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CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

[No. 13.]

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

IN the revised version what is said to be a printer's error occurs. In Ezekiel xxxvii. 16, for "That the nations may know *thee*," read "That the nations may know *me*." This note we owe to our contemporary, *The Canada Presbyterian*.

SOME anonymous friend has again sent to the treasurer of our Home Missionary Society five hundred dollars. It is at least a very reasonable conjecture that the yearly benefactions thus received in letters that bear the post-mark "Montreal," are from the same individual that sent the two thousand for work in Manitoba, which two thousand has hitherto remained unused. If our friend reads THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT we would like to say, first, thank you, brother (or sister, if the case demands), God bless your generous heart, and stimulate others to go and do likewise. Friends in need are friends indeed, and we ought to have others likeminded. Secondly, the two thousand have remained unused simply because the Executive cannot fritter such gifts away; the man has not yet arisen on whom the amount could be expended to fit the needy place. He has been sought for, but not yet found. We cannot manufacture, and therefore wait. Yet there is work to be done worthy of self-denying effort. Why should we wait? It may be replied, we have had offers. True, but our wants are peculiar. There is needed power of endurance, the grace of perseverance, pioneer talent, administrative ability, positive theology, and denominational loyalty. To stand *alone* with all these requirements is a rare gift, and that we say without even hinting invidious comparisons. Certainly, our Executive is not infallible, but hitherto the committee have not been able to conscientiously disburse the funds, though they have done their best so to do. The possession of this money, however, has saved

us bank discount, as even during these months our payments are in advance of our receipts. So that the talents have not been wrapped entirely in a napkin; yet we desire to spend it wisely in the North-West, and hope speedily thus to do.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is stretching forth her hands, and here men are offering, though the friends offering are at present strangers to us. Enquiries, however, are being made, and if satisfactory, that far-off field will be entered upon. Then from both West and East we will endeavour to stretch forth hands, locking them eventually mid-continent.

OUR friend, Mr. Allworth, is doing yeoman service in St. Thomas, struggling manfully. There must be some five hundred dollars sent there, or—; well, let the blank remain. It will be a manifest proof of our unfitness for home mission work should the cause be crushed for want of a little aid.

WE want men! Oh, for labourers for the vineyard, men, not hirelings—men full of zeal, and love, and sympathy and power. Our college cries for men, willing and ready to learn, that they, being faithful, may be able to teach others also. Our fields want men, to toil, and even to suffer rejoicingly for Christ's sake. Our hearts cry for men, fellow workers in the faith, partakers of our joys, companions of our sorrows. Lord of the harvest, send men.

MONEY matters once more. The Lord's money. What is the Lord's money? Our Missionary Superintendent travels with a parsimony to us entirely incomprehensible, because he will not waste "the Lord's money"; our Secretary praises him because he thus husbands "the Lord's money." We—well, never mind. Let us have, however, a truer, because more comprehensive view of what the

Lord's money is. Every cent in your purse, dear reader, every dollar in the bank, every sum represented by securities of whatever kind your vault locks up is the Lord's money. Ye are not your own, and the earth is the Lord's, and your money proves no exception. The Lord wants some for your comfort. He asks some for His languishing work. Why should His mission treasury be empty this season of the year? Why should St. Thomas Church stagger under its first endeavours? Why should ten per cent. kept back from the small and inadequate stipends of our mission pastors be a necessity? *The Lord wants some of His own.*

Mr. HALL has been "ordered" till the end of the year to Woodstock and Sarnia, and to Halifax for the first three months of the new year. This for economy and for work. The Executive feel that the funds will not allow permanently the expenditure of, say fourteen hundred dollars per annum, for simply visiting purposes, and that the time has come when our Superintendent will be called upon to concentrate efforts in particular localities. For the next six months these localities are Sarnia, Woodstock and Halifax, in which latter place we hope to resuscitate our disbanded church.

THIS disposition of Mr. Hall's services will take him from our missionary meetings. We therefore earnestly impress upon associations and pastors the urgent necessity of thoroughly arranging for missionary collections and meetings. One of our pastors recently surprised some of his people on Sunday morning by announcing that he had no sermon to preach, but intended to talk about Christian giving and our denominational schemes. Perhaps the example is worth following. At any rate our people ought to be made thoroughly cognizant of our needs and of their responsibilities.

BRETHREN, do not forget
 Our missionaries, home and foreign;
 Our college;
 Our specially needy and struggling churches;
 Our Provident Fund for age and orphanage;
 Our general need and individual responsibilities.

And the Lord give you understanding in all things.

WE may be pardoned for thanking our contemporaries, the *Christian Guardian* and *Canada Presbyterian*, for their appreciative notices of our published address as chairman of the Union. We trust ever to live with them in Christian unity; and we value more than praise for eloquence the tribute paid by the *Globe*, which, being brief, we shall take the liberty of transcribing:

The Rev. John Burton, of this city, has done well to print, as requested, the address which, as Chairman, he delivered at the late meeting of the Congregational Union in Hamilton. Like all Mr. Burton's utterances it is frank, outspoken, moderate and manly. It seeks to set forth in few words the Polity and Work of Congregationalism, and it does so with perfect fairness and perfect frankness. Every reader will, of course, have to judge for himself how much of it he can endorse, how much he must repudiate. But about the becoming spirit by which it is characterized throughout there can be no doubt whatever.

Fairness and frankness we esteem as true Congregational virtues. With a comprehensive sympathy, we are not tempted to bitterness.

OUR contemporary *The Week* has entered a plea for Poundmaker, who is now undergoing his sentence of three years' imprisonment for his part in the late rebellion. We cordially endorse the plea. Riel, the murderer of poor Scott, and at least the figure-head of the late offending, has an entire community on his side; but the Indian chief, whose lands we have appropriated, who knows little of our ways, our laws or our language, who confessedly did restrain his men from perpetrating excessive violence, who was attacked with cannon, gatling, cavalry and rifle *on his own reserve*, whither he had led his braves, and who has been condemned by a court he could no more understand than he could unravel Newton's "Principia," has had hitherto none so poor as to do him reverence. For our own part we are ashamed of such injustice, and firmly believe a free pardon to Poundmaker would be at once more humane and politic than a respite to Riel.

THE mention of Riel seems to demand a word. He has been tried by the laws under which he was reared. What he did was done with full knowledge of liability.

He has had experience, too, in political wire-pulling. By those laws he has been condemned, no one says unjustly. We should be disposed to advocate clemency; but then clemency is being *demande*d. We are therefore otherwise disposed, and say let the law take its course. The pardoning power in the hand of the Executive ought never to be used as a political bribe, or dispensed as a solatium. "The quality of mercy is not strained." If strained it is no more mercy, but weak-kneed justice, of which we can well stand the absence.

A KINDLY criticism we once received after speaking upon the subject of Roman Catholicism; our friend thought we had been too careful of being unjust towards those from whom we differed. We confess to having felt flattered by the uncommon charge of doing more than justice to an alien faith. Some of the sweetest lives in Christendom have breathed their fragrance under the Papal name. Much as we differ from the faith of the Vatican, we believe God's dew and sunshine fall as benignly on the wooden cross which marks the silent grave in a Roman Catholic cemetery as on the plain marble of God's acre at Bunhill Fields. For simple faith, whether spent with a rosary or a gospel, we have unfeigned sympathy and respect. Roman Catholicism, however, claims political power, the right to rule both governments and kings. Here we must cry halt, and that with no bated breath. Far be it from us to aid in stirring up religious bitterness, or to add strength to political alienations; but there are facts which must be noted and met. Congregationalism has ever maintained the right of the individual conscience, and has therein been the strong asserter of liberty, the determined foe of all class rule or tyranny. We suspect there is still work for it to do, and recent events are calling therefor. We design a few plain words thereon.

FIRSTLY, we have had a prison investigation in this city. The warden has had the unparalleled audacity to subject prisoners to discipline. Some men could not get their tobacco! Though more comfortable than thousands of our worthy poor, the Queen's boarding-house has not provided some of the luxuries of life wherewith to punish her thieves, cut-throats

and rascals; above all, some Roman Catholic chaplains were not permitted to run the concern. Therefore the warden must be put aside, rumour had it, that a true son of the church might be duly installed in his place. Investigation has made plain that Mr. Massie's only faults have been thorough impartiality and straightforward dealing, with an occasional biting of the lips to which we suspect even an angel would be tempted. Even the accusers acknowledge this. But the end was not accomplished, and Papal political clamour had to be quieted. Therefore Mr. Massie must consent to have a Roman Catholic book-keeper, who may be unexceptional, but whom to force upon a man that is to be held responsible for the entire institution is an outrage to justice and to common sense.

AGAIN, our common schools are national, not denominational. Our Roman Catholic friends demanded separate schools, which they should never have had at the public expense. They have them, and yet keep their hand on the national schools. Proof? The outcry against "Marnion," the overlooking of the Scripture reading selected for use in the schools by the Roman Catholic prelate, Roman Catholic teachers and trustees forced upon the community. True, to be national, the system must give equal rights to all; but our friends have all these equal rights *plus* the separate schools. Hands off, gentlemen.

OKA territory was given to a Roman Catholic corporation (we distinguish between individuals and soulless corporations), for mission work to be done among resident Indians. The Indians are to be expatriated at the public expense, and the lands retained to swell the already immense wealth of a body that never cries enough until it has all. What right, its trust ended, has the seminary to Oka?

THERE are lands in the city of Quebec, once owned by the Jesuits, who became such a nuisance generally that in 1773 they were suppressed by the Pope himself. These lands passed into the hands of the Government, as they should have done, the Government representing the people, whose is the land under God. The Jesuits have been re established, being useful in doing all the intriguing neces-

sary for the maintenance of the Roman curia. They claim these lands now or compensation. To all appearance they will get it. Why? Because they control votes.

THE administration of justice is certainly above all sectarianism. Even the law-abiding atheist or Chinaman has his civil rights. The cross is the symbol to-day of a sect, the Roman Catholic sect; a determined effort is being made in the Province of Quebec to place this mark of Roman Catholic supremacy in the national halls of justice. The figure of the cross in itself is unobjectionable; but it means in this instance supremacy on the part of a section of the people as against the rights of the other. To this we decidedly say—No, sirs! We do not wear your badge.

WE might multiply and amplify. We have given food for reflection. The people of Ontario may begin earnestly to ask whether the laws are made in that very ornate pile of red brick facing the Toronto bay yclept the Parliament buildings, or in an unpretending house of white brick hid among some pines and behind a tall fence on Sherbourne Street, in the same city. The Dominion may with equal pertinence set about discovering whether it is governed from Ottawa, or from that distant palace known as the Vatican. This, for the present, reader, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

FUNERALS.

There is significance in the fact that the earliest existing record of land transfer is the purchase of a burial spot. There are few more pathetic touches in the simple Bible records than "Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me in this assembly a possession of a burying-place that I may bury my dead out of my sight." (Gen. xxiii. 3.) The companionship of a century ended, a stranger and a pilgrim, beside his dead. How hushed every consideration of an hour as we stand in the death chamber. True, the world goes on heedless as ever; but the circle death touches bows the head in solemn silence, "that I may bury my dead out of my sight." Why out of sight? That form now calm and beautiful in death

had been the living companion of a century's eventful years. Those eyes now closed had flashed life, and love, and anger on a checkered pilgrimage. Those hands now folded had fulfilled many a useful task. Why out of sight? We all know; soon with a process revolting the dust moulders to its kindred dust, and the eye cares not to rest upon the scene. We desire not that our regard should turn to loathing—let it reverently pass out of sight.

What is it we bury out of our sight? What relation has that decaying body to the being we have lost? Has Christianity any distinct teaching thereon? And are we Christian in our popular and practical belief, or Pagan, or what?

There is nothing which makes us familiar with death. We may see it in various forms, in the hospital, at the cemetery, and in some sense become careless in sight of a corpse, but when the messenger comes home, and we find a companion gone—well, humanity is lost where solemnity is not felt. Some tribes have been or are more than frantic in their expression of dread and emotion. The Hawaiians, e.g., permanently disfigure themselves, cutting off a finger joint or ear, or run into wild excesses of even murder, making manifest their grief. Even among more civilized people the wild despair of their funeral rites is in marked contrast to that common sorrow which is *not without hope*.

Some funeral rites seem determined by a fear of being haunted by the departed ghost, which dread supplants any such feeling of hope as that which finds expression in a common inscription: "Not lost but gone before." Among some of the modern Egyptians it is said that a practice prevails of turning the corpse round and round, that it may be rendered giddy, and therefore unable to find the way back to haunt the abodes of the living. The Australian aborigines take the nails from the fingers of the corpse and tie the hands to prevent it scraping itself out and disturbing the peace of those it has left behind. From a like superstition, the Greenlanders take the body out by a window instead of by the door, the Siamese break a hole in the wall and carry the corpse thrice round the house, a sort of blindfold to the dead. Here there is manifest not only fear of death, but a dread of the dead. The Indians of our North American Continent, by no means lowest in the scale of Pagan wor-

ship, bury or lay beside their dead, bow, arrows, moccasins, provisions for the happy hunting ground beyond the western waters, even as the old Norse Kings had their horses and armour laid in the grave with them, to the end they might ride fully equipped to their Valhalla. The Hindu Suttee was really a kind of vague superstition that the man should not journey alone through the vale of shadows. Of course the keen observation of semi-civilized tribes must have informed them that these material things frequently associated with the corpse in the funeral rites mouldered away, but a shadowy belief prevailed that all things had their double, their form and shadow, hence the soul of the old Norse King rode upon the soul of his horse, and wielded the soul of his battle-axe or sword; hence their association together in the tomb.

The practice of embalming the dead by the ancient Egyptians is well known to us in the many instances of discoveries among the mummy tombs. It seems quite clear that people believed the soul of the departed frequented its preserved body and made the tomb a home. Hence the tomb was supplied with all the articles used in daily life, even to the anointing oils and the *stibium* with which the eyes were painted. It seemed impossible to dissociate from the body as known in death the future life of the departed. In some form or other the unseen life was connected with the body, which of itself so soon meets corruption. This conception has thoroughly entered into the prevailing teaching of Christendom. Hence the creed speaks of the resurrection of *the body*, and a once popular poem on the grave thus writes :

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake his partner; but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting;
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

The question of *possibility* does not concern us here. With wonders on every hand he must be bold indeed who talks of impossibility. The question is: Does Christianity teach this? Certainly 1 Cor. xv. does not. It declares flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

There is a natural body, that certainly is buried out of sight; there is a spiritual, that assuredly is not buried, but passes on preserving the individuality—for "thou sowest not that body that shall be,"—and they who "remain" are changed. If I change my coat, it may still be my coat, but certainly not the one changed, and thus we read "Who shall *change* the fashion of the body of our humiliation" (Phil. iii. 21), that body we bear in our present lowly state, that body which suffers, which is scarred by sin and subject to ills innumerable, even revolting, "that it may be conformed" to that with which the Saviour is clothed in His present glorified state. That body laid in the tomb, sowed in corruption, is not that body that shall be, though the individual with which it has ever been identified is not unclothed, but clothed upon with the habitation from heaven.

That which we bury out of our sight, then, is not that with which our future hopes are together bound, so that the coin which the Greeks placed in the mouth of the corpse as the grim boatman's fee to ferry over the silent river and the provisions placed on the tomb or in the grave for the use of the dead, have no meaning for us. Our dead sleep in Jesus; and, mark, sleep is not suspension of life; the child sleeping in its mother's arms is not the corpse held frantically in the agony of bereavement; they are this day in Paradise, with Christ, far better, because it is the great consummation of bliss. These are the plain statements of the Christian writings, and the language of parable or of vision, e.g., such as that of Matt. xxv. and Rev. xx., is not to be pressed literally as against them, but to be read according to their spirit and intent.

For a long time our funeral customs have confessedly been growingly burdensome: the morbid curiosity to "see the corpse" by those who never had a single conscious tie to bind them to the living; the turning of the house where death has entered into a place of common traffic and sombre millinery display; the "respect for the dead" which leads impoverished homes to invite still more bitter impoverishment that the same may be duly paid; the exposure in inclement weather, which has more than inconvenienced, has brought many a mourner according to custom himself to an untimely grave; all these and similar more than inconveniences will most surely be put

to flight by a firmer hold and a more practical realization of the Christian teaching that what we must bury out of sight has all its tender associations *in the past*; but is not connected save by that past with the living hope of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which passeth not away.

Because of its past we justly treat the late body of our loved one with respect, even as the child's plaything, the friends' autographs, have affectionate memorial-value; for the sake of the living we treasure these memories. Woe be to our hearts and best affections should they fail to respond to the recollection of the past.

Blessed, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold;
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold!
Blessed, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given;
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven.

But as those memories are for the living and not for the dead, we plead that those memories be not inflated with the proud love of display, or with some outward sign too dearly bought. If we really grasp the Scripture truth that our believing dead are with Jesus, and if the hints given regarding the "other world," both in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and the joy among the angels of God over the sinner repenting that the spirits are not unmindful of things here, are to be trusted, we certainly cannot credit our dead with taking joyful interest in a respect paid to memory, never felt towards the living, and in compliments paid—to say nothing of flattering falsehoods—which, had they been even whispered under breath, had eased many a burdened hour during the pilgrimage of earth. I would not stay the kindly currents of feeling which give soul to the proverb, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but I would crave the same charity for the living. Don't wait till man or woman is dead before you treat them with Christian charity. Then death memories will mean something, and find no regrets as the dews of sorrow fall.

To return from this digression; the body has memories, it is the relic of the past, as such we treat it with tenderness as we bury it out of sight; and because of these memories the spot where it lies mouldering away has sacredness. Thus, divested of all superstition, we can intelligently enter into the pathos of Genesis

xlix. 29-31: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah." Loving memories these; but as regards the future, exposed in the wilderness, whelmed in the deep, prey of the carrion vulture, burned in the flame, embalmed in spices and entombed in marble, equal all! Earth to earth, dust to dust; the man before the throne of God.

Something should be said of funeral customs, often so burdensome and opposed to the interests of the living, so utterly useless to the dead. Under the shadow of death these custom necessities cannot be seen in their true light. We are very much what we are because of our surroundings, and, when the heart is burdened with grief, we do not judge ever wisely. The following sentence occurs in an historical article on funeral rites: "Christian rites are marked by high reverence for the body, due to the belief in its future resurrection." When the Christian doctrine of the resurrection *of the dead*, not of the body, was fresh, and faith in the bloom of its youth, thanksgiving that the dead were with Christ formed a part of the burial rite; the mourning apparel and marks of despairing grief which obtained among the Romans were avoided, and, as ever, the rebound from one extreme drove into another, so that robes of festivity were worn, and our funeral hearse is but a transformation of the Pagan triumphal car. Indeed, we enjoy unconsciously very much baptized Paganism in many of our customs, bearing testimony to our universal kinship. Let us be rid of our Pagan sentiments, and obnoxious customs will soon lose their hold, and our enjoyment will be the greater therefrom. It is more than possible that within "a quadrangle of stones of astonishing beauty" at Hebron the cave of Machpelah is, and the body of Jacob, embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians, rests. Eyes may yet gaze upon the mummied body of the patriarch; but Jacob is not there! As an old catacomb inscription hath it: "Alexander is not dead, but lives among the stars. His body rests in this tomb." So far as our dead are concerned, the grave is empty; or, it gleams the cross which points upward to the heaven where God dwells, and they are "for ever with the Lord." And our funerals will become truly Christian only as they symbolize those truths to the living.

Then, pass ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb ;
Still as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief,
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerily to your work again,
With hearts now-braced and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.

GENERAL GORDON'S JOURNALS OF THE
SIEGE OF KARTOUM.

We have seen the despatch of Gordon from England ; let us now get what glimpses we can of his arrival at Kartoum and of the earlier months of his stay not covered by the Journal. Col. Stewart's Journal is, as we stated earlier, lost for the present ; it is believed to be in Berber, and if ever recovered will, with this diary of Gordon, form a complete history of his last year. The telegrams and letters of Power, the *Times* correspondent, partly supply the missing link, and these are supplemented by a small volume of his private letters just published.* Writing to his mother under date of January 24th, 1884, he says : " I hear that Chinese Gordon is coming up. They could not have a better man. He, though severe, was greatly loved during the five years he spent here." Again, under date of February 14th (having in a letter of the 9th humorously referred to the dinner he was preparing for Gordon and Stewart) : " At midnight last night I got the following telegram " (from Gordon, in Arabic, stating that he would be in Kartoum on Sunday).

" I was besieged all day by people wishing to see the telegram and learn about the ' Abu el Aswad ani, the father of the Soudanese.' "

On the 11th February Gordon reached Berber in high spirits and very sanguine as to the success of his mission. He sent in advance a proclamation, proclaiming the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan, remitting one-half of the taxes and permitting the trade in slaves to be carried on. Power, writing to the *Times*, gives a conversation with an Arab. He said : " Gordon Pasha will be received as a friend of the Arabs and the blacks. His coming means no more Turks with their backsheesh and kourbash " (exactions and lash), " but he should have come a year ago, it is now too late." Ominous words, too sadly fulfilled. His entry into Kartoum and his first day there have become historical. The levee to which the poorest Arab was admitted ; his passing back to the palace with the people pressing about him, kissing his hands and feet, and hailing him as " Sultan, Saviour, Father," and then a huge bonfire into which were thrown the

Government records of the taxes weighing down the sorely oppressed people, and to keep the fire burning he added the whips and lashes of their Egyptian taskmasters ; to the hospital to see what was needed there, to the prison where two hundred were rotting in their chains : " Young and old, condemned and untried, the proven innocent and the arrested on suspicion, all together in one mass of common suffering.

Before nightfall the chains had fallen off from scores of the miserables, and the beneficent labour was being steadily pursued.*

Let us now see Gordon in his daily life at Kartoum. Power writes to his mother under date of February 22nd, a week after Gordon's arrival :

When he goes out of doors there are always crowds of Arab men and women at the gate to kiss his feet, and twice to-day the furious women wishing to lift his feet to kiss them threw him over.

He likes my going so much among the natives, for not to do so is a mortal sin in his eyes.

It is wonderful that one man could have such influence on 200,000 people. Numbers of women flock here every day.

They call him the Father and Saviour of the Soudan.

He is indeed, I believe, the greatest and best man of this century.

No one could help liking him. I stay on here to the end. I'll stop while he stays.

Again, a few days later :

I like Gordon more and more every day ; he has a most lovable manner and disposition.

He is glad if you show the smallest disposition to help him in his great trouble. How one man could have dared to attempt his task I wonder. One day of his work and bother would kill another man, yet he is so cheerful.

I know he suffers fearfully from low spirits. I hear him walking up and down his room all night. It is only his great piety carries him through.

Let it be remembered that these words are from a newspaper war-correspondent, a class of men who are not carried away by sentiment, but who judge things by what they are worth. We are willing to let this testimony to Gordon stand against the sneerers, secular and religious, that have had their little fling at Gordon's work and Gordon's faith—men who have no soul to understand or appreciate anything that is good and great.

The last letter Power wrote home, at any rate the last received, although it is likely later ones were sent, but the siege was being more closely pressed, and it was difficult for messengers to leave the city, was dated March 6th, and in it there are several references to Gordon, all of the same character as those already quoted. For instance " Gordon is working wonders with his conciliatory policy. He desires to be remembered to you all, and hopes that you will pray for his success. Poor

*Letters from Kartoum, written during the siege by the late Frank Power, H. B. M.'s. Acting Consul, correspondent of the *Times*, etc.

*Forbes.

man, he is nearly worn out with hard work, but he is very cheerful." One more sentence is worth quoting as showing how attached Power had already become to Gordon: "We will be out of this in about four months, when the General will go for three weeks to Brussels to finish arrangements for the Congo, so I can be two weeks at home before I start with him across Africa (if I am spared as far, D. V.)" It was not the will of God. Thenceforth the only news from Kartoum was by Power's telegrams to the *Times*. "They told of the indomitable courage, the wondrous resources and generalship, the noble self-sacrifice, the reluctance to believe that he was abandoned, and the success in winning and keeping the loyalty of the people of Kartoum, which have marked Gordon as a great general, a true Christian, and a wondrous leader of men."*

The last telegram to the *Times* was received on September 29th, which carried the diary of the siege to 31st July. Very vivid and deeply interesting are the details. We cannot give them in full, but we can quote a few sentences of the comment by the *Times*. It said:

They tell a story of unflinching courage, of unwavering fortitude, of inexhaustible energy and resource, of hope in circumstances of despair, and of splendid devotion to duty when hope had fled. In the long roll of Englishmen who have spent themselves in the service of England there is no brighter name than that won for himself by General Gordon, nor in the glorious catalogue of their exploits is there any that can outshine his defence of Kartoum.

That telegram was the last word from the fated city, and we know nothing further of the progress of events until the story is taken up by the Journals before us, written, we are satisfied, with a strong foreboding of what the end would be, and a desire to leave on record the writer's views and feelings on the whole question, in the hope that it would at last reach the people of England.

We have not left ourselves much space to speak of the Journal or Journals (the manuscript is in six volumes), to which we would willingly have given the entire article, but thought it best to give a sketch of the whole affair.

Volume I. includes from September 10th to 22nd, and covers sixty-eight pages of letterpress, a marvel in itself when we remember that he was the only Englishman left in the city, and had to see after everything himself, down to the smallest details, if he would not have them neglected. Perhaps the best way would be to summarize the volumes, following the sketch by the editor, though necessarily much more briefly. The first volume is, to a certain extent, introductory. It was the seventh month of the siege,

the attacks upon the place were incessant, yet Gordon did not rest with acting on the defensive, but by means of his steamers dropped upon the Arabs when and where they least expected, and gave them a terrible lesson. Escaped prisoners kept coming in with all manner of contradictory stories respecting the Mahdi, his troops, intentions, etc., and as all these men must see Gordon, he had plenty to do in that line; yet he writes about the schools, in the success of which he was greatly interested; about individual cases of suffering; a plan for patrolling the Nile between the Cataracts, and securing access at all times to the South; about apostasy, being especially severe on those who to save their lives had renounced Christianity. His religious earnestness pervades the whole, frequently quoting and commenting on texts of Scripture, especially such as he thought appropriate to his own circumstances.

Volume II. has numerous military suggestions as to the advance of the English troops; but as he supposed that they had started some two months earlier than they actually did, and the position had considerably changed, the suggestions could hardly be utilized. He makes three suggestions as to the future of the country—that it should be given to the Turks; that his old enemy, Zubair Pasha, should be made Governor-General of Kartoum, and the Equator given to himself to govern, or that he should be replaced at once by Abdel Kader; the appointment of Zubair was, however, his favourite idea, Gordon guaranteeing that he would keep the old slave-hunting-ground safe from Zubair.

Volume III. continues the discussion as to the best methods for the future government of the Soudan; it contains also very interesting details of the progress of the siege. It is on the whole a cheerful volume, the thought that the relieving expedition would be too late had not yet settled into conviction.

Volume IV. contains many personal statements of great interest. They all go to show how overwhelming were his duties. Everything was referred to him; personal or political; his counsellors said: "Do what you think right, you will do better than we." At the same time treachery was at work, as he well knew, but could not positively say where, while those who were faithful were so indolent, lying and dishonest that they were useless to him.

Volume V. commences on October 21st, the New Year's Day of the Arabs, and with it, as Gordon says: "A New Year's gift this morning in arrival of Mahdi at Omdurman" (on the opposite bank of the Nile). He says also: "I think the Mahdi speculated on a rising in the town, but that the arrests have put him out in his calculations." (Gordon had arrested the leaders, Cadi, Sheik of Islam, etc., supposing that they were in correspondence with the Mahdi.) Much of this volume refers, often in bitter, sarcastic or denunciatory tones, to the reported treaty with King

*Arnold Power, brother of Frank, and editor of his letters

John of Abyssinia, which Gordon considered not only ill-advised, but a flagrant violation of existing treaties, as it ceded Kassala for the help to be received, thus violating the integrity of the Ottoman Dominion, guaranteed by the Powers. Gordon wrote that in October last. It is interesting to note that a year later the brave garrison still holds out.

Volume VI. and last contains many references to the loss of Stewart and Power in the *Abbas*, with explanations of the causes of their going, and the precautions taken to ensure safety. It closes on December 14th, the 276th day of the siege, with these sadly prophetic words: "*Now mark this, if the expeditionary force, and I ask for no more than two hundred men, does not come in ten days, the town may fall; and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye.*"

It would be difficult to give in a brief form a connected narrative of the events detailed in the *Journals*, and were it easier we are not sure that a summary would be interesting. The whole needs to be read to form a correct idea of the marvellous skill, patience and energy exhibited by Gordon during the siege, not that he himself blazons it forth, but the most superficial reader cannot help seeing it. We think, however, that it will interest our readers to give a few extracts from the journals, thus allowing Gordon to speak for himself. We shall omit everything of a military or political character as unsuited to the pages of THE INDEPENDENT, and give such quotations as will show his personal character, his views on certain subjects, and the difficulties with which he had to contend. Some of the captured Europeans had apostatised to save their lives, and he thus writes.

It is not a small thing for fear of death to deny our faith; it was not so in old times, and it should not be regarded as if it was taking off one coat and putting on another. If the Christian faith is a myth then let men throw it off; but it is mean and dishonourable to do so merely to save one's life, if one believes it is the true faith. What can be more strong than the words: "He who denies Me on earth I will deny in Heaven?" The old martyrs regarded men as their enemies who tried to prevent them avowing their faith.*

He was especially severe on Slatin Bey who had surrendered Darfur and apostatised. Slatin wrote three letters to Gordon, very earnest and pathetic, acknowledging the wrong, and offering to come over to him "ready either with or under you for either victory or death."† Gordon would not answer the letters, and in his journal dismisses them with a contemptuous "I have no comments to make on them and cannot make out why he wrote them."‡ Just as heartily as he hates apostasy does he hate all manner of shams and hypocrisy—thus he writes:

The Greek who came in (escaped) told the Greek Consul that the Mahdi put pepper under his nails, and when he receives visitors then he touches his eyes and weeps copiously; that he eats a few grains of dhoura openly; but in the interior of the house he has fine feeding, and drinks alcoholic drinks. I must confess that this pepper business has sickened me; I had hitherto hoped that I had to do with a regular fanatic, who believed in his mission, but when one comes to pepper in the finger nails it is rather humiliating to have to succumb to him.*

The obstacles he had to overcome from the habits, indolence, insubordination and treachery of those about him were very great—a full score of quotations might be made illustrating this—take one or two.

If you give an order it is totally inefficient in three days' time if not repeated again and again at intervals. The officers would laugh you to scorn if you said: "Why, I gave a standing order respecting this or that." It would be to them perfectly ridiculous.

What with these people's prayers, eating and drinking, one's patience is indeed tried. I know no people in the world who can take advantage of cover better than them—the cover being "I am ill"; that is a settler; for although you know it is the illness of laziness, you can say nothing; if you doubt it you are universally voted a brute. †

Another plot! A man was discovered taking out a note couched in mysterious language from one of the clerks in a Government office. With the note was £34, supposed to be a present to the Mahdi from Sheikh-el-Islam. I am going to make a sort of general arrest to-night of all who are supposed to be in communication with the Mahdi. I shall not hurt them but shall send them out to the Mahdi. §

I have ever felt the greatest insecurity respecting the lines, for I believe that one hundred determined men could carry them with ease, if they made their attack on the Shaggyeh or Bashi-Bazouk part. These creatures used to shut themselves into the houses at about 7 p.m., and never go out till broad daylight—I will back these against any troops in the world for cowardice.

One more extract. There had been an attack on the fort outside the town. Warning came the night before at eleven o'clock, but—

The telegraph clerk did not choose to tell me till seven o'clock a.m. to-day. I boxed the telegraph clerk's ears for not giving me the telegram last night after repeated orders that no consideration was to prevent his coming to me; and then, as my conscience pricked me, I gave him £5. He said he did not mind if I killed him. I was his father (a chocolate coloured youth of twenty). ||

The transition from anger to humour is characteristic and occurs again and again in the *Journals*. Even as late as 7th December, when all hope must have died out he is still cheerful and humorous; he says:

*Pages 29-30.

†Page 149.

‡Page 171.

§Page 175.

||Page 291.

*Page 5.

†Appendix, page 406.

‡Page 185.

The cock turkey has killed one of his companions, reasons not known (supposed to be in correspondence with the Mahdi).*

The news of the capture of the *Abbas*, and the murder of Stewart, Power and others was a great blow and grief to Gordon. The first tidings come on October 14th (they left Kartoum September 9th). He writes: "In the two letters Faki Mustapha says: The Arabs had captured *Abbas* with Stewart, which would be dismal." †

Then two days later came a letter from Slatin (the apostate), repeating the rumour; but no comment is made upon it. On November 3rd, the sad intelligence is confirmed by a letter from Major-General Kitchener dated Debbeh, October 14th. The entry in the Journal is:

Kitchener's letter, saying *Abbas was captured*, was a terrible blow. It was generally believed that the passage of the *Abbas* down was an absolute certainty without danger. I refused to order (their going), but I said: "If you like to go I will assist you to go. It is at your own risk. The service you will perform is great, and you can do no good here." I wrote this to Col. Stewart in an official letter. ‡

The subject is dwelt upon at length to the beginning of Vol. VI. of the Journals. Summarized Gordon's remarks may be thus stated: "The *Abbas* catastrophe haunts me—from her armament and outfit capture seems impossible—that she was wrecked unlikely." He had determined to send the boat down under an Arab captain—first Herbin asked to be allowed to go—then Stewart if he could leave honourably—Gordon consented—every precaution that human foresight could devise was taken against possible dangers, not forgetting treachery, and two steamers were sent to escort the *Abbas* past the only places where danger was to be feared, viz., Berber and Shendy. The story of the catastrophe has been variously told; but it may be briefly stated that the steamer ran aground at a place called Salamat. Stewart, Power and others went ashore, told the inhabitants that they came peaceably, only wanted to buy camels to cross the desert; this the Sheikhs promised to do for them and to provide a guide—presents were made to the chief men by the party from the steamer. These in return were invited to accept the hospitality of the natives, were conducted to a house, set upon and massacred. §

This event was one of the most important factors in the war, for there is little doubt that if the result had been otherwise Kartoum would not have fallen, and Gordon would have been alive. The knowledge that Stewart and Power had of the actual state of things in the besieged city would have put the necessity of prompt action in a very different light, while their

own experience and the directions given by Gordon would have pointed out the quickest and safest way to bring the expedition to a successful issue.

We had marked several quotations to show the religious aspect of Gordon's mind, but we cannot give them. Perhaps we might give a short extract from his editor's note on one of the passages, as it indicates very clearly what was the spirit of all his actions. Hake says: "An idea that was constantly at work in Gordon's mind was that man should make every effort, and then, and not till then, leave the issue to God—draw on all earthly resources as the instrument of God, and then look to heaven for aid not to be drawn from earth."* A grand creed, grandly illustrated in practice.

Long as this sketch has been we cannot resist quoting the editor's closing remarks:

In his Journals—his last words—those familiar with his character and life will see Charles Gordon true to himself to the very end. They will see in him the same ardent passion for justice and for truth; the same scorn for wrong-doing and deceit, the same gentle pity for the sufferings of all, and the same mercy and forgiveness for his foes, and with all this is combined the perfection of humility, and the sense of imperfection. There is no impatience save with those who wronged his honour and the poor people for whom he died; there is no unrest, for he heared that "life of action" for which he had long yearned; there is no sorrow, no dark doubt, for Charles Gordon is with his God.

A fitting tribute to a noble man.

H. J. C.

THE FOES THE CHURCH SHOULD FIGHT.

"Society is honeycombed with infidelity. Agnosticism is rampant. The scientists have destroyed the foundations of faith. The Church has lost its influence and the pulpit its power." These, and similar assertions, are sometimes made by Weakfaiths and wailing Jeremiahs who look on the dark side of everything. They are made by literary snobs, would-be philosophers and cranks who profess to be infidels because they think infidelity makes them "odd." They are made by half-educated young dudes who talk mysteriously about Agnosticism because they think talking in that way distinguishes them from ordinary mortals. By whomsoever made, these statements, so far as Canada is concerned, they are *false*. The statistics show that there is very little theoretical infidelity in Canada. This is specially true of Ontario. There are few active propagators of various forms of unbelief in cities—one or two towns are unfortunately noted for infidelity. But the mass of the people are not poisoned in that way. Let any reader of this paper just stop here and ask himself how many professed infidels are to be found in the circle of his own acquaintances and

* Page 355.

† Page 180.

‡ Page 253.

§ Page 259—Editor's note.

*Page 9—Editor's note.

he will be surprised, we hope gratified, to find that he can count them on his fingers. No, Canadian society is not honeycombed with infidelity, at least, of the theoretical kind. The returns at the annual ecclesiastical parliaments nearly or never fail to show that most of the churches are continually growing in numbers, influence and financial resources.

Ministers are too often carried away by this cry about the growth of scepticism. They mistake noise for power, forgetting that anybody who has access to a newspaper can make a noise. Noise does not indicate progress. An old, leaky steamer standing still in a fog blowing her fog-horn can make a great noise ; but she is not coming any nearer her landing nor adding anything to the commercial power and wealth of the nation. Too many ministers, especially in the United States, defend the Gospel rather than preach it. They stand in their pulpits and beat back imaginary hosts of sceptical scientists and other dangerous people. This kind of a fight is often a farce—a solemn farce, it may be—but a farce all the same. The sceptics are not there. Even if they were, the average preacher must rely on the scientist for the very facts he has to use in dealing with him, and in any discussion when you have to rely on your opponent for your facts you are in his power. Moreover, nine-tenths of the people don't trouble themselves to distinguish between Huxley and Hannibal, between Darwin and Julius Cæsar. What the people all need and what many of them want is spiritual food. A number of them hear all they ever do hear about scepticism from their own ministers. The error is perhaps remembered longer than the truth that was intended to explode it. Perhaps, indeed, there was no explosion that amounted to anything. Poison may be retained in the system when the effect of the antidote is gone. Error should be combated by men whose special duty it is to combat error and who are specially qualified for the work. Specialists should reply to specialists. None other can without doing more harm than good.

The worst foes the Church has to fight are within her own household. The enemies that hinder our work are not professed infidels. The Church suffers a thousand-fold more from the conduct of men within her own pale than from all outside influences. The worldly, careless men hanging on the edges of the Church or outside altogether, are often kept out by the conduct of those within. They see men who profess to be, and perhaps are, Christians, wrangling over little matters that have no more to do with vital godliness than the wart on Oliver Cromwell's nose had to do with the English Revolution, and they conclude the whole thing is a farce. Who can blame them if they do ?

Here is a congregation wrestling with a question of millinery. Hundreds of men around their church

never darken a church door ; men within the sound of their church bell are going down to perdition every day ; the heathen are perishing ; sin is rampant ; vice in its most brazen forms is stalking about the streets, and these men who say they were bought with the blood of Christ are doing what ? Wrangling about the colour of their minister's gown.

Here is another congregation greatly exercised over a momentous question. What is the question ? Is it, How shall we increase the spiritual power of our people ? or, How shall we gather in sinners ? What means shall we use to help our pastor and make his preaching more effective ? What method can be adopted to bring the young to Christ ? Oh, no. The momentous question with which these blood-bought men wrestle is : Shall we have a small melodeon in the Sabbath School ? Such small matters as the salvation of sinners, the edification of saints, the progress of Christ's cause, the promotion of the glory of God through and by His Church, are laid aside or trampled in the mire and these heirs of glory proceed with their wrangle over a second-hand melodeon ! And when the wretched wrangle is over, and the name of the congregation has been made a stench in the community, the chief pugilists usually leave the wreck they made and attend some other church in which an organ is used in every diet of worship ! One such wrangle does the cause of Christ more harm in three months than all the infidels in Ontario can do in a year. And yet some of the pugilists talk unctuously about the inroads that are being made by infidelity.

Here is a third congregation contending about posture in singing with ten-fold more earnestness than many of them ever tried to save a soul. They fight for sitting or standing in praise much more vigorously than they ever fought against the world, or the flesh or the devil.

Here is a fourth congregation greatly exercised about hymns. Their consciences will not permit them to sing : " All hail the power of Jesus' name," " Jesus, lover of my soul," or " Nearer, my God, to Thee." " Men of the world," as they are called, know that some at least of those who say their consciences will not allow them to sing these hymns, drink whiskey quite freely, and that some others have been found on the market with two kinds of grain in their bags and the best kind was not in the bottom. " Men of the world " know that in other matters some of them are not one whit more conscientious than their neighbours. And they won't have anything to do with a congregation that quarrels about such matters. If anyone's conscience is so tender that he cannot sing a hymn and if his conscience is *tender all round* he never hurts Christ's cause. Such men are often the excellent of the earth and wherever they are they ought to be respected. The men who hurt the Church are

those who say their consciences act thus or so in regard to worship, but in other matters display no conscience at all.

Can anything be imagined more injurious to the Church of Christ than a wrangle over the strength of the wine used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper? Such a wrangle is absolutely revolting to every person of piety and good taste. At most it is a question of percentage of alcohol. And yet that question has done a considerable amount of injury to the Presbyterian Church in the States. There are not wanting signs that certain parties would like to introduce it here. Can any ungodly man of common sense and average taste be blamed for not connecting himself with a Church if he sees that the members and office-bearers can find no higher work in this world of sin and sinners than quarrelling about one of the symbols they use in celebrating their Master's death. Such conduct makes infidels and no wonder that it should.

Many other foes might be named. Meanness on the part of members is one of the worst. Reason about the matter as you may you cannot make a generous worldling believe that the Lord has opened the eyes of a man whose vision can be stopped with a ten cent piece. The lack of anything bordering on self-sacrifice and self-denial on the part of many professing Christians does the Church an infinite amount of harm. One man who denies himself for the cause of Christ has more influence in any community among worldly men than a hundred professing Christians who live selfish lives.

Nor are the foes confined to the ranks of the laity. One of the most dangerous may be found among the clergy. If ministers speak mainly about overtures, motions, amendments, cases, appeals, committees and other parts of the ecclesiastical machinery, there is too much evidence that the running of the machinery has come to be considered the main thing. A minister who finds more enjoyment in sitting on committees or attending Church courts than he finds in making and preaching sermons is in a bad way.

The worst foes the Church has to contend against are within her. If all were right within, the world could soon be conquered for Christ.

GOOD SOCIETY FOR MINISTERS WHO WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

The Rural Dean has just returned to his manse. Vacation is over and he must begin work again. The manse seems very quiet. He has just been on crowded trains and crowded steamboats, in crowded hotels and big cities, and now that the sound of the cars has died away and the motion of the steamer left his brain, he feels a little like the man who said: "Oh solitude, where are thy charms?" In fact, the rural manse seems a trifle lonesome. The evenings are becoming long and the Rural Dean longs for society. As he

sits in the twilight and toasts his pedal extremities (No. 12's perhaps) at a nice glowing fire he soliloquizes thus: "On the whole I am very comfortable in my present position. My people are very kind. They have provided me with a very comfortable home, and meet all their engagements with me promptly and cheerfully. I have nothing to complain of in that way. They are regular in their attendance at church, and I think honestly endeavour to profit by the services. They are good solid people. I have great reasons to be thankful when I think of the manner in which many ministers are kicked from pillar to post by callous, quarrelsome, fault-finding congregations. But I do feel just a little lonesome in this quiet corner. I would not go anywhere as a candidate; but if it should please the Head of the Church to offer me a congregation in a town or city, I think I would accept. I feel the need of society. I am almost certain to become rusty here. I need association with congenial spirits to keep up my intellectual tone."

Now, brother, let us join issue on this point and "have it out" if we should take all winter to settle it. The point is that you have no society of a professional type and for the want of such society you are lonely and in danger of becoming rusty. Did you ever hear what D'Arcy McGee said on that point. A prominent public man of this country, more given to sporting than reading, called him a book worm. The genial Irishman replied that he always did like the society of good books better than that of middling men. How would the maxim of the eloquent Irishmen meet your case, brother? You have a good library. Each book in that library, worth a place there, may be a very entertaining and profitable companion.

Supposing you lived, we shall say, in Toronto, for you know Toronto is the centre of everything good and great in Canada. The National University is there, and Osgoode Hall and the Art School and half-a-dozen colleges and the Parliament buildings (a perfect gem of architectural beauty) and many other institutions which have been established and are maintained by the people of the Province, but which the typical citizen of the Queen City always refers to as Toronto institutions. It is a way he has. The reason why his mind works in this way is probably because he believes there is nobody and nothing of much consequence in Ontario outside of Toronto. Now, brother, suppose you lived in this city which the *Globe* and *Mail* always refer to as a "great city"; suppose you lived there and enjoyed the society of all the distinguished people of this great city; suppose you were blessed with the companionship of the Chalmerses and Guthries and Spurgeons and Whitfields of the Toronto pulpit, it is very doubtful if even then you would gain anything in the matter of society.

You wish to converse with some great man on a point of Theology, do you, brother? Well, look at these

three volumes on the first shelf in your library. These volumes were written by Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton. Take one of them down and have a talk on the point with Hodge. If there is any point that Hodge can't throw light upon, you may find some difficulty in getting light even in Toronto. Brother, you will excuse us for saying that if you were on more familiar terms with Hodge, you might perhaps not sigh so much for society. Cultivate an acquaintance with Hodge.

There are some knotty points of Exegesis you would like to discuss with some one. Well, that is good work for a minister no doubt. Just take down Alford and Ellicott and Eadie and Hodge and go on with the discussion. If there is any better exegetical company in this country than these men this contributor has not heard of it.

Oh, but you want to speak about Homiletics. You want an occasional talk about texts and divisions and the best methods of making, delivering and applying sermons. That's right, brother. Stick to that. If some of our ministers talked more about sermons and less about committees it would be better for themselves and for the Church. "What did you preach on last Sabbath?" is a far more important question than "What committees are you on this year?" "How did you handle that subject" is a far more encouraging question coming from a minister than a question about some "case" because it shows his mind is working in the right way. All the old veteran ministers who worked thirty or forty years in one place were great on texts and divisions and talked very much about preaching. The typical Church lawyer always talks about preaching in a half apologetic way. He belittles the main part of his work and the people invariably belittle him. They do right in so doing. Now it must be admitted that it is a very stimulating and refreshing thing for a young minister to have an occasional talk with an enthusiastic sermonizer. Undoubtedly it is. You always leave him feeling that preaching is a great business. You leave some ministers feeling that preaching is a small business which should be proceeded with in an apologetic way. A minister who produces that impression should perhaps be expelled.

But we must come back to the brother we were addressing. You want a congenial spirit to discuss sermons with? Well, find one in your library. There is Shedd. Shedd is good. Talk a while with Shedd. Then take down Dabney. When you are tired talking to Dabney try Hoppin. If you don't enjoy the society of any of these take Phelps. If you don't enjoy a talk with Phelps perhaps there is something wrong with your taste. But these are not all. If you have the Yale course you may converse with Beecher, John Hall, Taylor, Bishop Simpson, Crosby and several other eminent and enthusiastic preachers. Spurgeon has several fine works on preaching. Now if you

are not satisfied with such Homiletic society as Shedd, Dabney, Hoppin, Phelps, Hall, Taylor, Simpson, Crosby and Spurgeon, we cannot say anything more. Perhaps some brother says he is a philosopher and finds the work of these men too shallow for his mighty intellect. Brother, there is no help for you.

You want some literary society, brother, do you? Well, take down Macaulay and some standard writers and converse with them. There are some very eminent literary men in Toronto, especially editors, but there are not many whose literary productions surpass those of Macaulay. Do become intimate with Macaulay.

You like to listen to good speeches, brother, and you think if you were in Toronto you might hear some fine orating occasionally at the Bar, or in the Local Parliament. No doubt the eloquence in these places is wonderful; but if you cannot enjoy it take down your old volume of "British Eloquence," and read Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Grattan, Fox, Pitt, Erskine, Curran, Brougham and, if you are proof against the sarcastic spirit, Junius. You won't be likely to hear any better men than these in Canada. Reading the speeches of such men gives a preacher good mental exercise, and if they are read rapidly and kept well in hand the discipline is the very best for one who aims at a free extemporaneous delivery.

You would like to—well—yes—ah—I understand you like the drama. Of course you wouldn't go to the theatre, brother, if you lived in a large city. That is to say, you might drop in occasionally to see a play of Shakespeare as students of Divinity in Edinburgh are said to do, but you would not go regularly. Of course not. You would simply go once in a great while to study the elocution of a star actor just as good people go to a combination circus to see the animals. It might not be any harm if you did. But seeing you have no opportunities in that way, read Shakespeare. Study Shakespeare. Regular, persistent reading of the dialogues in Shakespeare is the best discipline on this earth to break up a monotonous delivery. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: a minister that has a good library and good literary taste need never lack good society; and though his library consists of the Bible and Shakespeare he may have the best possible companions.

SOME QUESTIONS ON THE MAIN POINT.

"Ours is the leading congregation of the place." Very good. How many sinners did it lead to Christ last year? How many persons did it lead from lives of self-indulgence and selfishness to lives of usefulness and self-sacrifice? How many did it lead from the ranks of the camp-followers to the ranks of the workers for Christ? When you say: "Ours is the leading congregation," always stop and ask: What does it lead men from, and where does it lead them to?

"Ours is the largest congregation in the place." Large in what? Do you mean large in numbers merely? A congregation large in numbers may be shamefully small in other respects. Is your congregation large in faith? Is it large in liberality? Is it large in its contributions for colleges, for home and foreign missions? Is it large in *soul*? There are small-souled congregations as well as small-souled men. How is it with yours? The mind is the measure of the man. The soul is the measure of the congregation. A million cowards would not make an army. A hundred million skinflints would not make a large congregation in the right sense of the word. A really large congregation has a large, warm heart, large faith, large working power, large liberality, large receptivity for the truth and a large desire to carry on Christ's work. A congregation of a hundred members may be very large; one of a thousand may be so small that you can hardly see it with a microscope. In what sense is your congregation large?

"Ours is an orthodox congregation." Glad to hear it. In these days of loose thinking and bogus liberality, it is a great thing to see a whole body of people standing loyally by the truth. But let me ask: How does your orthodoxy show itself? Does it exhaust itself in mere swagger about the "time-honoured symbols," the "good old days," the "church of the fathers," the "blood of the martyrs," the "claymores of the Covenanters," and all that sort of thing? Does your orthodoxy make you burn with a desire to maul the Methodists, pitch into the Episcopalians, punch the "Plyms" and banish the Baptists? If that is all that it does then your orthodoxy is a poor thing. It is on a par with the courage of the rough fellows who used to make a great noise at fairs long ago and shout for somebody to hold them. "Hould me, thim that knows me timper." While you are consuming with a desire to burn a few heretics some of the heretics may be quietly gathering in the people to their churches. Would it not be better for you to display your orthodoxy by working for your church, by paying something towards missions, and above all by trying to bring a few sin-laden men to the Saviour? Let somebody who has read the "symbols" defend them. Never mind the "good old days." Try to make the present days some better. The "church of the fathers" is all right. Do something for the church of your children. Stop masquerading in your grandfather's old clothes and give some attention to your boy. Your grandfather's clothes are perhaps too large for you. They do not fit well. Say nothing about "our martyred forefathers" until you do a little for the Master they served. They gave their lives for Christ and perhaps you don't give Him two cents each Sabbath. A man who gives a cent each Sabbath would make a poor show at the stake. Never mind the Covenanters. You are too light for a Covenanter. A man

who won't give an hour's work for Christ would make a slim fight against dragoons. Men who don't read the Bible never fight for it. Only those who know the truth experimentally ever fight or die for it. Let your orthodoxy lead you to work for your church, to pray for your church, to perform deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice for your church. Keep the peace in your church, and above all try to bring within the fold some of your sin-stricken neighbours who know not Christ. The only kind of orthodoxy worth talking about in this practical age is the kind that produces a useful and self-sacrificing life.

"Ours is a cultivated congregation." Very good. Piety of any kind is good, but intelligent piety is always the best. Pray allow me to ask a question about the culture of your people: Are they in "a fine condition of Biblical culture"? as Brother Parsons would say. Some people who put on a good deal of style are not very well read in the Bible. Some ladies who speak French with an accent more or less Parisian, and play well on the piano do at times become a little bewildered over a text in the minor prophets. They go on a wild-goose chase after Nahum, search long and painfully for Micah, and hopelessly hunt for Habakkuk. Not long ago one of the foremost public men of this country got Felix and Festus badly mixed in a public speech. The same gentleman could expound anything in politics from the Magna Charta down to the Franchise Act, but he was not at home in the Acts of the Apostles. It does not by any means follow that because a man is a prominent politician or a successful merchant or manufacturer, or distinguished lawyer or doctor that he knows his Bible. He may be as destitute of spiritual culture as Pound-maker—perhaps more so. It might be possible to find a university graduate who cannot say the Lord's Prayer correctly or repeat the Ten Commandments. When you say: "Ours is a cultivated congregation," just stop and ask what kind of culture. Is it Biblical? is it spiritual? If so, thank God and rejoice.

"We have splendid singing in our congregation." That is right. The service of song is a delightful service. It is the most difficult part of public worship to manage in our day, and when a congregation has good singing it should be very thankful. But what do you mean by splendid singing? Do you mean that it is of such a quality that though it pleases a few very conservative people—excellent people perhaps, but rather too conservative on non-essential points—it gives the younger portion of the congregation an excuse for going to other churches or listening to the shocking irreverence of the Salvation Army? Would it not be better to modernize the singing a little and keep the young people—your own sons and daughters—in the Church? But perhaps you mean that your singing is the other extreme—so high-toned that nobody can sing but the choir. Your congregation praises God

by proxy. That is not splendid singing. Good singing means singing by the whole congregation. The question of leadership is not the main question. Choir or no choir, organ or no organ, is a side issue. The real question is: Under what kind of leadership can we in our congregation have the best congregational singing? As a rule it will be found that in this country a choir whose aim is to sing well, and have the people sing too, is the best form of leadership.

"Our socials are always a very great success. There was a tremendous crowd at our last congregational soiree." How many people attend your weekly prayer meeting?—*Knoxian, in The Canada Presbyterian.*

OUR JUBILEE CHURCHES.

As I had no access to the manuscript of my paper, and had no opportunity of correcting "proofs," the corrections I saw to be needful were reserved until the whole was printed. With the exception of a few typographical errors, which the reader will at once notice and correct, the part printed in the July number of the magazine has only one mistake, namely, in figures. My statement of Mr. Gibbs' settlement in Granby was not in 1832, but 1842, but my present impression is that it was rather in 1844 or 1845. In the August number "Great Maurice St." should read "Saint Maurice St." The truth is we are, in Montreal, great in the number of saints prefixed to the names given to our streets, but we have had only one called "Great," and that has been despoiled of the dignity since the "Little" has been widened. In the same number, under the head of Franklin Centre, read as the name of one of the pastors "Sim" instead of "Gins."

In the September issue, just to hand, read in respect to Mr. Dyer "when" instead of "where," and amend my statement of the pastor during whose incumbency the new brick church building was erected, by transference from that of Mr. Ebbs to that of Mr. Pullar. The name "Torrey" instead of "Torvey" belongs to the young brother who assisted the venerable pastor at Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. I suppose that in giving the name of the missionary society to which the Eaton church regularly contributed, I used the initials "A. B. C. F. M." The printer has oddly enough interpreted them to mean "American British Congregational Foreign Missions." It need hardly be said to your readers that I meant to indicate the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the corporate name of a society in which we all feel a lively interest.

Since the July issue of the magazine I have received a communication from a venerable member of the church in Eaton, one in which the following earlier facts are stated: In the year 1815, a young man who had finished his collegiate course at Dartmouth College,

found his way to Eaton, and was invited by the few scattered people to preach and hold "conference meetings." His name was Jonathan Taylor. Very soon he was called to be their minister. Complying with their invitation, a council was called of representatives of Congregational Churches in Northern New Hampshire and Vermont, by whom, assembled in a barn in the neighbourhood, a church was organized, and the young minister ordained as its pastor. Mr. Taylor had quite a flourishing little church for several years, but alas! the country was poor and thinly settled, grievous difficulty was found in providing for the necessities of the minister with an increasing family, and there was no Congregational Missionary Society to render the needful temporary help. In their discouragement they were approached by the late Rev. Dr. Stewart, afterwards Bishop of Quebec, who persuaded minister and people to join the Episcopal Church where they would have the liberal aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. Mr. Taylor was re-ordained, and my venerable informant, then a young lad, remembers the ceremony and the text of the ordination sermon, Prov. xxiii. 23: "Buy the truth and sell it not." A church building was erected in the part of the town of Eaton called Cookshire, and there Mr. Taylor continued to minister many years. I may remark in passing that a similar course was pursued by Dr. Stewart—whom we do not blame—in Frelighsburg. Rev. Mr. Reid, one of a noble class of men who were trained in Scotland by the Messrs. Haldane, of whom Mr. Robertson, of Sherbrooke, was another, came to Canada and began to labour as a Congregational minister in the townships. Pecuniary help became absolutely needful, and the good Episcopalians drew him into their fold, in which he continued to work for Christ until a good old age, and left a son therein, who has been for many years the respected minister of the Episcopal Church in Sherbrooke. But to return to Eaton. Dr. Hiram French, my informant, tells me that on Mr. Taylor's taking orders a number of the members of the church seceded, while among those who remained, of whom his father was one, there was the lack of the true church home feeling. In September, 1835, certain Baptists and Congregationalists joined in a protracted meeting at Eaton Corner (three miles from Cookshire). A very powerful revival being the result, some of those most interested in the doctrines, discipline and life of Congregational Churches took into serious consideration the duty of constituting themselves into a Congregational Church. Nineteen persons thus agreeing together, they drew up a Confession of Faith, with a church covenant, and having asked the presence of the late Rev. A. J. Parker, from Danville, they publicly assented to doctrines and covenant, and became the Congregational Church which still exists, and of which there is a brief account in my

paper. It appears that for three years the church was without a pastor, being supplied now and again by other ministers. In the summer of 1838, our late loved and honoured brother, the Rev. E. J. Sherrill, was brought among them by the instrumentality of the late excellent Deacon Foss, and after a short period of ministerial work was duly ordained by a council called for the purpose. I hope these corrections and addenda are only an instalment of what may be forthcoming from others.

HENRY WILKES.

Montreal, 7th September, 1885.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES OF GUELPH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

A PAPER READ AT THE RECENT JUBILEE BY MR. S. HODGSKIN.

The organization and subsequent history of a Christian Church, viewed in connection with its intimate bearing on the character and destiny of its members and adherents, is in every case an interesting subject for retrospection. When its beginnings were at or near the date of the settlement of the region where it is located, and in its progress it has shared in the vicissitudes attendant on pioneer enterprise, the interest is thereby increased.

We, in this Province of Ontario, have much to be thankful for in the fact that everywhere *the Church* has been early planted in each new settlement, the influences of which are apparent in the tone of public sentiment on moral questions, while its more tangible results are seen in the Christian families and institutions of the land.

In the year 1832, Guelph, though even then by anticipation styled a city, was a village of two or three hundred inhabitants, surrounded by dense forests, in which the first tree had been cut for its location but five years previously. There were, among those which the large emigration of that year added to its population, some members of so-called *dissenting* churches in the Fatherland, to whom the scantiness of religious privileges was the privation most keenly felt in the new country.

The church accommodation consisted of a school-house built by the Canada Company, to whom the settlement owed its existence, capable of containing about eighty persons. Service by a minister of the Church of Scotland was held in it every Sabbath morning, and occasionally in the afternoon there was a service or prayer-meeting conducted by a Methodist local preacher. Towards the end of the summer a minister of the Church of England arrived, and commenced stated services. The families before mentioned, most of whom were soon located on lots more or less distant, with a view to farming, while usually availing themselves of these means of grace, soon began to take counsel together, seeking to obtain

religious ordinances more in accordance with their former church relationship. It should be mentioned that the ministry first referred to was scarcely evangelical, and the department of the minister not in all respects exemplary.

As the result of these endeavours a room was fitted up in the house of a worthy Baptist brother, who is recently deceased, and in January, 1834, regular service was commenced, held on Sabbath mornings and afternoons, usually conducted by a venerable Baptist lay preacher. This arrangement continued some months, when a visit from an American Presbyterian pastor of a congregation near Hamilton, some of whose people composed the Krib's settlement in Eramosa township, and had been organized as a congregation by him, led to an invitation to the Rev. Isaac Purkis, then of La Prairie, near Montreal, to minister both in Guelph and Eramosa. The invitation was accepted, and after a few months, viz.: in the spring of 1835, a Congregational Church, consisting of eight persons only, was organized by Mr. Purkis. A Sabbath school also was commenced shortly afterward. At first the Lord's Supper was observed alternately in Guelph and Eramosa; but this arrangement did not continue long, by reason of the distance between the two places, although for several years the same minister served both congregations. After the removal of Mr. Purkis, who continued in Guelph about a year, the little church had a long period of depression, not being financially strong enough to take expensive means to procure a minister, and having no human agency to look to for help. Worship every Sabbath morning was, however, kept up, one of the brethren either addressing or reading a sermon, and the spiritual needs of this and other localities were made known in England by correspondence with friends there.

There is reason to believe that the correspondence just alluded to had a share in the origin of the Colonial Missionary Society of London, England, through assistance from which the little Zion was enabled to lift up its head. The writer will never forget the cheering visit of Dr. Wilkes, whose knowledge of the country enabled him to be most useful to the society in its beginning. A little congregation was assembled on a hot summer week evening of 1836, in the stone school-house before mentioned, which was the first meeting place of each of the principal religious bodies. Mr. Wilkes, leaving his horse and buggy, by which he had travelled from Brantford that day, secured to the neighbouring fence, entered the building, unrelieved of the dust of travel, and depositing his whip in a corner, went to the desk and announced a hymn. The word of God ably administered was precious in those days, and was listened to with rapt attention while he discoursed from Jeremiah x. 23, 24: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not

in man that walketh to direct his steps. O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing."

In his interviews with the friends during that visit Mr. Wilkes was able to express confidence that a minister would be sent out by the Colonial Society to supply the need in Guelph. This could not take place until the next year, and during the autumn of 1836 Mr. Wilkes, mindful of our destitution, informed us by letter of the arrival from England in the neighbouring township of Esquesing, of a Mr. Denny, who, though not educated for the ministry, was believed to be a worthy and useful preacher, who might be willing to minister to us for a time. This suggestion was acted on, and Mr. Denny laboured with great zeal and assiduity both in Guelph and Eramosa on Sabbath, and in the week in adjoining townships, for upwards of a year.

The hopes and expectations raised by the visit of Mr. Wilkes were subsequently confirmed by direct assurances from England; but the patience of the church was tried by what was felt at the time as a most untoward circumstance. When the minister who was appointed by the Colonial Missionary Society to occupy Guelph reached Hamilton, on his way thither, he was informed by some parties that Guelph was satisfactorily supplied by Mr. Denny's presence there, and receiving at the same time urgent entreaties to supply destitution in London, he was induced to abandon his purpose to come to Guelph, and proceeded to London. This not only delayed the supply of Guelph Church with a pastor a whole year, but created difficulty concerning pulpit arrangements in the meantime, it being deemed expedient, lest the mishap should again occur, to close the engagement with Mr. Denny.

At length, in the fall of 1838, the Rev. William P. Wastell arrived from England, and was received with open arms. His first discourse was from Zechariah iv. 6: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." His able and eloquent ministrations at once caused the congregation to overflow the little school-house, and the erection of a *chapel*, as they were then content to term a house for worship, was seen to be a necessity. A building committee was appointed, a plan decided on, and during the winter the timber for the substantial frame of the building which still stands firm and strong on Quebec Street, was prepared and drawn from the woods to the lot which had been purchased, wholly by subscriptions towards the building which had been made payable in work. This circumstance, combined with the fact that the timber was all gratuitously allowed to be cut within about half-a-mile of the centre of the town, while interesting in itself, indicates the status as to progress of the embryo city.

In the early part of 1839, and while the frame of the

chapel was preparing, the church gave its first call to the pastorate, to Mr. Wastell, previous to which, the membership being in an undefined state owing to removals and other causes, it was thought expedient that the church should voluntarily dissolve itself and reorganize. In so doing a church covenant was entered into, in which the Declaration of Faith and Church Order of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was the acknowledged doctrinal basis. Subsequently Mr. Wastell accepted the invitation to the pastorate.

In February, 1840, the house was dedicated, and the pastorate recognized, by week day public services, embracing discourses by Revs. Adam Lillie, William Clarke, and Jno. Roaf, followed on the next day by a lively tea-meeting, *then* a new institution. On the Sabbath afternoon previous to the dedication, when the congregation was assembled for the last time in the old school-house which had so long been the universal meeting place, Mr. Wastell preached a most touching and suggestive sermon from Psalm lxxxvii. 6: "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there," expressing in it the assurance that the text was applicable to the place they were then assembled in. The interest felt in those early days of Congregationalism in Canada in the efforts of each church, is shown in the number of visitors from a distance which attended these dedication services, no less than fifty having travelled by sleighs from Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Paris, and London, to assist, by contributions and otherwise, at the opening services of the little church edifice. The collections amounted to £20.

It was now hoped that an era of uninterrupted prosperity to the church had commenced. Mr. Wastell's ministry was characterized by a rich evangelical tone, clear exposition and impressive application of the truth, and faithfulness in aiming to declare the whole counsel of God, together with superior oratorical abilities. There are those still living who feel much indebted to him for clear light on truths which form a stumbling-block to many. The Sabbath school, which for a time had fallen into disuse, was again in operation, and the house of worship, which had seats for about 280, was about half-filled. During this year also the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting was commenced, being at first held from house to house. The pastor had also taken a Sabbath afternoon service at what was called the Armstrong settlement, seven miles distant, the congregation gathered at which furnished the nucleus of the Speedside Congregational Church. But, unknown to the friends here, their views and those of the directors of the Colonial Missionary Society who had sent out and were to a large extent sustaining Mr. Wastell, were wide apart. The plan of the directors was to send out a few able ministers, their salaries being guaranteed by the society, who should

locate with churches already organized, or in favourable localities for such, and after organizing and consolidating the new interest, remove to another sphere for the same purpose, unless the first church became financially strong enough to relieve the society from the partial support of the minister. The Congregational College was now in existence, and it was supposed that by means of it, and ministers already in the country, who might come to it independently of the Missionary Society, the vacancies created by the removal of the agents of the society might be filled. In the fall of the same year, therefore, Mr. Wastell removed to occupy Hamilton, but such was the depressing effect on the church and congregation in Guelph that he again became their pastor in the following year, and continued in Guelph until 1843, during which time there were not a few additions to the church by profession, and two young men, who became Congregational pastors, were received from it as students in the Congregational Academy, as the college was then called.

The final removal of Mr. Wastell caused a vacancy of some months in the pastorate, ended by a successful invitation to the Rev. Leonard McGlashan, one of the three first students in the so-called academy, who remained as pastor about two years. Previous to Mr. McGlashan's pastorate, some members of the church had, through misunderstandings, become alienated from it, and had been formed into a small church, which assembled in a school-house about four miles distant from Guelph, the Rev. Elisha Martin being its pastor. During the prolonged absence of Mr. McGlashan, by reason of feeble health, Mr. Martin had on one occasion supplied his pulpit, and, his ministry being much appreciated, on Mr. McGlashan's resignation, a unanimous invitation to the pastorate was extended to Mr. Martin. This proved a happy circumstance, as in connection with it a cordial re-union with the members who had seceded took place, and Mr. Martin became the pastor, preaching on Sabbath morning and evening in Guelph, and in the afternoon at his former location.

The period, less than a year, of Mr. Martin's ministry may be characterized as one of happy and prosperous church life. His faithful preaching, and his kind and fatherly oversight, endeared him much to his people, and it was therefore a great shock to them when, after but a few days of illness, he was taken to his everlasting rest. His funeral was conducted by his friend, the Rev. Jno. Roaf, who also improved the event of his death to his congregation on the following Sabbath, from Hebrews vi. 12: "Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

The church was now again in the critical position of seeking a pastor. Some of Mr. Martin's words to his deacons in his last hours were: "Be very careful in the choice of a pastor." The analogy between the

pastoral and the marriage relation is often referred to, and may be noticed, among other respects, in the fact that while in both cases a careful and comprehensive judgment is needed, it is often wanting while making the choice. Many persons use their church privilege of voting on a call to a pastor, guided merely by liking or disliking the preaching of one or another. At the time we are here looking back to, the importance of ministerial credentials as a testimony to character, and a safeguard against imposition, was less understood than it now is. When, therefore, an English minister of prepossessing exterior and address came to Toronto from New York, and having been sent to supply the vacant pulpit, preached with fervid eloquence sound evangelical doctrine, the congregation were so attracted as to be ill-prepared to listen to doubts concerning him, or to intelligently examine his credentials, for, as one deacon expressed himself: "It seems to me that I should be ready to take such a man without any testimonials." The little chapel was crowded to the doors on Sabbath evenings, and everything was lively. He was invited to, and accepted the pastorate, and for about nine months all went well; but testimony then came to hand, met with by the late Dr. Lillie when on his way to Britain, and emanating from reliable sources, which proved that the church had been grossly deceived and falsely dealt with, and that their pastor had not, and did not deserve, any ministerial standing whatever. The majority of the church, however, repudiated the testimony, and voted to sustain their minister. Those who, while with the rest they highly appreciated the eloquent preacher, could acknowledge none but a godly minister, were soon separated from the church, either at their own request or by excommunication under direction of the pastor. His connection with the church continued about nine years from this time, years of constant trouble and anxiety to the church officers, arising out of the circumstances of the case.

On the departure of their minister, the church, which had for the most part been separated from intercourse with neighbouring churches, applied to some ministers for advice and assistance, as the result of which a council was held, which advised a dissolution of the church, and an application to the members which had been separated from it to join in its re-organization. It was felt by those thus applied to that some acknowledgment in vindication of the principles which had been ignored and trampled on by the church, should be made by its members before they could consistently re-union with them; but at the urgent entreaty of the ministers who brought them the proposal, they waived their convictions on the subject, and were included in the new church roll. The Rev. James Howell was introduced, and received as acting minister, and under his guidance the re-organization and election of officers took place. Mr. Howell was

afterwards invited to, and accepted the pastorate, early in the year 1857.

The church, like a traveller who having lost his way has been restored to the right road, was now prepared to go forward again. It was, on application, in due time received into the Congregational Union. Mr. Howell laboured as pastor for three years with much earnestness and a good measure of acceptance, at the end of which, in the spring of 1860, he removed to Nova Scotia, and the pastorate became vacant. At this time, however, owing to the railway facilities of travel which were extending, and to the increased number of ministers in the country, it was a rare case when a supply for the pulpit could not be obtained. Still no minister likely to be suitable as a pastor seemed to be disengaged, when suddenly it was learned that the Rev. William F. Clarke, who had gone to British Columbia in the previous year under the auspices of the Colonial Missionary Society, had arrived in Toronto, having relinquished his mission to that country. The deacons, who had been constituted a supply committee by the church, at once sought and obtained a visit from Mr. Clarke, which led, his antecedents being well known, to an immediate and unanimous invitation to the pastorate. He accepted it, and at once commenced his ministry in Guelph, which, excepting a short intermission, extended over about eleven years. A considerable increase in the congregation resulted immediately, and enlarged seat accommodation became a necessity. The alternative of an extension in the front of the building, or the erection of galleries having been pondered, the latter was decided on, and carried out in the winter of 1860-1. For some time now a period of prosperity such as the church had not before seen existed. It was interrupted by Mr. Clarke's resignation, domestic circumstances having led him to remove for a time to Toronto. For several months the church took no steps towards obtaining another pastor, hoping for Mr. Clarke's return; but at length, after a supply of the pulpit for a time by the Rev. Chas. Pedley, they were debating the question of a limited invitation on a call to the pastorate, when they were informed that Mr. Clarke was able to entertain a recall. The position at this time was one of difficulty beyond what is common to a church seeking a pastor, and diversity of views was unavoidable. Mr. Pedley received and accepted an invitation to act as pastor for six months, and subsequently a call to resume the pastorate was extended to and accepted by Mr. Clarke. There was room for difference of opinion as to the wisest course, consequently the arrangement was not unanimous, and led to some secessions, though most of those so affected subsequently returned.

Mr. Clarke resumed his ministry in the church with the same acceptance and appreciation as before, and after a short time the question of providing a larger

and more comely house of worship began to loom up. Since the year 1839, when the erection of the first humble sanctuary was with difficulty accomplished, great advancement in all material things had been made throughout the country, and it was no unfavourable sign that a corresponding disposition was manifested in most cities and towns to erect commodious and even elegant church edifices. It was undeniable that the Guelph Congregational church edifice was behind the times, and accordingly the ponderous question of site, capacity, material, style, plan, cost, etc., of a new building were duly canvassed. The erection of the present edifice was the result; it took place within this generation, and the details need not be here enumerated. It should be said, however, that it was a great work for the small congregation which undertook it; that both pastor and people co-operated heartily and liberally until it was completed and paid for; and that the concurrent Providential circumstances which aided in its accomplishment gave cause for thankfulness and encouragement to those who were conversant with them. It was dedicated in the beginning of the year 1868.

It does not appear to the writer necessary or desirable to continue these reminiscences in a nearer approach to the present time. They are brought to a period within the memory and observation of a portion of the church, and those who are not conversant with the subsequent history can hear it rehearsed by many of their friends. It may therefore suffice to mention that Mr. Clarke's pastorate ended, and was succeeded by that of the Rev. Wm. Manchee in 1873, and that Mr. Manchee was succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. D. McGregor, in the end of the year 1878.

In a brief sketch, such as this necessarily has been, we see little besides the arrangements for maintaining public worship and Gospel ordinances in the locality. But behind this are the spiritual histories of all the persons, young and old, who have come and gone in the house of prayer during those fifty years. What convictions, what monitions of the Holy Spirit, what opening of blind eyes, what drawing by the bands of love, what aids to faith and what revelations of Christ to the soul, what peace-speaking and what strengthening and consoling views of truth, what stimulus to duty, and what hopes and anticipations of the glory that is to be revealed, have been received during fifty years of Gospel hearing and church ordinances! These, with their bearing on the eternal destiny of the subjects of them, must be known before we could fully estimate the significance of the existence and progression of a Christian Church. In view of this, we may well exclaim: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
For her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

May 21, 1885.

Mission Notes.

CANADIAN CONGREGATIONAL MISSION IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT THE PEOPLE AMONG WHOM WE
ARE TO LABOUR.

In speaking of Central Africa, that portion of the continent is meant which is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, and on the west by the Atlantic, and which lies between the parallels of five degrees north of the Equator, and eighteen or twenty south of it.

The natives of Central Africa belong for the most part to the great Bantu family, resembling somewhat in colour and form, but differing wholly in language from the negroes proper. The Bantu tribes have a skin varying from a brown to a blue-black, and woolly hair, but differing in length and quality. In the far interior are tribes of dwarfs. Major de Serpa Pinto met with people of yellowish-white skin and hair, and pink eyes. A belt of cannibals, comprising some of the most vigorous and intelligent of the African people, stretches across the Cameroons to the Albert Nyanza. In the country called Manyema, which lies about north-east of Rue, and west of Ujiji, there is a race of people described by Livingstone as superior in general *physique* and intelligence to the negroes found at the coast, and comparing very favourably with the more highly civilized Europeans, yet they are undoubtedly cannibals.

The people generally live in a loose, incoherent tribal relationship, with little or no system of government, still there are several large kingdoms in the interior. All over Central Africa polygamy is practised in its most degrading forms, and slavery with its manifold ills is to be found. In the way of industries we find that cotton cloth is woven by some tribes, smiths smelt iron ore, and hammer out hoes and spears on stone anvils with hammers of the same material, copper ornaments are curiously wrought, earthenware pottery in peculiar patterns is baked by the women, and baskets capable of holding milk and other liquids are woven by them out of grass.

The people in the region of our mission are called the Ovimbundu. They are a branch of the Bantu family and speak a dialect of that language called the Umbundu. The colour of their skin is neither black nor mulatto, but is of an agreeable brown. The men are tall, strapping fellows, with figures superior to the natives of our own country, and perhaps excelled by the men of no nation under heaven.

The women, especially those advanced in years, are dull, coarse, and anything but pleasing in personal appearance, a fact which is directly attributable to the many hardships which they, in common with all heathen women, have to endure. We would no doubt consider their dress rather old-fashioned, or very much behind the times, still they clothe themselves much more largely than the people do in some other parts of the continent. Most of the women wear clothing from the arm-pits to the ankle. Some wear a dress about as extensive as that worn in the garden by our first parents, only their kilt is of different material from the fig-leaf apron worn by Adam and his wife.

It is made of cloth, with little of the tailor's skill of the dressmaker's fine taste in its construction.

The native houses would scarcely suit the fastidious tastes of people in our own country. There is no beauty of architecture in their design, neither is there brick or stone used in their structure. They are built either of mud and wattles, or of boughs of trees bound together with long grass, and are covered in by a thatch roof over a foot thick. Many are in the form of the old fashioned bee-hive, others of different shapes. Into these houses there is only one opening, which has to serve as door, window, ventilator and smokestack.

There are few young women in our land who are not better housekeepers than the Queen of Bihe, or many of her subjects, yet these women do not spend their time in idleness. They have many duties to perform, such as making earthenware pottery, cultivating the fields, grinding corn of their own raising, and cooking it for their family use.

What about the men? you ask. Well, they are willing to work we are told, and apply themselves to their appointed tasks with hearty zeal and faithfulness when they see anything to be gained by so doing.

They are frequently employed as porters by the passing travellers. They are ready at all times to fight when called upon by their king, for like all barbarians they consider the pursuit of war as manly and noble.

No doubt polygamy is practised among these people, but not to the extent it is in other parts of Africa. In Dahomey, where the devil seems to hold high festival, we are told that the king is restricted in the number of wives he can take unto himself to three thousand three hundred and thirty-three. In the region of our mission, however, few men can afford to have more than two wives, and the king never has more than fifty. Some say never that number, still the evil is sufficiently great to call forth our sympathy with the poor women.

Though the slave trade has been suppressed along the coast, it is still carried on in the interior of the country. Wars are waged, houses are broken up, and families are scattered in order to supply the demand for slaves, yet the lot of a native's slave is not worse than that of his wife, and the lot of a black man's slave is much more to be desired than that of a Portuguese slave.

It is scarcely necessary to say that they are superstitious, for all ignorant people are more or less so. If a man's ass is carried away by a hyena, the loss is attributed to the neglect of some spirit. If the clouds for a long time withhold rain, some crafty fox, bearing the title of rain-doctor, is called upon to exercise a potent charm he is said to possess, in order to induce a genial shower. If a woman is advanced in years, enfeebled in frame and distorted by the severe wrongs she has undergone, she is judged to be possessed of a great fetish, and like the so-called witches in our mother-land in by-gone days, she is put to death. If a man from natural causes goes the way of all flesh, his death is said to be caused by some evil spirit. They are superstitious, yet the number and variety of their superstitions are not very great; but their faith in such as they do believe is undoubtedly great.

So then we find in the region of our mission a people of dark skin, ill-clad, miserably housed, ignorant,

superstitious, polygamous, and possessed of those vices which are a necessary consequence of such a condition of society. Does it not behoove us as servants of Christ to do something for the improvement of their condition? Let us now see if there is not something to encourage us in our earnest effort to enlighten, elevate, and above all to teach them the Gospel of Christ, which alone can save them.

We have already noticed that the people in the region of our mission live in settled communities. They can therefore be more easily reached than they could if they wandered about the country in bands. We have stated on the testimony of a missionary now in the field that they are willing to work, and that faithfully, when they see anything to be gained by so doing, and we know there is always hope of improvement in a people who are not constitutionally tired.

In addition to the above, we find that these people are also enterprising. "Biheans," says Major de Serpa Pinto, "traverse the continent from the Equator to the Cape of Good Hope. I have visited many tribes who had never seen a white man; but I never met with one who had not come in contact with the inhabitants of Bihe." Great expeditions depart from there carrying merchandise. May we not expect such a people to learn the value of Christianity, and spread about the light of the Gospel when once they have received it?

The people are not without natural ability, they are intelligent in a high degree, few people if any in Africa are more so. Some of the children are specially bright. A school was established in Balundu by the first missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Eight scholars were gathered into it. In eighteen months after the three pioneer missionaries left the coast we learn that three of the eight boys could read and write almost any word in their language. This fact holds out great promise of success in teaching them. They can learn, and will, if we help them to a school.

A number of the more enlightened of the people have fairly correct ideas of the Divine Being and the consequences of human conduct. They may have obtained these ideas from the Catholic missionaries who laboured in West Africa in the time of the Congo missions, two hundred years or more ago, or they may have gotten them from missionaries living in other parts, through those of their number who have been travelling from the Equator to the Cape. From whatever source derived, may they not be like the bread cast upon the waters which is to return after many days? May not their existence in the minds of the people greatly help us in our future efforts to teach them the truth as it is in Jesus?

We think we are perfectly safe in saying that the people are capable of strong attachments, and are favourably disposed towards the missionaries. It is true that the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in that region were driven from their fields of labour only a short time ago; but when we consider the circumstances leading to their expulsion, the wonder is not that they were driven out, but that they were not put to death. Had the king been an evilly disposed man he would undoubtedly have murdered the whole band of them. As it was their departure from the country was the signal for deep and sincere grief on the part of those

native who knew them best, and when the king learned the deception that had been practised on him by a Portuguese trader to deprive him of his "white children" he immediately caused a letter to be written urging the missionaries to return to his country and settle there.

The people then among whom we have to labour live in organized communities, have abilities of a high order, are inclined to be industrious, enterprising, kindly, and in some instances possessed of a slight knowledge of Bible truths. Held down as they have been by ignorance and superstition, and marred as they are by the terrible blight of paganism, are they not still a people of great promise? If the Bible is the secret of England's greatness, then the want of it is the explanation of this people's wretchedness. Give them teachers and preachers and Bibles to read, and can we not confidently expect that blessed results will follow? Will not you who know the Lord help to make Him known to this needy, yet promising people?

W. T. CURRIE.

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—In my last I parted company with your readers in the old city of Halifax. I must ask them to accompany me *via* the "Halifax and Cape Breton Railway," or "Eastern Extension" of the Intercolonial, to Port Mulgrave in the Strait of Canso, nearly two hundred miles. Leaving the iron highway, we stage some twenty miles to

MANCHESTER.

Here we meet with student Solandt, who has been actively engaged during the vacation, and given much satisfaction to the friends among whom he labours. There are about fifty Congregational families scattered over a large area. These have been regularly visited, and most of them have been regular in their attendance upon the means of grace. A good Sunday school has been conducted in the morning of every Lord's Day, and cottage prayer meetings during the week. I had two services in Manchester, and one in the Union Church, on the Sunday. Both were largely attended, those in Manchester especially.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings we had evangelistic services, and though in haymaking season, attendance was as large as on the Sunday. There was evidence of spiritual power. Many, both young and old, appeared willing to make choice of the good part. I regretted that other appointments forced me away when it seemed certain the Word was taking effect, and a harvest was within reach. The student's return to college will leave this wide and interesting field without any pastoral oversight during the winter. There is no one in the congregation able to conduct a service, hence the church must be closed. This should

not be; but with our scarcity of men how can it be otherwise?

Stepping aboard the steamship *Neptune*, I dropped down the strait and landed at the little village of

ST. PETER'S, C. B.

intending to conduct a service in the Town Hall; but that building being previously engaged I was obliged to take my stand in the street. I was the first that had done so here, and curiosity, if nothing else, soon gathered the inhabitants together. I had a patient hearing, and some conversation with several of my congregation at the close. There is no church of any kind in this village nor within miles of it, and only occasional preaching in the above-mentioned hall; but if the Congregationalists made a move, they would be followed by two or three other denominations forthwith.

BADDECK.

Here student J. Gerrie has been doing acceptable service during vacation. The new church has been finished and occupied for some time. The Sunday congregations are good, and a few have been added to the church. I had two evenings here, and I was much pleased with the attendance, which for week evenings was very good. The difficulty will be to maintain this station when the student returns, as it is thirty miles from any of our churches, and without one or two other stations it would be difficult, if not unwise, to continue it. Yet there is undoubtedly great need for earnest evangelical preaching in the neighbourhood, and those who have gathered round our cause here have made great sacrifices to erect a place of worship and to bring the work to its present hopeful condition. Baddeck is a growing place, and centre of a populous district. If we had men and means, and could afford to wait, I have no doubt we should by-and-by have a name and a strong cause.

MARGAREE

is under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Shipperly, who has made good progress during the past year. The parsonage has been finished and is now occupied, and a very comfortable dwelling it is. The congregations that I had during the Sunday (three in number) were large, and the fervour and earnestness of the people indicated that the work of the Lord is being revived in this congregation. Before the student appointment to Baddeck, Mr. Shipperly gave every third Sunday to that place. But the work in Margaree, as well as the distance, renders such an arrangement very unwise.

Ours is the only church regularly supplied in the valley; the Methodists have withdrawn, the Baptist church is vacant. Nothing less than the whole time of one energetic brother will suffice to cover the station.

I spent a week on the Island of Cape Breton, and

from all that I learned, I am sorry that we are not in a position to send one or two faithful men to carry the Gospel to many who are neglected, and who are hungering for the bread of life. In

FALMOUTH

I was joined by Rev. J. W. Cox, who had driven forty miles to meet me. We had a very pleasant service in the old church. There is but one Congregational family in the neighbourhood; but the tradition of other days, when our church was a spiritual power here, still lingers, and the old building was almost filled. I am persuaded that we only need to put the right man here to have a great revival of vital godliness, which from all accounts is much needed. It would be a very great matter if we could even have an evangelist here for a time. People have been divided and distracted about baptism and other dividing subjects, until the great question of the new life has in a great measure been lost sight of.

CORNWALLIS.

Mr. Cox became my valuable assistant for nearly two weeks in this field. Here, too, I was met by my long-tried and faithful friend, Capt. Charles Mylins, from Halifax, and by the Rev. B. Musgrave, whose pen has often contributed to the pages of your magazine.

As few of your readers have seen Mr. Musgrave, a few words more regarding him may be permitted. He is about my own size physically, I imagine in the neighbourhood of sixty years of age, full of enthusiasm in the cause of Christ, a thorough Bible student, and apparently well read on all collateral subjects. He is a good effective preacher, decidedly evangelical, and a strong Congregationalist, though not an Independent. His theology and church polity he finds in the New Testament. Withal he is a genial companion and a thorough gentleman.

The state of the cause in Cornwallis had been represented to me at the meetings of the Union in Chebogue, and we then resolved that something must be done for the place. Circumstances conspired to favour—so many earnest brethren on the ground and the presence of a great many workmen in the ship-yard, besides the launching of a large vessel, which brought crowds together from the surrounding country. We held an open-air service on that occasion, which was addressed by Captain Mylins, Mr. Cox, Mr. Musgrave and the writer. Open-air preaching was a new thing in the neighbourhood; but it proved to be a means of reaching many who never attend any place of worship, and of awakening some who do, but who are merely hearers. We had in all eight open-air meetings in this locality: One on Cape Blomidon proved to be a season of spiritual refreshing never to be forgotten by most of those present, and one on the "Look off," on the North Mountain, scarcely less powerful, and six

in the village of Kingsport, followed by an evangelistic service in the hall. We had in all twenty-six services during the fortnight, and we have reason to believe that several precious souls found peace through believing on Jesus Christ, and that many of the Lord's people have been stirred to greater love and activity in the cause of God. I have heard that the good work has been going forward since student McAdie has been here for the vacation. It is, perhaps, one of the most difficult fields a young man could have, after so long a time without a settled pastor, and always hard to please, with so many curious notions floating in the air. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Close Communion and Free Will, and Anti-Baptists, too, I do not know what to call them (they despise all ordinances), Adventists, Atheists, and even Mormons have their habitations in this lovely Cornwallis valley. Is it any wonder, under these circumstances, the church was discouraged, and the student did not find it easy to make things go? These unclean spirits (I do not include Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists among them) go not out but by prayer and fasting. But they do go out by the finger of God.

I have not much faith in attacking them by argument. The promoters of these miserable Advent, Atheistic and Mormon views, in these parts, are too ignorant to understand an argument. It is an utter waste of time to notice them. The only salvation for this country, or any other place infested by such soul-destroying doctrines, is the revival of God's work in the hearts of professors of evangelical truth, and the conversion of sinners by the Word and Spirit of God. For this we should wait, pray and work night and day. In every city, town and village, preachers of the glorious Gospel should take their stand in the streets and lanes, and sing out with clarion voice the words of the Great Teacher: "Ye must be born again," and the command of the inspired apostle: "Be filled with the Spirit."

Cornwallis needs a pastor; there are about sixty Congregational families, and many others that can be reached by an earnest man. There are a great many young people who may be won to Christ now, and if they are not they will become a prey to the enemy. Whoever becomes the pastor here will need to be very courageous, and willing and able to do hard work. Such a man will find a waiting people, kind and sympathetic, a parsonage, in part furnished, and three acres of good garden, daily mail, railway depôt nine miles distant. The salary and success, humanly speaking, depend on the man. There is ability to make a servant of the Lord very comfortable. I am pledged to do my best to find them a pastor, and I will. Mr. McAdie, under all the peculiar circumstances of the field, has done as well as could be expected. His walk and conversation have been such as becometh the Gospel. Our last meeting was brought

to a close at half-past nine o'clock p.m., and very reluctantly we tore ourselves away from ripening harvest fields and some garnered grain, and at eleven o'clock the same night Mr. Cox with his missionary horse drove to Horton Landing, where at a quarter past one a.m. next morning we found a "light in the window" and a fire in the stove, and a right cordial welcome at the residence of Mr. Fred. Tupper, who is not only himself a good Congregationalist, but has for wife the daughter of Rev. Enoch Barker, of Mount Zion, Toronto. That is all we need to say to convince our readers that we were at home for the rest of the night; and early next morning we went on our way rejoicing, finishing that day's ride at seven o'clock in the evening, in Noel, where our singing pilgrim has been making hearts glad and happy for over eight years.

Sunday morning we began work in

SOUTH MAITLAND,

where student Watt has been holding the fort since last May. There was a crowded—over-crowded—congregation, and the Spirit of God was in our midst. A short prayer meeting at the close of the noon service was very helpful, and the earnest supplications of quite a number of brethren showed that our work in the past has not been in vain in Maitland. Mr. Watt has three congregations—Maitland, South Maitland, and I forget at this moment the name of the other place. He has been greatly encouraged during the season, the Lord having given him to see that his labour has been owned to the salvation of some and the edification of others. We had worship in the basement; but it was expected that in a couple of weeks the beautiful new church would be ready for occupation.

We had to pass by Maitland, but observed that the new church building to which I called special attention last year has advanced an important stage. The tower has been completed and other external work done. The friends were encouraged to make a renewed effort last fall by the assistance they received from friends in Ontario and Quebec. About \$300 will make it fit for use, and this amount is about to be expended this fall. Then we have two of the best church edifices I have seen on this entire shore, and they are situated in places that need the Gospel as we preach it, and that need church life as we hold it, as much, if not more than any part of Canada.

LOWER SELMAH

is about twelve miles from South Maitland on the same line. The new church has been finished since I was last here: ceiled, pewed, platformed, paid for, I believe. The congregation was much larger than when I preached before. I had several of my morning hearers.

NOEL

was my evening congregation. It was good, perhaps

the best of the day. This entire field depends on Mr. Cox, when the student returns to college; too much for any mere man. In the esteem and affection of the people our brother not only holds his own but still grows and abounds; but in his general health he is undoubtedly suffering from the long-continued strain. It was a good thought to give him help this summer. This is the least we can do for him next year, or till such times as some one is found to divide the large field with him. The Noel people have purchased a nice and valuable property since I was here last—a parsonage and some twenty acres of good meadow land. The house needs extensive improvements before it is suitable for the minister. These will be made forthwith; then the Noel pastor will be among the men whom the less favoured will begin to envy. Our Missionary Society has done a glorious work all along this shore. Give us means and we will do a much greater.

Next morning we embarked on the swiftly moving tide of the Bay of Fundy, and in an incredibly short time Mr. Cox, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Watt and your correspondent landed at Economy. We were shortly met by student Macallum who has been winning golden opinions for himself, or rather for his Master, during the vacation. We had two meetings in the Economy church, both evangelistic in their character. The attendance was large, and the spirit that pervaded the meetings was most delightful and encouraging. Several stood up for prayer. As Rev. W. McIntosh was expected next day another meeting was announced, and I have learned since such was the state of feeling that a fourth and fifth meeting was held, and the friends there had a good time. Indeed they say they have a good time all summer. Student Macallum is just in his element when he is surrounded by those asking, "What must we do to be saved?" Should we not all be in that element always?

Next day at Great Village, near Londonderry station, I met friend McIntosh from Yarmouth, en route to enjoy a working holiday, of three weeks' duration, among the churches. He was to visit Economy, Noel, Cornwallis and Halifax. He will not die any sooner by working for God, and, if he does, it is written: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

So waving a good-bye for the present to the Maritime Provinces, and the faithful few I met among all our churches, I stepped aboard the cars at Londonderry station, on the I. C. R., at a quarter past ten p.m., one night quite recently.

CONCLUSION.

I have finished my third and by far the most satisfactory visit of the churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. I found the churches well manned either by stated pastors or by our devoted young students. I think I gathered more jewels for the crown of the

King than on any former visit, and the signs of a general awakening and revival among our churches in those far-off Provinces by the sea are most encouraging. The fields are white unto harvest. The reaping time has come. God grant that we may get joyful tidings from there this coming fall and winter.

I have asked for supplemental collections for the deficiency, and these have been cheerfully given, and, though the season was not favourable in some instances, they have been generous. The churches in the Lower Provinces are not behind the Western churches in liberality.

We can extend our work, then, very greatly, to the glory of God and for the salvation of souls, if we are put in possession of the means. "Lord of the harvest hear our cry." Ever truly yours,

Kingston, Ont., Sept., 1885.

THOS. HALL.

News of the Churches.

ALTON.—Rev. W. W. Smith is invited for two Sundays, with a view of supplying for the winter. At a farewell party, the retiring student, Mr. J. K. Unsworth, was presented with an address and a purse of \$12.50. There has been a slight forward movement in this place this summer, and we hope for better times.

BRANTFORD.—This live church has now a paper of its own, the *Congregationalist*, the pastor and Mr. H. Yeigh, editors. It is a bright little sheet, designed to bring the membership into a better knowledge of, and a closer union with each other; also to impress upon each the need of their being active members of the church. Our polity recognizes the individual as other polities do not; it is needed that the membership reciprocate this, by emphasizing their individuality in Christ-like activity. We welcome it as supplying a want frequently felt in city churches, and bear testimony to its denominational loyalty.

MIDDLEVILLE.—The ladies of this church gave a strawberry festival in Borrowman's Grove on July 10th. A concert was given in the evening. Both were well attended, and netted \$75 for the Building Fund. On August 4th a concert was given in the Town Hall, in which we had the very efficient aid of E. Crumley, of Kingston. The general verdict is that it was the best concert given here for many years. Our choir is thus making a good reputation for itself. The service of song in the House of the Lord is greatly enriched.—E. C. W. M.

SARNIA.—Rev. W. H. A. Claris has resigned the pastorate of this church, and the church has accepted the same. We regret the necessity, and pray that each may find speedily a congenial settlement.

WINGHAM.—This church has called Rev. R. K. Black, of Granby. We learn that Mr. Black is likely to accept.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.

OPENING OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH SESSION.

The forty-seventh session of the Congregational College was opened Sept. 17th, by a public service. The chair was occupied by Rev. Dr. Stevenson, there being also present the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, the Rev. Mr. McIntyre, and the Rev. Mr. Hill, the Rev. Dr. Cornish and the Rev. Mr. Day. The attendance was large. Dr. Stevenson gave a brief outline of the history of the college, and of the work of the past session. The college has arrived at that stage of its existence when it is no longer young, and has no need to be ashamed of the good work which has been done. The college has grown in numbers and efficiency, and has now a local habitation by means of which the students are furnished with ample facilities. The last session was very interesting. The graduating class had done well, three of the students having passed at McGill College, while the fourth had gone to the missionary field of Africa. Regretting the deficiency of the library on theological works, he introduced the speaker of the evening.

The Rev. Dr. Jackson spoke on

THE INFLUENCE OF CONGREGATIONALISM

on civil and religious liberty. We shall refer again to this address.

At the close a vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. Dr. Cornish, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and unanimously carried. The doxology and benediction brought the meeting to a close.

Official Notices.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Zion, Toronto, \$30; Cobourg, \$68.72; Coldsprings, \$63.85; Melbourne Ladies' Auxiliary Society, \$10; Listowel Church, \$7.75; Rev. T. Hall, \$2; Humber Summit for 1885, \$3.62; Liverpool N. S., Ladies' Home Missionary Society, \$25; Milton, N. S., do., \$20; Pleasant River, N. S., do., \$5; Sheffield, N. B., do., \$13; Martinstown, additional, \$2; Brooklyn, N. S., Ladies' Home Mission Society, \$22.09; Beachmeadows, N. S., do., \$12; Emmanuel, Montreal, per Dr. Cornish, \$5; Yarmouth, N. S., Ladies Home Missionary Society, \$40; Economy, N. S., do., \$10; Cornwallis, N. S., do., \$5.18; Western, Toronto, \$11; Milton, N. S., collection, \$8.17; Liverpool, N. S., do., \$5; Liverpool, N. S., for 1884, \$7.00; Brooklyn, N. S.; collection, \$8.00; Brooklyn, N. S., Young People's Association, \$8.50; Allan Tupper, Esq., \$5; Baker's Settlement, 60c.; Keswick Ridge, collection, \$5; Scotch Settlement, \$3; Sheffield, \$1.50.

B. W. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*

EASTERN DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

The Eastern District Association will hold their annual meeting in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, commencing on Tuesday, October 20th, at 9 a.m. The programme will be the following: 1. A paper on "The Desirability of Instructing Young People in the Principles of Congregationalism," by Rev. Mr. McColl. 2. A paper on "How to Care for Young Converts," by Rev. D. Macallum. 3. "Review of 'Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World,'" by Rev. Hugh Pedley. 4. Paper on "The Burnt Sacrifices," by Rev. B. W. Day. ALLEN MACFADYEN, *Sec'y.*
Kingston, Sept. 19th, 1885.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet in Bowmanville on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 20th and 21st of the present month (October), at which a full attendance is requested. The meetings will begin Tuesday morning immediately on arrival of the train from the West. The revised programme has not reached this office as we go to press; but it is being carefully prepared, and important arrangements for denominational interests are expected. Let no church in the district fail of representation.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

On Sunday, Oct. 4th, special services of a memorial character will be held both at Burford and Scotland, in connection with the semi-centennial of the Burford churches. Rev. G. Fuller, of Brantford, will preach at Burford in the morning; Rev. W. F. Clarke in the evening. On Monday evening, 5th, a re-union meeting will be held, when addresses will be delivered by former pastors and others.

The Western Association will meet in Burford church on Tuesday the 6th, at 7.30 p.m. Opening sermon will be preached by Dr. Gunner.

Wednesday the 7th, devotional service from 9 to 10, led by H. Cox, of Burford. The time from 10 to 12 will be occupied by Association business, to be followed by a paper on "The Local Associations and Home Missions," by W. H. Allworth. From 2 to 5 will be occupied by a paper on "Revivalism," by C. S. Pedley, and a discussion, subject, "Pastoral Work," led by G. Fuller. At 7.30 a meeting will be held, when addresses will be delivered by some of the brethren present.

Pastors and delegates will send their names to Henry Cox, Esq., of Burford, on or before the 1st of October.

Efforts are being made to have Rev. W. F. Currie, our foreign missionary, present.

OBITUARIES.

On 10th July, at her late residence in Osprey, Ont., fell asleep in Jesus, Mrs. Euphemie McGregor. She was born near Oban, Argyleshire, Scotland, in the year 1820. When seventeen years of age she yielded her heart to the Saviour, and was received into fellowship by the Congregational Church. In 1843 she was united in marriage to Mr. G. McGregor, merchant. In 1852 her husband gave up his business, and under the patronage of the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park, near Glasgow, went to the County Londonderry, Ireland, to labour as a missionary among the Roman Catholics there. During twelve years, surrounded by difficulties and dangers from the emissaries of Rome, she accompanied her husband to his Gospel meetings held in the houses of the peasantry, the hill-sides and village streets. Having seen a mission church built in the field and prepared the way for other labourers they bade farewell to the goodly number who confessed Christ. In 1864 they emigrated to Canada and settled on a farm in Osprey, Ont. Here work was found to do for the Divine Master among their Highland countrymen. For twenty years, without fee or reward other than winning souls to Jesus, through winter's snow and summer heat they conducted a Gaelic service on the Lord's Day. In February, 1879, the mother's heart was made glad in witnessing her two sons and two daughters—all her children—received into the fellowship of the Congregational Church. (Rev. Mr. McKay, Kingston, gave a report of the work of grace in the settlement at that time while with them.) Last November Mrs. McGregor began to suffer from lung disease. Her accustomed seat in the old church became vacant. Daily she was visited at the home-stead by some of the people. Suffering much pain, she bore her illness without a murmur, saying: "I have placed myself in the Saviour's hands; His will be done, for He knoweth best what to do with me." Daily growing weaker, the earthly tabernacle fast dissolving, she did not neglect to speak to those around her dying bed of Him who came to redeem from the power of the grave. On Friday at seven a.m. the members of the family were all present; near her sat her husband *engaged* leading family worship; it was the closing scene in her earthly race. He read:

Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust;
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

In answer to the Master's message she replied with her dying breath: "I am going," and her immortal spirit entered into the rest that remains to the redeemed within the Father's house above.

OUR elder friends will remember the name of Joseph Elliott, with whom we first met as the pastor of the

Ottawa Church. For some time Mr. Elliott has been in connection with the Presbyterian Church, whither the respect of his former friends followed him. It is known that mental aberration at times clouded a life, otherwise noble, devoted and true. Mr. Elliott was a man of varied attainments, and of more than ordinary power. He died last month (September) at the Home-wood Asylum, in Cuelph, in his seventy-fourth year, and we would pay this tribute to his memory, and express our sympathy with his family. His "walks" are now in Zion rather than about.

THE once well-known pastor of Zion Church, Toronto, Mr. T. S. Ellerby, has been called to mourn the loss of his wife. Mrs. Ellerby was among the earliest friends of, and workers in, the Sunday school from which the Northern Church sprang, and where her memory is cherished and dear. True, these friends have been long severed from our denominational fellowship, but our fellowship being in Christ their memories are still ours; they separated from us, not we from them.

Literary Notices.

THE *Century* for September presents as frontispiece an admirable portrait of General Grant. Some personal memoirs of the late soldier-president have a mournful interest. The serials maintain their interest. Among the other articles we note a racy account of explorations down the great river of Alaska.

St. Nicholas with its folk-lore and historical romance comes cheery as ever; an article on "Spiders of the Sea" is a gem of natural history, and "A Great Financial Scheme" is brimful of instruction and humour.

Words and Works for Christian Workers, by Dr. Pentecost, of New York, is before us for September, "full of wise saws and modern instances," suggestive for prayer meetings and for personal intercourse with saint or sinner.

THE *Homiletic Review* (Funk & Wagnalls) has for September its usual matters of interest. We mention specially the paper "Is the Pulpit Declining in Power?" and the leading sermon, by Dr. Howard Crosby, on "The Material and the Spiritual." The eighth volume of Meyer's "Commentaries" is also to hand, completing the part written by Dr. Meyer himself, and embracing the commentary on Thessalonians, by Dr. Lunemann, one of Meyer's coadjutors, which, though confessedly inferior to Meyer's, has undoubted excellence of its own.

THE *Pulpit Treasury* for September also deserves appreciative mention, thoroughly evangelical and suggestive.

RUBIES.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
 "Only just a child that's dead."
 And so they carelessly turned away
 From the mound which the spade had made that day.
 Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
 That little grave in one home had made.

True, the coffin was narrow and small,
 One yard would have served for an ample pall;
 And one man in his arms could have borne away
 The rosewood and its freight of clay.
 But oh, what darling hopes were hid
 Beneath that little coffin lid!

A weeping mother stood that day
 With folded hands by that form of clay;
 And painful, burning tears were hid
 'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid,
 And her lip, and cheek, and brow
 Were almost as white as her baby's now.

And then some things were put away,
 The crimson frock, and the wrappings gay;
 The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
 The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
 And an empty crib stands with covers spread,
 As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh! what care!
 What world-wide hopes are buried there!
 And yet, perhaps, in coming years,
 May see, like her through blinding tears,
 How much of light, how much of joy,
 Is buried up with an only boy!

Selected.—

THE SURGEON AND THE CURE.

With Dupuytren's death closed the generation of distinguished surgeons who have given pre-eminence to the hospitals of Paris.

Regarded by his subordinates with fear and dread, disliked by his equals on account of his offensive and arrogant manners, his home rendered desolate by his overbearing conduct, there seems little, save his talent, to admire, but his life was full of incident.

It is a worn old adage that "Nothing is so successful as success," and Fortune seemed ever ready to lend Dupuytren a helping hand.

While still a youth, threading the streets of Paris at early dawn, on his way to the Hotel Dieu where he was an *interne*, studying indefatigably by the bedside and in the dead-room, returning at night to a frugal meal and cheap lodging, he one day was attracted toward a crowd of excited Parisians making frantic endeavours to check the progress of a runaway horse. In another moment came a crash, and the young *interne* eagerly pressed forward to proffer his services. The unfortunate occupant of the carriage proved to be one of the Rothschilds, and the young surgeon's endeavours were rewarded by the announcement of the patient, when convalescent, that there

were 20,000 francs in the bank awaiting his pleasure.

Years later, as the Duc de Berr was ascending a narrow stairway of the Opera House, to attend a masked ball, a treacherous assassin, maddened by jealousy, recognizing him, despite his disguise, as the heir-apparent to the throne of France, plunged a dagger into his side. Dupuytren, already known as a skilful surgeon, was summoned to attend him and thenceforth regarded as court physician.

His term of service at the Hotel Dieu was indeed a reign of terror, the shrinking patient gained neither confidence nor sympathy from his eye, and *internes* and nurses well knew that the fierce imprecation or cutting sarcasm was all their inexperience would win from him.

One day a very pale, delicate looking curé, from one of the little villages outlying Paris, appeared at the surgeon's residence and sought advice regarding a tumour upon his neck.

Dupuytren closely scrutinized the swelling, and then in a harsh tone exclaimed: "*Avec cela il faut mourir.*" (That will kill you).

The pale face neither flushed nor became a shade whiter, nor did the quiet, honest eye show the slightest emotion at the verdict of the unsympathetic judge as he exclaimed, a sweet smile illumining his countenance:

"I thought so, but it was at the earnest wish of my people I came to you." Then proffering five francs, he said:

"It is but a small recompense, but it is all my people could raise, for they are very poor."

The assistants were amazed to see a semblance of emotion upon the surgeon's face, then he hastily took from his drawer an order for a bed in Hotel Dieu, and giving it to the curé, bade him report there upon a certain day.

The hour of the operation came, and he, whose life had been spent in the shadow of the Cross, imbibing the spirit of his suffering Master,

Learning of Jesus how to die,

as he had learned from the same blessed Exemplar how to live, now calmly endured the torture of the surgeon's knife. Dupuytren, from time to time sharply scrutinized the pale face of his patient; but could never detect an outward expression of the torture he was inflicting.

The operation was successful; the patient lived, and for several years, each returning anniversary the grateful curé appeared at Dupuytren's residence with some slight tribute of his gratitude. Sometimes it was a basket of golden pears or ruddy crimson plums, again a few fresh eggs or a pair of tender chickens, but the day was never forgotten.

Years passed on, and the curé worked on in a placid, contented spirit, working ever for his Master, in the simple little village, and Dupuytren, too,

worked, but for himself and science, and then came a day when the suffering surgeon read his own verdict in the eye of a celebrated contemporary, whose opinion he eagerly sought for his own ills.

His days were numbered; the heart which had so rarely beaten in sympathy with his fellow men would very soon cease its heavy throbs.

Then, as the wolf creeps into his lair to die alone, the great surgeon shut himself up in his own apartment with his God.

No one will ever know what struggles that lonely chamber witnessed, as the proud man yielded himself to the power of the King of Death.

One day the curé was surprised at receiving a card with these words in Dupuytren's characteristic handwriting:

"*Le medecin a besoin du cure.*" (The physician has need of the priest.)

"DUPUYTREN."

He quickly obeyed the summons, and only left the bedside when the hard look had passed from the surgeon's face, the fire from his eye, the hand, which for forty years had so successfully wielded the scalpel, lay nerveless at his side, for Dupuytren was with his God.—*Emilie Foster, in New York Independent.*

SLANG.

Girls, there is one word I hope none of you ever use. It is to me inexpressibly disgusting. That word is "feller." Have beaux, gentleman friends and admirers, but please don't have a "feller." I was in the street-car the other day, when a crowd of bright and pretty school-girls got in. They were busily chattering, of course, seemingly regardless of the fact that all they said could be heard by every one in the car. The subject of their conversation was the "fellers." A sprightly little brunette, with her armful of most scholarly looking books, began:

"Oh, I had the nicest little 'feller' to see me last night! He was nobby. I tell you what, almost a regular dude!"

"Nonthenth!" lisped a little creature, with lovely brown eyes, and hair to match, "Fred can beat him. He'th juth too lovely for anything, and awfully rich. Hith father ownth, oh, I don't know how many houtheth, and he can thepeak German equithitely!"

"Well, I should smile if he didn't," remarked a tall blonde, with cyeglasses. "Isn't his father a Deutschman, I'd like to know? Really, though, he is an awfully cute little darling. His eyes are an enchanting shade of brown, just the colour of yours, little Bess."

I could tell you the whole conversation, but I know you are as sick of it as I am. I took it all down in short-hand, and am going to send a copy of it to one of the crowd, whom I chanced to know. Then there is that word "*awful*." I wish you would, just for curi-

osity, count how many times you hear it used in one day. "Isn't the weather *awfully* hot?" "The way it rained last night was perfectly awful." "Such an awfully jolly crowd came to the fair to-day." "Oh, dearie me! what an awful nice time we had together the last night of camp."

I heard these sentences fall in quick succession from the lips of as charming a girl as I ever knew, and it reminded me forcibly of the girl in the fairy story, who dropped frogs and lizards when she spoke. I know it is now nearly impossible to give the emphasis desired to certain expressions by the use of that once forcible little word, "very." To say "it is very warm," doesn't half picture the intense heat. But isn't it better to give a false idea of the state of the weather, which is of small importance, than to give to a stranger a false estimate of your education and character by using these extravagant words.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE PEOPLE'S DAY.

Not with the blare of trumpets,
Not with the beat of drums,
Not with the glare of banners,
The day of the people comes.

It comes with the thrilling music
Of hearts that throb in tune
To the rhythm of busy purpose,
And the voice of a priceless boon.

It comes with a power the grandest
The world has ever known,
With a might that has vanquished error
And conquered many a throne.

It comes for the toiling lowly,
It comes for the wealthy throng,
Who manfully, bravely battle
For the right against the wrong.

Its dawning may be in darkness,
But if it be used aright,
It shall close in a flood of glory
And a new awakening light—

A light that justice shall kindle,
A glory that right shall shed
O'er the well-won field of battle
Where injustice lies crushed and dead.

Not with the clashing sabre,
Not with the cannon's roar,
Its victory comes to ennoble
The nation from shore to shore.

Its triumphs are won in silence
As solemn as aught can be;
Its weapons are ballots not bullets,
Its armies are brave men free.

Hark! you can hear it coming!
Prepare ye all for the fray!
Stand firm in the ranks of duty
And welcome the People's Day!

—Written for Justice.

"O ALL YE WORKS OF THE LORD, BLESS
YE THE LO. D!"

The breezes move the trees among,
A low, sweet music fills the air;
Fond whispered notes of joy and love
Remind us of a Father's care.

On freckled streams the sunbeams play,
Where limpid waters gurgling flow;
The trout leaps up to kiss the light,
Then sinks to shady depths below.

And there within that leafy nook,
The scarlet berries nestling lie,
While trilliums, whiter than the snow,
Nod to the breeze that passes by.

Soft, velvet mosses robe the stones,
And crimson lichen's tiny cup
Receives the crystal dew-drop's tear--
A nectar sweet, where fairies sup.

And yonder, where the branches meet,
A happy bird has built her nest.
And there she rears her downy brood,
With quietude and beauty blest.

And over all the gladness rests
A holy calm, for God is there;
And all the music is His praise,
And every low-toned note a prayer.

A ransomed world looks up to Him
Who tunes the music of the spheres;
Each trembling blade of grass He clothes,
Each warbling mother-bird He hears.

The lilies bend their stately heads
Beneath the shelter of the trees;
The chief of Israel's royal race
Was not arrayed as one of these.

And shall not He who decks the fields,
And paints the flower with rainbow hue,
Who times the waving of the trees,
And counts the sparkling drops of dew--

Yea, shall not He uphold and keep
The trusting soul that turns to Him?
Will He not guide the faltering feet,
Though heart be faint and eye be dim?

In dingle deep and dewy dell,
Where sombre shadows silent move,
I meet the mysteries of His might,
Anew His lasting love I prove.

MINNIE G. FRASER.

JOHNNY JOKER.

What shall I do with Johnny Joker? is not unfrequently the perplexing question of a Sunday-school teacher. In every school of any size a few young irrepressibles, who are not intentionally mischievous perhaps, but rather, superfluously curious, imaginative, and humorous. They see "funny" things where others do not. They like to enlarge upon the unprofitable incidents of the narrative under discussion. They put posers to the teachers regarding daily con-

duct—not their own! They are too ready to embarrass the classmates by misplaced winks, nods and shakes; and sometimes they relapse into sudden indifference to their own class and feed their eyes and ears from a neighbouring one. We have seen many a teacher worried beyond measure by one such specimen, and have even known cases in which a failure to manage Johnny led to a constant change of teachers, to the great injury of the class.

In general, we would say that dealing with John is rather an affair of tact than of rule and prescription. It will not avail to rely solely on blind repression. That ensures ill-will, and does not end the embarrassment. We must not forget that any evidence of thoughtfulness, even though it be misdirected, is encouraging. Where there is mental activity there is good ground to work. Some minds are so constituted that the accidental, unusual incidents of a history have for them an attraction disproportionate to their importance. To rebuke a naughtiness that is only a peculiarity of mental constitution is to make a fatal mistake. The teacher should learn to distinguish ill-balanced curiosity from intentional roguery. He should be prompt and candid in meeting all reasonable inquiry, and ready to adapt himself not only to the average juvenile mind but also to the exceptional development of it. He may thus gain Johnny's confidence and affection (the boy usually has a big heart!) and make him a help instead of a hindrance. Questions proffered by scholars and well answered are more likely to concentrate attention than those invented by older heads.

But when mischief is the real intent, it must be plainly dealt with as mischief, and no evasion must be allowed to excuse it. The eye can oftener convince Johnny that his teacher recognizes his real spirit than any number of words. Indeed words are too clumsy to parry some of his subtle ways. Resolution is better than denunciation. It is not well to pronounce his every fault a sign of total depravity, but to make his quick wit a helper in maintaining the interest. We have seen Johnnies who proved to be the most stimulating minds in their classes.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and good will to the rough ones in the household.

She had power over animals also, as the following shows: The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said: "Dick go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." The whip cracked about

the pony's ear, and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand; but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony; but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said: "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken; instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, and she stroked and patted softly his neck with the childlike hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-chiding, but in a tender voice as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment and started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day.

The stranger remarked to the farmer: "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was: "Oh, she's good! Everybody and everything loves her."—*S. S. Advocate*.

GENERAL JOHN D. IMBODEN, whose battery bore the brunt of the artillery charge at Bull Run, relates some of the incidents of the battle in the *May Century*, from which we take the following: "Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them. The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket, and began to bind it up, 'Only a scratch—a mere scratch,' and galloped away along his line. General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm-house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the

night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: 'Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave.'"

We met a professed Christian the other day, who was actually relying for future salvation upon an experience already twenty years old. At that time, he said, he gave up all. But judging from his outward life, the most of what he then gave up had since come back to him. No giving up, such as we refer to, is really effectual only as it is persisted in. You "gave up all" twenty years ago? That is excellent. But unless you have also given up all every day since and continue to do so each day to come, you can finally hope for little from that twenty years old act. Consecration is not an act to be once attended to and then left forever to take care of itself. It includes all time as well as all possessions—everything placed on the altar forever, and kept there. Do not risk your eternal possessions by relying upon an old title deed that may long since have become invalid.—*Morning Star*.

It is strange that any poor sinner is foolish enough to suppose that he can deceive the Lord. It is still more strange that he can think to gratify the Lord by making an offering in a vain-glorious or boastful spirit. But there is a great deal of this folly in the world. There are rich men who buy costly seats in a fashionable church, or drop money into the contribution box, or make subscriptions to some religious cause, feeling that they are doing the handsome thing by the Lord, and that it must be pleasant for Him to receive their help. And there are pastors and evangelists, and Sunday-school teachers, and Young Men's Christian Association workers, and writers for the religious press, who seem to have an idea that the Lord would greatly miss their labours if they should be intermitted. When there is a new opening for work in their line, they seize their swinging censer, or tuck their Bagster's Bible under their arm, and push to the temple front, to show the Lord how much they think of Him, and how much they can do in His behalf. They have no special sense of dependence on the Lord; but they bear themselves as if the Lord were quite dependent on them.—*S. S. Times*.

Children's Corner.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand ;
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land ;

Leviticus contains the law, holy, just and good ;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled : all sons of Abraham's blood.

Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds ;
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite ;
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight.

In First and Second Samuel, of Jesse's son we read ;
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.

The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made ;
But Ezra leads a remnant back, by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
While Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.

In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod ;
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.

The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.

Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.
The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose ;
Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King, the "rapt Isaiah" shows.

The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns ;
His plaintive Lamentations then their awful downfall mourns.

Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries ;
While kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell.
Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.

Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call ;
While Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldaea's coming doom, Habakkuk's visions give.

Next, Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again.
And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic cord ;

Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

Matthew, Mark and Luke and John the holy gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—His life and all He taught.

Acts proves how God the apostles owned with signs in every place.

St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The apostle, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves.
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.

Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be.

Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.

In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given.
Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christian's know.

Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.

James teaches, without holiness, faith is but vain and dead.

St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.

John, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell.
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day
When Christ—and Christ alone—shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

WHAT ALICE DID.

A gentleman was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet

pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly :

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God ! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from that what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too ; and her pity and His broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

THINGS THAT LAST.

Let us look at those things that "will never wear out."

I have often heard a poor blind girl sing, "Kind words will never die!" Ah ! we believe that these are among the things that "will never wear out." And we are told in God's own book to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

"The word of the Lord will never wear out. Though the grass shall wither, and the flowers fall away, the word of the Lord endureth forever." (1 Peter i. 24, 25.)

The life of the righteous will never wear out. They will live in the world to come as long as God shall live ; but the death of the wicked will last forever.

The joys of the kingdom of heaven will never wear out. The people of this world soon die, but the enjoyments of that world will never end.

The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon faded ; the crowns of kings all wear out ; but the crown of glory will never fade away. (1 Peter v. 4.)

The "new song" will never wear out. We hear sometimes that some of our tunes are worn thread-bare, but that will never be said of the new song.

Which will you choose, the lasting, or that which fades away ? The things of time or eternity ? Will you choose wealth, honour, fame or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory and the "new song" ?

May God enable us to take a wise choice, and with Joshua may we choose to serve the Lord.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A young girl was sweeping a room one day when she went to the window-blind, and drew it down.

"It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine always coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunlight which made the dust.

Now many persons imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was willing to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling.

If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart how would it look ? It would show him sins enough to crush him. This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Don't let us put down the curtain, and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and better still, He will show us the true way to happiness.