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THE VALLEY LAND.

Silent Island
In the valley land,
Where the morning mist is reclining.
But above the mist,
The hill-tops bold
Are touched with gold,
Their brows are kissed,
By the radiant sunlight shining.
Sadly I stand,
In the valley land
Of my grief, of Doubt's designing;
Yet I fain would say,
"Look up, and away
Oh! comfortless soul, repining!
Thy clouds of sorrow
Some light may borrow,
For beyond thy weak divining,
Far, far above
In the sky of His love,
God's bountiful sun is shining."

ALLEN D. GRAY.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 1880.

Copies of the Week.

—Mr. Benjamin Whitworth states that drunkenness on the Sabbath has decreased 70 per cent. in Ireland since the adoption of the measure compelling publicans to close their houses on that day.

—At Whitby, England, where ten years or so ago a sad lifeboat fatality occurred through the crew being excited with intoxicants injudiciously given, during the recent storm the lifeboat crew were supplied with unintoxicating beverages only, to their general satisfaction.

—The *Christian Register* tells of a church having no pastor where a visitor heard for sermons, "an unusual number of essays on cosmos and chaos, on doubt and evolution." Little was said about God as a Saviour. It is not difficult to measure the results of such preaching.

The withdrawal of the proposed Passion Play by Manager Abbey of New York illustrates the power of the press, and, still more, the reverence for Christianity which everybody, even those who seem most regardless of it, feels instinctively. Some of the most emphatic protests against the play have come from such.

—Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been holding meetings at San Francisco and Oakland, Cal., with large and interested congregations. This work is to be followed up by a convent of Christian workers of the Pacific coast, which is called to meet in San Francisco, Dec. 14.

—A CERTAIN AFRICAN CHIEF, we are told, became converted to Christianity some eight years ago and at once made up his mind that no drink should be sold in his town, as he wished to rule over a sober people. The laws were strict, but cunning white traders managed to elude them. The Bechuana chief instead of quietly submitting to see his people ruined by strong drink, as is the custom in civilized countries, determined on vigorous measures, which left no further room for deceit or ingenuity.

—The Atlanta University was one of the first institutions in this country to adopt as a text-book, Dr. Richardson's Temperance Lesson Book. All of the 300 students use it at some time during the course. At the last commencement a thorough examination was made on this book. The students have sent, from

their small earnings, \$70 to the National Temperance Society in New York, for pamphlets and books on this subject which they will distribute.

—THE *Witness* says: The beauty of the American system of "elevating" the red man is well exemplified in the case of the Caddoes and Delawares, who have been raising vegetables, breadstuffs and fruits as long as the "oldest inhabitant" can remember, but are still drawing Government rations in food as regularly as if not farmers. Some of them have a hundred acres under cultivation. Under such circumstances it is very difficult for the noble red man to become either an intelligent citizen or a self-respecting man—he is kept a pauper in spite of himself.

—There is a new danger to civil and religious liberty in Spain. The new penal code among the "Crimes of Infraction of the Constitutional Law in Reference to Public Worship and Religion," has this article: "He who practices ceremonies or public manifestations of worship which are not those of the Catholic Apostolic Romish religion shall be punished with imprisonment." There is little question that this is aimed at the Protestant Christians who are trying to give the pure Gospel to that priest-ridden country, or that the Jesuits, who have been expelled from France, are busily plotting to regain their power in Spain.

—Dr. Pusey thinks that Mr. Pelham Dale, so far from being censured for violating the vows which he had solemnly taken, ought rather to be commended. Churchmen had "good reason not only to thank him, but, if envy were not wrong, to envy him for his privilege of suffering for the truth's sake." As for Archdeacon Denison, he is literally burning with desire to go and share Mr. Dale's lot. Many of the clerical members of the English Church Union seem to be quite determined to break the law, just in order to be sent to prison. What would the magistrate say to a poor wretch who thrust his hand through a baker's window, and stole a loaf merely that he might spend a month in jail?

A gentleman in New York has made liberal gifts to the Church—\$50,000 each to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the American Bible Society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the Society for the Relief of the Crippled. In addition to these, among other contributions, he gives to a minister of Boston \$10,000. It is not often a minister is made the object of generosity on so large a scale, though the rare case is pleasant to see. If the pastor is known to have grace to make use of such a contribution, why should he not be endowed by the man who wishes his money to be expended in benevolence?

—A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Record," writing from Jerusalem under date of October 13th, says with respect to the new activities of the Roman Catholic Church in that city and vicinity: "At Jaffa a splendid new hospital is in course of erection; at Ramleh a branch nunnery has been established; at Bethlehem a new nunnery and schools for boys and girls are in active operation. Even the Franciscans are extending the sphere of their labours and influence, as indicated by the new establishment at Emmaus (so called), and the immense Casa Nuova, or new hospice for travellers at Jerusalem,

which forms a by no means unimportant medium of communication between the monks and European Protestants, many of whom are drawn by the gentle kindness and affability of the brethren into a certain sympathy with them and their system. On the Mount of Olives a grand 'sanctuary' and an extensive nunnery have been erected and endowed by the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who, with great devotion, spent several years on the spot in order personally to superintend the work."

—THE editor of the "Accrington Guardian" relates the following anecdote, told him by an Accrington gentleman, who had it direct from a member of the Cabinet. In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated, and advised her boy, but all to no purpose: he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother in her desperation caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking point"—for what will a mother not do for her child?—she approached her master, and in trembling tones preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once, and though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and eventually knelt down and prayed a higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad became a reformed character. Fortunate is the country whose affairs are guided by a man like William Ewart Gladstone.

—Principal Tulloch, in opening the session at St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, after pointing out the importance of thoroughness in the study of theology, derided the idea of so revising the Westminster Confession of Faith as to bring it into accord with the nineteenth century. And even if a fresh creed were formulated "the same old difficulties," he said, "would begin in a new form. It was simply impossible to stop the movement of spiritual thought any more than any other mode of thought. Uniformity of belief was a chimera, which existed nowhere but in the dogmatic imagination. Set out with whatever creed they might, and make what ties they could to bind its adherents, in the course of time change sets in. The interpretation of the creed itself, and of the meaning of it, become insensibly remodelled with the changing current of ideas. What man, if he were a thoughtful man at all, and if he was not a thoughtful man he was out of the question, did not feel how his ideas changed with the deepening course of experience, and the deeper, larger, and truer knowledge that came to him in life as he passes from the rawness of youth, and the self-confident dogmatism that so often characterized youth, to the dim light of middle age, towards that final darkness which is only lifted to the immortal vision."

—Father Gavazzi has arrived in America. He comes to raise money for the Free Church of Italy, which has increased nearly five-fold since 1870, having about 1,500 communicants. He expects to be on this continent for about six

months, and no doubt will visit Canada before leaving. In his first address in New York, he said:

"We are getting bravely on in this work. There is no longer any effort made to crush us out. The masses hear us gladly. It is only a few fanatics, and now and then a priest in some distant province who attempt to interfere with us. We are as much under Government protection as the Church of Rome itself. One may read the Bible in the streets of Rome to-day, or sing or speak, without molestation. The constitution of our Church is half Presbyterian and half Independent. We have our General Assembly, which is composed of deputies from the united churches. At the same time, each church is independent of all others in its local affairs. We have 15 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 49 elders, 67 deacons, 11 deaconesses, more than 1,500 communicants, 724 Sabbath school scholars, 1,328 pupils in our day and night schools, 21 teachers in the day schools, and 36 churches, large and small, and 35 out-stations, which are more or less frequently visited. Italy gives every promise of yet being numbered among the Protestant nationalities of the globe.

—THE DEFIANT ADVICE of the English Church Union to the Ritualistic clergy is described by a layman, as an "organized conspiracy to incite men to break their contracts, to defy the law, and to form a concerted resistance to the execution of the law." The Bishop of Manchester describes the policy of the E. C. U. as "the same as that which is now creating disaffection and social anarchy and well-nigh rebellion in Ireland.

—The Wycliffe semi-millennial celebration was held in New York on the 2nd of December, under the auspices of the American Bible Society, when the completion of Wycliffe's translation of the English Bible 500 years ago was commemorated. It was a brilliant assembly of distinguished men, clerical and lay, of all churches. There were religious services and a number of appropriate addresses, but the principal feature in the entertainment was an oration by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, whose careful and captivating discussion of Wycliffe's works held the vast audience spell-bound for nearly two hours.

—The earnest words of the distinguished philosopher, Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale College, deserve to be thoughtfully pondered by all who are impatient of what they think the trammels of revelation and the authority it claims, and delusively think to find liberty in what is falsely designated "free thought." He says "So far as man denies God or denies that God may be known, he abandons hope of every kind—hope for his own moral progress, hope for guidance and comfort in his personal life, for which the present is a preparation. As he lets them go one by one his life loses its light and dignity, morality loses its enthusiasm and energy, and science has no promise of success, sin gains a relentless hold, sorrow and darkness have no comfort, and life becomes a worthless farce or a sad tragedy, neither of which is worth the playing, because both end in nothing."

—He did not give a dollar to the church. He rarely ever attended one of its social meetings. But he could tell you all about the prophecies, especially those which are difficult to other men, and was always ready to expose the ignorance of his preacher.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey;
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sun-
shine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife or anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.
Let them pass through his lips unchal-
lenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like light-
ning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.
Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE FEN COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW EPHRAIM GOODWILL FOUND THE BOY.

A few words will put the opening in-
cidents of the story before the reader.
On a summer's day in 187, the
Douglas steamboat had just landed her
passengers at Liverpool, and Prince's
Pier was thronged with people. Amongst
them moved a tall, thin man, with long
legs, long neck, long, beaky nose, kindly,
honest eye, hale look, and in age just
past his seventieth birthday. This was
Ephraim Goodwill, a homely, fairly well-
to-do East-countryman, then on his re-
turn from his seaside holiday. He was
weighted with luggage, and a ragged,
shoeless lad, on the look-out for a job,
ran up to him to offer his services. The
lighter of the parcels was put down for
him to carry, but before the boy could
adjust it on his shoulder, a big, ugly
youth came up, and with an oath and a
swinging kick sent him reeling to the
side of the bridge, while he himself
marched off with the baggage—"the good
old rule the simple plan," as a t to the
Mersey-side loafer as the freebooting
ruler." Our tall friend took in the scene
at a glance: in two long strides he got
abreast of the fellow, and wrenched the
parcel from him, and then, catching him
by the ears, he knocked his jail-cropped
head once, twice, three times, against the
iron stanchions of the bridge—"There,
you rascal, one for swearing at the boy,
two for kicking him, and three for steal-
ing his job. Do you want any more?"
If so he did not wait for it, but twisting
his head out of the man's hands, with a
villainous scowl slunk away. The poor
little chap still lay where he had fallen,
and when Ephraim returned with the
kindly summons, "Now, boy, take the
parcel, and come along," there was lifted
up to him a face very different to that
generally seen amongst the class. It was
hungry and dirty: he had been weep-
ing silently over his hurt and disappoint-
ment, and the tear-marks seamed his
cheeks, but this did not hide the bright,
truth-like eye and clear, open brow of the
boy. As the two walked briskly through
the streets the man's heart warmed to his
little friendless companion, and he be-
gan:

"What do they call you?"
"Kit Avon, sir."
"Where do you live?"
"Liverpool, sir."
"What do you do for a living?"
"Pick up odd jobs carrying."
"Where did you sleep last night?"
"Dock shed, in an old box."
"Where do your friends live?"
"Aint got none, sir; mother died, and
then father."

After a pause, "Are you in debt, boy?"
"Eh, master?" The question was the
simple outcome of the man's own high
principle, and of the purpose forming in
his mind in regard to the lad, but to the
boy himself it was incomprehensible.
"Eh, Master?"

"I mean, do you owe anybody in Liv-
erpool for your food or your lodging, or
such like things?"

A merry gleam shot from the lad's
eyes as he said, "Not a copper, sir, the
like of me pays as we go; nobby big
srells lives on tick."

They were now at the station, where
in ordinary course they would have part-
ed, but Ephraim suddenly turned to his
companion and said:

"Would you like to learn a trade, a
good honest one?"

"Hi, master, that I should."

"Well, then, look at me; can you
trust me and will you go with me?"

The lad put his parcel down and gave
a long, eager look into the honest, kindly
old face turned to him, until the look be-
came satisfied and restful, and then he
put his little hands into one of Ephraim's
and said, simply, "Yes, master, I'll go
with you if you'll take me."

So the boy was found.

CHAPTER II.

EPHRAIM'S HOME IN THE GREAT FEN
LAND.

Across England from west to east,
miles inland on the banks of the busy
Mersey: past the thriving towns and
over the sweeping moors of Lancashire;
through the Black Country, green mark-
ed with the tints of summer: eastward
still to the old city where the hum of
modern enterprise mingles with the old-
world chants of the hushed, soothing ca-
thedral life—Peterboro', "The Monastery
of Burgh," twelve centuries ago "The
Golden Borough" of Saxon and Dane.
Here Ephraim had the boy properly
clothed, and then eastward still the trav-
ellers sped to where in the Great Fen
Land stands a small isolated railway sta-
tion built of wood, black in its weather-
proofing of tar, and with the upper storey
overhanging like the quaint old one-leg-
ged windmills now so rare to see. A
patch of garden sloped down to a twelve-
foot sedgy drain, and then on either side
of the station the country stretched miles,
miles away, sea-like in its flatness and its
far-off level horizon. There were long,
straight groves: solitary farmsteads with
willow clump and dark, still pools: cotta-
ges snug under the river banks, windmills
for drainage black and gaunt enough for
Quixote's doughty chivalry: and on
slightly higher ground in the distance
stood a long row of pollard willows. Be-
hind these rose the slender spire of the
village church at Alder-fen, a village built
in a pre-drainage age, when the lowlands
were surrendered to the winter storms
and the gravelly reaches only were habi-
table. This was the destination of the
travellers, and to it they rapidly drove in
Ephraim's homely though well-horsed
vehicle awaiting him at the station. It
was late in the day when he reached this
stage of the journey, and the man's heart
warmed to the old homeland, to him un-
matched in beauty by all that he had
seen elsewhere. "They have a beauty
of their own, those great fens, even now
that they are drained and dyked, fenced
and tilled a beauty as of the sea, of
boundless expanse and freedom: over-
head the arch of heaven spreads more
ample than elsewhere, and the vastness
gives such effects of cloudland, sunrise
and sunset as can be seen nowhere else
in these lands." So wrote Charles
Kingsley in his marvellous prose-poem of
the Fen-land, and, though Ephraim
Goodwill was a man of but plain thoughts,
the poetry of the scene sang in his heart
from earth's thousand forms of beauty
and voices of praise. All apart from the
home glamour, it was a rare sight in that
summer's evening, with the vast prairie-

like stretches of pasture and waving corn;
the long dykes glistening silver-like in
the shadow, or, where they caught the
evening flush, glowing as molten gold,
and over all a sunset where tropical gor-
geousness of color mingled with the paler
tints of our northern clime, their light
together.

As when a soft and purple mist,
Like a vapouring amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star,
Falls the overflowing sky,
And the plains that silent lie
Undemeath.

"Ah," felt Ephraim, as he trotted
along the bank and took in all the beauty,
"those hill parts are very well in their
way, and to be shut amongst big moun-
tains may do for folks who don't know of
anything better, but the wide Fen for
me."

His home was an ancient holdir such
as may often be met with in the of
England. The house had mass'alls,
and large rambling rooms, and a and it
a garden with moat and high banks and
tall elms. A modern turnpike had been
laid close by it, and the front of the house
looked directly into the village street.
On one side of the quaint old porch there
was nailed a signboard, over which the
sweetest of roses or honeysuckles were
never allowed to climb, for it contained
Ephraim's first and last published work,
and he cherished for it an author's fond-
ness and pride.

Goodwill to all is here intended
New goods well made old things well mended;
Wheelwright and Smith, E. Goodwill still
By good work seeks to gain goodwill.

And so with the kindly, good old man
little Kit Avon found a home where the
better part of his nature opened as
flowers to the summer sunshine: and
after two short years few would have re-
cognized the Liverpool waif in the hand-
some, clever, truthful lad who brightened
Ephraim's home and cheered the old
man's "eventide."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE BOY HAD BEEN LOST.

On the western borders of the Great
Fen Land there lived ten years ago an
aged, wealthy Christian gentleman named
King. His life had been sadly embitter-
ed by domestic sorrow. Through the
death of his wife he had been left in sole
charge of their only child, a daughter.
At the age of twenty-one she
inherited property independently of her
father, and this drew towards her the
attention of the profligate son of a rich
neighbour. It is the old story: the hand-
some scoundrel won the day in spite of
every effort to save the girl, and after a
secret marriage the two disappeared. Mr.
King grieved much for his daughter, and
never ceased to hope for her return until
the day the tidings came that husband,
wife, and a boy who had been born to
them had all perished in a steamboat ex-
plosion on the Hudson River. The old
man never recovered from the blow, and
within twelve months he sank into the
grave, leaving his property by will to be
divided equally amongst five distant re-
lations. In reality, however, the infor-
mation of the death of the family had
been false, and the facts were that four
years after her ill-advised marriage the
wife died utterly broken-hearted and in
entire ignorance of her father's unlabeled
affection and wish for her return; three
years after this the husband was shot
dead in a New York gambling-hell, and
the boy, who had been told nothing
about his parents' former life beyond that
they had once lived in England, crept one
day on board an English trading vessel
just loosing from the wharf, and hid him-
self from the crew. The ship was far
out at sea before he was discovered, and,
though the treatment he met with was
such as he might have expected, he was
taken on to Liverpool, where, for several
months, he tried to keep himself from
starvation and crime, and where a kindly
Providence led him in the path of old
Ephraim Goodwill.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEN SKATING-MATCH.

November of the year brought a north-
east storm, with a whirling snow, over
the fen, succeeded by many days of keen
frost and cloudless sky. Soon the drains
and water were coated with smooth,
strong ice, and the Fen-men's winter holi-
day began, when male and female, old
men and little children, donned the
"pattens" and joined in the fun. Every
day had its skating race, and the deeds of
the winners were talked of around winter
firesides, alike in cottage and hall, with
the zest and admiration of a Ryde yachts-
man for his boat, or an Arab for the
speed of his horse—how John Gittan did
a mile in 2 min. 25 sec., and Turkey
Smart in 2 min. 2 sec., and their success-
ors in the championship had carried the
"pattens" against all comers—Norwe-
gians, Dutchmen, Canadians, and all. In
the little village of Alder-fen the topic
was all-absorbing, and when news came
that a popular nobleman who lived near
had offered a prize for a race and had
announced his intention to be present,
the people duly gave themselves up to
the excitement, and moved in crowds to
the place. Amongst the first on the
ground were Ephraim and young Kit
Avon. The race was to come off on the
washes close to Alder-fen, and by this
term the uninitiated should understand
one of several reaches of country about
twenty miles long, and from a quarter to
half-a-mile wide, banked up on each side
to form a reservoir for the surplus high-
land waters until they can be run off to
the sea. Between the banks lie grass
fields, forming in the summer a rich
pasturage, and in the winter, when flood-
ed and frozen over, a rare skating-ground,
smooth as glass, and, except where the
drains cross the land, shallow and safe.
From far and wide came the Fen-men to
the spot where Lord Munvers' prize was
to be struggled for, and the ice was
thronged with people. Round rushed
the skaters in the space marked off for
them, skimming the course with the
speed and grace of swallows. Again the
Fen champion was the winner, and 'a-
midst ringing cheers he received from
Lord Munvers the ten-pound note won
by his morning's work. But the day did
not close without accident. Five hun-
dred yards away a drain crossed the
washes, and as a young girl skated over
the spot the ice broke under her and she
fell through into deep water. Without
speedy help she must have been drown-
ed; but, in less time than this takes to
write, Kit Avon, ready equipped
in his skates, had snatched up a
small coil of rope and was speeding
like a bird over the ice. Score: followed
to help, but before they reached the spot
the lad had swirled one end of the rope
to the drowning girl, and with its help
she had struggled out of the dyke into
the broken ice of the shallow water.
Very proud was old Ephraim of his boy's
deed, and not less so when a servant in
livery came with the message that Lord
Munvers wished to see the boy before he
left the ground. The request was at
once complied with, and they were led
to where his lordship and family were
standing. Amongst the visitors at the
family residence was Miss Esther Arm-
strong—by courtesy Mrs.—an elderly
maiden lady, well connected, not rich,
but of independent means, and much es-
teemed for her worth and benevolence.
In earlier life she had been a trusted
friend of Mr. King and his family, and
had grieved deeply over the rash act of
the daughter. The after events in the
family history she also well knew, and had
made many efforts to find the boy; but
these had completely failed, and she had
long regarded his recovery as hopeless.
She had come with Lord Munvers to the
skating-ground, and now stood in the
circle around him to see the lad whose
courage and quickness had rescued the

drowning girl. As Kit stood before them, rosy and blushing, he bore so striking a resemblance in feature and expression to his mother, that Mrs. Armstrong was affected to tears, and eagerly inquired whose boy he was. The reply that "old Ephraim Goodwill had brought him home from somewhere two years ago since" only deepened her interest, and at the earliest opportunity she drove over to Ephraim's to inquire further. He readily told all he knew, and then Kit himself was called in to be questioned about his earlier history. Further back than the wretched New York life he could tell nothing. His mother he could not remember at all, but, said he, "I do remember somebody who was kind to me a long time ago, but I don't think father liked her, for I once saw him hit her with a stick, same as he did me." "Poor Ellen!" thought Mrs. Armstrong, "is it possible that it came to this?" Then, in the hope of finding some further clue, she asked, "Have you anything now that you used to have in New York?"

Kit dived into his pocket, and from a heterogeneous mass of boy's treasures—marbles, nails, string, knife—pulled out a bit of broken silver about an inch square. He did not know where he had got it, he said, apologetically, but he had kept it so long that he did not like to throw it away. Very valuable, however, it proved to be, for in the centre was an engraved monogram which Mrs. Armstrong at once recognized as formed from the initials of Miss King's maiden name. Further information was elicited from the boy of the locality in which he had lived in New York, and by making this the starting-point of after-inquiry in America, they eventually obtained clear and conclusive evidence of Kit's parentage. But when this was established, his interests peculiarly were but little furthered, for two years ago his grandfather's property had been scattered amongst distant relatives and could not be recovered. The difficulty cost Kit's friends much earnest thinking, until Ephraim made the happy suggestion that, though the entire property could not be got back, it was quite possible that each legatee would surrender 10 per cent. of his legacy (merely the amount of duty, argued he), and this, while trifling in each case as a sum to give up, would altogether make a handsome fortune for the lad. If, then, this was at all practicable, none so likely to make it so as Mrs. Armstrong, and accordingly she undertook to wait personally upon the legatees to win their united consent to the proposal. The result will be seen in the following extracts from her diary.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. ESTHER ARMSTRONG'S DIARY.

Nov. 21.—Saw legatee No. 1, an open-hearted, generous man, with a perfect Niagara of talk, which rushed upon me and drowned my thoughts before I had time to present them. Stated my case with a diffidence I certainly felt, but before I had time for a word of pleading, his generosity gushed up charmingly—"My dear Madam, of course I will do it, but you have put the figure too low—say twenty per cent.—I will write the cheque just now." Declined to take more than I had said, and with many thanks took my leave.

Nov. 22.—Saw No. 2, a good-looking farmer, full of sympathy and good wishes for the boy, and promised that his share should be ready when required. Memo. How strangely human nature is maligned! People speak of it as selfish, and I began my work expecting to find it so, but instead, it is so kind and generous.

Nov. 23.—Visited No. 3. Handsome but not nice face—heard my story out, and then waited for my pleading to the very last breath, cautioned me against being cheated; promised to think it over and let me know. Memo.—Perhaps hu-

man nature has, after all, two sides—but we have just heard that he consents.

Nov. 25.—Set off early to see No. 4. Missed the train and had to wait two hours at Long Junction. Met friend D., and told him my errand. Said he, "Your missing your train is fortunate, for I know the man, and have just seen him in the waiting-room. Was introduced, and pleaded the boy's cause. I thought he looked quite disconcerted: kept leading the conversation to other things as if to gain time; then, going to the platform and wondering what *could* be delaying the train; then asked what the other legatees thought of doing, and if a smaller sum would not do. So he dallied and talked, and still to his discomfort the train did not come. Suddenly came news of a dreadful accident, two miles off, to the very train we were waiting for. When the excitement had partially subsided, found him with softened feelings and so ventured to speak to him again on the subject. He consented to give his share if all the others agreed. "Nay," said he, with a burst of emotion, as a poor wounded passenger was carried past on a stretcher, "I might have been lying there: give the lad the money you want from me. I'll pay it, no matter what the others do."

Nov. 28.—Went to see No. 5.—Miss Stoney, a rich maiden lady. As I went, felt quite sure of success, for if the gentlemen had consented so nicely, a woman's heart would be sure to pity the boy. Imposing-looking footman ushered me into the reception-room, where Miss S. joined me. She was straight and thin, and very fashionably dressed. Her face was sharp and bony, and all the rouge on it could not hide its mean look. I told my tale, and was beginning to plead for the boy, when she interrupted me. "Pardon me, but is this all the business you have with me to-day?" "Yes, madam." "And you have told me all about the case?" "Yes, madam, except to entreat your kind—" "Yes, I quite understand, but the money has been left to me, and I shall keep it. Let the boy look after himself. I do it, and why should not he?" Then, summoning her footman to attend me to the door, she made me a stiff curtsy, and left the room. Memo.—What a cold, hard, cruel, selfish thing human nature is, to be sure!"

CHAPTER VI.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.

With boundless delight did Ephraim hear of Mrs. Armstrong's success, and nothing would satisfy him but that the generous legatees should spend the approaching Christmas-day at his house. They entered freely into the old man's humor, and upon few spots did Father Christmas smile more benignly than where the little company were gathered together. They met in the true spirit of a "Merry Christmas," the spirit of self-denial for another's good, and they found it a sure path by which to enter into the joy of the Christmas promise, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men." In this spirit came the Holy Child and Lord of Christmas—"not to be ministered unto but to minister;" and still his Gospel, like rich perfume, breathes fragrance on whatever it touches, as was felt that day by Ephraim's guests in the pure unselfish deed they had done for the welfare of the orphan lad.

Ten miles from Alder-fen Miss Stoney spent that Christmas-day alone. She was surrounded by all the material comfort her wealth could bring her; for her money well-trained servers prepared her costly dishes; for her money her tall footman moved obsequiously to do her bidding; but no poor blessed her for gifts, no well-wishers came with kindly Christmas greetings. Wearily to her passed the day, and still wearily drooped the night—her vice the whip that scourged her. In Divine law she con-

tinually ate "the fruit of her doings," and the selfishness which was the indulgence of her life, was also its burden and curse. So, in this simple Christmas story of the Fen Country, we read the poet's lesson that—

*'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty, not when all unrolled
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Freely its perfume breathes throughout the ambient air*

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

We must come back to our point which is, not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep other's vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who tells of grace and glory abroad, and no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a pin, and the home be as happy as home can be. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service.—*Spurgeon.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* gives good advice to preachers who are troubled with sleeplessness on Sunday nights. He says: Its cause is excessive excitement and fatigue always tends to sleeplessness, whether it be produced by muscular or mental exercise. To prevent sleeplessness on Sunday night, the following hints will be found valuable. So far as possible complete the preparation for the sabbath by Friday night, and spend the greater part of Saturday in the open air. Eat on the Sabbath a good breakfast, a moderate mid-day meal without dessert, and a slight supper, without tea or coffee later in the day than breakfast. Take a nap, if possible, of half an hour or an hour between the two sermons. Cultivate stupidity all the rest of the time. After returning home from the evening service, read twenty-five pages of the drier, least stimulating, and yet important book in your library. On retiring rub yourself down from head to foot with a towel. Make up your mind that you do not care what anybody thinks of the sermons you preached that day. Commit yourself to the Lord, and breathe very slowly and systematically, retarding the natural rate of breathing, and making the inspirations as deep as possible. If you are not a sick man, you will be asleep in less than forty-five minutes.

THE Observance of a Sabbath Day is part of the eternal law of God. It is not of Moses only, but of the date of the creator. It is not a mere temporary Jewish ordinance. It is not a man-made institution of priest-craft, or an unauthorized imposition of the Church. It is one of the everlasting rules which God has revealed for the guidance of all mankind. It is a rule that many nations without the Bible have lost sight of, and buried, like other rules, under the rubbish of superstition and heathenism. But it was a rule intended to be binding on all the children of Adam.—*Canon Ryle.*

—There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin, Justification, that it may not condemn; Sanctification, that it may not reign; and Glorification, that it may not be.—*Cecil.*

Boys and Girls.

GOING TO JESUS.

"But I'm too little."
"Oh, no, because He says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,'"
"But that means when they die to come up to heaven,"

"Oh, no; mamma says it means for us all to love Him, and pray to Him, and let Him see us love Him now."
"He's so far off, maybe He won't know anyhow."

"But it's most frightful to think of His looking away down from heaven every minute, and how can He hear when He is so far off?"

"God is not far off; He is over near, taking care of us, putting pleasant thoughts in our minds, and helping us do pleasant things."

"I am so little, I don't believe He sees me."

"Mamma says He sees the birds and the flowers, and even watches over the flowers, and that He loves little children."

"I'm sure I don't know how to go to Him except by dying."

"Oh, no, you need not go out of this room, for He is here, and mamma says that going to Him is only giving ourselves to Him—giving Him our love."

Kitty's blue eyes were full of tears.

"Jesus is so good and great and I am so bad."

"He loves you and me a great deal, and though He is so great, He is Jesus after all. He was a little child once, and had every kind of trouble, so that He can feel for little children."

"But, Florrie, I'm so bad; you don't know how bad I am sometimes, and Aunt Harberger says, 'There is no place in the kingdom for such evil ones.' I upset her splatters yesterday night on the kitchen floor because I was careless and putting, and let the tea-kettle go dry and crack, and swept the dirt into the corner instead of into the dust-pan. I know I'm too bad and too small for Jesus to care about;" and Kitty's apron was held close to her eyes as she sobbed herself out of breath.

"Aunt Harberger is cross and cruel," thought Florrie, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "If I had Aunt Harberger, instead of a dear mamma, who knows how bad I might be," and the thought made her sigh, wondering as she did, if she had really gone to Jesus, or if she was only good because those around her were good.

"I'm always forgetting and upsetting always making mistakes and making trouble; nothing but trouble have I brought to Aunt Harberger. Do you think Jesus would ever care for me?"

"Mamma says He cares for the most wicked men and wicked women in the world, and you are only a little girl trying to do right and getting wrong sometimes."

"If Jesus is close by and sees me every minute He knows how bad I am, and He can hear how often Aunt Harberger tells about it. Oh, dear, if I could only find some place where Jesus did not come, but now He sees me all the time and what can He think?"

Florrie's face was very serious as she said, "Jesus came to save sinners; mamma says that knowing He sees us is the best thing in the world to help us do right, because it stops us when we go to do wrong and remember He is just close by."

"What are you crying for?" said Aunt Harberger, popping her head in the door and thinking the little girl was complaining about her.

"Oh, nothing," said Florrie, blushing and looking down, "only we are talking about Jesus, and Kitty is crying because she cannot please you and Him better."

"Humph!" said Aunt Harberger bustling down stairs, the tears bubbling up in her eyes. "Humph!" and though it may seem odd, Aunt Harberger, from that time, found no more "dirt in the corners," no more "splatters spilled on purpose," for the little girl, growing bigger and stronger every day to work, was also learning to remember that Jesus saw her, and that Jesus loved her through everything; and if Aunt Harberger did not tell, as she had done before, fifty times a day, to the walls up stairs and down, and to the people in doors and out, what "a bad child that pesty Kitty Holcomb was," it was hard to say if it was altogether because she remembered the scene in the attic with Kitty crying over her bad ways, or altogether because Kitty, without going further than her own trundle bed and her own little attic room, had found and given herself to Jesus.

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TORONTO, DEC. 16th, 1880.

WE would again call the attention of our subscribers to the label on their paper showing the amount due. If the label does not indicate '81 then a year's subscription is due. Will you send it at once? Nearly half of the current year's issue has been sent out and not nearly half of the subscribers have paid their dollar. Let us have it at once.

A FEW TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS.

The Church of Christ is not antagonistic to the State. The Christian, as such, is not expatriated; "ye are the salt of the earth," and salt, to exercise its preserving properties, must permeate the mass. Thus should Christian principles, through those to whom Christ has given life, be made to permeate the body politic. Paul, in his charge to Timothy, exhorts that prayers be made for kings and those in authority, to the end that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. Now prayer includes means where those means are available. The physician who prayed in his surgery when he should have been actively watching by his patient's bedside, sadly mistook his calling, and the true efficacy of prayer. "Look to God, boys, and keep your powder dry," as old Noll said to his Ironsides in a threatened rain in view of the enemy—a common sense piety, yea, and withal the most truly spiritual, therefore we are called upon to pray practically for those in authority; and, as in our state polity the people make the laws, there is a work for Christian men to do in shaping the decrees of the state by forming the judgment of the people.

There are evils which hinder peaceable lives, and which, in some measure, are under state control, e. g., laws cannot close profane lips, but may most justly prevent the street corner ringing with blasphemy as we pass by; and thus an evil may be minimized, and opportunities for general proficiency therein taken away.

Intemperance is an evil—We enter no debateable ground such as the question of Total Abstinence. Personally we totally abstain, nor permit intoxicating liquor within the circle of our home. There are Christian homes where "moderation" is viewed as the true temperance; we differ, but not in this article, in which we stand upon ground they will not question. Intemperance is an evil, and our laws justly take cognisance thereof. In the passing and execution of those laws every Christian man should realize his personal responsibility, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives. Christian life should lead public sentiment, as in the old Roman days, when the Cross was ultimately planted over the Capitol to the exclusion of Jupiter.

Is there need for legislation? England spends \$750,000,000 annually in strong drink. There are confessedly 600,000 confirmed drunkards there, one-tenth of whom yearly fall into a drunkard's hell. 600,000! A ghastly army four deep and five miles long if drawn up in array! Think of the homes there rendered wretched, hopes blasted, lives wrecked, souls damned! We use annually in Canada, of home manufacture, 3,500,000 gallons of spirits, to say nothing of imported and malt liquors. Our daily papers keep fresh before us horrors, the horrors of drink. Let the following words from a great English preacher come home to our ears:—

"Go and catch with your own eyes a glimpse here and there of the black waves of this subterranean stream. Health is the most priceless boon of life. Go to our hospitals, and ask how many are brought there by the awful diseases, the appalling accidents, the brutal violence of drink. Pauperism is the curse of cities. Ask how paupers are made; ask any economist worth the name how pauperism can possibly be avoided when so much idleness is due to the waste in drink. Lunacy is one of the worst inflictions of humanity; ask at any public asylum the percentage of it due to drink. Idiocy is one of the saddest phenomena of life. Ask any doctor how many idiots are born of drunken parents. Visit our camps and barracks, and there is not an officer who will not tell you that drink is the deadliest curse of our army. Visit our ships and seaports, and there is not a captain who will not tell you that drink is the worst ruin of our sailors. Go to any town or country in the Kingdom, where there are many public-houses and many poor, any clergyman will tell you that drink is the most overwhelming curse of our working classes. Philanthropists sigh for the dirt, the squalor, the misery of our lowest classes. How can it be remedied so long as there is the maximum of temptation, while there is the minimum of wages to waste and the minimum of power to resist? Under the very shadows of the great towers of our Houses of Legislature are streets in which house after house, family after family, is ruined or rendered miserable by this one cause; and, how long will our Legislature still refuse to interfere? Would that we could show them the misery of the innocent, the imbruiting of the guilty; women broken-hearted, children degraded, men lowered beneath the level of the beasts, holidays changed into a bane, high wages wasted into a curse, the day of God turned into a day of Satan, our gaols filled, our criminal classes recruited, our workhouses rendered inevitable. The school, the library, and the Church are united, and united in vain, against the beer-shop and the gin-palace. This struggle is one development of the war between heaven and hell. Have we not a right to expect, have we not a right to demand, that in this struggle the Legislature should take their part?"

The Licensed Victuallers have a compact organization and sit very restive under legislative restraints, e. g., they are moving in this city to the end that the drinking hours, at bar and saloon, may be extended from 7 until 11 p.m., on Saturdays.

Does the public good demand it? Can even pleasure be rendered more restful and bright thereby? We speak in no spirit of personal hostility to the dealers in intoxicants, we know were there no purchasers there would be no sellers, were there no souls no one would seek to gather the fools' pence. We seek to truly help both *to do right*, which we fear they are *not* doing. Our laws demand, as every druggist knows, that poisons should be labelled and their sale restricted, in order that every lawful obstacle should be placed in the way of the commission of crime. Viewing intemperance as a national sin, a habit which strengthens for, and aggravates, other crimes, we would create or carry out such legislation as will make drunkenness as difficult as possible, instead, as now, of rendering the habit easy and then most illogically punishing for falling into the same.

We know you cannot legislate men sober, nor if we could would we find the catholicon for human woe. Islam is thoroughly temperate so far as alcohol is concerned, and most thoroughly unreliable and vile. As Christians, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, we know for humanity's wounds there is no balm save that in Gilead, and no physician except the Physician there. Therefore we are not maintaining that were drink abolished, the nation would necessarily become virtuous and happy. Sin would still remain, the evil heart of unbelief would not be thereby removed. But we do maintain, that, the temptation to drink removed, which legislation can justly and effectually remove, one great obstacle to the working of the Gospel would be away, a stumbling-block, and by no means a small one, thrown thoroughly aside. And maintaining this, we most earnestly urge all our readers to discharge herein their duty as a citizen, not on the hustings with the noisy demagogue, not with the riotous voter, but in forming and maintaining a healthy public sentiment that will prevent all legislation backwards, and that will interpose between the unwary, the helpless, and this dreaded snare.

We must repeat here what stands as a notice to Correspondents: We cannot insert anything in the week's issue received by us later than Monday. This will explain the non-appearance of some communications this week.

We are pleased to observe that the Montreal papers are sharply attacking two of their hotels for refusing to admit the Jubilee Singers because of their colour. Such conduct is an outrage on Christian decency, and richly merits the trenchant criticism of the *Witness* and other papers. But it must not be supposed that Montreal is alone in this outrage. Some years ago another troupe of coloured singers visited Canada,—the Hampton Singers. Like the Jubilee Singers they were Christian men and women; they sang the same pieces, and their object was identical—to raise money for the education of their race. They sang in Montreal, and proposed visiting Toronto. The writer of these lines, advised of their coming by a Christian friend who was deeply interested in their welfare, and who requested that hotel accommodation might be secured for

them, spent nearly the whole of one day going from one hotel to another, asking in vain that they be received. One indeed at first consented, but afterwards sent a messenger to say that the boarders objected (a falsehood, as we afterwards found), and so the proprietor recalled his consent. And another was willing, but only on payment of rates which were practically prohibitory; so accommodation was at last found at a fourth-rate place which proved so uncomfortable that after one day's experience the troupe had to divide to private residences, where they remained during their stay. It does not say much for the tone of feeling in our largest cities that such action is possible.

If our Presbyterian friends go on at the rate they are now doing they will be upon us before our arms are open to receive them. We know, of course, that they must come to Congregationalism sooner or later, but they have been travelling that road at such a pace lately, that if they continue they will not leave much to be got over. Here is the latest development: There has been an "organ" dispute at Cooke's Church, Toronto. The "Session," which true Presbyterianism recognises as the authority in such matters, had allowed the introduction of an instrument into the school room, not into the church, for the use of a "Musical Circle" of young people, whereupon an irate company of the congregation headed by an old true blue Presbyterian, marched into the school room, and when told that the organ was there by authority of the Session, replied that it was for the congregation to decide. Dreadful! and in a Presbyterian building. Rank Congregationalism! and they finally settled the matter by shouldering the obnoxious "Kist o' Whistles," marching it out of the room and depositing it on the sidewalk. Could the most ultra Independent take a stronger position?

FOREST.

On Friday evening last a very pleasant social was held in the Congregational Church, Forest. The Ebenezer and Lake Shore Churches were well represented. Speeches full of hope and encouragement were delivered, and the following address presented to our pastor:

DEAR SIR.—Accept the following:—A new cutter and buffalo robe, a hand-some picture in frame, cash, &c., in all \$100, as a token of our appreciation of your ability, zeal, and success, as a minister since you came amongst us. You have by the attractive power of God's truth alone, ably and lovingly proclaimed, filled our old church till it no longer can accommodate all who would wish to hear. This is to encourage you to go on in God's strength like the great Apostle, forgetting the things that are behind to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. That God may bless you and your family and make you still more and more a blessing is the earnest prayer of your united congregations.

Mr. Fraser replied, and cordially thanked his people for their kindness and the manner in which they stood by him. He said, taking them collectively he could speak to them as he could not separately without the imputation of flattery, and he would say that he felt proud of his deacons and people, that he found amongst them men of intelligence and culture, and what was still better men of Christian worth, and true honesty, and with such men to encourage him he certainly would do his very best to go on to greater usefulness and success. The editor of the *Forest*

Free Press was called upon, he said he was glad to see that the members of the Congregational Church could appreciate the ability and worth of their pastor, and he hoped they would see the necessity of building a new Church in Forest to accommodate those who would willingly come to hear. After music the pastor closed with the benediction, and the members of the different churches dispersed full of hope and unanimity.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Dec. 4, 1880.

Correspondence

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue teaching us later than the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

"MINISTERIAL STANDING."

To the Editor of The Canadian Independent

SIR,—My pen has long lain idle on denominational affairs, because I have advanced to the belief that the more we cultivate the spirit of a broad and liberal orthodoxy in contradistinction to the narrow and sectarian, the better will it be for the Church and the work. It is on account of this that I am tempted to express my entire dissent from the position assumed by the writer of the article on "Ministerial Standing" published in your last issue. Granted that a Church has the prerogative of choosing its pastor, the proceedings of councils are at the best mere formalities, for should the Church say yes and the Council No, the Church would indoubtedly maintain its position. It appears to me that to close the door of any association against a minister of a Church who has not a stigma against his moral and Christian worth, simply because his Church will not yield its independence, and conform to a useless ecclesiastical formula, would be unworthy of any body of Christian men. For the independence of our Churches, and their freedom from ecclesiastical, or outside control it is surely worth our while to contend. Sincerely do I trust, Sir, that although the article in question appears in your columns, the Congregational Churches of the Dominion will not adopt its conclusions. We are not Presbyterians or Episcopalians, although we rejoice in the great and good work they are doing. A universal Christian Church is what we hope and pray for, and barriers in the way of this glorious consummation will not, I venture to believe, be erected by the Churches of our Faith and order.

Very truly yours

E.

Toronto Dec. 11, 1880.

(We shall have somewhat more to say on this matter next week, it is too important to be dismissed in an editorial note [Ed. C. I.]

THE FOREST CHURCH AND ITS CONGREGATIONALISM.

To the Editor of the Independent:

In the issue of the 18th ult. another letter appears from the Forest Church, upon which I would offer a few remarks, acknowledging at the same time the kindly tone in which my former exceptions, taken to the position assumed by that church, were replied to by Mr. Campbell. Might I suggest to Mr. Campbell that it would not weaken his position before the Christian world were he to receive Mr. Wallace's communication in a similar spirit? "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

In this last letter from the Forest Church these words occur:—"The church will surrender their right of judgment in this case to no reverend gentlemen," etc. Right, only let us understand what is a church's right in the matter. The letter in its next sentence seeks to put forth what our friends consider their right, and these are the words: "We do not wish to set a precedent deviating from the simplicity of Congregationalism, by which

each church is held to be the proper and final judge of its own matters." Where do our friends learn their Congregationalism? Not from the Bible, where most assuredly we read "Being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ," and, "Ye, all of you, be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility—submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." The lips that cry, "Who is lord over us?" are certainly not approved in the book from which we are supposed to derive our charter.

Nor in the history of early Independency do we learn that spirit. Brownism was expressly disavowed by the English Independents from its supposed extreme, into which our Forest friends seem to have fallen, viz., the right of a church in all cases, which affect its own interests, to be the final judge. It is now quite manifest that Brown was not the extremist he was taken to be, but the attitude of the English Independents towards the absolute independence of the churches is instructive.

Nor can the Independency of the Scotch Church be quoted to support this Forest view. Dr. Wardlaw pleads for such a fellowship of churches as will imply universality of membership, i. e., that the members of one church are virtually members of all. But then, such fellowship implies the right of remonstrance, which right Mr. Wallace has exercised, and which right the Forest Church, not explicitly it is true, but virtually, rejects. Yet must they remember, "Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet," "Your own business is concerned when your neighbor's house is on fire." Now if Mr. Wallace's allegations are true, and they have not been denied, the Forest Church cannot be the final judge, save for themselves. If their intention is to step out from the fellowship of the churches, then all well, to their own Master they stand or fall, and I for one am freed from all complicity in the matter: but if fellowship is to be given, and on New Testament grounds, some assurance must be given that our ground of fellowship has not been violated. Now, "a bishop," (I suppose we shall agree that the bishop is the pastor), "must be blameless, having a good report of them that are without for there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers—whose mouths must be stopped," and that is a matter which concerns the fellowship of churches, which cannot, in a question of vital moment to themselves, allow an individual and interested church to be the sole and final judge.

I am not saying that the case of the pastor of the Forest Church is such that the church has no right to retain his services. As previously, the case is not all before us, and therefore I have no opinion to express in that particular but this I must say, if Congregationalism includes fellowship, and if the Forest Church desires to be esteemed Congregational in the true historical sense of that denomination, then they owe to themselves, their pastor, their brethren and the entire Christian community, to put themselves right in this matter, and that they can never do by simply recording their own judgment, which inevitably must be in their own favour.

Your article on ministerial standing at the St. Louis Council will show the attitude of American Congregationalism.

J. B.

"OUR WORK IN MANITOBA AND THE NORTHWEST."

To the Editor CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

DEAR SIR, There is an old proverb that "one must go abroad to obtain news of home," and this I have found verified by the article with the above heading in your issue of November 25, which presents certain features of the case to me quite unknown.

Several of them I can see no utility in mentioning, and will leave it to the judgment of your readers whether it be in good taste (to say the least) to institute a comparison between Christian ministers on the ground of an increase of congregation and income during the visit for a few weeks by a stranger from a distance.

I, however, think it but due to the Winnipeg church and its pastor elect, as well as myself, to state the circumstances which as far as I know led to the changes indicated. On my return from the East I saw indications on every hand of very great material progress. The conviction which I had long held was strengthened that if we would do our part in Mission work in the North West we must at once lay the foundations. And without being informed that anything "had transpired" or of anything that would lead to "embarrassment" I wrote to the committee urging that some one be appointed more at liberty than any Winnipeg pastor could be to visit and open up new fields. Mention was made in the letter of the acceptability of Mr. Silcox to the people of Winnipeg, and hope expressed that he might be induced to undertake one branch of the work. I also expressed my willingness to carry on the work in Winnipeg, or open up new fields, as the committee might deem best. In reply I received the following preamble and resolution, which led me to resign the Winnipeg pastorate with the expectation of devoting myself to the extension of the work.

"The committee having received from Rev. Mr. Ewing an intimation of his belief that there is need for further work in Manitoba in the way of planting new churches, and strongly impressed, in view of his former success, with the special suitability of Mr. Ewing for such work, believing also that the enterprise in the city of Winnipeg has now reached a stage at which it may with safety and advantage be entrusted to other hands, and having reason to know that the services of the Rev. Mr. Silcox to the church at Winnipeg have been acceptable and edifying, therefore resolved.

That in view of the great importance of laying wide foundations in the Northwest this committee consider that the interest of our denomination would be served by the transfer of Rev. Mr. Silcox to the pastorate of the church at Winnipeg; and further, that it is desirable that the Rev. Mr. Ewing, whom they believe to be specially adapted to the opening of new ground, and whose indefatigable and self-sacrificing labour in connection with the work in Winnipeg, as well as in collecting funds for the projected church building, they acknowledge with gratitude both to God and to their beloved brother, should devote himself to the prosecution of New Missionary operations in the interior of the country.

The committee would further record their opinion that any change that may be expedient should be brought about speedily; and that it is desirable to apply to the Colonial Missionary Society for additional aid to the work."

Signed,

JOHN FREDERICK STEVENSON,
Chairman.
J. J. FORSTER,
Secretary.

Yours truly, W. EWING.

Montreal, Sep. 23, 1880.

[We are quite sure that the writer of the article on "Mission Work in Manitoba" intended no disrespect towards Mr. Ewing. He expressed to us privately his high opinion of the unselfish devotedness of Mr. Ewing, and his expectations of the good that would result to the cause generally when he (Mr. E.) was at liberty to do the work which he has already so well begun.—Ed. C. I.]

LOVE.

For the Independent.

None can describe that love,
That precious love that Jesus pledged for me;
He left the realms above,
To suffer and to die for one like me.
With tearful eyes I gaze
Upon that sacred head. In grief I see
Wounds thereon. I stand amazed;
That crown of thorns He wore for me, for me.
My Lord was crucified
With the vile, upon that accursed tree,
He bowed his head and died,
Those sufferings on the cross He bore for me.
Through Christ alone I've peace,
The stream whereof flows from His dying love;
I taste it by His grace,
And through His mercy I'm a child of God.
But for redeeming grace,
I know I never should in rapture see
The glory of His face,
That once was nailed upon the cross for me.
O Christ Thou loved our race,
Thou dwellest within contrite hearts of men;
Come Thou and take Thy place;
The soul once lost is now restored again,
O love beyond compare.
Be Thou my praise till I Thy glory see:
Let me Thy glory share.
For this I know that Thou did'st die for me.
I love Thee O my Lord,
For Thine unchanging and undying love;
Let mine with Thine accord,
A ransomed soul to swell Thy praise above.
REV. J. DAVIES.

The united circulations of the MONTREAL WITNESS publications is by far larger than those of any other publishing house in Canada. They are as follows:—DAILY WITNESS, 13,300; WEEKLY WITNESS, 28,300; NORTHERN MESSENGER, 50,000; AGRICULTURE, 900—in all 101,500. Now, estimating the population of Canada at 4,500,000, and five souls to a family, there are 900,000 families in the Dominion, from which it will be seen that one of those WITNESS publications—if no two were taken in the same family—would be sent to one out of every nine families in the Dominion, including all races and religions, and, besides, leave a good fraction over to cover the foreign circulation. The publishers of the WITNESS are not satisfied with this wonderful success; and are endeavouring to increase their proportion of subscribers by some certainly very attractive inducements, which can be explained to those interested by every subscriber of the MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS or NORTHERN MESSENGER.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

Probably the most remarkable picture of the age is "CHRIST LEAVING THE PATERNOSTER," now on exhibition in the Doro Gallery, London, England. It was begun immediately before the opening of the Franco-Prussian war, and during the horrors of the siege and Commune was kept folded up and buried in a place of security, uninjured by shot and shell. For several years it has been on exhibition in London, and has attracted universal attention, being considered the principal feature of the wonderful Doro Gallery. The canvas measures 40 feet by 30, on which are painted some one hundred and seventy distinct figures, the central one being Jesus leaving Pilate's Judgment Hall for the place of crucifixion. The scene as depicted by the renowned artist is one that can never be forgotten. The publishers of the Montreal WITNESS have had this picture faithfully reproduced for the benefit of their subscribers. Every subscriber to that paper who, in renewing his own subscription, sends that of another person not now a subscriber, is entitled to a copy of the picture, and the new subscriber gets one as well—each paying \$1.10, the usual price of this excellent paper. The picture is only supplied to subscribers to the WITNESS, who, if they do not get the second subscriber, may have the picture by sending 25 cents in addition to the ordinary subscription of \$1.10.

Dr. Rio Lewis says though five out of six students in Harvard College use tobacco, yet in fifty years not one of them has graduated at the head of his class. The best scholarship has invariably been with that sixth of each class which did not use tobacco.

News of the Churches.

LISTOWEL.—The Rev. W. F. Clarke, late of Guelph, who was appointed pastor of the Congregational Church of this place, a few months ago, had a formal welcome extended to him at his new residence, on Thursday evening last, by a number of our leading citizens. Mr. Clarke and family having moved into their newly built residence a few days ago, and being comparative strangers in town, a number of our town folks, with their characteristic good judgment, thought the best way to get acquainted was to go in a body, finish up the business at once, and see that the new house was properly 'warmed' according to the usual custom. After the house had been comfortably filled, Mr. D. D. Hay, M. P. P., was asked to occupy the chair, and a very complimentary address accompanied by something more substantial, in the shape of a purse, was presented to Mr. Clarke as a mark of the the esteem in which he is held by the people of Listowel.

To the Rev. W. F. Clarke.

DEAR SIR.—As members of the Church and congregation in this place to which you acceptably minister we gather here this evening to offer yourself, Mrs. Clarke, and family our kindly greetings and congratulations on your settlement amongst us, and on your recent occupancy of this your now home. We are pleased at the evidences of taste and comfort which we see, and trust you may long live and continue here to enjoy the happy society of your own family, and the social intercourse and companionship of an increasing circle of appreciative friends and co-workers in the cause of religion and human progress. In an age remarkable alike for great material progress, intellectual restlessness and activity, and an intensely secular spirit; when the soundness of system and creeds is being on all hands called in question; it is important that religious teachers, whether clerical or otherwise, should be men of earnest piety, scholarship, and ability, having also a thorough knowledge of the world and liberal views of truth. In a word, the exigencies of our times seem to us to require that religious teachers should be religious men among men of the world, and men of the world among religious men. We highly appreciate, Dear Sir, your able services in the defence of religion, against the criticism of modern scepticism, your liberal views of christian truth, and your admirable illustrations of the elements of a true christian character and manhood, based on Gospel principles and promises, and the lessons drawn from sacred narrative and biography. As a slight token of our appreciation of your service in these respects, I have pleasure in the name and on behalf of the donors, in tendering you this purse, which they ask you to accept as a token of their esteem and confidence. With renewed expressions of our esteem and regard for yourself and family, and an earnest and prayerful desire that you and they may receive richly of the Divine favor, and be long spared as co-workers with us in the cause of our common Master.

The reply of Mr. Clarke, which we cannot insert in full, expressed his pleasure at finding himself in the midst of such a people, his devotion to his work, his ideas as to the preaching of the Gospel, and closed by saying: "It is especially gratifying to me, that I have received so kind a welcome from the ministers and members of other denominations, and the people of the town generally. I hope to work with them in hearty co-operation for the promotion, not only of the cause of religion, but every other worthy cause, and I sincerely trust that your good wishes, ex-

pressed so kindly, may be crowned with abundant fulfilment."

After the reply, short addresses were made by the Mayor, Mr. Scott; Mr. Hay, the Reeve; Mr. D. D. Campbell, Mr. B. Rothwell, Mr. R. Ferguson, Mr. A. B. McCullum, Dr. Nichol, the Rev. J. W. Bell, Dr. Fowler and others, all of whom bade Mr. Clarke a hearty welcome to this place and hoped he might long be spared to use his talents in laboring for the good of others. Mrs. Clarke had abundantly provided the good things of this life, and after all had partaken, a short time was spent in the enjoyment of music, and the company retired. We may only add that during Mr. Clarke's brief residence in Listowel, his labors, both in the church and out of it, to aid in whatever tends to make men better, are highly appreciated by all classes of the community; and we are glad to know that merit, of which Mr. Clarke has more than an ordinary share, is fully recognized by the people of Listowel.—*Listowel Banner*.

SARATA.—On the evening of Dec. 8th, the young people of the Congregational Church here gave a farewell Entertainment in the Old Church as they expect to move into their new building before the New Year. The performance was good and reflected much credit on Mr. C. Taylor and A. Brown who spared no pains in getting it up. The music, both instrumental and vocal as well as the readings and recitations was rendered in excellent style. The only regret being that on account of the severe cold, many were hindered from being present who would otherwise have shared the enjoyment.

Literary Notes.

A GREAT PAPER. We desire to call the attention of our readers to one of the greatest newspapers of the age—one that secures the best writers in this country and Europe, regardless of expense; has the best and fullest book reviews of any paper in the country; has able articles upon financial subjects; has departments devoted to Fine Arts, Biblical Research (something that cannot be found in any other newspaper in the United States), Farm and Garden, Insurance, Weekly Market Reports, Cattle Market, Prices Current, Dry Goods Quotations, etc. in fact, a newspaper fully suited to the requirements of every family, containing a fund of information which cannot be had in any other shape, and having a wide circulation all over the country and in Europe. We refer to *The Independent*, of New York. "The largest, the ablest, the best." See advertisement, in another column, and send for specimen copy.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1881. In 1881 *The Living Age* enters upon its thirty-eight year of continuous publication, and it steadily increases in value with its years. Its frequent issue and well-filled pages render it a satisfactorily fresh and complete compilation of an indispensable current literature—a literature which grows richer and more abundant every year in the work of the most eminent writers upon all topics of interest. In no other way can so much of the best of this literature be obtained so conveniently and cheaply as through the columns of this standard weekly magazine. Its value to every American reader is, therefore, obvious. It supplies the place of many magazines, reviews and papers, and alone enables the reader, at a small expenditure of time and money, to keep well abreast with the best thought and literature of the day. The prospectus is worthy the attention of all who are selecting their periodicals for the new year. Reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are given; and to new subscribers remitting now for the year 1881 the intervening numbers are sent gratis. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

THE December number of *The National Sunday School Teacher* will be in demand. It contains a capital Christmas Concert Exercise by the editor just such as superintendents now are on the lookout for. It has some admirable hints and suggestions on Reviewing, and the Reviews for the past quarter and the present year. Rev. W. F. Crafts contributes a timely article on "Genesis Read in Bible Lands," and "Pansy" has in it one of her bright and attractive contributions, entitled "Glimpses of Daylight." The lessons not only are well treated, but well illustrated. The last number of the year decidedly is the best, and gives prophetic proof of the excellence of this journal for 1881. Send for a specimen copy of it, and its associate juvenile helps to Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Publishing Co., 147 and 149 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

ST. NICHOLAS.—A pleasant announcement made by the editors is that they have secured for their next number a story of Indian life by Inshitahamba, (Bright Eyes), the daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been travelling through the States during the last two years under the protection of two of her kinsmen, trying to rouse the conscience of the whites to the rights of her race. Miss La Flesche (for that is her English name) makes now, we believe, her first essay as an author, but she cannot but succeed if she gives as dramatic pictures of the daily domestic life of her people as she has hitherto done in her addresses. She has broad culture and keen perceptive faculty, and she has given herself up to the cause of her people with a simplicity and passionate singleness of heart that must rouse sympathy in every man and woman whose own instincts are true and pure. *N. Y. Tribune*.

DENOMINATIONAL NOTES.

Dr. Goodell of St. Louis says Congregationalism is like a velocipede, its safety consists in keeping on.

Here is one of President Merriman's pithy utterances at the Worcester Congregational Club. "There is a great deal said, now-a-days, about ministers that draw. Would to God we had some churches that would draw."

No man in the whole body left a more pleasant or marked impression at the St. Louis Council than Rev. Alexander Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Both his sermon and his address won the hearts of his hearers. He was honored with a reception at the fine residence of Mr. Keeler on Grand Avenue, on Monday evening, after the final adjournment of the Council, at which about eighty persons were present; and the number would have been much larger but for the fact that many had felt obliged to start immediately for home, and others on the excursion to Drury College and Indian Territory. Mr. Hannay has now sailed for home, carrying the best wishes of multitudes to whom he was a stranger on reaching our shores.

The ministers of Nonconformist churches in the town and county of Leicester are about to be put in possession of advantages which we should gladly see extended to their brethren throughout the country. On New Year's-day, a Ministers' Library, well supplied with "works of a theological, philosophical, and scientific character, also works of general literature reflecting, as far as possible, the thought of the past and the present," will be opened for their use at Wycliffe Church, College street. The library will consist of books of reference and books of circulation, and every effort will be made to render the institution, which is entirely undenominational, a real boon to the important class for whose benefit it is provided. The credit of its establishment belongs to the Mayor of Leicester, Alderman Bennett, who, without any trammelling conditions, placed £200 at the disposal of a committee organized to give effect to the suggestion, refusing, in a spirit of self-denial which deserves honourable recognition, to have the library named after him, lest such a course might, in time to come, prevent others from adding their contributions to its shelves. The Leicester Board of Nonconformist Ministers, in recognition of the service thus rendered by the chief magistrate, invited the Mayor on the 9th inst., to a public breakfast, at which interesting addresses were delivered. The Rev. I. Morley Wright, in proposing the vote of thanks, said the library would supply a need not met by any libraries accessible in that locality. He regarded this as the inauguration of a most important work—opening a channel in which might flow the gifts of laymen and of churches for the intellectual advantage of their ministers, and urged the desirability of securing an adequate annual income from the various churches, to ensure the replen-

ishing of the library from time to time with new issues. We shall be glad to find the example thus set promptly followed in many other districts.

APPROPRIATE TEXTS FOR SPECIAL SERMONS.

As singular an appropriation of a text as we ever remember to have met with was made by an obscure minister in a little seaboard village on the coast, upon the occasion of its remoteness and isolation being invaded by a railway and its attendant train. Our old friend improved the occasion by discoursing from Nahum ii. 4 "Chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Among our reminiscences of appropriate texts is one instance, when the writer was a boy. Trinity Monday, in Deptford, was the great day of the Trinity House there—that celebrated old house in Church Street, anciently known as Saye's Court, the house of John Evelyn, the great friend of Charles I. and of Jeremy Taylor. From this house it was the custom, on this day, for the Masters of Trinity, of whom the Duke of Wellington was the head, to walk to the old parish church to listen to a sermon. It is a pleasure to remember that we trotted along close by the side of the Iron Duke to the old church of St. Nicholas, where the preacher was the then highly celebrated Henry Melville, in the full fame of his sonorous and trumpet-toned eloquence; nor are we likely to forget how, as his rich tones rolled out his text, "and let him who is greatest among you be as one that serveth," the eyes of the whole congregation seemed involuntarily to turn to the corner of the old square pew, where the victor of a hundred battlefields sat still, quiet, and apparently quite unconscious that the glancing of all that crowd of eyes implied the sense that, humanly, he was the greatest there. We must say that there was no further reference to the duke; on the contrary, it was a splendid piece of homage to the dignity of the lowly service.

We remember another occasion of the choice of an apt and happy text by the same great preacher, in the chapel of the Tower of London, preaching in the presence of the wreck, ravage and ruin of the great fire there. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?" And the text was similar on the Sunday evening following the burning of the Royal Exchange (Rev. xviii 15-18): "The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off . . . weeping and wailing, and saying, Alas, that great city! . . . for in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning." Such illustrations as these do not offend good taste, and sometimes a text may be so impressive as to be really in itself a sermon; it at once points and fixes the meditation of the hearer. Morris, in his "Recollections of Robert Hall," tells us that when Hall was at Leicester a member of his church died in one of the almshouses at the extraordinary age of one hundred and seven years. No text could be more appropriate than that of the great preacher (the words in Acts xxi. 16). "An old disciple;" but it is singular to believe that this sermon, of which we have no outline or record, was, perhaps, one of Hall's mightiest masterpieces, if not his mightiest. A gentleman wrote to Mr. Morris, "it was a funeral oration. The subject of it was an obscure old woman. The splendor of his imagination burst forth, and he poured out such a torrent of eloquence on the head of indigent worth as delighted all who could hear and understand him."—*Rev. Paxton Hood*.

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EDITOR

HON. VICE CHANCELLOR BLAKE.

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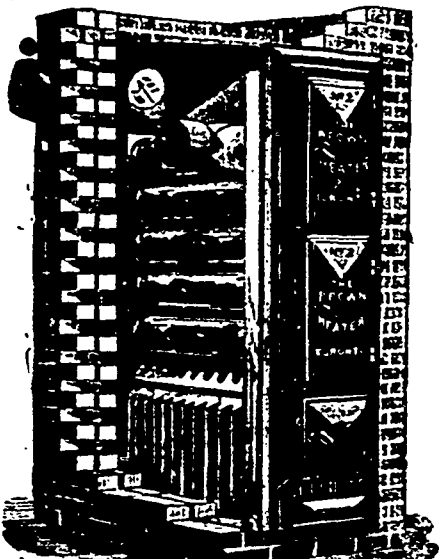
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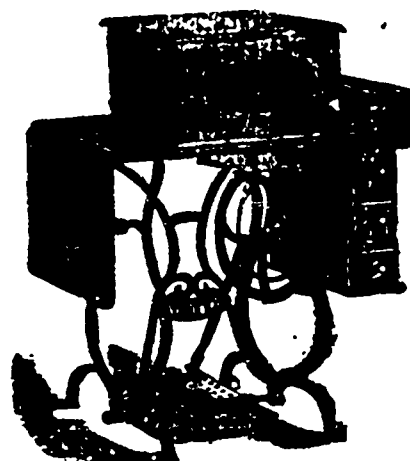
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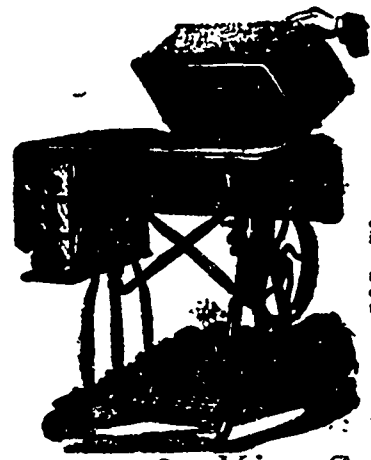
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