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"One is Your Master, even Christ, and all Ye are Brethren."

THE  
CANADIAN   
INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 4.

FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

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## NOTICE.

THE following is an extract from the letter of one of our ministers when sending his subscription :—

The paper is capital, and demands infinitely larger patronage than our people are giving it. I am trying to draw attention to it, and awaken an appetite for it, by reading from its columns at our weekly meetings its Mission News and other good things.

Very good, brother; you are doing well. Who will be the next to stand up and bear testimony? If our churches would give us a thousand new subscribers (as they could easily do) we would make THE INDEPENDENT still more attractive and worthy of support.

We have to thank our subscribers for the response made to our appeal for the payment of subscriptions. A number have been received and placed to credit. Will the friends kindly look to their labels, and see that the date is changed correctly. The mailing list is made up to the 4th February, but it is quite possible that some mailed before that date may not yet have reached us; it will therefore be on the next number that the corrected date will appear. There are still some hundreds who have not paid their subscriptions for the current year now due. Kindly send us four dollar at once. There are also some who owe two, three, four and even five years. If your label shows "1 Jany, '87," you are due one dollar for 1887; if it shows "1 Jany, '86," you owe two dollars—one for 1886 and one for 1887; and so on, in like order. Address all letters, editorial or business alike, to

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# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

[No. 4.

## Editorial Jottings.

YE are not your own, ye are bought with a price, and what a price? The precious blood of Christ! Are you rendering service? or are you serving yourself? Not your own! then what you call your own belongs to heaven's great Lord, and you are simply trustees. Is the trust being faithfully fulfilled, or are you guilty, at heaven's bar, of embezzlement? It is required of a steward that he be faithful. Are you taking means not your own, and misusing the same? How can you expect the verdict, "Well done"? Are you not earning the rather the dread "Depart, ye cursed"?

WE commend to our readers a careful perusal of our brother, Hon. B. Musgrave's article on "Congregational Church Principles." It is professedly a critique on Dr. Dale's manual, already noticed in our columns. In reality it is an original and thoughtful scriptural presentation of the principles for which, if we are worth anything, we shall loyally contend. To enable our readers to compare, we append Dr. Dale's principles to the article. We confess that, of the two, we prefer Mr Musgrave's. His principles not only strike at the root of the matter; they have the merit of being readily memorized. They may, in short, be presented as watchwords. Christ only, loyalty, unity, vitality, locality, responsibility, liberty, catholicity; none of these from human will or form, but from Him, by and in Him, who is the head over *all* things to His Church.

AMONG some earnest friends of the cause there has remained and strengthened a conviction that the present location of our college is most unfortunate, and the present time seemed fitting to discuss the question of removal. A few met in Toronto. The first question was—as anything like secrecy

was deprecated—to whom shall invitations be sent to join in the first conference thereon? Meantime a suggestion appeared in the Brantford *Congregationalist*, already noticed in these columns, for a general conference of the pastors of Ontario on denominational interests and work. Ontario was named for convenience' sake, as a limit must be placed somewhere. Without doubt, any brother from Vancouver to the Atlantic would be heartily welcomed. As the Toronto friends discard all sectional feeling, they at once felt that Mr. Fuller's suggestion was the better one, dropped the college question in its exclusive aspect, and fell in with the more general character of a possible conference of brethren. Circulars were accordingly issued to all the pastors of Ontario in charge, asking how far such a conference would carry the general sympathy. There are about thirty-nine names on the Ontario roll. Answers have been received from about twenty-six. Of these, three are evidently hostile, one dubious, and one fears the union may be injured by a previous meeting; the remainder are willing, some anxious, some enthusiastically so. An analysis of the answers received shows that our missionary pastors, and those who are at the outposts, are all anxious for earnest conference with brethren whom they desire more frequently to see face to face. The opposition seems to arise from a suspicion that some special, but veiled, object is aimed at. The committee, on whose behalf the circulars were issued, represents *all* the Congregational churches in Toronto. Since the answers have been received, storms, engagements, etc., have hindered the meeting of the committee in force, and the matter remains for a little in abeyance. Under any circumstances the Dominion elections must pass ere the conference can be held. Thus the matter stands at this writing. We venture a few comments.

WITHOUT confidence, no unity of thought, or action or feeling is possible where the spirit, not the form, is the bond. Therefore, any hint of lack of good faith indicates a necessity of more frequent intercourse to the end that we may understand one another. We have an utter contempt for the policy of "Hush!" The very justification of our denominational existence is oneness in Christ only. Yet that oneness must be manifested, and as it finds no utterance in formal creed, liturgy, or rule, it must find it in co-operation and mutual goodwill. We cannot co-operate unless we fully know how that co-operation is to be carried on; we can manifest little good-will where we know little or nothing of each other. How these ends are to be gained for us, save by continued and closer intercourse, we know not. Sympathy is not to be manufactured; co-operation will not be by any Star-chamber edict; nor will unity be attained by majority votes. We must more frequently look into each other's faces, take each other into our confidence, confer openly as to our differences, talk less *about*, more *to*, one another. From such conviction on our part arises the assurance that the mooted conference will be a blessing—a blessing to individuals, churches, union, work; and we shall regret any failure to carry it on to a happy issue. There must be good incalculable when Christians rightly meet.

GREAT cities bring great demands upon the large-heartedness and liberality of Christian men. In small places want and suffering are generally readily known; but in cities, while there is always plenty that is known, much that is obtrusive, there is always a large amount that is silent and unknown until sought out. Such suffering is generally the most worthy of relief, and the results most satisfactory. While our Canadian cities, not having reached the population of some on this continent and many in Europe, do not contain so much of poverty, yet there is sufficient in places like Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton and elsewhere, to call for the active labours and free giving of Christian men and women. It may be said, and is doubtless true, that a large portion of want is the result of drunkenness, carelessness, shiftlessness, and such like things; but men and women, though wrong-doing, must not be left to perish, and innocent children to suffer for the follies of parents. We have been

struck, in looking over the London *Christian*, with the large number of agencies for doing good, temporal as well as spiritual, carried on by the Christian people of London; in a late number we counted acknowledgments of help to no less than seventy-six different organizations or institutions, ranging from 25c. to \$150. The bulk of this was for the relief of physical suffering or bodily want. This was for one week only. In another week's list we see that the objects subscribed for are 146, and that week's amount was nearly \$4,000, a noble showing; and yet it is little for the great want. But beyond that the churches have their own organizations, and are doing noble work, many of them, and it is safe to say that, considering its vast size, no city has fewer objects of care uncared for, and no nobler or more determined effort to minister to the needy. There should be no want in Canada; wherever there is, be it the duty of Christians to see that it is not neglected.

THERE are strange vagaries of Scripture interpretation. We don't mean just now the interpretation of critics—they are strange enough sometimes in all truth—but the interpretations of some good Christian people when they apply Scripture to the guidance of their daily life. What, for instance can be more foolish than the action of men who will leave the whole realm of politics—municipal and parliamentary—with all the great interests involved, the possibilities for good or evil, to the management of the devil and his followers on the plea that Christians are not of the world, that they are to come out and be separated, and so on, all truths, but only one side of the truth! Men are responsible for the things around them. The first murderer and an infidel to boot took the same ground as some professing Christians, when he impudently asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was, you are; and it is the duty of every man to help toward righteousness in high places, for a righteous government has a righteous influence. A vote brings a responsibility to God and man; let those who have a vote use it to support what they conscientiously, as in the sight of God, believe to be right.

To the namby-pambyism of some milk-and-water Christians we prefer the arrogance, if you will, of the stern old Puritans, of whom it is said they met in conclave, and passed the resolutions:

1st, "*Resolved*, That God has given the earth to the saints." 2nd, "*Resolved*, That we are the saints," and so the duty resting upon them, which they recognized, to make of the earth a saintly place. That their methods to accomplish this were bad, and that they did not succeed, says nothing against the truth of their principle. The world is the Lord's; it is the dominion of King Jesus and the inheritance of His people. Let us endeavour by Christ-like methods to conquer it for Him.

THE same sort of one text interpretation has got into the work of the church itself. You want aid for church support or church work, and you apply to Mr. Noaccount to help, but he has conscientious scruples against his name appearing as a contributor. He will quote, "When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," forgetful that there fell from the same divine lips the injunction, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," and forgetful of some of those records which the church would not willingly let die. If the widow with her two mites had not dropped her gift into the treasury in sight of the Master and His disciples, what a glorious lesson of faith and self-denial would have been lost to us; and if that alabaster box of ointment had not been broken in the midst of the assembled guests, the perfume of Mary's love would not have filled our spiritual atmosphere today. Let us learn the lessons of both teachings; to avoid self-glorification, pride and show, but to give openly and freely, to work boldly and fearlessly as the testimony we bear to our Lord.

HEAVEN is a place of rest; the church is the symbol and beginning of heaven; therefore the church should be a place of rest. That appears really to be the thought, if not the speech, of many who enter into Christian fellowship. I am safe; I have no occasion to trouble myself about myself, nor about any one else. They appear to fully enter into the sentiment of that verse of Watts, where when writing of heaven, he says:

There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of endless rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Very pleasant to the lazy man, such a paradise as a Mohammedan might believe true; but not the

Christian idea; for in heaven "His servants serve Him." We are told it would be a poor place if it did not bring wider opportunities and higher capabilities for service. We thus expect entering the church should be like to entering heaven; it should be the gage of battle against the world, the flesh and the devil; the beginning of a crusade, the object of which shall be to plant the cross of Christ in human hearts, and with unwearied effort to seek to spread His kingdom.

THERE is always a danger to religious truth in making it the text of the politician, the cry of a party; it is sure to be looked upon all round just as that and nothing more; to lose entirely in fact its true place and importance. Without wishing in the least degree to make these columns a vehicle for political utterances, we may say that the danger alluded to is now upon us. It goes for the saying that the "No Popery" cry of the recent elections was largely political. We are not saying that there were not some who used it conscientiously, there were good and true men who did so but it was taken up by the party hacks who care as little for Protestantism as for Romanism, and all the power that it might have had to check, a real evil was lost. But, apart from party let us beware of Rome; her priests are wily and persistent; her emissaries are sleepless and unscrupulous. What cannot be obtained one way will be sought in another way. Slightly to alter a saying of "Junius," we may write, "Eternal vigilance is the price of" purity. While we would be far from sowing seeds of hatred and dissension, we would remember that we have in our midst a great politico-religious foreign power, and we would set up the strongest barrier against its progress.

WE received, as we were going to press, an account of the journey of our missionaries across Africa. It will appear in our next, and bear testimony to the sacrifices made by those who take their lives in their hands to plant in other lands the standard of the cross, whose blessings we enjoy in comfort and in peace.

The Jubilee Fund of the New South Wales Congregationalists has received \$194,250, a result that has surprised even themselves. It has been raised in three years—and these years of general depression—by a denomination that consists of not more than two per cent. of the entire population,

## NOT TOO LARGE NOR TOO SMALL.

It is not always wise to build city churches too large and expensive, but perhaps quite as many mistakes are made by building in centres of population too small. Small, humble beginnings are very well for solitary mission stations, but men are not drawn to them in towns and cities. It is understood that to be connected with them means a struggle for church life, and heavy burdens for a few to bear. Such causes have generally to be supported from the pockets of a few rich men, or from missionary societies, or languish and die. It is seldom worth while to build at all in a town or city unless a building can be erected sufficiently large to contain a congregation that can support a minister, and pay current expenses without being burdened beyond their means. Small affairs supported by a few wealthy men are not attractive; one or two deaths or removals may leave them helpless, and few men are to be found ready to fill the breach and assume the burdens that must fall on their successors. A church supported by one or two hundred labouring men is stronger and safer than one supported by three or four wealthy ones. A small church building in a populous place advertises weakness, and without extraordinary attractions will repel rather than draw a congregation. Mission churches, conducted by local talent, under central pastoral supervision, attending the monthly communions of the parent church, should be vigorously worked in town and city. When enough can be gathered to put up a building large enough for a congregation who can comfortably support the institution, then let it kindly break away from the parent church, and build large enough to encourage outsiders to come in, without the fear which many have, of being burdened with a few others in sustaining a weak cause. W. H. A.

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

Principle I. (Dale's Principle II.)—"Loyalty to Christ alone." For every Christian and in "every Christian church the will of Christ is the supreme authority." This principle may be summarized as "loyalty to Christ alone." It is the root principle. "One is your master, even Christ," and "no man can serve two masters." This principle necessitates "independence" of all authority that can conflict with that of Christ.

Principle II.—"Unity in Christ alone." It is the will of Christ that His disciples should be *one* in their attachment to Him, and in their love for each other. His will has been thus declared—"I am the vine, ye are the branches." "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love *one to another*." Thus, His church as a whole must be one and indivisible in spirit. See 1 Corinthians i. 10. This principle is essential to "the unity of the Spirit," Ephesians iv. 3, 4; and is repugnant to human "creeds." This principle forbids isolation and division (see Romans xvi. 17, 18), and discountenances *esprit de corps*. It also prohibits "close communion," for we, being many, are one bread (one loaf), one body; "for we are all partakers of that one bread." 1 Corinthians x. 17. The will of Christ upon this point has been also plainly declared, again, in His prayer "that they all may be one (John xvii. 21), that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." This principle may be called "unity in Christ alone."

Principle III.—"Vitality by Christ alone." Principle 1—"I am the vine;" Principle 2—"Ye are the branches;" Principle 3—"Abide in Me, and I in you;" "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." Whether we call this principle "vitality by Christ alone" or "reality by Christ alone"—the principle is the same, and it is the third. After the primary authority of Christ (1) and the consequent oneness of spirit (2) which follows from attachment to Christ, the reality of life by Christ (3) must *precede* any church action—whether you consider church action as emanating *from* a church, or as aiming at and tending *toward* a church. The vitality from the vine must be *real* before it can bear any real fruit to the glory of God, and the honour of Christ the Head of the church. This principle therefore must precede the formation of churches, and all missionary efforts and all church action. This principle involves Dale's Principle III., viz.: "It is the will of Christ that all the *members* of a Christian church should be Christians." The *members* must be actuated by the Head. As soon as the Gospel of the grace of God has reached us, the rule follows: " whatsoever ye do *in word or deed*, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Colossians iii. 17. In sending forth missions, or in founding churches, "vitality in Christ alone" ought to impel the word and the work, and to urge His disciples to occupy.

IV.—"Locality for Christ alone." "Having gone forth, disciple all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This principle involves not only Dale's Principle I.—"It is the will of Christ that all those who believe in Him should be organized into churches"—but also all missionary and evangelical efforts, where "the righteousness of God" has been revealed to

souls by the Gospel, through the teaching of earlier believers.

V.—“Responsibility under Christ alone” is established in the converted souls. This is Dale’s Principle IV. This responsibility cannot be transferred. “So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.” Every believer is responsible. “Who art thou that judgest another man’s servant?” “One is your master: . . . and *all ye are brethren.*” This principle controls church action and church arrangement; and directs church discipline in accordance with Principle I.

But (VI.) Christ confers liberty on those who are devoted to Him. This sixth principle is the correlative of Principle I. “If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” The injunction, “Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free,” is addressed “to the churches of Galatia.” “Liberty from Christ alone” is an essential church principle. “For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty.”—Galatians v. 13.

“Only (VII.) use not liberty for an occasion of the flesh, but *by love serve one another.*” This seventh principle urges mutual service, and dictates “ecclesiastical comity.” It rejoices in “one Lord, one faith, one baptizedness, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.” This principle is

“CATHOLICITY THROUGH CHRIST ALONE.”

It delights in “the communion of saints”; “for by one Spirit are we *all* baptized into one body,” and “have been *all* made to drink into one Spirit,” and is, therefore, the correlative of Principle II., the unity of the Spirit.

1. Loyalty to Christ alone.
2. Unity in Christ alone (corollary of Principle I.).
3. Vitality by Christ alone (consequence of Principles I. and II.).
4. Locality for Christ alone (action of Principles I. and III.).
5. Responsibility under Christ alone (correlative of I. and III.).
6. Liberty from Christ alone (correlative of I. and V.).
7. Catholicity through Christ alone (correlative of II. and VI.).

B. MUSGRAVE.

DR. DALE’S PRINCIPLES.

I.—It is the will of Christ that all those who believe in Him should be organized into churches.

II.—In every Christian church the will of Christ is the supreme authority.

III.—It is the will of Christ that all the members of a Christian church should be Christians.

IV.—By the will of Christ all the members of a Christian church are directly responsible to Him for maintaining His authority in the Church.

V.—By the will of Christ every society of Christians organized for Christian worship, instruction and fellowship, is a Christian church, and is independent of external control.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY THE REV. W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER II.—MY FIRST SUNDAY AT SEA.

The first Sabbath Day at sea dawned upon us as we were skirting the Portuguese coast, with the town of Lisbon well ahead. It was a glorious morning. The sea was calm, and in the golden sunlight recalled the apocalyptic figure. “A sea of glass, mingled with fire.”

The situation was unique; my feelings were indescribable. Far away from home and friends and church, a weird sadness crept over me. I felt shut out from those associations and privileges which make the Sabbath hallowed. Soon I was able to realize the inspiring truth that, though separated from the dear ones at home and church, I was in no wise separated from my God. I could repair to the same throne of grace, commune with the same Father, and share in the same blessing as they with whom it was my wont and joy to worship. Oh! the unspeakable preciousness of the thought which flashed upon me: “My church is praying for me!” It thrilled me. I felt one with my people. We were separated by a thousand miles of weary waters; but the cord of prayer that binds us to the throne of God brought us nigh in spirit. I prayed for them; I knew they were praying for me. Precious golden link of prayer which no distance can dis sever!

The custom which obtains in the ships of the Cunard service is to have the prayers of the Church of England read in the saloon every Sunday morning. Attendance at this service is compulsory on the seamen; default means sundry disabilities. The captain of the ship expressed his willingness to transfer the service to me. I thanked him for his courtesy, but suggested [that the ordinary course on that occasion be followed; and proposed that an evening service should be held, entirely freed from all conditions of compulsion. To this he readily agreed.

At eleven o’clock the ship bell tolled in orthodox church fashion. Its sound was strange, yet home-like, as it called passengers and crew to morning prayer. The seamen, in clean, new, rig-blue woollen jackets and white trousers, filed in, headed by their officers in full uniform, and filled one half of the saloon, the passengers occupying the other half. By arrangement with the captain, I introduced an element which was new to his ship’s services—hymn singing. For once in my life I officiated as precursor. We sang:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



And if the execution was not all it might be, the effect was very grand and inspiring. The church service was read passably by the captain; another hymn was sung, and the service concluded with the announcement that at seven o'clock an evening service would be held—a purely voluntary service—to which all passengers and crew were earnestly invited.

I spent the afternoon forward in giving personal invitations to the men to attend this evening service. My heart went out to a class of men, so peculiarly shut out from religious privileges, and yet, in the openness of their disposition, so peculiarly susceptible to religious impressions.

"Six bells" rang out, and very anxiously did I watch the issue of the experiment of a voluntary service on board ship.

My brightest hopes were more than realized. The saloon began to fill; captain, officers, seamen, engineers and stokers poured in until every available space was occupied. My heart was glad at this grand response. How we did sing, undaunted by any possible hypercriticisms of the so-called "New Theology," the grand old evangelical hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The sonorous voices of the seamen rolled it forth as though it had been one of their work ditties. Truly, the singing was congregational. It warmed me up to my work. I told them of Jesus, the world's Redeemer, and the certainty of His glorious Gospel, in a few words. My heart was hot with love to Him and them. I pray that the simple words spoken may have a fruitful history!

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide.

This brought our meeting to a close.

The sequel of our services showed that hearts had been touched by the power of the Word. Passengers retired to the quietude and coolness of the saloon deck. Never can I forget the scene which then met our gaze. The sea was unrippled, and the air was still. The silence was only broken by the dull throb of the ship's engines. The moon had just risen like a great sun, blood-red; and, assuming a silvery brightness as it rose, cast its silvery sheen upon the still waters. Under the silent stars, with the restful consciousness of God's nearness, we held sweet fellowship, one with another, on that Sabbath night. Some of the passengers, whom I did not know to be Christians, made themselves known to me, others professed anxiety and stated difficulties. One case I must specialize.

A lady from Belgium, *en route* for Smyrna, where she had previously lived fifteen years, and who could

speaking modern Greek like a native, told me her story. She belonged to a Roman Catholic family in Antwerp. Under Protestant teaching she was led to see the errors of Rome, and to espouse Protestant truth. Referring to my address in the saloon, she confessed to me that she was not in possession of that solid peace of which I had been speaking. Her hope was in Christ, and in Him alone; but she felt her "grasp" of Christ (as she called it) was at times feeble and relaxed, and she lived, therefore, under conditions of uncertainty.

I told her that she was overlooking a very important side of truth. She was cleaving to Christ and feeling at times the uncertainty of her grasp. I reminded her that Christ was craving to *her*. I quoted the passage: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 28.) This seemed at once to introduce her into a new life; it was a vision of God to her. Assurance and peace became henceforth possibilities; and repeated communications from Smyrna and elsewhere since attest to the reality and permanence of the change.

#### ABOUT STANDING UP FOR OUR RIGHTS.

"One of the inalienable rights of a British subject is to do as he pleases, and if he does not do as he pleases he should be compelled to." This is part of the peroration with which an Irishman is said to have closed a speech on the rights of the British subject. That Irishman would have made a good Canadian. He could have fallen into line with the rest of us, and indulged in that peculiar operation called deferring our rights. Canadians are a good deal given to that sort of thing. A large number of them are everlastingly defending what they call their rights against the alleged assaults of somebody. If you examine closely many of the questions that cause trouble in Church and State, it will be found that a large proportion of them, when sifted to the bottom, are substantially the contention of somebody for what he calls his rights.

But somebody may say, "Oh, well, this jealousy about our rights and this readiness to defend them is a good sight. It shows we have British blood in our veins. It shows we are a spirited people and, like our forefathers, never allow any one to trample on us. It is a tribute to our national character."

Ah, indeed! That is a fine rhetorical flourish, but, like a good many other rhetorical flourishes, it does not bear examination. Against whom are we generally found defending our rights? Against our own neighbours. We are rarely called upon to defend our rights, personal, national or ecclesiastical, against any one outside of Canada. If our rights are assailed every time we shout, our own neighbours are the as-

sailants. For every Canadian defending his rights there must be at least one Canadian assailant. There may be half a dozen leagued against the one. If this everlasting clamour about rights really means anything, in many cases it means that a large number of Canadians by force, or fraud in some other way, are trying to deprive their fellow-countrymen of their rights. For every brave defender of his rights there is at least one assailant. For every man ready to die on his doorstep, so to speak, in defence of his rights, there is at least one citizen of "predatory instincts" as Sir Richard would say. Where does the compliment to Canadian character come in? It would be a far higher compliment to our young nation to assume that a large number of people who clamour about their rights in Church and State are talking nonsense than to assume that they have any real grievance. If they have a real grievance—if their rights are really in danger—there must be an immense number of people in this young country who desire to assail the rights of their neighbours.

From Sir John Macdonald down to the last-appointed pound-keeper every official in the Dominion is ready to defend what he calls his rights. From the Federal Government down to the last committee formed for any purpose on the banks of the Saskatchewan, every corporate body is sensitive about its rights. Societies of all kinds are ready to go on their muscle about their rights. Conventions nearly always spend a considerable part of their time in defining and defending their rights.

When the world is so sensitive about its rights the Church is sure to be sensitive in the same way. Hence we have in the Church never-ending discussions about rights; the rights of managing boards, the rights of committees, the rights of Church members, the rights of adherents, in short the rights of everybody. Is this a good sign? If the Churches were as busy as they should be in the great work of saving souls, would they find time to discuss such questions? Men usually discuss the machinery of a locomotive when it is cold and standing still. When it thunders past at the rate of sixty miles an hour they have no chance to wrangle about the nuts or bolts, or the symmetry of the smoke-stack.

If the Church and the corporate bodies of the world contend so much about their rights, can we wonder that *individuals* are becoming unduly sensitive about individual rights? *Somebody describes the present age as one of "ferce individualism."* Ferce individualism is good. That is to say, the phrase is good. The thing itself is bad. It strikes at the root of constituted authority. It saps the very foundations of law and order. If carried out to its logical results, it must lead to the disintegration of society and the destruction of the Church. Perhaps the individualism would not be so ferce if Church courts contended

less for what they call their rights, and gave more of their time and attention to the real work of their Master. If a man sees a Church court contending long and fiercely for some small point utterly invisible to the unclerical eye, can we wonder if he contends fiercely for some alleged personal right which, perhaps, nobody sees but himself?

The fact is, a fierce contention for all our rights would make life intolerable. A passenger who feels too warm has a right to put up the car window. His neighbour who feels a draught has a right to put it down. The window cannot be up and down at the same time. The British Constitution makes no provision for such a case. There is nothing in the Magna Charta about car windows. An appeal must be taken to the second table of the Decalogue, or the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Once upon a time we saw, or rather heard, what came very near being a collision between two men who insisted on exercising their rights as British subjects in a sleeping car. The occupant of one of the berths snored loudly. His was a marvellous snore. He could run up the scale and come down again without the slightest difficulty. We never heard an octave like his. Sometimes he went up and down the scale in a graceful sort of way, and then all at once he would skip from the lowest to the highest notes. When he had performed for half an hour or so the occupant of an adjoining berth put in a protest that was not particularly mild in its form. Now here was a case in which both had about equal rights as Canadians. Certainly the one has a right to sleep. Probably the other had a right to snore. There is nothing in the Confederation Act about snoring, but Canada is a free country, and if a man cannot use a first-class snoring apparatus in a sleeping berth that he has paid for, our forefathers fought for liberty in vain.

Would it not be an improvement if we all said less about our rights, and gave more attention to our duties? It is at times one's duty to contend for his rights, more especially when these rights are a trust; but strife about supposed rights often springs from jealousy, from abnormal sensitiveness, from selfishness, from vanity, from mere mulishness. It is often nobler to yield when no principle is at stake than to fight. A strong man can yield to a weakling on small matters, and make himself stronger by yielding. The golden rule is a better guide than Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—*Knoxonian, in Canada Presbyterian.*

BABU SAGOR DUTT, a wealthy Indian who lately died at Calcutta, left an estate valued at thirty lacs of rupees, or \$3,000,000, of which he bequeathed twelve, or \$1,200,000, to establish and maintain an alms-house, hospital and school for the benefit of the native community.

 Correspondence.

## MR. HALL'S LETTER.

(FROM ENGLAND.)—NO 4.

DEAR EDITOR,—Almost every mail I receive from your side, I hear of some dear friend having passed away; among them Dr. Wilkes, whom we shall all miss so much; bright, cheerful and happy Mr. A. T. H. Johnson, of London, a model Sunday school superintendent—how strange will the Congregational Church there seem to me without him?—and dear Mrs. W. Currie. I was overwhelmed with grief when I heard of her death. I cannot tell you how I feel as I think of it. How strange that her noble longings to work for the Master should have been accepted instead of the work itself, and that she should be taken home to wear the crown so soon. My heart aches, not for her, but for the stricken ones in Canada, and for my lonely brother in far-off Africa. I “know the heart of a stranger,” even in England; how must he feel among the poor benighted people who can offer him little sympathy? But he, too, will have his reward. It seems to me that this great sacrifice is an earnest of a mighty harvest in that part of that Dark Continent. It is, indeed, to every one who knew and loved dear Mrs. Currie, a great sacrifice, but not too much for such a Saviour and such a cause—“*We'll meet again, 'Twill not be long.*” How many precious lives have been laid down for Christ in that distant land. When the news of the murder of the noble Bishop Hannington reached this country, twenty more consecrated Christian men were willing to go out and carry on the work which he began. These testimonies to the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ are helpful to our faith, and stimulating to our zeal.

The Christmas and New Year holidays were to me times of quiet and rest. I paid a short visit to friends in Ireland. The state of that country is far from satisfactory at present, and I am afraid that unprincipled demagogues have far more to do with this than either harsh landlords or bad land laws. I see that some well-meaning Christian men in this country propose doing mission work there, along Nationalist lines, or adopting that platform. If they attempt this, they will make a fatal mistake, for besides the impossibility of reaching the Roman Catholics by any such pandering to their unreasonable prejudices, they will alienate the only people among whom we as Congregationalists have any chance of making headway in Ireland, the Protestants of the North. In fact our ministers in that country are living in fear and trembling, in view of the threatened “Evangelization of Ireland,” as it is called.

Everything is changed in that country, and it appeared to me if the people had the land for nothing they would find it difficult to make any headway.

What with wet seasons, poor prices, internal strifes and chronic discontent, there does not seem to be much hope for Ireland with Home Rule or without Home Rule. The best thing the people can do is get out of it.

Belfast has grown wonderfully during the past ten years. I saw no signs of the late riots. It was Christmas time, and all appeared to be running over with native humour and good nature. Londonderry is very much the same; its growth has not been nearly so great. The Congregational Churches in Belfast (*three in number*) have made marked progress; but in Londonderry it has been rather the other way.

I visited Dungannon, which seemed in my boyhood days to be the very hub of creation, but now sleepy and uninteresting. Portadown is a large manufacturing place; it has grown considerably. It was one of the most memorable days of my life when, with my only brother, I wandered through the old country graveyard, read the epitaphs of many of our school fellows and playmates who have long since been gathered to their fathers, or went among the scattered families to find but remnants of large households, some in Australia, some in America, others in new homes; many gone the way of all flesh—just a few remaining. Yet I found more familiar faces, and was immediately recognized by a larger number than might be expected after the lapse of thirty years. It was particularly pleasant to meet with not a few who began the Christian life about that time, when the great religious awakening of 1859 was passing over Ireland, who are still rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. To go back to the spot where you not only “first breathed the vital air,” but where you “first saw the Lord,” is calculated to put you on a course of rigid self-examination, and to humble you very much before the Lord. It was a time of revival to my soul, and I felt sure if there had been time for special meetings we could have had times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

But to return to England, I will mention some of the places I have visited since I last wrote you.

ILKLEY,

in Yorkshire, is a charming place; a summer resort for tourists. There are three or four hydropathic establishments, where invalids go to recruit their health, and pleasure-seekers go for amusement. We have but one church in the town; but it is influential, and in the season the congregation is large. The present pastor, Rev. Mr. Hillman, has been sixteen years there, and in fact has brought the cause to its present prosperous state. A kind lady was so interested in our Canadian work that she sent me \$50 specially for that.

OTLEY

is in the same beautiful valley, and six miles distant

Here I spent the evening, and preached to a good congregation, interesting a number, I hope, in the work of the Lord in the Colonies. The church is old, but substantial; the Rev. G. S. Briggs is pastor, and is working successfully among a large population. There was very little knowledge of Colonial work, and scarcely any interest in it; but pastor and people promise to give assistance in future.

#### CAMBERWELL GREEN, LONDON.

Here I had a good opportunity to plead the cause of the society. This church has long supported the society, and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Clements, is in hearty sympathy with our work. It is one of the largest of our London churches. Here I met the Rev. Mr. Williams, formerly of Canada. He is in connection with the Religious Tract Society. Of course he and Mrs. Williams, with whom I spent an hour or so, made many kind enquiries about New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and many other places.

I addressed the Camberwell Green Sabbath school in the afternoon, and for London boys their attention and behaviour were good. Evening of the same day I was in

#### WEST NORWOOD.

This place has passed through great changes since I was last in London. Then the late Rev. Nibb Lee was pastor. After his decease, the Rev. Dr. McCan, from the Church of England. The cause ran down very much, and at present it is weak in comparison with what it was then. Under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. King, it is confidently hoped that things will improve. It is much easier in London and suburbs to let a church run down than to revive it. We had good collections for the society here, both morning and evening. Rev. Mr. H. Fielden, our secretary, preached at noon.

#### DALTON, POWNALL ROAD.

Here our good friend, the Rev. R. Mackay, has his work. I spent a most delightful evening with him. He was conducting a series of evangelistic services, and although a London fog was everywhere, there was a large congregation. I preached, and greatly enjoyed the services. Those who led in prayer and in service of song seemed to be devout and earnest. A large number have been added to the church since Mr. Mackay began his ministry among them. His Canadian friends will all be glad to hear that he and his family are well and happy in their new sphere. On the committee of the Colonial Society, in him we have a warm friend.

I have been sorry to learn from various sources of many vacant churches in Canada. This makes me feel very uncomfortable, for I know how disastrous to the cause such a state of things is. Yet even a long vacancy is better than an unsuitable pastor.

Since I have been in England I have met with

several who are anxious to come to Canada. I think I know the kind of men we need, and who would succeed with us. I can at present, with confidence, recommend four of those with whom I have corresponded and whom I have met. Very likely half a dozen good men from here will come over in the coming spring or summer. In the meantime I do earnestly hope some means will be devised to keep the vacant churches supplied. In a few months from now the students will come to our assistance. I think I can lay my hand on a suitable man for British Columbia, if the superintendent in Washington Territory has not already found the right man. I would also like to get THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT; I see it in the office occasionally, but somehow my own copy generally fails to reach me. Only a couple of letters more from here. I am very truly yours, THOS. HALL.

### Mission Notes.

#### NATIVE SUPERSTITION.—HOSTILITY TO THE TRUTH.

Mrs. Stover, in a private letter, gives some incidents which give pleasing evidence that the truth has taken firm hold on some of the lads connected with the mission:—

“You may remember the story of the man who was so dreadfully tortured and finally killed, having been accused of witchcraft, in the early stages of this mission. A few weeks ago the natives had a three days' feast and dance for his spirit. Parts of the eye, ear, tongue and other portions of an ox, as well as some beer and other articles of food, were placed in the woods for his spirit. Though the affair was carried on only a few rods from our house, it seemed to be no temptation to our boys. Two weeks ago the oldest man in Chilume died. My husband and I were out walking after tea. We met a young man, stopped to exchange greetings, and asked if he knew of the death. He covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, crying, ‘O my father! O my father!’ The man was not his father, but they call all the old men by that name. His grief was genuine, if I ever saw any; our own eyes filled at the sight of it; and he is one of the hardest young men in the place. Yet people say that these black sons of Africa are devoid of feeling! That evening there was scarcely a word spoken by one of our native children. Mr. Stover held Sunday school early that they might go to the old man's funeral. But the chief, Chikulu, drove them away, threatening to shoot them if they dared go to the grave, because they had not been to dance for the dead. He said: ‘Go to the whites and stay there. You are none of mine.’ The boys felt it deeply. They have been bringing down wrath upon their heads by trying to carry the good tidings to their friends.

“At the time of their yearly hunt, the natives were

making offerings of food to the spirit of the hunt. Nganda, one of our boys, talked very freely to the priest and told him that he ate the food himself; that God does not do such things as they claim He does in their dark spirit house. The priest became frantic with rage; but Nganda being the king's son, he did not dare molest him."

DOOR TO DOOR ZENANA WORK IN THE CITY  
OF PEKIN.

One of the last letters written by Mrs. Williamson, a devoted missionary, whose death was recently chronicled, contains the following:

Pekin! Napoleon's memorable saying, "Forty centuries look down upon you," might well be repeated here. Nor are these forty centuries of decay, but of living, active, buoyant energy. No desolate pyramids and sand-buried sphinx here, but a glorious city built with walls and gateways that are the wonder of the world. In its court there reigns as regent a woman who, for energy, force of character and shrewdness, has few equals and no superior. It has been well said that her high Roman nose is matched with a will like a hydraulic press. And it is wonderful that during her regency the Chinese cabinet has made few if any mistakes. She is a Manchu; and this visit to Peking has raised the Manchu women to a very high point in my estimation of the woman-kind of the world. They have fresh, fair faces, with a very happy expression, abundant black hair and large feet. Their active movements are in marked contrast with the Chinese women around them.

One of the first visits I made in Peking was to a house whose "Tai Tai," as the first lady is called, was a Manchu.

At the door of a very large house in our neighbourhood there stood one day five or six large official carts, equal to a private carriage in other lands. I called, and was informed that the Tai Tai had not arrived, but was on her way from a city called Scoun Tien Fao. That city and neighbourhood are celebrated for making beautiful articles of felt. The secretary came out, and politely asked me to call after the return of the great lady. In due time I made the visit, taking a calendar with me, and waited talking to the Ting Chien, or Mandarin messenger, in the gateway. Presently a fine-looking elderly man came, and politely invited me in. I had a little parley with him. "Was it perfectly convenient for the Tai Tai?" "Oh! yes she is most anxious to see a foreign lady." "Will I not be intruding?" "Certainly not. Come in. Please do." Then a messenger in a white hat and red tassels appeared. "The foreign lady is invited into the Tai Tai's drawing room." "With pleasure," I replied. My arm was immediately taken by a waiting woman, who led me in. We passed through one court where there was a great stir. Gentlemen's

voices were heard eagerly debating, and red-tasselled servants were crossing and recrossing the court with official papers in their hands.

At the door of the second courtyard stood the Tai Tai, one of the handsomest women I had ever seen in China; very tall, some five feet seven or eight. The long flowing robe of the Manchu ladies gave her a regal look, and her every movement was queenly. After our salutation, she took both my hands, and, with an air of imperiousness, drew me into the drawing room, seated me on a thick crimson cushion placed on a divan. Then she seated herself on another cushion on the divan, there being a small polished mahogany table between us. We talked a short time, exchanging the usual social courtesies. She then took up the calendar, which was already unrolled, and exclaimed at the loveliness of the picture, "Christ blessing little children." She said, "That is good," and went on to criticise.

"What a compassionate face the Saviour has! Not a cold look there. He is your Saviour. Have you seen Him? You say He loves and pities little children, and women also."

Again she said: "I rejoice to hear that your Saviour cares for women. Our Lama priests don't care to help women. Oh! how joyful it would be to know, and be assured that we would go to heaven when we die." She accompanied me to the archway of the great gate, where we parted. We who value our "good hope through grace," can we leave such women in ignorance?

OPIUM HINDERING THE GOSPEL.—A SAD STORY.

Miss Carpenter, one of the China Inland Missionaries, writing from Shao Hing, narrates the following:

We are as happy as ever in our work here. I feel that I can thank God more and more every day for sending me to China. Although I cannot write that the people are being saved through our visiting from house to house, still they often listen very attentively, and we are cheered. Last week we visited a poor Christian woman at one of the villages; we sang, read and prayed with her. She seems to be nearing Jordan's bank, but is happy, and said she knew Jesus would never leave or forsake her.

When visiting in this city one day, we went into a large house, and found three women sitting together smoking their pipes, one an old lady in her ninetieth year. They listened for some time until this poor old woman caught the name of Jesus, when she at once stood up, and, coming toward us, said: "Do not mention that name again. I hate Jesus; I will not hear another word; you foreigners bring opium in one hand, and Jesus in the other." Taking a book from my hand she read a few characters, but seeing the name of Jesus she handed it to me in a most contemptuous way, saying: "Take it away; I do not

want your opium or your Jesus." As I returned home with a heavy heart, I could not help wishing that English Christians who have sent the opium to China could have seen how they have hindered the Gospel message from entering this one house.

#### OPIMUM SMOKING IN CHINA.

The Christian Church must face the fact that she has no greater hindrance to her work in the great empire of the East than the habit of the opium victim. Its effects upon the health of the people are most deplorable, emaciating the body, paralyzing the mind, destroying all business capacity, and rendering humanity a more miserable wreck than even the slave of drunkenness in this country. But its moral effects are even more appalling than its physical. It is the spring of falsehood and fraud and deceit, so warping the moral character that the Chinese themselves call its enslaved victims "opium devils. By the absorbing hunger it produces for larger and larger quantities of the drug, by the blunting of all the intellectual and moral susceptibilities, and by the despair and hopelessness it brings into life, the Christian missionary sees in all opium dens a product of so-called civilization, a much greater obstruction to his work than the superstitious practices of heathen idolatry. When the missionary expresses his loathing at the vice, and counsels the poor slave to cast off his bondage, the pathetic response is often: "Have you a medicine that will cure it?" To the Chinese every foreigner is "a medicine man." And the Christian missionary has indeed the secret of the cure. Nothing but the grace that is in Jesus Christ can cast out the evil spirit from the poor man, whose possession is so strong that he bears the name of "opium devil."—*Church of Scotland Record.*

THE following from a United States contemporary will be well understood in these northern latitudes: Some give nothing to the Church because they are too cowardly to give a little. The widow's mite is the record of her courage as well as her generosity. The smallest coin given with the heart's hand is stamped with God's blessing. Some give nothing, because they feel that the Church will be supported by others; while they gloat over the fact that they get without cost all the benefits to life, property, morals and social order which the Church confers as its indirect blessing to the world. Will a man rob God? Certainly he will; he will rob his fellow-men, too, compelling them to pay for his goods of this kind, and these the best in the market. We sometimes hear that honest men have to pay a high price for their meat, to cover the losses inflicted by dishonest men. This is true also of the meat that does not perish; a few pay a high price for what would be comparatively cheap if the cost were fairly distributed.

## News of the Churches.

BURFORD.—The annual report of this church is good, the church having paid all its liabilities, and a small balance remaining in the hands of the treasurer. During the year eight members were received into fellowship, six by letter, and two by profession; against this, we have to report a loss of six, four removing to Paris, and two to Brantford. The Sunday school has prospered; the average attendance is good, and the staff of teachers and officers faithful and efficient. The Bible class has lost a number of members by removal; an extra effort is being put forth to again enlarge. A new cabinet organ has been purchased for the use of the Sunday school and prayer meetings, and a choir from the Sunday school organized; we are looking for special blessings this year. One drawback has been the illness of our beloved pastor (Rev. W. Hay), whom the Lord has seen fit to lay aside for nearly three months. During that time regular services have been sustained, and the congregations were good. For the first few weeks local supplies filled the gap, and during the month of January Rev. W. W. Smith, of Newmarket, preached for us with great acceptance. We are now looking forward to welcome again our pastor, who hopes to again minister to us in February. May the Lord spare him for many years to go in and out among this people, is our earnest prayer.

KINGSTON BETHEL.—In a letter addressed to the editor personally, Mr. McFayden, the pastor, writes: We are much encouraged in our work in Bethel Church. The Lord is working mightily in our midst. The spiritual life of the church during the past year has been much more encouraging than any of the previous years of my pastorate. I may safely say the darkness is passing away, and the true light is shining. In all the departments of our work we can report progress. There has been a marked growth of zeal amongst the brethren in winning souls to Christ. Our congregation has decidedly increased, and our Sunday school is getting too large for our new school room. The officers and teachers have worked hard, and their labours have been crowned with great success; they meet every Thursday evening to study the Sunday school lesson, and these meetings have been very profitable. One of our brethren presented the school with a handsome new organ, and the officers of the school are making arrangements to purchase a new library. My own class has grown too large for the room in which we meet. The Monday evening cottage meeting has been carried on with increased interest and success, and the Gospel has been brought to the homes of many of the careless ones. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting has of late shown signs of revived life and greater power. There is a

Band of Hope in connection with the Sunday school, carried on by the officers and teachers, and it is proving a very successful auxiliary to the work. We have organized an Invitation Society, which is working with a will in constraining the non-churchgoers of our city to hear the Gospel. The deacons also are at their work. We hold an after-meeting at the close of every Sunday evening service, and our hearts are gladdened with meeting anxious ones, and pointing them to the Lamb of God. Many an heir of glory has been born in our midst during the past year. Many of our family circles have been cheered by the conversion of some of their number. We held our annual meeting last Wednesday evening, and our treasurer reports a large surplus. A short time ago a number of our young people, who have been blessed through my ministrations, expressed their thankfulness in the tangible way of presenting me with valuable books, and reading an address, which I appreciate very highly. The church granted me four months' vacation during the summer. Mr. Watt, student of our college, carried on the work during my absence, and proved himself to be an earnest and painstaking worker for his Master. I took a trip across the Atlantic Ocean, and came back well seasoned for more work.

OTTAWA.—The annual meeting of this church was held 12th ult. The general spirit of the church, as one would expect from its earnest and faithful pastor, is excellent. Seventeen have been added to the roll, twelve on profession of faith; ten have been removed from death or otherwise. The roll now numbers ninety-nine. The amount raised for all purposes is reported as \$2,452. Many improvements have been made on the building, and all departments of church work are in active operation. The pastor says: "Our people are liberal, according to their means, as the total contributions for the year will show, and giving, so purely voluntary in character as in their case, where there is no compulsory 'pew rent,' may be taken as proof of appreciation of the church and its services. They are sociable, and attentive to strangers, generally ready to extend the hand of welcome when opportunity is afforded, or to offer a seat, or a hymn book, as occasion may require; and they are also, for the most part, fairly regular and punctual in their attendance upon public worship, always making a little allowance for long distances and bad weather. No doubt we are all capable of some improvement in these respects, but yet praise should be given where praise is due." The Sunday school held its annual festival on the following evening, and a most happy evening was spent.

PARIS.—On the 2nd February, our church issued a call to the Rev. W. H. Wanner, which we hope he may accept. Since the resignation of the Rev. H. Hughes we have kept up the weekly prayer meetings,

which have been fairly attended, also the usual Sunday services, and have had no little difficulty in securing the pastoral supply. We have been favoured with a variety in this respect, but the variety has given us an indecision as to what we require. We hope soon to have a settled pastor, and throw ourselves fully into work. All the denominational objects to which we contributed have suffered because of want of regularity in bringing their claims before us. The Ladies' Aid Society is doing good work, not only in supplying us with funds to pay off the instalment due on the mortgage, \$154, but in bringing, through socials, the members in contact with each other, so creating a greater friendliness. A novelty in the shape of a social under Fleischmann's Yeast Company was given, advertised as a pancake social, which was quite a success. The Rev. J. Wylie and Mr. Ward, of Hamilton, gave us addresses, the former urging upon us unity and a determination to work together as Congregationalists, as there was a large field open for Christian men and women for evangelization even in Paris, and expressed a desire for hearty co-operation in every good work.

YARMOUTH, N.S.—THE TABERNACLE CHURCH.—The year just closed brought nothing very startling by way of spiritual growth, and yet the leaves have been quietly and steadily at work. New members by dozens have not come to the church, but one by one—as drop by drop—they have sought admission as the months came round, till thirteen have been added to our communion, twelve of the thirteen professing to have found Jesus through the preaching of the Word during the year. The regular Wednesday evening prayer meetings are well attended, and are very interesting. A young ladies' prayer meeting, held after the session of the Sunday school, and the young men's meeting on Monday evening, have both been well sustained, and have proved to be very helpful and profitable meetings. The Sunday school is growing, and the earnest work being done by the teachers as a whole is marked. We should also be very thankful from a financial point of view. "The good times coming" have not reached us yet; business all around us has been, and is, very much depressed. Yet at our annual meeting, held a few evenings ago, the treasurer's statement showed that we had raised \$2,485 during 1886; \$242 of this amount has been given for missionary and denominational work, while quite extensive repairs have been put upon both the church building and the parsonage, and the outside of both buildings has been thoroughly and handsomely painted; and the inside of the lecture room adjoining the "Tabernacle" has been beautifully decorated in oil colours. Before we leave this financial paragraph, we wish to say that the church has not a rich man among its supporters, but "the people have a mind to work." When times are bad and the church

feels that it cannot pay a sexton, the young men volunteer to do the work, and they do it much better than most paid sextons. Doubtless, this is why the pastor's—Rev. Wm. McIntosh—annual report was so hopeful, and why he was able to say, "I have never presented an annual report with more joy in my heart, more gratitude for the past, and more hope for the future." These jottings must not be closed without telling your readers that we, as a church, and the denomination, in this part of the Dominion at least, have very great reason to return thanks to the Father of Mercies for delivering the "Tabernacle" from being destroyed by fire on Saturday evening, December 18. One of the furnaces ignited the floor, and but for a timely discovery, and the prompt, cool action of some of our people, the consequences would have been sad indeed. It will take about \$350 to put the church into as good condition as before, and this amount has been paid over by the insurance companies with commendable promptness.

**YORKVILLE.**—The pastor of this church having pressed his resignation, January 31 closed the relation between pastor and people. Mr. Salmon preached, on the 30th, two earnest discourses on "All things work together for good," and "What can separate us from the love of Christ?" On Monday following a number of the friends met at the house of Mr. Parker to bid a loving farewell. Mr. John Burton, of the Northern, was present by invitation. A neatly illuminated address was presented to Mr. Salmon, expressive of confidence and esteem, which address was accompanied by a purse containing over \$130. Refreshments were served by the kind host and hostess. Many kind words were spoken, and earnest prayers offered for the future prosperity of Mr. Salmon and his highly esteemed wife. We earnestly hope that our brother may speedily find a suitable field for his energetic devotion to Christ and to His cause.

### Personal.

We are glad to learn that our respected brother, Mr. W. Hay, of Scotland, is likely to resume work again this month.

We note with pleasure that Dr. Stevenson is settling down to happy, earnest work in his magnificent charge at Buxton.

We hear from private sources that the last word from Central Africa (November) was encouraging concerning Mr. Currie's health. Many hearts go out toward him.

We, the Editorial we, were in Peterborough a few days ago on Bible Society business. We found it a thriving, growing, soon to be city. We heard of *one* Congregationalist there. Three flourishing Methodist

Churches, two Presbyterian, but Congregational—not even the shadow of one. What a feeling of strangeness came over our denominationalism.

Dr. Pentecost has resigned the pastorate of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, to give his whole time to evangelistic work. He has just closed a series of meetings in the rink at Winsted, Conn. The people came from the surrounding villages to attend the services, carrying the revival spirit back to their homes, and the work is spreading in all that section.

### CANADA CONGREGATIONAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Treasurer acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following amounts: Toronto Western, \$19.50; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Foreign Mission Society, for Rev. J. Whitman, \$10; Ditto., no details, \$12.35; Edgar, \$10; Liverpool, N. S., Juvenile Mission Band, \$12; Ottawa Sabbath school, \$30; North Erin, \$4; Alton, \$3; Belwood, \$9.50; Franklin Centre, \$6; Manchester, N. S., \$6; Cold Springs, \$10; Cobourg, \$6; Stouffville, \$8; Montreal Calvary, "H. P.," 50c.; Humber Summit, class in Sunday school, \$5; Bowmanville Sunday school, \$7.69; Ditto., Nission Boxes, \$7.29; Sherbrooke, for American Board of Commissioners, for Foreign Missions, \$58; Noel, Mrs. Sarah O'Brien, \$10; Sheffield, N. B., \$25.27; Parkdale Sunday school, \$14; Montreal, Emmanuel, collections at monthly concerts, \$33.51; Melbourne Sunday school, \$14.68; Toronto Northern, \$25.13; Pine Grove Sunday school, \$11.32; Waterville, Ladies' Missionary Society, \$20; Chebogue, N. S., \$15.50; Scotland Sunday school, \$6; Chebogue Busy Bee Society, \$12; Barrie, \$7; Toronto Zion, \$48.50; Montreal Calvary, for work in Japan, \$75; Montreal Calvary Sunday school, for India, \$60.60; Montreal, collection for Japan at joint Sunday school meeting, \$10.55; Belwood Sunday school, \$8.21; Kingston First, \$29.73; Paris, \$6; Toronto Western, \$14.41; Maxville and St. Elmo Mission Bands, \$28; Woman's Missionary Society, \$62.

T. B. MACAULEY, *Treasurer.*

*Montreal, January 29, 1887.*

THE case of Dr. McGlynn, who was suspended by the Archbishop of New York for taking part in Henry George's canvass for the New York mayoralty, does not seem to approach easy solution. The Archbishop has felt called upon to offer explanations of his action, but the congregation of St. Stephen's cling with tenacity to their silenced pastor whom they respect and love. At Michael Davitt's farewell meeting at Madison Square, the strong manifestations of popular sympathy were unmistakably with Dr. McGlynn. The discipline of the Roman Catholic Church is no doubt very strict, but the claim of priest and people for political freedom cannot be easily repressed.



## Literary Notices.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the *Living Age* for January 22 and 29 contain some striking articles. We note "Locksley Hall" by Mr. Gladstone, "Lady Duff Gordon," "The Letters of Chas. Lamb," and "The Land of Darkness," a sequel to "The Little Pilgrim's Journey to the Unseen" in the February 5 number.

The *Century* midwinter number, besides Abraham Lincoln's history, has an interesting article on "The Stars," and a life of President McCosh, of Princeton. *St. Nicholas* keeps up its character as in the forefront of magazines for the young.

The *Homiletic Monthly* (Funk & Wagnalls) and *The Pulpit Treasury* (E. B. Treat) are both fully up to their average.

### THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

ADAPTED FOR THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious;  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign.  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,  
Sown or in smiles or tears,  
Grant her to reap;  
Her heritage of fame,  
Her pure and stainless name,  
Her people free from shame,  
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and waters wide,  
Through changing time and tide,  
Hear when we call;  
Where'er our English tongue  
To wind and wave hath rung,  
Still be our anthem sung;  
God save us all.

—Dean Plumpton, in *Good Words*.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook has commenced his new course of lectures in Tremont Temple.

A MEMOIR of the late Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, is to be prepared by Dr. J. Munro Gibson, of London.

PROFESSOR FLINT has been lecturing on Socialism to the Edinburgh United Trades Council in the Tron Church.

DR. SCHOOLER, Dean of the Iowa School of Physicians and Surgeons, has been arrested, on a charge of complicity in a grave robbery.

THE entire framework of the main building which is being erected in London for the coming American Exhibition is of steel rails, such as are used in the construction of railways.

THERE is no abatement in warlike rumours from Europe. Each day brings with it a new budget of what purports to be facts, and much that is purely conjectural. Now, attention is directed mainly to France and Germany. The relations between these two nations are said to be strained. The money markets of Europe are as changeable as our Canadian winter weather. It has to be borne in mind that a keen election contest is in progress in Germany, and as it turns mainly on the increase of armament, not a little of the belligerent talk may be reasonably discounted. One thing is certain, that the terrible tension cannot be long continued. In a few weeks, at least, the momentous question of Peace or War will be decided.

RECENT events revealing the corrupt state of things in English social life has led to a movement for legislation to check the progress of disgusting vice. Vigilance societies, acting together, intend to bring as much pressure as they can to bear on members of Parliament to induce them to support a Bill prohibiting the press from publishing the prurient details of the divorce and criminal courts. They will also urge the Government to exercise its power to control vice in foreign countries occupied by British troops. This step is due chiefly to revelations which have been made by William S. Caine, M.P., who has just returned from Egypt. He declares that the presence of the British troops is inoculating the Arabs with habits of drunkenness, and familiarizing them with the worst forms of vice.

IT is certainly better, says the *New York Independent*, not to have the Bible read at all in the public schools than to have it read unsympathetically, or with a hostile purpose. The latter is unfortunately sometimes the case where the reading is required, and the teacher is, it may be, an unbeliever. Such cases may occur in any public school, as they have occurred in the New York City College. Thus we are informed that Professor Werner, Secretary of the Faculty, who occasionally reads the Bible in the college, chapel in the absence of the president, has made it his habit, daily, to make the same selection, that of the story of the Tower of Babel; and it was understood by the students that he chose it as a story to cast discredit on the Bible. Professor Doremus read, last year, during President Webb's illness, the story of the Creation, and, it is said, remarked, as he read one portion, "Science approves of that," and upon reading of another portion, "Science has not approved of that," or words to that effect. His comments provoked marked expression of feeling by laughter and hissing, and frequent comments during the day. That kind of religious instruction we can well dispense with.

## Children's Corner.

### THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

To say my prayers is not to pray,  
Unless I mean the words I say;  
Unless I think to Whom I speak,  
And with my heart His favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,  
We seek the blessed Saviour's love;  
We ask for pardon for our sin,  
And grace to keep us pure within.

But O! if I am found to smile,  
Or play, or look about awhile,  
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see,  
And how can He be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I try to pray,  
Not only mind the words I say,  
But let me strive with earnest care,  
To have my heart go with my prayer.

### ADELLE'S REASONS.

"Why were you so still and serious in the church to-day, Adelle; it was not our own church, and there was so much new to see?"

Adelle flushed a little; she scarcely liked to speak about her reasons.

"Tell me," persisted Irene; "it was so provoking of you, when we might have had such a good time. What did you do it for?"

Adelle did not look in the face of her little friend. She seemed to be looking at the ribbon she was winding over her fingers, but in fact she scarcely saw it at all; she was hurt and troubled.

"Tell me what was the matter!" exclaimed Irene. "Why do you not answer?"

"I was only waiting a moment to think what you could mean; you know, Irene, a church is always a holy place."

"Dear me, who would ever think of that in such a funny church, where nothing is done like it at home, and everything is so curious and queer."

"But we know it all means praise and prayer to God. It is only in a different way."

"But who ever could remember that—the funny little scrap of a church, and such a queer little man to preach, and the people, and everything! it was too provoking to see you sitting there just as you would in a church at home, and seeing a bit of the fun."

"O, Irene, do not speak so, it troubles me! everything did seem so odd to me at first that I almost forgot where I was, and I have not been able to be quite happy since, for although afterward I did try to follow every prayer with my thought, and to praise God truly, when they sang the hymns, the first minutes I spent there were not reverent, and my mind was not at all upon the holy words."

Irene looked up from the doll which lay across her lap; she could scarcely believe her ears.

"You have not been quite happy since?" she said slowly; "why have you not been quite happy? I think I do not understand."

Adelle had spoken more freely than she was accustomed to do upon such matters, and did not know quite what to say, but Irene was too much in earnest to be silenced. "Tell me," she continued; "I want to know."

"O, I am sure you know as well as I that every church is a place where God promises to meet everybody who comes to speak to Him; we should remember this as we go in, and think of nothing any minute but of Him, and if we say words to Him without thinking of Him entirely, we sin instead of worshipping, and this is why I have not been quite happy."

"Think of nothing any minute but of Him?" repeated Irene, slowly; "we sin instead of worshipping? Adelle, how did you come to think about it in this way?"

"Mamma taught me, and now I can see very plainly myself, for God's house is for worship, and irreverence toward God is a sin."

"But about the thoughts, how could I help thinking about that abominable old bonnet just ahead of me, and Adelle, I did pretty nearly laugh entirely when they began to sing the hymn—how could I help that?"

"Mama has always told me that God is so merciful he will forgive us all we really cannot help, but we must be truly, really sure we cannot help it, and fix our thoughts so upon Him when we enter this house, that we have no chance to think of anything else."

"But, Adelle, how can we help thinking of all sorts of things? Now, how can we, in such a droll little church?"

"You see, Irene, if we truly remember that God is listening to our prayers and our praise, just looking at us, we will be helped to put away other thoughts, and to try to praise him, and pray in our hearts, as though there were nobody else there at all but ourselves and Him."

"Well, I never heard anything like it at all before," replied Irene, impulsively. "I suppose I shall be thinking about it every time that I go into a church, but I never shall be good enough to think only about prayers in such a queer place as that."

"Mamma says we can be good enough to do anything hard by asking God, and taking up our minds," whispered Adelle in her ear, as the door opened for intruding feet to come in, and Irene whispered back in her own earnest way, "I will remember; but, Adelle, I do not believe I shall ever be good enough to sit behind that tormenting old bonnet and never see it."

*THOSE THREE CENTS.*

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman who was telling the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them, and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when conscience would not keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie Bell had given up thinking about his cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then 'those three cents' would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to Him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then 'those three cents' would come up into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were 'those three cents' right in the way.

"At last, I saw that God had all along been trying to make me see that I must tell Charlie Bell that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this He could not bless me. So then and there I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me."

Boys and girls, a very little thing may come between you and God. What are your 'three cents'? God will show you if he has not already. Don't ever let any sin, however small, come between you and Him. Confess it right away, and He will make

you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blessed.

*LOOK UP, MY BOY.*

There is hope in the world for you and me;  
There is joy in the thousand things that be;  
There is fruit to gather from every tree—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life;  
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;  
But no strength cometh without the strife;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill;  
There is work to do with an iron will;  
The river comes from the tiny rill—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,  
But a purpose in life will make you strong;  
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;  
And have the courage, as in God's sight,  
To do what your hands find with your might;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

*BE KIND TO-DAY.*

A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those who mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he may write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgement? If you know a weary neglected one, would it not be Christ-like work to seek an opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart still. Do it now. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D. V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications, editorial, business, or otherwise, will be addressed simply "CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto."

# THE CENTURY FOR 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

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### THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflinching interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

### NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

### SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labour Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism,

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The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding-house," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

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