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The Canadian Independent.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHEREN."

Vol. 28.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880.

[New Series No. 10.]

Poetry.

SERVING THE LORD

BY MRS. GRACE WEBSTER HINSHALE

I consecrate my life to Thee—
Filled with Thy Spirit let me be;
Perform thy will in all my hours,
I yield to Thee my ransomed powers.

I consecrate my life to Thee—
Thyself, O Lord, reveal to me,
Unveil Thy face, my soul inflame,
And make me know Thy secret name.

I consecrate my life to Thee—
A slave released, my soul is free
To bind herself to Thy sweet will,
With cords of love—a captive still.

I consecrate my life to Thee—
Myself no longer let me see,
But let me gaze for evermore
On Thee, dear Lord, whom I adore!

JUSTIFICATION AND HOLINESS.

I know not where I could lay hold of a sharper or clearer illustration of the relation between Justification and Holiness, than the enlisting and drilling of a soldier. We imagine him a veteran of many years' service. We ask him, "are you drilled?" He evidently feels that question is not to be answered in a monosyllable. He takes off his foraging cap, strokes his gray mustache, and says, "well, I thought so once. I wrote to my mother, a couple of months after I enlisted, that 'I had got all the drill.' But I don't think so now! There are a hundred things in gunnery practice, fortification, and military engineering, that you, a civilian, would not understand if I should tell you, that I am only beginning to know something about! No; I am not drilled, but I am being drilled!" "Well, are you enlisted?" "Yes, he answered promptly. That was begun and ended on the very day I was sworn into the force. That is complete!"

So with Christ's soldier, his enlisting is complete. His justification is a finished grace. He "took the oath" when he accepted Christ, and Christ accepted him and justified him! But, "is he holy? Is he sanctified?" He thought so, perhaps, for a few weeks after his conversion. "There was a time," said good old Bishop Latimer, "we thought we could drive the devil out of England, by the ringing of holy bells, and such like foolery. And Satan did seem to think it good sport, and did hide himself. But when the Word came to be plainly taught, and plainly read, Satan did see it was no child's-play and came out, and did rage and fight." And so long as the young convert thinks he has got all, and there is nothing more to attain, Satan is content to hide himself, and let him alone.

But holiness, or sanctification, is not a place, but a way. A way, or road, is to be travelled over, not to live on! Isaiah says (xxxv. 8.) "And an highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called the way of holiness." That is the road, dear Christian pilgrim, you are to travel in—the "way of holiness." As far as "sanctified" means "separated," (as when Christ says, "for their sakes I sanctify myself") and it often has, largely, the same meaning as "I am!" But as we are to be separated from the world, we should be glad accordingly.

mean holiness, sinlessness, perfection, we say, as the soldier said about the "drill," "no, we are not sanctified: BUT, we are in process of being sanctified!"

W. W. S.

Topics of the Week.

ARCHBISHOP FORBES, the famous war correspondent, is to visit Canada soon.

AN International Food Exhibition is to be opened at London, Eng., next month.

THE Indians in the N. W., under the control of the U. S. Government, are starving.

THE deaf mutes of the United States recently held their first Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S creditors contemplate calling on the Pope to pay a portion of their claims.

MISS JULIA DAVIS, an English lady of property, has been victimized by two American Spiritualists to a large amount.

THE Powers have sent an ultimatum to the Porte, declining to re-open negotiations on the Greek boundary question.

It is believed that Russia is still intriguing in Afghanistan, and the Persian Government, with the British, is looking with distrust on Russian movements in that country.

THE Indian settlement on the Riviere le Desert, a tributary of the Gatineau, has been visited by small-pox, and the Indians, panic-stricken, have fled to the woods.

AN attempt has been made to assassinate King Theebaw, of Burmah, whose recent atrocities filled the world with horror. Retribution will certainly overtake this man.

IT has been decided to run lines of steamers connecting with the Erie and other American railways to carry merchandise from Chicago and other western towns via New York to all parts in the north-east of England via West Hartlepool.

LONDON Truth declares that the British House of Lords will not last long, and gives as a reason for the statement that it has only existed up to now because there has never been a Democratic House of Commons.

THE Baroness Burdett Coutts proposed to marry a young American. English society held up its hands in amazement and indignantly protested; but as the lady is of full age and very wealthy, it is probable she will consult her own tastes in the matter.

CARDINAL MANNING, who has upwards of 2,800 orphans under his care, is making arrangements with Canadian bishops to obtain situations for such as are able to fill them, in Roman Catholic families, where they would be under the supervision of the clergy. The demand is already great.

THE English milling interest is beginning to be afraid that the bread-stuffs which have formerly come into their market in the shape of wheat may in time be milled on this continent and shipped as flour. There is no doubt that there is abundance of grain for the consuming world, and this, leading to low prices, may induce American millers to enter the market. All, however, leads to the lowering of the price of food, and we should be glad accordingly.

SAY IT AGAIN.

A lady called upon a young man wasting away in consumption. The shadows of death were already darkening his face. He was not a Christian. Like a poor wanderer, he was about journeying into eternity with no House of Refuge for his soul.

The lady sat kindly down, by his side and talked of heaven, the bright beautiful home beyond. He felt that he was not fit for that home. Then she comforted him with the assurance that though our sins be as scarlet they shall as white as snow.

"Say it again," he said. It was the cry of a soul in its fever-thirst that eagerly clutches at the cool and cold water offered him. The lady repeated Calvary's sweet, sweet invitation and assurance. That night, while the death shadow was creeping nearer and nearer, covering him at last, he repeatedly referred to the subject, saying, "The lady told me so," dying in peace and hope.

I have thought of these words, "Say it again!" They come to me and stay with me, echoing repeatedly in my ears as a ringing motto of duty, as a stirring battle cry, with which God's hosts may fittingly go into the fight against sin.

"Say it again"—in the pulpit. It is an old truth with a constantly new power. No doctrine so wins men as that of Calvary. No Gospel so comforts and cheers as this Gospel of the Cross. It is the string of a harp that rests the weary with its gentle music, and yet a bugle, whose clear ringing blast stirs the flagging columns again to battle. Let it come out clear, distinct, strong, this blessed truth that Jesus Christ died as the Saviour of sinners.

"Say it again"—in the Sabbath school. There is nothing that comes so close to children's hearts as that crimson cross. "The man on the cross," as a little one said to me when looking at a picture of the crucifixion. How he wins the children! How their young hearts go out like tender vines feeling for the support of a trellis.

"Say it again"—in your work, on the street, in the shop, from house to house. Tell it to that man at the saloon door, trying to break his chains. Whisper it to the youth wavering before temptation, and stay him up with the cross behind his back. Let it fall on the despairing ears of the aged.

"Say it again" in that room of sickness, by that bedside of death. "We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, and into the gloom of eternity he went, as into a night radiant with stars. Said an estimable officer of my church during his last sickness, "My sufferings are now so great I can think of little else. I can only lie and trust. I have been a poor, sinful, unworthy servant of God, and have nothing to look to but the blood of Christ." A friend repeated these words, "His blood can wash us white as snow." He said: "Yes, if it were not for that what could I do now?" "This wonderful, wonderful grace that saves a sinner like me."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION— FARADAY'S IDEAS OF THEIR RELATION.

Faraday's religion was of the life rather than of the lips. "In my mind religious conviction is generally in vain," he said, "for the man who is not prepared to give up his idols." He wrote, in

answer to a lady who wished to study science with a view to its bearing on religion, "of the very small and despised sect of Christians known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hopes founded on the faith that is in Christ. Again he wrote, "The Christian is taught of God, by his Word and the Holy Spirit, to trust in the promises of salvation through the work of Jesus Christ. He finds his guide in the Word of God, and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him, and if his mind is troubled by the cares and tears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but in prayer to the throne of grace and to Scripture. The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. There is no philosophy in my religion."

But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things.

In 1854 he delivered a course of afternoon lectures at the Institution, Prince Albert in the chair. In the opening sentences of the lecture on Deficiency of Judgment, Faraday said, "I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the highest; I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead,' and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future, which he cannot know by that spirit."

Faraday came to the study of the laws by which God governs the forces of nature, fully convinced that there could be no more noble subject for the exercise of man's intellect. But he approached the Deity in his rule over man now and forever, saying, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In that sense the devout philosopher did keep his religion and his science apart, but he could not, and probably had no wish to keep them absolutely separate. Take, for instance, the following extract. "When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature—when I think of that calm balancing of the energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy, to dwell associated together and be mutually subservient to the wants of creation—rise from the contemplation more than ere: impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence and grandeur beyond language to express of the Great Designer of all."—Sunday Afternoon.

The manufacture of paper bricks is said to be carried on extensively in the West. The quality of the paper is of the highest, and the bricks are of the most perfect shape. The process is as follows: The paper is cut into sheets of the required size, and then pressed into the shape of a brick. The bricks are then dried in a kiln, and are ready for use.

Family Reading.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT

BY DEAN ALFORD

Speak thou the truth—Let others tence
And tunc their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence;
Let others bask their day

Guard thou the fact. Tho' clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Tho' thou shouldst see thine heart's delight,
Borne from thee by their swoop!

Faith thou the wind—Tho' safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set his throne about,
Cry not, "Thy way is plain;"
His path within, for those without
Is hedged with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Let not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send its beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every unmost thought;
And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume not thou to teach.

Hold on, hold on! Thou hast the rock,
Thy foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each will just the mist shall clear,
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

SPECIE.

Robert Raikes was only a simple-hearted Christian, sincerely desiring to serve God and benefit those around him. His great work began, as he said, as "an experiment, harmless and innocent, however fruitless it might prove in its effect," and when he could write of it as "extending so rapidly as to include 250,000 children, and increasing more and more," he only added in humble reverence;—"It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed." Thus he never forgot who it is that gives the Harvest. He did not even suppose that he could have created "the grain of mustard seed," much less the glorious Harvest itself.

"A LIFE IN A SENTENCE."

I think I could tell you a good deal about him without telling much, or rather by telling you just one thing. That one thing is this: A life is sometimes told in a sentence. I remember one day, when I was walking in Clevedon churchyard, I saw on the tombstone of a Sunday-school teacher, erected by his friends as a token of affection and regard for him, the words—"He loved little children." I thought I never read a more touching epitaph; I am sure no one ever need wish for a better one. It was quite enough to make it clear what kind of a life that teacher lived. Well, that same epitaph would tell you a great deal about Robert Raikes, just because it describes his character. You see it is not whether we are rich or poor, learned or unlearned, or what position in life we fill—whether we rule a kingdom or live a quiet life in a cottage home; it is not these things that tell others most about us. The character is the main point.

It is like the mainspring of the watch; everything depends on it. All the wheels and works, however useful in their places when the mainspring is right, are quite useless when the mainspring is wrong.

The mainspring in Robert Raikes' heart was right. He loved God and therefore he loved the children. He remembered that the Good Shepherd had said, "Feed My lambs."

"WE GOT HIM IN."

I witnessed an instance of brotherly sympathy and kindness the other evening in Spitalfields which I shall never forget. It was a "Robin Dinner." A little lad hungering for a dinner had got no ticket. Vainly he tried to pass the barrier, and, full of disappointment, burst into tears. Some of the other "outsiders" thereupon constituted themselves his friends for the occasion, and pleaded for his admission on the ground that he had "neither father nor mother." The Rector of Spitalfields happened to be close at hand, and, yielding to the urgent, irresistible plea, told the doorkeeper to "pass him in." The successful advocates had gained their object: and, as they left the scene of the action, unfed themselves, it would have been a picture for the Academy, if an artist could have depicted the glowing faces of the boys, as one exclaimed to the others, with triumphant glee, "We got him in!"

Ah! that was a triumph indeed, a triumph worth more than the feast within; for there is no feast that can compare with "the luxury of doing good!"

Robert Raikes enjoyed that luxury; and so may we if we feel and act as he felt and acted. Kind words, and loving deeds, and tender sympathy, were the gifts which Robert Raikes bestowed; and we may all "go and do likewise."

THE GIFT OF READING.

Reading indeed is a precious gift. The poor Indian when he found the missionary was able to send messages to his home by "making chips talk," could not find words to express his amazement. Printing is God's modern miracle. A good book is like a friend, always ready to talk with us, and to talk to good purpose too. In seasons of sickness especially, when we cannot see much of other friends, and have to pass many hours alone, it would not be easy to say what we should do if we could not get hold of some pleasant book. But in health and strength good books are invaluable; and many a Sunday-school scholar who has taken care, like the "busy bee," to "improve the shining hours" of youth, by treasuring up the stores of knowledge they contain, has found himself in after years gradually climbing life's ladder of usefulness. They may not have become as famous as one of their number, the great African explorer, Livingstone; but they have exercised an influence for good "in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them," and that is quite enough for anyone to do.

"DO WE SING?"

The other day, at one of the "Robin Dinners," of which I dare say some of you have heard, a sweet song was sung by a little boy, one of the "Robins." It made me think of the story of a boy who used to work deep, deep down underground in a coal mine. He was what is called a trapdoor-keeper, his duty being to keep guard at a door all the day long, to keep it shut, and so prevent dangerous accidents that might otherwise happen. Some one who went down the mine said to him, "My boy, don't you find it very lonely here?" The boy said it was lonely, but he picked up the little bits of candle thrown away by the colliers, and joined them together; and then he added, "When I gets a light, then I sings."

Ah! how many get plenty of light, and never sing at all!—From "What do we Owe Him?"

MEASURE OF LIFE.—No life, worth calling life, is to be measured by years.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime is committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, and hope, out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and future destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, or some would leave the city: some would commit suicide.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

"I come that they might have LIFE, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John x. 10.

"I am the way, the truth, and the LIFE."—John xiv. 6.

"I am the resurrection and the LIFE: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he LIVE."—John xi. 25.

"I give unto them eternal LIFE; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."—John x. 28.

"Because I LIVE, ye shall LIVE also."—John xiv. 19.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I LIVE; yet not I, but Christ LIVETH in me."—Gal. ii. 20.

"Ye are dead, and your LIFE is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.

"When Christ, who is our LIFE, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. iii. 4.

A Calcutta missionary declares that idolatry in that city is rapidly becoming an irksome thing. The recent pooja, in honor of Sarasvati, the goddess of learning, was celebrated with much show but little heart. The number of images made for worship is constantly diminishing, and worshippers are growing indifferent. The census of missions is to be taken next year, and it is estimated that it will show an increase of 200,000 native Christians in India, Ceylon and Burmah for the last ten years, 500,000 in all. Where is the doubter in the success of Christian missions?—Heathen Woman's Friend.

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?"

It was my lot to live for some years in one of those antiquated Welsh towns with an unpronounceable name (to a Saxon) of which a willingly incredulous stranger might say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Among the members of my church was an old Welsh lady, Mrs. O—.

Providence had once smiled upon her in temporal affairs, but the Father tried his child by taking away from her the light of her eyes, as "by a stroke," and children withered and died, one by one, so that she lived "alone, yet not alone."

"'Twas little she could do, for poverty, as is often the case, was accompanied by sickness—so that by the earnings of her needle she barely subsisted. Parish authorities added to it a weekly pittance, and this was all she had, save the kind gifts of friends.

I often visited her in her little room, and often found her confined to her bed. Visiting her one day I found her in great weakness. She said:

"Sir, if you will look in the little cup on the shelf, you will find the Lord's money."

"But the Lord does not wish you to give to His cause what you absolutely need, I can't take it."

And then the "hot ram" fell down her aged cheek, as she said, "Tis but little I can give to the Lord, but what did He give for me? He loved me and gave Himself for me. Take it, sir, I can't eat my morsel happily if you don't."

And so I took it, and murmured blessings on the head of her whose heart "the love of Christ" did so "constrain," and prayed evermore I might remember, "Ye are not your own." Reader, "how much owest thou unto the Lord?"

DOUBT AND FAITH.

Mr. Spurgeon tells of himself, that one day he had told his people that he had just come out of some doubts. One of the elders of his church said to him:

"Mr. Spurgeon, why didn't you tell them that you had been swearing, that you had an awful time blaspheming?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell such a thing."

"If you had, would you have got up and told them?"

"No, sir: I never could have told that on myself."

"You might just as well. I would like to know if doubting is not just as dishonoring to God as blaspheming."

Mr. Spurgeon thought the elder was right. Yet people seem to think it a good deal of a virtue to doubt, and they praise it, and tell about their doubts. And it is doubts, doubts, all the time. If God says a thing, that is enough. When the Lord bids us to come we want to walk right out; and let the devil come and cast his insinuations, and ask us, "How do we know this is true?" we want to say, "Christ says it," that is enough. If that plank don't hold, what will?

There was a man converted up in my native town, and I was telling him we wanted to start an association there, and get all the young Christians together, and we did not want any man to join that association that did not believe in that Bible from back to back. This young convert spoke out, calling me by name, "That is right, Dwight. If that hitching post don't hold, none will." I think the old farmer had it. If the Lord's word don't hold us what will? If we cannot feed on God's word, what can we feed on? If we can't walk on the promises of the Lord, what can we walk on?

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple; but it is worth remembering.

EFFICIENT, CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The secret of success in the training of young people to an efficient Christian life is in giving them something to do, and keeping their minds and hands busy in doing it. It is too often the case that when a child has united with the Church, this is considered the end sought, rather than a means to the end which ought always to be kept in mind. It is of little use for a person to enter a gymnasium and stand or sit as spectator to witness the efforts of others. This will neither strengthen the muscles nor quicken the blood. To ensure vigor, health and growth, he must use diligently the various appliances for giving play to the muscles. So with the soul. What the gymnasium is for the body, the Church of Christ is for the soul. It is a divinely appointed training school for the higher nature, and all who enter it should keep themselves, or be kept, busy in the use of those means of grace which are specially appointed for its development. The young people in our churches would be less likely to be carried away with a zeal for senseless or vicious amusements, if they were kept busy about some thing better. It is a mistake in mature and established Christians, to discourage or oppose efforts to call into active exercise the gifts of the young in pleasant and instructive entertainments, because they seem to be childish. Even Paul when he was a child spake as a child, understood as a child, and thought as a child. Let the youth's mission circles and other groups for social Christian activity be encouraged as means of grace.—*The Religious Herald.*

A MISSIONARY'S LIFE IN INDIA.

The Rev. S. Arnold, Wesleyan missionary at Rungpur, Bengal, writes on the 8th March last—I do not think there are a score of Christians, either native or English, throughout the whole district, and shall I tell you a fact which may startle some who think that the world is almost won for Christ? It is this, *I am the only missionary of Christ's Gospel, of any denomination, to about six millions of people.* In the Rungpur district alone there are over two millions of inhabitants, and there are two or three other districts around which have no missionary at all, containing a population of four or five millions more. This to me, on the spot, is appalling, and did I think about it very much, I believe it would weigh down my soul to the very borders of despair. *One missionary to a London and a half.* Tell them for God's sake to think about it! My chief work is preaching at markets, bazaars, and the religious festivals of the natives, of which there are many during the year. We also sell many portions of Scripture, as I have a colporteur as well as a catechist helping me. It is a grand work, and one which my very soul delights in. We seldom have congregations of less than 100; some afternoons they reach over 1,000; and I cannot possibly describe the thrill of pleasure which sometimes goes through my very soul as I stand under the outspreading branches of a banyan tree with 500 dusky forms around me listening most attentively—many for the first time in their lives—to the story of Christ's love. This is a pleasure which I never experienced in English work, and which amply compensates for any hardships I may have to endure.

The *Mohammedans*, of whom the people of this district are largely composed, are very bigoted, the doctrine of Christ's divine Sonship being particularly objectionable. Their Koran teaches them that "those who say that God has gotten issue speak a lie," so that you can scarcely wonder that they are excited when we speak of this. The *Hindus* think highly of the morality of Christ, and His self-denying life; but they, too, reject

His Sonship, and even, if convinced of the truth of this, their system of caste prevents them embracing Christianity. It is of no use appealing to their sense of right; they have no moral backbone. They are timorous and treacherous, and the greatest liars under the sun. Their morality seems to be—It's a sin to tell a lie if you are found out, but if you can do it without being found out then *lying is a virtue.* The English officials here are bad. The judge here is a free-thinker and a follower of Bradlaugh; the magistrate is not respected for reasons which I could state if I chose: the police inspector is frequently drunk, so is his brother; the road surveyor disbelieves in the inspiration of St. Paul, and his subordinate is as careless as possible. I really have no one to whom I can point and say, "There is a Christian;" and yet again and again I am asked to do so, and sneering remarks are made. I mention this so that you may pray, not only for the heathen, but also for the *European residents in India. I have scarcely met with one who is sound in the faith.* Away from the religious influences of home, they become very *lax indeed in their morals*, and there is "no fear of God before their eyes." I also mention it that you may pray for me and for all missionaries out here. Honestly, sometimes I almost fear lest, I, too, should lapse into this state of unbelief. It tries you wonderfully, and nothing but God's grace can keep you. But He has preserved me hitherto. Never was religion so real, or Christ so precious, as now. But prayer is needed, and this I ask from the people of England. Oh, plead that loss of friends and religious influences may be made up by more copious supplies of Holy Ghost. No conception can be formed in England of the gross idolatry of the people in some of the villages. It far exceeds the wildest dreams I ever had. Darkness as dense as death envelops the land, but here and there we see gleams of light. The morn is breaking! and my faith in God's promises is strong enough to lead me to think that ere long this nation "shall see a great light" and shall rejoice in its vivifying beams.

"I SAW THEE."

"Before that Philip saw Thee, when Thou wast under the fig tree, I saw Thee."

At a recent prayer-meeting I was interested in the remarks made by venerable Father B.

Our pastor had read Matt. 25, in which we are so forcibly taught God's will in regard to the proper use of talents.

Brother B. spoke in this manner: "When I was a young man, just beginning my Christian course, I shrank from taking any active part in the prayer-meetings. I was accustomed to sit behind a post in the vestry, purposely to avoid being called upon to speak or pray. One night a good brother who led the meeting, to my surprise happened to see me behind the screen, and said 'Bro. B. will you lead us in prayer?' For a moment I knew not what to say or do. I wanted to refuse, but a voice within me urged me to perform my duty, and in a feeble, trembling voice, I offered a petition. That night I thanked God for giving me courage to raise my voice in prayer, and I promised my Master that I would never again, knowingly, hide behind a post which might stand between me and my Christian duty.

"I was blessed in the performance of my duty and Jesus has been to me a precious friend. I know he could never have been what he is to me, and I could never have known that sweet peace, which passeth all understanding! if I had continued to hide from duty."

Have any of my readers, who have professed to love the Saviour, attempted to "hide behind a post" or in any way refused to hear the call of Him who said, "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me?"—*American Messenger.*

PREACHING FROM THE BENCH.

A trial has just closed in the City of Hudson, which, after a most ingenious and able defence, has resulted in the conviction of the criminal, Henry Moett, who has been found guilty of the murder of his wife. The closing passage of the address of Judge Osborn, sentencing him to be hung, may be regarded as a model sentence. Well would it be if among our criminal courts such words were heard more frequently. They might possibly be of service to many of the spectators who are growing up in ignorance of the gospel, and in utter indifference to the interests of their immortal souls. The judge said:

"We have been pained and grieved to hear that your previous character has been bad, that you have not lived such a life as you should, to command the respect of those who reside in the same community, or in the community adjoining that of your residence.

"We have been grieved, also, to witness the indifference which you have displayed during the progress of this trial—the indifference which seems to have been manifested by you from the hour of the commission of this crime down to the present time.

"I trust that from this time you will give up this indifference. Attempt, now, to soften your heart. Listen to the appeals that may be made to your conscience, by the Christian men and women of this city, who, I have no doubt, will be glad to visit you, will be glad to do all in their power to bring you to a better state of mind.

"The law, more merciful to you than you were to your victim, gives you ample time and opportunity for repentance. Bear in mind that there is a fulness and freeness in the salvation which Christ purchased for us, and it is ample and sufficient to meet your case. You will remember that the Saviour while suffering the most terrible agony on the Cross, prayed to His Father in Heaven that He might forgive His murderers, 'For that they knew not what they did.' If this be true, then you may hope for pardon, if you heartily repent and seek forgiveness."

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"When I was eleven years old [said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant], my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his books than of the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.

"What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

"After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward.'

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said. Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his

meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon those two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. G., the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said, 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to you: Be careful whom you walk the streets with. That was lesson number three.'

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

DISOBLIGING PEOPLE.

It is easy to recognize your disobliging person. He has no idea of being put out for anybody. Money will not buy him, nor tears nor smiles; not even his own personal interest beyond the mere convenience of the moment. It is not enough to say that he is selfish, for there are other forms of selfishness, more intelligent or more cunning, which permit some degree of exertion for others with a view to personal benefit later. But your disobliging person has no such far-seeing philosophy.

He holds his course and recognizes no reason why that should be crossed by what he calls the less important one of his neighbor; by his practice of not looking for opportunities to serve he ceases to see them, and all his circle ceases to ask or expect any consideration from him. Thus he reaps his reward, for it is undoubtedly true that disobliging people get through the world with a minimum of fatigue and exertion.

Where do these creatures come from? They must be born so, for in a young and growing family it often happens that there is one, thus labelled, "No thoroughfare," out of whom nothing is to be got. It is an accepted fact; happily the same circle almost inevitably possesses another member who will fetch and carry to any extent. Education and example do much. If the head of the family belongs to the race of the disobliging, the trait is pretty sure to run through the household down to the very dog upon the doorstep, who will not move for you to pass in or out; but if the general atmosphere of the house is one of help and kindly interchange of services, the disobliging element must for very shame hide itself and disappear.

The words "unamiable" and "disobliging" are not synonymous terms, for the people now discussed are often delightful companions for the moment; the consciousness they have of never allowing themselves to be "put upon" expands over them a sort of affability; their minds may be well informed, their manners attractive, their charms irresistible. Only do not venture the experiment of asking them any favor, however trifling, unless you would risk the breaking of the spell.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THAT Rome does not want the Scriptures, and cares not to give them to the people, is manifest from the fact that its missionaries were in Japan from 1549 to 1587, but attempted no translation of the Scriptures, though they claimed to have 300 priests, a college, and 300,000 converts, in the country. Protestants have been there for a quarter of a century and the translation of the New Testament is complete. The difference is palpable, and it is an immense difference.

SELF-DENIAL.—During the American War there was a little girl who saved a penny a week, and laid it apart to buy Testaments for the soldiers. When she had gathered two shillings, she gave the sum to her minister, who expended it on a Bible, which was afterwards given to a wounded soldier. The perusal of the Book of books led to the man's conversion; and thus the child's self-denial helped to bring a soul to Christ.

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TORONTO, SEPT. 2nd, 1880.

THE INDEPENDENT.

The INDEPENDENT appears to-day in a new and enlarged form and under new arrangements. This fresh departure calls for a few words of explanation to our subscribers, and affords an opportunity of placing its claims before the Churches.

When the INDEPENDENT was changed from the monthly magazine form to a weekly paper it was the sanguine hope of its friends that the increased subscriptions and receipts from advertising would compensate for the largely increased outlay. This was not realized to the extent expected, although the circulation did increase nearly fifty per cent. The result was certain, a weekly loss and an accumulating debt, until a couple of months ago the indebtedness to the printer exceeded a thousand dollars. In such circumstances it was not surprising that grave doubts arose as to the practicability of continuing the paper, as it was sinking some five hundred dollars a year; in fact, had it not been for the energy and determination of the Rev. John Burton, who was temporarily in charge during the absence of the Editor in England, the publication would likely have been suspended. Mr. Burton, with the co-operation of some shareholders of the Publishing Company, made arrangements for a canvass of the churches in the interest of the paper, the idea being to extinguish the debt by contributions, and so to increase the list of subscribers as to put the paper on a sound financial basis. Mr. Burton's first visit, to Kingston, was so very satisfactory that he is encouraged to go on with the work, which he proposes doing, later in the month, when the friends will probably have returned from their holidays. In the meantime provision had to be made for the regular issue of the paper, and after some discussion a proposal was received from one who feels a warm interest in its continuance, to assume the responsibility of its publication for a time. This offer was accepted by the Directors. In making new arrangements for the issue it was found possible somewhat to enlarge the sheet, and so to-day it is presented with thirty-two instead of twenty-four columns as before.

Such, very briefly stated, is the position of the INDEPENDENT to-day. It now remains to be seen what the churches will do towards the support of their own paper. By our Year Book it appears that we

have upwards of seven thousand members, without taking note of adherents in our body. From such a constituency we ought to get five thousand subscribers. Half of that number would enable us still further to enlarge and improve, shall we not have that half? We may be pardoned repeating what has before been stated, but it is well that the fact should be thoroughly understood. All the literary work done for the INDEPENDENT is free. The receipts are applied solely to the production of the paper, and a pledge has been given that if the income shall exceed the expenditure the surplus shall be devoted to such improvements in the paper as may be deemed best. Those who are doing the work, and bearing the burden financially will not, under any circumstances, profit one cent.

We believe that the INDEPENDENT is needed, that it has a work to do; we were never more persuaded of this than to-day. It has no rival, interferes with no other interest, seeks only the upholding of the Churches and the spread of our principles. Ministers and members, shall it live strong and vigorous? Practical and valuable help may be given by many in our churches, and we earnestly ask that it be not withheld. Ministers can help us by speaking of the paper to their people, commending it to them, and endeavouring to get a copy into every household in their connection; all can help by a kind word in its behalf and by showing it to those who do not already take it.

To our subscribers, one word. Two months of our year have passed, and out of a list of about fifteen hundred only about two hundred have paid their subscription! Will you not remit us that DOLLAR at once? It may be a small thing to your thoughts thus to write about, but the aggregate of unpaid dollars clogs the wheels and blocks the way. We want to make the INDEPENDENT better than it ever has been, help us by paying your subscription and paying it now.

NEEDFUL OR NOT?

A recent writer on Mohammed and Mohammedanism writes:—"No religion is exclusively good, none exclusively bad. Any religion which has a real and continuous hold on a large body of mankind must satisfy a spiritual need and be so far good. What we have to do is to feel after God in each and all, assured that He is there, even if, haply, in our ignorance we can find no trace of Him." Again, "The highest philosophy and the truest Christianity will one day agree in yielding to Mohammed the title of prophet—a very prophet of God." Moreover, under some peculiar circumstances found in Africa, Islam, not Christianity, "is the religion most

likely to get hold of the native mind and so in some measure to elevate the native character." Herbert Spencer somewhere writes of all religion: "We are under necessity to contemplate the ultimate existence as some mode of being, and we shall not err in doing this so long as we treat every notion we thus frame as merely a symbol, utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands." Thus we are led to very similar horns of a dilemma: either all religions are more or less true, Christianity containing the most of that which is true, or, all religions are alike false but necessary, and Christianity the least false. In either case the gospel has no exclusive claim as against other religions.

These agnostic, broad views are prevalent, apparently growing, and are influencing minds that would be slow to own such influence. Certainly this is not the spirit which gave to the present century its great missionary impetus, and it does not seem to be in accord with the great charter of Christian missions given, e.g., Mark xvi. 15, 16. Must we re-read that charter?

It is a matter for thankfulness that the spirit of seeing everything as evil that is not of our own is yielding to a wider and more charitable one, but "Woe unto them that call evil good and put darkness for light." Those words of the Saviour in that most tender of all his addresses, John xiv:—"No man cometh unto the Father but by me," have not only comprehension but exclusion. The brighter the light the sharper lined the shadow, and where Jesus seems the tenderest, there, in most unequivocal lines are to be seen the dark other-side of condemnation. True love, it would seem, does not consist in blurring or obliterating the boundary truth has drawn, rather in rendering it more distinct. We are not kind to a friend by leading him to believe we think lightly of his faults. The blunt accuser is better than the fond but false flatterer; and we need not hold our Christianity lightly in order to be just towards those who call not on the one great name. There lurks oftentimes a fallacy in the pressing of the alternative "it is either true or not true," nevertheless there must be a sense in which Christianity, as it differs from the world religions, is either necessary or indifferently. The world needs Christ, or it can do without Him, and they who possess this Christ will do the world best service by making their Christ appear the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. It is said that in clear sunshine a lamp light will cause a shadow; let the true light shine, that will dispel the darkness sooner than by trimming smoking and dying lamps. No Christian worker should venture forth with a "peradventure" on his

lips and a "perhaps" in his hand. The spiritualism of Islam and the purity of Buddhism are not there, and the lands where those systems rule are not blessed; it is to the people that in some form hold the Christian ideal that we look for the world's renovation, and to the simple faith of the gospel for the thorough purifying of our Christian land from the putrefying remains of heathenism. Charity is of heaven, but it is not charity to trace lines of truth in systems that are false. He who seeks a jewel in the city sewer may find the fever germ of death. Just now we need, with charity, a more stern bea-fing against error and sin in every form. We all need Christ as our gospels give Him.

WAITING GRACE.

Whittier in one of his poems describes some eastern devotees sitting under a cypress tree in Ceylon, waiting for the falling of the leaves, which only takes place at certain intervals; he who has the fortune to find and eat one of these wondrous leaves is immediately restored to health and youth. There those venerable Fogeese sat, heedless alike of the song bird's note and the tempest's roar. Over them the tropic night storm bursts, the day's fierce sunbeams glare, in silent watchfulness they wait, trusting to feel a youthful freshness steal through torpid pulse and failing limb. If, urges the poet, these poor blinded ones wait in trustful patience, shall we, who sit beneath that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations grow weary in our watch, and murmur at the long delay?

"Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer,
"Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
"Our hearts can do and dare.
"For oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
"From waters which alone can save:
"And murmur for Abana's banks
"And Pharpar's brighter wave."

Among the graces most needed in these uncertain times, patient waiting is not the least; We do not mean the wait and do nothing of those who are only too ready to loiter along life's way, but the waiting of the watching and working ones, the labouring on and not being weary, assured that results not seen will appear.

We are an impatient people, quick returns is what we want, but we must remember providence is not to be hurried, and forced growth means too often only premature decay. The pen is mightier than the sword though the one writes quietly line by line, whilst the other flashes in its stroke and smites as with a lightning beam. That "the world" should be taken by the flashy and pretentious is not to be wondered at. It is to be regretted and amended that Christian people should allow themselves to be carried away by that which is showy rather than real, impatient because the seed they sow does not rush up at once to the waving full eared field. Reference has more than once been made in these columns to the con

stant endeavour made by churches after smart men who will draw, and its danger to true vital Christianity. The subject will bear repetition, for though the evil is acknowledged, it is not shunned. Every church or congregation has some special need, which knowing no law, is made to justify in their case a little leaning still to the acknowledged fallacy. "They have stricken me, I was not sick; they have beaten me, I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." God's mills grind slowly, they who work and they who would sustain or encourage the workers must be content even with long patience to wait for the results. The servant is not to be above his master, let it suffice if he be as his master, and his master sowed seed ever, unobserved and unobtrusively—alone with the Pharisees by night, with the woman at the well; Mary at his feet, children in his arms received his blessing, and he has taught all Christians that not in the chief places of concourse or in the market place are results to be suddenly expected, but in altered lives, unburdened spirits, humbled hearts, in work unseen, unknown now, to remain perhaps unseen, unknown till the great judgment day. Place our privileges in comparison with the decrepit Fogees waiting the shedding of the cypress leaf, and in the light of the comparison ask:

"Shall we grow weary in our watch.
"And murmur at the long delay?
"Impatient of our Father's time
"And His appointed way?"

HOW NOT TO PREACH.

We commend the two following extracts from English papers to our Ministerial readers, as illustrations of how accomplished men may become in this art. Surely a Chair of Common Sense is needed in some Theological Colleges. We are happy to think that neither of these instances are from Congregational pulpits, though they are not free from the same mistake:

There is a rural parish in Suffolk, the name of which I need not just now mention, as I am going to make a little friendly criticism respecting the preaching power of its vicar, which appears to me, judging from a recently published sermon of his, to be a good many miles over the heads of his congregation, taking it at a fair average of rural congregations generally. In the sermon alluded to (and which is published at the "Church of England Pulpit Office") these Suffolk peasantry were informed that the principal meals in Palestine are an "ariston" in the morning and a "deipnon" in the afternoon; and that oriental houses, as architectural and structural features, have their "pylon," their "catalyma," and their "hyperoon." Taking these as a kind of introduction to the House of Simon the Leper, the preacher proceeded further to state that the woman took her "myron" from an "alabastron," and that the particular perfume referred to in the Gospel narrative is known to botanists as "nardostachys." I wonder whether "Giles" and "Hodge" duly and at frequent intervals nodded assent to these wonderful words, though I fancy the old ladies of the village would have felt "that blessed word Mesopotamia" to have been far more edifying and suggestive.—*Hand and Heart.*

It was stated that in connection with the present sittings of the Wesleyan Conference, fifteen hundred sermons were to be preached in and around London. I have only had the opportunity of hearing three of them, but I

sincerely hope that the remaining 1,497 were better ones than those which it fell to my lot to listen to. All three were by men understood to be men of some mark. The first two consisted chiefly of harmless platitudes, but the third, which I heard last Sunday evening, fairly made my flesh creep. The preacher, who has for many years taken "the best circuits," and has some reputation as a star, as discoursing on the beauty of holiness. He spoke for some time on the holiness of God, and told us that "the greater part of God's activities were necessarily employed in the contemplation and admiration of His own perfections. He was supremely happy in His own beauty, and was ever *worshipping Himself.*" A little further on we were informed that the three Persons of the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—held a perpetual jubilee in the contemplation of each other's loveliness, and that they were always *worshipping each other.* The preacher also told us that, in his opinion, God appeared to His creatures in the heavenly world "in some form," although, fortunately for us, the preacher did not allow his imagination to suggest what that form was. Further, we were assured that the worship rendered by the angels to God was not voluntary, but was rendered in obedience to a necessity of their nature. With much submission to the Doctors of Divinity, I cannot suppose this to be "sound Methodist doctrine." But, if not, it strikingly illustrates the ineffectiveness of a rigid theological standard to protect congregations from the crudenesses, vagaries, inanities, and profanities of individual preachers. I have heard much of Mr. Oliver's heresy, but I never heard that the preacher, from whose discourse I have culled a specimen sentence or two, was suspected of departure from "the standards." I may add that his manner was almost, if not quite, as objectionable as his matter; and that is saying a great deal.—*Christian World.*

We heartily congratulate the lovers of Sabbath observance on the decision just rendered in the court of Queen's Bench in the case of The Queen v. Barnes. The defendant was fined \$20 and costs in May last by the Police Magistrate of Toronto for having held a concert on a Sunday evening in the Royal Opera House and charged admission thereto. He appealed to a higher court, and the judges have unanimously sustained the decision of the Police Magistrate. It is impossible to overrate the importance of this, had the result been otherwise a flood of ungodliness would have come out upon us that would have been most disastrous.

Correspondence.

CHURCH BUILDING FUND

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent":

MY DEAR SIR.—Through the columns of the paper I would "report progress." *In re.* the proposed auxiliary to the English Congregational Chapel Building Society, article 11 of the Constitution of the parent society provides: "That the funds of the Society be not available for the liquidation of debts contracted on chapels built *without the previous guarantee of the Society.*" This of course precludes from the movement, under its present intent, any aid to churches already built and debt burdened.

Some information may be further gained from Mr. Hannay's visit which shall be reported in due time.

Of course this does not affect the formation of a Chapel Building Auxiliary, and I trust our friends will not allow this needed enterprise to be forgotten, though as yet I have received no response.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN BURTON.

Toronto, August 26.

MANITOBA AS A MISSION FIELD.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent":

SIR,—It may be interesting to your readers, and especially to those who have given attention to our infant Mission in Manitoba, to be made acquainted with a few facts that have come under my attention here.

That Winnipeg is not over-churched is evident enough. The Presbyterian church here, finished about a year ago—and four times as large as a former one, is already well filled.

The Episcopal Church has just been enlarged to double its former capacity. In giving an account of the opening, the local newspaper observed, that now, it was to be hoped, there would not be experienced the great difficulty in seating the congregation that has so long troubled the officials.

The congregations of our own Mission, with no place but a bare-looking public hall to worship in, are already as large as those of some of our town, and even city congregations in the older parts of Canada. The cause looks as if it was taking root, and with good ministrations and management, will assuredly prosper, under Divine favor. A lot is secured in a most eligible site, and a building thereon, as good as circumstances will afford, is a necessity. So much in brief for Winnipeg.

As to the vast outlying regions, I will give you two statements made to me, and leave your readers to judge what kind of a country Manitoba is. (1). A professor in the Presbyterian College told me the other day that in one district of the interior, the Little Saskatchewan, where there were only twenty settlers two years and a half ago, they have now *six ministers* labouring, none of them having less than sixty families under charge. (2). A municipal official informed me that in a district of which he had cognizance, where there are now five hundred names on the assessment roll, the total number of inhabitants three years ago was less than ten.

Facts, it is said, are stubborn things. I hope the above will be pondered.

G. HAGUE.

Winnipeg, August 19, 1880.

GOOD TASTE IN THE PULPIT.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent":

DEAR SIR,—In these holiday times when Pastors are temporarily absent from their homes, and their pulpits are occupied by neighbouring ministers, it is pleasant to the people who remain to hear another, if not a new, voice, discoursing on Gospel themes. When a minister of another denomination is the supply, good taste usually keeps him from overmuch praise of his own church, seldom indeed does such an one trespass so much on the good nature of his hearers as to treat them to unpleasant reminiscences of their ecclesiastical ancestors; exaggerated, usually, if not wholly untrue. But, occasionally, a congregation is compelled to listen to such unedifying discourse, and when the "Puritans," whether in the old or the new world, are the subjects of remark, Congregationalists anyway, can strive to emulate the noble instincts of their "Fathers," by marking their disapproval of such conduct, by regrets, and holding their worthy ancestors in still higher esteem, notwithstanding the blemishes which belonged to the times in which they lived, rather than to the principles they held. When a congregation happens to have such an "experience" on two successive Sundays from a good brother who stands well up in his own church, it seems passing strange; and the thought not unnaturally is suggested; will the deacons make haste to secure the good offices of that gentleman the next time they may have occasion to look for a supply?

T. C. A.

News of the Churches.

Pastors and Church Officers are particularly requested to forward items of news for this Column.

REV. DR. DUFF.—The friends of Rev. Dr. Duff, of Sherbrooke, will be pleased to know that he is recovering slowly from his recent severe illness; but is still unable to do any work, or even take exercise beyond an occasional short walk or drive. We hope that he may be spared to do much valuable work for the Master in time to come, though his strength be somewhat less than it used to be.

WINNIPEG CHURCH.—Rev. W. Ewing acknowledges the following amounts raised by him toward the building funds of the first Congregational Church, Winnipeg. In Montreal, \$768.00; Quebec, \$35.50; Sherbrooke, \$27.25; Melbourne, \$6.00; Inverness, \$5.00; Durham, \$2.00; Granby, \$7.50; Brigham, \$18.00; Cowansville, \$12.00; Ottawa, \$53.50; Kingston, \$94.25; Cobourg, \$25.00; Toronto, \$135.25; Georgetown, \$50.35; Guelph, \$39.75; Stouffville S.S. \$2.00; Rev. D. W. Day, \$4.00; G. S. Armstrong, \$4.00; Oro, Vespra & Rugby, per Rev. J. Hindley, \$10.00. Total up to August 19th, 1880, \$1289.35.

Official Notice.

The St. Francis Association meets on the *Second Tuesday* in Sept. *i.e.* Sept. 14th, &c., &c.

A. DUFF,
Secretary.

Sherbrooke, Aug. 24th, 1880.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.—The Forty-second Session of the College will be opened with the usual public service, in Emmanuel Church, Montreal, on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 16th. The Rev. A. Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, has kindly promised to be present, and to take part in the proceedings.

GEORGE CORNISH, D.D.

Secretary.

Literary Notes.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER.—We have so frequently commended this charming Magazine for children, that we need only say of this number that it is fully as bright and attractive as its predecessors.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE continues to give the cream of English Periodical Literature. Its readers have gathered for them week by week, with care and judgment the very best writings of the Monthlies and Quarterlies. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston are the publishers.

WE ask the forbearance of our readers with respect to one or two matters in this week's issue which are not just as we should like them to be. We hope next week to be nearer our ideal. There are always some difficulties in a change.

THE House of Lords passed a motion on Thursday last effectually killing the Employers' Liability Bill, which was passed by the Commons in the interest of the working-men.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night
In my lone closet where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought or word or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from this dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the "cup of water" 'e'cm to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart
My sinfulness to heal.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

Our Story.

"MISS HANNAH'S BOY."

It was a cold, dark afternoon, and Miss Hannah Reed drew her shawl more closely around her as she came down the school-house steps. She was a teacher in the public school, and since her father's death, had found urgent need for all that she could earn. Miss Hannah's strength was not great, and her work pressed heavily, so that often when night came she was too tired to read.

The day had been a trying one, and Miss Reed felt unusually weary; the Sunday before she had given up her Sunday-school class, because her week's teaching generally ended in a severe headache. Thinking over this fact, Miss Reed gave an audible sigh, and said half aloud:

"Well, well, there is no use in my trying to do anything but earn a living; I have time and strength for nothing else."

At this moment she found herself opposite a locksmith's shop, and, remembering that she wanted a key altered, entered the shop. The master was out, but a pale, not very attractive looking boy sat at work, and he said that she could have the key by the next day. As Miss Hannah turned to leave, a weary look in the boy's face caught her eye, and she said in a kindly way:

"Do you like this work, my lad?"

The boy looked up surprised, but seeing a look of interest in her face, said timidly:

"I like it pretty well, ma'am, but I get very tired; I'm not used to be shut up so much."

"What have you been used to do?" said Miss Reed.

"I lived on a farm," said the boy; "but father didn't need us all to help him, so he said I had better come to the city, and I found this place."

"Do you earn enough to live on?"

"I only get about enough to pay my board, and have very little left."

"Where do you board?"

"Not far from here; there are six other fellows that board in the house."

"What do you do in the evening? Do you sit with your landlady?"

"She don't often sit anywhere, I think, for she's working most of the time, and we don't say much to her, except when we pay our bills. When I can earn a little extra, I go to the minstrel; it's right jolly there!"

"Do you ever go to church?"

"No, ma'am, I don't know much about the churches, and my clothes are not good enough to go."

"Do you ever read?"

"Not much; there are not many books at our house; one fellow takes a newspaper, and he lends me that sometimes."

It was getting late, and Miss Reed, after learning that the boy's name was Joseph Steele, said pleasantly: "Well, Joseph, we have had quite a talk, haven't we?"

When she went home, two voices seemed to be speaking to her; one voice said: "Here is a friendless boy, with no good influences around him, can you not help him a little?" The other said: "I wouldn't trouble myself about him; you have enough to do." The first voice must have been the strongest, for the next day, when Miss Reed called for the key, she said to Joe:

"Wouldn't you like to go to Sunday-school with me next Sunday?"

Joe looked reflective, and said: "I don't care much about it, but if you want me to go, I will."

"I would wish you to go once, and see how you like it," said Miss Reed; "and if you call on me at two o'clock next Sunday, we will go together."

When Sunday came Miss Reed had a headache, and almost hoped that Joe would not appear; but as the clock struck, he came, looking quite clean and neat, and they soon reached the school. The room was a very attractive place, and Joe gazed curiously around. The superintendent shook hands with him very kindly, and then placed him in the class of a very earnest, faithful teacher. After school, Miss Reed found a chance to tell Joe's teacher a few facts about his new scholar, and then she walked some distance with Joe, and was delighted to hear him say that he liked that teacher first-rate, and he meant to come next Sunday.

This was the beginning of new things for Joe. Miss Reed never did anything by halves, and her interest in the boy did not wane. In a few weeks she was rejoiced to discover Joe Steele, dressed in a new coat, sitting in the church gallery. He smiled as he caught her eye, and, after church, he told her that his teacher had helped him to get the coat, and to please him he had come to church. Before long the good teacher invited his whole class to spend the evening with him. Joe told Miss Reed that it was the best evening he had ever spent; he said that they had "nuts and oranges, and the teacher's sister played on the piano, and the boys hardly wanted to go home when the time came."

A good many times Miss Reed purposely passed the little shop so that she might give a kindly nod to Joe as he worked, and it always seemed to Joe that he could work better after she passed by. Another ill-fitting key took Miss Reed again to the shop. And this time she invited Joe to come and see her some evening; and Joe ventured to call, a little scared at first, but greatly pleased. Miss Reed shewed him the pretty things in her parlor, and exerted all her tact to draw him out. She was pleased to hear him speak quite intelligently of his farm life, and showing him her stereoscope, and treating him to fruit, it was time to go. Joe remarked that he had enjoyed himself wonderfully, and then Miss Reed lent him an interesting book, and after promising to come again, Joe took his departure.

Miss Reed felt very tired when her guest had gone, but to the boy the evening had been worth more than gold. The thought that any one in the great city cared anything about him was a great stimulant in his better nature. The contact with a refined, educated lady had given him a glimpse of a different life from that which he had known. Henceforth, Miss Reed became a synonym for all that was good and wise in the eyes of Joe.

The Reed household began to be interested in Joe, and they fell into the fashion of calling him "Hannah's boy." Even Mrs. Simmons, the old lady in the next house, became interested in him, and when he passed her window, she would nod at him and say, "There comes 'Hannah's boy; what a deal of pains she would take for that lad; well, well,

it may do him good," and then her thoughts would wander to her own boy far away, and she hoped somebody might care for him.

One day Miss Reed met Joe coming out of a beer-shop, and as she came up, he looked a little confused. "Why, Joe," she said, "do you need to drink beer?" Joe said that he generally got thirsty by noon, and liked to take one glass, and did not see any harm in that. "I don't know as there is," said Miss Reed; "but, Joe, many who begin by going to a beer-house, end by taking something stronger, and I would be glad if you never went again." Joe looked very grave as she passed on; but he told her afterwards that he was not going any more.

As the time passed on, a gradual change was visible in the locksmith's boy. Joe's coat was neatly brushed; his hair was smooth, and both language and manner changed for the better. Potent influences were at work, and there came a look of intelligence and resolution into his face which it did one good to see. Some time after this the locksmith had to give up his shop, and Joe was without work; but his Sunday-school teacher succeeded in finding a situation for him in the large house in which he himself was employed, and Miss Reed was delighted at this good fortune, for though she saw Joe much less frequently after this she knew that he was going steadily on, winning the good opinion of his employers. Whenever she met Joe, the pleased look in his face shewed that she was still a dearly valued friend.

Two years have slipped away; and if you had been in Dr. G.—'s church last Sunday, you would have seen a pleasant sight. Six young men walked into the church, and took their stand as true servants of God. Among them, with gentlemanly bearing and reverent face, stood "Miss Hannah's boy." Could that young Christian soldier be indeed the same boy? Yes, for in her pew sat Miss Reed, and as she looked at him, sacred joy shone in her face. The good teacher was also there, and as he and Miss Reed shook hands with Joseph Steele after church, there was a light on their faces akin to that which the angels wear when a soul is delivered from sin.

Miss Hannah Reed is still teaching, and is often weary; but in the better country her rest will be sweet, and to her the Master will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Are there not many in our great cities who, like Miss Hannah Reed, might help one boy or girl to a better life?

WHAT WE NEED.

When I go to the house of God, I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from the weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may fear God all the days of my life, and close it in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus "who himself bore our sins in his body on the tree." Tell me of His "intercession for the transgressors," as their "advocate with the Father." Tell me of His Holy Spirit, whom they that believe in Him receive to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of His presence and sympathy and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of the life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.

Boys and Girls.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

A PARABLE.

The storm was raging with unusual force. The wind had risen so high as to threaten to blow down the cottage where little Margaret lived. And as she lay in her little cot and listened to the blasts which shook the casement near which it stood, it seemed to her as if the trees were moaning in their despair at being unable to stand against such a terrible power. She heard them creaking as they bent before the gale, and every now and then a large branch would fall off with a startling crash.

"Oh, my poor flowers!" the child said to herself. "What will they do? They will all be killed."

She was so fond of flowers. She took great care of them, and only the day before she had been amongst them and put her little garden in order—though it scarcely needed it—because papa was coming home, and she wanted him to see it at its best.

It did seem very hard to her that the pitiless storm should come, and the wind and the rain sweep over those pretty little fuchsias and geraniums and roses just as they were looking so gay, and papa was coming home.

She was just falling asleep when she heard the garden gate open, and her father's step upon the gravel.

Presently he came up-stairs to see his little girl.

He had no other children now. Four little green mounds in the churchyard told where the others were. So little Margaret, or Daisy, as he called her, was especially dear to him.

"What! Daisy, not asleep yet? darling, how is this? and crying too! Why, what is the matter with my pet?" and so saying he kissed the tears away as he bent over the cot.

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed the child, as she threw her arms around his neck, and returned his kisses, sobbing as she did it, "my poor, poor flowers! they will all be spoiled. I did want them to look nice for you, and now this naughty wind and rain will kill them all, and I shall never see them again;" and she cried still more bitterly at the thought of her favorite roses exposed to the rain which came in torrents against the window.

"Don't cry about it, dear," said Mr. Grant; "the wind and the rain do not come of themselves, they are sent by One who knows much better than we do what is good for us and for our flowers too. Don't you remember what we were reading about last Sunday, the lilies and how they grow, and God cares for even the little sparrows which hop about the garden? Go to sleep, my little Daisy, and in the morning you will see that your flowers are not dead; God will take care of them."

And so he left her, and the little maid sank into a quiet sleep which lasted till the storm had passed over, and all was still again.

After breakfast Mr. Grant said, "Come along, Daisy, let us go and look at your garden. I want to see how nice you have made it look since I have been away this time."

Little Margaret put on her garden-hat and they went out into the pleasant old-fashioned garden of Rose Cottage.

Here and there they came across traces of the storm of the night before—branches of trees lying across the path; fruit, still unripe, shaken from its hold, and some of the taller flowers bending very low, from the force of the wind, or the weight of the rain beating upon them.

But when they came to the sheltered nook where Margaret's garden was, you would scarcely have known there had been a storm at all.

True, a few of the heavy fuchsia blossoms were splashed with the wet soil; some of the largest rose blossoms had been knocked off; one or two scarlet geraniums looked rather weather-beaten; and there were deep marks in the ground where the heavy rain-drops had fallen.

But when Mr. Grant had put a stick to support this plant, lightly brushed the leaves of that splashed plant, cut off a dead blossom or leaf here, and put a few skillful touches with the rake there, you would have said the little garden looked all the better for the rain—it was so fresh and green and bright.

And so Margaret thought, as she stood watching her father removing all the traces of the storm which had alarmed her so much the night before as she thought of her dear flowers all exposed to it outside.

"Why, papa," she said, smiling, "my dear darling flowers are not so much the worse, after all; I think they look all the fresher for the rain. I was going to water them yesterday, only John said we should have rain before night. Oh, thank you, papa! It does look so nice now, and my pretties aren't dead, after all."

"Daisy, my darling," said her father, as they moved down one of the side-walks, "you must try and trust the great Gardener, my child, who sends the rain and the wind as well as the sunshine. There was a time when four other little flowers besides my precious Daisy grew in my cottage garden, and were a daily and hourly pleasure to me as I watched their growth, and took care of them—my poor motherless darlings. But one day a great storm came, such blinding hail, such roaring raging wind and tempest, as I pray you may never see, my child—when no sun nor stars for days appeared. And my little flowers tended with such love and care, watched over day and night with prayers, my little flowers were taken from me, and for a while I cried, dear—as you cried last night—in my darkness and in my fear, for it seemed as if I had lost them, as if they had been wrecked by that cruel storm which took them all away. But in the morning my weeping changed to joy. God had spared me my little Daisy, and as I clasped you in my arms, dear, your little baby lips asked me where brothers and sisters were, and I could only say, 'In heaven.' You taught me then, my child, what I am teaching you—to trust. And now I know my little darlings are transplanted to a better soil than this, where everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers—where no storms come, but all is calm and rest and peace. May little Daisy and I go there too!"

"Forty years I have lived in sin," said a man in the Mission House in Baxter Street, New York, on April 6th, during a service held by the Salvation Army. "You all know me," he continued, "and you know what I say is true. I never passed a saloon when I had any money in my pocket, and for forty years I have never been sober when I had the means to get drunk. But two weeks ago I had the curiosity to come in here to see the Salvation Army, and now I am a new man. I cannot tell how it is, but I know it is so. I humbly believe my sins are forgiven, and I mean to work for Jesus. People say there is nothing in it, but I ask you whether it is 'nothing' that enables me to pass the liquor saloons now and to speak without swearing. But I cannot explain what I feel." As the man spoke, obviously under profound emotion, the thoughts of some were carried back to the narrative of the blind man whom Christ cured, (John ix. 25), and who had similar personal proof of the genuineness of the work done in him.

International S. S. Lessons.

THE LESSON LIST

- Oct. 3. ISAAC'S PROSPERITY—Gen. xxvi. 12-25. Golden Text, Prov. x. 22. Commit 23-25.
- Oct. 10. JACOB AND ESAU—Gen. xxvii. 22-40. Golden Text, Prov. iv. 27. Commit 38-40.
- Oct. 17. JACOB AT BETHEL—Gen. xxviii. 10-22. Golden Text, verse 15. Commit 12-16.
- Oct. 24. JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER—Gen. xxxii. 9-12. 22-30. Golden Text, Luke xviii. 1. Commit 26-30.
- Oct. 31. JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT—Gen. xxxvii. 1-5. 23-26. Golden Text, Prov. xxvii. 4. Commit 32-35.
- Nov. 7. JOSEPH IN PRISON—Gen. xxxix. 21-23; xl. 1-8. Golden Text, Psa. xxxvii. 7. Commit 21-23.
- Nov. 14. JOSEPH THE WISE RULER—Gen. xl. 41-57. Golden Text, Prov. xxii. 22. Commit 46-49.
- Nov. 21. JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS—Gen. xlv. 30-34; xlv. 1-8. Golden Text, Rom. xii. 21. Commit 1-4.
- Nov. 28. JACOB AND PHARAOH—Gen. xlvii. 1-12. Golden Text, Prov. xvi. 31. Commit 7-10.
- Dec. 5. LAST DAYS OF JACOB—Gen. xlviii. 8-12. Golden Text, verse 21. Commit 15, 16.
- Dec. 12. LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH—Gen. l. 14-26. Golden Text, Prov. x. 7. Commit 18-21.
- Dec. 19. REVIEW OF THE LESSONS.
- Dec. 26. LESSON SELECTED BY THE SCHOOL.

SEPT. 12.

Gen. 22: 1-14

The Trial of Abraham's Faith.

GOLDEN TEXT—Gen. 22: 1-14. Time 15-20 B. C.

CONNECTION AND INTRODUCTION

A period of something more than twenty-five years intervened between the events of our last lesson and of this. During this time Abraham journeyed again toward the south country, and remained some time in Gerar. In process of time, Isaac, the child of promise, was born, Ishmael and his mother were sent away, Abraham and Abimelech made a covenant of peace, and Abraham continued to reside in or near Beer-sheba, in the southern part of Palestine, until the period of our present lesson. In order to fully understand the lesson before us, we must regard the transaction of which we are there told as not only a trial of Abraham's faith, but as a most striking and accurate typical representation of the sacrifice of Christ. We have in it a loving father freely offering up in sacrifice an only and well-beloved son, and an obedient and unresisting son yielding himself without a murmur to his father's will. The filling out of this grand picture we shall see as we proceed. Abraham, doubtless, earnestly desired a deeper insight into God's purposes, and here God, while sorely trying his faith, rewards his sublime endurance of the trial by revealing to him Christ in His character of a sacrificial offering for the sin of the world. (See John, 8: 56; Gal. 3: 8; Heb. 11: 13).

LESSON NOTES.

- (1). After these things,—that is, the things related in the last chapter—God did tempt (test, try) Abraham. We are not to suppose that God tempted Abraham in the sense of seeking to draw him into sin, for we are plainly told (James 1: 13) that God tempts no man. But God subjected Abraham to a test or trial by which his character and the power of his faith should become better known than it could otherwise be—not to God, for God knew already what Abraham was, and what he would do—but to himself and all that should come after him. And said unto him, Abraham; and he said, here am I; or, behold I. Abraham's answer showed that he was waiting for God's command, and holding himself in readiness to obey it, whatever it might be.
- (2). Take now thy son, thine only son whom thou lovest. Isaac was Abraham's only son in the sense of being his only true heir; the only one in whom the promises were to be fulfilled; the only one through whom his posterity should be traced. And get thee into the land of Moriah. This is supposed to be the country around Jerusalem; and the place where Isaac was offered up, the Calvary where Christ was afterwards crucified. The latter opinion may be true, yet there is no certain evidence that it is so. Offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains, &c. This was undoubtedly a most unexpected command, and one that must have tried his faith to the utmost. But Abraham's faith in God was not to be shaken; and without a single murmur, or word

of questioning or dissent, he proceeded to make ready for the sacrifice. A command coming from God to offer up a human sacrifice, must have filled him with astonishment; but how great must his astonishment have been when told that that sacrifice was to be his own son! But he did not hesitate at this apparently contradictory view of God's character. He had faith that could trust God even where he could not trace either His wisdom or His goodness.

(3). And Abraham rose up early in the morning, &c. He made haste to meet the trial, anticipating all the needful preparations, such as preparing the wood, taking with him the cords to bind, and the knife to slay the victim, and young men to be his assistants by the way. All this showed how calm was his trust, and how settled was his purpose to obey God. Whatever might have been his natural pain of heart, it does not seem in the least to have affected his conduct. His heart was "fixed, trusting in the Lord."

(4). The third day. We are not necessarily to conclude that three entire days were required for the journey, but that, on the third day from the time the command was given, they came in sight of the place God had told Abraham of. The distance from the point from which Abraham is supposed to have started, to the neighborhood of Jerusalem, is not far from thirty Roman miles.

(5). And Abraham said unto his young men, &c. He would go unattended to this painful duty. Possibly he feared that his servants, through love to Isaac, and seeing what was about to be done, would seek to turn him from his purpose. As God had laid this duty upon himself alone, he would have no one near who could interfere or seek to prevent his doing what God had commanded him to do. I and the lad will go yonder and worship. The offering up of appropriate sacrifices was an act of solemn worship. God had appointed Isaac as the sacrifice on this occasion; hence the offering of him would be, on the part of both, an act of worship. Come again to you. Abraham had full confidence that they should both return to the young men. (See Heb. 11: 17-19).

(6). Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac. The iniquity of all his people was laid by God upon Jesus. (Is. 53: 9) as well as the cross upon which He was crucified.—(John 19: 17). Abraham (a type of God) took the fire in his hand and a knife: (types of divine justice—Is. 53: 10) and they went, both of them together. These words, both of them together, are peculiarly significant. Abraham and Isaac, the one a type of the Divine Father, the other of Jesus Christ, His Son,—the one bearing that which was to be the cause of his own consuming, the other the fire and the knife, symbols of the justice which required the sacrifice, went forward together,—that is, in perfect fellowship and harmony; the son not precluding the father, as if driven, or following him as a slave, but beside him, as a companion, a friend, both going forward to a united work.

(7, 8). Isaac said, behold (here are) the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb, &c. Isaac evidently asked, this question, as yet not dreaming that he was himself the lamb of sacrifice. Abraham's answer, my son, &c., was probably intentionally evasive—he was waiting calmly for God to reveal this fact, if necessary, himself, to Isaac—yet, like many things uttered in profound ignorance on the part of the speaker of his own deeper meaning, it conveyed a double prophecy. God would not only provide a literal lamb as a sin-offering, for that particular occasion, but would provide THE LAMB, Jesus Christ, as the greater sacrifice for the sin of the world. So they went, &c.—(See remarks under v. 6.) The repetition of these words makes them doubly impressive.

(9). Abraham built an altar, &c. The sacrifice could not be offered without an altar. Christ was offered upon the bloody altar of a cross—(Heb. 13: 12, 13).

Bound Isaac his son, &c. Isaac, though called a lad, (v. 5) was really a mature man, at least twenty-five years old, and by some supposed to be over thirty. Had he not been a willing sacrifice he might easily have resisted or escaped, as his father was an aged man. But he evidently made no resistance, yielding himself willingly to his father's will. So Christ gave himself up freely to die—(Ps. 40: 7, 8; John 10: 8; Matt. 26: 42).

(10). Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife, to slay his son. His trial was complete. The sacrifice was virtually made. The greater sacrifice of Christ, Abraham's promised seed, was shown in perfect type. And now—

(11, 12). A voice from heaven calls to him—lay not thy hand upon the lad, for now I know, &c. God did not subject Abraham to this trial to assure Himself that Abraham's faith would not fail. This He knew; but neither Abraham nor Isaac knew it, and we could never have known it had the trial not been made. Neither could the wonderful prophecy of Jesus Christ, as a sin-offering, con-

cerned in it, have been given otherwise than by this, or by some other similar transaction. Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh... in the mount of the Lord it (what it signified) shall be seen.—or, the Lord will see or provide.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Implicit obedience to God, is the only sure test of faith. God does not often subject his people to so severe a test as He did Abraham; but all have to be tested in some way, that the fruits of their faith may appear.

God asked no more from Abraham than He was willing to give for Abraham. Whatever God asks from us falls infinitely short of what He has given for us. Abraham gave himself, as literally as man could give himself in the person of another, in Isaac. God gave Himself truly in the person of Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son. He will accept nothing less than a complete giving up of ourselves to Him.

Abraham in giving to God his dearest and best, proved that there was nothing he would withhold. God, in giving Christ, proves that He has with Him, freely given us all things (Rom. 8: 32; 1st Cor. 3: 21-23).

God's great gift includes all lesser gifts.

QUESTION SUMMARY

(For the Scholars.)

- (1, 2). What is meant by God did tempt Abraham? See note. Who does tempt people in the sense of leading them into sin? Is Satan the only tempter? Do wicked children ever become tempters? What did God tell Abraham to do? Did Abraham know God did not intend to let him kill Isaac? What made him, then, go so willingly to do such a dreadful thing? Because he had faith that God would bring it round all right, and that, even if he did have to kill Isaac, God would make him alive again. (Read Heb. 11: 17-19).
- (3). What did Abraham take with him?
- (5). Did Abraham expect that both he and Isaac would come again?—(See Heb. 11: 17-19).
- (6). What did Abraham give Isaac to carry? What did he carry himself?
- (7). What one thing did Isaac miss that should have been taken for a burnt-offering?
- (8, 9). What did Abraham say God would provide? Did he mean that God would provide a real lamb? He did not quite know what he did mean, but he felt sure God would provide for the burnt-offering in some way. His words were a prophecy, however, and God did provide a real lamb, as we shall soon see. What did Abraham build? What is an altar? What did he do when the altar was finished, and the wood laid in order upon it? Was Isaac a little boy?—(see note). How old was he? If he was a young man, why did he let his father bind him? Because he knew his father loved God, and would not do anything God had not told him to do. So he gave himself willingly into his father's hands. Who besides Abraham gave up His only begotten Son to die? Was Jesus, like Isaac, willing to die? Whom did Jesus die for? Do you love Jesus for being so kind as to die for you?
- (10-13) What did Abraham mean to do when he took the knife? Why did God let him do it? Because he was only trying Abraham; and when he saw Abraham was willing to obey Him, even in such a hard thing, He took it all the same as if he had really done it. Who called to Abraham to make him stop? What did he say? When Abraham looked around what did he see? Did the sheep happen to be there?—or did God send him there? When it came time for somebody to die for us did God provide another Lamb? What is that Lamb's name? What is the meaning of Jesus?—See Matt. 1: 21. Has Jesus saved you from your sins?

On a Spanish sun-dial is written, "I mark only the bright hours." This is wise. There is more sun-shine than shade, more bright than dark hours to be remembered.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined, people and abominable to the good.

Bismarck may possibly soon meet Cardinal Howard, who is the successor of Monsigneur Jacobini as Papal Nuncio at Vienna. The object of such a meeting would be to deliberate on the Act recently passed amending the Falk Laws, which neither answer the intentions of the Prussian Government nor the wishes of the Catholics, and to bring about the recall of the ejected bishops and fill the cures of the vacant parishes. Bismarck heartily desires to put an end to the kultur-kampf, and there is no saying that he may not consent to talk over Church matters once more with some agent of the Pope at Gastein.

OPPORTUNITIES.

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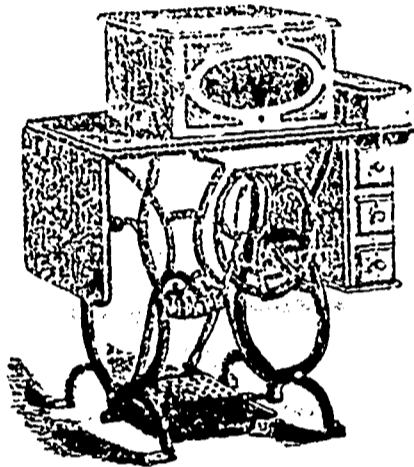
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