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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1880.

[New Series. No. 17

THE WILKES TESTIMONIAL FUNDS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to state for the information of subscribers to this Fund and others who may be interested therein; that the undertaking is making satisfactory progress, the amount subscribed up to date being \$4,500. It was the intention of the committee to close the fund during the present week; but inasmuch as the subscription-list in England is not yet complete, and as many in this city and elsewhere in Canada wished, when called upon in the spring, to defer their subscriptions till the autumn, and have, therefore, to be visited again, the Committee have decided to keep the lists open until the end of the year, and to make the presentation of the fund to Dr. Wilkes at the beginning of the new year. The response made to the appeal for contributions has been very gratifying and encouraging, and has justified the movement. Much, however, still remains to be done in canvassing for further contributions; and the Committee will be thankful to receive any suggestions or assistance by which the good object they have in hand may be carried to as successful an accomplishment as possible.

The following list sets forth the amount subscribed up to date:—

Emmanuel Church, Montreal	\$1,200.00
American	955.00
Calvary	60.00
Hamilton	85.00
Brantford	42.50
London	37.00
Paris	32.00
Guelph	20.00
Georgetown	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,865.50

The Rev. John Wood, by invitation of the Committee, visited most of the above mentioned churches in Ontario, and the districts east of that in Ontario. The Committee have invited Rev. W. H. Hen de Bourck to visit Toronto and other places in the central district, and Rev. J. L. Forster, to visit Kingston, as their deputation on behalf of the fund, and it is expected that these gentlemen will soon begin the work. It could not be placed in better hands, and I trust that they will receive a cordial welcome and that their appeal will be successful.

The present session of the Congregational College has begun amid cheering auspices, and professors and students are now fully engaged at their work. There were seven applicants for admission: of these, four had been received on probation: two desiring further preparation, did not present themselves at the opening of the session: and the other was recommended to withdraw his application.

There are at the present time thirteen students in attendance. The classes are held in the room in Emmanuel Church, which has been set apart for the use of the college, as a lecture-room and library, and is found to be commodious and well-adapted for these purposes. In conclusion, I would beg to remind the churches that the Treasurer has to meet monthly drafts on the exchequer, and hence the importance of prompt remittances is apparent. I remain, with much respect, yours faithfully,

GEORGE CORNISH.

Montreal, Oct. 14th, 1880.

Topics of the Week.

—Mr. Moody has no sympathy with those who want to go outside of the church to get into "the higher life." He would have them stay in church and help purify that.

—Our Presbyterian friends seem to have succeeded very well with their Congregational Council, in Philadelphia. Now if they will only take the whole of our polity and use it well, it would be a great gain to them.

—Dr. Jessup, of Syria, in a recent address said: It would have done Dr. Ray Palmer's heart good to have heard three hundred Mohammedan girls singing the hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," translated into their own language.

—The monument of John Milton in Cripplegate Church, which since its erection in 1832 has stood in an obscure corner, has, during the recent restoration of the edifice, been placed in a conspicuous position near the south-west door.

—Some time ago Mr. Butterworth, a large manufacturer of Oldham, asked the town council to accept a free library with the condition that it was to be opened on Sunday, but the town council declined to have it on such condition. Mr. Butterworth has now determined to open a free library to the public on his own account.

—Yun Kwai, the Chinese student in the States, who has been ordered home because of his father's displeasure at his acceptance of the Christian religion, will not have to obey, and he has entered Harvard College. The treaty between that government and China does not allow a man thus to be enforced back again to his own country except for certain crimes.

—The colored Baptist churches of Virginia unite in calling a convention to meet at Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 24th, "For the purpose of eliciting, combining and directing the energies of all the colored Baptists in one sacred effort for the propagation of the Gospel in Africa." The call is designed to be broad enough to cover all the colored Baptist religious bodies in the West Coast.

At a meeting of the Scotch Episcopal Church Council in Edinburgh on the 30th ult., a very unsatisfactory report was presented. The funds of the Church had suffered heavily through losses on property investments, which had been over-valued. In consequence of this, it was recommended to the Council to reduce the salaries of the Primus and bishops. It was also stated that, in consequence of this loss, it had been resolved to discontinue the *Scottish Guardian*, the Church newspaper, at the end of the present month.

It is an old Belgian custom (the Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes) that the King stands godfather when a seventh son is born in a family. On these occasions the King is represented by the burgomaster of the locality. The fanaticism of the Catholic clergy has now gone so far that in several instances, recently, they have refused to admit the King as godfather. The comments of the clerical journals on the revolt against the school laws at Heule, which has cost two lives, leave no doubt that the clericals are prepared to push their agitation to the extent of even provoking civil war.

At Surfa, in Southern Armenia, a Moslem lady and her daughter, who had embraced the Christian religion, the girl marrying an Armenian gentleman, have been roughly dealt with. The Moslem inhabitants of Surfa, excited by fanaticism, armed themselves with clubs, daggers, and guns, and some of them also being on horseback, attacked the houses of the Armenians, spreading terror among the Christian families. They arrested the newly-married couple, and led them before the Moslem Governor, who thanked the Mohammedan mob for their devotion, and put the Armenian and his wife in prison.

Coleridge one day, when some one was enlarging on the tendency of some good scheme to regenerate the world, threw a little thistle-down into the air, which he happened to see by the road side, and said, "The tendency of this thistle-down is towards China, but I know, with assured certainty, it will never get there, nay, it is more than probable that, after sundry eddying, and gyrations up and down, backwards and forwards, it will be found somewhere near the place where it grew. Such is the history of the grand schemes for ameliorating mankind apart from Divine power."

—The Bishop of Manchester, in a sermon which he preached at Swinton, on Saturday evening, said he almost thought that if he had been brought up a Non-conformist he should be ready to recognize the conspicuous merits of the Church of England, and become an exponent of her religious faith. The Thirty-nine Articles were the basis upon which the Church built her worship, but no man was bound to subscribe to them in all their minutiae, though they contained little that any man calling himself a Christian would wish to deny. He took courage from what had just occurred at Leicester to hope that the various Christian bodies would unite more closely.

—The new colony of Rugby, Tenn., was opened formally on Oct. 5th, Mr. Thomas Hughes, of England, making an address. The town is growing rapidly already. A comfortable hotel is built, recreation grounds are opened, and the ordinary institutions of town life are in operation. The colony is not meant for English settlers only, but all well disposed settlers are welcome. It is on a temperance basis and under Christian control. Its object is to furnish an opportunity for middle-class Englishmen, the younger sons of the nobility, and other suitable persons who cannot find openings in England, as well as for thrifty and enterprising Americans, to establish themselves in life economically and usefully, while securing the advantages of culture and religion, which new settlements usually lack. It promises to be an entire success.

—The late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, a few days before his death, forwarded the following letter, addressed to the Boys of England, to the editor for publication in the *Boy's Own Paper* (Religious Tract Society), of which he was a great admirer, and to which he regularly contributed. It appears in last week's number, which also contains a portrait of Mr. Kingston, and a short biographical notice of his literary career:—

Stormont Lodge, Willesden, Aug. 2, 1880.

My Dear Boys,—I have been engaged, as you know, for a very large portion of my life in

writing books for you. This occupation has been a source of the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to me, and, I am willing to believe, to you also.

Our connection with each other in this world must, however, shortly cease.

I have for some time been suffering from serious illness, and have been informed by the highest medical authorities that my days are numbered.

Of the truth of this I am convinced by the rapid progress the disease is making. It is my desire, therefore, to wish you all a sincere and hearty farewell!

I want you to know that I am leaving this life in unspeakable happiness, because I rest my soul on my Saviour, trusting only and entirely to the merits of the great atonement, by which my sins (and yours) have been put away for ever.

Dear boys, I ask you to give your hearts to Christ, and earnestly pray that all of you may meet me in heaven.

Then follows the signature, traced twice over, and neither quite perfect, in a trembling hand, whose life-work was evidently done. This touching letter, it will be seen, bears date August 2nd. On the 3rd Mr. Kingston was hardly conscious, and on the two following days, though apparently able to recognize his family, he was not able to make himself understood. On the evening of the 5th he passed away.

The *Religious Intelligencer* says:—Dr. Cuyler's record of work is greatly to his credit. At the recent celebration of his twenty years as pastor of the Lafayette Avenue, (Brooklyn), Presbyterian Church, he stated that, in his early life he hesitated between the ministry and the bar, but that, in a little prayer meeting, God turned the scale, and he never regretted the choice. He also stated that he never allowed a day to pass without a visit to some family and a talk with some one on personal religion. During his ministry, the Sunday school has had 4,500 children enrolled, of these 427 have joined the church, and nine have entered the ministry. He has preached 2,000 sermons, received 3,059 members, and lost but one Sunday's work during the entire 20 years. He has contributed 1,600 articles to the press of the country. This is surely a remarkable record.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.

According to the sixth issue of Beaman and Wagner's well-known publication, "Die Bevölkerung der Erde," the present population of the earth is as follows: Europe, 315,929,000; Asia, 834,707,000; Africa, 205,679,000; America, 95,493,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,031,000; Polar Regions, 82,000 giving a total of 1,455,923,500, showing an increase since the last publication, nineteen months ago, of 16,778,200. The following are the populations of various countries of Europe with the dates to which the figures refer:

Germany, 1875, 42,727,360, estimate end of 1877, 43,943,334; Austria, end of 1879, estimate 22,176,145; Hungary, 1876, 15,505,715; Austria-Hungary, 1876, 37,342,000, estimate for end of 1879, 38,000,000; Switzerland, 1878, estimate, 2,792,263; Belgium, estimate, 1878, 5,476,668; Netherlands, estimate, 1878, 3,981,887; Denmark, 1878, 2,070,400; Sweden, estimate 1878, 4,531,863; Norway, census, 1876, 1,818,853; Great Britain and Ireland, estimate 1879, 34,517,000; France, census 1876, 36,905,788; Spain, census 1877, 16,625,860, including the Canaries (280,388), Balearic Islands, (289,035), and Ceuta and other places in North Africa (12,179); Portugal, census 1878, 4,745,124, including the Azores (264,352) and Maderia (135,221); Italy, estimate, 1878, 228,009,620.

A QUIET SUNDAY

"Come ye apart and rest awhile;"
 The Master spoke the words; and light
 Came to us when the hush of night
 Yielded to mourning's hopeful smile
 And we arose and took our way
 Down through the restful Sabbath day

We laid aside our weight of care,
 For if God gives a holiday
 Why should grim sorrow with us stay
 And steal the calmness from our prayer?
 For one day all should be forgot
 But the great love that fails us not

And all regrets, and every fear
 Of gathering storms that yet might break,
 And thought that darkened hues might take
 Were all as naught, for God came near
 And walked and talked with us that day,
 Until we prayed the hours would stay

Even the unfamiliar things
 Of that still Sabbath taught us more
 Of Him than we had known before;
 And glad we buds on buoyant wings,
 And colored flower and spreading tree,
 Told us how great His love must be

For where the Plow stretched fair and green
 Was strange Stonehenge in solitude,
 And nearer, where old Sarum stood,
 The stately Minster spire was seen,
 And these memorials of the past
 Said to our hearts, "God's love will last."

Nor needed we the tongues of men,
 It seemed God's house was everywhere,
 And every thought became a prayer,
 And earth was nearer Heaven then,
 While, as the babe on mother's breast,
 So God's tired children found their rest.

We thank him for that quiet day,
 And for the joy that made us strong,
 And for the restful time of song,
 And all the peace that blessed our way;
 Now though we turn to work again
 We know His love shall aye remain.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

Our Story.

"ONLY A DOG."

CHAPTER I.

Among all the lonely villages which are to be found nestling here and there amid the green meadows and cornfields of England, not one could be more lonely than Hollowshope, whose vicar was about to bring home a wife from a large family in London. It lay in a hollow among hills, as if it had been dropped there from the skies, its scattered houses standing apart from one another with varying distances between them. The church, a low, small, simple old edifice, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, stood quite alone, with a quiet churchyard around it, where the dead lay in closer companionship than had been their lot in life. The vicarage, instead of being its nearest neighbor, had wandered off two or three fields away and rested on the low of a low hill, from which it looked down on the moss-grown roof of its natural consist and head. The hills alone clustered and crowded together, one behind the other, with soft rounded outlines lifting the clear horizon high up into the air far above the level of the eye; so that to gaze up into the blue depths of the sky you had to raise your head as if you had been dwelling in one of the narrow streets of the great city where the vicar's wife had been born. Hollowshope was so stationary a village that, even in these times of speculation and money-getting, no one had spirit enough, to set up either a shop or a tavern in its quiet lanes. There was not so much as a cottage window with a few common articles for sale in it, or a sign over any door, "Licensed to sell tea and tobacco." Those who needed a row of pins or an ounce of tea must tramp to Sutton, a very small market-town five miles away. And tramping to Sutton meant a long, hot, weary climb over a rough road for half an hour or more, then across a stretch of table-land consisting of moor and bog,

where the heather was rich purple in the summer, but where the snows drifted into deep and treacherous pitfalls in the winter; and after this another long, steep, and rough descent into the valley where the little town lay. Naturally there was a good deal of borrowing and lending in Hollowshope, and an unusually familiar acquaintance with one another's private family arrangements, from the vicarage to the smallest cottage in the furthest limits of the parish.

Their vicar's second marriage had given rise to a great deal of excitement, which reached its height on the day he brought his new wife home. It was said they had been into foreign parts, and Jock had gone with them. It was even rumored that Jock had stood next to the bridegroom in the London church where the marriage had been celebrated, and none of the village doubted it. Mr. Churchill had never been seen without him outside his church walls, and every man, woman and child loved the beautiful shepherd's dog, dainty and silken haired, fleet of foot, and sweet-tempered beyond words. It was quite right that Jock should make one at the parson's wedding, for had he not lain at the foot of the bed when his first young wife died, a few months after he came to Hollowshope, she and her new-born child passing away in one brief afternoon? Since then he had had no near home companion except Jock, who had come with the young wife from her north-country home. Jock surely had a right to be thought of when his master married again.

Jock had proved himself the very best of travelling companions, even amidst the perplexities of foreign travel. Nelly Churchill delighted her husband by her praise of him. And now the vicar's dog-cart, which had met them at the little railway station at Sutton, was just turning the corner of the hill from which the hollow of their parish could be seen. Latimer Churchill and his man-servant alighted, for the road was rough and steep, but the new wife kept her seat. The joyous barking of Jock at the sight of his old home echoed from hill to hill, and was answered by cheer after cheer from the villagers below. The two tinkling bells in the low, square tower rang out their merriest, and a few daring youths fired off guns into the air. Here and there across the deep lanes where the banks alone were as high as one's head, with tall hedgerows growing on their summit, were hung garlands of flowers, and over the churchyard gate was a white flag with the time-honoured motto, "Welcome Home," worked in laurel leaves upon it. There were endless shouts of "Hurrah!" and not the least hearty was the cry, "Hurrah for Jock!" A dog that had travelled in foreign parts was a marvel, and no one liked him to pass without a pat or a word of welcome.

"I never was so happy in my life," said Nelly, as she stepped over the threshold of her new home. "You did not tell me half how beautiful it is!"

Which was the happiest, Latimer Churchill, his young wife, or Jock, it would be difficult to say. Yet it was so that in the midst of all his new, deep happiness the vicar could not help stealing away from his wife's side, when night had fallen and all was still, into the quiet moonlight, which was flooding the valley and casting the dark shadows of the upright head-stones in the churchyard across the silent graves. Jock stealthily, as if he knew his master's purpose, had crept out after him, and they two paused together at the foot of a marble cross under the chancel window. He and Jock had visited this spot thousands of times, never once omitting to pass it when there was divine worship held in the church close by; and here Jock would stretch himself beside it, outside the chancel window, and hearing from time to time his master's voice within, until the service was ended, and he came out again to walk with Jock back to the desolate home. It was deso-

late no longer, his chosen companion and wife was there, and yet he could not neglect the lonely grave on this first night of his return to it.

It was quite plain that Jock had no fault to find with the change at the vicarage. He was large-hearted and could take in many objects of secondary love, his devotion and worship being reserved for his master. His memory was full of loving recollection of every servant or guest who had once dwelt under the vicarage roof. He seemed never to forget a face or a voice. Mrs. Churchill was proud of him, and after her fashion was fond of him. Her love had always pride for its foundation. She was extravagantly proud of her husband, of his reputation as a naturalist, his good family, and his good looks, of his popularity in his country parish, and even of the very godliness and devoutness with which he fulfilled his daily life and the duties of his office. The humble little village and lowly church and vicarage she was not proud of; but a change was sure to come. The bishop could not leave a man like Latimer Churchill to waste his powers in an out-of-the-way country parish.

Yet she was almost perfectly happy for a while; and so were Latimer and Jock. She was a good walker, like all Londoners who accustom themselves to go about the streets on foot. The late summer days and the autumn mornings were deliciously fine, and she was able to ramble about for hours on the hills and uplands, with her husband botanizing and Jock coursing, fleet as a greyhound, among the faded ferns and the broken tufts of gorse. In London she had often drawn pictures of the country life she would lead with Latimer, and now she was charmed to realize her dreams. To have Jock lying at her feet, with his beautiful, half-human eyes fastened upon her face, and her husband lingering beside her, with the clear, blue sky above them, and no sound or sight of common work-a-day life breaking in upon them, seemed to her the perfection of earthly happiness.

The first faint cloud upon her sky, no bigger than a man's hand, arose when she first grew aware of those faithful visits her husband and Jock paid to the little grave under the chancel window. Neither of them could forget the young girl, Latimer's wife when he had been himself only a young priest of four and twenty entering upon his life's career; and still at times his thoughts went back to those by-gone days with that vague, slight mournfulness which "resemble sorrow only as the mist resembles rain." Nelly was ashamed of her pain and could not speak of it; but none the less there was a pain, no deeper perhaps than a pin-prick, when her husband, even with her hand upon his arm, would pause wistfully for an instant as he passed the marble cross on his way to the vestry, and Jock would stretch himself at the foot of it, with those beautiful eyes of his fastened pensively upon it. No doubt in Jock's faithful memory the young face and happy voice of his little mistress were yet living; and the great mystery which had laid her there, out of sight and hearing, perplexed him still. But it was an ache and a pain to Nelly, that there should be any cherished thing in common between her husband and Jock in which she could have no share.

This was the tiny rift in the lute, which could henceforth breathe no perfect harmony. How could she put her pain into words? Even to her own heart so subtle and imperceptible it was, she could not give a shape to the haunting, vexing shadow. The little marble cross grew faintly displeasing to her; it could be seen from one of the windows of her husband's study—a pure white object against the gray old wall of the church; and it was always the first thing her eyes fell upon when she looked out upon the lonely landscape. By and by it grew to fill the whole landscape for her; and the words of a verse chiseled upon one side of the pedestal rang through her brain for

hours together. She caught herself repeating them as she went about the house, or sat alone at her needle-work:

"Her fleeting soul to heaven she gave,
 Then slept the slumber of the grave;
 Nor mourned once at God's decree,
 The smile passed from her pallid face;
 So dies, nor leaves behind a trace,
 The wild birds' carol 'mid the trees."

The singing of the birds never failed to bring back these last words to her mind, vexing and chafing her. Once more the serpent had entered into Paradise.

CHAPTER II.

I believe it is Bacon who says that "Man is the god of the dog."
 For years Jock had been his master's companion, following his footsteps into every cottage and outlying farmstead in the wide parish, lying on the hearthrug in his study whilst he thought out the sermons he preached from his humble pulpit, and playing many a frolic with him on the wild hillside where they were free from the criticism of any human spectator. Latimer's love for his dog was that peculiar blending of tenderness with careful government which is called forth by a creature that worships you, can see no fault or flaw in you, accepts your judgments as final, and your punishments as merited. He had grown accustomed to talking to Jock as he would have done to an intelligent child, and many of his moods Jock could sympathize with better than a human being would have done. When his young wife was dying Jock had watched in her sick-room and by her death-bed as incessantly as he had done himself; and it was the dumb creature's deep distress that had most fully responded to his own. Latimer did not curiously inquire whether he loved his dog better than his human fellow-creatures: the love was different. It was not the love of an equal, but that of a superior being looking down with unmeasured tenderness upon a creature at his feet.

In the long winter days, when the snow lay deep in the lanes, and the outlying dwelling-places were difficult to reach, Nelly was obliged to stay at home while her husband and Jock left her for hours together. The heat of the country is very still in winter, and Nelly, used to all the stir and movement of the greatest city in the world, felt there was something appalling in this utter stillness; it left her to brood upon herself, and the silently growing jealousy creeping in upon her found time to root itself in her nature. It could not work any ill to the little grave under the chancel-window, but it could upon Jock, who would come in from his long pattering in the snow after his master, weary and foot-sore, but as happy as in the bright summer days, looking forward to nothing else than lying on the hearth in the drawing-room before the fire, taking a sleepy satisfaction in the sound of their voices as they read or talked together. Nelly banished him from the drawing-room, but she could not get him exiled from the study; and as time went on the study became distasteful to her, partly on his account and partly because of the little cross that could be seen from its window.

Does sin stop with ourselves, or does it descend as an evil influence upon the lower animals which we associate closely with our own habit and lives? Does ill-temper in the master not make the dog snappish and uncertain? Does not the general tone of moral life in a house operate for good or evil on every brain and heart within the circle of its sway? Jock was no longer the free and happy creature he had been. Hitherto he had met with no dislike anywhere in the parish, which constituted his whole world, and he began to pine. Doors that had once been open to him were now shut; and Nelly's voice spoke to him in sharp tones. The change perplexed him; it awoko in him a feeling of being in fault. He was no longer so fleet-footed or light-hearted as he had been; and if his master was going out he would linger in his quiet

corner in the study until he heard himself summoned by a whistle, instead of being first out on the lawn, awaiting his master's tardy appearance with impatience. He was expected to stay more in the stables, and this he felt to be a degradation, after being used to his master's society. His silky black-and-tan hair lost something of its shining lustre, and his beautiful eyes grow dimmer. Much of his happy trustfulness was gone, and he crept about the house and cringed as he had never done before. Joek's whole moral nature was lowered in tone, and it may be that Latimer was carelessly unconscious of the change.

When spring came round again at last, one of the neighboring farmers gave his vicar's wife a curiously small Bantam cock and hen, which had taken the prize at the last poultry show. Nelly was as proud of them as she was of every beautiful possession belonging exclusively to herself. There was a small croft of soft sward under the study window, where she placed her new favourites, and it amused her and Latimer to stand and watch the ways of the dainty little creatures. Many a time Joek, from the dark corner to which he retreated when his mistress came in, kept his glowering eye upon them, as he listened to them laughing and talking of his despised rivals. Why should not a dog be grieved to jealousy, if the god he worships yields to it?

GENERAL HARRISON AND WINE.

A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House, in Chester, for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied. "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life, that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?—Selected.

THE NEW INTOXICANT.

The Boston Cultivator says: Absinthe is an exhilarant, the use of which originated in Paris. It has become quite common in England and various other parts of Europe, and even in some parts of the United States. It is a mixture of the essence of wormwood, sweet flag, anise seed, angelica root, and alcohol, coloured green with the leaves or juice of the sinellage, spinach, or nettles, and sometimes with blue vitriol, to give it a certain required taste. It is said that chloride of antimony, commonly called butter of antimony, is another adulterant. The proportion of essence of wormwood to alcohol is five drachms of the essence to one hundred quarts of alcohol. Its bitterness increases the craving or desire for it, and the habitue is soon unable to take food, unless he is primed for it by the deadly provocative.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON. - Sunday Oct. 31.

GOLDEN TEXT, Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy? Prov. 27:1

Commentary Time not far from 1728. B. C.

INTRODUCTION AND CONFESSION.

The time that intervened between the events of our last lesson and this, is, according to the chronology we have followed, about eleven years. They were important years in many respects; but perhaps the events of most special importance were (see ch. 35) Jacob's casting the putting away of the idols from his household, the re-establishing of divine worship and the removal of the divine blessing at Bethel, the birth of Benjamin, the death of Rachel, Isaac's death, and his burial by his two sons, Jacob and Esau.

LESSON NOTES.

(1) The land wherein his father was a stranger.—canaan. As no obstacle remained to Jacob's taking up his abode in the land promised to his fathers—Isaac being dead, and Esau permanently established in Seir, (ch. 36) he settled in the vale of Hebron where Abraham had dwelt.

(2) These are the generations, &c. 101 table of descent, as we usually understand the term, (at his funeral Jacob was seventy years old, w. s. a shepherd over the flock—he, a lad, with the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah.) This reading throws new light upon the position of Joseph, making it seem probable that, either from his being the son of his father's chief, or favourite wife, or from simple partiality to Joseph, his father had constituted him chief shepherd, putting him over his four elder brothers, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, and Asher. Thus his bringing to his father their evil report, was not an act of boyish self-bearing, but an important duty which he owed to his father and to himself.

(3, 4) Now Israel loved, &c. Israel might have been warned by the disastrous effects of parental partiality in his own father's family, and at least could have called his own for Joseph. A coat of many colors, supposed to have been a long, flowing robe, made up of pieces of bright, contrasting colors, bestowed upon Joseph as a mark of distinction and a token of affection. And when his brethren saw, &c. they hated him. Jacob might have expected this. Even good men are not proof against jealousy, or even envy, much less such men as the majority of Joseph's brethren seem at that time to have been. Could not speak peaceably to him,—that is, could not give him the customary salutation—peace be unto you?

(5) Joseph dreamed a dream. He dreamt two dreams (v. 6-10), each of which embodies a revelation of his own future greatness and the dependent position which both his brethren and his father should ultimately hold towards himself. If Joseph was really, as many good men suppose, a type of Christ, then Joseph's dream may be regarded as revealing likewise the ultimate supremacy of our Lord, to whom not only the whole redeemed Israel—his brethren—but the patriarchs—his fathers according to the flesh—shall pay homage forever.

(11, 21) Then Joseph came unto his brethren. We may see (v. 12-22) why Joseph was to go to his brethren, the feelings they cherished and the purpose they formed while yet he was a young boy, and also Reuben's proposal to cast him into a pit, secretly purposing to deliver him and restore him to his father. They stripped Joseph, &c. This robe of honor was particularly offensive to the three sons of Jacob. It was at once suggestive to them of Joseph's nobility of character, and their father's renewed approval of him; and both were a standing reproach to themselves. Cast him into a pit,—probably a wide, open cistern, with a narrow mouth, made for collecting water in the rainy season. Doubtless the intention of all the brothers except Reuben, was to leave him there to perish.

(25) And they sat down to eat bread. What a revolting picture!—ten men, some of them advanced in years, after such an act, sitting down deliberately to eat. A company of Ishmaelites came, &c. These were merchant-traders in myrrh, spices, and balm; avaricious men whose only object was gain, and who would be only too ready to strike a bargain for a beautiful young slave like Joseph.

(26, 28) And Judah said, &c. What profit, &c. The appearance of the Ishmaelites suggested to the brothers an easier method of disposing of Joseph than what they had at first contemplated. The slaying of him and hiding his blood might prove a most unprofitable thing to do. Blood has a voice, and cries to God against the slayer, therefore let us put our hand upon him, for he is our brother and our flesh. Let us sell him. His brethren were content. Doubtless most of them felt that, after all, this would be better. It was not so much his blood they wanted, as to be utterly rid of him. They readily acceded to Judah's proposal, and, by the time the caravan arrived, they had Joseph ready. A bargain was quickly struck, for slaves were in good demand in Egypt; and for a comely youth like Joseph twenty pieces of silver (about £3) was not such a risk, especially as they could get thirty for him as soon as they arrived in Egypt.

(29, 30) He rent his clothes. Reuben as the oldest brother, felt that although a share of the responsibility of Joseph's death,—for he evidently believed him dead—rested upon him. Renting the clothes was a sign of excessive grief. I—whither shall I go?—that

is to escape the consequence of this deed. How should he face his father? How escape the torture of counting how low he had sunk in the eyes of God? Probably he was quickly undressed in regard to Joseph being dead, but he did not help to invent the cruel message that was sent to his father, he so far consented to it as to allow it to be done; and for years kept the terrible secret lodged in his own breast.

(31, 32) This we have found, &c. Curiously enough room for another. This falsehood they flattered themselves would never be discovered, their father would very soon give up Joseph as dead, the keen reproach of his pure life would never vex them any more, and Joseph would soon cease to be named in their father's house.

(31, 31) And he knew it, &c. Their plan proved a complete success. Their father never suspected the diabolical truth, but his grief for Joseph was in proportion to his affection. He sent his clothes put sackcloth upon his head, and mourned many days.

(35) At length, alarmed, probably, lest the consequences of their father's grief should prove fatal to him, they came to a body with their wives and their children, and comforted him.

What could it avail those wretched men, the cruel perpetrators of his grief, for their sorrowing father? Surely, we would say, they would avail a man to do the providence of God in this matter, and yet, it is likely that a just what they did, but he returned to no comfort, for he said, I will go down into the grave (not the place of dead bodies, but, the place of departed souls) unto my mourning. Jacob had no idea that Joseph was in a real grave; for he supposed he had been eaten up of wild beasts. It was not there he expected to rejoin him but he looked for a consolation and happy reunion of his soul with the soul of Joseph.

Thus his father wept for him. What must have been the mental suffering of those men, for they were really, as we shall see hereafter, men of feeling, we can only imagine.

But the horror of incurring their father's curse and of seeing him die under the added grief of knowing their guilt, would deter them from confessing it. It remained for God, by a series of most merciful providences, to bring them to repentance and confession.

(36) The Midianites sold him unto Potiphar, &c. Thus we see Joseph, who was destined to be the Saviour of his brethren, placed in a position not only to be himself tested and proved to be a noble man, but in a few years to interpose his princely arm to save those who had sought to destroy him.

FOURTH THOUGHTS.

Jal may and envy are the source of numberless crimes: the sons of Jacob furnish only one example out of many of the truth of this. It is no wonder the wise man said—Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Sin has in itself the power of indefinite expansion. One sin leads to the commission of others, and the increase is like a geometrical ratio, it swells with frightful rapidity to incalculable numbers.

God makes the worth of man to praise Him, and the remainder, that is what can be made to praise Him, He restrains. The murmurous element of the wrath of Joseph's brethren He restrained;—the rest He overruled to the praise of His own grace.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the children)

- (1, 2) Was Canaan Jacob's own land? Who gave it to him? (Ch. 35: 12). How old was Joseph when he became a shepherd? Who were shepherds with, or under him? Was it right for Joseph to tell his father of his brethren's bad conduct? (v. 11) What did Jacob give Joseph? What was this coat? (See note) How did it make his brothers feel to see Joseph so fine? How did they show their hatred? What does God say about those that hate?—(1 John, 3: 15). What made them hate Joseph more than ever before? Read verses 6-22, and tell what Jacob sent Joseph to do. (23) What did the brothers then do to Joseph? What did they mean to do after they had stripped his coat off him? Did Joseph bring them lot to treat him so cruelly? (Chap. 23: 21). Whose did they put him? (24) Who did they see coming, as they were eating dinner? What kinds of merchandise had they? Where were they going? (25, 27) What did Judah propose they should do with Joseph? Why did he think they had better sell him? Did the rest of them agree to it? (26) How much money did they get for Joseph? (29, 30) Who came pretty soon after Joseph went away? Why did Reuben rend his clothes? What had he meant to do? (Verse 21, 22). What did he mean by Joseph is not? (31, 32). What plan did they contrive to make their father think Joseph had been killed by wild beasts. (33, 34) Did their plan succeed? What is sackcloth? Why did Jacob put it on? (35) Who came at last to comfort him? Why did Jacob refuse to be comforted? What did he say he would do? What did he mean by that? See note, (36). Where did the merchants carry Joseph? To whom did they sell him? Who was Potiphar?

DRUNKENNESS.

It is difficult to realize the extent to which the vice of intemperance is working its way into every circle of American society—from the highest to the lowest. A correspondent of a political newspaper, detailing the score of incidents connected with one of the late National political conventions, says in substance, that the bar-keepers were the most over-

worked persons in the city where the convention was held. They were literally at their posts day and night, and were worn down. One of them implored a member of the body to adjourn as soon as possible, as they would gladly forego the privilege of making their money to enjoy some rest. It is one astounding fact that more money is spent in these United States for ardent spirits in one year, than it takes to run our whole civil government, state and national about three hundred millions of dollars. We talk about "corruption funds." Here is a corruption fund to some purpose. We venture the assertion that if all the corruptions born in the very cesspools of political partisanship were collected in one mass, it would be as a cipher weighed against the untold moral purity generated by this monster evil. Political corruption may sometimes be arrested by a change of parties, at least for a time, since a new party ordinarily aims to vindicate its claims to public confidence. But alas, no change of parties can alleviate an evil that is indigenous to all parties. The joy of success on one side, is celebrated in bacchanalian revels, the chagrin of disappointment on the other side, is sought to be drowned in the potation of the accursed bowl. So that winning or losing is alike the occasion of plunging deeper and deeper into this beastly vice.

Christian reader! is it not time for our religious people in all capacities, whether as churches, associations, conventions, conferences, general assemblies, or what-not, to re-docket the temperance question, where it has been dropped, discuss it before the people, agitate it in the newspapers, talk of it in social circles, pray over it in our closets, preach of it in our pulpits, and thus by all the means in our power inspire a healthy public sentiment everywhere, which will abate to some appreciable degree this tide of iniquity that threatens to engulf every interest of Church and State in one common ruin?

THE USE OF IRON BY THE ANCIENTS.

In Hindustan, near Delhi, there is a large, beautifully wrought iron pillar which is a mystery to most observers. It stands erect, and bears an inscription that seems to have been made near the beginning of the Christian era; but it has stood there so long that its base has sunk into the ground nearly thirty feet. Its whole length is fifty or sixty feet, and its largest circumference is said to be five feet. It is probably older than the inscription. Its existence and antiquity show that there must have been extensive iron works in Hindustan in ancient times, and remarkable skill in working iron. Traditions of emerald and turquoise mines worked by the ancients, somewhere near the Isthmus of Suez, led certain Frenchmen and Englishmen to search for these old mines. The emerald mines were found by a Frenchman. They had been worked to a vast extent. The turquoise mines were found near Mount Sinai, by an Englishman. A report of the British Society of Antiquaries on his discoveries, makes this statement: "While searching for turquoise mines, I came upon the remains of vast iron works which must have employed many thousands of hands." The discoverers supposed that all these ruins were worked by the Egyptians; but it is far more probable that they were worked by the Phœnicians. According to Caesar's Commentaries, the mines of the Weald, in the English counties of Kent and Sussex, had been worked by the Kelts for a long period previous to his time; and he mentions that ships were fastened with iron bolts and furnished with chain cables made of iron. The more this subject is explored, the more manifest it is, that the art of mining and working iron is by no means a modern invention, and that its beginning is extremely ancient, and as undiscoverable as the beginning of civilization itself.

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TORONTO, OCT. 21, 1880.

PRINCIPAL CAVEN ON DOGMATISM IN PREACHING.

The lectures given in connection with the opening and closing of some of our Theological Colleges have a certain importance, seeing they deal very generally with some special questions of theology, and being delivered by some one or other of the Professors, are an index of the teaching in that College thereon. Principal Caven at the opening of Knox College, Toronto, this fall, chose as his subject the question whether preaching should be dogmatic. The Principal is distinguished for accurate scholarship and great clearness of expression; and, agreeing fully with him, that preaching is, and must continue to be, in the N. T. Church, of the highest importance, we scanned the lecture, as reported at length in the *Globe*, with interest and expectation.

No doubt the general hearer today is averse to that which stimulates thought. "Prophecy smooth things," is the demand, amuse, rather than instruct, interest, and give us rest. These are the demands of the hour, and the pulpit that replies thereto has, too frequently, the crowded pew. Yet thereby the pulpit is surely losing its place and power. Pity 'tis, pity 'tis, 'tis true. Give us none of your dogma, more of your charity is the cry, and yet we cannot enforce charity without establishing a truth. Were we criticising the lecture, we should be disposed to question the statement "that the word dogma *primarily* means that which is decreed or enacted by authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical." Indeed the use of the term ecclesiastical, in connection with the primary use of the word, is an anachronism. Its use by Plato and Xenophon can scarcely be ecclesiastical. Without doubt when the word came to be used by ecclesiastical writers it was "synonymous with doctrine; the doctrines of the Christian Church were the dogmas of the Church. The teachings of the Bible regarding the great moral and spiritual truths declared are the dogmas of Scripture." The lecturer disavows any intention of summarising the *credenda* of the Christian faith, and simply seeks to answer the question, "Should preaching seek to accomplish its end by exhibition, and application of Christian doctrine?" Put in that form, there can be little ground for controversy; even the most undogmatic, unless agnostic, would answer affirmatively. The vexed question is as to what forms of belief constitute the essentials of Christian doctrine, and that question is expressly evaded. Any man who believes in Christian verities must exhibit them, if a preacher, and the man who has nothing better than a "perhaps" is out of place in the pulpit. But what are these verities? Even the agnostic will say—"Give to me an assured doctrine and I acknowledge the obligation to exhibit and

apply; at present I have only learnt that we in truth can nothing know." Principal Caven's lecture does not help the agnostic, nor meet the difficulty of the question. It is, however, suggestive and instructive to one who owns the obligation to exhibit and apply Christian doctrine. First the distinction between the mere theologian and preacher is well drawn:

"We desire carefully to distinguish the office of the preacher from that of the systematic theologian. The latter aims at the establishment of doctrine for its own sake. His object is scientific, not practical. If a pious man, he will, of course, dedicate all his labours to the Lord, and the end which he ultimately contemplates will be the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ; but his proximate end—that which is proper to him as a theologian—is the establishment and defence of truth. The object of the preacher is different. He seeks a practical end, even the spiritual improvement of his hearers. He would lead them to repentance, faith, obedience to God's commandments, holy living. If, in any case, a preacher is satisfied with proving his doctrine, with sustaining his positions, with refuting opponents, he does not comprehend his office. He may have delivered the best possible exposition and vindication of the whole circle of Christian truth, and yet have failed utterly in the special work which he is set to do. Preaching does address itself to the cognitive faculties, but this merely in order to reach the affections and the will. The *differentia* of preaching, as a species of discourse, lies in its constant aim to persuade men to embrace the true, and to do the right. The theologian fashions a sword, polishes it, and lays it past; the preacher grasps the sword, and, according to the strength and skill given him, fights the battles of the Lord. The one may be said to begin where the other ends, and if the preacher seems to trench—as to some extent he must—upon the province of the theologian, yet his ultimate and real aim will be kept in view from beginning to end of his labours. We are prepared to join in the severest animadversions upon any kind of preaching which is oblivious of this truth. With the utmost respect for the dogmatic theologian in his own sphere, we cannot hold the preacher who merely dogmatizes—merely delivers doctrine, whether relating to the seen or unseen, to God or to man, to sentiment or to morality—as having any adequate conception of his duty."

We commend also the following to those who are inclined to be bewildered by the unmeaning clamor against dogma:

"Preach, some say, the living personal Christ, but do not treat us to mere doctrines concerning Him. It is not propositions about Him we wish to hear: bring us, by sympathetic presentations of Him, into the presence of this gracious and loving One. We confess to difficulty in apprehending what is meant. For how are we to preach Christ without enunciating propositions—doctrines—regarding Him? Must we not speak of His birth, teachings, miracles, and holy life; of His death, resurrection, ascension, and reign in heaven; of His constant nearness to

us, and His grace and truth: of His coming again to judge the quick and the dead? Must we make no reference to the mystery of that adorable Person, in which the human and divine natures meet? We are to preach Christ, and not doctrines about Him. Does this mean that we are continually to repeat His name, while we affirm nothing respecting Him? For if you tell men that Christ came to save them, that He loves them, sympathizes with them, offers them His grace—you dogmatize. If you tell them that He was with God, and was God, that He was born of the Virgin; that He died for our sins upon the cross; that He rose from the dead, and went to heaven, that He will come again—you dogmatize. You may, of course, be careful to utter nothing but the most general statements about Him, and as few of these as possible. Even thus you cannot refrain from expressing dogma. But surely the Christian preacher's duty requires him to move with greater freedom, and to declare the great Scriptural facts regarding Him who is Immanuel, and who died for our offences and rose again for our justification." If men say don't preach the Deity of Christ, or His miraculous birth, or His expiatory death, or His resurrection, or His government of the world, or His second coming, for we disbelieve these things, or we doubt regarding them, or we count them of no importance: speak of His purity, love, gentleness, constant sympathy, for these we believe in and love to hear of. We can understand what they mean, however defective we may regard their conceptions of the Redeemer and His work: but when they urge that we should preach Christ and not doctrines concerning Him, we must be permitted to think that they speak unintelligently, and ask us to do what is impossible to be done."

And still the question remains—What is legitimate dogma? Some would allow the "Apostles' Creed," others would retrench even that. Where shall we end? Here we are convinced the true solution is to be found in the spirit of presentation. "Speaking the truth in love." Our conceptions of truth must vary, in love let them be firmly presented because to us proved true. Their manifestation will then be commended to their consciences, and that which reaches not those consciences can never be enforced by other authority; moreover, as by "their fruits ye know them," manifestations of supposed truth which raise not men nearer God by enlarging their sympathies righteously for each other, may well be relegated to the shelves of our ecclesiastical museums.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

Our readers are aware that, for some years past, there have been miraculous cures said to be performed at the shrine of "Our Lady of Lourdes," in France. Streams of sick people, full of hope and faith, wend their way thither. Occasionally we are startled, as the citizens of Toronto were, some time back, by a fellow citizen, by the announcement of wonderful healing, instantaneously effected. But of the thousands who return as they go—and some of them worse—we have no information whatever. If we had, and statistics were published under the

headings of "Number of Pilgrims," "Number healed," "Number not Benefitted," "Number Worse on Return," we should have, we fancy, a most unpleasant, and, what is far more important, a most financially-damaging exposure of the delusion. Not long since, the Emerald Isle went into a little business of the same kind on its own account, and there were pilgrimages to Knock; and now the English Catholics have gone for a pilgrimage and vision N. P., and send forth tidings of appearances, or apparitions if you will, at a little Welsh village, Llanthony, where there is a colony of English monks, presided over by the celebrated Father Ignatius. The details are manufactured out of the same materials which generally serve for such affairs, and briefly told, are as follows:—The first to see the visious were some boys; the appearance was as of two luminous figures, male and female, seen in the fields, or, rather, in the bush; they approach each other from opposite directions, embrace, and then vanish. The light emitted from them is sufficient to make all objects around quite distinct. This is what "Sister Janet" says:—"She said that she had not believed the report of the boys, but supposed it to have been a mistake or a jest. Subsequently she saw the bush gloriously luminous; a Veiled Lady, whom she supposed to be the Blessed Virgin, came from it, and glided some yards towards her, nearly half-way from the hedge, then vanished instantly. The figure was a small one, about four feet high; she saw it for about two minutes. The light from it was so strong that it was reflected from the surface of her boots, where they were polished, and she could see the mud upon them by it." That somebody is playing a trick, there is no doubt, and that it will be discovered, if persevered in, there is as little doubt; but the indications are that, when heretics appear upon the scene, especially if with a determination to probe the matter to the bottom, the apparitions will cease. "Sister Janet," and some other watchers, have the grass around them kept miraculously dry, although in other parts of the field it was wet, but when a couple of strangers arrived—one of them a newspaper correspondent—to examine and report on the matter, not only was the vision denied them, but the grass was so damp as to give a plain warning of rheumatism to at least one of them—a caution, we suppose, to any other unbeliever who expected to see the vision.

The story has, however, its sad, as well as ridiculous, side. These are the stories that thousands of our fellow countrymen are tempted to believe in, and which are used as fetters to bind them to a system unscriptural and false. Acceptable to the ignorant and superstitious, to the thoughtful and educated they are utterly repulsive, and tend largely to turn them away from a religion whose sacred name is invoked to aid such fables. Far more mysterious effects can be produced by any third-rate "necromancer" who has the honesty, however, to tell you that he is deceiving you. Our only hope is for a fuller and freer circulation of the Word of God: those who read and study it will not be led away by "cunningly devised fables."

"MIS-STATEMENTS CORRECTED."

We regret to notice in the columns of our contemporary, the *Christian Guardian*, a letter from "George Jacques," correcting "mis-statements" in the circular of Rev. J. Howie, the Secretary of our Indian Missionary Society. We suggest that it would have been more brotherly, ere rushing into the columns of a paper few of our friends see, and the organ of a sister denomination, to have communicated with the officers of the Society. A fire-brand is readily thrown, especially from a quarter least suspected. The first mis-statement was, we are informed by the Secretary, an error of the printer, the proof not having passed under his eye. In the copy before us, the residence of Ira Nawegerhick (is in pen and ink correcting the print) "Spanish River," Chippawa Hill P.O. being given as the P.O. address of the Rev. W. Walker. The second "mis-statement" as to Pagan Indians being converted, may not be so very misleading after all. How far some were Christianized before joining the Mission will be answered according to the point of view, and cannot be discussed in a newspaper column. And as to the third mis-statement that the school is sustained at French Bay by the Congregational Society, the report simply says that it is sustained by the Church there. Indeed, there is not a *mis-statement* but can be explained without any imputation of "glaring misrepresentation," an imputation which should never be made at first sight, or without some previous attempt to obtain explanation or correction, at least among those who rejoice in the name of Christian.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Governor-General has issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His great goodness, to vouchsafe unto our Dominion of Canada the blessings, of a bountiful harvest:

"We therefore, considering that these blessings enjoyed by our people throughout the said Dominion, do call for solemn and public acknowledgment, have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council for Canada, to appoint Wednesday, the third day of November next, as a day of general Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest with which Canada has been blessed this year; and we do invite all our loving subjects throughout Canada to observe the said day as a day of general Thanksgiving."

The observance of a "Day of Thanksgiving" has now become a national institution. We trust that it will not degenerate into a mere form. Let it be not simply a holiday, but a holy day, a day of remembrance and acknowledgment of mercies, and of renewed dedication because of them.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Congregationalist* has an article on the sermon of Dr. Paxton, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, of which we can only quote the opening and closing paragraphs, but which, throughout, ably shows that what Dr. Paxton claims for Presbyterianism, is—to say the least—shared, if not held, in a greater degree by Congregationalists. "There was a prophet of old whose utterance was of a character which astonished his hearers, in that praise took the

place of criticism and censure; and having been invited to curse the children of Israel, he "blessed them altogether." We do not intend to run a parallel between the preacher of the opening sermon at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, in Philadelphia, and the son of Bosor, but we must think that that discourse of Dr. Paxton, which a later speaker wished that every minister and elder in the churches could be compelled to commit to memory, and which was an eloquent statement of the mission of the great Presbyterian family of churches in the past and future, was yet such that no intelligent Congregationalist could hear it without feeling that if it stated Presbyterian facts well, it stated Congregational facts, and lauded Congregational peculiarities, better. And what was very remarkable, was, that the preacher did not mention any single service included in the mission of Presbyterianism that is not equally characteristic, or even more characteristic, of Congregationalism! The fact is, that Dr. Paxton was so catholic in his temper that he forgot to mention one single thing that was peculiar to Presbyterianism, and lauded what was common to it and other noble historical churches. He pictured such a church as would be worthy to be the universal church of Christ, whether Presbyterian or not. It is not strange if, in the picture, we who are Congregationalists, think we recognize some features which are, it may be, even more pronounced in our own churches; whose dissidence of dissent is the emphasis of their assertion of liberty, and whose disentanglement from human bands and the machinery of ecclesiasticism has left them freer to devote their thought and energies to the promotion of human freedom, of secular learning, and the wider diffusion everywhere of the Christian religion.

THE BASUTO WAR.—It appears that in congratulating ourselves upon the end of our African troubles, when the Zulu king was captured, his kingdom parcelled out, and our army withdrawn, that we were doing the proverbially foolish thing of "hallooing" before we were out of the wood. In other words, there is another war there, a small one at present, as all hope it will prove and end, but it is perilously near being a large one. The Basutos, who have been friendly to the British and done them considerable service, have been disarmed by order of the Colonial Government. That the grounds for this high-handed proceeding are not deemed sufficient by those who are in a position to judge is proved by the fact that the action was condemned by Lord Kimberley, the English Colonial Minister. One or two slight engagements are reported to have taken place, in which the Basutos have been defeated, but it appears very doubtful if the colonists unaided can carry out the determination of the Colonial Government to disarm them. The *Christian World* has some sensible remarks on the subject which we copy, with slight omissions. It says:—"Men of all parties begin to recognize the madness and wickedness of the colonists in driving the most peaceable of the native races of South Africa into revolt. The more we learn of the Basutos, of their loyalty and fidelity to us in troublous times, and of their rapid growth into a civilized community,

the more does a struggle with them, and one altogether unprovoked on their part, become a matter to be deeply regretted. The colonists of South Africa seem to be still under the influence of the nervous and cowardly apprehension which brought about the Zulu War, and apparently see, in an armed native, perils and dangers which Englishmen made of the old stern stuff of our early explorers and settlers, would have contemptuously ignored. But it is to be feared that anxiety for their safety is not the only feeling by which the colonists are actuated. There is too much reason to suspect that the fat and well-tilled lands of the Basutos are coveted, and that under the disarmament policy lurks a scheme of annexation and confiscation. To allow the Imperial forces to be employed in carrying out such a scandalous project would bring greater disgrace upon our arms than even the hunting down of Cetewayo. Yet the mother country would be surely appealed to for aid by the colonists should the few corps which they can put into the field sustain a reverse. And the latter contingency is more than probable. Although the colonists have come off victorious in the fighting which has as yet taken place, it is very doubtful whether they could hold their own against the whole Basuto nation in arms. The Basutos number, it is said, some twenty thousand armed men, and at least one-half of these may be expected to offer a stubborn resistance before they allow their weapons to be taken from them. A needless insult is being offered to a people who, there is every reason to believe, would have been the staunch allies of the colonists had the latter been seriously menaced by other native races. Sir Bartle Frere is now among us, and there will be every disposition to give him that fair and respectful hearing to which he is entitled. But it will be difficult for him to make the English public believe that a high-handed, overbearing, unscrupulous, and unjust policy is that of the highest statesmanship. The conciliation of those to whom an enemy would be likely to turn for sympathy, and the formation of alliances based upon respect for rights, which even a savage knows to be his, constitute a line of conduct that has commended itself to wise and prudent rulers in all times. It did not apparently find favour with Sir Bartle, nor does it with his South African admirers now. The latter, however, would seem to be by no means so numerous as some the accounts sent home of the departure of the late Governor from Cape Town implied.

Correspondence**FOREST CHURCH.**

FOREST, Oct. 14, 1880.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

Please publish the following minutes of a special meeting of the Forest and Ebenezer Church, held to consider the charges made by the Rev. R. W. Wallace against our Pastor, Mr. Frazer, and oblige. We thank you for the publication of our previous communication.

D. CAMPBELL.

FOREST CHURCH, Oct. 14, 1880.

Mr. D. McPherson being appointed Chairman, and Duncan Campbell, Secretary, Mr. D. McPherson read the Rev.

R. W. Wallace's charges against our Pastor.

The following Resolution was moved by W. Scott, and seconded by Mr. Duncan Brodie, and carried unanimously

Resolved, That this Church, collectively, invite the Rev. R. W. Wallace, of London, to appear before them to substantiate the charges preferred by him against the Rev. Mr. Frazer, on Friday, the 22nd October, at half past 3 o'clock P.M., in the Congregational Church, Forest. Refusing to do so, he must either retract his charges, or be prepared to appear before a court of justice, to answer to a charge of libel.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be sent to the Rev. R. W. Wallace; also a copy to the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, for publication.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Editor of "The Canadian Independent"

Mr. Editor, I shall ask a little space for comment upon part of the letter from Forest, signed by five Deacons and a member of the churches there. My remarks have no reference to the *personnel* of the case, whatever, unless the principles contended for should affect it. Whether they do or not I have at present no adequate means of determining, therefore I emphatically disavow any personal allusion.

The letter contains these words, "Now, supposing C— erred while yet a very young preacher, and was deposed, etc."—the inference being that a church could, if it deemed the applicant repentant, reprove, and acknowledge him as the Pastor. This would follow, were churches independent and isolated; but, as you, sir, have shown, Congregationalism is not only independent, but *fraternal*; and fraternal to all Evangelical Churches. Fraternity implies the acknowledgment of mutual rights, and the right may, the imperative duty of discipline belongs to individual, or denominational, churches. Hence arises inter-denominational courtesy. No church has a right to destroy the righteous discipline of another church, or constitute itself a city of refuge for ecclesiastical fugitives. There are two churches, X and Y. X deposes A for manifest cause. A, if repentant, owes a duty to his church, namely, to confess his fault and contrition, with a view to restoration. Instead of that, A goes over to church Y, which receives him with open arms, and, without communicating with church X, restores him to his former and full status. That is not fraternity, but interference, even antagonism; and churches that justify such procedure must be content to stand alone; indeed, by such lawlessness they defy all sister churches, and put themselves outside the line of Christian sympathy. I am far from impugning the motives of churches which have not regarded the principle for which I here contend; we all make mistakes, but I earnestly submit, sir, that unless our Congregational churches are willing to be esteemed by other denominations as houses of refuge for fugitives from discipline, they must pay strict regard to inter-denominational and fraternal claims.

I may say a word upon the imputation contained in the Forest letter, of not only the possibility but the probability of jealousy on the part of surrounding ministers. First—An experience of sixteen years in the ministry justifies the assertion that ministerial jealousy seldom, if ever, bears to the side of discipline; a softer sentiment generally prevails there. Secondly—The imputation of motives, without the clearest and most unanswerable evidence, is not even gentlemanly, and will, I trust, be less than rare in the columns of your correspondents. If, when we are reviled, we are to take it patiently, how much more when expostulated with, should we refrain from irritating rejoinders.

Toronto, Oct. 16.

J. B.

News of the Churches.

WISSETO. Rev. W. Ewing has resigned the pastorate of this church in order to devote himself to opening up new fields in Manitoba and the North West.

Rev. J. I. Malcolm has accepted a call to the Congregational Church of Armada, Macorah Co., Michigan, a large church, with 115 members, and a Sunday School of 206 scholars.

TORONTO. NORTHERN. The anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. John Burton, in the pastorate of the church, was the occasion of two sermons on Sunday 17th inst., by the Rev. John Laing, of Dundas. At the same time the new organ, which has just been built for the church by Messrs. Warren & Son, was opened, and the circumstances combined, drew large congregations both morning and evening. On the Friday of last week there was a social gathering of the church and friends. There was a large attendance. The sister churches in the city shewing their sympathy by the attendance of many members from each. After tea, to which about 300 sat down, the Rev. John Burton, in an admirable speech, reviewed the year and spoke in confident terms of the work of the future. Happy speeches from Rev. H. D. Powis and Rev. W. H. Warriner, and a strong, sterling advocacy of Congregationalism by Rev. J. B. Wilson, together with voluntaries on the organ and singing, made up a most enjoyable evening.

KINGSTON. BIBLE. We learn with deep regret, which will, we are sure, be shared by all who know the Rev. W. M. Peacock, that he has been compelled at last to retire from the pastorate of the above church, to the great sorrow of a much attached people. Mr. Peacock has been pastor since the church was organized in 1874. A good congregation has been gathered, the church numbers eighty, and a building has been erected free from debt. Ever since his settlement his health has not been robust, nevertheless he has accomplished an amount of work unequalled by any other pastor in the city. For more than a year he has battled with disease, and for weeks and months been laid aside from work. He frequently spoke of resigning, but his people were unwilling to hear of such a course. Last summer, however, his resignation was formally set to the church, when resolutions were passed expressive of deep sympathy and affection, and requesting him to let the matter remain in abeyance until October, that it might be sure what the state of his health would then be. This was done, and although his health was considerably improved, it was manifest that he was far from being equal to the work, and that it would be unkind to defer the acceptance. Therefore, on the 1st inst. his resignation was accepted, resolutions appropriate to the circumstances being passed. Mr. Peacock preached his farewell sermon on the morning of the 3rd inst., Principal Grant officiating in the evening. Steps are being taken by the church to give practical expression to their feelings of sympathy and affection. For the present, Mr. Peacock returns to Almonte, where he has been spending the past summer with his family. He is held in very high esteem by the ministers and churches in Kingston, both for his own and his work's sake.

GARAFANA AND DOUGLAS. On Thursday, 13th inst. being the first anniversary of the settlement of the pastor, Rev. J. R. Black, the members of both churches met at the first church, near by the parsonage. From the parsonage went the tea and coffee, and the friends came laden with baskets containing a variety of things tempting to the appetite. The deacons were called on, in virtue of

their office, to *serve*, which call they obeyed with a hearty good will, and when all had partaken, the pastor took the chair and gave an address, reviewing the work done by the churches for the past year. He shewed that in temporal matters there had been considerable prosperity. In both churches the external appearance had been made more attractive, and the finances were greatly improved. In spiritual affairs, work had been done, but the results, on the whole, disappointing. In view of this, he asked them to be more consecrated and the spiritual advance would keep pace with the material. The deacons then followed with appropriate addresses, expressing gratitude for what was done, their desire and purpose to make the coming year richer in spiritual blessings, and calling on the people to do likewise. And the meeting so happy in its conception and carrying out, was brought to a close, and each one seemed to depart with the feeling, whose natural expression would be the words, "Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

WINNIPEG CHURCH.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Since last acknowledgment there have been received from Robert Anderson, Esq., \$100; T. B. Macaulay, \$5; Joseph Mills, \$5, previously subscribed. Inverness Church, \$5. Alex. Buchanan, Petrolia, \$5; Mrs. E. Martin, Guelph, \$1.50. Winnipeg, Oct. 11. W. EWING.

Literary Notes.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 2nd and 9th respectively, contain many articles of interest selected from the English magazines. *Littell* always gives the direct reading. A new volume begins with October. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low, while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. *Littell & Co.*, Boston, are the publishers.

Christian Sociology, by Stuckenber, J. D. Funk & Co. 8 vo., 380 pp. We have read this work with pleasure, it is, perhaps, more practical than deep, which is frequently a recommendation. Comte introduced the word sociology into literature, defining it as "social physics." With Herbert Spencer and his school, sociology is a department of natural science. Our author thinks the term too good to be abandoned to infidelity, and, therefore, uses it with the adjective Christian to denote "the Science of Christian Society, or as the Science of that Society which is controlled by Christian principles." The material for science of Christian Sociology is to be found in the New Testament exclusively, that being the only authenticated charter thereof. And the aim is not to show what Christian Society has been apparently, but what it truly is. Historical theology forms no part of our author's plan. In truth, as our older theologians would have it, we have a discussion painstaking, and in the most reverential spirit, on the nature and function of the "church invisible" on earth, the whole body of believers has, as related to Christ present, the embodiment of the truth of Christ and His life. The relation of this Society to the church or churches is confessedly difficult, yet it is boldly met, and the following principle maintained: "The Church contains Christian Society, but also many who, like the tares in the parable, are locally in the Kingdom of God, but are not of it. There is also Christian Society which is not directly formed by the Church. Whenever

Christians meet they form Christian Society; and the very life in every believer is a social energy, impelling him to seek the companionship of those who have the same faith." The following sentence in this connexion deserves to be carefully weighed: "The Gospel Maker, the relation of believers to Christ chiefly *personal*, the churches in theory, at least, make their relation chiefly *doctrinal*. Christ welcomes all who have spiritual hunger and thirst." This principle is growing, as truth ever must grow, it is exactly where true Congregationalism has ever stood, and where it may calmly await the approach of Evangelical Christendom. The vexed question of creeds is not forgotten, and is calmly viewed. Dr. Bacon is quoted, and to his utterances attention drawn. He says "the Protestant confessions are tests for ministers, not for the reception of members, in none of the leading denominations is a church member required, at his admission, to profess the doctrinal formulary, which the church has passed or adopted for itself as the confession of his personal faith." It is too manifest to an impartial observer that the ideal creed of the defined churches is becoming different from the actual. Does Dean Stanley write expositions of the thirty-nine articles, or Dr. Caird of the shorter catechism? We cannot think our author over-states the question when he thus writes: "It is evident that so long as there is dispute as to the sense of a confession, subscription can only be conditional, and that in spite of subscription, that confession cannot give the creed of both parties. To require of men an unconditional subscription to a confession which they do not fully understand, or about whose sense there is a dispute, is an outrage that should be impossible in churches which were born in the reformation of the sixteenth century. To require such a subscription, may promote hypocrisy, but not Christian faith." We commend the book to our readers as conveying in modern dress, the truths which are ever such: a treatise as full of Evangelical truth printed, so as to meet some of the burning questions of the day.

WATCHING A CLERGYMAN. An Incident in the Life of Dr. Adam Clark. BY HIS SON.

As we were one morning walking out, there chanced to be mentioned a clergyman who, by injudicious conduct in private, had destroyed in some measure the good effect which his public teaching was calculated to produce.

"It is impossible, Joseph," said my father, "that a minister of God should ever be a private man, even in his most trivial intercourse with others, it is never forgotten what his office is, the habit of every one's mind is to expect information or example from the company and conduct of a public minister. Such as we are constantly living under the observation of mankind, and he who is always observed should never venture on dubious conduct, nor suppose for a moment that what he does in the view of another can ever be a matter of indifference or be regarded as a trifle. I will tell you a curious circumstance that happened to me some years ago.

"In a day or two from the time that I refer to, I was about to set off from London to Ireland; a friend desired me to take charge of a young lady to Dublin, to which I readily agreed, and she was sent to me at the coach. I soon found from her conversation that she was a Roman Catholic, and I also quickly perceived that she had been led to entertain a very high opinion of me. After we had traveled some distance, talking occasionally on various subjects, the daylight began to sink away, when she took out of her reticule a small Catholic book of prayers, and commenced most seriously her evening devotions. "While she was reading, such thoughts as these occurred to me: I believe this

lady to be sincere in her religious creed, which I think to be a very dangerous one; she appears to be of an ingenious temper, and to feel much personal respect for me, is there not here, then, a good opportunity, as well as subject, to exercise my influence, and to deliver her, if possible, from her erroneous creed? But, continued I, in my thoughts, was she not entrusted to my care? Would her friends have so entrusted her had they ever suspected that an attempt at proselytism would be made? Would not the attempt be a breach of trust, and should I, even were ultimate good to accrue to Miss —, be a morally honest man? I instantly felt that my own honesty must be preserved, though the opportunity of apparent good might be lost. In a short time Miss — closed the book, with this observation: "We Catholics, Dr. Clarke, think it much better to believe too much than too little." I replied: "But, madam, in our belief we should recollect that we never should yield our assent to what is contradictory in itself or to what contradicts other ascertained truths." This was the only observation I made that looked at all towards Catholicism. In process of time we arrived at our journey's end, and I deposited her safely in the hands of her friends.

"From that time till about two years ago I never heard of Miss —, till we met in the following way: I had been preaching at Chelsea Chapel, and entering the vestry after the service, a lady followed me, shook hands, spoke with much emotion, and said: "Do you not recollect me, Dr. Clarke? I am Miss —, whom you kindly took care of to Ireland; I was then a Catholic, now I am a Protestant, and have suffered much in consequence of the change." I inquired how the alteration in her views was effected and she gave me in detail the account which I will shortly sum up to you.

"When she heard to whom she was about to be entrusted, she resolved closely to watch and observe the eminent Protestant minister; she was pleased with the conversation and the friendliness shown to her, and was so struck with the observation I had made in the coach, that she said it absolutely haunted her, caused her to examine and think for herself, and at last led her to freedom from thralldom; 'but,' said she 'I never should have been induced to examine, had it not been for the examination which I had previously made of you. From the first moment you entered the coach, I watched you narrowly. I thought now I have a fair opportunity of knowing something of these Protestants, and I will judge of what I have heard of them be true. Every word, every motion, every look of yours, sir, was watched with the eye of a lynx.' I felt you could not be acting a part, for you could not suspect that you were so observed; the result of all was, your conduct conciliated esteem and removed prejudice; your one observation on belief led me to those examinations which the Spirit of God has blessed to my conversion; and I now stand before you the convert of your three day's behavior between London and Dublin."

"You see from this account, Joseph," continued my father, "how all ministers should ever feel themselves as public men; how cautious should be their conduct, and how guarded their conversation. Had I attempted to proselytize this lady all her prejudices would have been up in arms; had my behaviour been unbecomingly light or causelessly austere, she would have been either disgusted or repelled, and her preconceived notions of Protestants would have been confirmed; she saw and heard what satisfied her; thus, even in social intercourse, the public minister may, and should always be, the Christian instructor."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE BEST PROFESSION.

There is many a Christian student now in our colleges who, if he will decide to enter the "high calling" of a laborer for souls, will keep a hundred thanksgiving days for having chosen the better part. The more a minister loves his work the more he enjoys it. We see the sad and depraved sides, and we are kept in contact with the most rich and soul elevating truths in the universe. Yes we are brought into the daily fellowship of the Divine Teacher, the Elder Brother, the Holy Comforter. Jesus comes to us in our studies. His countenance shines on our Bible. He glorifies by his smile the humblest cabin in which a frontier missionary is preparing his message of heavenly love. To save a soul is a luxury that Gabriel might covet. "Your heaven is two heavens to me," said Rutherford to his spiritual children whom he had led to the Saviour. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

THE MOTHER OF NEWTON.

John Newton was an only son. Until seven years of age he enjoyed the wise counsel and fervent prayers of a devoted mother. At that period she died. He grew up a reckless and profane youth, and was engaged in the African slave trade. He could not forget, however, his mother's prayers. He finally yielded to God, became a Christian and a minister of the gospel. Newton became the instrument of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan (author of "The Star of the East," which led Adoniram Judson to the East); of Thomas Scott, the eminent commentator, and of Wilberforce, the philanthropist; while William Cowper, the poet, acknowledged that he owed to Newton's letters and to his personal helpfulness much of his inspiration and success. The apparent means of the conversion of Leigh Richmond was the "Practical View," written by Wilberforce. The "Maryman's Daughter" by Richmond, has, in turn, been blessed to unnumbered thousands.

Who can measure the scope of a mother's power through time and eternity? "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages!" - E. P. T. in Church Union.

LITTLE UNREMEMBERED ACTS.

Once, in one of the thousand streets of busy London, a man was walking whose limbs seemed nearly paralyzed. Old, poor, paralytic, he crept along so slowly that, though after meeting him the narrator went several blocks on and made a purchase, yet, as he returned, the poor man seemed to have got but a few steps on his way. Just before he reached him on his return, he saw him stop at a crossing crowded with teams and carriages, many of them moving swiftly a dangerous crossing for one like him. At this moment a man just entering middle life, with an honest English face, strong, hearty in a workingman's dress, was seen coming down the cross street from the left. As he came up he saw the dilemma of the poor paralytic, and, without a word said, put one strong arm around him, and bore him swiftly through the throng of carriages to the safe side; and then, without waiting for a word of thanks, went on his way as if nothing had happened. A very common place incident, but there was a lesson in it. Much of our service in this world may be as purely incidental, as trifling compared with other things, as little marked, with as little knowledge even to whom it is rendered. It is a service all the same; and if there be a recording angel, and a book of human doings, we may some day see records of these humbler deeds standing far higher on the page than many a more pretentious one. - Palmos.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

A year ago there was a quiet funeral on Wilkins street, and when it was over an old man called "Uncle William" was left without home and with no means to help himself. Strangers said that he would have to go to the poor house, but when the trembling and half blind old man wiped tears from his eyes, a neighbor said:

"I will take him to my home and care for him a month, anyhow."

"Then I will take him," added another.

"And then my roof shall shelter him," said a third.

So the old man found friends. One took him and then another, and he was well used. They were far from being rich. Their tables were lean and their beds cold, and sometimes the little that Uncle William ate was missed by the hungry children, but no one ever spoke unkindly to him or hinted that he was a burden.

One night last week, after the old man had sought his bed, and the children were asleep, a husband and wife sat down to say to each other that work was scarce, the rent behind, and the fuel was nearly gone, and

Here they looked at each other in a shy way, as if ashamed of their thoughts. The cold wind whistled around the cottage as if hungering to nip little toes, and the wife shivered and said:

"He is so old and feeble let us wait a few days longer."

"I haven't a dollar left," mused the man, as he glanced at the cupboard.

"But he eats very little," protested the wife.

"We have only a small house."

"But he sits in the corner."

They looked at each other for a long time without speaking. A vision of the poor old man battling with a fierce winter gale came to either, and stood between, with hands crossed in supplication.

"He shall stay" they whispered together and they rose up and made ready for the night, and the gale banged at the doors as if cheated of its prey.

Morning came, with its meagre breakfast. There was not enough for four, but it must do for seven, and the father forced a smile to his face, as he opened the door and called:

"Come, Uncle William, you shall have the warmest place and the biggest dish."

There was no response, and when they bent over the old man, they found that no man would ever again find him a burden.

"See," said the wife. "he may have heard our whispers, for there is a tear on his cheek."

"But he knew the resolve of our heart, for he died with a smile on his face," added the husband.

"Oh! he's dead" poor old grandpa is dead" cried the children. "How glad we are that God will let him have a big warm corner, and lots of everything to eat."

"If we could have done more for him," sighed the wife, as the tears fell; and their charity was greater than his who had subscribed his thousands.

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.

Thomas-a-Kempis, who died just one hundred years before the German Reformation, is said to be the author of this prayer: "Give me a clear understanding against all impurity, a right faith against all doubtfulness, a firm hope against all difficulties, fervent charity against all indiff. eence and negligence, great patience against all disturbance, holy meditation against every filthy imagination, continual prayer against the devil's assaults, good occupation against the tiresomeness and drowsiness of the heart, and lastly, a devout remembrance of Thy holy passion against the wounding of the soul by vices. Assist me, O my God, with all these, Thy good gifts, and confirm me in all Thy holy words. Amen."

TEMPTED BY DEGREES.

John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and let the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled at the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so, by these little chips, we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

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SAVE YOUR COAL

J. W. ELLIOT'S PATENT SAVER.

The First Object - Is to produce the greatest amount of heat from a given amount of fuel, and is gained by an arrangement of the three-way draft passage and somewhat feet of flue pipe, which is bent down and around the base, and the heat is absorbed by the atmosphere through direct radiation from every part of the stove. Another object of the invention is to secure for heating purposes the greatest possible benefit of the fire contained in the stove, and it is accomplished by placing around the body of the stove a series of internally projecting pockets overlapping the fire pot, and so formed that the air of the room is admitted into the lower end of the pockets, and, after passing through them, re-enters the room, having become intensely heated through contact with the inner sides of the said pockets, which are immediately over the hottest part of the fire, thus producing far greater results from a given amount of fuel than any other stove. Second Object - An evaporator for which is a part of the stove. The cover becomes a water tank, and is an effective evaporator. The pivot on which it turns is an iron tube screwed into the base of the tank, while the lower end is closed and rests in a pocket inside the stove. There is a greater or less amount of vapor in proportion to the intensity of the heat. Third Object - There is a double heater, by means of which heat can be conveyed to an apartment above, and supplied with sufficient vapor from the tank. Fourth Object - A combined hot air and steam bath can be obtained by closing the damper in the water tank, and causing all the vapor to mingle with the ascending heat. Fifth Object

The Stove becomes Simplified and easy to Control

All the doors and fittings are abandoned, and are replaced by mica lights with mica tips attached, by means of which the mica may be sprung into place, or removed and cleaned with a dry cloth, or replaced when the stove is red hot, without burning one's fingers. At the base of the mica lights eyelets are placed through which a constant flow of air causes all the gas or smoke to be consumed or to pass off. Sixth Object - A base plate of cast iron in the place of zinc or other perishable material. This base plate is raised sufficient for the cold air on the floor to pass up through its raised and hollow cone-shape to the stove, and is ratted, and by this means a constant circulation is continued until an even summer heat is obtained. The circulation above described causes the floor to remain cool underneath the stove. The stoves are altogether cast iron, and the slow consumption of fuel, the direct radiation from all its heated surface, ensures them to last any number of years and to produce no clinkers or waste.

There are two grates, similar in form to the base of a circular basket, the centre grate is rotated to the right or left by the lever a short distance, and by moving the lever still further to the right or left both grates are worked.

To light a fire close all the drafts in the base of the stove open a direct draft in the smoke flue; fill up to the base a the feeder with fine coal, leaving sufficient space for draft, on the coal place the lightwood, leave the tank cover off slightly for draft, until the fire has taken, close the tank cover and open the draft in front.

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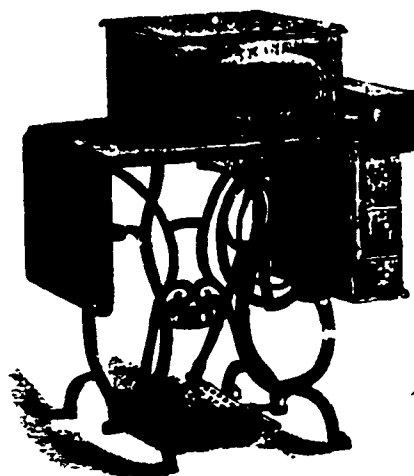
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