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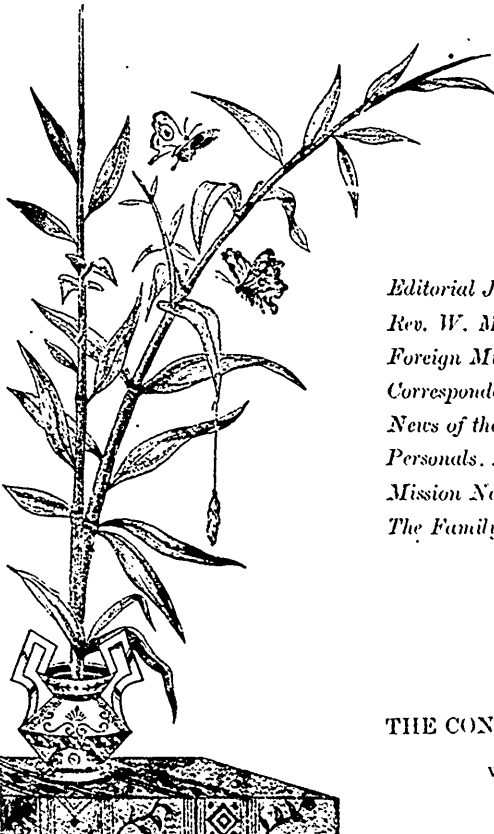
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CANADIAN   
INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. V. (NEW SERIES) No. 16.

AUGUST 15.

CONTENTS.



PAGE.

<i>Editorial Jottings</i> .....	209
<i>Rev. W. McIntosh's Address</i> .....	212
<i>Foreign Missionary's Letter</i> .....	216
<i>Correspondence</i> .....	220
<i>News of the Churches</i> .....	220
<i>Personals</i> .....	221
<i>Mission Notes</i> .....	221
<i>The Family Circle</i> .....	222

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# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1886.

No. 16

THIS world passeth away, its forms change, its flowers decay, 'all flesh is as grass.' And we are changing, our years are as the shadows that chase each other over the summer hills, and soon here our place another will take, we shall join the great majority, to be wept over and forgotten. Is this all? What of the Christless? If our epitaph be truly written is it to be this?

"Wrapped in a Christless shroud,  
He sleeps the Christless sleep;  
Above him the eternal cloud,  
Beneath, the fiery deep.

"Laid in a Christless tomb,  
There bound with felon-chain,  
He waits the terrors of his doom,  
The judgment and the pain."

If so, then

"— Christless soul awake!  
Ere thy last sleep begin.  
O Christ, the sleeper's slumber break,  
Burst thou the bands of sin!"

—  
"HE that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever." Abideth.—Ah, there is the unchangeable, the eternal life "all rapture, through and through, in God's most holy sight." Who would not lay hold upon that hope, and abide in that trust? And that trust is made sure in Christ, who ever lives. If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, and abide for ever. Glory, honour, immortality, eternal life; the dream of the philosopher, the theme of the poet, the longing of the many, the inheritance, the purchased possession, of the Christlike. Who would gain the fleeting earth with the loss of this "abiding," or be laid in a Christless tomb with such a gospel at the very door?

NOTHING is more difficult to be certain about than our own motives, even when we attempt to analyse them which is not often, more generally we take the matter as certain without any attempt at investigation. We advocate or oppose certain things because as we suppose we think, they are desirable or injurious, but if we could see the root motive, we might find that it was prejudice or feeling, like or dislike for the advocate or representative of that we espouse or combat. This is patent in the political world. Whatever may be their professions, we know that with the great body of politicians (not all thank God,) the motive is party. Can any good thing come out of the Nazareth of the other side? Impossible! And in the narrower circles of life, as between churches or different members of the same church who do not think alike with respect to certain matters, each side hug themselves with the idea, that their sole desire is the glory of God and the good of his church, which it may be if the matters are done after their fashion, otherwise—their way first, the glory of God second. But while it is so difficult to know our own motives, it is perfectly easy to see the motives of others, and to, judge them accordingly. Is it not so?

—  
MR. AND MRS. CURRIE'S letter and notes will be read with deep interest. They send their greetings to all their friends with the letter we publish. We all remember them, and assure them of our continued affection and sympathy. May Africa's sunny fountains deal kindly with them, and heaven's blue spread over them its most peaceful light.

—  
AT a Diocesan Conference held lately in Lambeth palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Freemantle

addressed his brethren on the church, which he held consisted of all who profess and call themselves Christians. His subject led him to speak of "Dissenters," whom he asked his Anglican friends to look upon as brethren working side by side with them, drawing attention to their spiritual activity and thorough Christian work. The discussion which followed indicates too well the spirit which still prevails in the communion of the English Church. Amid applause one speaker said that the Church had learned all she could from Non-conformists, and that she should now wait until they approached her on bended knee; another advocated kindness to dissenters. "If, for instance, the wife of the minister was sick, let the clergyman offer her his carriage." This is kindness with a kick, and brotherhood with a snub. On these lines union is simply impossible, and all talk thereon vapouring. Until men agree to make their Christianity a life rather than a polity or a creed, all union dreams are vain. One is Master, Christ, all in Him are brethren. We need to make this truth vital.

RELIGIOUS and race prejudice combined with the bitterness of party politics blinds men's eyes just now, but a little calm reflection and impartial reading of history will show that even for her present follies Ireland is not to be put entirely under the ban. During the Reformation struggle, England threw off willingly an Italian pope, substituting her own sovereign, who became head of the church as well as of the State; Scotland went Presbyterian, but Ireland remaining true to her inherited faith became the field for intrigue by the Papal emissaries of the Continent. Ireland was England's vulnerable side, and both political foes and religious enemies kept alive the spirit of alienship by fostering every prejudice and passion there. Thus Irishmen have been taught for generations to hold England as an hereditary foe. Roman Catholicism has never shown any desire to educate the masses, therefore Papal Ireland remains ignorant and prejudiced. England has been driven to the policy of repression, and the planting of Protestantism in Ulster has been held up as another instance of the determination of the Saxon to overturn the Celt and keep him down. Add to this a crowded population, unthrifty as the purely Papal poor, are sure to be if left under priestly

guidance only, with famine and misery, the present unsettled state of Ireland is not hard to understand. Then consider absenteeism, where the money wrung from the poor peasantry is spent in an alien land, and you approach in some measure the causes which join to make the Irish problem.

THE strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not merely to please themselves. There is a Christianito which should appear in politics; in other words the Christian should bear his share of public responsibility, and witness for Christ there, where heaven knows, such witnessing is much needed. The remedy for Irish discontent is to put down disorder with a firm hand, educate the masses, which will take time, let Roman Catholicism know that it stands on an equality, nothing more or less, with every other ism, and give to Ireland that just measure of Home Rule that will enable her to manage her own domestic affairs as she thinks best, so long as such management does not disturb the peace and integrity of the three kingdoms. But then to accomplish this, there must be less partyism, more patriotism, and a practical application of these principles which make Christianity unique among the religions of earth. Thy kingdom come, O Prince of Peace; and may we aid in hastening the day.

THE question of rotating the eldership is a prominent topic among our American Presbyterian churches, and has been somewhat talked of here. With us the question of rotating deacons has in several churches been solved by requiring annually, or periodically, a retiring of a certain portion of the diaconate. The practice has much to commend it, and is no novelty; indeed it is an "old way" from which many have departed. John Knox's first book of discipline approved by the Scotch Assembly, A.D. 1561, provides expressly that "the election of elders shall be yearly, lest they presume upon the liberties of the Kirk." Is there any such tendency among Congregational deacons?

OUR brother, Mr. Allworth, has certainly the merit of honest outspokenness and of genuine common sense. On the 25th ult. he preached on the Church's attitude towards such legislation as the Scott Act. Though himself a pronounced temperance man, he recognizes the

fact so many ignore that "there are good and bad men on both sides of the Scott Act question," though as our friend says "the majority of the bad ones have crowded to one side." Another position truly taken is that it is one thing to carry a measure, and another to enforce it." And if in violation of the Act drunkenness increases then the Scott Act has never had a fair trial, and you can never say what a law would do till it is fairly tried." We do not feel sure," our friend continues, "that it was a wise thing to carry it, but it is certain, that after being honestly voted in, it should be fairly tried. Men drunk on the streets have been pointed at as illustrations of the Scott Act. The Scott Act is not responsible for drunkenness, but the opponents of the Act are, mind that. If liquor is sold in any way other than that provided for by the law, that is not the Scott Act, but its violation." The concluding sentences deserve to be pondered by that class of "practical Christians" who are always ready to do their own work by proxy, either of individual or of law. "As a consistent temperance man of upwards of forty years' standing, I am not prepared to say that I can recommend coercive measures to enforce moral reforms. Locks and bolts may be a needful restraint, but they do not make men honest. If the gospel and the loving persuasions that come by it will not restrain a man from intemperance, prohibition is apt to be but a temporary benefit, it may keep him sober for a while, but it effects no reform. A law that is broken is not always useless, but our object is to suppress drinking and induce sobriety. May not this be better done by a high license, a heavy tax on the traffic, and severe law against drunkenness? Let the world attend to the civil law in self-protection. Let the church by the power of holy example, and consistent abstinence, the holding up the example of Christ and that gospel which declares no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, win men to sobriety." These are calm words, but true. Let them have their due weight on our hearts.

THERE is no question about the attitude of a number of Roman Catholic priests on the liquor question—they have worked, are working to-day, heroically against the monster evil of the age; both in Canada and Britain their zeal and self-denial have been worthy of all praise:

such men as Father Matthew and others like him take high rank among humanity's benefactors. Unfortunately also there is no question as to the attitude of that church, as a church, on the same question. It did not need the letters of "Catholicus," which appeared in one of the Toronto dailies early in August, to tell us the sad truth; but that letter reveals such an encouragement of the drink habits as would be disgusting in a saloon proprietor's picnic, but is almost incredible as being under the auspices of "the church." The letter is addressed to Archbishop Lynch, and we give its principal points:—

"Catholicus" says:—The Catholic worshippers at the respective masses on Sunday last had placed in their hands on leaving God's house a handbill, setting forth that a certain Roman Catholic society will on August 6th hold a festival at the Moss Park Rink, when a programme of games will be the chief attraction. Read it and blush for your people.

100 yards race—Prize, bottle of whiskey.  
 Putting shot—Prize, keg of lager.  
 200 yards race—Prize, bottle of brandy.  
 Three quick jumps—Prize, bottle of champagne.  
 Putting light shot—Prize, bottle of wine.  
 Single men's race (open to Emeralds only)—Prize, bottle of wine.  
 Committee's race—Prize, bottle of brandy.  
 Running long jump (open to Emeralds only)—Prize, keg of lager and bottle of wine.  
 Irish jig—Prize, bottle of brandy.  
 Thirteen prizes of intoxicating liquors offering to men and youths! God save the victors.

What wonder that Catholics figure proportionately higher in the returns of offending drunkards than any other people, and that they are not keeping equal step with the non-Catholic community in material prosperity? From the above disgraceful list of prizes it must appear that parents should guard their children, and wives should implore their husbands to give this leprous society a wide berth until this foul disgrace is purged from it. Need I remind your Grace that toleration of such abuses as I have set forth makes you guilty in the eyes of God and man, and now that publicly you are made aware of them, no excuse can be offered by you for non-fulfilment of your duty.

The British House of Commons has agreed to amend the liquor bill by providing for the closing on Sunday of every public house in England, except in London and its suburbs. Why London should be excepted is hard to understand!

When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon keepers asked for compensation, she replied: "Compensate those you have wronged and I will pay the balance."

At last, after a ten years' struggle, the Louisiana Legislature has passed a Sunday law for New Orleans, which will now take its place among Americanized ties.

## REV. W. McINTOSH'S ADDRESS,

AS CHAIRMAN, TO THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT KESWICK RIDGE, ON THE 3RD JULY.

Beloved Brethren,—It is with gratitude that I embrace the privilege of giving the chairman's address at this the 39th annual meeting of this union. It was a double honor you conferred upon me in electing me to this position. Having but recently found a home among you, I took your course of passing by others on whom the honor would have been more fitting, not as a compliment to fitness, or the opposite, but as expressing a hearty welcome to one who finds the fellowship of the maritime churches a constant and growing pleasure.

39th meeting! A generation. Doubtless few meet with us to-day who took active part in that first meeting, and who among us to-day will transact the affairs of the meeting 39 years hence. Our fathers, where are they? And the prophets no more continue for ever than in the days of Chaldean exile. 'Tis well it is so—a busy life and useful—even if it be short, and then the life that knows no ending, the service ne'er followed by weariness, the light that knows no shading.

“Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.”

Be it our's to be faithful, worthy, following the illustrious line of ancestors, doing, daring, suffering, if need be, for the truth.

I offer no apology for our existence. That would be a mockery to the world that in its crying need demands the principles for which we have lived and yet do live, and yet such is the tendency of human nature that we need to iterate and reiterate these principles of civil and religious liberty which have the origin in a profound sense of individual responsibility in view of personal accountability to God, in opposition to priestly intervention and prelatical tyranny. The history of the past, the exigencies of the present, are sufficient reasons for our life and work. What is it?

Growth is not life—not always the evidence of life. There may be growth by accretion without the first elements of true development. It may be that in these days of statistical comparison we lose sight of this truth, the sad truth, that churches too often are strengthened in the inverse ratio to the numbers added. Our much loved and justly lauded church polity is not safe in the hands of indiscriminate numbers. A thousand times better is it to give some men the old sword and spear than to put into their hands Winchester repeaters, or place them in charge of Gatling guns. So I contend the freedom of our system, with all its involved responsibility, is not an unmixed blessing to

those whose lives are not wholly under the power of the truth.

Ergo, *Measure not life by numbers.*—Life is defined by Mr. Herbert Spencer, quoted by Prof. Drummond, as “the continuous adjustment of the internal relations to the external relations”—*continuous adjustment*. If this be true in the natural world, and it is, it is as true in regard to our church life in the kingdom of Christ on earth. We are surrounded by change. Times change, customs change, manners of life change, modes of thought change; development implies change, indeed, is only another word for the same thing. So if our church life and church polity be such as are adapted to the changes through which we pass, ready to resist successively every new attack from every new quarter—to meet and supply every new need arising out of the complex nature of man—in a word—if there is the power of “*continuous adjustment*,” then may we claim to have life. Not infrequently statements and definitions of principles are given, which confound principles with their practical application. Let us beware of this—a principle is a beginning—(Aristotle) and yet something above which you cannot rise, a truth of consciousness to those who hold it, an *axiom*, a self evident truth, about which we raise no questions. Its practical application varies according to the exigencies of the age, the vicissitudes of human life. As we look at the other branches of the Christian church we see them adopting our principles, from year to year; not one annual gathering takes place, at which we do not see more and more the ascendancy of these practices for which our fathers and we have contended. The doctrines of voluntary support of religion, equality of all in regard to civil status, individual responsibility, spiritual experience, the condition of church membership; and nearer and nearer comes the complete autonomy of the individual church. Who has watched the workings of our respected brethren of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches and failed to see these doctrines, some of them once ignored, and others strenuously opposed, gaining in prominence year by year? Not one of the ecclesiastical unions consummated within the last quarter of a century has been brought about without the recognition of these truths. It is *utterly impossible* to effect such unions without conceding more or less to each congregation or assembly the right of private judgment. The laity in communions other than our own, are now sturdily maintaining their God given right to legislate for themselves, and in this we recognize the death knell of clericalism and priestcraft.

As we see this practical application of our principles borrowed by other churches, and that without losing their distinctive names or even character, we

are sometimes asked, and in some measure ready to conclude, that our mission as Congregationalists will be fulfilled, and no more valid reason remain for our denominational existence.

But here I answer, there is in our Congregationalism a fundamental law which we call *principle*, greater, broader, deeper, higher than any of the forms of its application. That principle can *never* be invalidated. It is the life germ of Christianity itself. Discipleship began those three years of unparalleled ministry when there gathered around the Saviour, one by one, the disciples. Two of them were following the great wilderness preacher. When the Messiah was pointed out to them they follow him. It is from personal choice one brings his brother. The inviting command "follow me" brings others until a company is formed, and so throughout the whole history of the church, the "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me," has been verified. The mighty magnetism has attracted men into discipleship, men from every walk of life, in every stage of intellectuality. The process is simple. individual choice forming the true discipleship.

What to-day is the essence of christianity? Adhesion to this or that form of doctrine or practice? If so, when did it change? Discipleship, personal, voluntary, was its essence when the principles of His kingdom were laid down by its great founder. Then the individual disciple was the unit of christianity and not the sect, and in personal attachment to the saviour is the true secret of christian union, not the aggregation of churches. True union arises from the manly recognition by all, that a man is a christian, not because he accepts a certain set of doctrines and practices, a certain form of baptism or a particular style of vestment, but because of his admiration for, and personal attachment to, our common Lord and Master. It is the sincere and hearty acceptance of the revelation of the divine. "I believe in Christ." Not only do I acknowledge Him, He is *my* Lord, *my* Redeemer. There may be many a belief more or less closely connected with this central truth. There will of necessity be many articles beyond the creed of the apostles, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God" and joyous exclamation, "My Lord, My God," and in these particulars we may be right and we may be wrong. They are not the ground of our acceptance with God, but this is. They do not touch the deepest, keenest want in our nature, but this does. They are not our salvation, but this is; therefore they are not the basis of true union, but this fundamental principle is at once the basis of our christianity and our *fellowship*. Congregationalism is a witness for this liberty, liberty of personal attachment to Christ. A witness, standing up boldly for the true basis of christ-

ian fellowship and apostolic polity, because in these is the power of a "continuous adjustment," meeting every new requirement in the true evolution of man. The time is not yet discernible in the distant horizon when the need for such testimony, distinctly and unequivocally given, shall cease to exist.

When that time comes, then, and not till then, may we furl our banner. To use the eloquent words of another, "when we have gone armed before our brethren as the vanguard of the great christian host, opening their way into the land of promise, when the victory is being celebrated and peace proclaimed, then we may fold our tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away."

It may, however, be asked in our work of bringing souls to the Master, in beautifying lives for whom He died, would you take simply this broad, this fundamental basis of christianity, casting overboard all system or systematic doctrinal teaching? By no means. I am aware that there is now, as ever and perhaps *more* now than ever, a disposition to break from the moorings of the old theology and vaunt what is termed the new; *Advanced thought, modern criticism*—with an occasional fling at orthodoxy, and claim that such is bold-daring, too courageous to be trammelled with the superstitions of the past age. It is well to know that it frequently calls for more courage to cling to the old than to run after the new, because it happens to be the prevailing fashion for the time being. I do not hold that the old walls of theological thought should encircle, and so hamper our searchings after truth, but I fail to see the wisdom of pulling down the old walls and removing the landmarks of our fathers before we have by us anything better to take their place.

There must of necessity be something of system in which to formulate human thought. Therefore, the opposition to all forms or creeds is often neither the evidence of advanced thought or sound judgment. And the flaunting in the face of sensible people the latest pattern of modern uncertainty, alias "the most recent discovery," is not the highest ideal of scholarly christian conduct. This class of minds are ever restless under the restraint of custom, and impatient to break from every mooring of the past. They cannot bear to be indebted to the past. They would rather be without the very outline of a theology than be indebted for it to the generation gone by. We may well ask, what the fathers have done that the thoughts they thought, the prayers they prayed—the conclusions at which they arrived after many a manful struggle, should be thus unceremoniously consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness? To say they made mistakes is simply to say they were men and not angels. But to say that they left nothing we may heartily accept and safely follow, is to betray a profound lack of knowledge and

common discernment. I am not pleading for what is known as systematic theology. I am only humbly protesting against the indiscriminate denunciation of systems that have benefitted the world, made tens of thousands of lives purer and happier, and have their influence for good in the world to-day.

It is charged against us that we do not preach the doctrines our fathers preached, or rather that doctrinal preaching as such is, if not discarded by us, is at least neglected. How far this is true I am not in a position to say. I believe there is an element of truth in it. But I wish to ask, is the responsibility all with the ministry? Is it an indication of the decline of pulpit power? or may it not in large measure be traced to the pew? Mark, I do not deplore it as an *unmixed* evil of our day, so far as it may obtain. I am not fully convinced that the lectures on systematic theology called sermons, to which we listened, or rather under which we slept, in our boyhood, were calculated to rouse to earnest endeavor, or imbue with a noble ambition—the effectual calling—and the general calling, and intellectual faith, and the saving faith, sometimes to the neglecting of the precious truth that out of the depth of a wondrous love of God is calling—ever calling—and is as honest and true in the one as the other, “no respecter of persons.”

If some features of doctrinal preaching have passed away with the last generation, I am not disposed to mourn to its departure. But if doctrinal teaching, such as is needed to produce sturdy christian thought be on the decline, it is to be deplored. It is to be confessed that while the pulpit influences the pew, the pew none the less influences the pulpit. If it be accepted as a truism that “like priest like people,” it is quite as true that “like people like priest,” especially in these our days a large share of the responsibility rests with the people. As far as possible, without departing from the central truth of the message, the preacher is obliged to conform to the capacity and predilection of the hearer. If with our hearers, after the week of toil, with the influence of business transactions still in their minds, a week of hard struggle in which God and heavenly things have had only a secondary place, consecutive bible study is a thing unknown in their homes, only a portion snatched here or there, doing duty for what is called “family prayers,” what capacity for, or interest can they possibly have in the harmony or completeness of eternal truth? If minds are so saturated with pleasure, or enervated with sensational literature, whether in the form of the divine edition or the more trashy serials of our daily and weekly newspapers, what mental or moral receptivity is there for solid thought or careful exposition? It is *this* state of things that has brought about the departure of doctrinal preaching from our midst.

Even the true theologian will give his hearers what they will listen to, though it be in a diluted state, rather than the strong meat from which they will turn away in weariness, if not disgust. This is called a *practical eye*, and even preaching has to be measured by this practical standard. “Results,” results is the demand of the day. Very well, only let us be sure that our results are correctly estimated. Our work is to make the most of men—make the best of them. Instead of wishing they were what they are not, take them as they are, and, under God, make of them according to their, and our, highest possibility.

In looking over the work of our pastors and churches, a more intelligent estimate of which will be given us by our secretaries, may I be permitted to say a word in regard to the training of men for the fields of this Dominion? Whatever our opinions may be in regard to political secession, they have no place in our work. The time has come when our young men can have no reasonable hope of entering the ranks of the ministry without a regular college training. There are those who have not been so fortunate in the work to-day. And good men and true they are, doing faithful work for God and man. But they are the men who will the most heartily endorse what I say. And there will always be notable exceptions. No rule there is without its exceptions, but these will be fewer as the years roll on. I think I am warranted in saying that no young man unencumbered, who will shrink from the years of plodding toil between him and a literary education, is fit for the work, I care not how devout his spirit or earnest his exhortations. In our colleges all due consideration is given to the diversities of ability, both intellectual and financial. No young man presenting himself to our churches should be for one moment encouraged to any other course than a literary and theological training. For there is no such excuse as lack of means, which could be urged 25 years ago. This is as it should be. Every facility to every young man with the right talent and motive.—We have had come to us—the Master has sent them, and we have welcomed them with a right hearty welcome—men from Great Britain and the United States, and our estimate of them is expressed in the petition “Lord send us more like them.” We have plenty of room for them—plenty of work and a prospect of plentiful success. But it is no longer a matter of discussion that the men brought up, educated and trained in the country where they are to work are, on the whole, the most successful workers. This is the settled policy of our missionary committees in their management of foreign work. It is as true of our home work.—With very few exceptions, it is English for England, Scotchmen for Scotland, and at least at present it is



*Ireland for Irishmen, Americans for America, and Canadians for Canada.* From what I know of our churches, it is our home-trained men who have done the best and most successful work, and this is not a compliment to either superior ability or superior training.—It is simply the application of this general principle.

And even if this principle did not apply in our case, there is another reason why we should seek to have more of our men trained at home. They are our only available men. Our fields offer so few attractions to those of other countries and even to those who go from us to be trained in other countries, that our ranks are depleted, rather than augmented.

I had not little to do in preparing two young men and they did with me their first two years' work. They went over to Oberlin to finish. They finished by remaining there, one of them now principal of a flourishing religious educational institute—the other a pastor settled in Missouri. It is a glorious country—may God's smile ever be on it and make it more glorious. We look to them with their more than 4,000 churches—and these being increased year by year—much as the lad looks to his big brother, the embodiment of strength and manhood, or rather as to an elder sister in the blush and beauty of early womanhood preparing for the eventful day. For the motto of our brethren there is "The United States for Christ" to which we most heartily say Amen and add—"and Canada too." Oh yes we are proud of our brethren there, despite all the "fish stories" that may be to the contrary. When the border popgun newspapers have exhausted their ammunition, and the few blusterers on each side have subsided, the solid christian principle in both great countries will arise and settle the question as in the sight of God. For why should there be any strife betwixt, are we not brethren? The recommendation of our missionary superintendent, and the action thereon by the union of Ontario and Quebec, commended itself to me as wise in seeking closer relationship with the American churches in missionary work, both home and foreign. I sincerely trust that such will be brought to pass. They will be a strength to us, and I trust we shall not be a weakness to them.

But this will in no wise lessen our obligation to sustain, and sustain in a manner far beyond anything we hitherto have done our own college. Even if we formed one of the states of the union it would be as incumbent upon us. Every state or country with 5,000,000 of people ought to be supplied with its own institutions, both literary and theological.

To this, under Christ, we are looking for. Men we urgently need. We could employ five or six at once. True, it may be asked, where are the means to come

from? I am aware that that is a serious question.—But I am also fully convinced that given the fields, as we have them, and the men as we wish them, the pecuniary support would soon be forthcoming.

Our faith has been shamefully small in this as well as other respects. I know that deficits are not the most inspiring things with which to deal; but here and there a small deficit has frightened us away from fields where we were, and are sorely needed. Had we more faith to go in and possess the land the Master would honor that faith even to the replenishing of our treasury. Is not the gold of the mine, the pearls of ocean, and the cattle upon the hills all His? The work is His. We are but the instruments in His hand. He who gives the command "go" will see to it that it is possible for us to obey.

A review of the history of our churches in these provinces is not the most comforting, except as we draw comfort and hope from the recital of patient toil and faithful endeavor. Where we are few and weak we ought to have been many and strong. Places our fathers, by patient toil and prayer, won, are without our name or principles; property obtained by work and sacrifice is in the hands of others, who, while they have and preach the life-giving gospel yet, to too great an extent, allow it to be hidden behind the glorification of system, or shadowed by the undue prominence given ordinances that in themselves are nothing. But I believe a brighter day is dawning, a new era is begun in the history of our churches in these provinces. A step in the right direction was taken when we met two years ago in Economy and consummated the union of our missionary operations with our brethren of Ontario and Quebec, not so much because we have received some four or five hundred dollars more than we contributed to the treasury as from the stimulation of sympathy. The new feature introduced, that of missionary superintendent, meets a long felt want, that is, so far as one man can do the work of three. Certain it is that we need one for the maritime provinces. Where is the man or men who will put into the hands of the missionary committee a sufficient sum to put another Mr. Hall—if one can be found—in the field, one that will supply vacant churches, obtain for them pastors, seek out new fields of operation, visit the churches which have pastors, and with words of cheer and counsel stir them up to more earnest and concentrated effort? No investment would be more wise and timely than such a permanent fund yielding sufficient for such a work.

Another feature of hope I see in the spirit of co-operation manifesting among our churches. A misconception of the true genius of Congregationalism has too often produced an ultra-independency that has been

disastrous to many of our churches. It is a most natural rebound from the clerical interference and systematic domination we too often have witnessed and felt. But it is a very mischievous rebound nevertheless, and one that has wrought havoc in too many cases. We have no reason to look with dread upon an organized Congregationalism. There is a vast difference between the dictatorialism of church courts and the sympathetic and wisely directed co-operation of sister churches. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," and if this safety had been always sought we should have had fewer defunct churches to mourn over to-day. There is no good reason why church business and missionary operations should not be administered with the strictest adherence to the rules of sanctified business and common sense. I very much doubt this can be claimed in many cases to which I could refer—Unwise settlements, bringing neither profit to the church nor honor to the pastor, would have been avoided by acceptance of what is known as the council system. True, a church has in one sense a right to manage its own affairs, but it has no right to ask the sympathy and fellowship of others from whom it withholds confidence. Hence let us have co-operation properly organized, the more the better, brothers of the pulpit and fellowworkers of the pew. Here we are one. This work is not shut up to ministers. Clergy, rev. gentlemen—they have their place and work. I trust they do it, if not, let us get rid of them. But they are only helpers in this glorious work, a work in which we might well scorn to be weary, and wish that we might live an eternity in order to do it. Who shall write the history of a soul? How mighty it is compared to the recital of the doings, the intrigues of queens, the court scandals and murders that go to make what is called national history! The history of one soul! The recording angel, in the flashing light of God's throne, wielding the pen of living fire, might employ his highest powers to describe the momentous issues attending such an history. A soul bearing the image of the invisible God, though it be sadly marred and broken, yet an image that may be fully restored and given a place as associate judge in heaven's highest tribunal judging assembled worlds. Surely the work of putting men on such a line of development is a work the dignity of which places the least of those engaged in it on a platform higher than all the kings, prophets, patriarchs and saints of the dispensations gone by. This work, this honor is ours.

It is stated that a syndicate of European capitalists will probably buy the Sandwich Islands for \$10,000,000.

## Correspondence.

### OUR MISSIONARIES' LETTER.

#### TRIP TO BENGUELLA.

About eight o'clock in the morning of Thursday, 6th of May, we were rowed to the steamer S. Thorne, which was anchored some distance out in the river Tagus. The morning was bright and pleasant. A number of visitors were on board the vessel to bid their friends adieu. Shortly before the anchor was lifted, a lighter laden with a number of convicts, in the custody of armed sailors, came alongside the vessel. The blue jackets formed two lines and the wretched convicts with their earthly possessions, generally consisting of the clothes on their backs and a few articles bound up in a handkerchief, were marched through the line to the bow of the boat where they took up their quarters for a free trip to Africa. When all was settled and the vessel on its way we found that among the passengers was a Portuguese Bishop, Marquis and Doctor; a Belgian Baron, Botanist and Naturalist; a Swiss Count, a French Missionary Priest and a Sister of Charity; two English, two American and two Canadian missionaries. Ten of the passengers were bound for the Congo State, and the six missionaries were going to Bailundu, from which place they were to launch out to several points in Central Africa. Ere the first day had drawn to a close we had reason to remember that we were no longer on terra firma. The rolling of the boat had deprived most of the passengers of their appetites, and sent them despairing of all comfort to their berths.

May 8th. After a fair share of experience incidental to sea travel we arrived at the island of Madeira about ten o'clock. No sooner was the anchor dropped than several boats filled with small boys either wholly destitute of clothing or clad in light bathing costume, came along side the steamer and began diving for coins which were thrown to them by the passengers and which they invariably caught before they reached the bottom, and brought up either in their fingers or between their toes. Some leaped into the water from the shoulders of their comrades who stood in the boat, and going beneath the steamer came out on the opposite side. Such was their skill in the water that they appeared more like aquatic animals than boys. When the usual preliminary business had been disposed of a fleet of small boats, some seeking passengers to go ashore, and some laden with willow work furniture of various kinds of small ware came alongside and made the air ring with their shoutings. Mr. Smart, an Englishman doing mission work on the island, came

out in a small boat expecting to meet us, and invited us to go ashore with him, which we very gladly did.— As we drew near the beach a yoke of oxen drawing a sled was driven into the water, a heavy swell placed the boat on the sled, and then, sled, boat and passengers were drawn by the oxen over the rough stones to solid land. On landing we noticed that there were no carriages nor any wheeled vehicle in use. A flat sled in shape like the toboggan used in Canada, and made of wood about two inches thick, is the only vehicle used by the people; these are drawn by one or more oxen over the streets paved with round stones, and worn very smooth by constant use. The dark complexion, dull heavy look, coarse home-spun clothing and moccasins of the people give them very much the appearance of the habitants of Quebec. After landing Mr. Smart conducted us to his home, a fine commodious house in the centre of the town, where we were welcomed by his good wife and treated with the utmost kindness. Behind the dwelling house of Mr. Smart there is a small square, shut in by other buildings and having verandahs looking out upon it. In this square was his garden, and it was quite refreshing to see the roses, callas and other flowers in full bloom, at the same time it was interesting to see for the first time bananas ripening in clusters on the trees in the open air and the old grape vines bearing the fruit for which the island is justly famous. Protestant missionaries of late have experienced a little persecution in the place. The Catholic Bishop caused the arrest of Mr. Wright for preaching in a private house, and also of a Colporteur for selling Bibles on the island.— These gentlemen are awaiting their trial, but as one is a British subject and the other an American citizen they will no doubt secure some measure of justice which otherwise they might want. While some of our party were purchasing a few small articles which they required I took my good Camera which I was enabled through the kindness of Mr. Jas. Baylis, of Montreal, to provide myself with while in London, and went off to a point from which I secured a photo of the fort on a rock. If it turns out well some of our friends will be able to see what the place looks like bye and bye.

May 9th. This was Sunday: we were indisposed to allow it to pass without some religious service. Still we were on a Portuguese steamer. Most of the passengers could speak no English. It was somewhat difficult to know what to do. We held a prayer meeting in our cabin in the morning, and then planned for an evening service on deck. After talking over the matter with some of the passengers and crew, an invitation came from two of the engineers to go into their cabin and hold a service of

song, which we gladly did. In the evening, by the Captain's permission we held a service on the quarter deck, at which Mr. Swan and myself delivered addresses. Good attention was given by the passengers. At the close an intelligent young man wanted to know from me what book I had read from, whether it was like the Catholic Bible, and told me that he had been once a Catholic but that he is now nothing, and that many of the people in Belgium are Catholics when children, but when they become twelve years old or so they give it all up. I tried to give him an intelligent reason for our faith and show him why we should cling to it, and why he should receive it, but still I am of the opinion that much must be done for such people by living the truth before them, especially as they but poorly understand the language in which we speak.

May 11th. Everyday at sea is not equally interesting, any more than on land. At times it becomes so monotonous that the slightest change is hailed with delight. In the evening we saw for the first time a constellation of stars known as the "Southern Cross." It was not very clearly marked, still we were pleased to see it.

May 12th. At about nine in the morning we passed the island of St. Antonio and soon anchored at the island of St. Vincent. The former place is the source from which the inhabitants of St. Vincent draw their supply of food, there their vegetables are grown, and from there they draw water for use. But unhappily the island has lately experienced a heavy drought, rain had been withheld for thirteen months. The crops had failed. Many of the people were in want and had refused to pay their rents. A disturbance had ensued in consequence and troops had been sent from neighboring islands to restore order. St. Vincent when seen from the deck of the steamer, at a distance from the island, is a very picturesque place, being rugged and specially mountainous, but on closer inspection it is found to be a miserable barren sand bar, and used principally by the steamer company as a coaling station. When the medical authorities had passed the vessel a number of blacks came out in small boats, and some climbed over the sides of the steamer in pursuit of business, chiefly that of taking passengers ashore and back. Here one of the Congo Captains, known as the "Socialist," left us. He did not get along with his associates very well. His particular views were not very palatable to them, so when overtaken with illness he went ashore to wait for the next steamer to return home. Before we left the place a trade wind sprung up and ere we had gone far on the journey a storm was blowing fiercer than any the vessel had ever experienced since it first began to run some two years ago, but

the Lord took care of us and we rather enjoyed the change.

May 13th. We reached Santiago about ten a. m.—A number of Africans, some of them black as charcoal, and one of them wearing no more clothing than a torn shirt, came alongside the steamer. We hired some of them to take us ashore and back for two hundred reis each, a sum equal to twenty cents in our money. After landing we passed the custom house where the black soldiers in their white uniform were pacing to and fro on guard, and made our way up the steep stone steps leading to the town. At once we directed our steps to the market place, a small enclosed square in which a number of blacks were congregated with their wares. One had fire wood in several bundles, each containing about an armful. Another had about a dozen eggs, a few quarts of beans and a couple of quarts of sugar spread out for sale; while a third had about a peck of oranges and a chubby little black baby, without a stitch of clothing, whether on exhibition or for sale I did not enquire. Before we had gone much farther we met with quite a number of old fashioned babies a'so in a nude condition, but as a rule they were males under twelve years of age. The girls and women wore light loose covering, and the men clothe at least half their bodies. Many of the people have finely shaped features and splendid figures: if the people in Bailundu look as well, I shall have great hope for their future. While in Santiago we called upon the American Consul, Mr. Pease, who hails from Martha's Vineyard. He has been living about three years in the place. During his first year's residence he had fever twelve times, and seriously thought of changing his abode, but lately his health has been better and he appears rather contented than otherwise.—We were received by him in a very kind and cordial manner. We were introduced to the clerks of the new Cable Company which has established an office in the place, and is running a line down the coast to Landa, which is to be finished in a few months. An introduction to the British Consul was also given us, and from him we received an invitation to visit his coconut grove, and try the milk of some freshly picked nuts. We went, and for the first time walked beneath the grateful shade of coconut and date palms. A young black tied a rope round his feet and then with apparent ease climbed the tall tree and knocked down a number of fine large nuts from which the sweet cool milk was extracted to quench our thirst. Before we left, Mr. Pease supplied us with a number of fine, large, sweet oranges, and two cans of Nova Scotia blue berries, for which we were profoundly grateful, being at the time just about sick of Portuguese diet. The last three mentioned islands belong to the Cape Verde

group, and all of them have been suffering from drought for about thirteen months, and in consequence of this the food supply was rather scarce.

May 15th. Early in the morning though invisible to the eyes of passengers, even when aided by a strong field glass, land was seen in the distance by the lookout. We were about the mouth of the Rio de Grande river. The water here is very shallow. Our steamer was brought to a standstill. Soundings were taken.—Then we proceeded on our journey slowly for the rest of the day; through the De Grande and up the Jeba until within twenty miles of Boulama, where we anchored at seven o'clock in the evening, and waited for daylight to proceed farther. Land was now to be seen distinctly from several points, and it was watched with special interest as the first point on the continent of Africa visited by us. While resting at anchor we spent the evening singing together some old familiar hymns, to which the passengers gave an attentive hearing. At length we retired to our cabin expecting to rest, but the heat was so excessive that I, for one, could not stay in my berth, but gathering my night robes about me, I took a pillow and went out on deck where I enjoyed a refreshing sleep until aroused by the barking of dogs, the noise of sailors rushing to and fro to put the ship in order, and the noise of the wind, as the storm and rain came beating down upon us with terrible grandeur. This cooled the air, and I retired to my berth and slept the rest of the night in comfort.

May 16th. At twenty minutes to four we again started on our way to Boulama. No sooner had the steamer's whistle announced our arrival than persons were to be seen moving about the shore getting things ready to come out and visit us. Soon a goodly number of large row-boats came alongside, all rowed by dusky Africans, few of whom were even lightly clad from head to foot. In one boat there were a number of oarsmen with hair rising like a topknot from their foreheads and hanging in twists like rat's tails behind their backs. Their persons were covered with jackets and pantaloons made of blue and white striped material; and on the heads of some of them there were white cornered caps, in shape something like those the boys at home call "fools' caps." They had a blue-black complexion and features much less attractive than some of the others present; but they were quiet, made little fuss, and eagerly seized every opportunity offered them of making money. Another boat was propelled by tall blacks with fine well cut athletic figures, who stood straight up in their boat, and were destitute of all clothing save a piece of coarse sack cotton bound round their waists like light racing trunks. In a third we noticed some entirely naked. They had apparently been on a journey, and were just returning. In the bow of their

sailing boat a fire was burning on the top of a box of earth, over the fire was an iron pot with some vegetables cooking in it, and on top of the pot the shell of half of a large gourd with smoking fish and a wooden spoon of native workmanship ready for use. Bonlama from the ship's deck was not a bad looking African village. To the left of us there were a number of mud houses which looked like brick from being covered with a red wash. In front there were a number more, looking very much like plastered houses whitewashed over and surmounted by tiled roofs, and to the right of us there were a number of native huts with round thatched roofs, which rose to a point in the centre.— These appeared to be built in an enclosure of trees.— During the morning we had a visit from Mr. J. E. Malbury, one of the business men of the place. This gentleman is a native of Bathurst, Sierra Leone, and was trained in the W. Methodist mission there. He speaks English very well, and appears to be a Christian man. Two of our number went ashore with him, and were introduced to about a dozen professing Christians in the place, who seemed pleased to meet them, but to our companions it appeared rather strange to hear naked blacks say, "Thank God we have been able to see you, brother." In Bonlama there are no Protestant missionaries, and we are told that the Portuguese priest in the place does absolutely nothing to enlighten the people. We left this place about half past three in the afternoon. The day had been very hot, and quite a number of the passengers began to show the effects of it by the time we left. No service was held in the morning because of the confusion, nor in the evening because of the rain, except a short prayer meeting in the Chief engineer's cabin, but a desire was expressed by some of the passengers to have a meeting, and we decided to hold one on the morrow.

May 17th. Every member of our party was more or less ill from the effects of the heat and the rough weather so that no one was able to carry on a meeting; besides several of the passengers had slight touches of the fever, and very few of them were well. In the evening a heavy storm came on. The waves washed over the deck, made their way through the skylight into the first-class saloon, and knocked down a number of things and made some of the passengers fearful and generally miserable.

Tuesday 18th. We longed for a bit of good Canadian bread and butter. The very sight and odor of the food served to us made us sick, sour bread and rancid butter being invariably put on the table. Beef steak covered with stale olive oil and flavored with garlic, eggs mixed with either onions or sardines; hash, consisting of rice, onions, potatoes and chicken float

ing around in a sea of gravy; curry powder, and olive oil, and these served by stewards whose breath, tainted as it was by garlic and other harsh smells, nearly forced us more than once unwillingly to return them the food we had with difficulty taken in.

Wed. 19th. Early in the morning we passed Cape Palmas. About half past eleven we saw about a mile to the right of us, three waterspouts, one of them was so large that the chief engineer who has sailed these seas for twenty years declared it was the largest he had ever seen. In the evening we had a real tropical rain storm.

Sat. 22nd. Hoped to reach harbor about six in the evening, but failed, and had to sail about all night, and go in next morning. The phosphorescence was brighter this night than on any previous evening during our journey. Every turn of the wheel brought up a shower of sparks, and for a long distance behind the steamer the water glowed in a very beautiful manner. What millions of insects it must take to make such a light!

Sunday 23rd. We spent the day at Princess Island, which was discovered by the Portuguese in 1471. It formerly ranked with its sister island St. Thomas, as the garden of Africa. Even now it is covered with a luxuriant tropical vegetation and is about the most beautiful place thus far visited by us, but very little is exported from the island except small quantities of cocoa and coffee. Some of the inhabitants came out to us in log canoes, which were lighter and neater than those I have seen used by the Indians of our own country. Their paddles, shaped like spears with the blades as broad as they are long, they used by dipping first in one side and then in the other, and far from being good canoe men, it is with difficulty they keep their barks anything like straight. Coconuts were sold at the vessel's side for about half a cent each and pineapples for two cents. As the day was Sunday we neither made purchases nor took a photo, both of which we would readily have done at another season. During the morning we assembled on deck, invited others to join us and had a very interesting service, at which our Bro. Fay delivered an address.

Yours sincerely,

W. T. CURRIE.

All the people now living in the world, say 1,400,000,000, could find standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by aid of a telephone could be addressed by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

*For the Canadian Independent.*

Doubtless the Editor has copy enough about laying the corner stone of a Congregational church building at Woodstock, but perhaps a spectator who took no part in the service and is not therefore restrained by modesty may add a word or two.

As the hour approached groups of fair women, brave men, and children bright and buoyant drew to a common centre. The platform was crowded, many found insecure footing among the building stones, and others collected on the adjoining school ground. From first to last the service was bright, cheerful and reverent. Dr. Cuthbertson, whose face is a benediction, presided with genial tact. The dedication prayer of Mr. Gordon Smith had the ring of a genuine appeal for protection, support and blessing. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. Ross with a diffident dignity that won all hearts, and it goes without saying that the address of Mr. Burton was neat and scholarly. He quoted from Dr. Fairbairn something about the church of Christ being *distributed* not *divided* into branches. He gets a good grip of other other people's wise sayings and talks wisely about them.

The foundation was laid under bright and encouraging auspices—may the building rise to completion in the name of the Lord and be filled with His glory through the years to come.

While writing let me add a few personal remarks.

Six years ago my Master sent me to serve him at St. Catherines. The state of affairs at that time forbade the hope of building up a self-sustaining church, except on lines of direct evangelistic services. He purposed that our church should be a living centre, radiating with fervent zeal for the one purpose of winning souls; and having neither part nor lot in the worldliness of too many church methods. Although my Lord has continued to grant me insight and earnestness in the ministry of the word, yet the tide was not taken at the flood, and the golden opportunity was lost. Domestic matters also have made imperative a return to my little farm. I retain my membership in the church at St. Catherines, my successor will receive all I can give him of help and sympathy, and I pray that he may abundantly reap where I have sown. Nevertheless the Lord of the harvest intended the sowing and reaping to grow together. My Post Office address is Fenwick. With my home and resting place there, those whom I love will gladly set me at liberty for the Master's service wherever he shall open the way; coveting no man's silver or gold, my one desire is to offer an acceptable evening sacrifice to the Lord whom I love, and in whose service I find rest and gladness.

W. WETHERALD.

## News of the Churches.

GRANBY.—The church here has been without a pastor since the resignation of Rev. R. K. Black; but has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. J. I. Hindley, M. A., late of Barrie, who we are pleased to learn has accepted the same and has entered upon his work. Although Mr. Hindley had better offers financially both in England and the United States, he deemed it his duty to accept work in his native land, especially when the call was so pressing as that of the Granby church. Both the church and society were perfectly unanimous in the call. May the Lord approve and bless this union!

NEWFOUNDLAND.—We notice the following in the *Christian World*, (London, Eng.):—"Rev. T. Hodgkinson, for some years pastor of Waterloo Church, Liverpool, has accepted the pastorate of St. John's Church, Newfoundland." The English Year Book for this year marks him "without pastoral charge," that for 1885 notes him as pastor of the church above named since 1875. His Alma Mater is the Lancashire Institute, his ministry beginning 1874. We trust our brother, and the church at St. John's, will find this anticipated union fraught with every blessing.

WOODSTOCK.—Wednesday, 4th inst., was a red letter day in the history of the church. A very handsome lot in a central part of the town had been presented by Mrs. Ross, who with her husband have been among the most active promoters of this new enterprise. On that lot a very substantial and handsome stone structure is being erected, and on the day above mentioned, the corner stone was laid with the usual and appropriate services. There was present on the occasion, of our own pastors besides Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. John Morton of Hamilton, Mr. E. D. Silcox of Embro, Mr. J. B. Silcox of Winnipeg, Mr. C. E. Gordon Smith of Stratford, Mr. W. W. Wetherald, and the Editor of this paper from Toronto. A silver trowel was presented by Mr. Cuthbertson on behalf of the church and congregation to Mrs. Ross, who modestly and earnestly laid the stone for the glory of God and in the triune name. Mr. Laird of the Methodist church took part in the proceeding, and Mr. Totten of the Baptist church expressed by letter regret at constrained absence. There was a very large gathering of the people of the town, the day was propitious, the sky being sufficiently overcast to keep the assembled friends free from the glare of the sun, the children of the Sunday school were there and sang an appropriate hymn; congratulations were heartily exchanged, and it is our earnest hope and confident expectation that Woodstock will have great cause to bless the day in whose afternoon hours the

corner stone of the first Congregational church building was laid in its midst. We bespeak again for our friends the prayers and sympathy of our churches for this promising cause.

### PERSONALS.

We regret to learn that Mr. Fuller, the respected pastor of the Brantford church, is laid aside by serious illness. We trust to be able to chronicle recovery in our next.

We were much pleased to meet at Woodstock with Mr. Morton, the respected pastor of the Hamilton church, and to notice indications of improved health and increasing strength.

Mr. Cuthbertson's lameness also, which so seriously affected his pastoral work some time since, has apparently disappeared, and his daughter's health is decidedly better.

Mr. J. B. Silcox has been enjoying a visit to his old home, and looks none the worse for the wear and tear of Northwest life.

We notice, by some English papers, that Dr. Stevenson has been enrapturing the friends of the Brixton Road Congregational church, of which the late Mr. Baldwin Brown was pastor.

Mr. George Robertson, of Melbourne, has been on a visit to his old Province of Ontario, we hope with beneficial results.

Mr. James Pedley, of Georgetown, is in Winnipeg supplying for Mr. Silcox and enjoying the range of vision the prairie province supplies.

Mr. D. Macallum, of St. Elmo, passed through Toronto the first week of this month: he is to minister in Sarua for his son, who is visiting home prior to his return to college work.

The Editor is taking his holiday driving through some parts of the country, and D. V. will give some jottings on what he sees in the next issue.

Mr. J. I. Hindley has been running around. England and part of the United States he has visited. In a private note he says that "by land" his trip was splendid, by sea—well, let that pass. We are glad to find him settled down now, as noted elsewhere.

Mr. W. Wetherald has been supplying for Mr. H. D. Hunter the London pulpit, Mr. Hunter resting in the Muskoka district. Mr. Wetherald is looking well, and full of zeal as ever.

The Rev. A. Mackennal of Bowden, Cheshire, B. A., (London), has been invited by the Union committee of our English brethren to occupy the chair of the Union for 1887, which Mr. Samuel Morley felt constrained to decline on account of failing health. Mr. Mackennal has signified his acceptance of the nomination.

We also note with pleasure, that the dangerous stage of illness has passed with Mr. Morley, who may now be considered convalescent.

We received a call from Mr. R. Mackay, late of Kingston, now of Pownall-road Church, London, England, who is on a visit to Canada, to arrange for placing men to be sent out by the Self-Help Emigration Society, of which he is hon. secretary. Our friend looks hale and hearty, and we wish him a pleasant journey and happy home return.

### Mission Notes.

Mr. Cameron, of the English Baptist mission on the Congo, has suffered considerably from the fever during the past year, and joined our missionaries at Banana in order that he might take a trip for his health to Messamides.

When the mission ship "Pease" was making a voyage on the Upper Congo the natives at one point came out to the beach crying out to those on board: "Give us boys, and we will give you girls; we don't eat girls, we only eat boys."

A bright young girl was bought above Stanley pool for a biscuit can.

There were three blacks at one of the Congo State stations above Stanley pool. The natives seized them; put two to death; spared the third because he was not in good condition, intending to fatten him for a feast, but he escaped to tell the story.

There are fifty-five boys in the English Baptist mission school at San Salvador. About thirty live with the missionaries. The cost of their support last year was thirty-six shillings each. It would have been less had there not been a famine.

One of the Close brethren went to the Congo to do mission work and live by faith. He was thrown on the hospitality of brethren of other denominations for a season; but at length finding the condition of life such that he could not exist, he returned home.

Of the twelve missionaries at present connected with the English Baptists only one is a married man, and his wife is sick with the fever.

When our missionaries arrived at the Congo, Bishop Taylor's party was there. Ten left for Loanda. Ten remained to go to the Upper Congo, but only one married couple among the latter.

We understand the Bishop is in hopes of securing twenty-five ladies to go to Africa next year as wives for the bachelor missionaries of his band already there. A shoemaker and tanner are also wanted.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter, of the American Board, who have been stationed at Benguella for two years, have enjoyed good health all the time.

Little Freddie Walter, aged four years, speaks equally well in English, Portuguese and Umbundu. It is hoped that he will become a missionary.

The three Baulundu children in Mrs. Walter's household are very interesting characters. They all sing hymns in their own language, which Mrs. W. has translated for them, are learning to read and write well; render admirable service in the household and appear bright as any children at home.

In consequence of the war between Bihe and Baulundu our missionaries will scarcely be able to leave the coast for a month.

Mr. Walter's boy Kapila, rises early in the morning, attends to his duty faithfully all day, and in the evening sits down to read his Portuguese testament and have it explained to him by Mrs. Walter. The other day he wrote on his slate: "My heart rejoices now because I am trusting in Christ," and when he showed it his ebony face was all aglow.

The children were delighted with some Christmas cards sent them by friends at home, and after having them explained, they made frames for them out of straw and hung them on the walls of their room.

The following item from the *N. Y. Independent* will be of painful interest, and lead us to follow our missionaries with earnest prayer and sympathy. Of course they are not going recklessly to run into danger. "The new king of Uganda, Central Africa, has inaugurated a reign of terror, taking life and property according to his whim. The missionaries have discovered plots against their lives, and the king has isolated them, commanding all natives to keep away from their premises. The native Christians, who have become a large band, are in constant fear of death, and yet there are inquirers who are anxious to be baptized, and willing to bear persecution. Mr. Mackay wrote, November 16th, that the missionaries had been seriously considering how they might escape from Uganda, but could hardly see any possibility of getting away undiscovered. The latest date of the letters printed in the *Intelligencer* is Dec. 20th. All was then uncertainty."

In his most exciting meetings, Mr. Moody says he is never excited. He can sleep like a top within three minutes of going into a meeting, and can be sound asleep three minutes after leaving it. The great defect, he thinks, of services in England, especially of the services of the Church, is that they alienate the masses by their excessive length and their lack of interest and vitality. They are adjusted to the needs of an age before railways were invented and telegrams had revolutionised the whole method of communication between man and man. "Telegraphic" services are wanted if the busy men of the latter end of the nineteenth century are to attend them. None of his meetings, Mr. Moody said, exceeded one hour in length, and they were always broken up with plenty of singing. Long services are a mistake. Prayers short and to the point, with straightforward addresses from the speaker to the hearts of the listeners, are wanted. *In short, sanctified common sense is the great need of the Church in England as elsewhere.*

## The Family Circle.

### RECENT EXPLORATION AND SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

The Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, Professor Hull, F. R. S., delivered the Annual Address of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute in London, on the 28th of May, on which occasion the Institute's new President, Professor Stokes, President of the Royal Society, took the chair. The report was read by Captain F. Petrie, the honorary secretary, and showed that the Institute's home, colonial, and foreign members were upwards of eleven hundred, including many who joined from a desire to avail themselves of the Institute's privileges. An increasing number of leading scientific men now contributed papers and aided in the work of bringing about a truer appreciation of the result of scientific inquiry, especially in cases where scientific discovery was alleged by the opponents of religious beliefs to be subversive thereof. The author of the Address then gave an account of the work, discoveries, and general results of the recent Geological and Geographical Expedition to Egypt, Arabia, and Western Palestine, of which he had charge. Sketching the course taken by him (which to a considerable extent took the route ascribed to the Israelites), he gave an account of the physical features of the country, evidences of old sea margins 200 feet above the present sea margins, and showed that at one time an arm of the Mediterranean had occupied the valley of the Nile as far as the First Cataract, at which time Africa was an island (an opinion also arrived at by another of the Institute's members, Sir W. Dawson), and that, at the time of the Exodus, the Red Sea ran up into the Bitter Lakes, and must have formed a barrier to the traveller's progress at that period. He then alluded to the great changes of elevation in the land eastward of these lakes, mentioning that the waters of the Jordan valley once stood 1,292 feet above their present height, and that the waters of the Dead Sea, which he found 1,050 feet deep, were once on a level with the present Mediterranean sea margin, or 1,292 feet above their present height. The great physical changes which had taken place in geological time were evidenced by the fact that whilst the rocks in Western Palestine were generally limestone, those of the mountains of Sinai were amongst the most ancient in the world. The various geological and geographical features of the country were so described as to make the address a condensed report of all that is now known of them in Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia Petraea. Sir Henry Barkley, G. C. M. G., F. R. S., moved a vote of thanks to Professor Hull, and to those who had contributed to the work of the Institute during the year, which included Assyriological investigations by Professor Sayce, Mr. Boscawen, and others; M. Maspero's and Capt. Conder's Egyptian papers; Professor Porter's Eastern researches; also a review of the question of Evolution by Professor Virchow, and the results of investigations in regard to the subject of the origin of man, as to which it had been shown by Sir William Dawson, that geology divided the chronology of animal life into four "great periods;" in the first, - or Eozonic, - in the Geological as in the Bible records, were found the great



reptiles; and the last, or Tertiary, was again subdivided into five "periods," and it was only in the last of these, the "modern" period, that the evidences of man's presence had been found. Again, as regards his ape descent, the formation and proportions of the skull and bones of the ape considered most like man were found to be so different from those of man as to place insuperable difficulties in the way of the theory. In the gorilla, the high crest on the skull, which was also found in the hyena, was absent in man. Also, among other points, if the capacity of the brain of the anthropoid ape were taken at ten, that of man even in his savage state was twenty-six, or nearly thrice as much, a very important fact when, as it was known, any appreciable diminution in the brain of man was at once accompanied by idiocy. As regards the transmutability of species, Barrande's arguments against the theory, founded on the results of a life of research among the fossil strata, had not yet been overthrown; and modern research clearly pointed to the fact that one great bar to the transmutability of species lay in the refined minute differences in the molecular arrangements in their organs.

#### HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALER.

"I was first led," he told a temperance meeting in Belfast in 1862, "to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now some twenty-two years ago. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown.— Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Out of kindness to the car-driver, we called him in. He was not very well clothed; indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my Ragged School in Edinburg. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander;' but the car-driver was not such a gander as we. Like geese, took him for. He would not taste it. 'Why,' we asked, 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze, your reverence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart, and in another sense than drink, though, to my head. I remembered that, and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told this story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburg. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

Husband (handing his wife some money): "There, dear, is \$50, and it has bothered me some to get it for you. I think I deserve a little praise." Wife: "Praise! You deserve an encore, my dear."

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is 'look out,'" he says, which is to put out your head and see, and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head and not for to see — just *contraire*."

#### HOW TO AVOID PREMATURE OLD AGE.

The following good advice is given by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson:—

The rules for the prevention of senile disease are all personal. They should begin in youth. It should be a rule among grown-up persons never to subject children to mental shocks and unnecessary griefs. When, in the surrounding of the child life, some grave calamity has occurred, it is best to make the event as light as possible to the child, and certainly to avoid thrilling it with sights and details which stir it to the utmost, and in the end only leave upon the mind and heart incurable wounds and oppressions. Children should never be taken to funerals, nor to sights that cause a sense of fear and dread combined with great grief, nor to sights that call forth pain and agony in man and in the lower animals.

To avoid premature old age in mature life, the following are important points to remember:

Grief anticipates age. Dwelling on the inevitable past, forming vain hypotheses as to what might have been if this or that had or had not been, acquiring a craze for recounting what has occurred—these acts do more harm to future health and effort than many things connected with real calamity. Occupation and new pursuits are the best preventatives for mental shock and bereavement.

Hate anticipates age. Hate keeps the heart always at full tension. It gives rise to oppression of the brain and senses. It confuses the whole man. It robs the stomach of nervous power, and, digestion being impaired, the failure of life begins at once. Those, therefore, who are born with this passion—and a good many, I fear, are—should give it up.

Jealousy anticipates age. The facial expression of jealousy is old age, in however young a face it may be cast. Jealousy preys upon and kills the heart. So, jealous men are not only unhappy, but broken-hearted and live short lives. I have never known a man of jealous nature to live anything like a long life or a useful life. The prevention of jealousy is diversion of mind toward useful and unselfish work.

Unchastity anticipates age. Everything that interferes with chastity favors vital determination, while the grosser departures from chastity, leading to specific and hereditary disease, are certain causes of organic degeneration and premature old age. Thus chastity is preventive of senile decay.

Intemperance anticipates age. The more the social causes of mental and physical organic diseases are investigated, the more closely the origin of degenerative organic changes leading to premature deterioration and decay are questioned, the more closely does it come out that intemperance, often not suspected by the person himself who is implicated in it, so subtle is its influence, is at the root of the evil.

When old age has really commenced, its march toward final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of consecration by which life is sustained with the least friction, and the least waste.

The prime rules for this purpose are:

To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season.

To take food, in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed.

To clothe warmly but lightly, so that the body may, in all seasons, maintain its equal temperature.

To keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful.

To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present.

To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at sixty degrees Fah.

To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

### EXAMPLE LIMITLESS.

An eminent lawyer in Boston, forty years in his profession, once told the following:—

While a student, he went to a meeting held in behalf of missions in that city. One speaker, a plain workman, related that in his family was then living "a great Sunday school and missionary girl." She came from New Hampshire; her wages were "nine shillings (\$1.50) per week;" she had a class of street boys in ——— Sunday school, who never missed her from her place; and she gave one dollar every month to missions. He said further, "She was the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl he ever had in his kitchen." "I went home," said the now venerable lawyer, "with a stirred-up heart by this narrative: "Class of street boys; one dollar a month to missions; and happiest girl," etc.

"The three things kept running through my mind. I was ashamed of myself. That girl's example made me so. I'll have a place in Sunday school, was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar a month I can and will, come next; and as to the happiness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, superintendent, valuable helper in Sunday school conventions and councils, all these years have shown him to be.

His gifts to missions and to all Christian work have been steadily growing, and might comparatively be called princely; in tens, hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at times matching by his own the contributions of the entire church of which he is a member, and which is no mean New England church.

Can anybody calculate the result of that lowly kitchen girl's example upon and through even this one man? The Sunday school work it led him into still keeps him busy; the steady forty years' giving, its effects upon himself, upon the church of which he is a member, and upon all who know him; the missionaries his gifts actually have supported; the converts led to Christ by them, and the other soul harvests by those converts, and to be followed by successions of converts to the end of time, and the Bibles translated, printed, given to the heathen, into which work his contributions through these years have entered; the Sunday schools and even theological schools which have grown up in these, his giving years: ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday school and missionary woman did is just what in other forms any like her in spirit, in work, in sacrifice for Christ, can do. — *Sunday School World.*

### BITS OF PHILOSOPHY FOR WARM SUMMER DAYS.

It am easier to govern a State dan to boss a Sunday skule picnic.

De man who gives you 13 cents for a shillin' will borry yer tea an' coffy an' pay nuffin back.

A photograph doan' show de deviltry in a man's eye nor de pimples on a woman's face.

De mo' good clothes you kin heap on yer back de less your bad grammar will be commented on.

De public nebber stop to queshun de troof of a scandal, and de man who climbs above us am nebber quite forgiven.

De aim of de philanthropist am not to preserve de good eggs, but to work de bad ones over an' palm 'em off agin.

De room which a man takes up on de sidewalk am no criterion to judge of de amount of brains in his head.

You can' h'ar de jingle of gold pieces half as fur as you kin h'ar de rattle of tin pans.

De man who announces his own honesty sometimes gets into Canada wid de boodle, an' sometimes he am caught in Detroit or Buffalo.

Let two life-long frens begin a discussun as to the colour of Adam's hair or de size of Noah's head, an' de chances for a row was fust-clas. What men doan' know am what they refuse to let go of.

Sift down de talk of de world's greatest men, an' when you cum to extract de bigotry, egotism, prejudice an' self-interest, you will have to look fur de quotient wid a spy glass.

When a man sots out to be purty he musn't blame his hatter for any shrinkage of his head. As de hoss-sense oo. es out the cranium has got to contract.

Doan' worry ober de theory of transmigrashun. — When you am turned into an old white hoss an' sot to work grindin' bark in a tannery, it will be time to complain becase you wasn't turned into a tanner instead.

Luv am a beautiful sentiment, an' the game of three-keerd monte am a swindle, but fifty people are downed by luv fur ebry one swindled by the keerds.

Industry am a rock in which dar' am always a peg to hang up one mo' workin' man's coat.

One-half de great men expect deir speeches to be read by posterity and deir debts to be paid by deir chill'en. — *Bro. Gardner in American Paper.*

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

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

REMITTANCES

Have been received from the following since last list published, on account of subscription to INDEPENDENT—

- S. Sykes, Wm. McDonald, Mrs. Davis, J. Adams,
- James, Mrs Rowland, Don. McKinnon, Jno. Hay,
- H. Flint, Rev. R. Barnes, A. Taylor, Jas. Howe,
- T. Chancey, Rev. D. Beaton, Wm. Reacock, C. W.
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