

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1886.

No. 10

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

A YOUNG man engaged scoffing in a bar-room offered to sell his interest in Christ for five dollars. A stranger quietly took out a five-dollar bill, with pen and paper, and asked the young man to write:—"I — do hereby renounce both now and forever all claim I may have in Jesus Christ, for the sum of ———," his hand trembled and stopped—ashy pale he said, "No, I may need him by and by." Scoffing was at an end. Reader, you have an interest in Christ—that of a sinner Jesus came to save. Are you selling it for a fit of spleen? for selfish pride? for a five-dollar bill in the way of dishonest gain? Like Esau is your birthright despised for a mess of earth's pottage? Ah, throw not away your hope in Christ for any world'y gain. What profit though the world were your's and you a castaway?

OUR Union meeting is approaching. Notices of meetings, etc., are found in other columns. Let earnestness be experienced as churches and pastors prepare to do their part in making the meetings profitable. Congregationalism implies "to every man his work;" no drones, no proxies. We are in this position, as it seems to us. An encouraging measure of success has been attained after a period of depression and of trial. A feeling of hopeful expectancy pervades the churches. To stop or to go back now is to invite a state worse than the former. A relapse is more to be feared than a first attack. Therefore we need to keep steadily before us the necessity of a wise yet courageous advance. We do not meet often, and we are separated the one from the other. Therefore the opportunities the Union affords are not to be lightly esteemed, or thoughtlessly pushed aside. Remember, we meet for the pleasure of work. Ottawa scenery is truly grand, and a glance

thereat is not forbidden, but we do not go there to enjoy scenery, or to view the Parliament buildings, noble architectural pieces though they are; we assemble to consult regarding Christ's kingdom and our working relation thereto. Let our churches remember these meetings in their prayers, and in active sympathy. Why should there be an unrepresented church in all our connexion? Brethren, rally round the Union, and may God give us abundant blessing.

WE draw special attention to the state of our college finances as per Treasurer's statement in another column. That we are not running behind as fast as before may be a matter of congratulation, but we are constantly adding to our indebtedness, and that is not comforting. That a permanent addition to the teaching staff is an immediate and pressing necessity is generally felt, but equally necessary is a large increase in our permanent contributions. To our mind both are needed, and needed *now*, and the annual meeting should earnestly set itself to face both issues if we are to keep the vantage ground gained, to live and not to die.

THE Labour troubles in Chicago have assumed serious proportions, lives on either side having been sacrificed. Our American friends however have taken prompt measures; the police are ordered to fire on the first provocation, the right of public gathering has been suspended, even Mr. Moody's meetings being stopped. We have every sympathy with those who toil, and gladly look forward to the shortening of the hours of labour as men learn to use their leisure hours with profit; man cannot live by bread alone; but the spirit of "down with everything" which appears to have pervaded the Chicago rioters, (who, it is fair to say are not for the greater part Americans, but

Bohemian nihilists,) can not be for even a day permitted to prevail where society looks for peace and order. There are social wrongs to be righted, but the truest way to right these wrongs in lands where liberty rules is, as Charles McKay sang:—

“We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong,
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striven in vain ;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.”

We have just received from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa the census of the Northwest Territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, taken in 1885. What work have we there? In Assiniboia there are reported 22,000 souls. Of these 2,000 are pagans, 477 “religion not given.” There are 119 Congregationalists, distributed thus, Broadview 60, Qu'Appelle and Regina 43, the remainder are scattered at Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Maple Creek, Medicine Hat. These places are all along the line of railway. Assiniboia has an area of 95,000 square miles. The Saskatchewan district, with an area of 114,000 square miles has a population of 10,746. No pagans reported, but “religion not given” 2,818. In this district 5 Congregationalists are found, all at Prince Albert, where the population is 5,373. The Alberta district has an area of 100,000 square miles and a population of 15,533. Religion not given, 1,169. At Edmonton we find 7 Congregationalists, 9 at Calgary and Red Deer, 5 at McLeod. In all these territories, covering 309,000 square miles, with 9,301 Catholics, 9,976 Anglicians, 6,896 Methodists and 7,712 Presbyterians, only 145 of our faith and order are found. We confess our heart goes out towards these scattered ones of our Israel, and we would that in some way we could send them greetings, and give them some service that would recall the blessings of an old home. These facts we give to the end that friends may ponder thereon, in view of practical discussion of our mission work at the coming union gathering.

There is a prospective field of mission work, though not of permanent occupation,

in these places where during the summer snow sheds are being erected for the railway and work of a similar description going on. Oh for a wealth of self-denial among us that would furnish men and means to press into the needy places of the land.

ADDRESS

*To the Students of the Congregational College, B. N. A.,
at the close of the Session of 1885-86.
April 14th, 1886.*

REV. JOHN WOOD, OTTAWA.

BELOVED BRETHREN,—The very pleasant but responsible duty devolves upon me, by request of the Board of Directors, of addressing you a few words, ere you leave your college home for the labors in which most of you will be occupied during the vacation. You will hail the change, I have no doubt, with pleasure and even a sense of relief. not because you tire of your work here, or because you expect to find much of rest, or relaxation, in your temporary charges, but because one sometimes tires at the work he loves best; and after six months of almost uninterrupted application and study, I am sure you deserve, and will heartily enjoy, such rest as a total change of scene and occupation may afford you. Even our blessed Lord himself, when he found the apostles wearied with the missionary journey from which they had just returned, said to them, “Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile,” (Mark 6. xxxi).—“and they departed—the Great Teacher and his Disciples—by ship privately.” Their Master is our Master still—as considerate of our necessities and strength as he is intent on accomplishing the purpose for which he died, and lives forevermore. “His commandments are not grievous.”

But “a want of occupation is not rest;” few of us could afford, none of us should desire such a rest. Your vacation is to be “a working holiday.” Happily for the churches as well as for yourselves, such arrangements are now made by the college and the missionary boards as secure to the students suitable spheres of labor, and fair remuneration for their services during the summer, thus preventing the necessity of their returning to secular avocations, and at the same time affording them valuable opportunity for stirring up and exercising the

gift that is in them, by the preaching of the word. I need not remind you that it has not always been so, and that some of the earlier students of the college not only "wrought with their own hands" for their support, while pursuing their studies, but that they often returned to the work of the session richer in faith, perhaps, but poorer in purse for having preached the gospel during the vacation. That state of things has, happily, passed away, and the work of the students has come to be regarded as a most interesting and important feature in our missionary operations. Going forth with youthful zeal and energy, they have often been greatly blessed of God in the quickening of the churches, and in gathering in a harvest of souls who, doubtless, have been prepared to receive the gospel under other ministries, but who, perhaps, needed just the kind of help some young Apollos could give them, and so were brought by him into the kingdom of God. Herein, once more, is that saying true, "one soweth and another reapeth." The Lord has a place and a work in his vineyard for every one of us; let it be our care to fill to the best of our ability, whatever portion he assigns us, and ascribe all the praise of our success to Him.

Your vacation work has two great ends in view—your own personal preparation for the larger ministry of future years, and the saving of sinners by the preaching of the gospel. Permit me to say a few words on each of these ends. First, as to your vacation work as a part of your training for the ministry. The days of "trial sermons," when a candidate was expected to prove his fitness or unfitness for the sacred office by the character of the sermon he read before a bench of "grave and reverend seniors," is happily passing away. Many a man can write an excellent theological essay with suitable exordium and application, and may even deliver it with grace and apparently with unction, who is utterly unfit for the pastoral office. Or he may possess the right spirit as well as all the necessary literary and theological attainments, while for want of an opportunity to exercise his gifts, and gain experience and aptness in their use, he may fall into such mistakes and errors in his early ministry as shall blight and discourage his whole future course. No trade or profession can be properly learned from books; the theory may be never so clearly explained, but the practical knowledge necessary to its successful prosecution can be ob-

tained only from working it out. The apprentice must not only see his master forge the shoe or mould the clay, or construct the machine, but his own as yet unskilled hands must attempt some humble part in the same process. The medical student must acquaint himself as fully as possible with the latest results of medical science, as taught in books and college, but he must walk the hospitals and begin to practice the healing art if he would become a successful physician. And the young minister in like manner, must have his clinical course, and learn from experience and intercourse with the people the divine healing power of the gospel. My illustration partially fails, I know, in that the young *medico* has beside him, as he visits the hospital, the experienced physician, whose hints and counsels relieve him of a large amount of the responsibility that would otherwise attach to his treatment of any critical case. And it would, perhaps, be an improvement on our present plan could we associate our under-graduates, during their vacations, with some of our more experienced pastors that they might thus have the benefit of their counsel and practice in ministerial and pastoral work. But, for the present, our paucity of men and means, and the urgent claims of long-neglected missionary fields, seem to forbid any such arrangement, and our young men have to go forth depending on the grace and strength of Him who has promised to be with us, and to direct the steps of such as acknowledge Him in all their ways. With the heart in the right place, a fair share of common sense and the eye ever fixed on the example and self-sacrifice of our Divine Master, no one, however inexperienced, need ever go far astray, or fail of success. But dear brethren, let me press upon you all the supreme necessity, if you would be "able ministers of the New Testament"—and you will observe the apostle doesn't say successful but "able," the bible says very little about success for that belongs to God—the supreme necessity of beginning right. This it is which seems to me to invest your vacation work with its highest value and importance, viz., that as you begin so you are likely to go on. "The child is the father of the man," and the divinity student makes the future minister. Permit me therefore, to very briefly hint at a few things which enter into my idea of a right beginning. And, first:

1.—You must have a right conception of the

work you are called to do. That you have such a conception of the gospel ministry, in the main; we assume and believe: your reception by the College Board is the attestation of their confidence that you have, and that you desire the work for the work's sake, and for the Lord's sake, and not from any selfish or worldly motive. But it is hardly to be supposed that your conception of it before entering college could be as clear as to methods and details as is desirable in those who are beginning in a tentative way the actual exercise of that ministry. It is of vast importance, then, that your ideal should be corrected and rounded out, by the teachings of Christ, and of the New Testament. The names by which the ministers of the gospel are spoken of in the Bible, are sufficiently suggestive—pastors, or shepherds,—evangelists, prophets or preachers,—watchmen, overseers, &c., they are reminded that they are to “catch men,” to “watch for souls as they &c.,” “to warn them from me,” says God, to be “ambassadors for Christ, to beseech men in God's name, and pray them in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God.” This is serious work—sacred work—responsible work; and while I am sure there is no danger of your ever thinking yourselves priests or confessors, having the destinies of immortal souls in your keeping, and dispensing absolution and those awful sacraments and rites *in extremis*, which are supposed to open the kingdom of heaven to those who receive them, it is imperative, if you would be successful, that you feel the solemn responsibility that attaches to the exercise of such a ministry, concerning which even Paul exclaimed as he thought about it, “who is sufficient for these things?” Such a sense of responsibility need not, ought not to depress you, but rather to stimulate you, for the same great apostle who so cried out, recovers himself, in almost the same sentence, and exclaims with almost equal fervor of spirit,—“our sufficiency is of God.” “I can do all things through Christ, &c.,” he says.—Cowper, you know, in “The Task,” has sketched for us his ideal of a preacher, such as Paul,—

“simple, grave, sincere,

In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture, much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too: affectionate in look,
And tender in address as well becomes
A messenger of peace to guilty men.”

A beautiful ideal; just a little sombre, perhaps,

wanting, if anything, in that glow of enthusiasm, and hopefulness, which we can fancy lighted up Paul's countenance when he wrote in the very same connection to which we have already referred. “Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge of us in every place.” But we have a still better guide as to what a minister of Christ ought to be, in the epistles which St. Paul wrote to Timothy and Titus, his own sons in the gospel, and which have been inserted by Divine direction in the sacred Canon specially for the guidance of young men like ourselves, (as also indeed for those who are older,) who are just entering upon their sacred calling. The candidate for the Christian ministry can have no better *rude mecum* than those pastoral epistles. You will, I am sure, find yourselves turning to them every day, with ever increasing profit and delight.

2.—Never forget that you are, for the time being, at least, ministers of Christ, as truly before ordination as after ordination, if the Lord has called you to this service. Ordination, as I understand it, does not make a man a minister, but only recognizes him as such; the Lord alone can call him to be an overseer of his flock, and to head his church. You will not be pastors, or elders, in the New Testament sense of the term, until some church invites you to its individual oversight, and you accept the charge. Our usages may make it undesirable that you should baptize or preside at the observance of the Lord's supper—although my personal view is, that all such acts are the acts of the local church, which may delegate anyone it pleases to perform them in its name, or rather, in the name of its Divine Lord and Master. But notwithstanding these seeming disabilities, you will be *de facto*, the ministers of Christ, and the pastors of the congregations to which you are sent, for the time being, and the people will look up to you as such. You will see the little children straightening themselves up under a sudden impulse of what is proper, as they catch sight of you when approaching; the workman will hurry to remove his pipe from his mouth and to check his hat to you as he passes; fathers and mothers will welcome you to their homes and assign you the place of honor at the table; the young ladies will court your smile and company, and old men who might have passed for your

grandfathers, will sit under the pulpit and listen to your prelections and counsels as if they were hearing words of wisdom from lips of ripened experience. This respect for the office of the Christian ministry has, no doubt, at times run to excess; yet I cannot but think it divinely implanted in the human soul, and a thing for which every young minister, at least, should be thankful, giving, as it does, a weight to his utterances far beyond what his years and experience might otherwise have entitled them to receive. It is indeed a sacred trust—a talent to be used, not for our own selfish ends, but for God's glory; a blessed leverage with which we may do the work He assigns us more effectively.

Truth to tell, however, this high heritage of the young minister of Christ, has sometimes turned his head, and that which Paul feared has come to pass, "being lifted up with pride, he has fallen into the condemnation of the devil." (1 Tim. iii. 6). I have always been thankful for a kindly letter sent me just after entering college, by a member of old Zion church, afterwards one of its deacons, and, I rejoice to say, still a member of the College Board, especially for two words it contained—the only words, indeed, I now remember—"keep humble." It was a timely and brotherly reminder of our Saviour's declaration, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth," etc., Luke xiv. 11, and in the same kindly and brotherly spirit which he dictated to me, let me commend it to you. The Lord can do nothing with a proud spirit but break it: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth," etc. (James iv. 6). "He filleth the hungry with good things, while the rich he sendeth empty away."

Worse still, if possible, is the empty self-conceit which is the registered trade mark of the ecclesiastical dude. You may know him by his faultless white necktie, black kids, and clerical coat collar, to which he devotes his undivided attention. You will recognize him in the pulpit by his "attitude and stare, and start theatric practiced at the glass," and out of the pulpit, by his consuming self-importance and passionated devotion to the crowd of giggling young ladies he draws around him. His forte is punning and story-telling and witty quotation, and travesty of texts of Scripture which can never again recur to memory without recalling the ludicrous associations connected with them. In short, instead of acting in a

manner becoming to his position as a young minister, and showing himself "an example of the believers," as St. Paul exhorted Timothy to do, (1 iv. 12,) he regards himself as a sort of privileged person who may do almost any ridiculous thing, within certain limits, because none will dare to express disapproval. I have been shocked and grieved at times, at the levity I have witnessed among young men (not, I am glad to say, of our own theological college) already exercising the sacred functions of the Christian ministry. Of course, I know there is a time to laugh, as well as a time to weep, but never a time to play the fool or jest about sacred things. A clown out of the pulpit will make but little impression when in it. To quote again from Cowper:

"He that negotiates between God and man
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin when you should woo a soul,
To break a jest when pity should inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart."
—*The Task, Book II., page 178.*

So much has been said and written of late, against long-faced Christians and funeral tones and manner in the pulpit, that there is some danger of our young people coming to think seriousness a sin. It is a sin, if it be not a truthful index of the thought within and is assumed only for effect, as the Pharisee disfigured his face of old. But surely the corrective of a mock solemnity is to be found, not in trifling or buffoonery, but in the free play of genuine Christian feeling. Be natural then, be yourselves. Deal seriously with things serious, but for the most part, pour your sorrows and your cares into the bosom of your God, and he shall "fill your mouth with laughter and your tongue with singing." The world will know why without your telling it.

3.—In this connection let me refer to another source of danger, incident to college life everywhere, against which your vacation work ought to, and I trust will, offer you a healthy counter-active,—I mean, the chilling of youthful piety and zeal. You have heard the warning before, I doubt not, but it needs to be uttered again. The influence of study, even of sacred things, is not always helpful to spiritual life, or stimulating to personal effort for the good of others. It may be that there is no necessary connection between close application to books and religious declension, and indeed we

know there is none; but however it be accounted for, the fact remains, that to very many, college life has been a snare, and that many a young man has entered the theological class ablaze with christian love and enthusiasm and has left it injured rather than benefited by his course of study—at least, so far as his spiritual life is concerned. I speak from experience upon the point, for I was conscious on leaving college, (although my term was passed there under what I think may be regarded as exceptionally favorable surroundings,) that I had deteriorated in my christian life,—that I had “left my first love”—and that my love of books had largely superceded my love of the souls of men. For two whole years I went mourning the loss I had sustained, until God graciously sent me spiritual quickening, in connection with a blessed revival of his work in the church of which I had become the pastor. I fear I have not been alone in that experience of college life; and yet, I repeat, I am sure it is no necessary adjunct of a course of study. The path of duty is ever the path of safety, and if the Lord has called you to a course of preparation for the gospel ministry, in this college, he can keep you from falling, and damage as the result of it. You need not to be pointed to your refuge, and ever present Helper: you know him already. “Only trust him.” Never think time gained that is saved from fellowship with him. Luther’s testimony is, “Bene orasse est bene studuisse,”—“to have prayed much is to have studied well.” Your Bible in Greek and Hebrew is good, your English Bible is better; just as food is better in the shape in which it comes upon the tables, than it would be after passing through the hands of the public analyst. The truths by which we are saved, and with which the soul is nourished, and grows up into Christ the head, ready and strong for service or for suffering, as the Lord may choose for us, lie upon the surface, like the manna with which God fed Israel of old: the things “hard to be understood,” with which you may have to wreath as expounders of the Word, are written less for nourishment than for stimulus, and the exercise of the soul in faith and patience, until the Lamb shall loose the seven seals of the Book of Providence and grace. If therefore you would escape the damage to spiritual life which so many have suffered during their college course, make your English Bible your daily companion, read it for your own personal benefit, and as you read, pray that you may “mark, learn, and inwardly digest” it, assured that what meets your own personal wants will also be found to be the very aliment your congregation needs. Beware of mere professional study of anything, but especially of your bibles. I have not a depreciatory word to say of broad and liberal culture in the ministry more than in any other calling, but the contrary. I would

that all our young men could take their B. A. before leaving college, and follow it up with any other degree, *ad eundem*, by which they would be better fitted for their future work. I have always regretted, and never more than to-day, that no such opportunities were within our reach when I was among its students. But we must never lose sight of the fact that the great ends of the christian ministry are spiritual, and that the prime qualification for such a work must be spiritual also. Our worst failures, I might almost say our only failures, have arisen from the lack, or the loss, of this qualification. “Study, then, to show yourselves approved unto God,—workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” From the care of the soul’s health to the care of the body would be a very easy and natural transition of thought, but with this single sentence as a reminder, upon that very important and practical matter—often forgotten by the over-eager student—I pass on to just one other point before closing my address, viz., fourthly:

4.—Your work out of the pulpit. Your success in the pulpit, as I have already hinted, will very largely depend upon your gaining and retaining the confidence and love of the people, and that, again, will only be possible as you worthily fill their ideal of what a christian minister ought to be out of the pulpit. No doubt you will find some people very exacting in regard to what they expect of a minister, but on the whole I think the tendency is rather the other way, and my observation would lead me to the conclusion that where their love is not chilled by apathy, or their confidence is not rudely shocked by glaring inconsistency on the part of the minister, the promptings of the people will be towards kindly and generous treatment. In other words, where a minister, old or young, is not well treated, or does not enjoy the confidence and affection of his congregation, in nine cases out of ten it is his own fault. The tenth case,—well, there’s misunderstanding at the bottom of it. I know it is said that our Congregational polity exposes a minister to the malice and wickedness of cliques and coteries of disaffected men, who, for any purpose of their own, may desire to thwart the pastor, or drive him away; there is no doubt that that is the weak point in the system, and one which needs to be wisely corrected by the calling in of neighboring brethren for counsel and help. But our chief reliance, humanly speaking, must be on the spiritual character and intelligence of our membership, and again I say, that with a church so constituted, the case will be rare indeed, in which a christian minister who deserves the respect and love of the people who surround him, will fail to receive it. Time will not allow of my entering into details here as to what I think may properly be included in this ministry out of the pulpit, I

can only name three or four things of chief importance in closing. Pay special attention to the young; I might almost say, do your very best work among them. "Despise not one of these little ones" "Feed my lambs." These are the injunctions of the Master himself. And by "little ones" I think he means the children—as young as they were brought to him in the mothers' arms. Encourage mothers to bring them to church, and pray for grace to enable you to bear it, even if they should cry or make a little noise. It is the only way in which many mothers can get to the house of God at all. But whether or no, care for the very little ones, as well as the young men and maidens, for not only will you thus win the hearts of the fathers and mothers, but you reach them then in their most impressible condition; and remember that if a child is old enough to sin it needs forgiveness, and is old enough to believe in Jesus. Lead them, as far as you can lead them, to him. Make it your practice always to be at the Sabbath School, even if you don't teach a class. I think a third service, which I know many of our ministers have to take, is a very costly one if it deprived the Sabbath School of the presence of the pastor. Care for the sick and suffering. Those in health can do, and will be willing to do, with less visiting if they know the sick are cared for. Affliction and suffering will open many an ear before unopened, and give you an opportunity of speaking a word in season, which you perhaps could never otherwise get. Yet I am sure I need not remind you that no part of your pastoral work will require more of divine wisdom and tenderness than this. "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Another thing,—don't make the mistake of staying too long with the sick; yet, however much in a hurry, never show it. Quiet, tenderness, common sense, are essential in the sick room. Be careful of the feelings of the poor. The Lord Jesus preached the gospel to the poor, went much among them, was indeed of them. If any of you are ever charged with going more among them than among the rich, or well-to-do, as a minister with whom I am acquainted once was, don't be too much moved by it. They are often unduly sensitive, I know, and sometimes seem on the look-out for slights: but that very characteristic generally makes them more appreciative of the attention shown them, and of the efforts put forth to do them good. It is among the poor that the gospel of Christ has won its chief success: and it is from the ranks of the humbler classes it has obtained, and still obtains, the great majority of its ministers and missionaries. Yet, for these very reasons you must not neglect the richer members of your congregations: the more difficult they are to reach, the greater should be your anxiety to reach them.

And now, dear brethren, "suffer the word of exhortation." My heart has been very full as I have penned this brief address. It but very imperfectly outlines what I have desired to say to you, or expresses the feelings which I entertain towards you. I have not forgotten the "weakness, and fear, and much trembling," with which I went forth to my first summer's work, I doubt not that you go with very similar feelings. Yet if you preach Christ's gospel, as Paul preached it—"determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ crucified,"—the dear old gospel, and not the modern refinement upon it, and if you preach it in the spirit of love and trust in which Paul preached it, you will not preach it in vain. Be in earnest, be hopeful, be prayerful. Let your aim in all things be to glorify Christ. With that as your guiding star, you can never go far wrong. May the Lord go with you, and make you to abound in love and in utterance, and in all knowledge, and give you, at last, the joy, and the blessed reward of those who turn many to righteousness.

Mission Notes.

The new Catholic Bishop on his arrival at Loando received a great ovation. He proposes to establish a college for the training of priests and to teach them the Umbundu language.

Silva Porto, the new Captain-general for the interior, appointed by the Portuguese Government, has reached Bihe, where he has long had an establishment and has now started a school for his slave children.

Kaita, a young lad in Mr. Stover's family, at Bailundu, gives great promise of early Christian living.

Mr. Sanders says, "What do you think of a man taking his hand full of dried grass, setting it on fire, and then applying it to the naked shoulders and breast of his wife, simply because his beans were not cooked quite as soon as he thought they ought to be. This happened here in Chilumi." This place is just about three quarters of a mile from where our mission house in Bailundu is situated.

A Bihe barbarity. Mr. F. S. Arnott wrote from Bihe: "A few days ago I noticed a little boy about eight years of age, who belongs to Ruskit's town close by, going about with both his hands in a sad mess. The right one was completely distorted and three of the fingers joined together in one red, sore mass, the palm bulging forward. The arm above the wrist was skinned and also the left hand. I find that this youngster had been out visiting the king's town or somewhere near there. The boy in playing about had stolen some beans belonging to the daughter of Jamba Zamina, the king, who to punish the child for stealing her beans, put his hands into a pot of boiling water."

In 1881 it was estimated that there were in Africa 201,280,000 not reached by the gospel. 145,220 Protestant communicants reported. 30,886 pupils in Sabbath schools. 33,355 pupils in day schools. Much is

now being done for Africa, but oh think how much still needs to be done.

David Livingston wrote in his journal upon his birthday, March 19th, 1872, this prayer: "My Jesus, my King, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year has gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be. David Livingston." Six weeks later, May 1st, he wrote: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." One year later, upon the same day, May 1st, 1873, he was found kneeling at his bedside with his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon a pillow—dead.

East Centre Africa Mission.—The work appears to be progressing. A number are said to have decided for Christ. A good class of promising learners has also been formed.

News of the Churches.

TORONTO, ZION.—A meeting was held in this church on Thursday, 6th inst., to bid farewell after eight years services, to the late pastor, Rev. H. D. Powis and his esteemed wife. There was a large attendance of invited friends from the various churches in the city. Dr. Richardson occupied the chair. The following were among those present:—Rev. Septimus Jones, Rev. Dr. Castle, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. John Shaw, together with the pastors of the sister churches, Messrs. John Burton, A. F. McGregor, John Salmon, Charles Duff, and E. Barker. After a short musical programme Mr. W. C. Ashdown read an address to Rev. Mr. Powis from the congregation, expressing appreciation of the fidelity and ability of his work among them. They had been touched by his diligence and sympathy in pastoral visits. His private walk and conversation were appreciated not only by his congregation but by other churches. To Mrs. Powis feelings of the deepest obligation and esteem were expressed. Both of them would long be remembered. In parting they commended their late pastor to the care of God. Rev. Mr. Powis made a feeling and appropriate reply. After a short time spent in partaking of refreshments, addresses were delivered by the clergymen present. Mr. Powis occupied the pulpit on the 9th inst., and leaves Toronto this week to visit friends in Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Powis leave for England some time in June, and they will accept from all the churches, and from these columns, heartfelt wishes for continued usefulness and peace. May the evening of life be lightened by rays of the coming glory, and a happy entrance at last be given into the Father's many mansioned home.

Joy has been called the sunsh' of the heart, yet the same sun that calls forth the flower of a plant is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes, perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor. And, as sure as a succession of uniform crops will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Provident Fund Society will be held in the Congregational Church in Ottawa, on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th of June, immediately after the College meeting.

CHAS. R. BLACK,
Sec'y-Treasurer.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE, B. N. A.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the College will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, on Friday, June 11th, 1886, at 2.30 p.m.

GEORGE CORNISH,
Sec'y U. C. B. N. A.

MONTREAL, May 7th, 1886.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE C. C. M. S.

Speedside, \$14.50; Toronto, Mount Zion, \$8.50; Toronto, Zion, \$85.25; Tilbury Centre, \$9.00; Belwood, \$21.00; Yarmouth, N. S. additional \$60.00; Hawkesbury, \$16.00; Middleville, \$33.00; Bowmanville, \$28.94; Stouffville, \$40.00; Cobourg and Coldsprings, \$121.74; Toronto, Northern, \$75.00; Churchill, \$5.00; Toronto, Zion, supply, per Rev. T. Hall, \$10.00; Granby, P. Q., supply, per Rev. T. Hall, \$5.00; Sarnia, \$50.00; Frome, \$6.25; Shedden, \$12.50; St. Thomas, additional, 50c; Fitch Bay, additional, \$21.00; Belleville, \$36.45; Maxville, \$33.13; St. Elmo, \$37.37; Martintown, \$18.77; Stratford, \$17.61; Wiaraton, \$10.00; Bolton, "Building Fund," \$35.50; Manilla, \$12.50.

B. W. ROBERTSON,
Treasurer.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The following contributions for current expenses have been received since last acknowledgement, viz.:

Pine Grove Cong. Church, \$14; Humber Summit, \$3.25; Danville, \$55; Fergus, \$5.75; Montreal, Emmanuel, \$176; Montreal Calvary, \$10; Stouffville, \$14; Rev. T. Baker, Hamilton, \$25; Lanark, \$26.25; J. A. Jackson, M. D., Manchester N. H., \$10; Paris, \$20; Garafraxa First Church, \$55; Mrs. W. Silcox, sr., Embro, \$5; Rev. W. H. Allworth, St. Thomas, Ont., \$2; Belwood, \$12.55; Cobourg, \$47.90; Coldsprings, \$3.35; W. Anderson, Esq., Liverpool, N. S., \$20; Wiaraton, \$5; Toronto, Northern, \$125—Zion \$50—Western \$13; Rugby, \$5.80; Edgar, \$9.40; Dalston, \$1.80; Rev. J. C. Wright, \$3; Capt. J. H. Dunlop, \$5; Maxville, \$34.04; Kincardine, \$5; W. Somerville, Esq., Bristol, England, \$97.33; Inverness, \$15; Guelph Congregational Church, \$45.55; Rev. W. Ewing, Fargo, Dakota, \$5.50; Bowmanville, \$13.02—\$908.50. Total receipts from all sources to date—\$4,879.76. Payments to date, \$5,388.66. Balance due Treasurer from last year, \$905.29—\$6,293.95. Balance due Treasurer, \$1,414.19. Montreal, May 8th, 1886.

R. C. JAMIESON,
Treasurer.

C. C. M. S.

1. The annual meeting of the Corporation of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, on Thursday, June 10th, at 2 p.m.
2. The Public Missionary Meeting will be held on the evening of the same day at 8 o'clock.
3. The General Committee will meet in the vestry of the church on Wednesday, June 9th, at 3 p.m.
4. The Executive Committee will meet in the vestry of the church on Tuesday, June 8th, at 2 p.m.
5. Churches which have not sent in their annual collections to the Treasurer, will please do so at once, as the accounts for the year must be closed for audit.
6. Applications for grants from the funds of the Society for the year 1886-7 must be in the hands of the Secretary immediately. Blank forms for such applications will be sent when requested.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,
Secretary.

KINGSTON, May 11th, 1886.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

I. ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual meeting will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, Ont., commencing on Wednesday, June 9th, at 7.30 p. m., when the Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. R. Black, B. A., of Garafaxa, Ont.

The Churches connected with the Union are reminded of Standing Rule No. 12, which requests every church to take up a collection for the Union on or before the first Sunday in June. This rule is intended to apply to all the churches, not excepting those which may not send delegates.

It is requested that all matters to be brought before the Union, especially applications for membership, should be placed in the hands of the Secretary a reasonable time before the Annual meeting. All such applications for membership are required to be in writing, and, in the cases of churches applying, to be accompanied by a recommendation signed by three (3) members of the Union.

The attention of pastors and churches is directed to Standing Rule No 4, where they will find instructions as to the manner of electing the Chairman.

Arrangements will be made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies for reduced rates. The Secretary is prepared to furnish the necessary certificates to all Ministers and delegates. He would be obliged if the applications were all forwarded in good time, and specified the lines by which it was intended to travel.

The Union Committee is requested to meet in the vestry of the Ottawa Church, on Wednesday, June 9th, at 2 p.m.

II. CONFERENCE ON THE STATE OF RELIGION.

At the last annual meeting of the Union, a resolution was passed in favor of holding a Conference on the State of Religion, and a committee, consisting of the Rev. Jno. Morton, together with the Chairman and

Secretary of the Union, was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The Committee decided to ask several gentlemen to give addresses or papers on subjects of practical importance, these to be followed by open conference and discussion. The following is the list of subjects and speakers:—

- “Statistical Secretary’s Report,” Rev. Geo. Robertson, B. A.
- “Conditions and Obligations of Church Fellowship,” Rev. W. H. Allworth.
- “How to Secure the Right Material for our Ministry,” Rev. W. H. Warriner, B. D.
- “How may the Church Best Reach the Churchless,” Rev. E. M. Hill, M. A.
- “Why are there not More Conversions in our Congregations,” Rev. D. Macallum.

It has not yet been finally decided at what stage of the meetings these subjects shall be introduced. It has been suggested that we endeavor to secure the whole of Saturday forenoon for the Conference. The Secretary, on behalf of the Committee, would be glad to receive any further suggestions in order that we may have all the light possible in coming to a decision. It is hoped that the brethren will come to the Conference bringing their best thought on the subjects named, and ready to utter their thought with brevity and weight.

HUGH PEDLEY,
Sec.-Treasurer.

Cobourg, Ont., Box 166. April 26, 1886.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

ANNUAL MEETING IN OTTAWA, ONT., JUNE 9TH, 1886.

As the time for the annual meeting of the Congregational Union is rapidly approaching, and the friends in Ottawa desire to make suitable provision for the entertainment of their guests, ministers and delegates intending to be present will please inform me of their intention as early as possible, and *not later than 24th May*; also whether they have friends with whom they expect to stay while in the city; and when, and by what route they expect to arrive. Cards of introduction will be sent to them as soon as possible after hearing who are coming. I subjoin an abstract of railway time tables for their guidance. In behalf of the committee of arrangements.

W. A. LAMB,
(56 Sparks Street,)
Secretary.

OTTAWA, May 4th, 1886.

TRAINS ARRIVE

- From the West, by Canadian Pacific Railway at 4.38 a. m., 6.25 p. m.
- From Brockville, by Canadian Pacific Railway at 7.25 a. m., 7.50 p. m.
- From Prescott, by Canadian Pacific Railway at 10 a. m., 4 p. m.
- From Montreal, by Canadian Pacific Railway at 11.35 a. m., 12.23, 5.28, 10.15, 11.30 p. m.
- From Montreal, by G. T. R. at 12.20 and 8 p. m.
- The Ottawa River Steamer from Montreal arrives about 7 p. m.

The Family Circle.

ROBIN HOOD.

About seven hundred years ago there was born in the pleasant town of Locksley, England, a little boy who was named Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. He soon grew to be very handsome, and had a sweet voice and charming manners. As it was the custom of the people at that time, he was taught to shoot with a bow and arrow almost as soon as he could walk, and at seventeen he was the strongest young man, the best player of games, and the surest marksman in all the country round. One day he went to visit his uncle who lived at Nottingham, and while there he heard a party of hunters telling about a great shooting match that was to take place the next week. The king himself was going to be there.

"I will go," said Robert, very joyously, "and show the king how well I can shoot."

"Do you think a boy like you can shoot before the king?" asked one of the men. That made Robert angry, and he said:—

"I bet you twenty crowns I can kill a deer at five hundred yards."

"And I bet twenty crowns you can't," said the hunter. The money was given to one of the men in the crowd to keep, while a party of hunters, with the men and Robert, went to a forest near by to see what Robert could do. The forests at that time were full of deer, so they did not have to wait long. Soon a fine one came prancing along more than five hundred yards away. Robert let fly an arrow, and the deer was instantly killed.

"Good!" he cried. "I have killed the deer and won the bet."

"No, you haven't," said the man who made the bet; "and if you don't begone you will be sorry." At the same time he struck the boy a blow on his head.

Robert only laughed, but when the man had gone away, nearly out of sight, he raised his bow and shot him dead. Then there was a great running about among the hunters, for this man was their leader, and they must find the boy who dared to shoot him; but it was no use looking. Robert hid himself in the depths of Sherwood Forest, and he could not be found.

After that time he formed a band of men and became their leader, under the name of Robin Hood. It was one of the laws of the king, that if anyone shot one of his deer he should lose his eyes, but Robin Hood and his men did not care for the king or his laws; they shot his deer, and robbed the rich travellers on their way through the forests; but though they were robbers, they never robbed a poor man, but would often give him the money they had taken from the rich. Robin Hood and his men were dressed in a suit of green cloth, and wore scarlet caps. Each one carried a dagger, a short sword, a long bow, and a quiver of arrows. Robin himself carried a horn, which he used when he wanted to call his men together, and although they lived such a wild, reckless life, the people all over the country liked them, and a great many funny poems and stories were written about them. Robin Hood's favorite follower was Little John, and this is the way he found him:

One morning he said to his men, "I am going out to find some kind of sport; if I want you I will blow three

blasts on my horn." He walked on, and soon came to a brook that was crossed by a narrow plank. Just as Robin was stepping on to the plank, a tall young man stepped on at the other end.

"You'll have to go back or be sorry," said the tall young man.

"No, sir! I can shoot you through the heart with my bow," said Robin. "But wait; I will get a stick just like yours, and we'll fight in the middle of the plank, and the first one that knocks the other into the water shall win."

"Agreed!" said the young man, and they beat each other fearfully.

At last Robin received a blow that knocked him into the water. They both laughed. Robin blew three blasts on his horn, and soon his men were there looking at him, as he stood, soaking wet from head to foot. From that time John Little, or Little John, as Robin called him, was his favorite man.

Many years after this a great fight took place between Robin and his men and the king's soldiers.—Robin was wounded, and when he knew he must die asked Little John to carry him into the woods. He then took his bow and shot as far as he was able—"Where the arrow falls there bury me," he said to Little John, and there his men buried him, and at the head of the grave they placed a stone, and on it the following inscription:

"Here, underneath this little stone
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief and archer good.
Full thirty years and something more,
He robbed the rich to feed the poor.
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again."

Robin Hood died on the eighteenth of November, 1247, aged eighty-seven.—*School Journal*.

THE ENGINEER OF NO. NINE.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"Did you ask if I was ready to start, wife?" said Bob Styles, who was "boss" in the cab of locomotive "No. Nine," Still River Railroad. "Yes, my engine is all ready to go, fire started, water sizzling, steam all up and it only needs a word from me to start off."

Here engineer Styles of "No. Nine," made his arms go as if he were in his cab, letting loose from imaginary bonds "the crackest thing on the road," as he styled it.

"Good-bye, Nancy," he said to his wife, and turned to the door. He suddenly stopped. "Where is my little Sally, to stop to the shop at the station and get my beer before I go? Almost forgot it. Sally was in an adjoining room, sitting by the bedside of her brother Willie sick with lung fever.

"I—I—guess I would let my beer go, Bob," said his wife." The brow of the engineer darkened like a mountain crag overhung by a cloud.

"Nonsense," he said, it does no hurt."

"Bob, it *does* hurt," replied his wife gently but firmly. The tears, too, shone like crystal in her clear, blue eyes.

"Can't stand a woman's crying," thought Bob.—

"Well, Nancy," he said aloud, "let it go, but I must be off."

He turned a second time toward the door, only to return once more. He was laughing now, for Bob Styles' kind-heartedness prevailed over the stormy mood of a minute ago. "There Nancy, is the ten cents saved by going without my beer."

He laid the bright little piece of silver on the kitchen table. "As I talked it over with you Nancy, this noon, if Willie is not any better and the doctor's opinion is that I am needed, flash a light in my window when my train passes the house. I go down the road on a four hours' run and then am back here and, if needed, I can leave my train at the next station, and Ingalls will run it from that point. If not needed, I shall keep on to Bruckton and be home in the morning. But flash the light if needed. Good-bye, all."

Two hours later, Willie Styles was worse. He was in a fever-furnace growing hotter, hotter. The doctor came in, examined Willie and said: "Mrs. Styles, I heard you say that your husband could come home to-night if needed. Let him do so by all means, as Willie's case is critical and he will need very careful watching and you want all the help you can get, especially the next twenty-four hours."

It was now six o'clock. At eight, "No. Nine" would go by, rumbling, rattling, thundering away, and would Bob Styles see a light in the window of his home which looked out upon the railroad track?

"Oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Bob Styles, going about ten minutes before eight, to the closet where she kept her three lamps. "First, empty! second, empty! third, empty! And where we live, nobody is near that I can borrow of for half a mile, and one can't get back by eight and have the lamps filled and lighted. There's the store at the station three minutes off, but the store-keeper said to-day he wouldn't trust Bob any more and I have no money! That's where the beer-money has gone! But there's the ten cents he left behind! Good! Here, Sally!" she screamed. "Run quick as you can to the store and get ten cent's worth of kerosene and be back in five minutes."

Three minutes before train time, a light was flashing in Mrs. Style's window. At eight, "No. Nine" came in sight, and at the cab-window, eagerly watching for any signal from home, stood Bob Styles.

"My!" he exclaimed catching the light in the window mildly glowing in the dusk of evening. "I am wanted. Willie is sicker. Ingalls," he shouted to a spare hand and an engineer riding with him, "take my engine, please, and let me leave at the next station.—They said I might at the Superintendent's office and a home signal says I'm wanted."

The engineer reached his home and gave his wife his strong, patient help all night until at the dawn the last star ceased to swing its lamp from the dome of the sky.

"Better this morning," said the doctor as he came in, "Willie is a little better and good nursing is bearing fruit. I am glad you got home, Mr. Sykes."

"I can thank my wife for putting out a faithful signal calling me home," replied the engineer. And when the doctor had gone, Nancy Styles said, "Thank the beer-money for the light it helped me get."

"Beer-money?" inquired the engineer.

His wife told him the story of her perplexity and

her subsequent relief. And then the engineer of "No. Nine" seriously asked himself if ten cents occasioned so much relief, what would have been accomplished if all his beer-money had been saved? That problem in Arithmetic the boss of "No. Nine" concluded aloud in this very emphatic way, "Catch me drinking up any more money in beer! I mean to save my money."

And his wife from the depths of her heart, said, "Thank God." It had all the gratitude of a Hebrew psalm, and in God's ear it made as sweet music.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

A life of consecration to the service of God will dignify your being. But what does consecration mean? We sometimes hear of places of worship, ground and persons being consecrated. But what does it imply? It simply means to set apart or reserve for a special purpose. In like manner David calls upon every man, woman, and child to set themselves apart, with all their powers, for the service of the living and true God. Not a partial devotion, but an entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit to do all that he requires, to go where he sends, to undertake all that he commands, to be all that he asks—yea, even to suffer, if needful, in the carrying out of his divine will. There must be no compromise in the matter, inasmuch as all attempts of that character will be sure to end in failure and disappointment. Compromising people are always weak; yea, even worse, wicked. "Running with the hare and going with the hounds" is an acknowledged mark of disgrace to all who attempt it; no one even respects such people, and certainly never confide in them. But men of conscience, principle, and devotion will always in the long run be sure to command respect, just as Havelock and his men were recognized in a time of special emergency by the commanding officer, who said: "Call out Havelock, he is always ready, and his men are always ready, and his men are always sober, and can be depended on." Yes, there is a wide difference between a consecrated life and a desecrated life. The one is a life well spent, the other is a wasted life, or something even worse. Nor is this an accident. It is in perfect harmony with those laws which the Divine being has provided so as to secure the best possible results to each of his children who obey them. This will be seen if we notice how he has arranged for this to take place. It is only in connection with a consecrated life that the highest and noblest powers of man can be fully developed. Apart from this it is impossible to become fully matured, and therefore a portion of our manhood must remain in abeyance.

This may, perhaps, at first sight appear to be a strong way of putting the case, but it is, nevertheless, strictly correct. A Christian is the highest style of man because he alone has utilized all his powers in the best direction. Apart from this, a man is but a fragment—a partial development, a one-sided being. Sneer at it as the worldling, the scoffer, or the scorner may, it is, nevertheless, perfectly true that in no other way can there be discovered any method by which the loftiness of man's being and the dignity of his nature can be so promoted as by thus living in harmony with the will of his Maker and Redeemer. Nor is it hard to comprehend if we remember, in the second place, that

such life of consecration commits a man entirely to cultivation and development alone of that which is good, by calling into exercise the highest powers of his nature. Here, again, we see how it harmonizes with his best powers. Goodness is needful to true greatness, just as it is necessary for true greatness to be allied to goodness. Hence, by committing man only to that which is good, and by restraining him from whatever is evil, everything calculated to exalt or dignify his being has its fullest influence and noblest results. True goodness refines and exalts wherever it secures obedience, influences his mind, or controls the life.—*Selected.*

THE REWARD OF GIVING.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

The reward promised to giving we find set before us in three different ways. It is *first* temporal. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." It is *second*, spiritual; for Paul, in connection with his exhortation to the Corinthians, says: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound by every good work, being enriched in everything to all bountifulness." Was there ever such a piling of universal terms one above the other, as we have here! It seems as if the Apostle could not say enough to strengthen his assertion; and it is all said in connection with cheerful giving. Nor is this all; he goes on to say that the gifts of the Christians, by evoking prayers on their behalf from the hearts of the receivers, would return in blessings into their own hearts.

You know how the process of irrigation goes on in Nature. "All the rivers run into the ocean. Out of that the sun continually evaporates clouds which the winds blow back over the land, where they fall out in rain upon the mountains and go to feed the rivers. Thus evermore the circle is kept up and the lands are fertilized. Now, in the same way, the gifts we make to God all run into the furtherance of his cause, and are by him lifted up into the celestial region of his grace and power, whence they descend again with new blessing into our hearts, making both ourselves individually and the church at large joyous and productive.

Then there is a *third* reward, which is *eternal*; for Jesus, in the close of the parable of the prudent steward, says: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitation." Money will not procure our entrance into heaven. Nothing can do that, but the work of Christ; but the money which, out of love of Christ, we give to his people and his cause, will secure that we shall be received in heaven by those whom we have been the means of benefiting. As we enter, they will take us by the hand and lead us up to him that sitteth on the throne, saying: "This is he whose efforts and whose gifts were, under thee, the means of our being here. Let it be done unto him as unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor," and he will reply: "Well done! inasmuch as ye did it

unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Then as to the manner of the giving. We are told that it should be cheerful; for God loveth a cheerful giver. It should be no stereotyped and immutable thing, the same through life, but as God hath prospered us. It should be systematic, as a result of careful thought and weekly planning on the Lord's day, under the influence of the memory of his resurrection. For it was after his great argument on the resurrection that Paul said, "Now concerning the collection;" and it was because of its connection with that resurrection that he specified the first day of the week as that on which every one should lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. Weekly storing in the Lord's box at home on the Lord's day, that is what Paul recommends; and then, when the Lord makes his appeal to us, we can cheerfully give him of his own. In the neglect of this plan, and the making gatherings for this and that cause as each comes along, we have the explanation of the disfavor with which in the public service too many hear the announcement that a contribution will be made.

Finally, as to the motive. Here it is: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The bringing of such a thing as the making of a contribution for the poor saints of Jerusalem, seems like cracking a nut with a mammoth steam hammer. But Paul knew what he was doing when he dictated these words. He wanted to exalt and consecrate all Christian beneficence by having it done from the most powerful Christian motive. And after the presentation of such a motive, here is no more to be said. For when men know the grace of Christ they will never feel that they have given him enough; and till they know it they will never give him anything. They may contribute to keep up appearances, or to be like other people, or to gain a reputation; but they never will give to him until they know his grace. This is the very pith and marrow of the matter. Before men give to Christ they must receive from him; and when they have received Christ himself into their hearts, they will be impelled to give—*impelled not compelled*; for the delight and the duty will coincide; or, rather, the duty will be merged in the delight. So we come round to the point at which we set out—a revived church will become a giving church, and a giving church is the fore-herald of a converted world.—*The Independent.*

Two members of the Society of Physics and Natural History of Geneva, Switzerland, have been experimenting by means of photographic processes as to the depth of water which light from the surface will penetrate. A trial in the clear waters of Lake Geneva showed that light penetrated there sufficiently to affect very sensitive photographic plates at the depths of 558 feet, and at that depth the light at mid-day, was about as strong as that of a clear, moonless night. Similar experiments carried on in the Mediterranean led to the conclusion that "in the month of March in the middle of the day and in bright sunlight, the last glimmer of light comes at 1,300 feet below the surface."

A SHORT SERMON.

We submit the following from the *Minnesota Pilgrim*:—

TEXT, Mark xii: 42 Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the multitude cast the money into the treasury.

In the old hall of representatives in the capital at Washington a piece of statuary, with head inclined, and ear turned toward the center of the hall, with writing-tablet and stylus in hand ready to record every word and vote of each representative of the people, symbolizes history—written for the ages to come.

An old Roman general endeavored to make the impression upon each soldier in his army that he fought under the immediate eye of his general.

Jesus sitting over against the treasury saw an ever-changing scene, as rich and poor, proud and humble, ostentatious and retiring, hypocritical and sincere ones cast offerings into the money chest and passed on into the temple to worship. Saw the flourish of rich men, the rings and bracelets and graceful movements of well-attired ladies, and the faded shawl, the skinny fingers and shrinking air of the poor widow; heard the thump and rattle of the heavy coin, and the tiny tinkle of the two mites. He saw more; he saw the heart of each. So now, our Lord sees:

1. *Who* casts money into his treasury.
2. *How often* each donor makes a deposit.
3. *With what regularity* and system.
4. *How much* each one casts in.
5. *What proportion* it bears to the *ability* of the donor.
6. *With what spirit* and *motive* each gives. We show "what manner of spirit we are of" by our choice of objects among the number presented to us for the expenditure of money.
7. *With how much of self-denial* each gives; who feels a pang that he cannot give more. Let such take heart and comfort. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath. The "two mites" and the fervent prayer of the pious widow will not escape the notice of him who sits over against the treasury.

A PROVIDENTIAL CALL.

Many an undesired interruption in the course of one's study or business is a providential call to duty, or a providential means of good to him who, at the time, deems it most unwelcome. A mother's call to her child to come in from his play at meal-time, or to leave his story-book at bed-time, may, for the moment, be counted by the child an unpleasant interruption, even while it is prompted by both wisdom and love on the mother's part. Just so surely is many a providential call to us to turn aside from our absorbing chosen occupation, for an unexpected service in another direction, a proof of the loving wisdom of our Father in heaven. It is often the case that there is a gain to us, in our health, in our spirits, in our means of usefulness, or in our power of continuous performance, through a providential summons to us to drop what we are doing, and to attend to an unlooked-for caller; and unless we are ready to realize that interruptions of this sort are among the "all things" that work together for good to

those whom God loves, and who are in his loving service, we fail of appreciating a means of rich blessing to us in the experiences of our every day life. There are indeed, times when duty forbids us to be interrupted or to leave our occupation of the hour or any call whatsoever; but when we are privileged to heed a call on us as a call from God, we ought to rejoice that the call has come to us, even though it comes at a time when our own choice would have been to remain undisturbed by any outside call. God knows what is best for His children, and on that point we have no right to have a question or a doubt.—*Exchange*.

A MAN'S REAL CHARACTER.

A man's real character may frequently be better guessed at from his way of doing little things than his way of doing things of greater importance. Chamfort has said, cynically, that in great matters men show themselves as it is expedient for them to appear to be; but in little things they show themselves as they are. There is a certain justice in the Frenchman's sneer, for even the best of men act more spontaneously, and therefore reveal themselves more freely, in matters which they esteem of little account than in other things in which careful planning and nice discretion are necessary. It is in view of this tendency of human nature to reveal itself in little things, that our Lord has said: He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous also in very little is unrighteous also in much. If men were fully to realize that the world around them never lacks self-constituted judges and juries to weigh the meaning of every trivial word and act, they would be likely to devote more attention than they do to the little things which now they count of no importance at all; the evil-minded would be cautious, in order that they might seem to be what they are not; the good in order that they might come to be what they would wish to appear to be.

SOMEBODY'S IDEAL.

While it is true that a man is rarely a hero in the sight of his body-servant, it is equally true that almost every man is a hero in somebody's sight. Hardly any man is so utterly without character and influence as not to be looked up to, and even to be taken as a pattern, by some one in his sphere of daily living. Even the faults and follies of a man are likely to impress themselves on some of his observers as things to be imitated because they are his. This it is which makes a man's very swagger of manner, his coarseness of speech, or his use of tobacco, a habit to be copied by his own boy or by other boys. His own actual 'attainment' is the highest ideal of some who look up to him. There is a lesson in this thought for those who wish well to others, however little they care for themselves. Their duty of well doing obtains added force through the certainty of their example being surely followed by others. What they do for the hour will help to settle the question what others are to do for all their lives.—Apart from the importance, therefore, of our having a high ideal, there is the importance of our proving a fair pattern to those to whom we are, for the time being an ideal.—*S. S. Times*.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON BEACONSFIELD.

I will mention but one more characteristic of this eminent man—it was, that even from childhood he aimed at nothing short of the highest power. Call it personal ambition, if you will, and admit that personal ambition, unless it be redeemed by pure motives, is an earthliness and infirmity. Yet, admit also that when a man does aspire it is well that he should aim at something loftier than the sluggish ease of the suburban villa, or the comfortable vulgarity of the selfish millionaire. Speaking to youths at Manchester, Lord Beaconsfield said: "I give to them that counsel that I have ever given to youth. I tell them to aspire. I believe that the youth who does not look up will look down, and that the spirit which does not dare to soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel."

But it was not a purely selfish ambition to which he urged them. "You will be called," he said, "to great duties. Remember what has been done for you. Remember that, when the inheritance devolves upon you, you are not only to enjoy it, but to improve. You will some day succeed to the high places of this great community. Recollect those who lighted the way for you; and when you have wealth, when you have authority, when you have power, let it not be said that you were deficient in public virtue or public spirit.—When the torch is delivered to you, do you also light the path of human progress to educated men."—*Princes, Authors and Statesmen.*

Poetry.

WILD FLOWERS.

How pure, how fair are the flowers,
That like "stars in earth's firmament shine,"
Those sweet wild blossoms of spring-tide,
Straight from the hand divine.

Blooming in summer meadow,
And in far-away shadowy glen;
Starring the snow-crowned mountain path
Or lighting darksome fen.

In fairer than royal vesture,
With tints, no mortal need seek to know—
Such purple and golden splendor,
Or white of drifted snow.

Sweet as are Araby's perfumes,
Entrancing and charming as they,
The fragrance of fair spring flowers
Blossoms of early May.

Bearing us back to childhood's days,
When we wandered by flower-fringed stream,
And present and future blended
In one long happy dream.

Of a future filled with greatness,
Of a life that should know naught of care,
Has the future proved our vision?
Does life with that dream compare?

EMILY A. SYKES.

THE LOST CHILD.

My home was in the wilderness; I dwelt
Far from the bustling toil of city life.
Our neighbors were but few, yet they were kind,
And ever ready to assist in all
The little acts of sympathy which smoothe
Life's rugged pathway. We had struggled hard
To earn an honest livelihood; and God
Had prospered our endeavors and our crops,
Our flocks and herds increased abundantly.

One autumn morn I drove a noble herd
Of fifty cattle to the nearest town,
And sold them well. Then purchased all the goods
We needed for awhile, and bade them bring
The choicest doll they had in all the store,
To please my darling Annie; who could talk
Of nothing else, since I had promised her
That she should have a doll with waxen face
And sweet blue eyes that opened with a smile,
And closed again, as if in peaceful sleep.
And, as I came away, the little pet,
Although but three years old, had followed me
Down to the gate; and as I gallop'd off
Called after me in her own prattling tones—
"Bring me a big one, pa." I turn'd my head
And kissed my hand, and said, "I will my lass."

'Twas sunset ere I started; oft I thought,
Far better stay till morn; for ten long miles
Of rough, wild road had I that stormy night
To travel: but I wished to be at home,
So hurried onward. Scarcely had I left
The town a mile, when every twinkling star
Became obscured, and not a ray of light
Shone on my path. I threw my reins across
My horse's neck, for well I knew that he
Would find his way through all the blinding rain
And beating storm far better than myself.
When we had reach'd the little glen, through which
The mountain brook was rushing furiously,
Roaring and boiling in its wild career,
Increased in volume by the heavy rain,
We slack'd our speed. The night was pitchy dark,
And little rivulets were rushing down
The road, to join the gurgling stream below.

Just as we turned the corner of the wood,
I heard a feeble cry, as of a child
Weary and faint. I stopped and listened long,
Then heard the cry again. Oh! how my heart
Beat with emotion. I was never known
To shrink from danger; superstitious fears
Were strangers to my bosom; but a host
Of people knew I carried gold and notes,
The produce of my sale. Was this a trap
To lure me to destruction? And the sweat
Stood thickly on my brow, as once again
I heard that cry, so low and pitiful.
It seemed so utterly impossible,
On such a stormy night, a living child
Should be in such a place. And yet, once more
Its plaintive tones fell on my listening ear.

Despite my fears I speedily got down
And called aloud, "Whosoever child thou art
I'm not the man to leave thee here to die."

I groped in vain among the long, damp grass,
 And then bethought me of a hollow place
 Against the hill, close by the road, and there
 I found a little dripping thing, which sobbed
 And moaned, as I upraised it and returned
 To mount my horse, which waited patiently
 For my approach. I tucked the little one
 Under my coat, and promised I would bring
 The sobbing child to its own home again,
 And so it fell asleep against my breast.

Onward in haste I rode, until I saw
 The windows of my house all lighted up;
 I thought my loving wife had, for my sake,
 Done this to guide me home; but ere I reached
 The door, I heard the voices from within,
 And saw the shadows flitting to and fro,
 And knew by this some dire calamity
 Had come upon us. Almost numb with fear
 I stood, all powerless to upraise the latch;
 And when I mustered courage, I beheld
 The parlor full of strangers; and my wife
 Sobbing in deep distress. She hid her face
 And said, Oh! do not tell him; it will kill
 My husband when he hears the dreadful truth."
 "What is it, neighbors?" I exclaimed, when one
 Old, honest farmer said, "O, nothing now,
 I hope; for what is that within your coat?"
 "A poor, lost child of someone's," I replied,
 "I found it on the road, three miles away,
 Moaning, and nearly dead." But when I gave
 The little sleeping thing to one of them;
 And, in the blazing light, saw that the child
 I saved from death was my own darling pet;
 My darling Annie—who had wandered out
 To meet papa, and whom, for many hours,
 Till heavy rains set in, and all was dark,
 They sought in vain—I sank upon my knees
 In presence of them all, and gratefully
 Gave thanks to God, for rescuing my child.

And, though full many years have passed since
 then,

I often think, how could I bear to live,
 Had I not stopped old Roger when I heard
 That baby cry, scarce louder than the chirp
 Of a young squirrel in the pathless woods.
 And feelings of the deepest gratitude
 Pervade my spirit, as I thank the Lord
 For rescuing my darling little one.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

SPRING.

(From *The Century Bric-a-Brac.*)

As little children gather round their mother,
 And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
 One that is dearer far than any other,
 Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
 And any variation quickly see,
 And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
 We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
 And never tire of listening to thy tales.
 Tell us thy spring-time story now, no other,
 That hath a wonderous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
 Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
 Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
 Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
 Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
 Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
 In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
 And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
 But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
 And think it best because we know it well.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

Literary Notices.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STUDENT for May is before us. We briefly notice some of its articles as of special interest. There is a continuation of short articles upon Bible studies in theological seminaries. Evidently the trend of opinion now is in the direction of exegetical rather than of dogmatic theology. Dig out of the Bible its gems, do not first make a crown and then set them in, dig all out first, and then study their relation to each other. Dr. Dexter says: "I think the great lack of our theological instruction is that it does not sufficiently ground men in the Bible, that it takes a predetermined system of doctrine into the scripture to look for support, rather than saturating the mind with scripture and evolving a theology hence." The fame of Dr. Pye Smith, of Homerton Congregational College, was once a household word among students of all names. Geology was then in its infancy, but Genesis was nevertheless a difficulty in the way. Dr. Pye Smith urged that a strict literal interpretation of the Genesis account of creation was not called for unless it be for that "part of the world which God was adapting to the habitation of man and the animals connected with him." As, according to Hugh Miller, this view "virtually removes scripture out of the field of geology," geologists have passed it by. What would they do if Genesis were not there to be either attacked or reconciled? Prof. E. M. Terry, of Illinois, maintains that this position of Dr. Pye Smith has never been successfully proved untenable, and insists upon the absurdity of reading our conceptions of the words "heavens and earth" into records thousands of years old, and urges upon general acceptance the main position of this pioneer in the geological field. We confess to considerable sympathy with Prof. Terry when he writes "that such a theory as that of Smith, which makes no attempt at reconciliation," because it finds no universal star dust in the narrative, conserves the very life of religious doctrines more nobly than any theory "which is bound to find science or variance with science, in words that were never designed to guide men in the ways of geology and astronomy." This monthly "student" is a most valuable help to old Testament study. (The American Publication Society of Hebrew. Morgan Park, Ill.)

THE TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY of Toronto, advertise for June a new Canadian edition of Father Chiniquy's great work "Fifty years in the church of Rome." This work is the crowning effort of Pere Chiniquy's life. We have also received from the so-

ciety **THE SEEKING SAVIOUR**, a series of short discourses and Bible readings by the author of "Grace and Truth," Dr. W. P. Mackay, and published since his death. They who found good in "Grace and Truth" will find in this a continuation of that homely yet forcible style which pervaded the former work. We are not ourselves admirers of Dr. Mackay's theology, yet we can freely say that his writings, as well as ministrations, have brought many to follow "The Seeking Saviour." A very full catalogue (146 p.p.) of the works procurable at the rooms of this depository will be mailed to any one at the cost of ten cents.

MUCH more profitable and pleasing is it to turn to the minutes of the last annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The members' pledge is brief, but emphatic. "I hereby solemnly promise, GOD HELPING ME, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt Liquors, including Wine and Cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same;" and the following statement may be of general interest:—The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its thirty-eight auxiliary State, and nine Territorial Unions, beside that of the District of Columbia, is the largest society ever composed exclusively of women, and conducted entirely by them. It is now organized in every State and Territory of the nation, and locally in about ten thousand towns and cities. Great Britain, Canada, and Australia have also organized, and Mrs. M. C. Leavitt, of Massachusetts, is making a preliminary reconnaissance for a World's W. C. T. U. As a general estimate (the returns being altogether incomplete,) we think the number of Local Unions in the United States is about 10,000 with a following of about 200,000, besides numerous juvenile organizations. This Society is the lineal descendant of the great Temperance Crusade of 1873-4, and is a union of Christian women for the purpose of educating the young; forming a better public sentiment; reforming the drinking classes; transforming by the power of Divine Grace those who are enslaved by alcohol; and removing the dramshops from our streets by law.

THE CENTURY—(The Century Co. New York) for May is before us. The opening number of vol. xxxii. The war papers are still continued, though we suspect their interest in general is declining; not from any falling off in the ability with which they are written, but because the public mind seems incapable of long tension. Among the many admirable articles of this number we note a gossipy first paper on American dwellings which takes us into some very romantic homes; and an illustrated account of the Lick Observatory, a Californian gift to science.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for May is a number of marked excellence. The leading article is on "The Present Status of the Darwinian Theory of Evolution," by our countryman, Sir William Dawson, LL.D., of Montreal. The name is a guarantee of excellence.—Dr. Howard Crosby gives a third paper on "The Advantages of Greek to the average Clergyman." Dr. Stuckenbergh, of Berlin, Germany, discusses "Socialism and the Church," a suggestive and lively paper.—All the other departments are full. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

We are in receipt, apparently from head quarters, of "An Epistle" addressed by the Presidents of the Mormon Church to their members; undoubtedly intended also, and more especially for Gentile ears. We confess it does sound strange to our unbelieving ears to hear that "no system of philosophy, no code of ethics, no articles of religion since the world was first peopled, ever taught more strictly and emphatically than does "the Mormon Church" the paramount necessity of personal purity in the relation of the sexes. We never have looked upon the late Brigham Young as an example of continence, nor upon his elders as models of chastity; and when we read in this Epistle of the arduous duty which the quorum of the Twelve Apostles performed in severing from the communion a man of great influence for violating the law of chastity, we wondered what code of morality prevails in Utah.—When we read moreover of twenty thousand Mormons producing ninety-six arrests, and 5,200 non-Mormons 1,180, we naturally ask, how do the Mormon criminals escape? for we have not yet been convinced of the superior morality of the community of the Latter Day Saints. The Epistle however is worth perusing as a manifest example of Satan clothed as an angel of light.

GUIDE TO GRIMSBY PARK.—We spent two very pleasant days in this summer retreat last summer, and expect to spend more this coming season. We were much pleased with the order on the ground, and found the accommodation at the Lake View house equal to that of any summer resort we have visited, clean, neat, ample. Provision is made for religious services. Our Methodist friends have certainly made this Park a place of rest and of profit as well, and thus far have improved each year—not degenerated. The *Guide* is neatly printed, and can be procured free from the Secretary, Mr. B. C. Fairfield, St. Catharines.

THE PULPIT TREASURY for May is to hand. With this number this valuable and prosperous magazine enters upon its fourth year, having gained an enviable position for its vigorous orthodoxy, breadth of helpfulness and admirable adaptation to the necessities of pastors and christian workers in all evangelical denominations. This number has a fine portrait of Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., of the Methodist Church, and contains an admirable sermon from his pen. The matter generally maintains the high character which has won for this monthly its well deserved confidence and honors. E. B. Treat, New York.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D.V.) on the first and fifteenth 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 interest 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 tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto, Ont.

All correspondence regarding subscriptions, advertisements and general business to be directed to Mr. W. R. CLIMIZ, Bowmanville, Ont.