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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

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Editorial Jottings.

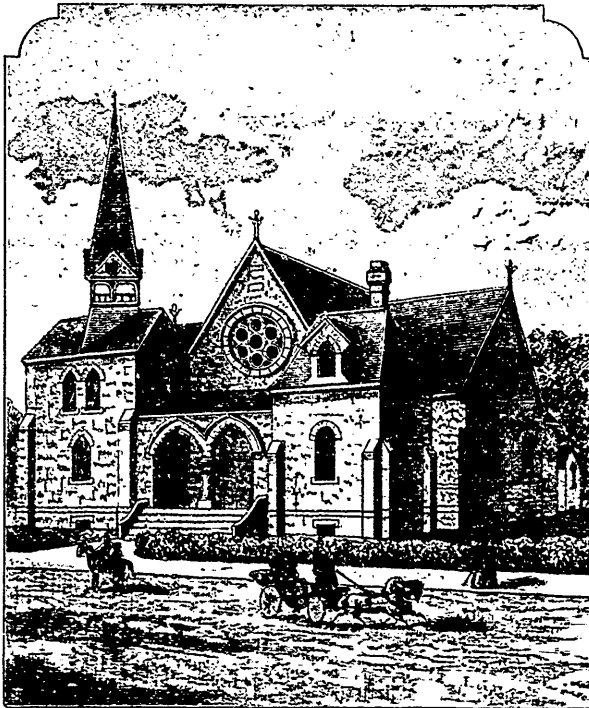
WE give in this issue a representation of the new church building at Woodstock, which was opened for public worship on the 3rd of June last, with services that continued until the 15th. A brief

history of this church will here be appropriate. Woodstock for some time has been present to many of our friends, including the committee of the Missionary Society, as one of the growing towns in which we should not remain denominationally unrepresented, but so few of the inhabitants had received their early training in Congregationalism that but slight encouragement was offered until about the beginning of the year 1885, when, owing to a juncture of circumstances into the history of which it is not necessary here to enter,

a number of Christian men and women who had long been active members of other churches were led to seek a new home in what was hoped might prove to them a more congenial church organization. And so a new church, for which all felt there was ample room, was formed in the town. Mr. E. D. Silcox, of Embro, was near for counsel, and our Missionary Superintendent "scented the

battle from afar." As a result, a meeting for consultation was held in the month of May, 1885, in the town council chamber, that resulted in the immediate establishment of a Sunday school; and from that date Sabbath services were regularly held, first in the Town Hall, and afterward in the Court House. In the month of July following the organization was completed, and the church came into existence with a membership of between sixty and seventy. Mr. Gerrie, now of Pine Grove, did excellent service during that summer in consolidating the interest, and in October a unanimous call was extended to the Rev. William Cuthbertson, B.A., then of Chicago, and formerly of London, England, to become permanently their pastor. This call in the month of November was accepted, and on the 15th of December, 1885, Mr.

Cuthbertson was duly installed pastor of the Woodstock Church. The *Woodstock Sentinel-Review* says: "Nothing we could here say would increase the love of his flock or add to the esteem and respect of the community for Mr. Cuthbertson. His pulpit ministrations are of a very high order, and his social qualities all that could be desired." The efforts of the ladies of this church have been



most praiseworthy and successful. The church building is situated on the east side of Light Street, adjoining the grounds of the Central School, is built of stone, presenting externally a fine appearance, alike creditable to the architect and congregation. The basement is well lighted, and with lofty ceiling, fitted up for lecture room and Sunday school purposes. The auditorium is finished throughout with black ash, oiled and varnished, with handsome ceiling, is comfortably seated with semi-circular seats, well cushioned. It is thoroughly well lighted, and presents, as you enter through large roomy porches, a most inviting appearance, which is enhanced by the organ that has its resting place immediately in the rear of the speaker's platform and desk. There is nothing superfluous and nothing mean in the general appearance, but all most admirably adapted for the purpose to which the structure is dedicated. The total cost will reach about \$15,000. There is also a fine organ which cost \$2,100. The following services in connection with the opening were held, and on the whole well patronized:—On Friday, June 3, at two p.m., the pastor, the Rev. Wm. Cuthbertson, B.A., most appropriately preached the opening sermon, the Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith, of Stratford, offering the prayer of dedication. Saturday was devoted to an earnest prayer meeting. On Sunday, Rev. H. D. Hunter, M.A., London, Chairman of the Union, preached morning and afternoon, and the pastor in the evening. On Monday, Rev. John Morton, of Hamilton, gave an able service. Tuesday witnessed in the afternoon a special service for young people, addressed by Mr. Henry J. Clark, of Toronto, and Rev. George Fuller, of Brantford; in the evening a sermon by Mr. Fuller. On Wednesday an evangelistic meeting was held. Thursday the Rev. H. M. Parsons, Toronto, preached in the evening, after giving in the afternoon one of his Bible readings. On Friday an organ recital by Professor Garratt, with praise service, drew forth unqualified admiration. The second Saturday witnessed a second prayer meeting. On Sunday, June 12, the Editor preached morning and evening, and must record his experience as most happy. The whole surroundings were full of hope. On Monday, Rev. T. Hall gave one of his earnest mission sermons. A congregational tea meeting on Tuesday, and on Wednesday another for the children of the Sab-

bath school concluded the successful series. We understand that the seats have already been almost all taken, and we believe that the cause has now a plain path before it, not altogether free from difficulties; nevertheless full of hope and of prospective usefulness. May the revered pastor and the earnest workers reap a rich reward for their toil and their faith. We have been specially requested to express on behalf of the Woodstock Church their sense of the sympathy and co-operation extended to them by members of the sister churches of the town. They thoroughly reciprocate the kindly sentiments practically expressed. The architect, Mr. T. Cuthbertson has been also more than professionally attentive. The deacons of the church are Donald McDonald, J. C. Ross, W. A. Reid, James White, Alexander Watson, Hugh McDonald; A. Watson, treasurer; J. Murray, secretary.

"THE Lord is my Shepherd." Reader, three thoughts with you. Emphasize "Shepherd." The Lord is King, Jehovah is Judge, the Creator too, strong in might, who can harden himself against Him, and prosper? He is a shepherd, as such He tends His flock, feeding, guarding, gently leading. Yes, eternal might and power brought down to shepherd His people. Blessed be the tenderness.

My Shepherd. Of what avail the Shepherd's care to me, if away on the dark mountains I wander? Is He mine? Only thus can I find blessing either for my self or for others. Let me trustingly put myself under His care, then He is mine, and I am prepared to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Ah the restfulness and strength that blest assurance brings!

The following Union minute occurs in report of the last meeting:

The Delegation from the Toronto Conference of Methodist Churches was now presented, consisting of Revs. Dr. Sutherland and Galbraith, with Messrs. John Macdonald and W. H. Beattie. *Mr. Macdonald gave \$250 to the Missionary Society—provided the churches doubled their contributions next year—and \$100 to the Provident Fund, unconditionally.*

We draw attention to the part we have italicized. We occasionally meet Mr. Macdonald, and more that once he is asking when the cheque will be required, as he is anxious to fulfil his promise. If only those members and churches which are

neglectful in the matter will take note and act, the thing can be done, and we sincerely hope, with Mr. Macdonald, that his bank account will be relieved of this conditionally promised amount.

WE draw special attention to Mr. Hall's letter. No man has done more to awaken interest in foreign missions than our warm-hearted superintendent. Nor has he in any sense cooled in his ardour. He knows too the home field as few—we almost venture to say as none—others know. He has been in the homes of our pastors, and has seen the needs there; and he speaks of the wants that have come before his own notice. We have never had sympathy with the marshalling of our women's energies all on one side; nor with the multiplication of agencies for work. True, we advocate no star chamber centre. Mission and college business should be open, frank, free; but it is folly for us to dissipate our strength by multiplying boards until the exigencies of the work demand. Concentration is our present, pressing need. We do not say our permanent requirement. Let Mr. Hall's letter be prayerfully read and pondered.

WITH deep regret we chronicle Mr. Willet's removal from Cowansville on the ground of ill health. Mr. Willet, by his earnest and loving work, has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact, and his superior attainments assured for him admiration and respect. We hope to be enabled yet to record his full recovery. May the God who heals be very near to him and to his.

WEDNESDAY and Thursday, the 14th and 15th ult., were red-letter days in our Montreal history. We were unfortunately disappointed in our expected pleasure of being present by emergencies at home; but the installation of Dr. Barbour into the principalship of the college, and the recognition of Mr. F. H. Marling as the pastor of Emmanuel Church, are for us notable events. Under God's blessing we hail them as fraught with promise, and to both brethren in their respective spheres we hold out the right hand of editorial welcome assuring each of our warmest sympathy and appreciation. We shall be more than delighted to let them speak through our columns.

THE "News of Churches" column has been

very scant of late, but the notes of Mr. J. P. Gerrie in the "College Column" have really more than supplied the need. He has given us a view of nearly all the churches during the summer months, and of their life. He returns to college life for the winter, having with earnest and modest manner, combined with a happy faculty of saying what he ought to say, won golden opinions from all. He has also deepened the general interest in college work. We shall still expect notes from his pen.

ALL who are brought into contact with the emigration from the mother country hitherto have had frequent opportunity of noting the thorough helplessness of the great majority of those cast recklessly upon our shores. Our national societies and charitable institutions are taxed to their utmost meeting the absolute want of hundreds practically dumped down on our wharves. This raises the question, Is such emigration necessary? A letter was lately read in the English House of Commons making statements, at first sight incredible, but at all events uncontradicted. An Essex gentleman states that within sight of his house are 20,000 acres of arable land tenantless, and largely lying waste, and this within thirty miles of London. This, be it remembered, is not waste land, but land that has been, and still is, capable of being, under first-class cultivation. Is there no work to be done there?

Is not a man better than a fox? Yet for the sake of fox hunting, pheasant shooting and such field sports, many large estates keep game preserves. If the game kept to their covers less might be said, but they are destructive to the crops, as every farmer must well know: yet woe be to the tenant farmer who should follow a rabbit beyond the limit of his field. It is nothing uncommon for a child to be brought before a justice of the peace for gathering wild nuts in enclosures where their presence might frighten a partridge or a hare; and the wild Highlands of Scotland are largely closed to any passer by, lest his lordship's grouse or deer should be disturbed. And yet there are thousands that cry for work and for bread. Yes, and noble lords, burly squires, preside at meetings for the promotion of emigration, while at their very doors are the means of

relief, far more humane than transporting helpless families to endure, unexperienced, the discomforts of a new country and the rigours of a Canadian winter. We have a right to say to the British land owner, Give your poverty-stricken thousands a chance at home.

We have received a letter from a fair correspondent which says that "the St. Elmo correspondent seems to be under the impression that they are the only mission workers in our churches," and adding that there are very many earnest working women all through our churches who are doing a good work for foreign missions, but who do not think it needful to publish all their doings, knowing well that the Master looks down. We think there is a misunderstanding here. If the St. Elmo correspondent's writing indicated a prevailing motive "to be seen of men," then we should deprecate deeply the publishing of their doings. But there are other motives for publishing; "they that fear the Lord speak often to one another," and our St. Elmo correspondent is thus speaking. Indeed we all want to know what our various churches and societies are doing. Our readers long for the information, and we desiderate that many more of our earnest workers would tell of their doings, not for praise of men, or for love of seeing one's name in print, but for the sake of friendly recognition and for general interest and good.

THE French Government has sway over a district on the West Coast of Africa, near the Gaboon River and Courco Bay. American missionaries have laboured there for some forty years. The governing power now prohibits all teaching in the primary schools except that which is given in the French language. The political wisdom of the enactment we do not question. National unity demands one recognized language, and one only. France is wiser than we are in this particular. The perpetuating of the French language by law in the Province of Quebec is the perpetuation of division, and the determined maintenance of the same by the French-Canadian is an indication of a New France in a nominally British Colony. We ought to learn, but politics is a great hindrance; we need statesmanship more, party less.

THE twenty-second Protestant Church in Rome is at present in course of erection.

CONCERNING REVIVALS.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

To "revive" is to bring to life and activity what has been dead, or inactive, or decayed. As applied to religious things, we use it with reference to a church, or a community, or a cause; less frequently of an individual. To draw one another's attention to the best means of promoting a Revival, and how to follow it up to the best results, will be better than spending time over definitions:

1. A Revival is always in order. When John Livingstone preached at the Kirk of Shotts, in 1530, and 500 souls were converted, people thought the time of "Pentecost" had come back again, and that God had vouchsafed a miracle in these latter days. Then some man, himself stirred up—revived—would see a great Revival once in his lifetime, and lived and died in the memory of it, never once supposing that such an experience could come more than once to any man. Then, as Professor Finney testifies, people began to think they might see a Revival once in about five years. We, with later experiences, have found that wherever the Word is planted and watered, and growth is looked and prayed for, the Spirit is ready to give the growth. In fact, the difference between the former methods of preaching, and what may be called the Revival method, is that in the latter immediate results are looked for, and prayed for; and you will not pray for anything very earnestly, without also working for it. And the rule is, that in these important things, as well as (so we find) in things of lesser importance, if we look for God's hand, God will do more for us. For what is this, but faith on the one side, and God's answer to faith on the other? From 1830 to 1836, a great wave of Revival swept over English-speaking America; and then there was a season of quiescence, till a new tidal wave about 1860, which has not yet ceased. Let us see to it, brethren, that it never ceases! That it rolls more and more, brighter and mightier, till Jesus comes!

2. The blessing, the power, the wisdom of iteration is as yet only half understood in the world! You talk to a man; you desire to impress him with what impresses you, and to have him adopt your opinions and principles. If you desire him categorically to answer all your questions, and repudiate his own arguments and adopt yours, you will be

mistaken! He will do no such things. Nay, he will be irritated at you, and your influence over him will be injured, if not entirely destroyed. That was not the way you yourself were led to divine truth! The path of wisdom, because it is the path of successful experience (and successful experience in a good cause *must* be wisdom!), is to lay your "whole case" before another's mind, and leave it for him to think over, and decide; and the probability is that when you meet again, your brother has come to the side of the truth you desired him to embrace. Revival work proceeds on the same lines. God's Word is a "hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." But I never saw a man break a "rock" at one blow! I *have* seen a mason *cruise* round a boulder, and, after taking a good look at it, and fancying he saw a promising seam or streak, striking it a succession of sharp blows on the same spot till the stone opened, and fell apart! Exactly thus with the human heart and conscience! A man hears you preach on Sunday night. He won't "stand up" at the after-meeting; but he'll come to hear you again on Monday night. He won't *then* stand up; but he'll listen with a look in his eyes he thinks you don't notice, but which encourages you. Tuesday night he confesses (only by saying "yes" to your question) that he "*would* like to be a Christian." On Wednesday you get him to stand up with the multitude, as you ask those who are Christians, and *those who would like to be Christians*, to rise. Next night he rises, by way of silent testimony that he is seeking salvation. And before the week ends he has deliberately given himself to the Lord Jesus, to be His willing servant forever; and doesn't care who knows it!

3. We find the wisdom of employing like with like. Young men with young men; young women with young women; the old with the old. The very difficulties they find *you* find, and have only recently conquered. Their feelings are yours, and your solutions may be theirs. The obvious danger of gossip and remark, from young men pleading with young women, or *vice versa*, is thus avoided, for the least distraction of thought from the great and only question of the hour is a damage, and a victory for the enemy. Besides, they are more likely to be led by one of their own class. I speak now of individual dealing with souls. In groups, by the seatful, or by the roomful—any one can

talk to them, and help them, always conditioned on his having a message from his Master to give them!

4. This necessitates that the church, by all or most of its members, should be at work. And God, who is the Author of the principle I have just laid down, intended it should be so! There is never a premium on sloth, but always a premium on activity. I grant you that a godly minister of Christ Jesus may look for a blessing on his work, even if he is alone in his efforts; but how much more would be accomplished if all his church were working with him! Our rude ancestors cultivated their fields with the mattock; but how few were their *bushels*, compared with ours! We are never certain of remembering anything till we have talked about it. We never feel anything as deeply as after we have tried to make another person feel it. We never saw Christ to be so lovely as after we have tried to exhibit His loveliness to another. And the Christian graces of a number of people in church-fellowship never grow so well as when they are endeavouring to cultivate those graces in others around them. It is the old principle—old, yet ever new—"It is more blessed to give to receive!" It was when the Romans sent out an army at one gate, for the invasion of Africa, while Hannibal blockaded the other, that the neck of the Carthaginian invasion was broken; and modern missions have paid themselves a hundred times over, to the churches who have actively engaged in them, in the blessings they have bestowed on their home experiences. A Revival church is a working church; and it is only a Revival church because *it is* a working church. And a working church is a happy church—happy in its individual members, and happy in its daily increase! It was when the Pentecostal Church did just as we should expect the Pentecostal Church to do, that the Lord added daily of the saved!

5. Every church may engage in this work, and look for a blessing. While there may be work for souls all the year round, and *no* Christian must ever lay his armour by—still we cannot hold long meetings every night all the year with the same leaders and the same people. But I do think it is good and wise for us to lay it down as a fixed principle, that over and above all our other individual and church work, we will give a month every year as a special harvest-time in our church!

Try to bring to a focus all the teachings of the year bestowed on the unconverted; and bring, if possible, to a decision those who know the truth theoretically, but have never submitted to it. And then—just as you have welcomed some members of another church who have come to help you in the ingathering at *your* church—go and help, by relays, some other church, where work can be done! I once, when labouring alone, found forty people remain for prayer. I thought, "What can I do with so many?" and started off on foot next morning a journey of eighteen miles (back and forward) to get a brother to help me; and was back for a two o'clock prayer meeting. I did not get the help I wanted, but I got the help I most needed: and the Lord gave me fifteen good converts!

To summarize:—1. A Revival is always in order, and may always be prayed for and laboured for. 2. There is a wisdom and a blessing in continued and consecutive effort. 3. Employ like with like in your marshalling of your forces for the Lord's work. 4. Let all the church be at work; the assault must be all along the line. 5. Every church will be blessed in proportion as it works to bless others.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT CITY.

The *Christian World*, noticing in flattering terms our friend, Mr. J. B. Silcox, of Winnipeg, recently on a visit to England, publishes the following from his pen. Its perusal will open up to many undreamt of phases of human life.

The greatness of London appals one. It is great in every direction; in poverty as in wealth, in vice as in virtue. An American gentleman said to me the other day, "This is the only city I ever failed to compass. It is too big for me. I cannot take it in." It is an education to see London. No man should allow himself to live thirty years in this world without visiting it, even if he had to come 5,000 miles to see it, as I did. There are certain places here that every stranger is expected to visit. I need not enumerate them. I had visited many of these Meccas. I had seen the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, had heard Joseph Parker in the Temple, Charles Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, and Henry Irving in the Lyceum. I had reverently looked on the relics resting in the British Museum, had stood in wonderment before St. Paul's Cathedral, and had tried to absorb some of the beauty looking down on me from the walls of the National Gallery. But there was another side of London life that I was anxious to look upon. One of the theatres was daily

advertising, as an attractive drama, "The Shadows of a Great City." To see the shadow side of London I did not go to the theatre, but took a more direct route, for it was not the shadow of the shadow but the substance of the shadow that I wanted to see. I had read "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," and knew somewhat of the relief work undertaken by the London Congregational Union, and had welcomed to my far away Western city some who had been rescued by the Self-help Emigration Society. Through the kindness of Rev. Andrew Mearns, who has done so much to awaken and direct the thought of Christian men and women to this good work of reclaiming the outcasts, it was arranged that I should spend a day with the missionaries working in the south-east of London, and also spend a night on the streets and lanes of London. It is the night tramp that I attempt to describe in this article. According to agreement, I met Mr. Gates at midnight, at Piccadilly Circus. Here we saw what is perhaps the saddest sight, the darkest shadow of this great city. In a short walk of five minutes we counted 150 victims of man's inhumanity to woman. They were young, and, as a rule, beautiful in form and feature. They might have adorned homes of wealth and culture. Alas! "it might have been."

As we pass from this shadow of death, we can hear the pitiful heart-cry of many an unfortunate saying, "Can you help me to a better life; can you show me the way back?" What response does the Church of Christ make to that importunate appeal? Turning our steps eastward, we meet a youth of sixteen shuffling aimlessly along the streets, with his hands in his pockets. Addressing him, we find him to be a quiet, modest-appearing boy, with a sad, hungry face. His father is dead. He had left his stepmother in the country, and had come to London for work—a printer by trade, but row out of work and homeless. We gave him a ticket to Collier's Rent Hall, where he could have a chair to sleep on and a breakfast in the morning. His face brightened at the prospect, and with a quickened pace he started for what to him was a "Bonanza."

To stand on Trafalgar Square in the daytime is an inspiration. It makes one proud that he belongs to so great a nation as Great Britain. Here the spectator is reminded of the magnificent achievements of Nelson, Napier, Havelock, and others of England's heroes. What splendid triumphs of art and arms, of commerce and religion, gird one on every side. But at night the shadow falls, and the scene is changed. Such a picture of squalid poverty and degradation I never before looked on. In the square surrounding the base of Nelson's Monument we counted 312 human beings *huddled together like hogs*, taking Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

I am not wholly a stranger to "Buffalo Bill's Wild West" land. I have seen the Ojibway Indians of Dakota in their wigwams; have visited the Sioux in his tepee, where a dozen men, women and children lay around almost as nude as many of the pictures that adorn the art galleries. Strange how Nature in her coarseness and Art in her refinement meet and overlap! I know by actual observation how filthy and degraded the Indians live; but the Indians over our prairies are clean and comfortable compared with the mass of humanity heaped together on this square in the centre of Christian London.

It was a pitiful spectacle to look on. There were mothers with babes at their bosoms, sleeping in the damp night air, the hard stone their only bed and pillow. Let me briefly sketch some of the characters we met. There is a boy lying on his back sound asleep. The gaslight shining on his upturned face shows a bright, intelligent beautiful face. There are mothers in the palace homes near by who would be proud to call such a boy their son. What possibilities of manhood lie sleeping in his soul. But what will his future be? Would that this lad could be saved before sinking to lower levels! An old man of nearly seventy is shivering on his seat. He has been out four nights in succession. "I'm almost done up, sir," he said. He looked it, as well as said it. At the morning breakfast I saw the same wearied, wasted face again.

Curled up against the stone wall, we find a woman apart from the rest, as though she shrunk from such companionship. As she slowly opened her eyes, we saw her to be a woman about fifty, with a quiet, gentle lady-like address. Her clothes were poor, but clean and neat. She sold chickweed for a living—had her unsold bundle at her side. She was not often out at night. "I went to-day," she said, "to see my brother at Battersea, but found that he was sick in St. Thomas's Hospital. My day's sales were not sufficient to procure a bed, so I was compelled to sleep on the streets."

Sleeping side by side on a seat is a man and his wife. While Mr. Gates talks with the man, I speak with the woman. Unable to get work in the country, they had tried the city. The woman keenly felt her position. "I never expected to come to this, sir. It's a terrible hard life, and sometimes I almost wish I was dead." After the morning breakfast I observed Mr. Gates talking with them, and planning to get them some work.

A discharged soldier—and, by the way, we met many of this class in our nocturnal ramble—tells us that he was "in the army nineteen years for nothing," and wishes he could get back to Africa, where there is always plenty of work to be got.

There is a woman talking in a semi-preaching style

to the motley crowd around her. Here are a few specimen sentences that I caught as I stood looking on the weird scene at two o'clock in the morning: "God made you in His own image. God loves you. What does drink do for you? Drink is your curse." I asked a young man at my side what she was doing. "She is talking religious, sir." "Do you know much about religion?" "No, sir." "Don't you ever go to church?" "I was in once, sir, a little while." And this home-heathen was born in a land of churches.

To a young Scotchman I expressed surprise to find one of his nationality in such a sorry plight. He had come some three weeks ago from the North of Scotland, expecting to get work, but failing in this, was compelled to sleep, like Jacob, with a stone for a pillow. Leaving the square, we wended our way toward Charing Cross, stumbling on men who were lying around everywhere.

"Why are you here?" we say to a man curled up against a wall. "Well, sir, like other unfortunate wretches, I have no work. Times are hard. Surely the Government should do something. The Jubilee didn't do us much good. The aristocracy don't care whether we live or die. They would let us starve in the ditch, and kick us for dying." This seemed to me to be a severe criticism on the aristocracy. Repeating it, a few days ago, to a prominent Congregational minister of London, he said: "I regret that the man's words are too true. Those high up have really little or no sympathy with those who are low down." My own idea is that if those who have the control of London possessed an ordinary measure of sympathy and fairness they would clean the narrow streets of South-East London as well as the streets of the West and Central parts. One needs a nose-protector to walk through many of those streets.

If I were an artist I would put on canvas some of the pictures we saw that night in the streets of London. Here is a rough sketch of one scene. We are in Covent Garden. It is half-past two o'clock. The gray morning light is breaking through, and driving back the night. A mother lies on the hard stone pavement, her tired head resting on an upturned basket for a pillow. Her little boy, about five years old has wakened. He has a thin, sorry little face. But he is making the best of the situation, for with a little broken toy in his hand he is playing with a kitten. What a little hero he was, to be able to extract mirth from such surroundings, and what a pleased, gratified look the little fellow gave me when I handed him a penny!

An old Irishwoman, sitting near by, tells us that she was only able to earn fivepence shelling peas, and some of the poor women, she said, "were not able to make that much." After a little friendly talk we pass on. Her parting words are, "Thank you, gentlemen,

for the ticket ; but I'm really more thankful for the little conversation we have had than for the breakfast even." These people are human, and are hungry for human sympathy.

We awakened a young woman, about eighteen years old, sleeping soundly on the hard stone. I saw her after breakfast in the mission-hall, and she told me the story of her life. Father and mother had died when she was young. She had a brother and a sister somewhere in London, but "they don't care for me now since I'm down in the world," and her lips quiver and the tear forces itself to her cheek. The woman in the mission-hall persuades her to stay behind, and she will get her in the home, and after a while find a place for her.

But I must stop describing the characters we met. Along the Thames Embankment we found its seats filled, and also the recesses in the bridges. At four o'clock life begins to move again. The "cheap breakfast" stalls are open to make an early penny from the hungry out-door sleepers. We are near our journey's end. South and east of London Bridge we turn off a main street, into Angel Court, passing the old Marshalsea Prison, familiar to the readers of Dickens as the birthplace of Little Dorrit. Entering the mission-hall, we find it full of our invited guests, who have one by one gathered in during the night. What a strange, sad sight ! If one could know the causes that led to this poverty, what a wise man he would be. The theologian accounts for it on the theory of total depravity and the solidarity of the race ; the political economist and socialist affirms that it all arises from a wrong adjustment of labour and capital ; Henry George avows that it is the natural result of vicious, unjust land laws ; the teetotaler is quite sure that nine-tenths is traceable to the liquor-traffic ; the don't-care-man of the world, looking on the scene, says it all comes from "pure cussedness"—that it is their own fault, and serves them right.

What cause or combination of causes has brought these people to this low level I don't presume to say. But here they are. If we believe the first chapter of the Bible, these people were made in the image of God, are our brothers and sisters, and we are their keepers. From conversation with many of them, I am persuaded that a large number are honest English working men and women who cannot get work, and are therefore driven to the streets. England has done much to Christianize and civilize the world. Her statesmen and philanthropists have given freedom to slaves and have elevated whole empires. If she will, she can remove the blighting shadow that rests on her own great city. London is full of monuments, columns, statues, commemorating the heroic deeds of those who lived nobly and died gloriously for

England's honour on sea and land. Will not men, and men of equal self-denial and valour, arise to deliver the land from her internal foes, ignorance, poverty, irreligion and drink? More men of the Shaftesbury and Peabody type are needed.

I have not space to describe the breakfast scene. After breakfast Mr. Gates gave out the hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" That hymn will always have a fuller meaning to me. I noticed that nearly all sang it. Over yonder a woman's clear voice rises above the others singing, "Have we trials and temptations?" When the line "We should never be discouraged" is reached, I notice that the woman who sold chickweed has stopped singing. Her tears are her song. A man not far from me began to sing, but his head soon dropped, and I could see him struggling to hide his emotion. Who can tell what memories, what repentances, swept through the soul as they sang "Are we weak and heavy laden?" etc.? Does not their present condition arise as much from their weakness as from their wickedness?

These people are recoverable. The lost silver is silver still. If the preachers don't teach this the novelists do. Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," and Charles Reade, in "Never too Late to Mend," have preached the Gospel to us. Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Miss," the ignorant child of "Old Bunmer Smith," have the germs of noble manhood and womanhood in them, so also have the "Outcasts of London," whose "Bitter Cry" should touch the hearts and call forth the humane efforts of all who love their kind. These men and women are recoverable. As I was looking at a babe in a mother's arms that morning, she said to me, referring to his sore eyes, "My little boy has got the blight, sir." Yes, poor mother, your boy has got the blight in a deeper, darker sense than you mean. The shadow of a great city's poverty and vice has fallen on him and on many more.

The London Congregational Union, along with other agencies, is doing something to lift the shadow, and let in the light of heaven on these blighted children of misfortune. The gladness and gratitude of those who that Sunday morning received a breakfast, and a few words of warm Christian sympathy, are full reward for those engaged in this Christly work of feeding the hungry. If any one has doubts about the wisdom of giving a free breakfast to guests that must be personally invited and gathered in from the high-ways and alleys of London, let him go once and witness the scene ; let him hear the miracle of Christ feeding the multitude, as I heard it read that Sunday morning by Mr. Gates ; let him hear the fervent expressions of gratitude from those to whom this kindness is shown, and all doubts will for ever be banished, and the doubter will become a helper. As a

policeman said to me that night, "It's a great mystery to see men and women in such a plight. I suppose God knows all about it, and why it is. I don't." As I have walked the streets and lanes of London, and looked at the vast mass of men and women struggling for a livelihood, I have reverently pondered the question, and offered the prayer:—

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart are they, O Lord,
Let them not pass like weeds away;
Their heritage a sunless day;
God save the people.

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITOR: A. P. SOLANDT, B.A.

Again we meet in our college halls, coming from different places to live together and study under the same roof. We miss some faces, those of the men who completed their course last spring, but the ranks are filling, for we welcome as new students Mr. Galen Craik, from Franklin Centre, Que., Mr. F. W. Read, from Emmanuel Church, Montreal, and Mr. Hamilton, from Toronto Northern Church.

A letter to one of the students from Mr. Currie, in Africa, dated June 25, says that he is not very well, that he appreciates exceedingly the letters sent to him monthly from the student. He is also anxiously awaiting a man to come to his assistance next spring.

In response to an appeals made some time ago in this column for money to better equip our reading room, we have pleasure in acknowledging with thanks the following sums: A Friend, Clinton, Ont., \$2; Mr. Strathern, Carleton Place, Toronto, \$2. Any friends wishing to aid the students in this matter can send subscriptions to Student A. P. Solandt, Congregational College, Montreal, and the sums will be acknowledged in this column.

Mr. Gerrie continues his report as follows:

My report at this time is necessarily long because no number of THE INDEPENDENT has been issued since the 1st of September. I begin with Barrie, the scene of my labours last summer. It was a pleasure to meet old friends, and to be welcomed by my former pastor, Mr. Black. We talked over college matters at the prayer meeting. Monthly collectors wait on the people, and this plan will bring to the college a sum far in excess of all previous contributions. Mr. Black is working hard and winning for himself the respect of an appreciative people. The next night our meeting was called for Dalston. Students Macallum and Davey were present and ably assisted.

On Friday Mr. Davey accompanied me to Vespra, where I met a large attendance, and received a

patient hearing to an address of nearly one hour on the subject of my mission. Rugby and Edgar were visited on Sunday. In the former place collectors were appointed, and in the latter the envelope system was adopted. Students Macallum and Davey have been carrying on the work in these four churches, but college will soon re-open, and no interruption of the usual services should follow. Vespra must not be given up. Why not plant a new station in Orillia to be worked with Rugby, and have the other three churches under the care of one man? Some rearrangement of the field is necessary, and this plan, if practicable, would afford two men a wide sphere for earnest work.

On Monday I started for home. The first meeting in this neighbourhood was held in Fergus. The pastor, Mr. C. S. Pedley, has the interest of the institution at heart and will urge generous support from both Speedside and Fergus next month, their usual time for taking subscriptions. In Garafraxa I spoke at the prayer meeting and again referred to our work and needs in my sermon on Sunday morning, following this up with a short address on the "Attitude of our Students toward Foreign Missions," at the missionary meeting held in connection with the harvest home festival. In Belwood we had a good meeting. Mr. Wright related some of his own college experiences, expressed great pleasure because of our present promising condition, and stated that Belwood would endeavour to double her contributions. In both places Ladies' Auxiliary Societies have been organized by Mrs. Wright.

Pine Grove next claimed attention. The congregations are not very large, and there is little room in the community for aggressive work. The college meeting was all that would be desired, and the usual method of appointing collectors will be followed. Humber Summit is worked with Pine Grove, and is probably the more hopeful field of the two. The building is well filled every Sunday, and the past year has witnessed a good work. A storm threatened us, so that few were present to hear about the college. However we trust that those in attendance will interest the absent ones in the work we are doing.

The following Sunday was spent in Toronto. In the morning a large and most attentive congregation listened to my sermon in Bond Street Church. Dr. Wild was on duty elsewhere, but on being interviewed a day later, declared that his people would take a deeper interest in the college and forward their annual contributions. Mr. G. Reed is preparing for entrance, and expects to join us next September. After speaking to the Sunday school, in response to Mr. McCartney's invitation, I visited the Chestnut Street school, and spoke to the children there about our college. This school is under the wing of Bond Street Church,

and conducted by Mr. E. Potts, and is doing good service in a needy part of the city. If there be room, as we were told there is, for the organization of a church the opportunity should be improved.

Parkdale gave us a good audience in the evening. The pastor, Mr. Duff, warmly seconded the remarks made, and urged the great necessity of sustaining an institution upon which the churches are so dependent. Envelopes were left for contributions. On Wednesday I went to the Northern Church, but did not get an opportunity to speak. The Rev. H. S. Jenanayan, of Tarsus, occupied the time, and gave a very interesting account of the needs of his native land, especially directing attention to St. Paul's Institute. However, we were assured by Mr. Burton that the college had received attention in the past and would not be forgotten in the future. As an evidence of the truth of Mr. Burton's words, I need only refer to the \$250 pledged at the Union for the extinction of the debt. This, we were told by two or three members, will not interfere with the regular grant.

Next morning I started for Bowmanville, and addressed the prayer meeting the same evening. The church is well known to us by the presence in college last winter of Mr. Warriner, whose lectures and stay with us were much appreciated. We will be delighted should he continue his work next session. In the absence of Mr. Warriner we were informed by one of his members that the church will endeavour to do more in the future than she has done in the past.

The re-opening of the college compelled me to pass by Cobourg and Cold Springs, so that Belleville appeared next on my list. I spoke at a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society in the afternoon. A heavy rain storm interfered with our evening service, so that those who gathered adjourned to the parsonage, and there held an informal meeting in the interest of the college. Envelopes are to be used on the following Sunday, when the pastor, Mr. Main, will urge upon *all* the importance of doing something in this department of the church's work. I was sorry to be two days late for the wedding of one of our graduates, the Rev. G. Skinner, but was glad to hear of the consummation of the happy event.

From Belleville I went to Kingston where I spent an enjoyable Sunday. In the morning I preached in the First Church. The pastor, Dr. Jackson, has greatly attached himself to the students, and all will be pleased to know that he has been invited, and has consented to continue his lectures on the subjects allotted him. His people gave a willing ear to my address, and the interest manifested bespeaks sympathy in a work so highly necessary to the welfare of our churches. A large congregation assembled in Bethel for the evening service. Mr. McFayden was especially glad to have the college question discussed.

Collectors are to be appointed, and we shall look for a good response. During the afternoon short addresses were given to the Sunday schools in both churches. Mr. Horsey, of the First Church, and Mr. Burton, of Bethel, think of entering next September. We wish them success in their preparatory work, and will welcome them when they come.

With Kingston my vacation ended. The re-opening called me to Montreal, and here I am once more in college halls, with the familiar sounds of yore breaking in upon the ear. The re-opening meeting gave the key-note to what we believe will be a happy and prosperous session. The able and soul-inspiring inaugural address of our new principal, Dr. Barbour, will not soon be forgotten. It is worthy of wide circulation and careful perusal. May the blessing of the Master rest richly upon our college, and let all unite in thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift! A few churches remain yet to be visited. This will be done by way of regular supply, so that you will again hear from me.—J. P. G.

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—For obvious reasons it is no longer necessary for me to write as heretofore. The state of the churches, east and west, must now be well known to the readers of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. I may give what little attention I can to other subjects.

For the past month I have been at work in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. All our churches in these parts are supplied except Melbourne, Ulverton and Lennoxville. I suppose next month will find me in Western Ontario.

THE REVIVAL OF MISSIONARY ZEAL

in all our churches is very manifest. Of this every issue of your paper affords abundant proof.

For this many of your readers have laboured and prayed long and earnestly, and now they heartily rejoice, and give God the glory.

There are not a few pained and disappointed, however, that all the zeal should run in one direction.

The report of the newly-formed Woman's Board and all the correspondence in the magazine from them are devoted to foreign missions. It was intended by the promoters of that board that it should advocate both home and foreign missions. I have yet to meet the first person who can find the most remote evidence of a home missionary advocacy either in the report or in any thing that has emanated from the officers of the society. I am profoundly sorry that the new organization should have laid itself open to the charge of partiality so early in its history, for this alone must hinder its usefulness and prevent it

becoming general throughout our churches. It may be that the ladies are so situated as not to be aware of the pressing need there is for missionaries in many parts of our own vast country, or the hardships of many of our faithful brethren and their families. These last are things we cannot write about. I know full well that many of our devoted missionaries are subject to privations that those in the foreign field are happily exempt from, and from year to year they suffer on uncomplaining and unobserved.

I do not wonder that to-day so many young men are looking to the foreign field rather than the home. The churches exalt the foreign missionary into a hero or a martyr, while the men who hold the fort at home, who supply the entire material for the work abroad, are allowed to battle with poverty without a word of commendation. I have closely studied foreign work, and I have been a home missionary and a careful observer of home missionary work, and without in the least detracting from the noble sacrifices of our foreign missionaries, I give it as my profound conviction that the men who remain at home make greater sacrifices and endure more privations than those who go abroad. What I complain of is not too much devotion to foreign missions, but too little to home.

That is an ill-balanced zeal that kindles into enthusiasm for the heathen 10,000 miles away, and that manifests slight concern for the heathen at its own door.

Millions of heathen abroad living in ignorance of God is a sad spectacle, and the heart must be cold indeed that is unmoved as it contemplates their misery; but Christless souls in this land are in danger of even greater misery than they.

There is reason to fear that much of the one-sided zeal is *sentimentality*, and not zeal according to knowledge.

The elements of empire here
Are plastic still and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

We recognize that youth is the season of golden opportunity. Our country is young. This is the time to sow the seed of that righteousness that exalteth a nation. This is the time to lay foundations on which coming generations will build to the glory of God. If the call to the foreign work is loud, and I know it is, the call to home in this new country is louder.

What earnest pleading for the pagans in China, and we grudge a few hundred dollars to support missionaries among the poor ignorant Indians in our own country! Should this be so? Our Home Missionary Society has been implored to extend its work among the Indians, but we have only one poorly supported mission on the shores of Lake Huron, while far to the north of this mission, there are hundreds of these poor

children of the forest, without any one to care for their souls.

I will be able to show in a future letter that there are thousands in different parts of Canada speaking our own language, our kith and kin, who are wholly destitute of the means of religious instruction; that the openings for missionaries in this land are more numerous than all the home societies can attend to. In presence of this state of things, is there not a loud call to earnest effort? Should we allow our thoughts and affections to be *wholly* occupied with remote fields of labour, however inviting? While Christian charity does not remain at home, it surely begins at home, and never ceases to work for the good of Fatherland. The home work is the source of supply for the foreign. I may incur the displeasure of some whom I esteem very highly in love for their work's sake, but fidelity to our mission work

BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD

demands that I say it.

I am sure the organization of another society is a mistake. The Foreign Missionary Board has done its work wisely and well hitherto. It has had all the means required; and as the work developed and other labourers were forthcoming, the necessary funds would be found. Why take the work of appointing missionaries out of the hands of that board? We have not a large enough constituency to warrant the existence of two distinct organizations existing for the same object.

The Woman's Board of Missions was by all that I have had an opportunity of conversing with on the subject expected to be

AUXILIARY TO THE HOME AND FOREIGN BOARDS.

Yet even before its constitution was adopted it assumed the duty of appointing missionaries to the foreign field, thus at once setting up another society. I am persuaded this is a mistake. With our limited resources two boards would be ample for home and foreign. The relations between the two have been of the most cordial nature, and it will be very unfortunate if anything should cause it to be otherwise. We are all working for the same object: the extension of the kingdom of our Lord. Let us conserve our strength rather than weaken it by division.

I will show in my next letter that there never was such a demand for missionary effort in Canada as at the present hour. Not to go beyond our present mission stations and churches, we require fifteen additional labourers. We must give more generous support to several centres if we are to continue the work we have begun. The principal reason that we have so many abandoned stations is simply this,

INADEQUATE SUPPORT.

Where we begin a work and give a grant of \$400 per

annum (about the largest we can give) other societies, both on this side of the line and on the American, side give \$800.

I have looked over the whole field, into every case, and with a mass of evidence before me, have come to this conclusion, that we require

THIRTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

this year. That is about double the collections and subscriptions of last year. If the newly organized Woman's Board will give the help it can give to enable us to place our home work on a sure basis, this will contribute more than anything else to the success of our foreign work in future. My contention for the past seven years has been that the monthly missionary concert now so general in our churches would yield a sufficient revenue for our foreign work, and that is surely a large proportion of effort to give to one society when we have so many.

Now let us pray and work to advance the cause of our divine Master everywhere; especially over this wide Dominion. Truly yours,

T. HALL.

46 William Street, Kingston, Ont.

A WORKING HOLIDAY.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been requested by the College Board to visit the churches of our order in Nova Scotia in the interests of the college, I consented to do so. Being also appointed a delegate to the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, as well as by the Congregational Church Missionary Society, and last, but not least, having been appointed by the Congregational Church Woman's Board of Missions to represent them at the annual meeting of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society in connection with the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I left home July 5, in order to fill, to the best of my ability, the various appointments.

The journey to Portland per Grand Trunk Railway was made in good time, and its tediousness was greatly relieved by my falling in with Mr. B. W. Robertson and family, of Kingston, who were on their way to Old Orchard Beach. At Portland the steamer was taken for St. John. On board steamer, on his way from Boston to St. John, I met my co-delegate, Dr. Jackson, accompanied by his good wife. The Atlantic being in an angry mood, the steamer pitched and rolled, and so, unwillingly, compelled the greater number of a large list of passengers to pay their tribute to Neptune. A typical Bay of Fundy fog, with an occasional suspicion of sunshine, afforded the most favourable conditions for a season of meditation on the "lights and shadows" of life. As we steamed up the harbour of St. John we left the fog behind us, and soon found ourselves on *terra firma* in the Queen City of the East.

Here the genial face of Brother Saer was seen in the crowd. Very soon I found myself in Mount Pleasant Place, the guest of Deacon William Kerr, where, with my big brother, Mackintosh, of Yarmouth, we enjoyed the hospitalities of a model home "midst fragrant flowers and 'neath brilliant skies."

During the session of the Union I had the opportunity of presenting the claims of the college and of Foreign Missions and of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour upon the churches of the Maritime Provinces, which, together with the words addressed to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, will be followed, I am sanguine, with good results. Mr. Saer has already given THE INDEPENDENT a report of the proceedings of the Union. It is not necessary therefore for me to add. Let it suffice here to say that the spiritual character of the meetings and the evident deep interest taken by the members of the Union in all our denominational interests made a very deep impression upon the minds and hearts of the delegates visiting from the Upper Provinces.

Whatever murmuring there may be on the part of those living in the Provinces by the sea because of their political connection with us in these Provinces, there is certainly no disposition to murmur on the part of the Congregational brotherhood because of their ecclesiastical connections. Recognizing that in union there is strength and in numbers inspiration, our brethren by the sea have pledged themselves to do their very best to sustain Congregational principles and institutions, and to extend their influence throughout the entire Dominion.

Union over, I then proceeded to visit the churches of Nova Scotia in the interests of our college. With the exceptions of Margaree, Baddeck and Pleasant River, which are too remote from my line of travel, I visited all the fields, preaching on Sundays and during the week as well. Everywhere I received pledges of better things for the college in the future, and in some instances was handed the earnest in the shape of a contribution. Appealing for men as well as for money, I trust that something was thereby accomplished in convincing young men of the greater claim upon them of our own college in Montreal over any of the American colleges. My visit to the churches has deepened my conviction in one thing, and that is that the lack of interest or otherwise in the college is almost in exact proportion to the interest taken in it by the pastors of our churches. If this be accepted as a truth then the contributions of the churches will be an eloquent standard of measurement of the loyalty of pastors to the college.

On the Maitland and Noel field I found Student Daley labouring with much acceptance. Two pastors are needed at once in this field. Who will offer themselves as pastors over these needy and promising

churches? Crossing the Cobequid Bay in a sail boat I found Mr. McLeod, the pastor of the Economy Church, waiting for me with his horse and carriage on the beach. This is one of the best country churches in the Province. After visiting some of the friends service was held in the church in the evening. The following morning, starting at six o'clock, Mr. McLeod drove me to Parrsborough, twenty-three miles distant, where the steamer was taken to Hantsport. The run across the Minas Basin in sight of Cape Blomidin and Grand Pré was delightful. After a short run on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and a carriage drive of ten miles the Cornwallis field was reached. Here I met with the Revs. Jacob Whitman and J. W. Cox. Brother Cox is for the present laid aside from ministerial work. Ten years of hard work on the Maitland and Noel field resulted in the complete nervous prostration of this excellent brother. He is able to go about, but is forbidden doing any work demanding mental effort. May the Lord soon restore to health and to His work our brother. Meanwhile good Brother Whitman, the pioneer and the irrepensible, is supplying the Cornwallis Church. No sooner did I meet him than he handed me a ten-dollar bill as his own contribution to the college, and after service in Kingsport promised to personally canvass the friends for contributions.

Our venerable brother has done good service to our churches in Nova Scotia. Out of unfeigned love to Brother Cox, he is at present supplying this field, in the hope that some arrangement may be made by the Missionary Society for the better supply of the church. The outlook for the church is, I think, a very encouraging one at present.

Here is "the garden of Nova Scotia," the Annapolis Valley being famous the world over for its apples. Elsewhere I may take occasion to speak of the resources of this valley. Meanwhile let it be said that steamers, direct from London, will come this fall to load with apples exclusively. A branch railway is also about to be constructed between Kingsport and Kentville, so that Kingsport is sure to grow in importance. May the Congregationalists of this place be wise in discerning their opportunity! Leaving this field, after a drive of twelve miles to Kentville, and of fifty-nine by rail to Annapolis, and of seventy miles by stage I found myself enjoying the friendly hospitality of Brother Sykes, the pastor of the Liverpool Church. Here I was on well-known ground, having been for six years pastor of the church. On Sabbath morning I preached in Milton, and in the evening in Liverpool. On Monday evening service was held in Brooklyn. During the week, through the kindness of Brother Sykes, I visited a number of the friends in this whole region in the interests of the college, and

received assurances of contributions, and in a few instances an earnest of what was to follow.

Being absent eight years I noticed many and great changes in these fields. Many had passed away to their reward. Others have gone to the States to better their worldly condition. It was very sad to find Deacon Anderson, of Liverpool, who has been a true friend of the college, completely prostrated in health. Brother Sykes needs help in this field. He should not be asked to supply the Brooklyn Church. There is plenty of work for another man in Brooklyn and Beach Meadow, and the people—if they would only think so—are well able, with the help of the Missionary Society, to support a pastor of their own. The friends at Milton have always been mindful of our college, and in addition to what they have already done this year, will send more. It is earnestly to be hoped that Brother Goddard will continue his work in this Church. Thursday night finds us on board the steamer *City of St. John* bound for Yarmouth and Chebogue. O, what a fog! It was with great difficulty that the steamer felt her way along the rock-bound coast. However, Saturday morning found us in Yarmouth and in the parsonage, the guest of our Brother McIntosh. On Sabbath morning I preached in the Tabernacle, and in the evening in Chebogue.

The Yarmouth Church is the strongest Congregational Church in Nova Scotia. Its record for giving to the Lord's cause is an excellent one. With Mr. McIntosh's zeal in our college work the contribution from this church this year will, I have no doubt, be a very handsome one, and worthy of the leading Congregational Church in the Province. The church in Chebogue, under Mr. Watson's wise and faithful ministry, is at present in a very hopeful condition. With his excellent wife as the president of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and Mr. Watson's own lively interest in all our denominational institutions, we may expect to hear of good things being done through their instrumentality in all these directions. After enjoying a picnic with the Tabernacle Sunday school I took the steamer *Yarmouth* for Boston, and turned my face homeward, having discharged to the best of my ability the duties involved in my delegated commission.

DUNCAN MCGREGOR.

Guelph, Aug. 23, 1887.

THE INDIAN CHURCH AT FRENCH BAY.

Some friends have lately been anxious to know how the work was going on in the Indian church, near the shores of Lake Huron. It is three years since I have been there, and my good friend, the Rev. Charles E. Bolton, Warton, will follow this with another article on the more recent aspect of the work; and then—between us both—we will be able to tell the other

churches all about their little sister on the Saugeon Peninsula.

I think the late Rev. Richard J. Williams, once pastor at Speedside, and also at Alton and at Newmarket, was the first of our people to preach to the Indians at Colpoj's Bay. Some families moved over to the Lake Huron side of the peninsula, and carried their democratic ideas of church polity with them. Mr. Kribs laboured at Colpoj's Bay, and after him Mr. Atkey; but there was no white missionary at French Bay, so called for some years. The Ojibway Reserve at Saugeon is four or five miles broad at the south end, and runs north some nine miles, almost to a point, being a wedge shaped tract with a large frontage on Lake Huron. Our Indians occupy the north end of the Reserve, some seven miles or so from the native village, "Saugeon," at the south end. There is a long established Methodist mission at the south of the Reserve. The whole population, as Chief Medwayosh told me three years ago, is about 500. For some years—now long ago—the Church had two local evangelists, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Anjegahbo. They were brothers-in-law, and went about preaching the Gospel with great power. Johnston was the right arm, however, of the work, and when he died Anjegahbo lost much of his power. He was one of those men who could do everything, as it were, if he only had a leader. He too, has now been dead some years. He told me once that he "could not read, and he hardly knew, sometimes, what he could tell the people, that he had not told them before." Then Mr. Burchill, fresh from the college, a married man, was sent there and remained four years. It wants a many-sided man to be a missionary to the Indians. Mr. Burchill was a good man, but not a many-sided man. He did not even try to learn the language; and the language, though it has its inflections, is a bald and bare one, far from being copious. Thus we admire the utterances of an eloquent Indian—his words seem so elevated, flowery and ideal. It is just his poverty of language!

Henry Jones, junior ("Nanegahsung"), was teacher and general helper for some years. I remember the school he taught in, a little log place, with walls five or six feet high, the gable end and door to the road; and when the weather got cold, they kindled a fire outside, to which the boys and girls ran out now and again to warm their fingers. I ordered a stove up from Goderich, without waiting for the committee. They reimbursed me afterward. Henry Jones was most like a white man of any Indian I ever knew. Clean cut features, aquiline nose, bright eye, ringing voice, and a somewhat reserved stately manner. I liked Henry, and withal he was skilful with his hands. He built me a boat and did it well. He died young. William Walker gradually developed

a talent for preaching and managing church affairs, though he had not the superior mind of Henry Jones. William died two years ago, aged about forty-four. The present pastor is Thomas Bigcanoe, a native of Georgina Island, Lake Simcoe. He tells me he holds regular religious services in French Bay church—a frame building not in very good repair—and every second Sunday at the "Scotch Settlement." The reader will smile, but I once asked some of them: "If they had any Scotchmen among them?" "Oh no," they said, "but white people had Scotch settlements; and they thought they had as good right to have a Scotch settlement as anybody else!" So, one of the "lines" Anjegahbo ran ("by rule of thumb") north and south through the Reserve was called "The Scotch Line." Prayer meetings, on week evenings, as well as on the Lord's Day, are well sustained. I am in the belief that there are now no pagans in the settlement. All the old church members, however, were born in paganism. The Sunday school numbers fifty, and includes a number of adults. Mr. Bigcanoe has received no special training, but was well educated at the common schools. He says the people are progressing in farming and cattle raising. The church edifice is to be repaired by the "Band." I think French Bay is now a separate "Band" of Indians, and has its own relations with the Indian Department of the Government. When their "annuities" come, twice a year, they often vote beforehand certain small sums for public objects; and the church building, as well as a handsome schoolhouse, has been built by the Band.

Some of the younger men and women are very intelligent. It takes a little time to get acquainted with them. They are shy at first; and afraid of making mistakes in English, and reserved. But they are watching your every movement, and weighing every word; and doing a great amount of thinking all the time. I remember the last time I was there, walking along in the dark with a man of about thirty, and I asked him when he was converted? And he said: "Four years ago; when my little child died!" I felt drawn toward him at once. A few years ago they got \$14 or \$15 a head every six months from the Government; income from the land they had surrendered to the Province. I suppose it is about the same now. It helps them to clothing and stores. But they know little about using money, and there are men dishonourable enough to cheat them. They have always been active in fishing—spring and fall. One of them told me, with pride, that he had caught thirty barrels of herring that spring. They used to be furnished with salt and barrels by merchants, and filled the barrels at a certain small figure; but now they get salt and make their own barrels, and fish on their own account! Mr. Bigcanoe wishes some of the brethren would come up and see them once in a while. W. W. SMITH.

News of the Churches.

BELLEVILLE.—Church work is progressing. An earnest missionary spirit prevails. The new parsonage is occupied, and the pastor, Mr. Main, is hopeful with regard to the future.

CONROUR AND COLD SPRING.—These churches have become vacant by the resignation of Rev. Hugh Pedley, B.A., who for about ten years has laboured earnestly and efficiently in these fields. Mr. Pedley gives an account of himself in the letter he writes in these columns, but we cannot refrain from expressing our appreciation of his manly bearing and scholarly attainments which have been so long consecrated in the field in which his father wrought under many discouragements. We hope that his visit to British Columbia may result in the establishment there of Congregational Churches, raised to do fitting work for the Master. We may add that Mr. Pedley's brother, Rev. J. W. Pedley, B.A., of Georgetown, received a call from these churches, which call, to the joy of his present charge, he has meanwhile declined.

COWANSVILLE.—We regret that, by reason of ill-health, the Rev. George Willet has been obliged to resign his pastorate. Mr. Willet goes to California in a few days. We wish him a safe journey and speedy restoration to good health.

DANVILLE.—The Rev. J. G. Sanderson has returned from the North-West. During his absence the Rev. Mr. Watson, Chebogue, N. S., occupied the pulpit.

EATON.—Since our last issue this church has welcomed to the home a pastor's wife. Rev. Geo. Skinner by some means unexplained has found his way into the home of one of our old Presbyterian elders in Belleville, and captured a daughter, for whose gifts and graces we can vouch—an active, earnest Christian, and a true worker at home. We extend to the happy couple our editorial congratulations, and Mrs. Skinner, *nee* Cook, will accept a former pastor's blessing.

GARAFRAXA.—Tuesday, August 30, was a gala day in the history of this church and people. The occasion of festivities was a harvest home festival. During the afternoon a large company assembled on the parsonage grounds. Croquet, baseball, football, etc., occupied the attention of all who wished to take part in these games. Those who were too old for sport requiring active motion found ample opportunities for enjoyment in other ways. Towards evening the dinner provided by the ladies invited attention, and these occupations seemed a fitting continuation of the pleasures of the afternoon. In the evening a missionary platform service was held in the church. Speeches were made by the Revs. C. S. Pedley, A. W. Richardson, Student J. P. Gerrie, and the pastor, the Rev.

J. C. Wright. A very pleasant time was spent, and such gatherings, when conducted in this pleasant way, must result in good. The proceeds are for church improvements.

KINGSTON BETHEL.—We have received a copy of a Kingston paper containing an instructive sermon to the young by Mr. McFadyen from 1 Tim. iv. 8, showing that the believer really possesses both worlds. The attention paid to the instruction of the young among us is one of the hopeful signs of these times. We should like to hear something occasionally from this church of its work.

MELBOURNE.—The Rev. A. W. Gerrie, B.A., Pine Grove, has declined a unanimous call from this church. The pulpit, during the winter, will probably be supplied from college.

MONTREAL EMMANUEL.—Pursuant to letters missive from the church, an ecclesiastical council was convened at four o'clock p.m. on Thursday, the 15th ult., to consider the question of installing Rev. F. H. Marling as pastor. Rev. Dr. Cornish, secretary of the church, called the council to order, and requested the nomination of a chairman. On motion, Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, was moved to the chair, and Dr. Barnes, of Sherbrooke, appointed to the office of secretary. Rev. T. Hall offered prayer. The roll of the council was made out as follows: Zion Church, Montreal—Mr. Wm. Johnson, delegate; Calvary Church, Montreal—Rev. E. M. Hill and George McGeary; St. Elmo—Rev. D. McCallum and John Kennedy; Ottawa—Rev. J. Wood; First Church, Kingston—Dr. S. N. Jackson, Deacon McEwin; Granby—Rev. J. I. Hindley; Cowansville—Rev. G. Willet; Danville—Rev. J. G. Sanderson; Sherbrooke—Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D., Deacon H. Hubbard; Persons invited—Rev. W. M. Barbour, D.D., Principal of the Congregational College; Rev. G. H. Wells, of American Presbyterian Church. The council listened to the report of the secretary of the church concerning its action in calling Mr. Marling, and also to the reply of the pastor-elect. Mr. Marling made a statement of his doctrinal belief, and answered questions put to him by members of the council. Whereupon Rev. G. Willet moved, seconded by Dr. Barbour: "That having heard the reading of the call, and acceptance of the same, with the doctrinal statement of the pastor-elect and further examination by the council, we express entire satisfaction, and proceed to arrange for the installation services." Carried. The ceremony of the installation of Mr. Marling took place in Emmanuel Church, at eight o'clock p.m., when Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, presided. The minutes of the council were read by the secretary, Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D., of Sherbrooke, after which a passage of Scripture was read by Rev. J. I. Hindley, M.A., of Granby, and Rev. J. G. Sanderson offered prayer. The

sermon was preached by Rev. W. M. Barbour, D.D., Principal of the Congregational College, who took for his text Acts vi. 4: "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." The preacher dwelt upon the necessity of a minister of the Gospel being constantly sustained by the power of prayer in the administration of his ecclesiastical functions. Eloquent preaching without prayer was like a strong looking chain with a weak link. The constant practising of earnest prayer made the sight of a preacher a perfect benediction. The Rev. D. Macallum, of St. Elmo, offered the installation prayer, and Rev. G. H. Wells, who had known and esteemed Mr. Marling for twenty years, and been a fellow-member of the New York Presbytery, gave the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the other pastors and congregations in the city. The Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, delivered the charge to the pastor, remarking that with Paul the ministry was not a profession to make money out of, but a divine commission to lead always in the battle against sin. The Rev. G. Willet charged the people to uphold their minister, reminding them that one word of criticism of the minister uttered to those whom he was hoped to influence would have greater effect than many words of praise. The benediction was pronounced by Mr. Marling, after which many members of the church and congregation and others were introduced to him. Besides the ministers named above, the Revs. J. L. Foster, R. P. Duclos, J. Fleck, E. M. Hill, L. Jordan and F. M. Dewey were among those present. It remains only to say that Mr. Marling has begun his work in Montreal under very encouraging and promising auspices.

MONTREAL, THE COLLEGE.—The opening exercises of the forty-ninth session were held on the evening of Wednesday, 14th ult., in the College Hall, which was well filled. The crowning interest of the evening was the installation of the Rev. W. M. Barbour, D.D., as principal in succession to Dr. Stevenson. The Rev. Prof. Cornish occupied the chair, and Mr. F. H. Marling offered up the installation prayer. The new principal, in his inaugural address, which we hope to present to our readers, dwelt upon the spirituality, catholicity and simplicity of the Congregational Church. The ministers who were to instruct the rising generation should not be oblivious of the past from which their church had sprung. In assuming his duties Dr. Barbour said he committed himself to God's care, and under His guidance he hoped to labour with all his heart, and to bring those under his charge nearer to their Father in heaven. The Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, welcomed the new principal in the name of the college, and after a few words in reply, short addresses were delivered by Sir William Dawson, the Revs. Prof. Scrimger, Principal Douglas and F. H.

Marling, all welcoming Dr. Barbour to our midst. Dr. Barbour delivered his first lecture to the students on the Friday following.

MONTREAL.—On August 30 an interesting social meeting took place in Calvary Church, four congregations participating, the American Presbyterian, Emmanuel, Zion and Calvary. The occasion was the departure for Bombay of Miss Lily Lyman, daughter of Mr. Theodore Lyman, as a missionary under the American Board of Missions. The evening was spent largely in social intercourse. The absence of all the pastors except Mr. Hill made the gathering in this respect exceptional. Touching and eloquent addresses were made by the chairman, Mr. Hill, as representing Calvary Church, Mr. Baylis, as representing the American Presbyterian, and Mr. Alexander, as representing Emmanuel, who promised that in each of these churches the name of the departing missionary would remain a household word, and would be remembered in prayer until, if God so willed, she returned to tell of the good things God had done through her in that fair land to which she was going. Miss Lyman is to be supported by our Ladies' Mission Board, and we trust that her name will be remembered in all our churches

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

I desire to call the attention of all friends of the college to the time-honoured custom of offering special prayer and gifts on behalf of the college on the second Sunday of October. Next month, when things are more settled, I hope to be able to send to THE INDEPENDENT an account of the work and prospects of the present session. GEORGE CORNISH, Sec.

Montreal, September 16, 1887.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

The next meeting of the above association will be held in Hamilton on October 4 and 5.

Programme:—Tuesday, 4th: Three p.m., business meeting; seven p.m., divine service; preacher, Rev. C. S. Pedley.

Wednesday, 5th: Forenoon and afternoon sessions. Essays, "Our Policy in Cities," by Rev. George Fuller; "Home Interest in Foreign Missions," by Rev. J. C. Wright; and business. Eight p.m., public meeting. Addresses by Revs. J. Colclough, J. K. Unsworth and H. D. Hunter.

Delegates, on arriving in the city, will go straight

to the church, on Hughson Street, where they will be assigned to their billets.

N. B.—Collections at both evening services.

C. S. PEDLEY, Secy.

Literary Notices.

When we wrote our notes on the "Congregational Church Hymnal" in our last, we had not before us Dr. Allon's new CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST HYMNAL, the result of some forty years' experience in hymnology. To us it seems a great pity that the labours of Dr. Allon and Mr. Barrett have not been joined, instead of being placed in virtual rivalry. Dr. Allon's "Psalmist Hymnal" contains 921 hymns. In that respect it is not an improvement upon Mr. Barrett's book, with 725. On the other hand, we miss in this less of the old familiar hymns than in the other. We notice, too, with approval, the abandonment of many emendations which, for us, disfigured the older "Hymn Book and Supplement"; e.g., we have in the Hymnal the missing verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the original also of Sear's "It Came upon the Midnight Clear." These changes are improvements. There is a well known hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," whose second stanza we are afraid was written by the author thus:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the Mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

A composition of bathos, nonsense and poetic barbarism. "Melodious" seems superfluous, "Flaming tongues" is pardonable; "Praise the Mount" even in poetry is a senseless piece of idolatry; and "Mount of Thy redeeming love," to explain what mount is meant, is the introduction of the dictionary into a poem. Conder's old "Congregational Hymn Book" gave us instead

Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above,
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

Dr. Allon has consistently adhered to this time-honoured alteration which has preserved to taste as well as to devotion an otherwise precious hymn. Mr. Barrett has given

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
O, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

Better perhaps, but so little better, that Conder's familiar emendation might have remained. Comparing the two books under review, there are over 450 hymns in common, including about ninety not in the older book of Dr. Allon. We venture to say that these will be the hymns more generally used, and were it not that we have hymn books enough, we would add: these hymns in common would form the basis of a book of 500 hymns which would commend itself to the churches generally. Upon the whole, were the hymns alone in question, notwithstanding our repugnance to a large number, we should place Dr. Allon's selection before Mr. Barrett's.

But the tunes are an element. What of them? Dr. Allon's colleague in this department was the late Dr. H. J. Gauntlett, who, master though he was, played some strange pranks both with harmonies and air—e.g., in the tune of Mendelssohn set to "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," the dropping of the last note in the second strain from B to G, and the retaining of the treble throughout the fifth strain on D. Dr. Allon has restored the more familiar rendering in his last work, to the infinite comfort of singers. No doubt such changes as Dr. Gauntlett made had their effect, but a pretty general verdict was recorded against them as fitted for congregational singing. Dr. Allon has done well under Dr. W. H. Monk's direction in restoring the more familiar harmonies and strains. The general remarks made on our review of the "Congregational Church Hymnal" regarding the class of music therein, apply also to the "Congregational Psalmist Hymnal"; it only now remains with us to express our preference. This we really have no difficulty in doing. We regret the size of Dr. Allon's collection, but inasmuch as the "faults and sins of youth" have been forsaken, more regard had to the memories of the past and such hymns as "The sands of time are sinking," "Eye hath not seen Thy glory," are found therein, our decided verdict is in favour of the "Congregational Psalmist Hymnal." Both books have the same publishers—Hodder & Stoughton—but have been printed on different presses. The execution of the "Congregational Church Hymnal" is the better, but the "Psalmist Hymnal" on the whole is our decided preference. We should like to see it introduced generally in our Canadian churches. The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, will supply sample copies of either.

The *Homiletic Review* (Funk & Wagnalls, New York) for September is prompt in its appearance, and growing in interest. One marked feature is the series of papers on some of the "Representative Preachers of the Day." Dr. Talmage and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher were discussed in former numbers, while Dr. Phillips Brooks is the subject of the current criticism. Dr. Eaton, of Louisville, Ky., has a timely and sensible article on the Labour Problem. Other shorter articles, with a good array of interesting sermons, editorial and miscellaneous matter combine to make a number of high merit.

The *Pulpit Treasury* for September is on our table, and indicates the helpful character of this evangelical monthly. The frontispiece is a portrait of Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University, followed by his sermon on "Opportunity and Responsibility." The Leading Thoughts of Sermons are very good. An article on "A Bible View of the Labour Question," by Rev. B. W. Williams, shows how the Old Book covers this as well as every social problem. Light on the International Lessons, Christian Missions in Japan, The Pharaoh of Abraham and Joseph, etc., combine to make the number well to the front in instruction and suggestion. Yearly, \$2.50. Clergymen, \$2. Single copies, 25 cents. E. B. Treat, publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

The September *Century* has both a holiday and a political flavour, in each of which respects it makes a strong appeal to current interests. The second part of "Snubbin' Through Jersey," narrating a unique

summer excursion in a canal boat, is a rollicking as well as an instructive piece. The narrative not only reflects a very admirable holiday humour, of the sort which should characterize a "lark," but has the hallmark of a substantial presentation of an interesting and little-known type of American life—"The Amateur Photographer" and "The Camera Club of Cincinnati" reflect the growing attractiveness of amateur photography. "Woman and Artist" is a little gem which we give:

I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world !—
How can I work with small pink fists
About my fingers curled ?

Then adieu to name and to fame !
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth,
With its lips against my breast.

Shall we plant native or foreign trees? is a question that may have for us a practical side. An editorial in the September *Century* closes as follows: "We feel justified in adding to these general statements a word of strong recommendation of native as against foreign, or at least as against European, trees. At the best the latter are uncertain in almost every case, while the former have an inborn and well-proved title to be trusted. The most successful ornamental planting that has ever been done in America shows its results in the streets of such towns as Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Salem and New Haven, and was the work of men who went to the forest and not to the nursery for their infant elms and maples. Certainly our more recently planted parks offer small promise of a like maturity of beauty with their European oaks and ashes, their Scotch and Austrian pines, in almost as deplorable a state as their Norway spruces. When not ornamental, but economic plantations are in question, past experience tells very strongly against European trees, while the evidence of recent experiments with native trees—as in the plantations of indigenous conifers in Eastern Massachusetts—is of the most encouraging kind."

SOME HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

Holidays are not all pleasure. If a man finds packing up and leaving home a pleasant kind of exercise he is a poor kind of man, or he has a poor kind of home. Saying good bye to a bore is pleasant enough, but it is not so pleasant saying good bye to one's wife. Kissing the baby on ordinary occasions does not require much of an effort from an experienced family man, but some fairly strong men do weaken perceptibly when they kiss the baby the last time for a month.

Now you are off. As the train steamed away from the station, you need not be ashamed to admit that you felt a rather uncomfortable sensation under the third button of your vest when you glanced through the window and took your last look of the town or city which contains nearly all that is most dear to you on earth. No, you needn't be the least ashamed to

admit that. If you didn't feel a little that way you are not much of a man. This contributor has no ambition to act in the capacity of father-in-law for any young man who leaves home for a month without feeling a little sad. To be father-in-law to an iceberg is not a position we covet to any great extent.

But you are off anyway and you have not gone far until you perhaps find out that a crowded heated car and coal dust do not add much to the happiness of human existence. Coal dust is a most searching kind of thing. It searches all the territory between one's neck and one's shirt collar with marvellous persistency. Your whitest linen soon changes colour under the malign influence of coal dust. As you go on your tour, you perhaps find yourself on a steamboat that has berths for seventy-five passengers, but has 200 on board. If you are one of the 125 that got no berth, it may dawn on your mind some time during the first night you are on board that holidays are not all pleasure. A fit of sea sickness that causes you to give yourself away over the side of the steamer will greatly fortify you in that opinion. Some hotels and boarding houses remind one of home—by way of contrast. There are other holiday inconveniences which might be mentioned, but the worst one comes in at the end. As the weeks slip past your pocket book gradually takes on a slender form. By the time your holiday is over it becomes as thin as a pancake. We once saw the pocket book of a doctor in divinity when he got home from a tour to the Old Country, and his pocket book was scarcely thick enough to cast a shadow. Well, you sit down and solemnly open your thin pocket book and find you have spent more money than you expected to spend—one always does in this country—and you feel bad. This closing reflection over the thin pocket book is one of the most painful things about a holiday.

But if we rightly remember, we set out with the intention of saying something about some of the pleasures of a holiday. Like some preachers, we have wandered from the text. We have just as good a right to wander from the text as any preacher has. One of the greatest pleasures of a holiday is

MEETING OLD FRIENDS.

Perhaps they are old parishioners, or old school-mates, or old college chums, or old neighbours, old friends of some kind. You haven't seen them for years. You didn't expect to see them now, and perhaps the pleasure is all the greater because you didn't. The pleasure of surprise is added to all the other pleasures. And meeting an old trusty friend is one of the greatest pleasures we enjoy on this earth. There is just one thing better than a warm shake-hands with a true man, and that is a shake-hands with a whole-souled woman. Let any genial kind of man who has spent a month at the seaside, or in Muskoka,

or in fact anywhere, say when he comes home what he enjoyed most and prominent among the enjoyable things he will always put "meeting some old friends."

We once heard a most excellent man say that if he had met his neighbour's dog in London he would have taken off his hat to the animal. The good man was "doing" London alone and he got very lonesome.

To have met a neighbour in the metropolis of the world would have been a rare treat. We all know how interesting a neighbour becomes when you meet him two or three hundred miles from home. Some neighbours need to travel about three-hundred miles from home before they take any interest in each other. Would it not be as well if neighbours did not depend so much on distance to stir up their neighbourly feelings?

Another of the pleasures of a holiday consists in

MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

There are a great many nice people in this world, and one rarely travels any distance or spends a week at a summer resort without meeting some of them. Probably we never heard of them before, never knew they were in existence, but in some way or another an acquaintance springs and ripens into friendship, and the friendship lasts for life. Many of the friendships we value most highly arose in this very way. You meet a man on train or steamboat, talk a little with him, find you have many things in common; later on, he visits you, and you visit him, and you are friends to the end of life's journey.

A third pleasant thing about a holiday is

AN INCREASE OF VITALITY.

You leave home with a weary brain, shaky nerves, deranged digestive organs, and a physical system generally out of tune. For the first week you probably feel worse. Then you begin to eat more and sleep better, and feel better generally. In a short time your landlord has a very small margin of profit on your meals. The less profit he has financially the more you have physically. When you never know you have a stomach except at meal time, and can sleep ten hours on a stretch, then you strike for home. And be thankful you have a home to go to.

SOME WONDERS THAT MIGHT BE DONE.

That bright, particular star in the Church sky—Dr. Joseph Parker—is about to visit this continent. Parker says good things, bright things, fresh things, and, what is better for clerical readers, suggestive things. He frequently deals in acorns that may easily be expanded into fairly-sized oaks. Writers or preachers who have the power to suggest, to start the mental machinery in others, to prod a man so that he *must* think himself, are out of all sight the best for preachers to come in contact with. Parker is to remain on this continent for six months, and it is to be

hoped many preachers will be greatly stimulated by his visit.

Commenting on one of those passages in the Acts which says that wonders were done by the apostles, the great London preacher observes that many people might do wonders now if they would. So they might. There are a few people even in the Presbyterian Church who might do things that would make their neighbours wonder almost as much as the apostles made men wonder in the first century.

Here is a rich man who, with praiseworthy persistence, gives twenty-five cents each year to support the Schemes of his Church. Supposing he should give \$25 this year—that would be a wonder.

Here is another man who attends divine service one Sabbath in four. Supposing he turned a leaf and attended twice every Sabbath—that would be a wonder.

Here is a cranky Ishmaelite who has raised a disturbance at every congregational meeting for the last twenty-five years. Supposing he should come to one meeting and conduct himself like a reasonable Christian man—that would be a wonder.

The fact is, the more one thinks about it the more clearly he sees that there is a fine opening for doing wonders in our own time. Of course the wonders that might be done now are not the same as those done by the apostles, but they are highly useful in their way. The Church would be greatly benefited by a few wonders quite within the reach of men who are not endowed with apostolic power.

It is just possible that some preachers might do wonders if they would. If this brother who says "in conclusion," "lastly," "finally," "one word more," should break off suddenly some day with a short, ringing peroration, he would make everybody in the congregation wonder. If this other brother who gives much time and labour to the making of fine sentences and polishes them until they have lost all power should change his style and make sentences like bullets, his people would wonder. They would wonder what struck them. A very prosy brother might make his people wonder if he tried to preach a little like John the Baptist. A sentimental, poetic, softish kind of preacher would astonish his hearers greatly if he could imitate Paul's style just a little. To preach even a little like Paul, one would need to imbibe Paul's spirit; and a preacher with Paul's spirit would perhaps make the people of our day wonder so much that they might not call him to eligible congregations.

Some Presbyteries might do wonders in the way of saving precious time and saving also the patience and temper of members who have more work at home than they can overtake. Too many Presbyteries are afflicted with a few loquacious bores who seem to think Presbyterianism would go to pieces if they did

not speak two or three times on every trifling item of business. Hours are spent discussing matters that might be put through in a few minutes. The most aggravated, wearying, worrying cases are those in which precious time is squandered on mere questions of routine. Complaints are often made about elders staying away or taking no part in the proceedings. Perhaps they show their good sense by so doing. A man who has important work at home, be he minister or elder, cannot afford to fritter away his time by spending a day on business that might be done in an hour or two. The difference between a real business man who can see at a glance the salient points in a case, who can strip from the essential vital points all the rubbish that gathers around them, and present the vital points in a crisp sentence or two—the difference between a Presbyterian of that kind and the interminable talker who succeeds in doing nothing but exhibiting himself—is as marked as the difference between the sun and an old fashioned tallow candle. If a Presbytery given to spending precious time in useless talk should some day put its business through in business style—that would be a wonder. Much of the business done at Presbytery meetings is just as secular as the business done in the council chamber or in Parliament, or in the law courts. If the time given to the secular part could be shortened and some time given to exercises of a spiritual nature, perhaps our elders would not so frequently go home disgusted, and Plymouth Brethren might have more difficulty in convincing our people that the Church is made of purely secular machinery.

Some congregations might do wonders. A good many would do a most astoundingly wonderful thing if they paid their minister a salary that he could live on with a reasonable degree of comfort. Some would do a wonderful thing if they stopped quarrelling, and lived at peace for a year or two. Some might make people wonder if they did almost any large, generous thing.

It would be a wonder if some congregations should build a new church. The old one was good thirty years ago and the building of it at that time was highly creditable to the congregation. Since then—but this branch of the subject is large and we must lay it over, or some genial reader may say it would be a wonder if "Knoxonian" knew when to stop. He thinks he does, and that is a good deal more than some people know. Jay says that when he began to preach he concluded there was one merit within the reach of all, and that was *brevity*. Jay didn't live in this country, or he never would have come to that conclusion.

THAT OLD BUILDING.

It is said that the following dialogue is heard in some town in the Western States:—

Stranger (in a lately-settled popular Western resort): "What is that enormous building across the way?"

Guide: "That's a hotel."

Stranger: "And that large, handsome brick structure?"

Guide: "That's the club-house, sir."

Stranger: "I see. Well, what's that long, odd-looking building behind the enclosure?"

Guide: "The grand-stand at the race-course?"

Stranger: "Oh, yes. It's all very beautiful, but I should think the authorities would remove that unsightly building adjoining the hotel away from the main thoroughfare. What is it? Some sort of a hen house?"

Guide: "No, sir. That's a church."

This dialogue might easily be adapted to some rural districts in Ontario.

What fine brick building is that across the way, surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees, with a nice flower garden in front?

That, sir, is the residence of one of our successful farmers. He settled on that farm many years ago, very poor; he worked hard, lived economically, paid for and improved his land and has a good round sum at interest. He lived for many years in a shanty, but has that fine house now.

And what solid-looking stone building is that a little farther down the road?

That, sir, is the residence of another successful farmer. In fact all the farmers in this locality, with two or three exceptions, live in houses like these.

And what is that large frame building in the rear of the brick house surrounded by smaller wooden buildings?

That, sir, is the barn. It is eighty feet long, sixty feet wide, has a stone foundation, and cost a lot of money.

What are the smaller buildings beside the barn used for?

These, sir, are the cow and horse stables. They are well arranged and well kept. The winters in this country are generally long and cold, and animals such as the cow and horse have to be well cared for. Some of the cows in these stables are highly bred, and are worth hundreds of dollars.

And what is that old, dingy, dilapidated, dirty-looking little frame building in the corner?

That, sir, is the Presbyterian Church!

Let us reverently draw near, and take a look at that building. Let us examine it closely, for it is the outward and visible representative of Presbyterianism in the locality in which it stands.

The colour of its weather-beaten sides is simply indescribable. The elements have done the painting, and when the elements paint a building for forty or fifty years it is pretty hard to say what colour they have made it. A few of the clapboards have become tired, and are resting themselves by hanging loosely in a free and easy sort of way. Some of the window panes have departed, and left an opening for the elder's hat. Perhaps they have "joined the Methodists" as

a good many of the people have done during the last twenty years. The corner is knocked off one of the chimneys. There are holes in the roof. The sermon may be dry, but the people need never be on wet Sundays. Looking in, you see the old rusty red stove stand near the door, and two lines of rusty pipes leading to the opposite end of the church. The lines are not parallel—they twist and turn like a snake fence. Below each hole at which they enter the end wall there is a beautiful streak running clear down to the floor, such as no painter could paint. The plaster is off in several places. The pews owe nothing to modern church architecture, and the floor owes nothing to the broom. The pulpit resembles a barn-swallow's nest, plastered high up against the end wall. Going up that pulpit stair must be a serious thing for a preacher weary with a long journey from his last station. The law of compensation, however, works even here. When he looks down from the lofty eggshell he can console himself with the thought that he stands high in the church.

Let us say all the good things we can about this old building. Forty or fifty years ago it was a credit to those who built it. Some of the early settlers worked at it with their own hands. They drew every board, every stick of timber and every shingle used in its construction. Money was scarce in those early days, but they gave what they could. That old building when opened for worship represented the united consecrated effort of noble men and women who wished to plant the Church of their fathers in this new land. Their church was then the best building in the neighbourhood. Mark that fact. It is now the worst. Mark that fact too.

We hear a great deal of nonsense about wealthy people in cities spending money on fine church buildings—money that might be used for missions and colleges. The difference between some frame churches built fifty years ago, and the shanties in which most of the builders lived was greater than the difference between St. Andrew's, Toronto, and the residences of the men who put up that noble structure. All things considered, the early settlers put up better buildings for the worship of God than almost any congregation puts up now. All honour to the men who put up the old church. The late Sir Hugh Allan used to sail a tug boat on the St. Lawrence. That tug may have cost him more thought, more labour and, in proportion to his means, more money than the *Parisian*. The old church, all things considered, really cost more than a new one would cost; but some of the old men who are gone were more willing to build than some of the young men are. And, truth to say, some of the old men who survive are not as liberal as they were fifty years ago. That's the trouble. There is too much reason to fear that Canada is a country in which

Wealth accumulates, but men decay.

We have no quarrel with the old church. The discreditable thing is that everything around the old church has improved, but the Church has gone back. Every house in the neighbourhood has been improved but God's. Farms worth \$300 or \$400 are worth \$4,000 or \$5,000. Cattle that looked like skeletons on which decent animals might possibly be built have given place to well-bred stock. The old cradle and the old scythe have made way for the reaper and mower. The old No. 4 plough and the triangular drag have been exchanged for the iron plough and the harrow. The family ride to town in a carriage. The home-made fabrics have been superseded by silk. The corduroy road is exchanged for the railway. Everything has improved, but the old church has gone back.

Well, if anybody has read this far, and is not convinced that a new church should be built or the old one repaired, there is no use in saying anything more to him.—*Knoxonian*, in *The Canada Presbyterian*.

FOR a number of years the American Tract Society has issued the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, an admirable family paper for old and young. It has been of uniformly pure and healthy tone, and the illustrations have been of the best. It has recently changed hands, the Tract Society ceasing its publication. It is announced that it will continue under the editorial care of Mr. O. A. Kingsbury, with Mr. W. J. Canfield as publisher. They state that it will be conducted on the same lines as hitherto, and that it is soon to be enlarged. It is hoped that under its new management it will become increasingly prosperous and useful.

THE editor of the *Christian Leader* has this jotting in his note book: The secretary of a missionary society had extended his address at a meeting to the not very great length of forty minutes, when a young man stepped up to the platform and placed his watch upon the table to imply it was time to stop. The speaker quietly pocketed the watch, as if it were a gift, and continued his speech. At the close of the meeting the impertinent youth was obliged to ask for the watch, and found a smart reproof for his insolence in the refusal to surrender it till an ample apology had been given. Even a prosy speaker should not be insulted by conceited impertinence.

IN the Province of Quebec the ideas prevalent in Ontario as to the sanctity of the Sabbath have not the same weight. In this Province there is a strong healthy feeling in favour of the maintenance of Sabbath privileges. Attempts to curtail these are met with earnest remonstrance. It is otherwise in Quebec. The Fraser Institute, in Montreal, has been opened on Sundays, and the Victoria Rifles Band has commenced giving sacred concerts on Sunday evening in

Victoria Rink. During the election contest in Ottawa County, Sabbath was the day on which the largest number of political meetings were held. Politicians and electors would greatly benefit if the Sabbath rest were respected.

A FATHER TO HIS SON.

"Come sit you down beside me," said a father to his son,
When the evening meal was finished and the work of day
was done;

"Draw nearer, boy, and listen well to what I have to say;
I'll speak it now in confidence, while mother is away.

"I heard to-night, when I came home from working hard
all day,

Your mother has been grieved, because her son had gone
astray,

I don't believe in beating, for I think talk does more good;
I'll use the simplest kind of words, so's to be understood.

"You're not a man, and won't be, boy, for many years to
come—

And if you were, your duty still would lie in your old home—
The home where first you saw the light of day and heard
the tone

Of your mother's voice in singing you to sleep when all
alone.

"Some children think, when old enough to talk and go to
school,

They're masters of their actions and beyond their mother's
rule;

Believe me, boy, in childhood—and I'll say in manhood—
you

Will find the mother always is the wiser of the two.

"I'll say no more, your mother's step I hear upon the
stairs;

But bear in mind what I have said, and always in your
prayers

Remember her who is your guide in life from day to day,
You'll miss her, boy, and know her worth when she has
passed away."

The great statute of Thomas Carlyle on the Chelsea Embankment, or Cheyne Walk, is a noble thing, and Boehm, the sculptor, knew his subject. It is such a comfortable statute; the pose perfectly restful. Carlyle is wrapped in a long dressing-gown. His books are all closed and beneath his arm-chair. He is an old man, and you notice at first glance that his work is done. It is not the old Carlyle lion with a roar, but the noble shock of corn fully ripe; a great garnered sheaf with a sunset glow upon it. It is Carlyle as we shall see him when time softens his jags a little more. He is looking upon the Thames, which quietly and forever flows before him, a thing of life—the deep, slow, unchanging life, which Carlyle himself would not growl at.

A half-dozen roistering children were playing about the pedestal, and did not disturb him; and I will venture to say that every rooster in Chelsea might have crowded, and we should not have seen Jane Carlyle's cap-strings flying in the wind as she ran to buy them up, lest they should disturb the steady flow of her lord's pen.

The inscription of this memorial is very simple, and yet entirely sufficient. If Carlyle has ever looked through the veil to read it, he has uttered a satisfied *Amen*.

THOMAS CARLYLE,

Born Dec. 4, 1795,

at

Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

Died Feb. 5, 1881,

at

Great Cheyne Row,

It is a thousand pities that Jane Carlyle could not have been memorized too. But the sparkle of her face, her wit, her pen, shall be told as the memorial of her forever.

I well knew that the statute was at the foot of Great Cheyne Row, where the strong man had lived; but to be sure of the locality, I said to the tallest child playing there, "This is Cheyne Row?"

"Oh!" she answered, "you are hafter Carlyle'ouse, and I will show you 'is very door!"

An avenue of very ordinary doors is Great Cheyne Row; nothing special about any of them. And yet the one door of all others which the world does look at in London is that before which I stood. Carlyle had passed in and out, times without number; and he had gone out forever! Nobody crosses the threshold now. The curtains are drawn. It looks *dead*; and all death is dreadful; and one runs after life.

So we turned away from the Carlyle home, and went back again into Cheyne Walk, along the brink of the Thames. The Walk seems to be the place where great people go to die; for Turner, Rossetti and George Eliot were carried to their burials from houses on this very street. And the Walk was once royal. Some of the buildings are on grounds once within the garden of a Henry VIII. palace, and owned later by the regal Elizabeth. And here too lived Thomas More, whom King Henry loved so well that he walked with his arms about him, and then got mad and cut his dear friend's head off—a thing he was very prone to do, and a very blessed release, probably, to all those who thus got clear from such a royal master.

There is a church in Cheyne Walk with a great square tower, and the very one, I dare say, in which Jane Carlyle got the rheumatism every time she attended service, and wisely, therefore, stayed at home.—*Selected*.

Children's Corner.

MY KINGDOM.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul,
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

THE CONIES: WHAT THEY TEACH.

The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in 'the rocks.' What are conies? Some think them to be a kind of rabbit, but, though like, they are quite different. They have no tail, and resemble a guinea-pig in form and size. They are not so big, or strong, or well furnished as a rabbit. Their toes are so soft that they cannot burrow and make holes in the ground. Because they are so feeble and defenceless, they resort to deep clefts in the rocks, and find a safe shelter there. If they are but a feeble folk, yet they have a lively eye in their head, and can be very happy and gay. A score or more of them will come out into the sunshine, and frisk about as if they had found their long-lost tails. But they keep near the rock, and at the slightest sound

or appearance of danger they are off in a moment, safe within the clefts. What do the conies teach us? They say, "Hide in the rock God has provided for you, and be safe." Now the meaning of this illustration is very plain. Here we have another aspect or principle of faith. The ants tell us to provide for the future, and be diligent in the use of means; the conies tell us how frail and unprotected we are, how unable we are to defend ourselves, how completely we must look away from ourselves to some shelter elsewhere. The ants teach us the lesson of self-reliance; the conies teach us the lesson of dependence. We are to be both self-reliant and dependent in this world, but not with regard to the same things. Heaven helps them who help themselves, like the little ants; and heaven helps them, too, who do nothing but keep within the safe hiding-place in the time of danger, like the little conies.

There are circumstances around us, there are experiences we meet with, that make it clear we live a life defenceless and exposed to many a storm and many a change. We are frail creatures in this great universe. A poet says, "I feel as weak as a violet, alone 'neath the awful sky." But he thought deeply, and came to see a divine Providence that gathered around him, thought and cared for him, and then he could sing again,

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of beautiful Nature
Still worked for the love of me.
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rains fall, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

Yes, that is true, and to rely on that truth is to make one's house in the rock; but what about the actual dangers that threaten to crush us? Storm and tempest may sweep down on us at any moment. Our sins make our situation dangerous; they separate us from God, and leave us unprotected amidst the misfortunes that are without number in this world. Is there a place of defence strong enough to keep us in all danger? Yes! there is one, and only one, and you know it. It is the Lord Jesus, the Rock of Ages. Christ is our Rock. Out of Christ we are nothing but feebleness, but in Him we are safe and strong. Children, trust in the Rock, and make your house there. No condemnation can reach you, and no evil can touch you if you abide in Christ. What-

ever dangers may threaten you, make sure of being in Him, and amid them all you will have safety and peace. Poverty cannot starve you, toil cannot weary you, anxiety cannot worry you, sickness cannot consume you, loss cannot rob you, malice cannot confound you, change cannot alter you, death cannot kill you, hell cannot devour you. Never can you perish, or be plucked out of Christ's hand. Let the conies lead you to Him. Bruce, the African traveller, says he never saw any creature so attached to the rock as the coney—seldom leaving it, and always ready to dart into it. So be it with you. Learn to say evermore, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee."

TWO CHINESE CONVERTS.

The missionaries who are labouring for Christ in China meet with many discouragements owing to the people being wedded to idolatry and opium, but they are cheered everywhere by seeing that God is blessing their labours. Two instances in point are mentioned in a recent letter from a missionary who belongs to the Inland Mission. He writes: Last Sunday I had just returned from school, and was feeling a little downcast, because of the seeming hardness of the hearts of those to whom I had been speaking, when a man came and looked in at my window. I asked him in, and, as soon as he was seated, I said to him, "Why do you not give your heart to God, and let Him hereafter be your Master?" And he replied, "That is just what I wanted to tell you; I have done it, and I believe fully in Jesus," he said with great stress. I could not help saying, "Praise God!" and then went on to talk with him. After a little he said, "But my heart is not happy." I asked why. He said, "You know I have a brother and mother at home; they do not know about Jesus." "Well," I said, "you must go home now and tell them what you know." He said he would do so.

Another man was here on Saturday. He came once before, and seemed very much interested; but one could not make him feel the real need of a Saviour. He took away a New Testament then, and has been reading it. He was here fully two hours. He wanted to have Christ and Buddha, and for a long time was proof against all I could say. At last I inquired, "Have you a son?" He said, "Yes." "Well, now," I said, "if your son came in here and honoured me as his

father, and took no notice of you, how should you like it? Would it be right or wrong?" "Ah," he said, lifting both hands, "that is right. It is wrong to worship a man [for he admitted Buddha was only such], and forget the Father of all." He accepted Christ.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

A few days ago I was conversing with a friend. We were talking of a friend, and I thoughtlessly made the remark: "I wish some one would write her life; it would be beautiful."

The friend looked at me for a moment, then said: "Hourly Lena's life is being written. We may not know how beautiful her life really is until we hear it up there," said she, pointing heavenward. "The recording angel," she continued, "is not only writing Lena's life, but he is writing yours and mine."

Children, do you think, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the recording angel sees all, and is keeping a record of all you do or say?

Daily are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One with smiles the good inditing,
One, the evil, sad and still.

Yes, children, every evil deed is recorded in heaven, and He who knoweth all things sees every bad deed, knows every wicked thought that passes through the mind; but the same Father sees and knows every good deed and thought.

And yet with Him who marks the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

We must do all we can for God, but, after all, it is nothing to what God does for us. It was not so much Abram that covenanted as God; and so only God passed between the pieces of the victims.

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