., W. H. Warriner, B.D., and Dr. Jackson have been here, and have given their usual courses of lectures. To our principal and lecturers we would wish the compliments of the season and a most happy vacation.

Good news comes from St. Andrews, where Mr. James McAdie, one of our recent graduates, is doing good work, and winning for himself the love and esteem of an appreciative people. One Sunday morning lately an anniversary service was held, at which two of our students assisted, Mr. W. Lee conducting the music, and Mr. J. P. Gerrie preaching the sermon. Nine persons were received into church fellowship, among whom were four members of one family, consisting of father, mother and two sons. In the evening an evangelistic service was held, when addresses

were delivered by Mr. McAdie and Students Lee and Gerrie. We wish our brother God-speed in his work.

INTER-COLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

There is an old saying to the effect that one-half of the world doesn't know what the other half is doing. It might seem a little extravagant to make that statement nowadays, when there are so many easy methods of communication between all parts of the world; but it is still true that everybody doesn't know everything. So it may happen that many of your readers have never heard of the Canadian Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, which held its third annual convention in Kingston last month.

Previous to 1884 it had been felt for some time that the students in the different theological colleges in Canada were not taking enough of interest in mission work, both home and foreign. Accordingly, in that year an alliance was formed by these colleges, which had for its object the cultivation of such a missionary spirit among the students as would lead them to take a deeper interest in mission work, and, as far as possible, give themselves to it. All colleges were invited to become members on the condition that they should be willing to work with the alliance. The first meeting was held in Toronto in 1884, at which the Rev. A. W. Gerrie, B.A., then a student, was present as the representative of the Congregational College. Owing to the small-pox no meeting was held in Montreal in 1885, as had been intended, but in 1886 the alliance held its second convention in that place. This year it was held, as stated above, in Kingston, the Congregational College being represented by Mr. Hilton Pedley. Papers were read by delegates on the following subjects: "City Missions," "Mission Work among the Canadian Indians," "Africa," "French Missions," "Japan," "The Development and Utilization of Native Resources in Foreign Mission Work." It is rather strange that the paper with the longest title was prepared by the smallest college in the alliance. The papers on the whole were good, the one on "Africa" deserving special notice. They gave rise to a good deal of earnest discussion, and all present felt that it was good to be there. Besides these papers, addresses were delivered by Dr. Schaffler, of New York, and Dr. Kellogg, of Toronto, the former speaking on home missions and the latter on foreign. In speaking of Sunday school work, Dr. Schaffler pointed out two ways of trying to fill the Sunday school: one was to beg the scholars to come, and the other was to make the school so attractive that they wouldn't stay at home. He had tried both ways, and preferred the latter, which with him has worked so well that for twelve years he has not asked a scholar to join his school.

Dr. Kellogg in both of his addresses encouraged very much the students who had made up their minds

to work in foreign lands by showing that as far as the language and climate were concerned they need have no fear. The Doctor has been a missionary himself, and therefore knows whereof he speaks. The annual sermon to the convention was delivered by Dr. Jackson, and those representatives who didn't hear it missed a treat. On the evening of the Sunday following the sessions of the convention the farewell meeting was held in the convocation hall of Queen's College. A three-minute address was given by a delegate from each of the nine colleges represented, in which reference was made to the missionary operations of each college, and to the impressions received from the convention. After a farewell address had been read to Mr. and Mrs. Goforth and Mr. Smith, who are about to go out to China, Mr. Goforth replied in a thoroughly characteristic address, and then the meeting was brought to a close by the students joining hands and singing "Blest be the tie that binds." The next meeting takes place in Cobourg, in November, 1888. Copies of the report of this convention will soon be distributed, and may be obtained at a trifling cost from Mr. Hilton Pedley, at the college.

REMINISCENCES OF HOME MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN CANADA IN THE EARLY TIMES.

Many of the pages that follow were not at first written for the press, but to be read by the writer at an association meeting which he was prevented by circumstances from attending.

There are perhaps few, if any, now amongst us, acquainted with the facts we record, or who possess the facilities for gathering them up.

The writer had not the honour of being connected with our Home Missionary Society from its incipiency. His personal knowledge dates back no farther than 1842, and he has documentary statements no further back than 1849. From that time, about thirty-eight years' memory can be refreshed and facts verified by published reports. For the seven years previous to that time he is indebted to his memory, to reflections made in the reports now in his possession, and to conversations held with brethren long since passed away.

The first church of our order that was organized in Ontario was that of Frome, then called *Southwold* after the name of the township. Its history in brief is this: In 1817 Mr. Joseph Silcox, a member of Zion Church, Frome, Somersetshire, England, then under the care of Rev. Timothy East, emigrated to Canada and settled with others in the dense forest about seven miles west of what is now the city of St. Thomas and seventeen miles south of the village of the Forks-of-the-Thames, now the city of London,

which at that time boasted of but *one* log house where whiskey was sold and lodging kept for man and beast. by one McGregor, if ever a stray traveller should find his way so far into the forest. Mr Silcox with amazing energy attacked the forest, "roughing it in the bush," sleeping for a while on the bark of a tree. His education, however, being in advance of the other settlers, he was employed for some six months as school teacher, boarding among the people who were composed of families of different religious views—American Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, Baptists and others. About the year 1819 Mr. Silcox succeeded in reconciling these elements and inducing them to form themselves into a church, which they did under the singular name of the "Congregational, Presbyterian, Prince of Peace Society," the first term denoting their independent form of government, the second that it was Calvinistic, like the Presbyterians, whose doctrines were well known and loved, the third term denoted their allegiance to Jesus Christ.

Mr. Silcox, having evinced ability for speaking, was called to take oversight of this church, for church it was. He was set apart to the work by a Mr. Philips and a Mr. Calver, who assisted in forming the society. Under Mr. Silcox's teaching the society grew, and God bore testimony to His own Word. He had preaching stations in three townships—Dunwich, now Iona, Southwold, near to Port Stanley, and Westminster, beside the present locality now called Frome. In 1819, sixty-six years ago, Mr. Silcox preached about this region in log houses and barns, for regular meeting houses there were none—in Dunwich, Southwold, St. Thomas, Dorchester, Westminster, and in Oxford in the house of Squire Ingersoll. The church was composed of fifty-two members, among whom, Mr. Silcox stated, great affection was manifested when they came together. In the latter part of 1821 Mr. Silcox returned to England for his wife and family, after four years' stay in these backwoods, expecting to bring them to the home he had provided in Canada. He remained, however, in England about seven years, securing the education of his elder children, following his vocation as a painter, glazier, etc., and preaching on Sundays in his native village of Corsley.

It was not to be expected that his flock in Canada, thus left without a shepherd, would fail to fall a prey and be scattered. Mr. Silcox who was in correspondence with this church in the wilderness, finally arranged his affairs to return to it, which he did in 1829, bringing with him his wife and family, among which was his boy *William*, then in his fourteenth year, now the aged father of the Rev. E. D. Silcox, of Embro, and Rev. J. B. Silcox, of Winnipeg. Rev. Joseph Silcox found the church at Southwold on return from England much broken up and divided,

Free Will Baptists and Wesleyans were both preaching through the settlements. A village had sprung up at London, and another at St. Thomas. On the return of the original pastor the scattered members rallied around him, and many of them were re-organized. One of the deacons and many of the members had become otherwise identified. Mr. Silcox's work was gratuitous. He laboured still in the mission work in the locality now called Frome and Iona, near Shedden, and near Port Stanley, and Westminster, riding on horseback with saddle bags. There were no buggies in the settlement, and only about three farmers' waggons in a stretch of ten miles. The conveyances were ox sleds for the most part.

After Mr. Silcox's return the church did not flourish as it did before.

The Rebellion of 1837-38 gave it another shock. The pastor was loyal to the backbone, the church sympathized with the rebels, one of the deacons and several members left for the United States, and the rest became alienated from the pastor, and obtained other ministrations for short periods. In 1842 they were again organized under their old pastor, by the help of the Rev. W. Clarke, of London, missionary of the Colonial Missionary Society.

Now permit me to go back a few years. Though this paper is only supposed to embrace mission work in Ontario, to complete the sketch we must refer to the work of the denomination in the Province of Quebec, because there *organized* mission work began. It is no disparagement to Rev. Joseph Silcox's work in Southwold and the townships around it, that he was alone in the field, and no Missionary Society at his back. He was, as far as can be ascertained, the first missionary on the ground.

In the Province of Quebec, the first organized effort of a missionary character was put forth for Canada, and was as usual with us on a catholic basis, Independents, Presbyterians and Baptists practically uniting in it. In the year 1826, seven years after Mr. Silcox formed the Congregational Church in Southwold's backwoods and was a solitary missionary in that region, "The Canada Education and Home Mission Society" was formed in Montreal, its directors consisting of the above-mentioned three denominations. Under its auspices, as connected with our body, the Rev. A. J. Parker was introduced to Shipton, as the first missionary of the society. The church at Granby was originated, also the church at Eaton, and pastors obtained for them. Mr. Wilkes, one of its directors, being at that time in the Mother Country, the Rev. John Smith, A.M., was engaged by him to train young men for the ministry, and many valuable books forming the basis of what is now our college library were collected.

At the same time and by the same agency, Mr.

Richard Miles was induced to come to Canada at his own expense, by whom Zion Church, Montreal, was organized, he becoming its first pastor. Mr. Parker entered the country in 1829, at which time there were only two or three churches of our denomination in the whole of Canada,

When the Colonial Missionary Society was formed in 1836, its design was to supply men to carry the Gospel to the colonies, as the London Missionary Society had for its special object the heathen, and to this work was very much confined by its constitution. Although the pressing wants of the colonies had induced them to employ measures to get out Rev. A. Lillie for Brantford, Rev. T. Baker for Kingston, Rev. D. Dyer for Hamilton, and Rev. Wm. Hayden for Cobourg, the difficulty felt by the London Missionary Society in stretching its constitution to support these men originated the Colonial Missionary Society in 1836.

By this society Rev. H. Wilkes, A.M., then of Edinburgh, was induced to return to Canada as the pioneer missionary and agent of the society. At that time he was called to the pastoral oversight of Zion Church, of Montreal, as successor to Rev. R. Miles, who had gone forth as missionary to a rural district. One year after this, in the spring of 1837, the Rev. J. Roaf was requested by the Colonial Missionary Society to leave his important charge in England, and to proceed to Toronto, where the nucleus of a church already existed, that he might take charge of that church as its pastor and act as the society's agent in Canada West—that is, west of Kingston—eastward of that point being assigned to the agency of Mr. Wilkes. Under these two agencies the Colonial Missionary Society conducted their operations until the year 1851.

At the same time the Eastern section of the general field acted through the Canada Education and Home Missionary Society in seeking to extend the cause in the land; while in Canada West it was felt that there was much need in rural districts of missionary labours. The Colonial Society, however, did not at first contemplate supporting missions in any localities but such as promised to become centres of population and speedily self-sustaining. Hence the Western churches formed, in 1840, a Home Missionary Society to meet the wants of the rural districts. It came about in this way: Rev. Ari Raymond was labouring in and about Oro to a settlement of coloured people and others. The work involved much labour in travelling from Oro to Argus and Innisfil and other preaching stations, all of which Mr. Raymond performed on foot, journeying for many miles, wearing the shoes off his feet. We are not certain, but think he got some help in his labours from the American Missionary Association. At this time some of the students of the newly formed Congregational Institute

in Toronto met weekly at the house of Deacon Wickson, with his family, for prayer and Christian fellowship. At these meetings the hard case of Mr. Raymond was rehearsed. As a result of this, a subscription was started, with which to buy a missionary horse for the use of this devoted servant of God. A box was provided, into which a weekly offering was cast at the fellowship meeting. This was the beginning of what afterwards developed into the Congregational Home Missionary Society. The original box in which these offerings were taken is now, or was till lately in the possession of Rev. Stephen King, member of Bond Street Church, Toronto, who was present at the incipency of the movement. In connection with the Colonial Missionary Society there were at that time the Rev. W. Clarke, sen., at London, Rev. W. Wastell, at Guelph, Rev. J. Nall, Burford, Rev. Sam Harris, Pine Grove, and Rev. Hiram Denny. Of the connection of the last two with the society we are not certain.

These men and their churches prosecuted missionary work in Ontario. The Rev. William Clarke opened preaching stations in Westminster, and soon had one or two stations in Warwick.

The early students found places as soon as they were out. They did not aspire to high things. The mistake—if it was a mistake—was in taking up too much ground. Many places were taken up that had subsequently to be relinquished. Nobody could certainly tell in advance what places we could certainly hold, or where the centres of settlement were going to be. When the Rev. W. Clarke settled in London he gathered around him not only the few Congregationalists that were there, but also Baptists, who had no church of their own there, and Christians of several of the smaller Methodist bodies who were not then affiliated with the leading body of that name. These all, as they gained strength and increased by immigration and by other means, each denomination set up housekeeping for itself. These all bade good-bye to the generous, liberal Congregational Church, into which they had turned in to wait and strengthen themselves. Instead of our catholic body being strengthened as London grew from a village into a town and from a town into an incipient city, we seemed to grow weaker. The Baptists went out; the British Wesleyans, or Missionaries, as they were then called, went out; the Primitives and Bible Christians went out. All these organized, and built churches of their own. The New Connexion and Secession, or U.P.'s, as they got to be called, did the same. And some of these began to denounce the liberality of the body with whom in their weakness they had at first found a home.

The result was that when it was thought to be time for our church in London to be independent of missionary aid it was numerically weaker than it was

years before, because of those who had left for sectarian purposes.

In these early days there was a readiness to take up new spheres, which we did, and others were quite as ready to follow us, so that we had no sooner found an inviting field to work in than other denominations would come in and divide the field. In many places we took unoccupied ground, but it was not possible to hold it, for several of the sects would at once follow, and where there were people enough to form one congregation they were often divided into three or four.

W. H. A.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS COLUMN.

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

BENEFITS AT A CENT A PIECE.

"That there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlour mantel. "That there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been a-learnin' of, ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin' room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've half a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece you know. You've got jest her coloured hair and you'r light complected like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett always was a master hand for laughin'. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she come in with them two boxes an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do' no but she done it just for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boarders, an' rents was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked criss-cross to me, and I'd got to have hard feelings against every one't looked's if they got along easier'n me, 'n I'd most give up goin' to church at all, for all I was a professor, an' I won't say but what I had some murmurin's against Providence—fact is I know I had—if you be a minister's wife! An' so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never thought of nothin' else. Then Mary Pickett she come home from

school, where she'd ben ever sence she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her, to get an edication, so'st to teach; an' got a place in the grammar school, an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about fmissions to that school till she was full of em, an' the very fust meetin' day after she come, she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she:

"'Aunty, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin', down to the church?' says she. 'I'll meet you there after school,' says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says:

"'Pretty d'oin's 'twould be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's an' leave the i'nin' an' cookin' an' set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife hearin' about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home and see to their work,' says I. But law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She jest laughed and said good-bye, an' I stayed and puttered over the kitchen work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; 'long about five o'clock, back she come with them two boxes.

"'I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy,' says she, settin' of it down, an' when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that one there, 'twas jest like it, an' it had a motto written on to one end. 'What shall I render into the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

"'Well, you're smart!' says I, an' Mary she jest dropped into a chair an' laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin' with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over. 'Guess the heathen won't git much out o' me at that rate!'

"'I s'pose that depends on how much you render,' says Mary, says she. 'You might try at a cent apiece awhile, jest for the fun of jit. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

"'Bout's many as grapes off bean vines I'd get!' says I, for I was more than usual low-spirited that night, an' I jest made up my mind I would keep count jest to show myself how little I did have. 'Them few cents won't break me,' I thought an' I really seemed to kinder enjoy thinkin' over the hard times I had, while I was settin' the table, with Mary helpin', an' I kep' sayin' little mean things about how I s'posed she wanted me to put in a cent for the smoky stove, an' for the bread that warn't light, so't I knew all the boarders would be grumblin' at supper, an' plenty more in that line, that she never took no notice of. Mis' Stapleton said once that Mary was a girl of great tact, an' I guess I know it better'n any one else.

"Well, the box sot there all that week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in it till next missionary meetin'

day. I was settin' on the back steps getting a breath of fresh air when Mary came home, an' I called out to her to know what them geese talked about to-day. That was the livin' word I called 'em—'them geese! Well, she come an' set down along o' me, an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was all about Injy an' the widders there, poor creturs, an' they bein' abused an' starved an' not let think for themselves—you know all about it better'n I do—an' before I thought, I up an' said:

"'Well, if I be a widder, I'm thankful I'm where I kin earn my own livin', an' no thanks to nobody an' no one to interfere!'

"Then Mary she laughed an' said there was my fust benefit. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find 'em, an' I dropped in one cent, an' it rattled round a few days without any company. I used to shake it every time I passed the shelf, an' the thought of them poor things in Injy kep' a-comin' up before me, an' I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an' felt as if I'd oughter put in another. An' next meetin' Mary she told me about Japan, an' I thought about that till I put in another because I warn't a Jap. An' all the while I felt kinder proud of how little there was in that box. Then one day when I got a chance to turn a little penny sellin' eggs, which I warn't in the habit of, Mary brought the box in which I was countin' of my money, an' says:

"'A penny for your benefit Aunt Mirandy,' an' I says:

"'This a'n't the Lord's benefit;' an' she answered: 'If 'ta'nt His, whose is it?' an' she begun to hum over something out of one of the poetry books that she was always a-readin' of:

God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

"Well, I dropped in the penny an' them words kep' ringin' in my ears, till I couldn't help puttin' more to it, on account of some other things I never thought of callin' the Lord's benefits before. An' by that time, what with Mary's tellin' me about them meetin's, an' me most always findin' somethin' to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I warn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, an' sorter searchin' round a little now an' then to think of something or other to put in a cent for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it. An' then one day, Mary, she brought me a little purplish pamphlet, an' she says:

"'Aunty, here's a missionary magazine I've subscribed to for you, bein' you're so interested in missions.'

"Me interested in missions! But when I come to think it over, I didn't see but wuat I was, in a way,

an' I said it over to myself, kinder curious, to see how it sounded. It was jest what they said about Mis' Stapleton, she 't was president of the missionary society. An' that night our new boarder he picked up the magazine, an' said,

"Why, what's this?" An' I said quite pleased, before I thought,

"That's a magazine that my niece, Mary Pickett, she's subscribed to for me, bein' I'm so interested in missions.

"My mother used to take it," says he. He was a young man, not much mor'n a boy, an' homesick I guess. I'd like to look it over, if you don't mind, he says. 'It looks like home.' So I was so pleased to hear him say that, for the boarders they don't most generally say much, except to find fault, that when I went out in the dinin' room, I jest put another cent in, for the magazine itself, part for what he'd said, an' part for what I'd ben a readin' out of it that afternoon; an' while I was dropping of it in, Mary she come up behind me an' give me a big hug.

"You dear old inconsistent thing!" she says, an' then I knew she'd heard what I'd said in the parlour.

"Well, it went on that way for quite awhile, an' it come to be a regular thing that a cent would get in there every time I heard about the meetin', I thought Mary would 'a' died laughin' when I put one in because I warn't born a cannibal—an' one day—I'll never forget that day, Mis' Malcolm—she was tellin' me about Turkey, an' she told how some missionaries henrd a little girl sayin' how the smallest thing in all the world wa'n't any smaller than the joy of her father when she was born. Them words went right through me, I was standin' over the i'nin' board, an' Mary was opposite to me, but all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my 'Liakim's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him a-leanin' down over our little baby, that only lived two weeks, the only one I ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemed to see 'Liakim smilin' down at it, an' it lyin' there all soft an' white—she was a white little baby—such a pretty baby—an' before I knew it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched clothes, an' I turned 'round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on 'Liakim's face when he held her that time. An' Mary, she see something was the matter, I guess, for she walked off an' never asked no questions. But all the rest of the day I kep' seein' that little face before me, an' thinkin' how I'd had her for my own, an' how I knew she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out to the dinin' room, an' I put in a little bright five cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her jest like everythin' else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money just then to spare anythin' big-

ger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was kissin' of 'em both I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up an' I was sayin', 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungrateful woman.'

"Mis' Malcolm I don't suppose you could understand—you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not at all sorry, for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jest prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece!' I kep' sayin'. 'A cent apiece for all His benefits!' Why, they come over me that night while I laid there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all around me. In the mornin' I went up to the box feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd ben forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that. For there was verses in the Bible that I used to get up early to read them mornin's, and there was the love of God that I'd never rightly understood, an' there was church, that I couldn't bear to miss now, an' there was the daily bread, that I'd never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night, when I found out how much I'd had in my life, an' begun to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had in, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top, an' said:

"That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one!" an' Mary she cried when I said it.

"So, when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the i'nin', an' we went off together, an' there was singin' an' everythin', jest as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been as rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine— an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I am the one; for I've been a-keepin' count of my mercies, at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more.' I says, beginnin' to cry, 'for when I begun to find out

what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, "Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel! You'll jest finish up this here box, the way you begun!" "An' here 't is,' I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies.' So I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton she begun to count, with tears a-runnin' down her cheeks, an' before she got through we was all cryin' together, for there was 350 blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five-cent piece that nobody knew what it meant.

"'An' now,' says I, 'for mercy's sake, give me another box, but don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!'

"So they give me this one, with 'The Love of Christ constraineth us,' on it, an' Mis' Barnes, that was the minister's wife then, she prayed for us all, about havin' thankful hearts, an' lovin' the Lord for what He's done for us, an' I went home with the new box that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's ben a different thing to me sence that day, Mis' Malcolm, my dear, an' that's why that missionary box is worth its weight in gold."

News of the Churches.

ALTON.—The friends in this place are struggling to regain position, and to rebuild their church building which was burnt. A collection from any of our churches, be it ever so small, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. W. Harrison, the secretary of the church there.

BARRIE.—We clip the following from a Barrie paper: There was a good congregation present at the Congregational Church Sunday evening when the pastor, Rev. J. R. Black, rose to give the causes of infidelity. These were: imperfection of the Church as an organization, and of a proportion of its individual members; a creed without the touch of life; unfair means of meeting infidelity; the apparent results of modern science; the indifference or rejection of Christianity by learned specialists in physical science, and ignorance, or vice, or intellectual pride on the part of the disbeliever. Quite a proportion present were evidently sceptics, but they all listened attentively throughout. The following Sunday evening the subject was "The Cure of Infidelity."

CANNIFTON.—This is a village about two miles north from Belleville. A church was organized here under our energetic brother, Mr. Main, on the 6th inst., and a building formerly occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church secured. We understand that about twenty families take part in the movement.

COWANSVILLE.—This church has invited Mr. A. W. Main, of Belleville, to the pastorate. The call has not yet been accepted.

PARIS.—The college collection for both deficit and maintenance amounts to \$70. Our Ladies' Aid on Tuesday of Thanksgiving week sent a thanksgiving box to one of our workers in Nova Scotia. The church here and the church in Brantford are being drawn more closely together. A party of thirty went from Paris to the Brantford Thanksgiving supper, and at the invitation of our church a company of fifty came to spend the evening with us. Both these gatherings were much enjoyed.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.—Mr. Gerrie has decided to settle in this place in preference to Brandon. He has commenced public service on Sabbath in the Town Hall Council Chamber. Attendance from twenty-five to fifty each Sabbath; collections liberal. A Bible class, with speedy promise of Sabbath school, has been organized. Prayer meeting is held in a room in the Lansdowne College, which was kindly offered by the principal for that purpose. Friends are rallying round our brother, believing he is the right man sent by God at the right time to do the Lord's work here.

ST. THOMAS.—This church has extended a call to Mr. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph. We understand Mr. Clarke is inclined to accept should the Executive Committee of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society endorse the same. Mr. Clarke has met with encouraging success during the services he has been rendering for the past month, and we shall rejoice to see the encouragement continue.

THE Northern Congregational Sunday School has a number of library books which have been used, most of them in fair condition, which will be given to any school that could use them with advantage. Address as below, stating how many books would be acceptable, and proportion for senior and junior scholars. H. J. Clark, 9 Front Street West, Toronto.

TORONTO WESTERN.—Anniversary services of the Sunday school were held on Sunday, the 13th ult. The Rev. John Neil, of Charles Street Presbyterian Church, conducted the morning service. His subject was "A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ." At the afternoon service the Hon. John Macdonald gave an address, dealing with the practical value of the work of the Sunday school. The Rev. S. J. Shorey, in his address, spoke of the claims of the laws of God upon the individual conscience. In the evening a large congregation was present, and listened with marked attention to a character-sketch of Jacob, given by the Hon. S. H. Blake. The singing by the scholars, led by Mr. T. P. Hayes, was exceptionally good. At the afternoon service the pastor, Rev. A. F. McGregor, spoke appreciatively of the fidelity throughout the past year of the superintendent, Mr. Herbert Langlois and the staff of officers and teachers. Altogether, the school has had the best year of its history.

TORONTO ZION.—Rev. J. L. Foster, formerly of Montreal, has declined the call tendered to him by this church.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—During my last trip to England I managed to spend a Sunday in London, and, of course, went down to Brixton Independent Church to hear our old friend Dr. Stevenson. I went in while the first hymn was being sung, and was at once struck by the size and superior class of the congregation everything seemed to say here, All is well. The church seats at the utmost 1,500, and the average attendance is over 1,000; there is not a seat to be had on the ground floor are all taken. I will not say anything further about the discourses both morning and evening than that they were fully equal to the best I used to hear from our good friend during the five years it was my privilege and pleasure to sit under his wise, good and sympathetic teaching, the influence of which I trust I may always carry with me. After the evening service I had the pleasure of hearing from him in his own house. That he is very happy in all his relations with his people and that they are much attached to him, from his manner in the pulpit I had judged to be the case; for there seemed to be an air about the discourses of one who was talking to and trying to wisely counsel and help those who were dear to him as friends. His voice was as good as ever, and easily heard through all the building. Though I have always felt deeply that his leaving Canada was a loss to us all, yet all of his numerous friends here will, I am sure, be very glad to hear that "the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places." Since his induction, eighty-four members have been added to the church, of whom twenty-four were on profession of faith, and this noted congregation seems now to have got again into full swing and bids fair to at any rate equal, if not surpass, what it was in Balwin Brown's best days.

It will be doubly gratifying also for you to know that not only is it a good, respectable and wealthy congregation, but also a working one. It has two mission stations—Mission Hall, Russell Street, and the Moffatt Institute, Campbell Street, Lambeth,—these are purely city mission works, comprising Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, with other regular services and church work. But the genuine nature of these missions is best seen from the work done by the Benevolent Society, which is divided into the following branches, each with its own officers: the Christian Help Society, which gives all possible help to the deserving poor in the district who are found out by the visitors, in the shape of food, clothing, blankets, coal and procuring admission to hospitals, etc., for deserving cases. It conducts also mothers' meetings, and aim to *help* and not to *pauperize* the poor. There is also a Provident Fund, Dorcas Society, Poor Children's Friend Society, a work room to provide needlework for poor people, the work being sold either privately or at the provident sales. This also is often the means of bringing together those who are in need of employment and those who want work done. Then come a night school for elder girls and women, and "dinners" at the Moffatt Institute

which are given for a penny, consisting of a plate of meat, vegetables, gravy and bread with a slice of suet pudding; the cost is about 1s. $\frac{1}{2}$ d., the loss of course being borne by the society. Further, there is a Mission to the Sick, a Mission Aid Society, a "Penny Bank," and a "Christmas Fund." Besides the foregoing, which belong to the mission work, there are, of course, a Sunday School, and Library and Discussion Society, etc., so that the needs of the poor seem to be thought of and as well looked after as possible. Of course all this work was organized under the late Baldwin Brown, and it shows the true vitality of the congregation, that it was well sustained through the long time that the church was without a pastor.

Now all is receiving fresh energy and increasing in usefulness, and Mrs. Stevenson with her usual vigour has begun a ladies' Bible class, the average attendance being about thirty. Dr. Stevenson has also taken hold of the young men's meetings. I feel I shall but echo the sentiments of his numerous friends all over Canada when I say that we all wish him God's blessing on all his and his people's work, and that he may have health and strength sufficient to carry it on for many years to come. Cannot some of our churches here learn a few lessons of Christian work from the noble example of this church.

Yours very truly,

P. H. BURTON.

Literary Notices.

MEMOIR OF REV. HENRY WILKES, D.D., LL.D. (Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons), is before us, a neatly printed volume, tastily bound, of 280 pages, with a portrait and autograph readily recognized. The introductory chapter by Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, is a capital *resumé* of Congregational history in Canada up to the time of Dr. Wilkes' activity in denominational work, and indicates the pioneer work done by the body in the early years of Canada's history. The insertion of these mementoes as an introduction to the life of our departed father was a happy thought, and has been as happily carried out.

And our friend, Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, has proved himself a worthy biographer of a worthy man. In writing and in gathering together these memoirs, not only has Mr. Wood paid a loving tribute to "my pastor and counsellor, by whom I was led into the kingdom," but he has written in large measure a history of the work done in part by the Congregational Churches of Quebec and Ontario. We feel sorely tempted to give extracts, but in truth these memoirs ought to be in the hands of all our friends. Therein may be read the history of a Christian minister, who with intense loyalty to his denomination ever maintained catholicity of spirit, who preserved unwonted calmness amid difficulties under which many not weak minded have sunk into the darkness; and who ever manifested a spirit of unselfishness and zeal which earned for him the admiration of his most intimate friends. He was not faultless we know, but through a long and busy life he witnessed for Christ as few have done, and "e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

THE PRINT OF HIS SHOE. Rev. W. W. Smith. (Boston: Congregational Sunday School Publishing

Society.)—This is a neat little volume of very short addresses, specially adapted for the young. Each address is a theme, a print of the Redeemer's foot. A capital fund of suggestion for children's sermons. Most heartily commended.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION (Chestnut Street, Philadelphia) have put forth from their press lately the following books suited for the young: BARBARA'S BROTHERS. By Evelyn E. Green, 448 pp., \$1.50.

OUT OF THE SHADOW. By Mary Hubbard Howell, 370 pp., \$1.50.

THE GOSPEL STORY for the Young, 303 pp., \$1.

PEARL'S LIGHT. By Ruby, 138 pp., 75 cents.

They are all prettily bound and fairly illustrated. As our prevailing Sunday School literature goes, these volumes are pleasant reading and free from all objectionable matter. Indeed our experience of the issues from this society has been that they may be accepted without question. For ourselves we must say in general that we are not *en rapport* with the prevailing tone of our Sunday School libraries, but accepting things as they are, we cordially commend as suitable Christmas presents all the volumes we have here noted, and in general the issues of the American Sunday School Union.

A RAILWAY LESSON.

It was a hot, dusty day when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and shiniest of stand-up collars.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said she tremulously. "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! by stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to friends in the East. My husband—my—"

"Ah yes; I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of

crape in the little travelling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now, you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam?" The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now."

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection—the American citizen's last resort. I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and quarters and ten cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke, and the money was given her. She tried to thank us all, but failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—C. H. Sheldon, in *Companion*.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. W. W. Smith, Editor, will be published (D.V.) on the first of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. 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. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications, editorial, business or otherwise, will be addressed Rev. W. W. Smith, Newmarket, Ont.