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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

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[No. 10.]

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THE UNION.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec began its sessions in the Congregational Church, Hamilton, on the evening of Wednesday, June 10th. The Hamilton church had evidently determined to do all that willing heart and ready hand could do to render the guests comfortable, and to surround them with pleasant tokens of attention. The church building (recently freshened and repaired) was tastefully decorated, not profusely, but appropriately, and the excellent choir placed their services at the disposal of the gathering. You felt at home the moment the reception committee got you within their embrace.

THE service on Wednesday evening was well attended, the chairman presiding. Mr. Hunter, of London, and Dr. Stevenson taking part in the devotional exercises. The sermon of Mr. Hugh Pedley we shall allow to speak for itself, only saying that it was delivered with great vigour, distinctness, and the earnestness of conviction. It had the ring of a manly Christianity, and kept the attention of the audience for full forty minutes. The sermon over, the Standing Committees were struck, some interpretations of the rule for the ballot for chairman were passed to prevent misapprehension and the meeting adjourned at half-past three.

THURSDAY morning, as that of the previous day, opened bright, fresh, and clear as the hour for prayer and conference drew nigh. A few, a very few, old-fashioned folk were punctual, so few, however, they seemed to doubt their claim to the promise. About twenty minutes after nine the friend appointed to preside—Mr. Gordon-Smith, of Stratford—began the meeting, which was carried on with spirit till the hour arrived for the Union to begin. By

this time the church was filling up, the chairman took the chair, and at his request Mr. W. H. Allworth led in prayer. The roll was then called and the attending delegates marked.

THE chairman's address, being next in order was given, occupying in delivery over an hour and a quarter. The subject was "Congregational Polity and Work." We may be allowed to say that it was listened to with close attention to the close. Then came the election of the chairman according to the new system of ballot. The Union had interpreted its own rule so that none but members present should have the right to vote, and that a majority of all the votes cast was necessary to secure an election. The first ballot resulted in no election. The three highest names on the list were declared, and another fruitless vote was taken. As the hour of adjournment had passed, the standing rule requiring the election on Thursday morning was suspended, and further balloting fixed for Friday morning. Thus ended the morning session.

AT two o'clock the annual meeting of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society was held, the President, Dr. Cornish, in the chair. From the secretary's and from the superintendent's report we learn that the income of the past year was \$6,318, and expenditure \$7,579. This excess of expenditure over income does not represent increased work, but decreased contributions. Ontario and Quebec have fallen behind \$616, the Lower Provinces \$800. In this connection we may note that the General Committee, after serious and protracted deliberation, have resolved to deduct ten per cent. from off the next quarterly payment to the pastors receiving aid from the funds, and a still larger percentage must be deducted from the next payment, unless contributions gather much more rapidly and generously during the immediately following months. The committee confidently expect

such a response to their appeal, now these facts are known, that will render their diminution only temporary, but in justice to themselves they cannot continue to borrow in the face of a growing expenditure and decreasing income. Let this be understood, that for every dollar last year brought into our treasury we need one and a-half next year at least.

THIS may be the better place, though not in the order of its presentation to the Union, to refer to general statistics, as presented by our efficient statistical secretary, Mr. Wariner. The year presents an advance on last year of growth in our membership. In the Union of Ontario and Quebec there are fifty-two pastors in office, an average attendance of 15,000 on Sabbath services, and 22,000 reported as under the care of our churches. Over 800 have been received into fellowship on profession of faith, and a net gain of 414 reported in the seventy-two churches sending in returns. Our total membership now is 6,700. Of the 800 received into fellowship, 300 have come from our Sunday schools. These schools have an average attendance of nearly 6,000.

THE evening found a well filled church to listen to the addresses appointed for the annual public meeting of the Society. As on the previous evening, the choir of the Hamilton church did excellent service both in leading the congregation's singing and in rendering some very effective anthems. Mr. William Hastings some years ago settled in the Lower Provinces, but now pastor in London, England, and visiting this continent, was asked to address the meeting. He spoke of the Congregationalism of the Father Land, of its influence upon the destinies of the nations, paid an impassioned tribute to England's "Grand Old Man," spoke enthusiastically of the part taken by the Congregational churches in reaching the masses, and of the progress of total abstinence principles among both ministers and laymen.

REFERRING to intemperance and its ravages Mr. Hastings made a statement which may well be pondered in its dread significance. A number of working men belonging to his church had been detailed to take a census of the people visiting the public houses (taverns) in several London parishes between the hours of nine and twelve on a particular Saturday

evening. The number of public houses in the district assigned was 200. These 200 houses on that evening, during the three closing hours of the week, were entered by 86,000 people, of whom 19,000 were women, and 16,000 children. In some cases, without doubt, the woman or child was seeking a husband or father, to entice them home ere the last shilling was spent, but to think of an average of 430 entering every public house during hours that are emphatically home hours is something appalling.

MR. C. S. PEDLEY, B.A., of New Durham, was the next speaker. In his own quiet and original way, he urged that the Missionary Society was one of the organic bonds of our brotherhood, and, while deprecating a faith without a backbone, maintained that the Society should boldly take its stand upon the broad ground of faith in Christ as a personal and effective Saviour. This faith should give a bond of brotherhood strong and true, which leaving conscience free, will prove powerful in meeting the wants of men.

DR. STEVENSON was in his happiest vein, and gave one of those incisive and humorous, yet withal eminently practical addresses, which it is simply impossible to report. He spoke of true liberty as manifested by right living and the doing of good; denounced the headstrong will of those who needlessly divided the Church, and urged confidence in the holy catholic gospel of the Congregational faith, maintaining that it was a part of our mission to inculcate love and mutual forbearance. The meeting was full of spirit and of power.

AFTER the hour spent in devotional exercises the Union came again to order on Friday morning, and spent the greater part of its sederunt energetically discussing the Senate's amendments (? evisceration) of the Canada Temperance Act. The subject was formally brought before the Union by Mr. H. J. Clark, in the following resolution:

That this Union, composed of representatives ministerial and lay, of the Congregational churches of Ontario and Quebec has heard with deep regret of the amendments introduced into the Scott Act by the Senate of the Dominion. This Union respectfully petitions the House of Commons not to concur in these amendments, as they involve a serious breach of faith with those constituencies which have voted

upon the Act as it now stands, and by majorities exceeding in the aggregate fifty thousand have testified their approval of its provisions, while these amendments would practically nullify the Act, and rob the electors of the results of the exercise of their franchise. Further, this Union finds that the experience of places where the sale of beer especially has been encouraged, shows that drunkenness, brutality, and immorality have greatly increased, and this Union believes that any attempt to foster the sale in this Dominion would be followed by like lamentable results.

In supporting this motion, Mr. Clark evidently carried the Union with him. His arguments, tersely and vigorously presented, were first that the optional legislation of the Scott Act was professedly given that the voice of the people should be heard, that the people had in a large measure responded, and now as the response does not appear to be what the legislators hoped, they were determined to render that response ineffectual. This was humorously and aptly illustrated by the act of a burly John Bull, who asked of his serving man, "John, do ee want some pie?" "Ees, master," responded John. Raising his voice again the master demanded, "John, do ee want some pie?" Half-timidly the reply was returned, "Ees, master." "John," demanded the questioner in thunder tones, "do ee want some pie?" "No, master," humbly answered John. "That's right, John; why don't ee speak when spoken to?" Mr. Clark also drew attention to the fact that the use of beer and wine did not in actual experience lessen the evils of intemperance; that encouraging their use the rather intensified the demoralizing influence, recalling the memory of "Brougham's Beer Bill," by way of example. The discussion was well sustained, and though some little difference in the way of expression was manifest, the spirit of the resolution was most cordially endorsed by all.

FRIDAY evening was devoted (on the part of those who were so unfortunate as to be left off the General Committee of the Missionary Society), to the acceptance of an invitation from the ladies of the Hamilton Church to be present at a social entertainment. We may here say once for all that the friends of the Hamilton Church have shown themselves thoroughly equal to the task of not only entertaining the Union, but of giving a tone of home-like sympathy to all the gatherings. For systematic attention, quiet taste, Christian

welcome and generous, unostentatious hospitality, they have equalled the best of anything we have seen. There has been no attempt at magnificence, but every attention to comfort. The gathering in Hamilton will ever be remembered with happy recollections.

THE evening gathering was most happy, at least such is the universal testimony of those privileged to be present. For ourselves and brethren of the Mission Committee, we were seated in a committee room, hard at work, with the sweet sounds of music and the echoes of impassioned speeches sounding elsewhere overhead. Like Tantalus, we were within reach of the banquet, but unable to catch even a single grape to cool our fever. But there was enjoyment where we were not. The delegates were royally received, bountifully fed, sung to, speeched to (pardon the new word, kind reader), and kept in a crowded church on a close evening from eight o'clock till half-past ten in a perfect furor of delight. Could anything more be said to testify to the interest and power? And, like most of our readers, we missed it all! We did not even see the crumbs; they would have been a feast.

THE Union has resolved to accept the invitation, thrice given, from the Ottawa Church to hold its next annual meeting there; and the Rev. D. McGregor, M.A., of Guelph, was, after several ballots, declared elected as chairman of the Union for the year 1886. May the Ottawa gathering be—we anticipate that it will—equal in union and in power to the one now passing away as we write.

SUNDAY was a Congregational day in the city, the brethren of the Union supplying most of the pulpits. In the Congregational Church Rev. H. Hughes, of Paris, preached according to appointment of the Union. We regret inability to report thereon, being engaged elsewhere; but we know the sermon to have been characterized as earnest and practical. After the evening service conducted by the chairman and the sermon by Dr. Stevenson, the delegates joined with the Hamilton Church in celebrating the Lord's Supper. It was a season of refreshing and of sweet communion, fitted to strengthen as well as sweeten. The respected pastor of the church presided.

MR. ANDREW GERRIE gave at the request of the Union some very interesting notes regarding the mission at Bon Esperance, Labrador. This mission, though it bulks small in comparison with many others, and gives little promise of being self-supporting, is a genuine mission work where work is sorely needed. The number of fishermen who visit the place during the summer months is considerable, and the Bread of Life is regularly broken to them there. During the winter the inhabitants are perfectly isolated from the rest of the world, only one mail reaching them during the entire season. The wilds of Africa are not more needy, nor Greenland's icy mountains. The Union heard, and strongly urged upon the churches the claims, not pecuniarily heavy, of this much needed mission.

A LARGE part of the closing day (Monday) was spent in the consideration of Foreign Missions, Mr. William Currie being present and giving some account of his prospective field of labour in West Central Africa. It is intended that during the winter Mr. Currie shall visit the churches and endeavour to interest them in the work. On Monday evening, by representatives convened from Emmanuel Church, Montreal, of which he is a member, from the Missionary Society (Foreign), and from the Union, Mr. Currie was solemnly ordained to the work of the ministry in the field allocated to him. Dr. Jackson presided, Dr. Stevenson ordained, Mr. Burton gave the hand of fellowship on behalf of the Union, and Mr. W. H. Alworth an address to the missionary. The services were solemn and inspiring. May God bless and foster this beginning of Foreign Mission work on the part of our churches.

THE Publishing Company, through Dr. Jackson, presented its claims before the Union. The *Year Book*, to be issued under the editorship of our late statistical secretary, will be indispensable to all who would have a detailed account of our churches, societies, and general denominational work. Pastors and churches will find it advantageous to their own work to distribute the same.

OF the magazine we would speak. Among the outward manifestations of unity, and means of furthering the same, a denominational organ is not the least. Every family

in our churches should see it; every church should contribute its items. It is the general visitor, or should be, which creates an interest in the entire fraternity by keeping each constantly before all. We are anticipating a considerable increase in our subscription list now by the energy of pastors and representatives. We shall, during the summer months, return to the monthly issue, and as soon as the work begins afresh continue, if encouraged, the semi-monthly issue. When our subscription list is doubled we promise a weekly.

UNION IMPRESSIONS.

THE meetings just closed have been intensely interesting and successful. Taking all the meetings together, Missionary Society, Publishing Society and all, there seems to be a growing seriousness manifested by those who take part in the business. There has not been nearly so much time fooled away in foolish discussions this year as has been the case in former years. When I began several years ago to attend the Union Meetings as a theolog., and attended them largely for the sake of meeting my fellow students, seeing and hearing the "guns," and, generally having a good time—everybody else, old and young, seemed to be doing the same. But this year the earnest attention to business manifested by all who had anything to do with it seemed very noticeable. Not a bad thing to be able to say.

THERE is a very strong feeling in the air that our denomination is still at the entering in of the promised land. Twenty-five years ago or more a strong progressive, self-propagating instinct appears to have been very powerfully felt and spies were sent out to view the land. But whatever the cause, there seems to have been something like an aimless wandering in the wilderness from that time till now, and we are just getting face to face again with the old opportunity. Hope is very strong at present. The churches are all manned, there is a regular stream of students flowing into the colleges at one door and out at another, the organization of the Missionary Society is very complete, the college is in a good position, and we have taken our place definitely before the world as a Foreign Missionary Society. A hopeful tone pervades all the utterances, and when the meetings are

over people go away home firmly believing that something is going to be done. This is not a bad thing to say either.

I DO not remember to have attended any Union meeting at which so much interest was taken in the morning prayer-meeting. We have had better meetings in themselves on some former occasions than some of these, but not any that I can remember so well attended. The past year has been a year of spiritual blessing in all the churches, and a sense of dependence upon God was abroad which brought us together in the mornings for prayer and Christian fellowship. It seems to me that a few years ago we Congregationalists talked more about our "educated ministry" and "our distinctive principles" than we do now. We have found out perhaps that these things which we keep in the museum and label with odd-sounding names borrowed from other days are just the things we can't depend on for present day needs; and have learned that after all "God with us" is the best word to inscribe upon our banner even if we cannot claim it as a distinctive principle, or feel that it assures us of a ministry any better educated than that of our neighbours. Thank God again.

WHAT shall be said of the tone of the various addresses? It was certainly evident that the speakers were not very much afraid of speaking out all that was in their minds. And evident too that there would have been no need to be afraid if they had felt like it. A very plainly expressed sympathy with what several of the speakers called the Christo-centric in theology, which I understood to mean that if a man was right as regards Christ you could trust him to be practically right all round, and that if he was not practically right as regards Christ he was not a safe man to have about, no matter how sound a note he might strike with reference to other points, made it very easy for the speakers on each occasion to take the audience into their confidence. And perhaps I might say, as one of the least of the speakers in question, the freedom thus enjoyed was not abused. Loyalty to Christ, trust in the abiding presence of Christ, and consequent mutual trust among the members of the brotherhood formed under the personal inspiration of Christ—these were the creed elements

emphasized—a simple way of getting at the heart of orthodoxy, doing away with much of the cumbrous verbiage of antiquity, very useful in its day as the cycles and epicycles of Tycho Brahé, very useful also in their day, were swept from the sky by the simple expedient of putting the sun in his right place in the astronomical system. The indications are that we are laying aside every weight and the sin of endless discussing without reaching anything practical which doth so easily beset us, and are girding ourselves to run the race set before us as a denomination. May the day be near at hand when we shall have our whole time occupied in reporting work done and devising plans for meeting the needs of the age.

THE question of funds was up. Surely it is time for the emphasis to fall on the question how to apply our revenue rather than how to get it. If we could give up talking of what we ought to have done, if we could give up discussing the question whether we ought to do anything now or not, and get on the most efficient method of expending our present means, perhaps the money question would assume a new phase. There is no doubt money in the hands of members of our churches, ready to be expended in promoting work which engages the interest and kindles the enthusiasm. If the purposes breathed at the Union meetings with reference to this matter were not as the morning dew, there is good reason to hope that a big stride will be taken during the coming year by the individual churches on whom the responsibility rests, and the power of unaided Christian vitality to establish effective co-operation will receive a new demonstration.

Altogether the Union meeting this year was a good one. May the next be as good or better.
C. S. P.

WE may express some disappointment at the meeting of the College Corporation, that no allusion was made to the necessity of rendering the teaching staff more effectual. We are saying nothing of the efficiency of the individuals, but when Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Baptists, are all making strenuous endeavours to enlarge their staff, we with apparent content go on without one single individual fully set apart for the work

of yielding instruction. With others we feel the utter inadequacy of the present arrangement, and that its continuance will only nullify the new start we have made, and that most effectually. We have been led to these remarks at this moment by the notice in this issue *re* Endowment Fund, for means must be forthcoming. A good start is worth ten energetic stern-chases; of the latter we have had enough; let us now make good the beginning we have made, and regrets will be among the welcome absentees.

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"Deo Adjuvante non Timendum."

When our souls are stirred we ought not to be backward in saying out the deepest thoughts of our hearts. I confess that never before did I so recognize the worthiness of Congregationalism to take its place at the head of the progress of our day, as during the course of the Union meetings in Hamilton. No one could think lightly of the range and work of our faith and order whose privilege it was to listen to the address of the retiring Chairman, or to the apprehension of our fundamental principles as stated so well by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. Many, I am convinced, have returned to their work believing God's thought to be wiser, and His kingdom larger than they had been accustomed to conceive. We hear on many hands that our preachers and our churches are losing power, and that our name is dying out of Canada; but the *dominant note* of the addresses referred to was, because of the facts, far from being a waning, fainting, dying note. It was "Courage, timid soul, there is no danger for thy life!" "I will be to thee a wall of fire round about."

We will not soon forget the words that told us of the great gifts that Congregationalism gave, and still has to give, the world; and how we are not even *near* the end of our glorious work, and how strenuous insistence must be urged in our own land upon those principles and ideas that are permanent in Christianity, viz., those of an open Bible, a living Christ, a high morality, a passionate love of the freedom of God's own Son, a Divine Spirit making the pulpit powerful, the pew pure, and all the Churches "witnesses unto me."

Oh, for grace to labour so as to see in our most common occasions and narrowest spheres

opportunities of high spiritual service and Christ-possessed lives! We Congregationalists, of all people, ought to be above man-petting, and coaxing, and carrying. We can, if we will, have the Spiritual Christ pervading always our principles and politics, our hopes and purposes.

One word I would like to put forward, so that our future gatherings might be cleansed from even the *appearance* of selfishness, and being one of "the younger brethren" myself, what I have to say cannot be regarded as the prejudice of age. No one is more glad than I that the Union delights to hear often our "rising" young men: but we must not forget the men who are *risen* by virtue of long years of Christly toil and sacrifice for Congregationalism. Our old men were not honoured last week as I think they should have been.

It may seem a small thing to invite some faithful but almost unknown brother to read a chapter or lead in prayer on the platform, but it might suffice to reveal that our veneration, and honour to the aged is *no trifle*. Then, too, there were some men not quite old yet, whose voices we did not hear at any of the more public meetings. Would it not be well to draw them out from that *neglect* of gifts so crippling to many of the best sons of the churches, and because they are Christ's we cannot afford to pass them over.

One of the great lessons of the Union was how to let love rule the intellect and the conscience. May it rule everything else, then, verily, shall we dwell in love, when in honour we are seen "preferring one another."

A. F. M. G.

THE ENGLISH UNION AND KINDRED GATHERINGS.

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THE unprecedented loss of the Chairman by death ere he entered upon the duties of his office gave a special solemnity to the May meeting of the Union this year. Dr. Thomas, who had been appointed to the place of his deceased friend, Dr. Rees, appears to have been specially felicitous in his remarks from the chair, also in his extracts from Dr. Ree's address, which had been both printed and corrected ere the hand of death was on the author. The "Power of the Pulpit" was the subject, and the true, unabated strength there-

of is to be found, as of old, in the grand old Gospel it proclaims. Dr. Hannay presented the fifty-third annual report of the Union, which may be characterized as vigorous and hopeful, and though our English brethren still fight shy of statistics, there are indications of accumulating strength in the work of the churches.

THE election to the chairmanship, with virtual unanimity, of Rev. Edward White is suggestive. Mr. White has long been a conspicuous advocate of the view known as Conditional Immortality, and his "Life in Christ" is one of the most thorough and scholarly expositions of the arguments in favour thereof. Mr. White, moreover, has ever been a most devoted minister of the Gospel, having put aside flattering business prospects in early life for the love he bore to Christ and to his fellow-men. For his views on eschatology he has suffered obloquy. He has ever borne the stigma of heterodoxy patiently and without rebuke. His thorough, Christlike character has never been questioned. The Union by electing him has—without expressing approval of his peculiar views—endorsed the man, and shown the appreciation of a Christianity that is broader than opinion, even broad as the acceptance of the love of Christ. It may be breaking no confidence to say that when in boyhood the editor was left fatherless, he was in the office of Mr. White's father, John Bazley White, and a truer, more sympathizing Christian gentleman of the olden time it has not been our privilege to meet. Mr. Edward White personally we have never met, but his name we have long known. His "Life in Christ" we have read, and we will permit us to say, without being convinced; and with this simple tribute to his loved father's memory, he will accept our hearty congratulations for the honour deservedly conferred by the Union upon him, with the hope that he may recover strength fully to enjoy it, and live many years to cherish the pleasant recollections of this tribute to integrity and Christian character.

OUR English brethren are genuine supporters of Mr. Gladstone, and gave unmistakable utterance to their approval of the present government in their efforts to preserve peace. Equally emphatic was their denunciation of

the Jingo cry of "Smash the Mahdi." Considerable discussion was had on the condition of the poor and on the relation of the churches thereunto. As Independency has ever been on the side of human freedom, e'en its failings leaning thitherward, so has it ever been on the side of the poor and the outcast. Our brethren, therefore, are simply true to their traditions in being among the foremost in endeavoring practically to relieve the "Bitter cry of outcast London," and the centres of wretchedness and crime.

THE London Missionary Society, which is practically the embodiment of the foreign mission spirit of British Congregationalists, rejoices in an income of half a million of dollars, and in a deficiency of nearly sixty thousand. This deficiency, however, represents increase of work, and calls for more earnest efforts. The year has been one of general disturbance. In Bechuanaland the political outlook is gloomy, the petty wars on the Zambesi between the Portuguese and natives disturb the missions there, the French in Madagascar and China have seriously interfered with the Society's work in those fields; but under all, over all, is that Providence which turns the wrath of men to raise, and in which the Society trusts as it works patiently on.

THE Colonial Missionary Society reports an income of \$15,475 and an expenditure of \$19,430. Kindly reference is made to Canada, we could only wish that our brethren had better understood our deeds in the past. We trust their interest will not diminish, and that our oneness may be rendered more apparent. We are reminded as we thus write of the proposal from our Union to the English brethren for a general Congregational Council, and we see that it has been decided that their Committee "should ascertain by correspondence with the representatives of Congregational Churches in all parts of the world, including the churches on the field of foreign missions, whether the convoking of such a Council is a feasible project." We can but express our hope that, Council or no Council, the result of the correspondence will be such a weaving together of our churches and of their work in the eyes of the Christian public and of ourselves, as shall evoke a general *esprit de corps*

without which we are ready to feel desolate and discouraged. "The work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another, in what place soever ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us; our God shall fight for us."

THIS is what the Boston *Congregationalist* says about England's humiliation under Gladstone on the Afghan question. We venture to say—Jingoism to the contrary—the future will ratify the judgment of our American contemporary. The truth is, Russia has as much right in Afghanistan as we have, no more, and we trust the day for wars upon an idea of *prestige* has passed forever away from us.

The suspense in England over the Afghan question has ended in the acceptance by Russia of the counter-proposals of England, which leaves Zulfikar and Maruchak in Afghanistan. This result, while not satisfactory in view of events covering two or three years past is highly so in view of the present situation, in which Russia had every advantage and yet surrenders the two points which alone were in dispute. It is not clear yet whether the treaty will bind Russia not to advance in future beyond the frontier now agreed upon. But at all events a war of appalling magnitude, which might have involved all Europe, has been avoided and a new victory has been won by diplomacy for which imperishable honour belongs to Mr. Gladstone, allowing him to retire with more distinction than has been achieved by any Englishman in modern times.

WHAT'S in a name? A letter appears in the *Christian World* from a Free Methodist minister appealing to the sympathies of his denomination on behalf of the church in Oxford. Free Methodists in Canada would be interested in making the acquaintance of their English namesake. But they would find little to "unite with" as Quakers say. Free Methodism in England desires to strengthen itself in Oxford for work among the University students; it desires to see all Evangelical denominations well represented there; it has a beautiful chapel in the centre of the city groaning under a heavy debt, and it evidently reads the *Christidn World*. Canadian Free Methodism would do none of these things.

THE memorial service held in the Congregational Church, Winnipeg, on May 10th, for the volunteers who died at Clark's Crossing, was the occasion of a very earnest and elo-

quent appeal by our brother J. B. Silcox to the young men of Canada to be loyal to their duty as "members and citizens of this great commonwealth." But the commonwealth is not Canada, it is the British empire; and there is no hint in Mr. Silcox's address that we are living in Canada under a practically independent government. It is *not* the British empire which is waging war with our Half-breeds and Indians, it is the Dominion of Canada. It has even been suggested that Britain mediate between the two contending parties. Nevertheless it is no doubt true that loyalty to the Queen is largely the inspiring motive in the breasts of our volunteers. And herein is something anomalous. Our boys are urged by appeals to their British sentiment to fight bravely for a government which is not British, and which is under very grave suspicions of having been governed in its treatment of the North-West Question by principles the very reverse of those on which the British government acts. The attempt to preserve this double loyalty is at best a hazardous one. Its chance of success is made very slight indeed when of the two governments we attempt to identify in this claim on our allegiance one stands before the world as the representative of the highest political morality yet reached, while the other is so committed to partyism that morality is eliminated altogether from the field of practical politics.

United Ireland feels very sore over the successes which have been gained by Mr. Erington, who has been negotiating with the Vatican in relation to Irish ecclesiastical affairs in the interest of the British government. It is said that he is to return to Rome shortly as British ambassador to the Vatican. The Home government seem to have learned that it is easier to control the Irish through their religious feelings than in defiance of them. The Irish may find that it was a bad day for their warfare against "English tyranny" when the Pope was able to claim them as the most pious of all his flock. And a more effective blow may be struck at the Pope's religious influence than by thousands of sermons if the faithful shall find him changing his ritual power into an instrument of government for Protestant England. For which results all true Christians will be thankful.

THE REVISED VERSION.

The following note appeared in a current magazine:

That the new revision much more correctly interprets the text than does the authorized version, few scholars will deny; that it has added much to the perspicuity of the Scriptures, all will admit. Yet it is far from certain that it will ever take the place of King James' version. The old Bible phraseology is so dear to the people, and is so interwoven in all English literature, that it will not be given up, except for the most manifest and cogent reasons.

A very prevalent judgment and feeling. It is a chivalric spirit which retains an old and faithful servant, though a new one may be more able. And the words which have been woven into that which is best in our being ought to be cherished with affectionate remembrance. Yet that which is best in our nature, perverted, leads to the lowest depths. Brutalized man shames the very brute. Pervert veneration and you have idolatry. It is quite possible to carry our regard for an old friend so far as to render one utterly unfit for present duty; a mother's grief for a lost child may render her even unjust to the claims of the living. Thus men may reverence a "form of sound words" to the utter loss of the spirit. If our just reverence for King James' version blinds our eyes to a manifestly more correct rendering of the original Scriptures, we are reverencing the form instead of following the spirit, and teaching for divine doctrine the interpretations of men. He who would have an intelligent trust in the Scriptures, and would avoid as far as possible pinning his faith to another man's interpretation, cannot afford to be ignorant of certain facts regarding the versions in his mother-tongue. The ordinary version has been called "Authorized," though no direct evidence exists of either Act of Parliament or Synodical decree formally stamping it with authority. An older version called generally the Great Bible more truly can claim that epithet. Its psalter is still preserved in the "Book of Common Prayer," for although in 1662 King James' version took the place of the earlier one in the epistles and gospels of the liturgy, "the choirs were accustomed to the old psalter, and its language was considered more smooth and fit for song." The people did not willingly let go the words that had carried them through the peaceful years of Edward, the fiery trials under Mary, and the glorious triumph of Elizabeth's days. They

had those very justifiable feelings we have now that the old was better than the new.

Our present so called authorized version arose from a decree of King James the First of England. James, who had very exalted views of the King's prerogative, readily forsook the plain Presbyterianism in which he had been over cautiously educated for an Episcopacy which promised to support more thoroughly the "king as supreme," and looked kindly on a suggestion that would stamp a version of the Scriptures with his royal authority. Three circumstances conspired to give general currency to this version: The king's patronage, always powerful, but specially so in those days of prerogative; the monopoly of printing, granting liberty only to the King's printers, from which it followed that the version they printed alone was in the market; *lastly*, and most permanently, the unquestioned excellency of the translation. This is true both of its diction and of its rendering. It is a well of English undefiled—and a monument of scholarly faithfulness. It has undoubted claims upon our intelligent veneration.

It has its defects. The translators were but men; one has only to read the declaration once prefacing all the copies, now happily allowed to "depart in peace," to be assured of this. Its fulsome flattery of a conceited pedant and grasping despot could not well be distanced; the charge of sycophancy can not fall entirely from our excellent translators. They have left some marks of their subserviency upon their work. e.g., 1 Peter ii. 13, stood in the older versions: "Unto the king as having the pre-eminence—as unto the chief head—as unto the superior," but the king's supremacy had been claimed at the Hampton Court Conference, and the word *supreme*, which fell from the king's slips found its way into the version. The word "congregation" which our revisers have restored to the margin in such passages as Matt. xviii. 17 was changed into "church" by the Bishop's Bible and retained by King James' translators as more ecclesiastical. These facts should be remembered to the end that the affectionate reverence for the common version, of which it is deserving, should not sink into a blind adoration towards what is but a noble work of man. King James' version bears unmistakable marks of being rendered under a State and an Episcopal Church. This is simply stating facts.

Three principal reasons may be given as justifying the now completed work of revising the version of King James's day:—More, and more ancient, manuscripts have been brought to light and edited than the earlier translators possessed—this remark applies almost entirely to the N. T.; therefore we have a text more thoroughly representing the original, e.g., it appears to be pretty well established that Acts viii. 37 formed no part of Luke's record. Common honesty demanded change in such cases. A more critical reading of old versions has also enlarged the sphere of correct knowledge. Recent discoveries, and a more thorough acquaintance with ancient literature, have put modern scholars in a more favourable position for exactly rendering difficult passages. Compare in the two versions such passages as the following: Isa. ix. 1-5; Acts xix. 2; also Matt. xvii. 24, where the reference to Ex. xxx. 13 is made plain in the revised; our Saviour, claiming no exemption from the Law's requirements, paid his half-shekel; also Ps. lxxxiv. 4-6, xvi. 1-4. Another class of passages under this heading is where a limited knowledge of history allowed wrong renderings, as Num. xxiii. 22 "wild ox" for "unicorn"; 2 Kings xxiii. 6 (compare xxi. 7), "asherah" for "grove" also "tent of meeting" (Ex. xxv. 22) for "tabernacle of the congregation"; e.g., Ex. xxix. 10.

Then in the flight of years language undergoes change; "*precein*" in 2 Thess. ii. 7, 8, being better represented now by "*restrain*." These are examples taken almost at random for simple illustrations.

Comparing the O. T. with the N. T. revision, the former appears to be much the more conservative of the two. A comparison of different sections from each of equal length indicates the ratio of changes to be as of one to two. This in some measure is due to the changes required in the Greek text of the New Testament. The more complex character of the Greek language also gives greater room for more exact renderings. Added to which, as from the New Testament the doctrines of Christianity are specially drawn, the revisers of the New Testament version have endeavoured with more unvarying uniformity to represent the same Greek word by its corresponding English term, as, e.g., the unvarying "eternal" to the exclusion of "everlasting" (Matt. xxv. 46), thus putting

the English reader as far as possible upon similar vantage-ground to the Greek student; for which reason the rhythm of the sentences is not always equal to the older and freer rendering, but the translation is much more literal. Besides all which, the criticism to which the N. T. version was subject, has doubtlessly strengthened the more conservative members of the O. T. company, though the next generation will more highly esteem the great thoroughness of the N. T. version. Yet some radical charges have been made on the O. T. version, e.g., Gen. xvi. 13. Hag. ii. 7, where the question is not what sounds the priest, but which is correct.

The revised version is thoroughly representative and cosmopolitan. It is not the version of a sect or sects. The entire Protestant world of the Anglo-Saxon race has been drawn upon for its scholars, not even excluding Unitarianism from the circle. In this respect it is presumable free from sectionalism and bias. As all final revisions were carried by a two-thirds vote some instances might be given where good scholars would differ from individual renderings; nevertheless the version, with its marginal renderings, and its appendices of readings preferred by the American company, affords to the ordinary reader a rendering of the sacred text beyond which existing scholarship can scarcely hope to go; and being the work of loyal, loving hearts, we may rejoice in a version thoroughly faithful to the spirit of the original. One great lesson we may lay to heart in receiving and using. Many cherished words are changed, and truthfully so. It is not the form, but the living truth we need. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. Our faith has a firmer basis than a mere text, our doctrines depend not on mere words. The entire tenor of Scripture is our guide, and all individual passages must be read in the light thereof. The version is a gain if it only breaks us from a letter worship, and a text dogmatism.

The measure of our opportunity is the measure of our obligation. Since the earlier days of Christian life no such clear presentation in common speech of God's revelation in the Scriptures of truth has been in the hands of any people. Indeed the Bible in its integrity is before us as never people possessed it before. That future research may still further throw light upon its words we may expect, leaving,

as this revision of its text and versions have, the great vital truths only the clearer thereby; yet here we have it at our hand, in our homes. "Happy is the people that is in such a case" if—ah, those ifs—yet there must it stand—if they take heed to their way according to this word: but "if thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this law that are written in this book that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name THE LORD THY GOD, then the Lord will make thy plagues wonderful and shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes and pining of souls. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart which thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

SERMON

BY REV. H. PEDLEY, B.A., PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF THE UNION.

"And ye shall be witnesses unto Me."—Acts i. 8.

The significant word in the text is the word "Witness." For ordinary purposes the following may serve as a definition: A witness is one who knows and is summoned to tell what he knows. It is to a very large extent a legal term and to legal procedure we must look for illustration. The witnesses in a case are those who are supposed to be acquainted with the facts, and upon their testimony depends the decision. In some instances men are witnesses accidentally. They happen to be where the event in question has occurred. In other instances they are carefully selected and the graver the matter at issue, the greater the care in selecting. When we enter into any solemn compact, when we are doing that which affects the interests of many others beside ourselves, we exercise our best judgment in choosing competent and faithful witnesses.

It was in accordance with this principle and this custom that when our Lord came to live his wonderful life, and do His great work He deliberately chose men who should be His witnesses to all the future of time. When Peter affirmed that Christ was manifested, "not to all the people but unto witnesses chosen before of God" he was saying that which was true not only in the case of the Resurrection, but of all the greater events and profounder revelations of the life of Christ. This band gathered about Christ, not only for their own personal advantage, for their own salvation and spiritual enrichment, but that having fixed their attention upon Christ, having studied His character, and learned His truth they might make their knowledge the heritage of all mankind.

It was this aspect of their life that Christ emphasized in that last wonderful interview on Olivet. Assembled there with their Master, they had ventured to ask a question: "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" But the time was too solemn a one for satisfying curiosity. Christ did what

God so often does with us. He turned their minds from the speculative to the practical. He gave them two things which were infinitely better than the answer they sought. He gave them a sublime promise: "Ye shall receive power." He laid upon them a sublime duty: "And ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

What a charge this was. Let us try to grasp the situation. Christ was about to depart, to speak no more, to be seen no more among men. Century should follow century, and no eye should behold Him. What memorial had He left, what record! The kings of Egypt built mighty pyramids to immortalize their fame. The kings of Assyria have left upon chiselled columns and even upon the bold sides of their native cliffs the hieroglyphics that should commemorate their wonderful deeds. The Emperors of Rome have bequeathed to us triumphal arches which even now bring before us the splendour of their victories. But Christ left no such memorial. He did not commit a single line to writing. His only recorded inscription is the one he traced with his finger upon the sand. He left no parchment, no pillar or pyramid, no arch or temple. On that farewell day He was without the slightest trace of a memorial, save the record that was upon the minds and hearts of His disciples. Whatever impression, therefore, He was to make upon the world depended upon the truthfulness, the courage, the fidelity of these men. If they had uttered an uncertain sound, if they had given a wrong version, or if they had flinched and kept silent then Christ's work would have failed. All His teaching, His tenderness, His suffering would have been in vain. The light of the world would have been only a meteor flashing swiftly from gloom to gloom. Oblivion would have settled like a pall upon Gethsemane, Calvary, and Olivet. Whether then we look upon Christ's work in its own intrinsic value, or in the relations it has borne to the history of mankind, we find in this little company on the mountain top waiting reverently for their Master's farewell, the most pathetic, the most momentous, the most sublime spectacle of history. They were the mediators between Christ and humanity. They were the one living link between the Son of God and the great, sad, sinful world He came to save. They were the witnesses whose testimony should be the fulcrum by means of which God should move the world.

We believe that they were faithful to their solemn trust. Amid tears and blood they were steadfast. Regardless of the fashions of their age, despising alike the sneer of the cultured and the howl of the mob, they preached Christ and Him crucified. We believe that what they preached was the truth because it did the work of the truth. Two facts I notice in regard to their testimony. The first is that in their own time it wrought wonders. It is a fact of history that when Judaism had become petrified, when Rome had become utterly and horribly corrupt there sprang into being as by the breath of God, that thing of beauty, that fair, radiant creature fresh as the dew—the Church of God; and that this came about as the result of their witness-bearing. The second fact is this, that whenever there has been a great welling forth of spiritual life in the world it has been through the New Testament, which is nothing else than the embodiment of their witness. Turn to the Reformation. D'Aubigne says of that great movement: "If Luther and Calvin

are the fathers of the Reformation, Wycliffe is its grandfather.' In the days when cesarism and simony were rampant in the Church, when English barons were fretting against Romish tyranny, when the souls of Englishmen were being fed with monkish tales and hollow sacraments, who was it that with clear, strong voice stood up for freedom and light? It was this quiet Englishman, John Wycliffe. And he stood with the New Testament in his hand, nay, rather with the New Testament in his brain and in his heart, and there was his inspiration and his strength. Behind the Reformation were Luther and Calvin and Huss; behind Huss was Wycliffe; behind Wycliffe the New Testament: behind the New Testament the witnesses; and behind the witnesses, Christ.

Not in so critical and strategic a sense, and yet in a very serious and important way, does Christ depend upon the living witness of His followers to-day. He is not here Himself. He does not now stir men's hearts with the thrill of His voice. He does not now manifest His beauty through a present human form. You say that we have at any rate in the Bible the signal witness of the Apostles. True, but it is also true that the majority of men, men in Christian lands even, do not go to the Bible for their impressions of Christ and His Gospel. To many of them the Bible is a dry book. To some of them even it is a repulsive book. They are not at all familiar with its pages. We may make up our mind to this. It is a serious fact, a fact that should be held in view by the statesmen of the church that those outside the church do not in these days, and have not to any great extent at any time derived their ideas of Christ and Christianity from the book—the printed record. And yet they have ideas, ideas which are subtly and powerfully shaping their lives. Whence come they? The answer is readily given. From the living men and women who profess to be the followers of Christ. And it is in full accordance with human nature that it should be so. Ideas that in the abstract are unnoticed are capable of attracting attention when bound up with a living personality. Men who have no fondness for written politics will listen by the hour to the political orator. Men who are not literary enough to read Shakespeare, will watch with breathless interest the actor's embodiment of Shakespeare. Hamlet in the book does not touch them. Hamlet on the stage stirs them to the depths. And in the same way men who are not spiritually-minded enough to read the Bible will listen to the preacher's voice; or if they will not do that, there is one thing they will do—will all do—they will watch the Christian's life. Believe me, there is no object which arouses so much curiosity, stirs up so much excitement in a crowd of men than the advent of a Christian among them. They regard him as an attempt to answer the deepest questions of their hearts. It follows then that we are the medium through which Christ is revealed to men, that we are His interpreters to a sinful, doubting, hungering world. We too stand upon the mountain gazing upon a vanishing Christ. Upon our ears falls the solemn charge "And ye shall be witnesses unto Me." From this standpoint I propose to look at two matters. I. The Importance of Right Teaching. II. The Importance of Right Living.

I. The Importance of Right Teaching.

The word heresy is an old word. It occupies a por-

tentous place in church history. In modern times it occasionally starts into view written in large capitals. Is there any room for such a word? There are two classes who are frivolous in the use of it,—in the first place the extreme liberal who, having strayed into the No-Man's land of theological indifference, makes light of any error in doctrine, and in the second place the rabidly, heedlessly orthodox man to whom heresy is so trifling a matter that the word becomes to him a "random shot" discharged at any one who may not think exactly as he thinks. Is there any sea-room for us between these two triflers? I think there is. There is such a thing as heresy, such a thing as error in doctrine, and the heresy of heresies is that of bearing false witness to Christ. There may be various forms of this false witness.

(1) *That of honest but mistaken men.*—It is said that in these days, and in fact always there are men honest in their purpose, and yet most wofully astray in their teachings; and we are asked what shall be done with them. Well, no one can doubt that for a man to be honest, and by that I mean that he has used all available light, to be mistaken is a very sad thing. One thing, however, I would notice, viz., this, that it is very important that we are sure that men are in the class referred to before we attempt the task of judgment. We must be sure that they are honest. Can we be sure? We are bound, I grant, in all Christian charity to treat men as honest until we know them otherwise; but that is a different thing from being scientifically certain that a man is perfectly honest in his investigations. It seems to me that God who reads the heart, and God only, can be certain here. Then we must be sure that they are mistaken. Can we be sure? We may think they are. We may say that if we are right they are wrong, but can we be infallibly certain? Here too it seems to me that absolute certainty belongs to God, and to God only. And if God alone can be certain about these men why not leave them in the hands of God? Why should we take upon ourselves the task of appointing them their exact place in the universe? I may have my opinions about Emerson, Parker, Colenso, etc.; but when I am asked to pronounce upon their eternal destiny all I can say is, "I am not on the throne but God is." If these men are to be classed as false witnesses, then theirs is a class that in all humility I refuse to deal with.

(2) *That of self-interest.*—It is exceedingly painful to even suggest this possibility, the possibility of one who calls himself a Christian bearing false witness to Christ from motives of self-interest. And yet such a possibility is conceivable. Paul evidently had it in mind when in the face of Corinthian culture, Corinthian antipathy to so coarse a theme as a crucifixion, he boldly declared: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He evidently felt there was a temptation, a temptation to add to his own popularity by subtracting something from his presentation of Christ. And just here is the subtle, strong temptation of our age—not to present that which is false, but to hold back that which is true. The oath of the witness in court is "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and applying this formula to the obligations of the Christian teacher, it seems to me that our peril lies in the second part. We are tempted

to tell the truth, but only so much as may win acceptability for ourselves. You have a congregation that loves Gospel sermons as they are called. Is there not a temptation to preach such sermons and to neglect the Sermon on the Mount, with its searching scrutiny of the human heart, and its lofty ideal of the divine life in the soul. You have a congregation that rejoices in practical sermons. Is there no temptation to preach the duties of the Christian to the exclusion of those great evangelical truths which are calculated to touch the heart and the conscience of men who may divine your exposition of Christian virtue, but who do not intend and perhaps are conscientiously unable to practise that virtue? This then is the danger, the danger of presenting a wilfully (I have chosen that word deliberately because I am well aware that no man living can fail, in spite of himself, to be more or less fragmentary in his presentation of Christ) a wilfully incomplete witness to Christ. There is a law of Christ as well as a Gospel of Christ, and a Gospel of Christ as well as a law of Christ, and he is a traitor to his master and is found a false witness to his God who for selfish motives refuses to apply that law to the business, the politics, the social life of his day, or who for a similar reason fails to bring that Gospel to bear upon men who beneath all other questions feel the tremor of the enquiry, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?"

(3) *That of an unsympathetic heart.*—A man may preach Christ correctly as regards mere verbal forms, may describe him in the various offices of Prophet, Priest, and King, may even employ very chaste and finished rhetoric in portraying dramatic scenes in His life and yet so speak that Christ shall appear to men a merely mechanical Saviour instead of the warm, tender, yearning Friend and Helper. As a musician may finger the silent keys in perfect accord with the principles of his art, so a preacher may preach in exact conformity with the demands of the intellect and yet have no power. The wind must blow through the organ-pipes to give the music, and the breath of tender feeling must be in our preaching before it will have power over men's hearts. To preach Christ heartlessly is to preach Christ falsely. I should like to have heard the preaching of some of the Apostles. Their sermons seem dry in the reading. So do Whitefield's and Wesley's. And this is the strongest testimony to their power. Looking at the Apostolic sermons as they are there in the Book, we marvel at the effect produced, at the electric current that went tingling from heart to heart in the vast crowd. But I imagine we would have understood the matter better if we had been there. We may be sure that when Peter preached that third hour of the Pentecost morning, there was something that made his quotations from prophecy and statements of facts to burn and shine. The ideal of eloquence would be realized in him: "Speech would be all heart and heart would be all speech." For he was speaking of his glorious Master and Friend, of the One who had called him from the fishing-boat, who through the years of his novitiate had borne so patiently with his petulance and annoyance, who had in solitude prayed for him, who in the cool, fresh stillness of that morning in Galilee had forgiven his sin. It was the bursting forth of a torrent that had been pent-up. After forty days of compulsory silence God had said to him at last:

"Speak." And do you suppose it was dry, perfunctory speaking! *Could* it be that? Was Paul's dry preaching? "By the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night and day with tears." What prolonged heart power was there. When pleading his Master's cause before Agrippa, the hard, Roman politician burst forth with the exclamation: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." What vehemence, what conviction must have been in the sentences that provoked this outcry. And it seems to me the best gift we as preachers can covet is this heart-power, and by that I mean no sentimental gush, no relating of death-bed scenes for a purpose, but the power that comes from a personal communion with Jesus Christ. He must make our hearts burn before we can make other hearts burn. We must study Christ with our heart if we would preach Him with our heart.

This, then, is to be the supreme aim of all our teaching—to bear true witness to Christ. We are to seek to reproduce Him before the mind and heart of the world. We are to make men feel that He is divine, that He has a right to their faith and obedience. So far as I have studied Christ's method of dealing with men it would appear that he seldom made any formal assertion of His divinity. He just went on *living* and let that make its impression. He lived in such a way that when the disciples were asked "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter replied "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." He died in such a way that the centurion standing by the cross was forced to cry out "Surely this was the Son of God." He may be a clever logician who can correlate the arguments for the Divinity of Christ; but he is a great preacher, a true preacher, that can present Christ with such clearness and power that men shall see His glory, feel His divinity, and falling down before Him shall cry "My Lord and my God."

II. *The Importance of Right Living.*

There is a witness in the life as well as of the utterance and the importance of it will appear from two considerations. The first is that while the New Testament is opened but infrequently by the average man and woman, and while the preaching of the Gospel is an occasional influence, a force which is exerted intermittently and at great intervals, the living Christian is for the world a constant, emphatic exponent of the religion of Jesus Christ. We have the Gospels in the Book which men occasionally read and occasionally hear expounded. We have the Gospel in the life which people are leading every day of their lives. Ideal Christianity is but seldom studied. Actual Christianity is the open page upon which every eye is fixed. The second consideration is found in the emphasis of this kind of testimony. This is a utilitarian age, utilitarian not merely in the low material sense, but in that better sense according to which intellectual and moral results are taken into account. The question on the lips of this century, more perhaps than any other of the centuries, is *Cui bono?* The tree may be grand to look at, of swelling growth and towering height, may have twined about the trunk and interlaced among the branches many a fond association, may have a thousand rings of age within its shaggy bark, but if it bear no fruit, if it do no good, then the axe is laid to the root of the tree and the edict is issued "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

All systems, all institutions, are being put to the test, and religious systems are not excepted. The average human being has not time, and I beg to say, has not ability to discuss the great questions of religion on their historical and philosophical side. He is shut up to the practical judgment, the rule which Christ Himself gave him: "A tree is known by its fruits." You may read Butler to him by the hour, may place him so that Joseph Cook to right of him, Joseph Cook to left of him, and Joseph Cook in front of him shall volley and thunder, yet if that day, standing in the market-place, he has been unfairly dealt with by a Christian, that one act of meanness placed in one side of the scale will outweigh tons of argument placed in the other. The principle of Christ works in two directions. With a decaying church it plays into the hands of infidelity. With a living church it plays into the hands of faith. Hence it is that a godless church has always generated a sceptical world. Hence too it is that the vital piety, the practical results, of early Methodism did more to advance this in England than all the arguments of Butler and Paley. These may have been the wedge laid upon the stout timbers of infidelity, but that was the mighty mallet swung round and round and descending with invincible force to drive the wedge home to the heart of the matter.

Let us then in the light of reason and the light of all history realize the two facts, the awful power for evil there is in a false witness, and the sublime power for good in a true witness, and because in celestial dynamics the one is the great repelling force driving man farther and farther away from God, and the other the splendid attraction by which men are drawn to the warmth and light of the spiritual Sun, let it be our earnest striving and most passionate prayer that God would make us good men.

The obligation to live a true life is imperative upon all. What we want in our churches is good men and women. We want the right quality of life. We Congregationalists are sometimes disposed to make arithmetical calculations about ourselves as if there was some peculiar magic in large numbers. It seems to me that our policy is to look chiefly to the quality of the people. There is something misleading and even sinful in thus hankering after large numbers. Two great warriors and statesmen rise before my mind. The one lived 3,000 years ago and in a moment of pride, of petty vanity, of apostasy to his own record he caused the people to be numbered. We know what came of that. The other is of a later time, a king like the other but never crowned. He gathered about him a band of warriors. He taught them, he trained them, he caused great fires to burn within their hearts and then he led them forth. Can any Englishman ever forget the Ironsides? I know I cannot. I like to turn to that page of Macaulay where he tells us how on the continent even the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by friends, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France." Further down on the same page Cromwell is described as hastening against an invading army and this sentence occurs, "His troops were few when compared with the invaders; but he was little in the habit of

counting his enemies." He was little in the habit of counting his enemies. You may put that from the other side for it amounts to the same thing. "He was little in the habit of counting his troops." He could neglect the counting of heads when he had such brave, heroic hearts in his service. We modern Independents may learn a lesson from our old, uncrowned Independent king. We may have but 7,000 members in this land, but if those 7,000 were of the right quality, or even if out of the loins of the 7,000 there were to come into our ministry 100 men of sanctified brain and consecrated heart what might we not do? Our invocation should not be to the census, but.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

The obligation to live good lives is imperative upon all; it is especially imperative upon the minister. There are so many eyes fixed upon his life; there are so many hearts touched by his heart. The candle may be put under a bushel, but the city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. First and foremost of all ministerial qualifications is goodness. Dr. Howard Crosby calls attention to the fact that in the description of a Christian minister given by Paul in his letter to Timothy, where fifteen particulars are given thirteen of the fifteen refer to the moral side of man. We are to be good men. There is a little scene in Norman McLeod's life more touching than the grandest ordination ceremony. It is where Norman comes home to see his sick brother James. The two lads and their mother have been alone in their room. For the first time in his life Norman prays aloud, kneeling now by the side of his brother. Then when he has gone out the dying lad puts his arms around his mother's neck, and in a burst of brotherly emotion says; "Mother, I am so thankful. Norman will be a good man." It was a good word of prophecy that, and it came true. Norman was a good man. Above all else you feel that. Behind all; the jest that made the company roar, the comicality of such a poem as "The Nose o' Frazer," the eloquence that made him a masterful figure in the Assembly, behind all was this, the good man.

So ought we to be good men. And by this I mean something more than a negative quality, the goodness of the noble man of whose colourless character it was said that he had not a single redeeming vice, the goodness of men who don't swear, don't cheat, don't drink. I take it for granted that we have that, and small credit to us. We are so ribbed up with custom that we could hardly break out if we wanted to. I mean the rich, royal goodness of the life that is hid with Christ in God. We are to be humble men free from the taint of self-seeking. We are to be brave men, looking at our foes and our difficulties with clear eyes. We are to be high-minded men, scorning the petty sins of slander and uncharitableness. We are to be patient men, enduring the cross if need be and despising the shame. We are to be unselfish men ready to lay down our life for the brethren and for the outcast too. We are to be, we ought to be, the most independent, the most fearless, the most loving men in the community.

In conclusion, let me say that whatever men may

think of our systems and our creeds, they in their hearts will bow before the majesty of true religion, the life of Christ in the life of man. A genuine religion has power. Matthew Arnold has somewhere given this definition of religion: "Morality touched with emotion." A pretty expression that and quite applicable to a modern respectability making genuflections after the approved pattern. But how does it look when applied to the real witnessing Christian? Look at Daniel yonder in his palace, the windows open towards Jerusalem. Over his head hangs the King's edict, and away yonder are the hungry lions pacing up and down, nevertheless he falls on his knees and three times a day as aforesaid he prays to his God. What do you, looking upon that royal figure call that act? Morality touched with emotion?

Look at Paul bowed down to receive his scourging and it is not his first one. There are scarcely healed marks there already. See how, as the lash comes swishing down, the flesh becomes livid and blue and at last breaks into a spray of blood. At last it is over, and with the covering laid tenderly upon the bleeding flesh he goes forth, what to do? To preach the same gospel again. What do you call that? Morality touched with emotion?

Go back to the beginning of Puritanism in England. Here it is plain John Brown who has ventured to disagree with a right reverend father in God. In the midst of a joyous domestic celebration he is arrested and arraigned before the Archbishop. He is requested to confess the efficacy of the mass. He refuses. As a gentle means of persuasion they put his bare feet upon a pan of burning coals; but his answer was steadfast: "If I deny my Lord upon earth, He will deny me before His Father in Heaven." And his answer was unaltered, when in sight of his weeping wife and children he was burned at the stake. What do you call that? Morality touched with emotion?

Some of us have had that supreme blessing a Christian mother. We remember her gentleness and patience, giving so much of toil and getting so little of reward. We remember how tender she was to us in the days of sickness. We remember how in days of poverty her spirit rose to the height of the emergency and when others were pitying she was praying and even praising. We remember that saintly life and the strange heavenly influence that seemed back of all. What do we call such living? Morality touched with emotion?

Do we not feel that in the presence of the solemn heights of Christian experience this definition is absurdly and painfully lacking? Do we not know in our hearts that the religion that makes men sweet and strong, that conquers the world, is something more than morality touched with emotion? "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," and "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

OUR JUBILEE CHURCHES.

At the request of the Union last year, Dr. Wilkes undertook to prepare a paper on the Churches of our order which have existed for fifty years and more. It is very desirable ere all those who have taken part in early Canadian Congregationalism pass away, to

have a permanent record and recollection of those early struggles. Many incidents of interest, in the absence of record, must depend upon individual memory, and all memories are liable to fail. It has therefore been resolved to publish in these columns in a series of papers this essay of our venerable father, and to earnestly invite corrections or additions from friends who may possess information thereon. It is designed afterwards to put these memoranda into a more permanent form as a volume of the work of the Congregational Churches in Canada.

1.

These papers are intended to give a brief sketch of those Congregational Churches now in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario which have been in existence fifty or more years. Its limits necessarily exclude much interesting detail that would enter into an exhaustive treatment of the subject, and restricts one to jottings and outlines: at the same time it must not be forgotten that the true history of a church cannot be written with pen and ink, for its records are spiritual in their nature and are to be found only in the hearts, experience, and lives of its members, and in the victories it wins for its Divine Master over the forces of sin and misery.

SOUTHWOLD, ONTARIO,

has the priority as to time. Rev. I. Silcox came thither from England in 1817. He was a man of great energy, decision and earnestness. Adopting Southwold as the centre, he extended his itinerant labours into the neighbouring townships. At length he formed the somewhat scattered disciples into a church, and became its pastor. There were upwards of fifty members in that church at the end of three years. The tenacity of its life appears in the fact that Mr. Silcox returned to England in 1821 and they were seven years without a pastor, yet they lived as a church to urge his return to them with his family in the year 1829. The household in which our brother Mr. Allworth was then a boy, came from England the following year and settled on the farm adjoining that of Mr. Silcox.

The reinstated pastor found that his former stations had been occupied occasionally or more frequently by travelling preachers—Free Will Baptists and Methodists:—and doubtless not a few of his former flock in these localities became identified with one or other of these bodies. The teaching of Mr. Silcox was of an old-fashioned Calvinistic type, hence in cases where it was intelligently received, spiritual nourishment was not readily obtained from the aforementioned preachers; accordingly the many adhered to the Southwold Church. There were at the time a few American Presbyterian Churches in town on the border between the two countries, and an effort was made to lead Mr. Silcox into their Presbytery, but it failed.

The political turmoil of 1837-8 ending in an armed insurrection was the means of dislodging Mr. Silcox for three or four years. He took the side of the Government very strongly, some of his people sympathized with the party in rebellion. He resigned his charge and Rev. Mr. Marr took charge, but whether he was inducted is not known. The rebellion having accomplished its mission in bringing about a new and improved administration of affairs, peaceful counsels assumed their sway, and Mr. Silcox was recalled by unanimous vote in 1842, and at the same time the Church was in some sense reorganized. The venerable pastor continued to minister regularly to the people until 1855, when the Rev. Wm. Burgess was called to the office which he held for five years. This brother removed with his family to Tilbury, and for a short time the late Rev. J. Durrant, and afterwards Rev. J. Malcolm Smith ministered to the congregation. The latter gentleman commenced his labours in 1862, and continued there for some time. On their termination, the church was dependent for several years on the students of our College for the supplying of the pulpit, until one of them who had completed his curriculum, Rev. J. Hindley B.A., was called to the pastorate in 1869. He opened a room in the neighbouring town of St. Thomas and gathered a congregation for an afternoon service. The writer visited this church on behalf of the College during this pastorate, and had an interview with the venerable octogenarian who had formed the church in 1819. From 1874 to 1876 dependence was again needful on the students for the supply of the pulpit; in 1877 the Rev. J. Cuthbertson, from Plymouth, England, became the minister. On his leaving, Rev. Richard Vivian in 1881 laboured for a year or more, and in 1883 the present pastor, who has known the church for 55 years, began his labours there, after a long and successful pastorate in Paris, Ontario.

There are now two churches; the site of the original assembly being named

FROME, AND THAT OF THE OFFSHOOT SHEDDEN.

The former is not a village, the district is quite rural—the latter is a village and the church building therein is of brick. The old erection of Frome is of wood, and greatly needs being superseded by a building of a more modern character, and of more lasting material. Our brethren, the present pastor, W. H. A. Claris, and the two Silcoxes, Rev. J. B., of Winnipeg, and E. D., of Embro', have been sent to our College and into the ministry from this congregation. Probably there have been others of whom we have no knowledge. There have been in the history of the church several seasons of gracious refreshing and revival, of which, however, we have no record. It is interesting to note in conclusion that Deacon Horton, one of the oldest present members, and superintendent of the Sabbath

school, is grandson of two of the original members of the Church in 1819; while the two ministers above mentioned are the grandsons of the pastor who then formed the Church.

Memorandum.—*Vide* "Materials for our Church History," CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Vol. xiv., p. 161. I have not had access to this article while writing this paper, but been indebted to Mr. Allworth for the above particulars. It should be mentioned as a matter of warning that the original records of the church and those of the reorganization in 1842 until 1855 were kept by Mr. Silcox and were consumed with his library when his dwelling was destroyed by fire. Such records ought to be kept in a fire proof safe.

GRANBY, QUEBEC,

dates from 1832. This was four years prior to the formation of the Colonial Missionary Society of England, and indicates, as in the case of some others to be mentioned, an interest felt for Canada among the sister Churches in the United States. The early membership came largely from that side of the line, though happily joined by Christian friends from Scotland. The first pastor was Rev. Daniel Rockwell, who laboured for a time amongst the people and then returned to the United States, to be succeeded by a young minister who, though belonging to Canada, received his education in New England, the Rev. James Dickenson. His father was a valued officer in the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal. There followed him the Rev. James Dougherty, who afterwards occupied important positions in the State of Vermont during many years. Unfortunately the writer has no dates supplied by the secretary of church, but the next minister, Rev. John Gleed, who came out from England, was a contemporary with the late Rev. Richard Miles in Montreal, 1836. This fact shows that the duration of the previous pastorates had been short.

It was not different with that of Mr Gleed, nor with that of his successor Rev. W. Holmes. The next to be named was the Rev. Horace B. Chapin, whom the writer remembers as a man of a fine-toned Christian spirit, who left the country when the turmoil of civil war in 1837-38, and the consequent political agitation, interfered with a hopeful carrying on of his evangelistic work by a minister belonging to the United States. Nathaniel B. Fox succeeded him and occupied the space of labour longer than any of his predecessors, yet not for many years, as the Rev. David Gibb was inducted in 1832, having spent some short time at what is called Franklin Centre where he re-organized the church. Mr. Gibb was a man of thorough culture, and though young, his ministry was of unusual thoughtfulness and vigour. If my memory serves me correctly it should be stated that the church building with its musically toned bell in the tower was built and dedicated in the early part of his ministry. In the winter of 1836-7 there was no church edifice in Granby, all religious services being held in a school

house. And it may be here remarked that the Congregational has always been and is yet the leading Church in that place. One feature in the arrangement of services from the beginning is somewhat anomalous. The morning service is always held at Southridge, where many of the members have resided, a distance of six miles from the village. This service, conducted in a convenient school house, is well attended. The afternoon service is held in the church building, and usually one in the evening. It would seem to an outsider better to link the Southridge station with one in the opposite direction, and to make the important and growing village of Granby more the centre of the effort. This by the way, as the object of this paper is not to criticize, but to narrate. Mr. Gibb's ministry was terminated by death, unlooked for and much lamented in the year 1848. He was followed for a brief period by Rev. Henry Lancashire, and after him by Rev. Norman McLeod, who afterwards became distinguished as the founder of a Congregational Church in Salt Lake City, Utah, and at home in the side of the polygamist Mormon rulers of that territory. The next pastor was of considerable length being that of the Rev. G. B. Bucher, who, if he did not die in harness there, did not live long after taking it off. The Rev. I. L. Pattison succeeded him for a short time, and on his leaving, the church called to its service Rev. James Howell, who occupied the position several years and was active in conducting service in the direction of Abbotsford. On his retiring to engage in other work, the Church invited Rev. D. D. Nighswander, who had just finished his course of study in our College. This was his first and only charge, for at the end of four years of active and successful ministry he was called away suddenly from all earthly relations to enter upon those which are higher and more enduring. After a short interregnum the present esteemed brother Rev. R. K. Black took the pastoral oversight, in which he continueth to this present. During his term the neat frame church building was destroyed by fire, and the brotherhood with commendable enterprise and liberality have erected one in its place of more durable material which stands a handsome stone church in the village. During the fifty-three years of its existence the church at Granby has received many blessings and endured not a few changes and losses; but it stands yet in no little vigour and efficiency doing good work for the Master and enjoying His gracious presence.

STANSTEAD, QUEBEC.

The church on Stanstead Plain, less than two miles from the State of Vermont, was organized in 1830 under the pastorate of Rev. James Gibb, recently from Banff, Scotland. He was a man of much experience and of superior abilities. His congregation, mostly of New England origin, admired and felt the power of

his preaching, yet were out of harmony with his administration. Unpleasantness arose, and a council being called, the highest testimony was borne to his character and ministry, yet it was deemed advisable that the pastoral connection should be dissolved. Mr. Gibb had no experience of such councils, doubted their Scriptural character, and was wounded to the very core of his being by its decision. It is to be feared that to his sensitive nature the stroke was fatal, for he died soon after, broken-hearted. The writer regrets that although he has often visited his Church, no data are at his hand from which to sketch its history. For many years the Rev. Mr. Hall, who afterwards removed to Vermont, was their pastor. He was followed by Rev. Alexander McDonald for several years, and then came the Rev. J. Rogers. I fear the church was several times closed for a season. At length, a few years ago, its site was removed to Rock Island close to the border, and it has obtained the services of a succession of ministers from the United States. Its proximity to the churches in Vermont has naturally led to greater intercourse with them than with those in the Province of Quebec. Its last settled pastor, Rev. Mr. Nitch, joined our Union which met at Montreal in 1880.

DANVILLE, QUEBEC.

This church, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. I. G. Sanderson, Chairman of the Congregational Union for 1884, celebrated its jubilee by appropriate services in November, 1882. It was organized in Nov. of 1832 by Rev. J. Ami Parker who came into this almost unbroken wilderness as a home missionary from Vermont about 1829. The village was so much in its infancy as to be little distinguished from the general settlement around and that was far from crowded. The faithful and energetic minister opened stations and preached the Gospel in places around, some of them at the distance of ten or twelve miles. He was called "Father Parker" and "Parson Parker" by the people throughout the region as the only Evangelical minister whom they could call upon or to whom they could repair in times of need. He was a man of fine catholic spirit, full of kindness to all with whom he came into contact, yet eminently shrewd and wise in his dealings with fellow-men. As the country became settled, and the village grew in size and importance, the people erected a commodious meeting house in the midst of the village, which was practically the parish church. Mr. Parker continued his labours until July 1, 1869, when after a most honourable and successful ministry of forty years, he resigned his pastoral charge, yet continued to supply the pulpit until 1st May, 1870. Mr. Parker always took lively interest in the sister church at Inverness, frequently visiting and helping it, though at a considerable distance from Danville. The writer has no

means at hand of knowing whether that of Inverness is a jubilee church; though he does know that its first members came from Scotland into that township about 1829 or 1830. The church at Danville was so unfortunate as, without any fault of its own, to have inflicted upon it a successor to Mr. Parker, of whom they were thankful to be rid at the end of two years. The man came duly recommended from England and was a fair preacher, but without giving his name on entering into details, it will suffice to say that when he went into the United States and joined another denomination, Danville and the other churches in the Eastern Townships felt greatly relieved. There followed a brief pastorate of two and a-quarter years by Rev. G. T. Colwell, and another from August, 1875, to April, 1878, by Rev. E. Ireland. The present pastor began his work January 1, 1876. The old church building has been superseded by one of more solid material, and of greater elegance. This church has been from the beginning a centre of Christian influence and a power for good, not only in the immediate vicinity but throughout the district of St. Francis, and it is stronger to-day than ever before. May it continue to grow in intelligence, godliness and zeal for the advancement of the Lord's Kingdom.

Memorandum—A further account of this church was published in connection with the jubilee services, but the writer has not at the moment access to that sketch.

ONE WAY OF BECOMING POPULAR.

The Presbyterian congregation of Slowtown was not prosperous. Their finances were in a bad way. The minister's salary was in arrears and the contributions to the Schemes of the Church were painfully small. The attention of the Presbytery of the bounds having been called to the matter, it was resolved to send a deputation to visit the congregation. The Rev. Nathanael Smoothbore and Dr. Boanerges Faithful were appointed to hold a meeting in Slowtown, confer with the office-bearers, address the people, and take such steps as they might deem necessary for the welfare of the congregation. Due announcement of a congregational meeting having been given, Mr. Smoothbore and Dr. Faithful went to Slowtown on the day appointed. The meeting was fairly attended. After devotional exercises Mr. Smoothbore addressed the people.

MR. SMOOTHBORE'S ADDRESS.

I need scarcely say I am glad to be here to-day. It always affords me much pleasure to meet with our people and discuss matters connected with our beloved Zion. I have long been anxious to visit this congregation. I knew your former pastor well. He was an intimate friend of mine. We were in college together. He is my wife's thirty-second cousin by her father's side. Your present pastor has always been a

warm friend of mine. I esteem him very highly, and have often held pleasant intercourse with him. We often take sweet counsel together. I have long desired to see his people. I am sure you are all devotedly attached to him and to the beloved Church to which we all belong. (Dr. Faithful began to grow very fidgetty at this point.) I am sure the elders and other office-bearers do their duty. (Dr. Faithful murmured dissent and the people looked angrily at him.) I am aware that the financial condition of your congregation is not in just the highest state of prosperity, but the times are hard. Business is depressed and money is very scarce. No doubt you would give thousands more if you had it. I am sorry that there are some arrears of stipend, but you would, no doubt, pay these arrears if you were as able as you are willing. (Here the pastor's wife turned her thin, careworn, poverty-stricken face away in disgust, and seemed to say: "Smoothbore, how *can* you talk such rubbish.") I know you are a generous people. I am sure you are loyal to the blue banner of Presbyterianism. After some further allusions to the blue banner, and an eloquent peroration about the standards and the martyrs and the graves of our forefathers, Smoothbore took his seat amidst loud applause. The people were mightily pleased and so carried away that they completely forgot all about the arrears of stipend, and the fact that they did not contribute a cent a piece to support the missions of their Church and keep the blue banner afloat in other lands—their minds were lifted entirely above such things.

Dr. Faithful then addressed the meeting. His speech bristled with facts, figures and "points," and was too long for a *verbatim* report. He began by showing that the payment of a minister's salary is not a matter of *generosity* but a matter of *justice*. They had solemnly pledged themselves in their call and in their guarantee to the Presbytery to pay the amount promised, and as honest men they should keep their promises. If they were not able to pay what they promised, they should come in an open, manly way to the Presbytery and say so, and perhaps the Presbytery would find some remedy. Christians ought to be honest men. Too many people looked upon a minister's salary as something that they might pay or repudiate at will, even after they had solemnly promised to pay it. It was just such conduct as this that made many men who never attend church look at religion with contempt. He then took up the subscription list and found that the highest amount subscribed was \$10 a year while very few reached that amount. He showed that this was not quite twenty cents per Sabbath, or ten cents for each service. This amount might be enough, or more than enough, for many wage-earners or very poor people, but he would ask any candid man if twenty cents per Sabbath was anything for a wealthy farmer or a man in a good paying

business.' He then showed that only a very small proportion of the congregation reached the amount stated—twenty cents a day or ten cents a service—and that many did not pay five cents or even one cent a Sabbath, while a good many paid nothing. His brother, Mr. Smoothbore, had spoken of the hard times, but he would like to know how hard times could affect a man who paid nothing at all.

Dr. Faithful then took up the Schemes of the Church and read the amounts contributed for Colleges and Missions. He said he could not estimate the amount paid per member for Missions, because the divisor would not go into the dividend. There was no quotient. It was beyond the power of figures to show the amount per member that they were doing to send the Gospel to the heathen. There was no coin of the realm that would express their liberality. He must give it up. The same was true in regard to Colleges. He had every sympathy with men struggling against hard times; but he could not for the life of him understand how hard times could affect contributions that never were large enough per member to be expressed by any coin of the realm. The Doctor then urged them to try to make their organization more effective, as nothing could survive without good organization, and closed with a solemn, searching appeal to be up and doing while working days lasted. He took his seat amidst

SOLEMN SILENCE.

At the close of the meeting the people gathered around Mr. Smoothbore, shook his hand warmly, asked for his family; and half-a-dozen invited him to dinner. A few earnest workers, who had been labouring hard for the welfare of the congregation, ventured to speak to Dr. Faithful, but a large majority of the people thought he was an "awful" man. Some said he was not spiritually minded, and some declared he had never been converted. Mr. Smoothbore went home feeling that he had made a good impression and congratulating himself on the fact that he was popular with the Slowtown people. Dr. Faithful went home conscious of the fact that he had done his duty. The pastor scarcely dared to say good-bye to him as he was leaving, but the pastor's wife warmly shook hands with him and thanked him for his manly speech. There were tears in her voice and a tear in the corner of her eye as she said she hoped his visit would do good. *She knew all about the arrears.*

Months passed. The seed sown by Dr. Faithful began to take root and grow. The people became ashamed of their financial position and began to do better. At the close of the year the arrears were wiped out and there was joy in the manse. The pastor preached better and his wife did not need to sit up so late making over old clothes for the children. Next year the salary was raised, and the next blue book

showed that the contributions for the Schemes of the Church were greatly increased. New life was put into all departments of the congregational work, and the congregation of Slowtown became one of the best in the Presbytery. But to this day Dr. Faithful never dares to show his face there. The Doctor is not popular in Slowtown and never will be while the present generation are in the Church below.—*Knoxonian, in the Canada Presbyterian.*

Mission Notes.

A PERIL IN JAPAN.

While every disciple of Christ would rejoice to see Japan taking with sincerity the stand of a Christian nation, it is far from desirable that she take that stand simply from political motives. There seems to be at the present time some danger that the Empire may be led to call itself Christian solely from its desire to enter into the comity of Christian nations. We have seen the translation of an article, which appeared recently in a native newspaper, the *Fiji Shimpō*, the first reading of which suggests a doubt whether it was written seriously or in sarcasm. It is, however, exactly in the line of much of the reasoning that is now presented to the Japanese people, some of it in soberest earnest. This paper argues that the relations between the Japanese and foreign nations are not satisfactory, and that the needful thing is that the Japanese accept the professed belief, and wear the religious uniform, of others. It asks: "Is it not very expedient, for the present, to make Christianity one of our professed beliefs, whatever may be our individual faith? . . . We cannot persuade believers in Shinto to change their views, but we can tell them that they should regard the prevalence of Christianity in our country as an event occurring in the natural course of things, and refrain, for the sake of the country, from making any disturbance." The object is simply to commend themselves to those who hold the religion of the Western world, and so bring Japan into the family of nations which are called Christian. It is boldly admitted that this is nothing more than a political device, for the article expressly says: "We do not propose that the majority of our countrymen should become Christians. A small number, one for every hundred, will be sufficient. All that is required is the assumption of the title of a Christian country."

All this is sad enough; especially is it sad to find that men who are intelligent on most points have such an utterly inadequate conception of what the Christian faith is. And it would be a sorrowful day for Japan if the nation, under any such notion of expediency, should be led to claim hypocritically the Christian name. It would surely prove a most unfor-

fortunate set-back for the true faith of the Gospel within the Empire. The old Roman world was willing to place the statue of Jesus within its Pantheon, but our Master wants no place there. He is nothing if not supreme, and the service He calls for is not one of profession, but of the heart. The people who call themselves by His name, as an expedient for their own advancement, will not, by so doing, either win His approval or contribute to His honour.

A recent story is told of a Christian preacher, in one of the prefectures of Japan, who, at the conclusion of his discourse, was about to retire, when one of the audience inquired of him whether it was a true report he had heard that a certain prominent official was about to embrace Christianity. On being asked why he put the question, the reply came that if this well-known leader had become a Christian, the speaker intended to take the same step and be baptized. It was well that the man was told on the spot that his duty was not to be determined by what another person had or had not done. This lesson is just now needed by many in Japan. The fact that prominent men within the Empire are changing their attitude toward the Christian faith may well arrest the attention of all the people, and lead them to inquire as to the truth of the new religion. If they do inquire candidly and humbly they will find in the Gospel a light and power not of men, and we may hope that they will be led to a hearty acceptance of Christ as their Saviour and Lord. Viewed in this way, the favour shown to Christianity by many leading minds in Japan is most hopeful, yet we should pray most earnestly that whatever profession of Christianity there is made may be sincere and from the heart, and that God will open the eyes of the people to see both the sin and the folly of consulting worldly expediency in the matter of their religious faith.

THE *New York Independent* gives an account of a remarkable movement among the Jews of Bessarabia, a province in the south-western part of Russia. Joseph Rabinowitz, an influential lawyer in the community, during a visit to Palestine in the interest of Montefiore's colonization scheme, found himself as he looked down from the Mount of Olives, upon the city, saying to himself, "What if after all Jesus was Messiah?" But he kept these thoughts in his heart, giving no hint of them even to his companion, Montefiore's agent. Stronger and stronger was their hold of him, however, and as he sailed through the Suez Canal, his reflection was: "If there could be a Lesseps to connect the Old Testament and the New!"

He returned home, and gave himself to an earnest searching of the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testament. He read and pondered more and more deeply the histories of the Jews. At length, "not suddenly," as he says, "but little by little as the

light brings on the day," he came to the conviction that "our brother Jesus is the Christ"; that the Jews have been guilty of rejecting Jehovah's anointed; that this is why they are down-trodden and oppressed; that "they reject Him still because they have no sense of sin"; that they do not know their sin because they trust blindly to their Talmud, and so make the Word of God of none effect through their traditions. Thus Rabinowitz was led to accept Jesus as the Saviour from sin. Then, he says, all the history of his people "became clear" to him. He understood the Old Testament, "Abraham is *nothing*, David is *nothing without Christ*." He told his family and friends that "the way for the Jews into the promised land is not through the Mediterranean, but through the Jordan."—*i.e.*, baptized with Christ. He began to declare his views to others. His Hebrew New Testament lay on his table, and to those who came to consult him as a lawyer, he preached Christ the crucified. Others have become interested through his means; they have joined themselves together, styling themselves "the Israelites of the New Testament," and have obtained permission of the Russian Government to hold religious services and to build a house of worship.

Rabinowitz next desired to receive Christian baptism. But he thought it best that his work should not be embarrassed by connection with any particular Christian denomination. Russian jealousy of German Lutheranism also, added to the objections arising from Jewish fanaticism, made it especially inexpedient in his view that he should be baptized by Pastor Faltin. Accordingly, a few weeks ago, he undertook the journey to Germany, that he might confer, respecting the matter, with Professor Delitzsch and other Christian friends in Leipzig and Berlin, some of whom had not fully appreciated his reasons for not being baptized by Pastor Faltin. After conference with him, however, they concurred with him in judgment. They agreed that it was expedient to avoid everything which might prejudice the movement in the eyes of the Russian Government, which desires (possibly in the hope that ultimately the new Christian community may become absorbed in the Greek Church), that Rabinowitz's work shall be an independent one; and they themselves were convinced also that it is every way best that the movement should be in reality independent. They wish to avert every suspicion of an intention on the part of German Protestants to make Lutheran proselytes of these Jewish converts, and desired that it be distinctly seen that Rabinowitz was to be baptized into the Christian Church universal, and not introduced into any one particular denomination. Accordingly, Prof. C. M. Mead, lately of Andover, Mass., at the time residing in Berlin, who as an American and a Congregationalist is entirely free from any ecclesiastical connections which could excite suspicion of a proselyting purpose, and whose acquaint-

ance with German and Hebrew fitted him besides to confer with Rabinowitz and to perform the service, was requested to administer the rite.

The service took place in Berlin almost "secretly for fear of the Jews," it being not unlikely that some of them might, if they knew of the transaction, telegraph word to Russia and stir up trouble there, before Rabinowitz could get back. Therefore, only a very few Christians gathered in a little vestry chapel (Bethlehems-Kappelle) on the afternoon of March 24th, and this son of Israel read his confession of his faith in Christ and was baptized into His name. He returned as soon as possible to his home, where he hopes to labour as an evangelist among his brethren.

Rabinowitz is a man not quite forty-eight years of age, so that it is to be hoped that he may for many years be able to carry on the work to which he has devoted himself.

[Attention is drawn to the fact indicated above, of revived Christian work falling into lines of primitive Congregationalism.]

Correspondence.

My dear old friend, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT,—I read you still as for over twenty-five years gone past, and I read you ever fondly. Perhaps it is because the editors have ever been loved friends, from gentle Mr. Lillie and manly Mr. Marling and kindly Dr. Jackson and diligent Mr. Wood, down to him whom I have loved since at college twenty-five years ago I met him and wondered before him, the gifted university poet and essayist of those days. These editors' words hold a spell over me, I think they do so over all the churches. I used to venture a word under their agis from a foreign land: perhaps from this Yorkshire a word now may be welcome, for all the world likes to know how all the world does and goes.

I.

So shall I write a paragraph about our Union Meetings. You think perhaps at once of the great union just gathered and ungathered again in London to meet again in Staffordshire in autumn. But that assembly lives by the strength of quieter unions in the counties. Just six weeks ago our Yorkshire County Union met at Wakefield, in the church where a name is fragrant that Canada learned to love for its power in Hamilton. I heard the name of Henry Saunders publicly honoured in those Union meetings; ever too was it present to our eyes on its marble tablet beside the pulpit where the man who bore it preached God's message. From that pulpit the father of its present occupant, father-like friend of many a Yorkshire pastor, for he was long the kind secretary of Airedale College, Rev. Simeon Dyson, of Idle, delivered a quaint, strong address as Chairman of the Union.

He discoursed on "The Changed and the Abiding," first recounting many a fine incident in the career of Airedale College, the school so long abiding yet so changed and ever changing as an oak tree changeth yet abideth; then he welcomed many a change of theological thought, and told of the personal love of Jesus, His for us, and ours for Him, that cannot change save in its waxing stronger.

But one thing out of the many more clustered in those Union discussions may I mention here. The county Union is also like your Union, the Church Aid Society. A spirit of advance to economy of souls is stealing through all the churches. Resolves to add £1,000 to our income have been solemnly made. Men of power to persuade, laymen and pastors, are visiting rich places on Sundays, and winning will and wealth. And note, the colonies are being watched with the question "How do they evangelize so great a territory with so few men?" Like you, this Union is determined that its agents shall be men of true overseer's skill and zeal, each of highest training, each undertaking a great area and discovering on the spot voices fit to aid his own, and ministering pastoral comfort to the scattered homes on many hills and in many villages instead of growing lifeless amid the few cares of one local little flock. So the mother learns from her children. Be ye perfect that with you we may be perfected.

I ought to add that these affairs of our 200 to 250 Yorkshire churches with their thirty-six or so missionary churches aided directly through the Union, and very many more missions worked privately by individual churches, are not all treated, discussed and arranged in the two days assemblies of the county Union. But there are nine sub-districts of our Union, each of which meets separately to discuss the missions, the grants, the reception of members, etc., in its own territory, preparing and lessening the work of the county gathering. A month before this latter meeting the districts meet in annual conference; and several of them hold also an autumn assembly for pleasant fellowship.

II.

Do you care to hear about our colleges? It is a burning question with you as with us.

The advance is astounding towards thorough training of men for preaching and pastoral ministrations.

An educated people is a fine-strung people, and needs delicate knowledge of its needs and its nature. Any people will weary of a Gospel that is stone, cold, heavy, shapeless, instead of bread, living, cheering, "full of grace and truth," saving. The preacher must disclose the beauty of Jesus himself.

So the colleges press forward. Springhill, of Birmingham is about to emigrate to Oxford, with the new name of Mansfield Hall, and a faculty of five purely theological professors. Many churchmen in Oxford

urge this, crying out for all the religious life and thought of Nonconformity to come and help them to drive out the heartlessness of sacerdotalism, and to inspire for God and life the men who shall fill the Episcopal pulpits, the high educational desks, the professional ranks, the seats of Parliament.

Airedale College has by statute ceased to teach arts and begun to teach theology only. Its classrooms contain already few men who are not graduates; henceforth they will receive graduates only. Men who are not graduates, but are fit to matriculate, will receive £60 in three annual parts, under due conditions to enable them to graduate ere they enter on their full three years here of strictly ministerial study.

But I weary men. Of other things I must not write now. Dr. Simon's happy entrance to the principalship of the Edinburgh Congregational Theological College and his successful first session are well known. The May meeting of the Union, saddened but softened by the sudden death of its chairman, the venerable Dr. Rees, will be chronicled by other hands. So too will be described many other pleasant gatherings of that week, although some were hidden treasures, among them one especially prized by this writer, to wit, a conference of Old Testament professors. Nor need I tell of the success of the New Revision. My own bookseller has sold a splendid quantity, especially of the more costly copies. Farewell for a season.

ADAGE.

[We are glad to welcome again to these columns our old friend *Adage*, and heartily reciprocate the kindly remembrance of college days.—ED.]

A HIGHLAND SHEALING.

With the Swiss *chalet* and the simple, idyllic life of the herdsmen on the higher Alps, we have long been made familiar. Many of us have been there. We have seen their picturesque little cottages; we have heard their alpenhorns sounding far above us at night-fall, and have known that they were then calling their cattle home. We have been told how they have one kind of call for their cows, and another kind of call for their sheep, and how by different modulations on their instruments they were able to carry on a considerable sort of converse with their brute-folk. Our curiosity being further stimulated, we have come to learn that these herdsmen are a land community of a very ancient type, who live together most of the year in a village in the lower country under by-laws of their own making, administered by a headman of their own election; and that when the snow departs from the hills in summer, they migrate, as their ancestors had done for a thousand years, to the upland pastures, and remain there with their cattle for three or four months preparing Gruyere cheese for the English and other markets. The group of *chalets* is their summer village, and they migrate to it in festal array. The horses, cattle, and sheep go in procession, each

decked with flowers and ribbons, and tinkling with bells, and all guided by the constantly resounding alpenhorn, and every township cheers and follows them as they pass. Late in the afternoon they reach their happy grazing-ground, and there in pure and stimulating air, with the hills of God about them, and the sky of the south overhead, they lead for a season a life of natural freedom and joy—such as we dream to have been led in the old, old, world, before care or convention had been invented.

All this seems to make up one of the most picturesque and charming phases of life which modern society can exhibit, and we hardly wonder that travellers should be so often smitten with it. Chateaubriand thinks it necessary to check their imprudence a little. Sing the *chalet*, says he, but do not live in it. The *chalet* may be taking to look at and to dream about, but it contains neither bed, nor board, nor chair, and the night is cold on the mountains, and the rain sometimes pours in torrents. Our present object, however, is neither to sing the *chalet* nor to disenchant its admirers, but to say that, while we know so much about the *chalets* of Switzerland, few probably are aware that we have within our own borders, here in Britain, an exact counterpart of the *chalet* and the *chalet* life, in the Highland shealing, and the latter is perhaps not the least picturesque and touching of the two. A shealing is a summer pasturage in the hill country—often many miles away from their regular home—to which a village of Highland tenants migrates, wives, children, and cattle, all together, for the months between seed-time and harvest, and where they prepare their butter and cheese for the winter. Strictly speaking, of course, the word shealing, like the word *chalet*, denotes the booths they live in; a shepherd's hut on the moor is still called a sheal (*i.e.*, a shelter) in the North of England; but the word is commonly used of huts and pasturage together, and it may be reasonably enough contended that this is justified by the termination *ing*, which means a meadow by a waterside. The shealing is always situated at some favoured spot near water, at the head of a lake or along the banks of a stream. In former days shealings were common all over Scotland, and the hilly parts of England and Wales; but to see them to advantage now, one must go to the Island of Lewis. And the sight is worth the trip, because there you will find the people living, in this nineteenth century, when the seven lamps of architecture have been long blazing to the full, in little beehive cabins, such as the first of their ancestors who settled in Britain must have occupied. A Lewis shealing is a cluster of beehive huts like a Hottentot village, and it strikes one very curiously to find them inhabited by one's own flesh and blood. We seem to be back for the day in the childhood of the world. Men travel far to see a broken arch of some Roman aqueduct; they go in numbers in this very isle of Lewis to see the old circle of standing stones at Calernish; but few dream that the island contains an antiquity more interesting than either, and that you can see there a prehistoric British village with the people still living in it. William Black has made the world familiar with Lewis, or the Lews, as the island is called in Scotland, as if it were plural; and none of the readers of "The Princess of Thule" needs be told how to get there. "Hutchinson's boats" are still plying, if you care for the sea and a most charming

sail through the Firth of Clyde, and up along the west coast to the lovely bay of Stornoway; or you may go in the three months of May, June, and July, from Aberdeen, by Wick and the Pentland Firth; or you may cross in an hour or two from Ullapool on the opposite coast of Ross. Once in Stornoway a two hours' drive will bring you to Uig, and in some cozy spot in any of the straths of Uig you may come upon a shealing such as we shall now describe.

You will observe on the face of the rising ground along a stream, a group of little conical booths, which at first you scarcely distinguish from the ground beside them, for they are coated with turf, and the turf is green with longish grass. In fact, it is this grass that catches the eye, for it seems a greener spot than the rest of the hill-face. As you draw nearer you perceive that it is a cluster of little houses, and that they are built of undressed stones, and rise in a gradually contracting circle till the apex is a little round hole that may be covered with a stone or left open, as may be convenient. They are exactly in the shape of a bell or a beehive; every succeeding layer of stones being so placed as to overlap the preceding one towards the inside. It is the architecture of the stone age, the most primitive style of masonry we know of, precisely that which was practised in the very ancient days when men had no metal tools. A small hole, three feet high and two wide, is left at the bottom for a door, through which the inhabitants creep on all fours. Entering, you find that, like the Swiss *chalet*, they contain no furniture. The bed—"the crouching-place," as they call it in their own Gaelic—is a little narrow hole built in the thickness of the wall. There is neither table nor chair, the only furnishing being a shelf for milk-dishes or cheese. The room is about six feet in diameter at the floor, and a little more than six feet in height in the middle. A grown-up person can scarcely stand upright in it. Sometimes all the little huts are joined on to one another, and intercommunicate inside by what we suppose must be called doors, and then the village may be said to be a single house of many little mansions, a kind of irregular mound with many minaret tops on it, and suites of holes in the interior where the several families burrow. But this is not common. For the most part every hut stands alone, and every room is a separate hut, or what is perhaps the most usual custom, every family has two huts, a living-room and a milk-room, and these are joined together and made to intercommunicate inside by a low doorway which, on account of the thickness of the two walls here joining, you creep through as you might creep through a drain.

The huts of the Highland shealing are not always built of stone. Even in the Lews some of them are built of turf, and the bed is sometimes not a low recess in the walls, but a part of the floor covered with straw or heather. Sometimes the beehive huts are interspersed with oblong ones. It was so Pennant found them in the Island of Jura, and he gives us both a description of them and a drawing done by himself on the spot. He makes the following entry:

"Land on a bank covered with *healigs*, the habitations of some peasants who tend the herds of milk cows. These formed a grotesque group. Some were oblong, many conic, and so low that entrance is forbidden without creeping through the little opening, which has no other door than a faggot of birch twigs

placed there occasionally. They are constructed of branches of trees covered with sods; the furniture, a bed of heath placed on a bank of sod, two blankets and a rug, some dairy vessels; and above, certain pendant shelves made of basket work to hold the cheese, the produce of the summer. In one of the little conic huts I spied a little infant asleep under the protection of a faithful dog."

Now we must not suppose the people who live in these houses to be a degraded or even illiterate part of our population. Far from it. They are just the ordinary farmers of the country, the representatives of the old *douce gudemen* and *gudewives* of Scotland, and they share in our moral civilization in a degree by no means beneath the average. If you visit them on a Sunday you will find them reading their Bibles, or the Gaelic translation of Bunyan, or of some of the old divinity of Scotland; and if you enter into conversation with them you will perceive that their faculties have been considerably exercised on many points of metaphysical and experimental theology. They know their Bible and their catechism in a way that will surprise the Southron, for they are very close in the attendance at church, and the minister goes round the various farms once a year and catechises young and old publicly on what are called the fundamentals of the faith. This is their only culture but it is an important one, and between it and the exercise of intelligence that is evoked in the ordinary pursuit of their daily calling, their minds have probably undergone a better development than most of the working classes of this country. Adam Smith had a very strong opinion that, taking him all in all, the ploughman was a much more intelligent man than the artisan of the towns. Of course he was not so quick and sharp in manner, because he lived more alone, but his business brought him for hours every day in contact with a much greater variety of things and ideas than any artisan's did, and he had to be always exerting a certain amount of thought and judgment. What ideas could you expect to find in a man who was engaged for eight or nine hours every day of his life in nothing but pointing pins? There is certainly some force in this opinion of Smith's, and let these Lewis crofters get the benefit of it. Their winter houses are not a great advance upon their bee-hive habitations; they, too, are void of window and chimney, and are very low in the roof; the walls are made of turf, lined outside and inside with undressed stones, and as the roof does not overlap them, the water simply falls into them and they are always damp. The beds are built in the thickness of the wall, and the byre is in the centre and is only cleaned out once a year. These "black houses"—as they are locally called to distinguish them from the stone and lime houses which an improving proprietor is gradually substituting for them—are poor enough dwelling-places in all conscience, yet their inhabitants may compare favourably with any similar section of the community in all the essentials of civilization.

They are, like the Swiss herdsmen, a self governing community. They live in a village together, and they hold all the pasture in common as joint tenants. Formerly their arable used to be held in common too, and cultivated on the *ruurig* or common-fields system; but now every tenant has his own separate bit of land, and the only part of the old village farm which they

still occupy jointly is the neighbouring moorland and the distant shealing that is attached to it. For the management of their common affairs and the settlement of differences, and punishment of offenders, the tenants elect one of their number, the shrewdest and most respected of them, to be a kind of head-man of the village, and to rule it under the name of constable, or sometimes of mayor or little mayor. He is always sworn in in a regular way before a justice of the peace as a valuator, and his decision in all cases of trespass or other damage are final. He convenes the tenants from time to time in open-air courts held on a knock or mound in front of his house, for the purpose of deliberating on common affairs, on the building of a dyke, or the repairing of a ditch, or the purchase of a bull; or for deciding upon some change in the old by-laws and customs of the community, or punishing some violation of them. These open-air courts, meeting on a little knock, are a very primitive institution. In early times in England all courts of justice or deliberation met in the open, on a little mound like this one, or at standing stones, or in a grove. And the reason for this was not that they could not build houses adequate for the purpose, for the practice continued *de rigueur* long after they were able to do so. They had the idea that in the open air magic could have less power over the judges. That reason is expressly given in the old statutes of the Isle of Man, as the ground why the dempsters or judges were required to decide causes anywhere they chose, if only in the open air. It is a remnant of the old worship of the sun, for in those primitive courts the presiding magistrate not only sat in the open air, but sat with his face to the east. When Sir John Stanley ascended the throne of the Isle of Man in the fourteenth century, he asked what was the customary ceremonial at the annual assembly of the islanders on Tynwald Hill, on St. John the Baptist's Eve, and the instructions he received thus began:—

First, you shall come thither in your royal array as a king ought to do, by the prerogatives of the Isle of Mann, and upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire covered with a Royal Cloath and cushions, and *your visage unto the East*, and your sword before you holden with the point upwards.

We may fancy that in old times the president of this little village court in Lewis sat in the same way on his knock with his face to the east, and his sword or dirk held up before him. The dirk is of course now gone, but we gather that the custom of facing the east still remains. Mr. Carmichael, a local gentleman, to whose interesting communication, published in Mr. Skene's "Celtic Scotland," we are indebted for much of the foregoing information, gives a curious description of their method of voting. The two sides go to separate lobbies as it were; the eyes go sunwise to the south and the right of the chairman, the noes go sunwise to the north and his left. The chairman, therefore, has his left hand to the north and his right hand to the south, and consequently faces the east. The going sunwise is another circumstance connecting the practice with the primitive worship of the sun. The chairman yielded deference to the sun by facing his rising-place, the members by following his course. There was really something fine in the rationale of our forefathers' custom of holding their courts in the open air. The proceedings were to be conducted in

the sight of God and man. The light of the sun was the very presence of the divinity they worshipped, and nothing that worked in darkness could enter there. The searching eye of day was to be upon everything, and to impress all minds, as by the sanction of an oath, with the characteristics that have been always been dear to Englishmen, with being straightforward, open, and aboveboard in all their ways, dispensing honest judgment, making just complaints, and bearing true witness. If the votes are equal in the Lewis court, then lots are resorted to; they are drawn three times, and the best of three carries the day; and if any obstinate fellow still holds out and refuses to accept the decision, he is greeted with cries of "goat-tooth," and finds it his best policy to agree. Mr. Carmichael, who being long resident in the district, knows the facts well, states that the deliberations at these village courts are very thorough and well-conducted, that the tenantry speak well and often with great force and mastery over their native Gaelic, that they reason and illustrate and argue surprisingly, and that, though they sometimes use strong language, they usually listen patiently and respectfully, and are tolerant of anything but doggedness and pertinacity. Another interesting trait mentioned by him about these village communities is that in laying out their land for the year, they set apart a portion for the poor, which is called the poor man's acre. This is probably an archaic exhibition of humanity, with, however, the feeling it embodies still alive—the wonderful sympathy of the poor man for the poor.

(To be continued.)

PSALM CXXVII.

Only as God builds the house strong and deep,
Their labours are bless'd who are building and toiling;
Only as God the city doth keep,
Safety and peace o'er the portals are smiling;

Vain to rise up, and midnight to keep,
Vain to eat bread of labour and sorrow;
For so His beloved He giveth His sleep,
A calm brooding night, and a blessed to-morrow!

Sons of the righteous, and children of grace,
A heritage blest to the godly forever;
These stand in the battle, with sin face to face,
Like a warrior stern with a well-filled quiver.

Happy the man with such weapon in hand—
A righteous seed, in His footsteps pursuing—
Honoured and blest among men shall he stand,
Enemies never shall work his undoing!

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

AT THE LAKES.

"Aunt, I'm going out for a little while."
"Going out?"
"To row on the lakes. I am stifling in this fevered atmosphere."

Ten minutes afterwards Ethel, in company with a fairy-like little companion, Cora Steele, was gliding over the glassy surface of the beautiful lake in a tiny

rowing-boat, urged along by the motion of her own resolute arms.

"Dearest Ethel, tell me why you are unhappy."

"Because I have been a fool," answered Ethel, recklessly, as she drew her fingers through the rippling water, apparently engrossed in watching the diamond sparkles; "because I have played with the noblest heart that ever throbbed and cast it from me. Now, do you wonder that I am miserable?"

Cora was silent for a few moments, her sweet, ingenuous nature could scarce comprehend the full extent of her friend's trials.

"You mean Ruthven Gray?" she said at length.

"Yes, I mean Ruthven Gray."

"Ethel, surely you never could have trifled with him?"

"I could—and I did. I think I must have been mad or infatuated, Cora. I think there are times when we seem rather to be under the dominion of evil spirits than acting according to our natures."

"He asked you to marry him, and you refused?"

"Yes."

"And now it is too late you have discovered that you were mistaken in your own feelings?"

"I have discovered that my life's happiness is blighted by my own act. Take care, Cora, we are drifting too near that island."

And through all the delicious hours of the August morning, jewelled with sunshine and musical with the low din of chiming oars, the two girls floated on—now passing through odorous belts of shadow, now skirting fairy islands.

"What time is it, Ethel?"

"Four o'clock; and there is a thunderstorm rising among those mountains. Look yonder, towards the west, Cora. We must row faster."

"If you rowed with fourteen hands instead of four, it would do no good," said wise little Cora, as she eyed the lurid, heavy-piled masses of vapour that were steadily rolling up above the horizon. "I don't know what we were dreaming of not to have noticed it before. No, we cannot reach home; we had better put into shore somewhere. There ought to be an old ruined tower not far from here, with a blighted pine tree hanging over it—and there it is, now: I thought so! pull, Ethel; the clouds are getting blacker every instant. Do you know, I've always longed for a real adventure, and I think it's coming now."

Ethel smiled. The exercise was bringing a soft carmine glow into her cheeks which became her wonderfully well.

"Let us sit here for a few minutes," said she, when the boat was moored to the overhanging trunk of a silver-birch tree. "This is such a shady nook, and the water is so clear, and the coming storm makes the air so deliciously cool."

Cora nestled down on the velvet grass beside her

companion without a word, leaning back against an almost perpendicular rock which ran straight for about six feet, and then shelving backward, formed a flat surface, covered with tangled bushes.

"Ethel," said Cora, suddenly laying her cheek upon her companion's shoulder, "Do you love Ruthven Gray?"

"Yes."

"And do you think he still loves you?"

"I think his nature is one that, once having formed an attachment, would be slow to relinquish it," said Ethel, softly and dreamily.

"Then why on earth don't you write to him, Ethel?" exclaimed Cora.

"Write to him!"

"Yes; and tell him that you have been a goose, and that you're heartily ashamed of yourself, and don't mean ever to do it any more. Why don't you, Ethel?"

"Never!" The scarlet tides rose to Ethel's fair temples like a torrent—she hid her face in her slender hands. "Oh, Cora—never!"

"Love is a curious kind of an epidemic," said the blue-eyed little philosopher, thoughtfully tossing bits of grass down into the water. "And I, for one, can't understand its symptoms. When a word would set all right between you——"

"That word will never be spoken," said Ethel, rising with calm dignity. "Come, Cora, it will rain very soon."

But Cora's only answer was a wild cry of terror.

"The boat! the boat! It is floating off!"

Ethel stood transfixed with alarm. The little skiff had, indeed, played them false, and was slowly receding farther and farther from the shore, leaving them almost as desolate and helpless as Juan Fernandez on his desert island.

"Oh, what shall we do—what shall we do!" exclaimed Cora, clasping her hands wildly together.

But the words had scarcely left her lips when there was a slight rustle among the bushes overhead, a parting of the silver birches that grew almost beside them, and the next instant a tall figure plunged into the lake, and striking boldly out through the clear water, caught the rope, and drew the little boat safely ashore. What a welcome sound was the grating of the keel on the sand and pebbles to Cora's strained ear!

Ethel came forward to thank the tall apparition who stood dripping among the trees: but as his eyes met hers the words died away upon her tongue into a faint, voiceless murmur. Cora uttered a little hysterical cry.

"Ethel, it is Mr. Gray!"

It was Ruthven Gray; but there was a brightness on his brow, a strange, inscrutable light in his eye that neither of the girls had ever witnessed there before.

He advanced a step or two and took Ethel's hand in both of his.

"Ethel, I had no intention of eavesdropping, but I could not avoid hearing the voices that aroused me from my slumbers among the bushes overhead. I had been rambling about all the morning, and was tired, wearied, and—"

"What did you hear?" murmured Ethel, feeling as if every drop of blood in her being was concentrated in her cheeks and forehead.

"Enough to make me the happiest mortal in existence. There, don't blush, darling; it has been a long enigma, but it is solved at last. Do you hear the big drops pattering down among the leaves? Come, Cora; we must take shelter in the ruined tower which I discovered among my rambles about a fortnight ago."

"You have been here a fortnight?" exclaimed Ethel; "actually in this neighbourhood a fortnight?"

"Yes—just the length of time you have spent at the lake. Do you wonder at my knowledge of your movements? Ethel, my heart has followed you faithfully ever since last we parted, and I was content to be near you, even though you were unconscious of it."

Half-an-hour afterwards when Lake Delamere was all a sparkle in the sunshine once more, and every bush and tree that lined the shores were glittering with bright drops, the little boat again pushed off from the strand; and this time there were three passengers.

And in all the beautiful experience of her after life Ethel held most dear and precious that summer day upon the beautiful banks of Lake Delamere, the fairest jewel in all Cumberland's diadem of waters!

News of the Churches.

EVANGELIST.—The Rev. A. Gay is at present supplying the Humber Summit and Pine Grove Churches temporarily. During the past season he has conducted special services in a number of our churches both in the Eastern townships and in Western Ontario, the warmest blessings of the Lord attending his labours with the conversion of souls and the quickening of saints. Any of the brethren of churches who would like to secure his assistance would do well to communicate at once with Rev. John Salmon, 72 Sydenham Street, Toronto North.

ALTON.—The auction sale of the parsonage took place on Saturday, the 13th ult. The highest amount offered was somewhat below their serve bid, so the property was withdrawn. The trustees may now according to law sell by private sale and they have hopes of disposing of it in that way. The old frame "meeting-house" on the hill which has braved the storms of the Caledon hills for many years was knocked down

for \$44—like an old horse which has seen its best days.

FROME.—The Frome Mutual Improvement Society, which met weekly through the winter closed for the summer months with an open meeting on the 1st of May. Several of them have lately been admitted to the church and others stand as candidates. The meetings have been very pleasant through the winter and we trust profitable. On the evening of the 25th of May about twenty-one of the society visited the pastor unexpectedly when gathered in the room where they had so often met a few extemporized exercises were offered. The pastor, W. H. Allworth, addressed them on Queen Victoria. Some singing and readings were enjoyed. An address was read to the pastor by Miss Silcox and an envelope containing \$15 and upwards presented. After devotional exercises, the party stood and sang the National Anthem, and retired in good season. There has been during the two winters which the Society has been kept up a warm friendship between the pastor and the young people and always a regret when the shortness of the evenings made it necessary to close for the summer. Our exercises have varied every Monday in the month. First Monday, written essays on subjects from pastor's sermons. Second Monday, debate. Third Monday, conversazione on some scientific subject led by the pastor. Fourth Monday, literary exercises, recitations, readings, singing, music, and reading the *Frome Chronicle*—manuscript paper edited by one of the society. Fifth Monday—when one occurs—temperance in form of debate or otherwise. W. H. A.

GEORGETOWN.—A series of services of deep interest was held in Georgetown on Tuesday, the 16th inst., on the occasion of the ordination of Mr. J. W. Pedley. The day was pleasant though threatening rain at first. A good number of friends of the church and pastor-elect, in addition to the members of the council proper had found their way to the pretty little village embowered in trees on the limestone hills of Esqueness. Of those who were present by invitation to assist in the service mention may be made of Rev. Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Wild, D. M. Gregor, C. S. Pedley, H. Pedley, and Messrs. Richardson, J. Morton, J. M. M. Duff, of Emmanuel Church, Montreal; Alexander, of Hamilton, James Yates, of New Durham, Wm. Jones, of Cobourg. The council met at eleven o'clock in private session and the usual business was attended to. The statement of the pastor-elect touching his Christian experience and doctrinal views was so satisfactory to all present that very little was done in the way of question. Taking the new "creed" of the American churches for a guide and indicating the points at which he would hesitate to adopt a definite formulation, he gave the feeling that he was essentially in all important points in accord with that document. His frank assertion of individual liberty was received by

the members of the council with respect, and it was unanimously voted to proceed with the ordination in the afternoon. The services were resumed at three o'clock p.m., the Moderator, Rev. D. M. Gregor in the chair. After singing, prayer by Mr. Richardson, and reading of Scripture by Mr. Duff, Mr. Pedley made a brief statement in reply to each of the usual questions and the Rev. J. Morton then offered the ordination prayers and laid his hands on the candidate in the name of the council. After singing, a very instructive address to the pastor was delivered by Dr. Stevenson, based on 2 Tim. iii. 14-17. This was followed after singing by a racy address full of good advice to the people expressed in a very kindly and Christian way by Dr. Wild, which closed the exercises of the afternoon. Tea was served in the basement in a style worthy the day and of the ladies who had charge, and the hours passed pleasantly in promenading in the grounds about the church and in the fields and woods on the outskirts of the town till the bell rang for the evening meeting at eight o'clock. The chair at this stage was taken by Mr. Anderson, a devoted and energetic member of the church, and the evening was given to short addresses by Messrs. Pedley, Wild, Stevenson, Morton, and the resident ministers, Rev. W. G. Wallace, Presbyterian, Rev. J. W. Shilton, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Sowerley, Baptist. The proceedings were interspersed with music of a very delightful character by the choir. One of the most interesting features was the presence of the Rev. Stephen King and his good lady. Mr. King was the first pastor of the Georgetown church which ordained him to the ministry forty-three years ago with the counsel and assistance of a number of ministers every one of whom has passed from the active work—and most from the church on earth. Among the names which the chairman read from his ordination paper it is interesting to recall those of Rev. Messrs. John Roaf, A. Lillie, and Mr. Clarke, with others who have left a good name behind them. The voices were also heard of the late pastor, Rev. Geo. Robertson, who in a neat address gave the right hand of fellowship to the newly-ordained minister, and Mr. J. Answorth, son of our brother of Sauffville, whose name most people still associate with the Georgetown church in which he held the pastorate for nearly thirty years, and is kept in loving remembrance there. Altogether it was a day to be remembered long by pastor and people and all who had part in the services. Mr. Pedley has received a good send-off, and begins his ministry with the good wishes and prayers of all his brethren.

C. S. P.

LISTOWEL.—This church, notwithstanding local fires, water floods and the business changes common to the historic career of river towns, is still afloat, and her membership are actively interested in the precious things of Christ. The diaconate of the church is

filled by a full corps of brethren in Christ, certain of whom have held their responsible offices for many years, enjoy the respect of the community, and their long tried and faithful services are also duly appreciated by the pastor and church. Seventeen members have been added to the communion roll for the year ending June, 1885. The Sabbath congregations hold their average attendance, and the church is desirous of moving forward along the line of her chosen connexion with "the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec." The weekly prayer meetings have been a constant source of spiritual refreshment to both pastor and members through the year. The Sabbath school enjoys an average attendance of say ninety members. This school during eleven years of the past, was conducted under the superintendency of Mr. Andrew Climie, whose punctual and faithful Christian work is gratefully remembered by the church as well as by the teachers of the classes. The removal of Mr. Climie from our midst to reside in Holland, Ont., was cause of sincere regret. Mr. Charles Barker of Listowel, is his worthy successor in office. The Ladies Congregational Missionary Society of Listowel have been faithful to their department of trust in the matter of home and foreign missions; they number 28 members, and have forwarded \$50 towards various fields of Christian work.

TORONTO WESTERN.—The following is inserted by request: At the regular business meeting of this church held on Wednesday evening, April the 29th, the pastor stated that although he heartily appreciated the free and unsolicited kindness of the church in moving to increase his stipend as they did at the last meeting, yet he felt that in view of the dropping of the missionary grant there would be a sufficient increase of expenditure at present, and must, therefore, decline to accept the proposed increase, and ask the church to reconsider the matter. A resolution to this effect was accordingly passed and the pastor's wishes acceded to.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Belwood (formerly Douglas), Garafraxa, on the 22nd April, 1885, after a lingering illness which was borne with true Christian patience and hope, Mrs. Andrew Lightbody, wife of one long known by our churches in that north-west region of Ontario, as an active supporter of Congregational church principles, and whose brother devotedly served a number of our churches in the Dominion and in the United States. Mrs. Lightbody steadily supported her husband in his Christian work, and her house is well known by many of our ministers and others as a temporary home on occasions of public gatherings in connection with church advancement, the hospitality afforded being always regarded as an honour and a privilege, instead

of a necessity or burden. She was ever a faithful wife and a loving mother, having reared a family of seven children in the principles of that faith to which she was herself so ardently attached, and to whom she "being dead yet speaketh." They are listening to that silent voice, and following in glad obedience to the better home.

E. B.

Official Notices.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be held (D.V.) at Chebogue, Nova Scotia, commencing on Saturday morning, July 4th, at 9.30 o'clock.

As required by Article 17 of the Constitution, the churches are hereby requested to take up a collection in aid of the funds of the Union.

Parties coming to the meeting from St. John and Annapolis by steamer *Empress* to Digby, and thence by train to Yarmouth on Friday, July 3rd, will be met at the latter place by friends from Chebogue. The same arrangement has been made in reference to those who come by steamer *Edgar Stuart* from Liverpool arriving at Yarmouth, July 2nd.

Also by steamer *Dominion* from St. John, arriving at Yarmouth, Saturday morning, July 4th.

All who wish to avail themselves of this arrangement are requested to communicate beforehand with Wilson Haley, Esq., of Chebogue, informing him *how* and *when* they propose to arrive.

J. BARKER, *Secretary*.

LABRADOR MISSION.

Received since annual meeting; Cobourg Sunday School, \$5; Maxville Women's Foreign Mission Association, \$10; Friends in London and Mrs. Dr. Gibson, \$10; Calvary Church, Montreal, Ladies Mission Society, \$13; American Presbyterian Sunday School, Montreal, to make Mrs. Child a life member, \$10; Rev. S. R. Butler, \$5; G. T. Johnson, Melbourne, Australia, and Rev. D. Beaton, \$24.43; Colonial Missionary Society and Canada Congregational Missionary Society, \$73; Boynton, A Friend, \$2; Emmanuel Church Sunday School, Montreal, \$10; Western Church, Toronto, \$7.55; Mrs. Baker, Paris Station, Ontario, \$40; Emmanuel Church, Montreal, \$57. For which thanks are presented to the several contributors.

BARBARA WILKES, *Treasurer*.

Montreal, June 8, 1885.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The following subscriptions have been received for current expenses in addition to those already acknowledged:

Pine Grove Congregational Church, \$9; Rev. S. Sykes, Liverpool, United States, \$2; Emmanuel Church, Montreal, \$511.50; Legacy from late W. Jackson, Rugby, \$25; Edgar Congregational Church, \$5.05; Rugby, Congregational Church, \$4.50; Dalston Congregational Church, \$1.35; Colonial Missionary Society, London, England, \$600; Brantford Congregational Church, \$30.50; Garafraxa, First Congregational Church, \$31.50; Douglas Congregational Church, 18.20; Maxville and St. Elmo Congregational Church, \$23.55; Inverness Congregational Church, \$14; Ottawa Congregational Church, \$30.20; Cobourg and Coldsprings Congregational Church, \$55.60; Shedden Congregational Church, \$8; Bowmanville Congregational Church, \$16; Waterville Congregational Church, \$2; St. Catharines Congregational Church, \$15; W. Somerville, Esq., Bristol, Eng., \$97.33; A. Widow's Mite, Guelph, \$10; Montreal Calvary Church, \$60.60; Toronto Western Church, \$3; Toronto Yorkville Church, \$23; Kincardine Congregational Church, \$6; Stratford Congregational, \$6.25; London Congregational Church \$25; Guelph Congregational Church, \$40; Kingston Bethel Church, \$12; South Caledon Congregational Church, \$3; Hamilton Congregational Church, \$35.25.

R. C. JAMIESON, *Treasurer*.

Montreal, June 5th, 1885.

Candidates for admission into the college are requested to forward to me, at their earliest convenience, their applications, together with the recommendations of the churches to which they severally belong. Forms of application and of recommendation can be obtained from me on application for the same, addressed 177 Drummond Street, Montreal,

GEORGE CORNISH, *Secy., C. C. of B. N. A.*

June 18, 1885.

ENDOWMENT FUND, CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

Having had the opportunity last month to explain to the congregation at Sherbrooke the nature and the great importance of this fund, I have since received from Mr. Wm. Addie as executor to the estate of the late Murdoch Ross, from a sum left for religious purposes the sum of \$100, which is hereby acknowledged with thanks. Mr. (Rev. R.) McGregor, of Listowel, has also remitted to me \$2, for which, thanks. Should be very glad to be called to present a monthly notice of receipts during the year 1885-86.

HENRY WILKES, *Treasurer*.

Montreal, June 17, 1885.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.

The copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the follow-

ing array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is yet a capital illustration of the nice distinctions which characterize so many of our vocables. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us. A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed; "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is a flock. And here we would add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals is called the roughs.—*Selected.*

AN old recipe for grumbling, or to cure it, says the *Pittsburgh United Presbyterian*, reads: "Go to work." It is a good one and ought to be used in the churches as much as any place else. The growler is never busy. The fault-finder has empty hands. The scolder gives little money. But if one be hearty in his doing he lives above the low level of carping and criticism. He is in the region of gratitude and hope, and dwells in the sympathy of his Master. All reasons combine, indeed, to teach us that our salvation is in our devoutly obeying the Saviour's call to sow His seed and reap His harvests.

THE "minister's bad boy," says the *Interior*, is coming to the head of the class. In a recent French work on science and scientists, the author calls attention to the fact which he shows to be true, that the sons of ministers furnish eminent names in all departments of learning, very largely in excess of those of other classes. Not only as historians, philosophers and poets, but as scientists, do the sprigs of theology excel. In fact, the son of a minister is more likely to become a scientist than is the son of a scientist. They have done more for the progress of civilization than the sons of any other professional class. Query: Is this because their mothers are farmer's daughters?

"FOR THE MASTER'S USE."

Low the meassage came—"He waiteth
For a token from thy hand;
Something hast thou that He needeth,
Wilt thou heed His just command?"
But I lifted eyes of wonder,
For I could not understand.

Wealth I gave and costly presents,
Pity's tears my eyelids wet,
But the peace of heavenly blessing
Was withholden from me yet.
And the shadow of my wonder,
Fell across me like regret.

Then I sang the song, remembered,
That had thrilled my inner life,
Though the echoes that responded
With the music seemed at strife.
And the world, unheeding, round me,
With sweet melody was rife.

Then I tried a broader mission,
Gave my time to duty's call;
But I heard the same low whisper—
"Still thou hast not given all,
And thou must not shrink nor murmur,
Be the loss or great or small."

"Oh," I said, "dear Lord, I pray Thee,
Tell me what is in Thine heart!
If with time, or wealth, or talent,
Thou wilt bless and use my art,
From all selfishness I'm ready
Now and evermore to part."

At my word the Master touched me,
Plucked a lily from my breast,
That had lain there loved and loving,
Through the years I call my best.
That He might transplant its beauty,
In the gardens of the blest.

Oh! I never knew He envied
Me the fragrance of this flower;
But He tore it from my bosom,
In my life's triumphant hour;
And I trembled in the presence
Of the God of might and power.

But I know my darling bloometh
In the garden of the King
That a beauty never fading,
Clothes her, never withering;
And the nights that drop in silence,
Heaven and my loved one nearer bring.

So I let a fragrant memory
Sweeten all my days with good,
Though I cannot call her to me—
And I would not if I could—
For I'll go myself to meet her,
Where all things are understood.

HOW EARTHQUAKES ARE CAUSED.

It has been asked of late whether the hurricanes which followed the Spanish earthquakes were not produced by these subterranean disturbances, and all-explaining electric ity has been called upon to explain how earth-throes might have caused atmospheric disturbances. I know of no way in which such consequences could have followed from a dis-

placement of the earth's crust. To me it seems far more natural to conclude that the hurricanes and earthquakes were alike produced (the hurricanes chiefly, the earthquakes partially) by the atmospheric compression which preceded the subterranean disturbances. This compression indicated a heaping of air over the disturbed region; the earth's crust yielded under the increase of pressure, combined with the action of other forces, and earthquakes followed; the compressed air swept away to regions of less pressure, and the rarefaction following led in the usual way to the indraught which precedes a cyclonic disturbance in the air.

But while the action of atmospheric pressure in helping to excite subterranean activity must not be overlooked, the varying pressure exerted by seas and oceans is a more potent disturbing factor. Atmospheric pressure is distributed in such a way that though the weight of air on any given area is continually changing, there are no sharply defined lines, at any time, which separate regions of less pressure from regions of greater pressure. It is otherwise with the sea along a shore line. Here we have the sea acting with constantly varying intensity, as its level changes, on the sea-ward side of the shore line, while on the landward side there are no such variations of pressure. Let us consider what this means. Take a tolerably straight shore line 500 miles in length, and suppose that along this shore line a region of ocean 100 miles broad rises through a height of three feet under the combined action of sun and moon raising a tidal wave, and favouring strong winds urging the water shoreward. Then we have 50,000 square miles of sea-water, three feet deep, added as so much dead-weight to that part of the earth's crust which underlies the seas along that shore. Each square mile contains in round numbers 3,000,000 square yards, or 27,000,000 square feet. The additional weight corresponds, then (as the added layer is three feet deep), to 50,000 times 81,000,000 cubic feet of water, each weighing $64\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, or to 116,000,000,000 tons. It is clear that the addition of so enormous a weight as this to the submerged part of the earth's crust, outside the shore line, may well produce strains too great to be resisted. It must be remembered that the very existence of a precipitous shore line (as distinguished from one where the land above water and the parts submerged form one great slope) indicates the comparative weakness of the crust along that coast. It has yielded on one side to pressure thrusting it upward above the sea-level, and on the other side to the pressure of the water forcing it down. It is true, the actual line of yielding may not coincide with the existent shore line. For the action of the sea waves may (and generally must) have altered the position of the coast from that which it occupied when first formed. But it may be taken for granted that not far from every precipitous shore line lies a line of weakness, where the crust has given way in the past and may give way again. In this consideration undoubtedly we find a part of the explanation of the observed fact that almost all the great regions of subterranean activity on the earth lie near the sea-shore.

But while the changes of atmospheric and oceanic pressure are potent factors in the production of earthquakes, and are probably in the great number of cases their direct occasion, it is, of course to the subterranean regions themselves that we must look for the forces at work in upheaving the crust of the earth. The forces acting from the outside are as the pull on the trigger; the imprisoned gases and vapours generated by internal heat are as powder by whose explosion the missile is ejected.

Yet even in considering the earth's subterranean activities we still have to look outside for part at least of the causes of disturbance. The air perhaps may in this respect be neglected, but the water is all-important. It has been said, indeed, and probably with a nearer approach to truth than usual in the case of generalizations of the sort, "Without water there can be no volcano," and a similar rule (not quite so general) applies to earthquakes: few probably oc-

cur, possibly none, save through the action of water in some way or other. All active volcanoes excepting one (in mid Asia) are by the sea-shore. Nearly all the great earthquake recorded by history have taken place and have apparently had their centre of disturbance, near the sea.

There can be very little doubt, indeed, that the direct cause of every great subterranean disturbance is water in the form of steam—steam superheated, under great pressure, and therefore possessing much greater expansive power than steam at ordinary temperatures.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, Thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong motion, roll and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain Thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the dropping shower, with gladness, hear,
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth,
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming towards far lands, or hastening home
From the Old World. It is Thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

—W. C. Bryant.

AN ALASKAN RIVER.

The year after the Jeannette search steamer *Rogers* was lost, Lieutenant Stoney, of the navy, was sent to the Alaska coast to distribute presents among the natives who had aided the revenue cutter *Corwin* in its search for the *Rogers*. He was for several months on an island near the coast, not far south of the mouth of the Yukon river. He made excursions to the mainland, and discovered the estuary of an apparently large river. He explored the river for 400 miles from its mouth, and ascertained enough to convince him that he had discovered a stream which would rank among the great rivers of the world. A party of naval officers, under command of Lieutenant Stoney, will start in a short time for Alaska to explore this river further. A vessel is building in San Francisco for the use of the expedition. It will be a small steamer, with a paddle-wheel astern, similar to those used on the shallow rivers of the South, and called the *Ripple-Kicker*. Proceeding to Alaska as soon as the season will permit, the party will steam up Lieutenant Stoney's river as far as it can in the *Ripple-Kicker*. When rapids or other obstructions prevent further progress by water, the steamer will be laid up alongside the bank and left in charge of a boat-keeper, while the party pushes forward on foot. All preparations will be made to winter on the banks of the river if necessary, and prosecute the work of exploration on sledges. It is probable that some of the outfit provided for the Greely relief expedition will be turned over to Lieutenant Stoney to be used in case his party winter in Alaska. The party will be a small one, composed almost entirely of officers, who have been selected already, but who have not yet received their orders. Aside from the building of the steamer little expense will attach to the expedition. The natives in the region through which the river is supposed

to flow are friendly, and much assistance is expected from them in the work of exploration. When Lieutenant Stoney explored the 400 miles of the river he found the current in some places running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

I Did This for Thee.

I suffered much for thee,
Isa. liii. 3.
More than thy tongue can tell
Matt. xxv. 39.
Of bitter agony
Luke xxii. 44.
To rescue thee from hell.
Rom. v. 9.
I suffered much for thee :
1 Pet. ii. 21-24.
What canst thou bear for Me?
And I have brought to thee,
John iv. 10-14.
Down from My home above,
John iii. 13.
Salvation full and free,
Rev. xxi. 6.
My pardon and My love.
Acts v. 31.
Great gifts I brought to thee :
Psa. lxxviii. 18.
What hast thou brought to Me?
Oh let thy life be given,
Rom. v. 13.
Thy years for Him be spent;
2 Cor. v. 15.
World-fetters all be riven,
Phil. iii. 8.
And joy with suffering blent.
1 Pet. iv. 13-16.
I gave Myself for thee :
Eph. v. 2.
Give thou *thyself* to Me.
Prov. xxiii. 26.

One of the Least.

BY MINNIE FRASER.

HOW the wind blew. It came round the corner with a force that fairly took my breath away, as I toiled up the street that October afternoon. I knew that people were saying, "What in the world takes that old maid out this dreadful day?" I almost asked myself the same question. Perhaps the reason that I kept it back was that a verse was ringing in my ears, crowding out every other thought: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." It was surely the least of His brethren that I expected to meet at the Mission School, just a few ragged, good-natured boys; but to me they

were a great deal, and He who notes the tired sparrow's fall called them all by name. I knew that the weather was not likely to keep my scholars away. Indeed, it would increase the number, for the mission room was a "sight" warmer than the slippery street.

At last I reached my destination; but just as I was preparing to climb the steps I heard a slight snivel, and turning saw a bundle of rags in a corner. Experience had taught me that there is generally something under rags, and so I laid my hand on the torn cap. Instantly one little hand was held up with a quick shivering movement that made my heart ache, for it told a sad story of blows and wounds. "Well, my lad," I said, kindly; "won't it be warmer inside? Come in with me." He shook his head without looking up. "Come along," I said, taking hold of his hand; "you're the very boy I want." At this he raised his head and looked at me with the most wonderful eyes I have ever seen, pleading, beautiful, pansy eyes. After a little coaxing, I persuaded him to come into the school with me, and from that day Sandy McGuire was never absent. He seldom spoke; never unless questioned. But he would sit in his corner literally drinking in every word. Of his home I knew nothing. I found that it was too sore a subject for the timid little heart to disclose. I did not know what impression the story of our Saviour's life was making on the boy who had "never heard tell of Him."

So the weeks went by, and with very few words my little friend and I understood one another, loved one another, trusted one another.

At last, one Sabbath, we had the lesson of the Cross. We had followed our Lord over the hills and highways, when He had set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. Like His disciples, we too, had trembled, in wonder and amazement, when He, who all His life long had known want and privation, girded Himself anew to meet the awful struggle at Jerusalem. We had followed Him through the agony and humiliation of that night, until when the gray light broke over the city they had crucified Him, with the two malefactors, the one on His right hand and the other on His left.

I had told the boys that love, and not the cruel

nails, had held the Almighty Son of God on the cross. When I said that He looked at the jeering, cursing mob, and in His infinite pity prayed: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," a bitter sob broke from Sandy. I did not speak to him then; but when the others left I took the wee weeping lad in my arms, and as the sobs grew fainter, he poured into my ears such a story of cruelty and wrong that the tears run down my cheeks yet when I recall it.

His mother died when he was only two years of age, leaving a baby sister. Within a year his father married again. The father had been bad enough, but the "woman who lives at our house," as Sandy called her, was ten times worse. "I don't mind for myself," he sobbed; "but it's for Elsie, she beats her. It don't matter for me, 'cause I'm a boy. I won't forgive her, I hate her," he said, clenching a small brown fist.

I hardly knew what to say, the bruises and cuts he showed me were smarting still, and then, there was Elsie. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." "But can't you forgive her for Christ's sake, Sandy?" I asked, after a pause. He was silent a minute, and then he whispered: "I'd do 'most anything for Him." "Well, my lad," I said; "don't think of your step-mother at all; just do everything right for His sake." "I'd like to do something else for Him," said Sandy, slowly; "just for His own self." "Very well," I replied, glad to turn his mind from his own sorrows; "try to get some one else to love Him. You know he says that when you help the least of His little ones, He will count it all for Himself."

Then, with a warm "good-night," I parted with the dear boy, whom I will never see again until in a brighter land we'll say "good morning."

The following Thursday, just as I drew in my chair to my quiet tea table, the servant told me

that a little girl was wanting me in the kitchen. Going down I found a child of five or six seated at the fire. She rose to meet me, and holding out her hands, cried eagerly: "Oh, teacher, come to Sandy." "What is wrong, my dear?" I asked. "He's all burned," she sobbed, "and he wants you, teacher."

In a few minutes we were hurrying down the street, up one alley, and down another, across the square, until at last we reached a small brown house. "It's not our house," said Elsie, "that's ours," pointing to a heap of smouldering ruins. I hurried through the room, past the gaping crowd, to the bed on which Sandy lay. No, not Sandy; he had left blows, and bruises, and wounds behind, and was resting "where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land."

The cruel fire had spared his beautiful face, and, despite his sufferings, a sweet brave smile rested on the quiet lips. His glorious eyes were closed for a little "while."

"How did it happen?" I asked of one of the neighbour women. "Well, ma'am, you see the house caught fire, and his step-mother, bad luck to her, wasn't by, and her baby was asleep upstairs. Sandy, he knew it, and went up the stairs, and them all a-blazing, and a-flaming; but he couldn't come back that way, so he just held that baby out of the window till the men they got the ladder up. But the life was near out of him by that time, the darlin'," and the kind-hearted woman wiped away a tear. "He came to after a spell, and he was asking for you. He said: 'If she is not here soon, tell her that it was one of the least;' then he waited a bit and whispered: 'It's a very small baby,' and just before he went he whispered: 'For Christ's sake'."

Ah, me! but wee Sandy is safe, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

NOTICE.

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All business correspondence to be directed to the "Business Manager," Box 2648, Toronto, except those regarding advertisements, which are to be addressed to C. Blakett Robinson, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

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