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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 30.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1881.

[New Series. No. 8

SISTER DORA.

MY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

—“Dowered with beauty, youth and grace,
Affluent of soul and strong
To command some queenly place
Far above the toiling throng ;—
Holding in possession, skill
Magnet-like to work your will,—
Wherefore should you cast away
Gifts so Heaven-bestowed as these,
For the lowliest ministries,
You so strangely choose to-day ?
“Such may fitly fill the hands
Of some humble soul whose plans
Stretch no higher, demand no more
Than that God would grant to her
Room to work in, leave to pour
Like some saintly comforter,
Healing into hearts that ache
Through the stress of wrong and woe :
—Sweet such choice is : Let her take
Up the sacred task, and so
Fill her cravings.

But for you !

Who would choose a crystal cup,
Drink to beggars' lips to bear,
When the bowl of self would do
Better ?—Who, even if he could,
Heats the hearth with sandal-wood ?
Does the fever-patient care,
When he drains the medicine up,
That the nurse's face is fair ?

“If you do but purpose so,
You can build yourself a name
That may overtop the fame
Of all women that you know ;—
That may shed an added worth,
In the far-off years' decline,
Like the lustre of a shrine,
Round your very place of birth.”

Calm she listened : Then her eyes
That were eyes of wondrous hue,
Seemed to draw from out the blue,
As she strained them to the skies,
Inspiration.—“Nay,” she said,
“If as you have fondly plead,
God has give me gifts to use
For His needs, or for my own,
And has left me free to choose,—
I do choose, that He alone
Shall have all my costliest : Could
I withhold the crystal cup,
If my Lord should come to sup ?
Or refuse my sandal-wood,
If He shivered at my door ?
Or some menial send to pour
Out the draught if He were ill ?
For I know that o'er and o'er
Hidden in forms of suffering still,
He will come as heretofore.

“Pride and honor, place and fame !
Think you phantoms, such as these
Can the grasping soul appease ?
Nay !—I care not, if my name
Comes to be, through service, dear
To the Master's listening ear,
Though within the world of men,
It were never breathed again !”

—So, her self-renouncing way
Went she, straining to her task
And the world bestows to-day
Freely what she would not ask,
Crowding tenderest meed of fame
Round her sweet and cherished name.
—S. S. Times.

THE APTNESS OF CONGREGATIONALISM.

If the Saviour did not enact a rigid and minute system of church order, then the system which, adhering to great ecclesiastical principles, is most marked by flexibility and opportuneness must be the best. Congregationalism has two great ecclesiastical principles, the liberty of local churches, and the duty of fellowship among the churches. The birth of a system with these two leading principles was not only timely, but inevitable when it occurred. And every development of it has been the same, showing its power of adaptation and elasticity. It is not pliable in its principles,—it refuses to give up either freedom or fellow-

ship—but is ready and flexible in its measures. It is a portable system, one man can carry these two principles anywhere. It yields a quick and ready service in every emergency and need. Herein it is genuinely apostolic.

Thus ecclesiastical councils summoned from “neighbouring churches” grew up on occasion. As the circumstances of the church at Antioch required the sending of Paul and Barnabas and others once (Acts. xv. 2) to the apostles and elders at Jerusalem for counsel, so the necessities of the New England churches created councils. But in the colonies before the Revolution there was no call for colonial associations or conferences meeting stately. Massachusetts, after 1643, or Connecticut, after 1665, although the churches in these consolidated colonies had now somewhat increased, did not feel the need of them any more than they did of an A. B. C. F. M. anniversary, a Home Missionary Convention like that held in Chicago. And when the political transition from colonies to States, under the declaration of Independence, arrived, the felt necessity of State organizations everywhere did not arrive with it. In due time afterward, however, it came. And no one can now question the wisdom and indispensableness of such organizations. They were created, on occasion, in a thoroughly Congregational way.

“All the Churches,” said the Cambridge Platform of 1848, “ought to preserve communion one with another, because they are all united unto Christ, not only as a mystical” (or spiritual and merely inwardly recognized head) “but as a political head, whence is derived a communion suitable thereunto.” Here is the germ and common source, both of State Associations and our National Council. No man can consistently assert the Congregational propriety and orderliness, in some local need, of the calling of a council by a local church, or an aggrieved individual member, or a number of believers desiring to constitute a church, as one of the ways of communion, and also deny that a State Conference—though not one of the six ways named by the Cambridge Platform—is another. He is stopped even from denying that a purely ministerial association is a useful and orderly way of communion among ministers. Yet Browne, Robinson, Colton, Hooker, and the four Mathers had no foresight of modern State bodies, any more than of a national one. Nor did the fathers in 1822-3, who originated the former, foresee the latter. So the brethren at Scrooby and Southwark did not forecast the English Union Jubilee next October. Wisdom did not die with them, however, on either side the sea. The Boston Platform (p. 45) says that “the more intimate communion existing among these churches is exercised in conferences and consultations for the parochial revival of religion or the general advancement of Christ's Kingdom.” The older Cambridge symbol says, “All the churches ought to preserve church communion,” as they do not in these bodies, but only in a national conference. Nor do they “all” otherwise consult for “the general advancement of religion” together.

The day is not distant when our National Council will be cited as a proof of the aptness, flexibility, and elastic, expansive fellowship of Congregationalism. It will be said with joy, if not with pride, “How natural, how opportune, how in-

evitable, how like the Christianity of the apostolic times.” “How fitting that the churches of the Pilgrims should develop their two great principles in this great land in just this way.”—*Advance.*

DEAN STANLEY'S FUNERAL.

A week ago yesterday, after the second service in Westminster Abbey, I went through to the door of the Deanery, to inquire after the Dean and leave a message for him. No one felt any uneasiness about him, and a few moments previously Canon Farrar had told me he was doing well. Just as we reached the door a bulletin was posted up that unfavourable symptoms had set in and grave apprehensions were entertained as to the issue. “Ah !” said Newman Hall to me, “our good friend the Dean is going to die.” The next night, before the clock struck twelve, he was dead !

The whole nation was shocked and saddened to the heart ; for on many accounts Dean Stanley was the best-loved man in the Church of England. He was the personal friend of the Queen, the tutor of the Prince Royal, the advocate of cordial fellowship among all denominations, the most simple, modest, and affectionate great man in the realm. His genius everybody admired, but his pure, sweet character everybody loved. So, for a week past great preparations have been making to give to the good Dean's remains such a burial ceremony as should bespeak the nation's affection and be worthy of the guardian of the great Abbey. The services really began yesterday morning, with an eloquent sermon by Canon Farrar, in which he extolled the moral courage of the Dean in standing by his honest convictions. In the afternoon I found the choir of the Abbey packed, and the adjoining transepts also. Presently Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff and preacher in the Temple Church, ascended the pulpit so long occupied by his beloved friend Stanley. Vaughan and Stanley were classmates at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and their intimacy was very deep and cordial. It was a very trying occasion for Dr. Vaughan, and when he announced that he would preach on the very text that Dean Stanley had selected for his next discourse there he was very much overcome. It was a happy text for the hour : “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” The famous preacher of the Temple is a fine, manly speaker and his style is almost perfect ; so the discourse was a model funeral tribute. He happily said that Stanley had given perpetuity to Dr. Arnold's fame by writing his biography, and to Dr. Arnold's system of teaching by a living illustration of its beauty. In dwelling on the certainty of immortality, Dr. Vaughan exclaimed, with impassioned fervour : “Oh ! what a wanton waste it were if such an intellect as Arthur Stanley's were destroyed !” The discourse was heard with deep emotion.

To-day, at four o'clock, the funeral service took place. Around the Abbey a vast multitude had assembled, not merely attracted by curiosity, for the Dean was a great favourite with the working classes. Thousands had applied for tickets of admission, and by the kindness of Canon Farrar and the timely attentions of one of the subordinates I secured an excellent seat in the front of gallery over the Poet's Corner. It commanded a view of the whole ceremonies.

Immediately below me was the tomb of Lord Macaulay, with its well known inscription. “His body rests in peace and his fame liveth forevermore.” Sir Charles Trevelyan, the biographer of the great historian, was among the group of mourners. Beside Macaulay lie Campbell and Dickens, and upon them looks down the statue of Shakespeare.

The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed upon the monuments, to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem pealing through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men in England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of “immortels,” and white flowers from the Westminster School boys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndall, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that had carried the Dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It was set down before the pulpit in which the Dean had stood a few days before.

By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of state is off that Irish lee shore.) The funereal music to-day was solemn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. The deep tones of the “Dead March” were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of ARTHUR STANLEY was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones, which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great, in his death.

With slow and measured tread, they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and the author of the “Elegy in a Country Churchyard” were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants too of many a great warrior who laid in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's Chapel and disappeared from my view.

As I looked at the dark-palled coffin, with its weight of flowers, vanishing out of sight, I felt a peculiar grief ; for the Dean had been to me a very kind and beloved friend. I had broken bread with him in his hospitable home ; I had enjoyed with him a memorable visit to the Jerusalem Chamber ; and on his last day in America he had gone with me to the tomb of my own beloved child in Greenwood. A gentler, sweeter, and more unselfish heart I have seldom known ; and no man has been laid to his rest amid more sincere lamentations in all this realm for many a year than Arthur Penryhn Stanley. Of him, too, it may be said that his body sleeps in peace ; but his name doth live on forevermore.—By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in *The Independent.*

THE ANGEL.

An angel stood winged on the shining hills
Where the shadows of earth are unknown,
Where life in its essence immortal distills,
And living is rapture alone.

Past the golden gleam of the city of light,
Past the throne and the crystal flow,
Through the spaces he saw the drear vision
of night,
And the city of darkness below.

Then down from the splendours in silence
he passed,
All hushed was the song of the spheres;
And the sheen of his wings in the gloom
faded fast
As he drew the chill breath of the years.

Unheeded 'mid tumults of anguish and
wrath,
He entered the city defiled;
And the rapture of love was the light on
his path,
As he bore from the darkness a child.

—Leisure Hour.

THAT TROUBLE WITH JACKSON.

"Are you a Christian, please?" a plainly dressed but intelligent-looking farmer asked of a stranger, who chanced to sit beside him on the low, pine-board seat during the services at the Hatfield camp-meeting, near the track of the Connecticut River Railroad, one afternoon last summer.

The closing hymn had been wafted by the balmy breezes up through the thick interlacing branches of the whispering pines, the benediction had been pronounced by a venerable, white-haired preacher, and each person interested in the gracious work going on had turned to speak some awakening word to his neighbour.

"I really don't know," replied the man thus kindly addressed. "Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I'm not. I try to be, but so many annoyances in life cross my path I lose my temper, and then I think I have very little if any of the grace of God in my heart. Have you always been a Christian, sir?"

"No," said the first speaker. "I was far enough away from the Lord until I was converted right here in this spot last year. I will tell you how I got upon the right track:

"I had been having a good deal of trouble with Jackson, my nearest neighbour, about a division farm-road and the bridge belonging to it. We used it a great deal in common, for it ran through our meadows and over the Blue-flag Brook to our pastures beyond. My father built the bridge, but it was on Jackson's father's land, and the road was partly on our land and partly on his.

"To tell the truth, Jackson's wife is my only sister. I thought at first I wouldn't own up to that; but I shall have to, in order to have you understand what a miserable quarrel we came to have. After we two young couples were married, and the two farms were divided off to Jackson and his wife and me, it was understood that we should have an equal right to that road, although nobody thought to put the provision in the deeds.

"At first we got into a muss about repairing the bridge. Jackson fenced up the road one day, and the next I tore the fence down. Then we went to law and acted like two foolish, malignant boys generally. Our wives didn't speak, and our children quarrelled and bandied opprobrious epithets at school. I have jumped over fences more than once, and went across lots, to avoid meeting my own sister.

"So, you see, the foolish, abominable, petty quarrel kept apart with bitter lines two heretofore happy, peaceable families, that before its beginning had been just like one family, eighteen

miserable months. It makes me groan even now when I think about it.

"Things went on in this miserable way till one pleasant summer morning Jackson and I happened to meet as we were driving our cows to pasture. As usual when our paths crossed we had a 'jaw,' but on this occasion we 'locked horns' and went at it as never before. Then, on that early morning, in the midst of our rich, broad fields of grain glistening with the refreshing dew, the fresh, sweet fragrance of the new-mown hay filling the air, and the happy peaceful birds pouring forth morning praises to their Creator, our tongues seemed set on fire of hell.

"At last I heard my breakfast horn blow and I started for home. As I went along up the meadow, I felt so unstrung and heartsore I said to myself, 'I don't believe I shall be able to do a chore of work to-day.' Just then something put it into my head to run down to our depot, step into the cars which would be due in an hour, and go to the camp-meeting at Hatfield, and see the folks, and what fun might be going on.

"After breakfast I brushed up a little and went. I found folks enough, but before I had time to see any fun, I became aware that I was interested in the preaching. The text was 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and every word of that sermon fitted right on to me. I thought the preacher must have heard about me and of my quarrel with Jackson, and had his discourse all prepared on purpose, so that in case I should come to that meeting he could let it off at me.

"I tell you, it was harder than mowing short rowen or pitching clover to sit and take such a dressing as that minister gave me. It was God's blessed word, too, every syllable of it. I felt small enough to crawl through a gimlet hole, and I sweat so that my linen coat was wet through—and it wasn't a very hot day either.

"After the services closed I got up, and, without saying a word to anybody, I started for the little station down here, for it was about train time. I got into one of the cars standing there, and as I went along in the aisle I came face to face with Jackson. He was wiping the sweat off his forehead, and I saw that his linen coat was as wet as mine. It seems he had got upon the same train as I did to come down, but there was such a crowd of people on it we hadn't seen each other, no more than we had set eyes on each other at the meeting.

"He looked up at me surprised enough, and I held out my hand to him and said, 'I'll take them chestnut plank of mine at the saw-mill, and fix up that bridge tomorrow.' Then Jackson shook my hand hard, and says he—'All right, John. I'll take my oxen and go after the plank bright and early, and help you to put them down. Then I've got a keg of spikes that'll be about right to hold them on. I'll bring them along, too.'

"Then we shook hands again and he said, 'How did you come down?' 'On the cars,' said I, 'the same as you did.' 'Let's wait and go to the evening meeting,' said Jackson. 'All right,' I replied. So I sent word home by a neighbour that we shouldn't be home till the ten o'clock train got along.

"Jackson and I had a talk with the preacher that evening, and he told us that positively he had never heard a word about either of us before. Well, to make my story short, Jackson and I got down upon our knees that night, right up there by that same preacher's stand, and it wasn't long before God heard our cries. Then we got up before all the people and asked each other's forgiveness, as we had privately of each other before. Our quarrel had

become town talk, and we thought it no more than right that we should make our confession a public one.

"Jack's oldest boy came for us at our depot that night in his buggy, and as we drove up to his door we found my wife and girls over there singing with my sister and her boys:

'Hallelujah! 'tis done!
I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood
Of the Crucified One.'

"We both joined the dear ones in the singing, looking over the same book; and I tell you, my friend, the songs of the redeemed have been in our hearts, as well as on our lips ever since. *Western Christian Advocate.*

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

Mediterranean Hotel Jerusalem, May 2.—I am very glad the grand old Tower of David stands only a few rods from my hotel-window. It is a pleasant thing to be often looking at the one remaining structure on which the eye of the Redeemer may have rested; for though this tower was thrown down in the time of the Crusades, yet the lower portion is rebuilt of the same stones. Not far from the tower is Christ Church, where I was glad to worship yesterday—not in an unknown tongue. Bishop Barclay, the successor to Bishop Gobat, has a good congregation, largely composed of the young people connected with his day-school for the Jews, and another for Arabs outside the city walls. Most of the converts made thus far come from the Jewish and Syrian elements. Neither here nor in Egypt have over a dozen Mussulmen been converted to Christianity.

Last Thursday morning I set off with my four companions upon an excursion, which, although it involved hard horseback travel over rough paths and precipitous mountains, and exposures to blazing noon-day heats, yet was abundantly stimulating and delightful. We set our faces for the Pools of Solomon—halting a few moments at the tomb of Rachel by the roadside. The small structure was crowded with Jews, some of whom wore phylacteries, and all were wailing, as they wail beside the remnant of the Temple walls. One old woman was weeping and pressing her withered cheek against the tomb with as much distress as if the fair young wife who breathed out her life there forty centuries ago had been her own daughter. We found the enormous Pools of Solomon (the longest of which measures 580 feet in length) were about half filled with pure water. We rode beside the aqueduct that leads from them, all the way to Bethlehem. Down among the bleak and barren hills we saw the deep, fertile vale of Urta, filled with gardens and fruit-trees. It is cultivated by the European colony planted by Mr. Meshullam. For a half hour we feasted our eyes with the view of beautiful Bethlehem perched on its lofty hill and surrounded by olive orchards. So many new edifices have been erected for convents any other religious purposes that Bethlehem has almost a modern look. As we rode through its narrow streets we saw no Ruths, but an ancient Jew in turban, long robe, and flowing beard, quite answered to my idea of Boaz. We rode to the convent adjoining the Church of the Nativity, where a rather jolly-looking monk furnished us an excellent lunch. He then took us into the venerable church that covers the subterranean chamber in which tradition has always held that our blessed Lord was born. The chamber is probably a remnant of an ancient khan, once belonging to the ancient family of Jesse and of King David. I expected to be

shocked by a sham mockery when I entered the church, but a feeling of genuine faith in the locality came over me as I descended into the rocky chamber and read, around the silver star, the famous inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The three-fold argument for the authenticity of this site is drawn from unbroken tradition, from the fact that Bethlehem has never been overthrown in sieges, and from the other fact that the learned St. Jerome (in the fourth century) was so sure of the site, that he came and spent his long, laborious life in the cavern close by the birth-place of our Lord. I entered with deep interest the cave in which this devout scholar meditated and prayed and wrought the Vulgate translation of God's Word.

At two o'clock, under a broiling sun, our cavalcade of ten horses and mules filed out of Bethlehem and headed for the wilderness of Judea—one of the dreariest wildernesses on the globe. For an hour we rode among barley-fields. I noticed how close the grain grew to the path, and how easy it was for the sower's grain to "fall on the highway." I also saw several plats of angry thorns, which would "choke" any seed which may fall among them.

Our afternoon's march over the bleak, treeless, and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexpressibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead Sea. It lay two thousand feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. More precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery on the globe. The famous Convent of *Mar Saba* is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron. It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of three hundred feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek Church—genuine Manicheans, and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent's walls! Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds which come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below. At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacuity. What an attempt to *live* in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us canes and woodwork, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlours. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them to their devotions. The vermin in the lodging rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party, with one exception, had a sleepless night. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead Sea. That much-maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty. We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island, except that the water has such a density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt

ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noonday. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain to the sacred Jordan—which disappointed me sadly. At the places where the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptized it is about 120 feet wide: it flows rapidly and in a turbid current of light stone colour. In size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley, which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went floating past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

Our climb from Jericho to Jerusalem was hot and toilsome—past the wild gorge of the Brook Cherith, and up the rocky ravines, till we reached the fountain of En Shemesh. There we halted at a ruined khan, and I was glad to throw myself on the ground, utterly tired out. While we rested and lunched on eggs and oranges, the Sheikh Resheid amused himself playing cards with a brother Arab. Our last march brought us up to the olives and fig trees of dear, blessed Bethany! I could have kissed the very ground. Its soil is hallowed with the footsteps and tears of the Man of Sorrows. So ended our wonderful journey.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

CHRISTIAN LIFE A STRUGGLE.

Artificial piety, like flowers in wax, droops not in the hour of drought, but the fair lily of true grace hangs its head if the rain of heaven be denied. True faith, like fire, has its attendant smoke of unbelief, but presumption, like a painted flame, is all brightness. Like ships at sea, true Christians have their storms, but mere professors, like pictured galleys on the canvas, ride on an unruffled ocean. Life has its changes; only death that abideth the same. Life has its muscle, sinew, brain, spirit, and these vary in physical condition, but the petrified limbs of death lie still until the worm has devoured the carcass. Life weeps as well as smiles, but the ghastly grin of death relaxes not with anxiety or fear. Moab has no changes; he is "settled upon his lees; he has not been emptied from vessel to vessel." "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." As no weather can give ague to marble, and no variation of temperature can bring fever to iron, so to some men the events of life, the temptations of prosperity, or the trials of adversity, bring little change. Yet it were better to ebb and flow forever, like the sea, than to rot in endless stagnation of false peace. Better to be hunted by the hounds of hell, and so driven to the shelter of the cross, than to dwell at ease, and be fattening for the devil's shambles.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Miss Gordon Cumming, the sister of the man who was in the habit of bagging six or seven lions or an elephant or two every day, in South Africa, has written a book on the Fiji Islands. It is most interesting. As regards the cannibalism, that is all over; but now and then, a lingering regret for the human fleshpots is shewn; as where we are told how "a

horrible old ex-cannibal crept close to Mr. Langham, and then, as if he could not refrain, put out his hand and stroked him down the thigh, licking his lips and exclaiming with delight, "Oh, but you are nice and fat." They always ate human flesh with a sort of tomato sauce. One chief had eaten forty-eight; but becoming a Christian, was compelled to change his diet. Miss Cumming says: "Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must stand clasping it, while the earth was gradually heaped up over their devoted heads; or those who were bound hand and foot, and laid on the ground to act as rollers, when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony; a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbors with fresh meat! Just think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now, you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and the first sound that greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer."

CLOSE COMMUNION.

There is considerable force and logic in the following little story, recently related with much relish by Mr. Spurgeon. He said: "Dr. Stedman, of Brantford College, was a very strict Baptist. One day he preached for some Independents, and there was to be the Communion. He prayed earnestly that the Lord would vouchsafe His presence to the brethren at His table. As he was putting on his great coat to go home, one of the deacons said: 'Doctor, you will stop with us, will you not, to the Communion?' 'Well, my dear brother,' he said, 'it is no want of love, but, you see, it would compromise my principles. I am a strict Baptist, and I could not commune with you who have not been baptized. Do not think it is any want of love, but it is only out of respect for my principles.' 'Oh,' said the deacon, 'it is not your principles; because what did you pray for, Doctor? You prayed your Master, the Lord Jesus, to come to our table; and if, according to your principles, it is wrong for you to go there, you should not ask your Master to come where you must not go yourself; but if you believe that your Lord and Master will come to the table, surely where the Master is it cannot be wrong for the servant to be.' 'The deacon's reasoning appears to me very sound,' added Mr. Spurgeon."

ARE YOU NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Is it because you are afraid of ridicule?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Are you not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Are you afraid that you will not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it for fear that you are too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

6. Is it because you fear you will not "hold out?"

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Christ Jesus."

7. Are you thinking that you will do as well as you can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because you are postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—*Anon.*

STORY OF THREE CHINESE BOYS.

BY JAS. L. MAXWELL, M.D. (OF FORMOSA).

I will tell you the story of three little children whom I knew in China. The first is little Tai-pit, or, as he would have been called in this country, David. In 1864 I was at a town called Chioh-bey, about twenty miles from Amoy. I did not then know how to speak Chinese; and I was staying there among the Chinese Christians, that I might be always hearing Chinese spoken, and learning little by little to speak it for myself. Tai-pit and his mother were amongst my earliest acquaintances at Chioh-bey. He was about five years old, a delicate little fellow, and very dear to his mother.

There were two reasons why Tai-pit and I became very friendly. The first was that he, being a little boy, could speak Chinese as prettily and as well as any of you speak English; whilst I, a big fellow, was floundering at every second or third word. I like to hear him talk, and was not ashamed to try and speak to him. Sometimes, you know, I was afraid to open my mouth before the big folks. Tai-pit would prattle away to me, and here and there I would catch a few of his words, and then I would say a word or two to him; and in this way Tai-pit was one of my little helpers towards increasing facility in speaking Chinese.

But there was another reason for our friendship. Tai-pit, though such a little boy, had a capital memory, and could repeat, unhelped, some six or seven of the hymns in our Chinese hymn-book. He was never weary of humming them over; and it seems as if I could hear him still at—

"Siong-té chhong tso thin kap te."

"God created heaven and earth."

&c., &c.

He certainly had peculiar delight in trying to sing his hymns. Tai-pit's mother, you must understand, was a Christian, and he himself, when an infant, had been baptized. This little boy was to me, therefore, in the very beginning of missionary work, both a proof of God's blessing on the past endeavours of his servants the missionaries, and a sign and pledge of a far happier day in the future, when, all over China, the little children in every city and village shall sing the praises of Jesus. By and by I went to Formosa. The district where Tai-pit lived was overrun with rebels; and, amid the severe troubles of that time, little Tai-pit sickened, and passed away to sing his hymns in the Lord's own presence.

My second little boy was in striking contrast with Tai-pit. At the close of 1865 I was at work in the village of Tak-é, in Formosa. Our mission-room

was at that time a very small place, able to contain about twenty or thirty persons, and opening on the narrow central street of the village. Right opposite was an opium den—that is, a shop where opium is sold, and where men lie down on couches to smoke it, and to make themselves drunk with it, as men in this country make themselves drunk with gin or brandy. I knew the master of the shop. He was a man like Ahab or Herod, with a mind sometimes to do right, but easily turned back into the ways of evil. His wife was a straightforward wicked woman, a Jezebel on a small scale, who bent everything to her own will.

They had one little boy, who was then just about three years old, and who, when old Bün or I was speaking, would come into the chapel and sit down among the bigger folks. He was an ill-tempered, passionate little fellow, and, in the mission-room, would appal me, when anyone teased or happened to displease him, with a succession of low, wicked oaths, such as Chinese swearers utter. We spoke to his parents about it. They only laughed, and seemed amused at his precocity in vile language. The fact was that the child was only revealing and repeating the common language of his father's house. Our mission work was shortly removed to another and a larger house, so that I saw no more of this little boy; but he always remains in my mind as the worst little boy I ever knew, and as a warning of what may be expected of the children of parents who delight in wickedness.

In 1870 I was in the hill-country of Formosa. At Baksa I met with a round-cheeked, bare-legged lad of seven years, by name Kiet. His happy face and merry ways were enough to win one's heart. He was the son of our landlord, and, with his little, black, long-eared doggie, he was so much about us that we saw a great deal of him. The Gospel took hold of his parents, and this fact opened up a new career to Kiet. He was absolutely without education before this; but the coming of the Gospel to his home brought also a beginning of school-life to him and to many other children. Kiet was put to school, and when, two years later, I left Formosa, he was already a good reader and writer, and able to stand a good examination on the various books of the New Testament then in print. He was giving promise of growing up, under this double influence of the Gospel and of mental training, to be a useful man.

I have put these three boys together that you may realize three forms of Chinese boy-life: the first, the education and influences of a Christian home; the second, the education and influences of a home not only heathen but intensely vicious; and the third, the influences of a respectable though poor heathen Chinese home, followed by the influences of Christian teaching. There are many varieties of boy-life in China as in England, and it is well to realize this.—*Children's Messenger (Presbyterian).*

—A marvellous awakening is noted in several Spanish villages near Villafraanca. In one place the entire community, numbering about one hundred families, is Protestant. In another the Romish church has been specially painted and decorated to attract the people, but the only attendants are one old man, two old women, and five boys. The Government school was closed for lack of pupils, while the one under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland had sixty-five scholars. Over thirty men attend the night school, and some children travel a league daily in order to be present.

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HENRY J. CLARK, Managing Editor.
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WILLIAM REVELL, Business Manager.

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All communications should be received not later than Monday. Short items of news may be in time on Tuesday morning.

TORONTO, AUG., 25, 1881.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.—Conforming to the practice of several of our denominational contemporaries, we propose taking an editorial holiday next week, there will consequently be no issue of the INDEPENDENT. We trust that our subscribers will ungrudgingly agree to this one week's respite from our work.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A large increase in the cost of producing the INDEPENDENT, of which our printer has notified us, has forced upon us the consideration of a change in the issue. So long as rates were as formerly, we could pretty well calculate upon coming out nearly square at the end of the year, supposing that the same proportion of subscribers paid as before. The addition of upwards of one hundred and fifty dollars a year to the cost of production changes the financial aspect entirely. We are willing, as we have said before, to carry on the paper in the interests of the denomination without any pecuniary recompense, satisfied if we can help on the cause in any degree, but we are *not* willing to have in addition to pay a deficiency like the sum we have named at the close of the year. We would, therefore, take our subscribers into our confidence, and ask from them an expression of opinion on the following points:—

1. Is it possible to increase the subscription list by, say, two hundred and fifty names of good, paying subscribers, and keep the weekly issue?

2. If not, shall we change the issue to a fortnightly paper, keeping the form as it now is, or to a monthly magazine, as formerly?

Whatever may be decided upon, we do not propose making any change before the end of the year, but we wish to be in a position to make our arrangements for then.—
EDITORS.

MINISTERIAL ETHICS.

An old Scotch professor in a theological hall, at the beginning of every session would address the students assembled invariably on "politeness," giving special directions as to the outward marks of respect due to superiors or seniors, to each other, and to the servants or friends with whom they came in contact in their boarding houses. To many it seemed a childish proceeding. Those in residence, *e. g.*, to be told that they should knock at each others doors

before entering, and not rush to the dining table as hogs to their trough. Subsequent experience, however, often convinced those who were averse to the good professor's first lecture, that he gauged character more accurately than they,—“the coltish nature” would breakthrough, and offensive ignorance pronounce itself.

In our new Year-Book, the painstaking editor, Dr. Jackson, has given us a code of ministerial ethics, outlined from a paper read before a Chicago Ministerial Association. The law is not made for a righteous man, and they who by education, or better, by the innate refinement of a gentle life, have already made these precepts, perhaps unconsciously, their own, will find no offence therein; all others, if such there be, will be the wiser if they “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.” No class of men give or should give a tone to society more than clergymen, and there are none upon whom greater responsibilities rest. Half of our editorial chair being filled by “the clergy,” we do not desire to be hard upon the cloth, but we must say we have more than once been where an observance of the code, now inserted in our Year-Book, would have conserved a respect for the ministry we have been compelled to part with regretfully.

Whether a “preaching suit” is a desideratum or no is a matter circumstances and custom may be allowed to settle, but that every minister is bound as a Christian, on entering his profession, to be a gentleman and to do all in his power to maintain the purity, honour, and dignity of the profession, is beyond all reasonable controversy. The very fact that such lines need to be penned is a sad comment upon that education for the ministry which is not supplied by mere college training. Can any one conceive of Christ acting ungentlemanly? or guilty of a breach of true politeness? And what ought His servants to be?

THE funeral of Dean Stanley was one that a prince might envy. There were strong personal attachments to the man, from whose frail and even diminutive figure seemed to flow some of heaven's sweetest and most tender gifts. The illustrious assembly that thronged the Abbey at his funeral bore a signal testimony to the moral and social worth of the man, and many homes miss in him their comfort and their friend. Was that the one cause of the honour paid to his memory?

THERE were those who mingled with the crowd and heard the whispers, which were not all of the man. The late Dean was well known as the flower and pride of the Broad Church party, though he himself declined partizanship. Theology he had none, at least as theology is in general understood. One of his latest works, “Christian Institutions,” is thoroughly negative. Yet here was a negative theologian who exhibited a life pure, loving, tender, a friend alike of the throned monarch and the wearied artisan. He could be firm, too, and had the grace of patience. Who dare say in his presence, virtue could not be sustained and crowned without dogma?

VERY many, some say a majority, attended that funeral as they would a triumph. It seemed to them the inauguration of a new reign, the proclamation of a new evangel. Henceforth the Beatitudes are to be the inheritors of all the virtues of dogma, and Paul's harsh doctrines are to give way to a rational faith. A new “Westminster Confession” has been ratified from the Jerusalem chamber, and universal comprehension is the key-note of the church of the future. The pall-bearers, representing all shades of belief (and unbelief), gave testimony by their presence to the advanced hopes of that great multitude. All are to be saved by Christ, and therefore by anticipation all may be embraced in the Christian fellowship now.

It is here we have a word of caution. We desire to be broad—broad as the love of God; we would not, however, have it forgotten that His righteousness has marked out a strait way. We would not narrow the one, we dare not widen the other, and it is not safe to measure the truthfulness of a man's opinions by the merit of his life. One of the most honest and practical of men we ever knew, held to his dying day that the sun daily circled the earth. Christian dogma aided in the formation of the Dean's character; he would have been the last to have denied its potency. Without the influence thereof the good Dean would have been an impossibility; for him, even a blessing was in it, and his death cries “destroy it not.” More, pure as the Dean's life to all seeming was, there was a purer, and He declares “these shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.”

FAITH must have something—something—on which to rest; the lever that would move the world called for a fulcrum, and that something, someone, which is faith's lever, is dogma. It matters somewhat whether that lever bears the pressure or crushes beneath the strain. Negative theology is a vacuum in which no wing can soar, no heart can beat. True, there is much obstructive dogma; clearing away the underbrush, however, does not bring in the harvest. The woodman's axe would never have been the pioneer of Canadian prosperity had it not been followed by the settler's plough and seed. The tendency of modern thought and popular sentiment is destructive. Who can construct an eternal habitation if we cease to learn of Him whose life is the old, old story?

If we may be allowed to step down from the chair and write as a correspondent, we would like to say a word as to the permanency of our diaconate. Is it not rather an anomaly, in so thoroughly a democratic form of church-life as ours, that we make certain individuals perpetual officers? Or are we so wickedly democratic as to need an “upper house” to check “hasty legislation?” The diaconate should represent the church in sentiment and order, if not, what means their election by the church? From varied circumstances, deacons are generally from that class whose residence is more permanent than that of perhaps the majority of a church. In the order

of growth and change this country perpetually sees, a church may grow around a diaconate with which it eventually has no sympathy. Hence arises friction, oftentimes disturbance. If the church elected twenty years ago, why should it not again express either its confidence or want thereof freely? Is not the question of a diaconate, from which yearly some members retire, worthy of consideration and of practice? Let some of our church politicians enlighten them.

FLUCTUATING almost daily, at one time inspiring bright hopes, at another producing gloom and well nigh despair, President Garfield lies at the end of the seventh week since the bullet of the assassin struck him down. The latest reports are favourable, almost giving confidence of ultimate recovery; but a slight change in the tone of the stomach, or a stoppage of the pus, may change the aspect of the case and mark him for death. Meanwhile, all that one great nation can do, with other sympathizing peoples, is to send up constant prayer to Him in whose hand are the issues of life and death, that He would be pleased to bless the means used, and give back again to his family, the church, and the Republic, one who in each sphere is respected and beloved. Messages of sympathy continue to flow from all points of this continent and Europe, one of the latest being from Queen Victoria to Mrs. Garfield. The message and the reply were alike worthy of the women who sent them.

THE Irish Land Bill is the law now, and its provisions have come into force in that distracted land. The Commons conceded a few amendments made by the Lords, rejecting those which appeared to trench on the principles of the Bill, and, thus amended, it was accepted and passed by the Upper House. It is too much to hope that the passions which have been aroused will be at once allayed. It will take some time for the provisions of the Bill to be understood, especially as the agitators will take care that the people shall not understand it if they can help it, for then their occupation would be gone. But it will come, and though no Land Bill can remedy the evil and improvident habits of a large mass of the people, or dispel the darkness in which they are kept by the priests, yet they will find that they can get justice and right, and when they find that, other light may come to them, and the regeneration of Ireland may not be so far off as some think.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—We are glad to find that our readers look with a critical eye upon what appears in our columns, and are not disposed to let mistakes pass unnoticed. This is what we like, and would always ask for. The following paragraph printed in our issue of July 24, has brought us several letters:—

SIX BIBLE NAMES.—Say them over a good many times, until you can remember them and the order in which they are given. Adam, Enoch, Abraham, Solomon, Christ, John. Repeat them again, and then learn the following bit of Bible chronology.—1. From the time Adam was created, until the time Enoch was translated, was a thousand years. 2.

From the time Enoch was translated, until the time Abraham was born, was a thousand years. 3. From the time Abraham was born, until the time Solomon dedicated the temple, was a thousand years. 4. From the time Solomon dedicated the temple, until the time Christ was born, was a thousand years. 5. From the time Christ was born, until John died, was a thousand years. Thus the Bible history of forty-one hundred years, may be divided.

The word we have italicised—*thousand*—is the source of all the trouble. It should be "hundred," as will be seen by the last paragraph. The first four periods are each a thousand years, the fifth, one hundred, making in all, "forty-one hundred." We may explain that the printer has, of necessity, occasionally to fill in corners, and complete pages at the last moment, for which purpose he keeps a number of small items such as this. Of these we rarely see the proof, had we done so, the error would not have gone out, as we observed it directly we read the paragraph.

Correspondence.

THE COLLEGE AND THE ALUMNI.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—There is much in Mr. Elgar's letter in your issue of the 11th inst which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Nor is it at all desirable that his letter should quickly descend into the shades, for he, in common with several others who have recently communicated with you, has dealt with a very important question—the question of our denominational weakness and its causes. Let this matter be discussed again and again, the discussion cannot do any harm and may do great good.

Now with what Mr. Elgar says respecting the advisability of a change in the policy hitherto pursued by the Home Missionary Society, of a well-defined plan of raising money for its support, and of the need of greater charity among ourselves, I have perfect sympathy. But there is one paragraph in his letter to which I take decided exception; it is the paragraph on the inefficiency of the Canadian trained ministry. In this he states "that not once in a generation do our city churches flourish under a pastor educated and trained in our College." This is certainly a very grave assertion, and if true, must ere long produce a radical change in the executive and teaching faculty in the college. But is it true?—Nay, is not the very opposite the truth? Indeed, wherever there has been any real permanent advancement, it has been generally in connection with the labours of our College Alumni; in proof whereof we adduce the London Church, which throughout its entire history has been ministered to by, if I mistake not, pastors trained in our college; Zion church, Brantford, which was built up and made strong by the labours of an alumnus; Kingston First, one of our most flourishing churches, is the outcome of the toils of another alumnus; Bond-street, Toronto, which less than five years ago was a power for good in the city and denomination, came to this power under the leadership of another alumnus. The Northern Church, of the same city, with a good membership, active in works of benevolence, was presided over from its organization, till very recently by two alumni of this much berated college. The Western Church, of Toronto, which, under a young man trained at Montreal, has had a career of unbroken prosperity; and the church at Paris, is a further illustration of how a church may succeed under men "without speaking power,

thought, activity, or spirituality of life for training."

Doubtless the college might have been better and the men she sent out better, but both have done good work in this land, and to say otherwise is to make an assertion contrary to facts.

Yours truly,
J. R. BLACK.

Garafraxa, 13th August, 1881.

OUR HOME MISSIONS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—The suggestion made in my last letter, as to the appointment of an Executive Board, is strongly enforced by a knowledge of the part which, hitherto, the General Committee has been assigned in the management of our missions. Except on very special occasions, it has only met during the annual sittings of the Union. Its chief work has been to vote the annual grants. This it has done with commendable impartiality, but invariably in haste. For the rest of the year it has virtually left the business of the society in the hands of the general secretary.

It is a matter of regret that no definite policy has ever been adopted in the management of our missions; unless it be that of *chronic retrenchment*. The main question has seldom been, "How may we extend our work?" The usual inquiry has rather been, "How can we reduce our expenditure, and bring it within the limit of a constantly diminishing income?" To keep the English Committee in good temper, promises of speedy relief have been freely made; and to keep these promises, pressure has been brought to bear on the Canadian Committee to reduce its grants. The grants have been reduced, until now the number of grant-receiving churches is limited indeed; while the money received from England has been so diminished, that the whole amount obtained for Ontario and Quebec in 1879-80 was almost the same as that given to the city of Winnipeg alone! For this issue, the Colonial Missionary Society should not be held responsible. The friends in England have always expressed themselves as willing to assist in new and energetic efforts; they have, however, refused to help in the support of churches which for years have made no sensible progress. Need we be surprised that our English friends have been bewildered. The feebleness of our performances have poorly accorded with the glowing descriptions of our prospects which have been sent home from time to time. It is useless to blink at the fact. The old agency system, so long ago condemned in Upper Canada, has been retained under cover of a free institution, and our missions will never prosper until it be utterly abolished. For its continuation thus far we are largely, if not wholly, responsible. The union of General Secretary-Treasurer and agent of the C. M. S. in one person, however wise and good, has been, to say the least of it, most unfortunate. In this last remark, let me emphasize I am dealing not with men, but with the principles involved.

The time has arrived when we must either greatly enlarge our missionary operations or wholly dispense with English help. Indeed whatever view may be taken in reference to the maintenance of churches, which for many years have kept their place on the list of the Society, one thing is evident: unless new stations be opened, our missionary operations in Canada will soon be wound up. To those who have no earnest faith in Congregationalism, or in its mission in Canada, this may occasion no serious regret, to those who have, the prospect cannot fail to excite bitter sadness; but we trust that in proportion as it is realized, it will also excite to calm yet determined effort.

It is not yet too late to rescue the

almost stranded bark, but there is no time to spare. May God give grace, courage, and wisdom to all who will make the attempt.

In my next, I will endeavour to conclude my remarks on this vitally important subject.

Yours truly,
MINASON.

News of the Churches.

OUR venerable father, Dr. Wilkes, is enjoying rest at Bowers Beach, Maine; may he return strengthened to his winter work.

DR. STEVENSON has returned to his home and work, private sources tell us, like a giant refreshed. We should gladly hail from Dr. Stevenson's ready pen some "impressions" of travel, and "remembrances" from the old home. Will the obliging Dr. favour us and our readers?

LITERARY NOTES.

"THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATION."* Says the authoress of this excellent work, in the preface, "No other Christian people can show a vernacular Bible with such a history as ours; so consecrated by high purpose and noble sacrifice, so baptized in the tears and blood of faithful souls, so linked with the inmost life and history of the people." To those who inherit the tradition and faith of the Puritans specially must this history be full of interest and healthy stimulus.

That our authorized version should have been ever idolized by the Anglo-Saxon world is not to be wondered at, when we consider the deep roots which vernacular versions have struck into, not only the history, but the life of English-speaking people. This history opens up some most interesting pages.

To Wickliffe belongs the honour of having given to the English-speaking world the vernacular Bible of these latter days. John Wickliffe was rector of Lutterworth about the middle of the fourteenth century. Three forces were struggling to possess the English people, the Crown, the Barons, the Papacy. Wickliffe was the people's champion, the Bible was his sword. In those days the clergy were for the most part ignorant, profligate, venal; the monks jolly, lawless; the friars, hypocritical beggars before the public, revelling in plenty in their priories. The universities expended learning upon such problems as these,—whether a hog, taken to market with a rope round its neck, is carried by the rope or by the man who holds the rope? Is the body of Christ eaten in the sacrament dressed or undressed? (Some of the questions of present theologies are about as practically useful.) In 1353 we are told three or four young Irish priests came over to England to study divinity, and were obliged to return home because not a copy of the Bible was to be found at Oxford. Abbeys and Churches claimed the right of sanctuary, and ecclesiastics guilty of robbery, or even murder, as well as criminals who could purchase the protection of the Church, were thereby free from the laws of the land, which really meant immunity. The Pope cared little for morals if only his myrmidons kept the nation bound by ritual and by tithes to the Roman See. The vast majority of Englishmen were little above being slaves of the soil. Wickliffe found a Latin Bible. As to Luther, it was a revelation, and his heart burned to give it to the common people. "O Christ! thy law is hidden in the sepulchre; when wilt thou send thy angel to roll away the stone," were his words in a sermon at Lutterworth. The friars first opposed him; but by this time the religious houses and their abominations were calling forth public reprobation, the king, too, was wearying of Rome's exactions. Greater than the Great Charter, the Bible was now to become the palladium of English liberty. The original Greek and Hebrew were apparently unknown; the old Vulgate (Latin) was the only version available, that was now given by this means to the people in their own tongue, and the earnest of Protestantism was thus secured. In cities and hamlets, by market, cross, and by fire-side, the book now spread. Who can estimate its powers for future liberty and truth? Let sceptics sneer as they will, unbelievers taunt as they may, the open Bible has gone hand in hand with true British liberty, and made sure its brightest triumph. "England's first Bible became

the central point of English history. The tree which Wickliffe planted has clasped with its ever-lengthening roots the life of five centuries." Wickliffe died, seized with paralysis during service in the Church, but his work lived. His followers passed through many vicissitudes, many gained the martyr crown. But they held on to the Bible. At length Henry VIII. ascended the throne. Backed by the State, bishops and clergy, for a century and a half, had endeavoured to crush out the "damnable heresies," Wickliffe's Bible had spread among the people. Now, according to the monks, "there was a new language invented, called Greek—in this language had come forth a book called the New Testament, which was now in everybody's hands full of heresies; another language had also started up called Hebrew, and they who listened thereto became Jews." Henry VIII. broke with the Pope, however, causes well known, and Wm. Tyndale rose. The English tongue had somewhat changed since Wickliffe's days; he now gave a Bible compared with the original Greek and Hebrew, yet the ruler of the land he thus blessed with a Bible in the mother tongue made him an exile, and the stake at length was gained as the direct result of his noble work. His life had been one of constant toil, of persecution from city to city; England's first translator of the Bible from the original tongue gave that boon to his country at the price of constant exile and death. Through these long weary years it was treason to possess, to read or to teach from a Bible, and yet, as in primitive days, the Bible readers worked and lived everywhere. The light spread, no power could quench it. Many were the martyr confessors to its quickening power, until at length, Anne Boleyn being Henry's queen, the clergy in convocation petitioned the king for a translation of the Scriptures into English. The people were being instructed, but not by their spiritual guides; those guides must now make a show of teaching and the Bible had become a necessity. Wickliffe had escaped martyrdom, being protected by a powerful party at court who were jealous of Roman encroachments. Henry, for a similar reason, consented to the Bible translation, provided he might be the expositor. Six doctrines were enjoined by law, as the Bible was permitted the people: 1, Transubstantiation, 2, Communion in one kind; 3, Priests not to marry; 4, Vow of Chastity binding; 5, Private Mass; 6, Confession. But to give the Bible and to enforce these doctrines was simply impossible, the people read the Bible and disbelieved the doctrines by law imposed. The history henceforth of Bible translation becomes virtually the history of British non-conformity, and it may not be amiss to be reminded that an open Bible was never freely given by the State Church to the people, but was forced from their unwilling hands by the fact that the people possessed and held the Bible against their protest and power. King James' translation was in reality "an act of uniformity," and only gradually came into general use. The English people then enjoyed no less than six versions of the Scriptures, Wickliffe's, Tyndale's, Coverdale's, the Bishop's, the Geneva and Cranmer's. It may be fairly held that constant comparison of these varied versions kept our forefathers in those martyr days from that word idolatry which has done ill service since in the hands of zealous but ignorant men. May we, with our two versions, now prove as faithful and manly as they who read their Bibles often with the stake in view, or the rack creaking in their ears.

A closing sentence from this intensely (for us) instructive work. "Who were the advocates of a spiritual worship, as opposed to that of outward rites and garb and posture; of equality among the ministers of Christ, and of the rights of the laity as members with them of the Christian body? Who pleaded for the rights of conscience, for free discussion, and an unrestricted press? None other than those who held to the Bible as supreme and sole authority in religion."—*Esto perpetua.*

"HISTORICAL CONGREGATIONALISM."—Dr. Jackson's address as chairman of the Union, 1881. The Congregational Publishing Company, Toronto. We heard the address with pleasure and profit; we hail its publication in pamphlet form, and recommend it to our pastors and churches for careful perusal. It deals first with N. T. Congregationalism, then with Congregationalism as developed in England during the past three hundred eventful years; concise, forcible, plain, it suggests and stimulates. May its circulation be blessed to our churches. Thus we know its author prays.

* Conant's popular History of English Bible Translations. I. K. Funk & Co., New York.

MISSION NOTES.

—In 1813 the Moravians had 34 stations, 152 foreign missionaries, and an income of \$32,555. Now they have 99 stations, 281 missionaries, and 25,310 communicants.

—Last year an open-air mass meeting was held at Tokio by the missionaries, and it passed off without disturbance. Now another mass meeting, attended by thousands, has been held in a large Japanese theatre, three or four thousand persons being present to listen to addresses by the missionaries and native preachers. It is thought that at least 200 pagan priests were in the audience.

—One of the missionaries of the Livingstone Inland Mission writes from Parabella, on the Congo, that the people of that vicinity, though heathen, "are very superior, not only to most African tribes, but even to the heathen of England, as regards their morals and manners." The same missionary also says that Stanley is making a very substantial road, wide enough for three carriages abreast. Ditches are made on each side to carry off the water from heavy rains. The full staff of the Livingstone Inland Mission now consists of twenty Europeans, of whom all but two are in Africa. There are three ladies in the party.

—One of the signs of the spread of Christianity in Japan is the earnest efforts made to oppose it. A magazine, advocating the union of Buddhism and Shintoism, for the purpose of putting down Christianity, has been started. It is published six times a month. It exhorts the priests of the old religion to lay aside their disputes in the presence of the foe, and combat it till it is destroyed. An account is given in one of the numbers of a meeting of priests to devise means to stop the progress of Christianity. One of the royal princes presided. It is significant that the magazine, in a late issue, drops Shintoism and becomes an advocate of Buddhism solely.

—This is what the Rev. J. M. Strachan, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has to say respecting what he saw, in a tour in Japan, in the foreign concession of Tokio:—"Here, more markedly than at Osaka, the glory and shame of a divided Christianity—the zeal and the schism of the church—stand out conspicuous before the Japanese. In close proximity are the houses of missionaries, representing twelve different societies. Seven belong to the United States, one to Canada, three to England, and one to Scotland. Besides these are the missions of the Greek and Roman churches. An intelligent native must look with bewildered astonishment at the diverse church organizations, at the doctrinal differences, at the various way in which divine worship is conducted, and may well exclaim: "Can all these belong to that church which boasts of one Lord, one faith, one baptism?"

—A remarkable movement is in progress among the Aboriginal Indians of British Guiana. Forty years ago a young man commenced work among them, and waited five years for his first convert. The converts have since become a thousand. Two or three years ago an

Indian family from the Upper Potaro river came from their distant home to know more about the gospel, concerning which they had heard somewhat. They have, as a people, often pleaded for a teacher. A missionary has recently been sent among them who baptized 1,398 of the natives of the Potaro and neighbouring tribes, amongst whom were persons who had come two weeks' journey, and were living on quarter rations rather than go unbaptized. The missionary of the Propagation Society, writing to the Bishop says: "In all the history of ancient and modern missions, hardly ever, I conceive, has a case been known where so many at a time, with so little of worldly advantages to tempt them, have voluntarily sought for admission into the Christian church."

—The Rev. J. H. Wyckoff, of the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church in America, recently addressed a series of questions to the native agents of the eight churches and thirty-six village congregations under his supervision, and the questions and answers as printed are very interesting. One of the questions was: "Do the Christians make any efforts to preach the Gospel among the heathen?" The answers from three villages are that little is done in this direction. In one village the Christians do it both publicly and privately. In another there are a few very devoted, zealous converts; but the majority appear to be indifferent to the spiritual welfare of their neighbours. When exhorted to do something, they say this is the catechist's duty. To another question—"Is there any desire to be independent of mission help?"—four villages return an affirmative and one a negative reply. Some of the Christians say they have not been long enough in the church to give much, and that they are like chickens, they must still follow the mission. The general testimony is that no heathen customs or ceremonies are retained; but there are some petty vices. The Sabbath is kept tolerably well.

—In India there are now 689 Christian European and American missionaries representing thirty-two societies. This is an increase of 67 since 1871. Of these, England sends 244; Germany, 131; the United States, 117; Scotland, 67; Ireland, 19; Canada, 17, etc. No less than 30 of these are the sons of missionaries born in India. The oldest of these missionaries, Mr. Pearce, arrived in the country in 1826, and has thus been 55 years in the field. The largest number sent by any society is 43—the Church of England. There are 389 native missionaries, an increase since 1871 of 164. The increase of native Christians since 1871 has been 52 per cent. The following table gives a relative statement of the various societies:

Church of England	75,998
Am. Bap. Miss. Union	55,633
Gospel Propagation Society	51,391
London Miss. Society	50,098
Gossner's Miss. Society	29,285
American Board	13,485
Leipzig Missionary Society	11,981
Eng. Bap. Miss. Society	10,000
Basel Miss. Society	7,337
Methodist Episcopal Church	5,855

These, with others, give a total of 340,623. Besides these 340,000 native Christians there are thousands of adherents—people who are almost Christians in various stages of education and of nearness to Christ. Of

these there cannot at present be reckoned fewer than 150,000. The communicants representing the adult community have in ten years grown from 52,816 to 102,444. The following comparative table of progress speaks for itself:

	1850.	1861.	1871.	1880.
Foreign Missionaries.	339	479	622	689
Native Missionaries.	21	97	225	389
Native Christians.	01,092	138,731	224,258	340,613
Communicants.	14,661	24,976	52,816	102,444

The forthcoming report of the Church Missionary Society will have the following paragraph on the condition and prospects of its West African missions;

"In Sierra Leone, and even in the interior countries approached from it, the committee do not look forward to an extension of the Society's own operations; rather, to the increasing readiness and ability of the African Church to undertake missionary as well as pastoral work. For the first time since the earliest conversions, under William Johnson, the native Christians connected with the Society in the Colony are this year returned as 'None,' all being now transferred to the Native Church. Under Sierra Leone, the Yoruba Mission will need re-enforcements from England; and it is not only there that an inviting field calls for the energies of the English missionary. The committee feel that the time has come when on the Niger also the white man should take his place by the side of the black man in proclaiming the name of their common Lord and Saviour. The remarkable exploratory voyage of the 'Henry Venn' mission steamer up the Binue, in 1879, not only revealed the existence of tribe after tribe ready to receive teachers, but reminded us that by the two great branches of the Niger we have a facility of access into Central Africa to which no route from the East Coast affords a parallel. The committee are persuaded that one of the Society's earliest advances should be in this direction, and a nobler field for the Krapfs and Livingstones of the future cannot be imagined. The remarkable character of the movement towards Christianity in the delta of the Niger is fully confirmed. Both at Brass and at Bonny the people by hundreds are throwing away their idols and attending the Church services. The two churches are thronged every Sunday. A small chapel has lately been built in a neighbouring hamlet by King George Pepple, who is taking a very hearty interest in the mission and setting a good example to his subjects; while the famous juju temple, studded with human skulls, is going to ruins."

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—Mr. Moody, with Mr. Sankey and their families, expects to sail next September for England, and will probably remain abroad in evangelistic work for several years.

—Psalms xxv. and xxxiv. are alphabetical acrostics, the verses beginning with the successive letters of the alphabet; but they continue for several verses after the alphabet is completed. Professor de Lagarde suggests that the acrostic continues giving, by its first letters, the names of the authors, which would be Pedael and Pedaiah.

—An official statement of the English Wesleyan Methodist Thanksgiving Fund shows that thus far \$1.

506,625 has been promised, and \$1,205,960 has been paid in. The districts giving over \$100,000 each are:—1st London, \$111,925; 2nd London, \$175,835; Birmingham, \$131,505; Liverpool, \$136,980; Manchester, \$108,480; Bolton, \$104,280.

—The hubbub in Rome over the attack on the procession at the removal of the remains of Pius IX. has not subsided. A meeting has been held of three thousand persons, including many sentenced to penal servitude under the Pontifical Government. A resolution proposing the abolition of the Papal guarantees law and occupation of papal palaces was passed, notwithstanding the interference of the police, who deemed the proposition an incitement to violation of law.

—The Sabbath, if it is to be maintained, must be fought for is the opinion of the English Wesleyan Committee, as expressed in their report to Conference. They say:—"We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that our Sabbath is threatened, formidably and resolutely threatened. It may be that the struggle upon which we have already entered will determine whether in this Protestant land we are to have a Continental Sunday, a Popish Sunday, frittered away in unhallowed frivolities and desecrated by secular trafficking and amusement; or whether we are to retain and transmit to coming generations that calm and quiet Sabbath, that hallowed and blessed Sabbath, which we have inherited from our forefathers and to the devout observance of which we owe so much of our sober force and tranquil perseverance."

—The Bishop of Liverpool has treated the Wesleyan Methodists to something entirely new. There have not been wanting proposals from the Established Church to Wesley's followers to return to the bosom of the parent body; but these invitations have only resulted in making the Wesleyans more desirous of staying where they are. Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, issued a letter, to which he gave the designation "*Irenicum Wesleyanum*," asking the Wesleyans to put themselves under episcopal jurisdiction. He proposed that they should be allowed to do whatever religious service unordained men could do in the Church. The idea of unfrocking all the ministers of the Wesleyan body made the Bishop's proposal seem very chimerical and unbrotherly and it was rather indignantly rejected. The Bishop of Liverpool, formerly Canon J. C. Ryle, is a different sort of man from Bishop Wordsworth. He has not proposed union to the Wesleyans; but has simply sent to the President of their conference meeting in his diocese a manly, catholic letter, recognizing them as brethren in Christ, acknowledging the debt the Church owes them, and bidding them God-speed. This note, which does great honour to Bishop Ryle, struck a responsive chord in the heart of the Conference, and did much to efface bitter remembrances. If the Wesleyans are to be won at all (and we do not think they will ever join the Church while it is established), Bishop Ryle, and not Bishop Wordsworth, or Dr. Pusey, or the Dean of Manchester, represents the influence that will win them.

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