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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1885.

[No. 11.]

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

—
WOULD those friends who at Chebogue handed to the editor subscriptions for THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, kindly send the memorandum thereof to this office, as the editor has either mislaid or lost his note of the items (not the money).

—
AT both Union meetings—Hamilton and Chebogue—promises were made and resolutions passed to endeavour to increase both the circulation and the interest of our paper. Will friends begin at once? Let every church have its agent for canvassing, and its correspondent for sending items. Let our pastors take up the work, and occasionally contribute. The paper will draw us closer together, and friendly discussion even enlarge our sympathies. Brethren—yea and sisters all—to the work; and now as intimated, our semi-monthly issue depends upon increased circulation, which means increased efficiency. We hope when the summer heat and vacations are passed to resume the issue. Meantime, as “news of churches” seems scarce, and the promised canvass has shown little result to our business manager, we must rest content with the monthly.

—
THE following item of church news clipped from a contemporary is suggestive. It declares where true church unity is to be found not in creed or polity, but in the comprehensiveness of true Congregationalism. “The Union Church, organized within the limits of Wrentham: last week, is to be in regular ecclesiastical fellowship with Congregational churches, and at the same time its articles of faith are such as to be acceptable, as far as possible, to Methodists, Baptists and all other Evangelical Christians. In a community like that, where there can be but one church, this form of organization seems to meet the common needs better than any other.”

—
WE have a model city council in Toronto. It felt impelled—some are naughty enough to say for popularity rather than for patriotism—to spend the city’s money in providing for the families of our city volunteers during their stay in the North-West. The volunteers were expected home, the allowance is stopped before they arrive, and appropriations are spent in bunting and civic preparations for airing our city fathers in cabs, etc., as they welcome home the boys. It is the old story, make a fuss, cry aloud, and let the rest go. Would it not be more fitting to spend less in hurrahing, and somewhat more in active sympathy? A country’s gratitude is soon paid in public demonstration, it might be more Christlike did it flow less tumultuously and more continuously. The mob cry hosanna as readily tunes itself to crucify.

—
THE *Century* for July as ever is full of superb magazine engravings, and of equally superb general reading, notably an article on George Eliot’s *County*, *Social life in the Colonies*, and *the Gate of India*. Every succeeding number astonishes by its freshness and solidity. Its companion magazine, *St. Nicholas*, in its peculiar department of youth is equally worthy of commendation. In these days of trashy literature, the increasing circulation of these magazines is a blessing.

—
THE “grand old man” has been defeated by the aid of his friends, and the spirited Tory again essays the administration of British interests, with the fire-eating Churchill as no mere cypher in the great account. Already the Afghan question darkens as Russia advances. A British captain in a late review gives an account of the Russian army without comment. Incredible as it may appear Russia has a peace army of 700,000, and reserves which make it appear possible to keep up a permanent army of 2,000,000; the former with 1,610 guns, and 114,000 horses, the latter

with 3,960 guns and 361,200 horses. Let those who so glibly talk of war with Russia reflect on these figures.

It was our privilege to be with the Guelph friends on the Sabbath of their jubilee celebration, a brief account of which is in our news column. Our visit was necessarily hasty, and the weather more than uncertain, nevertheless the attendance and the attention were excellent, the service of song most effectively rendered. There was an air of heartiness and stability throughout the church on these Sunday services which we very much admire. Our home during the short time we were there was with Mr. J. Goldie, whose fine grounds, rare aviary and warm welcome made our visit a treat indeed. Time did not permit us to see more than the outside of the fine grist mill owned and conducted by our friend with his sons, a mill we believe capable of turning out over four hundred barrels of flour *per diem*. We shall not be here to chronicle another jubilee, but our hope is that some of the children and youths we met that day may, and that meantime much blessing may rest upon this one of our jubilee churches.

MR. SPURGEON is denouncing vice in high places, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* is creating great excitement by offering to present evidence of abominable practices among the noble in the land. If the *Gazette* is to be trusted, English high life is only keeping up a decent exterior; this is under the restraining influence of our Queen. Let that influence be removed, and the shameless infamy of the Court under the infamous second Charles and fourth George threatens to break forth again. Spurgeon, who appears to believe the impeachment, deplores the cause in the unbelief of the day. He makes a terrible charge when he says: "Among those who are ordained to be the preachers of the Gospel of Christ, there are many who preach not faith, but doubt, and hence they are servants of the devil rather than of the Lord."

THAT a large amount of scepticism exists through the churches we believe, at least regarding what is known as dogmatic theology; but we believe that the world is longing for the Christ of the earlier age, and though His presentation may not suit parrot-like prejudice,

the church that persists in seeking thus to preach the Christ will be the one eventually that touches the chord of deepest sympathy in the needy thirsting spirit of the age.

WE give a few jottings of our journey to the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the interest of our denominational work. After the usual enquiries as to routes, as though the Empire depended upon the choice, we were led to take the West Shore route to Boston. The agents at Toronto were more than polite, and our comfort thither was materially aided by their forethought. The "Empress of India" was the first step in the progress. Our remembrance of this boat had been that of a large steady vessel, so steady that with anything of a head wind it was extremely difficult to move her. However, some change in furnace and engine has made her a very pleasant vessel in which to cross the Lake. We moved out of the Toronto harbour with smooth seas, a kindly breeze and sunny skies, on a Monday afternoon. The island banks were being laved by the gentle swell, the houses stood out in clear relief, the city panorama changed and faded away, Scarborough heights stretched out a bold coast line in the distance, our inland sea rippled in the clear sunlight with silvery gleam and sparkling blue. Anon some little white spots on the left in the cloud looking bank that rose from the horizon marked Niagara, a bold coast line on the right the heights under which Hamilton rests, and Port Dalhousie looms into view. We gain the shore, step into the train, enter the Pullman at the Suspension Bridge, and turn in till morning breaks, discovering to our half-open eyes the sluggish waters of the Erie canal, the tow path, and the outlying spurs of the South Adirondacks. After a little we begin the ascent of the Green Mountains covered with forest, field and meadow, hill and valley, village and farm, till the Hoosac tunnel is reached, of which our actual experience is simply a plunge into darkness, a ten minutes' ride in the same with an occasional lamp gleam discovering nothing, and a rush into the open again. Something of the audacious appears as the train makes straight for the mountain wall and thunders through it. Yet what cares the mountain? The little hole might fill up again, the triumph of engineering skill be obliterated, and not even a crack

be seen as the result of the same. Do you feel when in that the tremendous weight above might fall and crush you? Does the giant of the forest heed the gimlet hole you bore in its mighty trunk? Thus we mused and passed on to Boston, tarried the night, and made on the morning for the boat to convey us to St. John.

STEPPING on the side-wheel steamer "Cumberland" we saw a well-known face in the presence of our predecessor in the chair, Mr. J. G. Sanderson, who, with his usual flow of spirits and of kindness, had undertaken the charge of two young ladies. Being ourselves not alone we could not aid him in his anxiety, though we enjoyed his company to the end of our journey, and his pilctage also. The voyage along the coast was without special incident, though being our first on this route we enjoyed it much. Leaving the port of Boston we skirted the shores of Massachusetts and of Maine, against whose rugged rocks the Atlantic beats and dashes with ceaseless swell; see how that wave flows into the cove and wastes itself in spray as it seeks to climb the almost perpendicular face, and that long line of foam as another covers with the rising tide that fast disappearing shoal. Islands, forts looking neglected, and cannon unlimbered—long may they thus remain—pass by, a pleasing panorama, the Atlantic swells begin to roll; on the one side the boundless ocean, on the other the rocks incessantly being washed, slowly, surely away. Yet how the sea-weed clings and grows, clothing even those bare surfaces with fringes of green. The sail along these coasts was delightful, though the long roll of the Atlantic after several days of storm was anything but comforting to those whose susceptibilities were active. The vessels of the International Line are well equipped with every appliance for comfort and safety. Portland was our first stopping-place, we stepped ashore and enjoyed a walk for a short distance along a street lined with elms whose girth and growth exceeded in our eyes anything we had seen on Boston Common. The fog, though slight, prevented us from seeing much more, and our experience in seeking to get a meal on shore convinced us that for high rates, bad cooking and inferior accompaniments, Portland restaurants take the pre-eminence.

ENTERING Eastport the fog came down very dense. Grand Manan loomed like a dark cloud as we ran close to its shore, the whistle sounded every few seconds its dismal warning, the fog horn moaned, the engine was slowed, soundings taken; suddenly the fog lifted, and the quaint old harbour of Eastport with its inlets, wharves, fishing-smacks and rocky shores, stood clear and bright in morning sunlight.

No slight responsibility rests upon the officers and crews of the vessels that convey passengers along these coasts. Over two hundred must have been on the "Cumberland," reckless sailing, or a poor outlook at any moment, would land on the rocks. At a moment when every eye was intent, the captain's hand upon the bell, the fog the densest, the fog-horn alone indicating the port to be near, a good woman stepped up to the stairway leading to the deck where the captain was to make enquiry: "Captain! captain! how long will you stay in Eastport?" Engaged in his duty the captain made no reply. "Captain! captain!"—and to her little daughter, "Go up and ask him." "Captain, captain." We fear had we been captain we should have been tempted to order some deck hands to throw her overboard, but the captain of the Cumberland simply did his duty, said nothing, and quickly disappeared as the good ship was brought in safety alongside the dock.

AT St. John we fell into the hands of the good pastor there, Mr. J. B. Saer, who very promptly drove us around the good city which has risen, phoenix like, from its ashes. From one of the hills of the city we obtained a view of the capacious harbour with its fishing-smacks, steamers and ocean-going vessels. St. John is exceedingly picturesque, though we understand that within the past few years it has seriously diminished in population. It was our fortune to stumble upon the evening of a strawberry festival in the old Union Street church, and to meet with our ubiquitous and sunny friend, Mr. Hall, accompanied by Mr. Fuller, of Brantford. With Mr. Sanderson present, we could readily imagine ourselves in the West again. Yet here was a genuine old-fashioned chapel, spacious, plain, with roomy pews of the olden time, and doors. Evidently this place of worship in its day

was in the forefront of comfort and respectability, and a little freshening-up would give it an air of brightness now with the sanctity of our grandfathers' time. We confess to having felt a charming spell as we walked its aisles, and a desire to tell the old, old story within its walls. The opportunity came, as we may relate, further on. But the festival—well it was chatty, homelike, enlivened with recitations, songs, and strawberries. The attendance was good—we had almost forgotten to say that the Western men had all to be heard—nevertheless the close came at a seemly hour, and good-natured all departed.

A MERRY time was on the train which conveyed several of the delegates and Western men from Digby to Yarmouth. The rolling land, water snatches, broad river and smiling lakes, all under a clear sky, added zest to the buoyancy of the spirits, as we rolled along the short line connecting the two termini just mentioned. At Yarmouth friends were waiting to "call the roll," name the hosts, and drive the visitors to their respective homes. The manly form of the Yarmouth church pastor was everywhere to be seen greeting, directing, answering questions, and introducing; equally active and hospitable was the indefatigable pastor of the Chebogue church, Mr. Watson. And, oh, the open hearty countenance of the friends in waiting! Hospitality in every motion, welcome in every tone. Being a little constitutionally tired that evening, we elected to stay in Yarmouth over night, and soon found ourselves in the grasp of Mr. James Horton, and under his kindly roof. The next morning found us at Chebogue, reached by a five mile drive along a pleasant road, with the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in session. The Rev. D. W. Cameron, late of Keswick Ridge, having removed to the neighboring republic, the Union was left without a chairman, Rev. Wm McIntosh, of Yarmouth, was therefore chosen *pro tem.*, and ultimately elected a chairman for the year. The business of the Union proceeded harmoniously and expeditiously under our friend's presidency.

THE editor was requested to give in the absence of any address from the last chairman, the address he had delivered to the Union in Hamilton; this took up the evening of Satur-

day. The local press says: "The speaker occupied over an hour and a quarter in delivery, and was listened to throughout with marked attention. The address was a clear statement of Congregationalism, abounding in broad views and breathing a catholic spirit throughout." The same paper says:

"References having been made to the *Year Book* and THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, the editor of said paper was quickly on his feet. Then followed a lively, witty, intelligent and highly instructive speech on some of the difficulties of the editorial calling. He placed the claims of the paper squarely before the members of the Union, and urged their hearty cooperation in making it a success. Mr. Thos. Hall, Mr. George Fuller, Mr. J. G. Sanderson, Mr. J. Barker, and others, took part in a discussion as off-hand as it was intelligent, and each speaker seemed to vie with his predecessor in making the most entertaining address of the session. The one effect upon all was a deep-seated resolution to double the circulation of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT during the coming year, and thus show appreciation of the labours of its successful editor."

THE formal minutes of the Union and the special reports will be found in the *Year Book*. Our jottings aim at giving impressions only. The ordinary routine business was conducted and transacted in the ordinary way, unless it be that it was without speechifying. Considerable interest was manifested and perplexity, as with the Western Union, in the matter of church deeds. Congregationalists appear to be remarkably liberal in the manner in which they allow property unused to become the perquisite of other friends, and correspondingly troublesome to themselves in the way of security or transfer. "Unused church property" has a provoking sound, especially when a little common sense and a minimum of suspicion would avoid it all. The spirit of our model trust deeds ought to be followed throughout. The indefatigable, and to all appearances the indispensable, treasurer of the Union, Mr. Woodrow, of St. John, N. B., has the matter in hand for the Lower Provinces.

A LADIES' missionary meeting is a new and desirable feature of Union gatherings, unless indeed such missionary organization should demand a gathering of its own. Whilst the

Union Committee in the parsonage was conferring with the members present from the West regarding the varied mission fields of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, there was convened in the church the annual meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society. A good beginning has been made in this direction, and the society promises to become an important ally to our general missionary work. Here is an extract from a local paper regarding the meeting:—

Rev. T. Hall, Missionary Superintendent, was then called upon for an address. And what an address! The rev. gentleman was brimful and overflowing with his subject. He is a speaker who talks all over. His eyes, his spectacles, his coat tails, his hands and feet all contribute to his speech, and the whole-souled earnestness and broad sympathy that shine all through his remarks, make him eminently adapted to the work he has undertaken to forward. The story of the little girls' society was very impressive, but the £5 prayer of the missionary collector was irresistible.

THE college was prominently brought before the brethren, and the following resolution passed with emphasis:

"Whereas this Union has heard with pleasure the address of the Rev. J. Burton, B.D. concerning our college, of its present condition and outlook—Resolved that we recommend it to the liberal support and prayerful sympathy of all the churches of our Union, and express the hope that at a very early day the staff of professors may be efficiently increased."

THE place of meeting next year is Keswick Ridge, N.B., on the first Saturday in July, at 9.30 a.m. The officers for the year are:—

Chairman, Rev. W. McIntosh, Yarmouth; Secretary, Rev. J. Barker, Sheffield; Statistical Secretary, Rev. J. Shipperley, Margaree; Treasurer, Mr. J. Woodrow, St. John; Treasurer Foreign Missions, Mr. C. H. Dearborn.

OUR general impression of the meetings, the cause and friends may be briefly given, and first as to the devotional meetings which preceded for a season each day's sederunt. They simply ran themselves, not that the leaders were mere figure heads; but song and prayer flowed spontaneously and freely; hearts seemed full and the lips spake. The musical talent was abounding, we would say above the average in the proportion of friends competent to lead, and in taste also. Thus a

spirit of harmony and zeal was manifested throughout the entire gathering.

THEN the hospitality and the friends in general. A refreshing naturalness and open hearted generosity seemed to characterize all. Where everyone seemed intent upon doing all that could be done to render visitors comfortable and meetings successful, it would be invidious to particularize. The race is not always to the swift. Our Hamilton Church did wonders for the late Union, the Chebogue Church did as well; teams, homes, time, were all freely given and gratefully enjoyed. Doubtless conventions are less frequent around Yarmouth than in other places readily remembered. This does not make the kindness of the Chebogue and Yarmouth friends the less grateful, or their attention the less loving. These memories of friendly greetings and of kind endeavour will linger long in the pleasing recollection of the past.

GREAT changes have overtaken churches and communities here, even more marked than in some of our more western communities. In both Yarmouth and St. John the most enterprising and wealthy families were actively in connection with the churches of the Congregational order; but wave after wave of financial disaster whelmed, death cut down, families scattered, and not least, those dissensions which a perverted Independency brings alienated, until little but the memories of that past remain, and as ever, the unpleasant keep the firmest hold upon the public mind. Still the Tabernacle Church at Yarmouth is full of life hope and self-denial; what is being done is generously done, and its service of song is in efficient working order. That it should occupy its former comparative position of wealth is scarcely to be looked for; that it is occupying with growing power a position of no mean influence among the religious circles of Nova Scotia is manifest to all. Its Sunday school, with Bible and infant classes, gives promise of future growth and power.

THERE is a fine parsonage at Chebogue, as roomy as the church; indeed its total floor area we suspect is larger, with several acres of land attached. We may say that there is also a fine parsonage belonging to the Yarmouth church with a garden—flower and vegetable

—that has certainly exercised the muscles, if not the brain, of the stalwart pastor there. We really had so much to see and hear at Chebogue, that the land attached to the parsonage escaped our eye. The church is a neat edifice, wood, as most all church edifices in this section are. Three hundred people crowd it. It was filled at most of the meetings. It has been newly painted within and without, and many of the pews manifested an adhesiveness much to be admired in friendships, though an unvarnished attachment is generally preferred. There is a general air of thrift throughout the neighbourhood which bespeaks that happy mean for which the son of Jakeh prayed "neither poverty nor riches—food convenient for me."

CHEBOGUE is the older settlement. We wandered through its graveyard and found several slate head stones of the eighteenth century, one to a Mary Hilton, 1774. We marked one, 1772; but on seeking it again failed to find it. In the small bays around Chebogue many staunch crafts have been built and run out to sea, eventually Yarmouth became the town; and Chebogue remained simply as a settlement. Yet in feeling there is no division; the old families in Yarmouth seem to look to Chebogue as their "old country," and Mr. Watson, the energetic pastor of our church there, seems to find true allies in the Yarmouth friends, as they assuredly find a worthy neighbour in him. The ship-building industry is now largely a thing of the past, even as are the wooden walls of Old England, yet many a sea captain has made a home for his family in this neighbourhood, a retreat for himself when the storms are to be battled with no more: many are doing so still. Some homes mourn their founder and bread winner as he sleeps his last sleep with the waves moaning over him. The old habits cling, and in proportion to population, Yarmouth county owns a greater shipping tonnage than any other place on the continent.

It is undoubtedly their old British sailor spirit which imparts to the friends here that open handed generosity noticed already as being markedly theirs. Let Jack's purse be full or at its last shilling, he is ready with the same frankness to share; abundance and poverty he bears, the one without pride, the

other without despair. His biscuit and his guinea he alike divides with his friend. When the aristocracy of plenty becomes poor, hospitality vanishes because it cannot entertain as it was once enabled to do, and the memory of what has been, and is now no more, closes the door of the present against everything except vain regrets. Yarmouth, true to the sailor's instinct, bears the changes progress brings with undiminished generosity. St. John, we suspect, worries over the same, longing for the days gone by.

ST. JOHN rejoices in great natural beauty, and some picturesque as well as palatial residences. Its present cemetery possesses native loveliness and manifests tasteful care. Its roads wind through grave plots, rocks and native forest with a variety that is charming. The old graveyard in the heart of the city where many of the early settlers were buried (we noted grave stones with the dates 1784, 1786) is a disgrace to the city. There is a minimum of care and a maximum of slovenliness. We spent a Sunday in St. John, walked along the wharves during the afternoon. The ferry runs to Carleton, and some busses to the fine views in the neighbourhood. Nevertheless for Sunday quiet, and the day was exceptionally fine, St. John exceeds Toronto, as Toronto is said to surpass most other cities. We sat at the open window of our room in the Clifton during the hour before supper, the tide is flowing quietly in the harbour, the sun shining gloriously, the waters of the Bay of Fundy stretching out in the distance, and the bold headlands clearly marked against the blue, neither steam whistle, bell nor wheel greets the ear, a few voices and footfalls we hear, but a quiet rest remains; and yet we are within a stone's throw of the ferry and the wharves that last evening were full of life and bustle. Hark! there is the rattle of a wheel, a small family pass in an open carriage, and a dog barks as they quietly drive along.

SABBATH, 12th, we preached in the evening to the friends gathered in the old Union Street Church. The congregation is not large, but growing, and there are indications of renewed prosperity. Few churches have suffered more by desertions, removals and death, and our friend Mr. Saer has not only to build up and gather, but to labour against a lost prestige.

May he be strengthened in so doing. The Sunday school has some excellent teachers, and the prayer-meeting at the close of the evening service was full of promise. The morning of the previous Sabbath we spent in the Tabernacle at Yarmouth. The service of song there was specially good, the entire atmosphere cheerful, and we see good signs of the Yarmouth church being now and prospectively the centre of influence and strength to our Nova Scotia churches. There is an excellent Sunday school, and a working people.

THE general impression we have regarding our churches in these Maritime Provinces is that many valuable opportunities have been thrown away, that Congregationalism has been little understood of late, that its principles have been passed by, and its distinct testimony to life as constituting a church rather than polity or creed been too frequently displaced by a struggle for independency which is really the determination to have one's own way. We know something of this in the West. Yet there are some noble friends, both men and women, looking for the light, and what is better, working for it; and we feel assured that as in the West a brighter hope has dawned, and a more courageous enthusiasm beats in the hearts of all. The word is courage, the work is still before us, we press on.

THE general question of means is a serious one. There is confessedly some wealth among us; but at present it seems unavailable. Yet humanly speaking it is indispensable, how is it to be gathered? If another \$20,000 could be secured for the College Endowment, some ten thousand to lift a few churches out of present straits, and our general funds sustained, we should be "sailing free." Is this too much to hope for? We have a few men who could without burden thus open our way, and there are many in humbler circumstances who would gladly contribute their mite. We were assured of this by a little circumstance on the road from Yarmouth to Digby. A lady whose circumstances allow her connexion with the Congregational churches to be little more than nominal, with limited means, had been attending the Union meetings. Placing a trifle in our hands she said: "My mite for the College." Let this spirit of hopefulness and responsibility quicken and we are on the eve

of a brighter dawn. Moreover, the friends in the Lower Provinces are beginning to feel the bonds of union strengthening; truly "the work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another," but the trumpet is sounding, we are resorting thither, and our God shall fight for us. We are assured that the union of the mission work in the Dominion and the energy of our superintendent, with the intercourse that is springing up between the unions will incite us all to greater energy, and make us feel that we are not alone in our struggles.

ONE other thought in this connexion. By earnest honesty and sterling faith we must commend our work to the intelligent sympathy of the Christian public. We want no swaggering independency, nor negative theology; but manly uprightness and positive faith—honest faith rather than honest doubt, and a catholicism which embraces all save recreants to Christ and His truth. We shall not want means if we cleanse ourselves from folly and walk in uprightness.

UNION IMPRESSIONS.

Many years before the "Declaration of Independence," the principles of our "Faith and Order" were planted on the rock-ribbed shores of Nova Scotia.

Congregationalism in the Lower Provinces has been true to its history. In its boundless charity it has given men, and churches, and money to other communions, without even a desire to be "remembered by the deeds it has done." Perhaps its chief mission is to provide other denominations with means to live and thrive. Its influence, however, in this part of the Dominion is not to be measured by the number of its churches. It prides itself on the contributions in members and ministers it has sent to Ontario and Quebec, and the benefits it has bestowed on our cousins across the line.

The men of to-day sigh over lost opportunities; but conscious of past negligence and present power they are concentrating their forces by the impulse of a new life derived from closer contact with brethren in the Upper Provinces.

A profound feeling of respect for the men

and the years that are gone mantles heart and brain, as you meet for work and fellowship with a church that has outlived the storms and the changes of a century. The one at Chebogue is not large,—some of the mightiest civil and moral revolutions which have convulsed human hearts and rocked imperial thrones, have had their origin in the chambers of a single brain. So this church, like many another, has given birth to men and churches whose influence is ever widening.

The recent meetings were well attended by ministers, delegates and visitors. The number of ladies present is a prophecy of the influence that womanhood aspires to exert on political measures, educational institutions and congregational unions. Several of our students contributed to the interest and power of the convention.

The key note was struck by the Rev. S. Sykes in an admirable sermon based on Rom. viii. 24: "We are saved by hope." The meetings were characterized by a profound spiritual feeling. The members of the Union were as anxious that the forces of conscience, of heart and of intellect be quickened, as they were to perform the legitimate work of the hour.

The reports from the churches were expressive of life and hope.

A strong denominational spirit was manifested by the intense interest awakened by lively and intelligent discussion of "Trust Deeds," "THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT," the "Year Book," and the necessity of circulating literature of a denominational character.

The Missionary Society was well represented, the enthusiasm aroused crystallized into a good collection. The facts presented will convince our Western brethren that the deficit is not as large as they anticipated.

The conspicuous part the ladies take in the society, should provoke our fair sisters in the West "to do likewise." Half the revenue was raised by them.

The college had a larger share of attention than is usual, and if words are worth their face value, it will receive a greater amount of practical sympathy in the near future.

Several of the meetings were of a semi-evangelistic character and were much appreciated by the crowds that gathered to them. The one on "grassy lawn, neat, illimitable azures and crimson glories," reminds one of the narratives in the New Testament or of the

immense gatherings on the hills and in the valleys of the land which gave birth to the Bible Society, preachers of Boanergic temperament, and hundreds of Congregational churches, though the population is not half as large as that in our fair Dominion.

The attention of the brethren was not confined to local or denominational objects. Their broad churchism was embodied in resolutions of a more national character, viz., Sabbath desecration, affairs in the North-West and the Temperance Movement.

We need scarcely add, the meetings received additional interest and power from the delegation from the Union of Ontario and Quebec.

Mr Sanderson was warmly welcomed as delegate, ex-chairman, and especially on account of former connection with the churches in these Provinces. His speeches had the right ring. The music of his words remains.

We are familiar with the broad churchism, the protests against sectarianism, and the advocacy of Christian Union on the basis of Congregationalism by the editor of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. But Mr. Burton's avowed loyalty to the principles which gave inspiration to the poetry of Milton, the heroism of Cromwell, the self-sacrifice of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the evangelicalism of Whitfield gave us fresh courage. We hope his promise to visit the Union next year will be fulfilled.

Space forbids the mention of the many kind words spoken in favour of his better half.

The ubiquitous Superintendent of Missions, "the cheapest institution" we can boast of, was the "sunbeam" in our Conference. He is always full, on this occasion he overflowed—in shining speech and Irish wit. But his intense earnestness and profound spiritual sympathy was more manifest than on previous visits.

Some of the glory emanating from the bright galaxy of our Canadian ministers was reflected on the Union by the popular pastor of Brantford. Mr. Fuller is well and favourably known to the churches by the sea. He was listened to with respect and admiration. His sermon and addresses were the expression of a warm heart. They sparkled with poetic beauty. His words were powerful, born of a profound conviction that the truths uttered are lasting as the throne of God. J. B. S.

St. John.

"IS CHRIST DIVIDED?"

Protestant Scotland has ever been Presbyterian, almost solidly so. Yet Presbyterianism is not unity, for it in Scotland has been rent into Seceders, Burghers, Anti-Burghers, Old and New Light Burghers and Anti-Burghers, Cameronians, Relief, and other divisions, if not without end, at least unto most bewildering perplexity. To-day there is virtually a threefold division into Established, Free, and United Presbyterian. The question is being raised whether there is any justification for the existence of three distinct bodies, each having the same organization worship and theology, yet manifesting a rivalry confessedly at times unchristian. In Australia and Canada those churches have practically answered the question by cordially uniting into one.

There is no doubt but that Methodism did the pioneer work of Protestantism in the country districts of the old Upper Canada. Thirty years ago if a stranger travelling along our roads saw people gathering for service, he would nine times out of ten reach the truth did he venture the one guess that they were gathering for a Methodist meeting. Yet you would find a few years ago Methodist Churches frequently standing in pairs, if not in triplets. A village of two hundred inhabitants, with a surrounding district of one, three hundred men women and children all told, would be served by three separate Methodist Churches, Wesleyan, Methodist Episcopal, and New Connexion, rejoicing in average congregations of twenty, while the seats outside the tavern door would provide accommodation for as many more. Common sense and Christian endeavour has brought to an end this unchristianness, and Canada rejoices in a united Methodism. Yet denominations exist still, and in rivalry; in other words, we have a divided Christianity. To convert from one denomination to another is considered worthy of Christian endeavour, and villages whose united Christian liberality would decently sustain one cause and have energy left for aggressive work on the world, keep three, four or five struggling denominational churches at starvation's brink. And, then, which is to give way? Would it strengthen Catholicity to leave a High Church Anglican in possession of the field, or a close-communication Baptist,

or an unsectarian (?) Plymouth Brother? Could the Calvinistic Presbyterian allow Methodist Arminianism to have all the say and no corrective given, or *vice versa*? Would it answer to have only a Quakers' meeting guided by the inner light?

Yet there are occasions when these sections of the Christian community do shake hands. The ultramontane Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has stood side by side with Anglican rector and Nonconformist pastor on a temperance platform. The endeavour to rescue the fallen, and to sustain the tempted, is assuredly Christian work. Some public calamity befalls, a public gathering advises regarding measures of relief, the learned prelate and plain-garbed presbyter are there together. To relieve the distress is Christian worship. "Pure religion * and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James i. 27.) Our Bible and Tract Societies, Y.M.C.A.'s, and all kindred institutions, ministerial associations, also, are therefore standing testimonies of unity in true worship. In fact, when Christian communities get to work, divisions are less conspicuous. Red coat and gray alike form the forlorn hope when the citadel is to be stormed. Perhaps in this direction we are to look for the true solution of the problem how to gather the rent tribes of God's Israel into one united host—common work.

A halting excuse is sometimes made for the present division as encouraging emulation. Opposition is said to be the life of trade, and divisions in Christian churches have provoked unto love and good works. Monopolies grow proud, and as wealth accumulates, regardless of the wants of those they are supposed to serve. This is true of outwardly prosperous churches. Yet is there an adverse picture. Competition ruins when men are determined to undersell their neighbour at any cost, and to live on their losses as some appear to do. Thus when church divisions separate friends, and send families hither and thither, we need to know that, whatever polity or theology may do, "Christ's love breaks no home love, breaks no tie of kin apart, never makes one's own flesh stranger, or the claims of kin denies."

* *Threskeia*.—Acts xxvi. 5; Col. ii. 18.

If rivalry is sometimes healthy, it more often provokes unhealthy surroundings, and emulation very frequently is of the undermining, backbiting kind. I have not much faith in excuses for evil, or the perpetuating thereof that good may come. We court a fools' paradise thereby, with fiery billows rolling below. Nonconformity in England has stirred up, is stirring up still, the Established Church with its immense resources to reach the poor and the destitute; yet where they work hand in hand the work is more faithfully, more Christianly done. There is no seemliness nor strength in Christian division, and though in the great providence man's wrath is made to praise, the wrath is not made love thereby, nor man excused from its bitterness. Is Christ divided? Should therefore His followers be?

There met at Hartford, Conn., in May, representative men in an "American Congress of Churches," and the confessedly divided state of Christendom was the subject of earnest deliberation. Union was desirable, how was it attained unto? Certainly there are longings for closer fellowship on the part of the various sections of the divided church. There is, as already indicated, a working unity on some lines of Christian endeavour. There is a growing conviction that rivalry is waste, and in organic unions already formed the practical common sense of a Christian public has made itself felt. Moreover, outside the clerical lines, not one in a thousand of the Christian professors could state clearly the grounds on which his or her denomination stands as distinct from another. Church relations are more often formed from convenience, friendship, association, than from conviction. Why, then, is separation continued?

At the congress referred to, and which was evidently conducted with cordial Christian sympathy, one held that divisions were only to be healed by overleaping the centuries with their counsels and creeds and returning to the Apostolic Church with its threefold orders, its sacraments and confirmation. In other words, Episcopacy is the true outward sign of Christian union. Another would also "stand at the fountain head and go back to the spirit, the unity, the faith, the practice, the name, the foundation of the early church," and finds in the one baptism "recognized by Jesus Christ

when He went down into the water," the wicket gate of entrance into the way of the promised land. Unfortunately, there are those who never can thus read either history or ritual. Not history thus, because history thus read is history distorted, nor ritual thus, because, let texts be tortured as men please, the entire tenor of the Christ's teaching is non-ritualistic. His words are spirit, life; for form He had little to say. Were the entire Dominion plunged beneath the wave, neither division nor heartburning would depart unless, as at the Flood, by man's utter destruction. No, no, beneath the strife for a divine polity or dogma the world has suffered long, and the weary voices of anxious, careworn hearts impatiently cry: "Hush your noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing." We can hear the angel song if we listen, for still it floats o'er all this weary world. Here it is in the New Testament of love, and we will touch some of its chords: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." You may read these words unchanged in the versions, old or revised, there is no doubtful reading of manuscripts in John xiii. 35, and the apostle who has recorded the saying writes an echo as he nears the shadows of the many mansioned home: "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren." (1 John iii. 14.) James's words will bear repeating—Chap. i. ver. 26, 27. Yes, but men are diverse in feelings, associations, views. So are the individuals of many an united family. A chorus of children's voices once fell on my ears on a bright spring holiday from among trees and flowers. The question was the game to be played. One liked this, another that, a third had some other decided preference; a sweet voice cried, "We'll play them all." Assent was cheerily given, the uncluded day passed in gleeful hours. Those children had unconsciously touched the true chord of harmony, helping each other to enjoy their own preferences, yielding self to the broader sympathy of the many. Is there anything humbling in learning of a little child?

Let this point be illustrated. One of our central truths is the Incarnation. Assuredly the divinity of Christ is infinite in its relation to dogma, and in Jesus humanity stands revealed as possessing infinite capabilities. Nature is infinite in its variety. No two

pictures, unless copies of each other, can be the same. Taken from the same spot, morning light and evening shade will give variety, the fleeting clouds their tone. Jesus Christ is infinite. We cannot any one define for all His perfections and His love. The creed called Nicene presents some aspects of a scholastic character satisfying to some minds, the creed called Athanasian another. Will any maintain that these exhaust all the possibilities of the infinite Incarnation? The baldest Unitarianism may have some tribute to bring regarding the humanity of the Christ that all our creeds have failed to realize. Let the orthodox brother respect his honest Unitarian friend, and let the Unitarian cease to rail against a creed he is more likely to misrepresent than to understand, and both with unveiled face, reflect as a mirror the glory of the Lord. They will find themselves transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.

One ground of Christian unity alone is possible, Christ—Christ in us, through us, over us—He the head of the body and the life; and Christ has sympathy with the grand choral that rises from worshipful hearts, and with the lonely mourner's cry of pain. We shall never attain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace until we find it only in Him. This should be our aim, our ideal; in its attainment we shall often stumble, no doubt, but there the end is to be. Unanimity in our definitions of the infinite, whether of Christ's person or atonement, we shall never gain until the finite ceases to be finite, or the infinite to be infinite—therefore creed unanimity is, as it ever has been, a delusion and a snare. Uniformity of polity, worship or ritual the Roman Church has attained—its Latin tongue is the same to Mongolian, Negro, or Celt—with what result let Europe's Dark Ages, the Thirty Years' War, the story of Alva in the Netherlands, and the Vales of Piedmont declare. You can find the uniformity of glazed eye and silence in the tomb. Unity in uniformity or unanimity is neither desirable nor possible; yet should divisions cease.

There are seasons when the relation others take to you compel a position otherwise distasteful. Canada had never fired a rifle shot at the North-West Half-breed, who had his real grievances, had the rifle not first by him been

fired; then stern duty demanded suppression. Let the churchman put aside his proud exclusiveness, the Roman curia its arrogant intolerance, the dogmatist his anathema, and the church which trusts to Christ alone for fellowship is one with them; but exclusiveness compels contrary testimony to the unchristian character of the same. Thus must we stand denominationally apart, witnessing in the confidence of truth to a fellowship whose creed and ritual is only Christ and the Christ-like spirit.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign;
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of heart and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own:
Nor zealous claim or rivalry,
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find Thy ways,
We miss with chart of creeds.

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship;
The sighing of the contrite heart,
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban;
Thou wilt spare a love of Thee,
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who lovest most
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
Thy joy of doing good.

This is the Christian spirit, the teaching of the Christ which all our theologies seek to express, but which faith alone can grasp and love alone can manifest. Without this spirit,

without this Christ, there is no kingdom of heaven or of God for either individual or church. No other name under heaven can bring salvation, and unless your lives and mine witness this truth, our form of sound words is sounding brass, our praise but clanging cymbal.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
 The vaulted nave around,
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound,
 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altar raise,
 Its faith and hope Thy canticles.
 And its obedience praise.

And in that manifested Christ there is no division, but unity and peace. This is Christian unity, and in truth there can be none other; and this unity it is the mission of our churches to maintain and declare.

OUR JUBILEE CHURCHES.

MONTREAL FIRST CHURCH,

afterwards named Zion Church. The Rev. Richard Miles, pastor of a Congregational Church in Lincolnshire, England, had in 1831 returned recently from the Cape Colony in South Africa, where during five years he had worked for the London Missionary Society as Superintendent of their Missions in that country during the prolonged absence of Dr. Philip. In that year his attention was called to the wants of Canada by the writer of this paper then visiting London on behalf of Canada. He promptly agreed to remove to Montreal with his family at his own expense and to give himself to the Canadian work. The writer bade him and his family farewell on the quay at Greenock in August, 1831, as the good ship *Favourite*, Capt. Allan—father of the Messrs. Allan of steamship renown—sailed away from that port. On his arrival at Montreal a few Congregational brethren urged him to make a commencement in that city. The school-room in McGill Street occupied by the late Mr. Bruce was hired for Sabbath days and week evening services, and there Mr. Miles commenced his ministry in Canada. Early the following year a more commodious room, larger in size, was obtained and fitted up on College Street, and in July a church of fifteen members, including the pastor and his wife, was duly formed. The name of "Savage," father and son with their wives, was prominent in the list and in devoted attachment to the infant cause. The writer visited the congregation in the autumn and found it making decided progress. Measures were now taken to erect a suitable church building in Great Maurice Street which issued in the removal of the congregation hither in the year 1835.

At the call of Mr. Miles and the church, the writer arrived in the autumn of 1836 and became the successor of the first pastor who had removed to Abbotsford where he had purchased a farm, and which he made a centre of evangelistic effort. The limits of this paper forbid any sketch of the history of this church during the sole pastorate of the writer until May 14th, 1871, a period of thirty-five years. It must suffice to note that an effort was made in 1844 to open a second church in the eastern part of the city which issued in the erection of the building in Gosford Street, and in the organization of the church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. J. Carruthers, afterwards and now of Portland, Maine. Also, that after the erection of galleries in 1839 the building in Great Maurice Street became nevertheless too small for the increasing congregation, rendering it necessary to dispose of the property and to build a much larger edifice in a more eligible site, which was opened with dedicatory services in Nov., 1846 as "Zion Church." Efforts were subsequently made to establish Sunday schools in suburban localities with the hope of at length forming churches. One of these was on Mountain Street, another on Western St. Joseph Street, a third on Wolf Street; this last was successful for a number of years, resulting in the erection of a church building and the organization of the Eastern Congregational Church; which however, has not lived until this present. The fourth has been eminently successful. Beginning and growing in Shaftesbury Hall as a western branch of the mother church, it has with her help erected a very neat and commodious church edifice in Guy Street bearing the name of Calvary Church. It has been all along and continues to be a most efficient church, especially in Sunday school work. It continues to grow and to flourish. On the 14th of May, 1871, Rev. Charles Chapman, of Bath, England, assumed the pastoral charge which he held during five years. Early in 1874 the church deemed it expedient to attempt to carry out a plan of having two congregations at a considerable distance from each other, to which two ministers should preach alternately, continuing meanwhile one church. To this end Rev. J. Frederick Stevenson, LL.B., of Reading, England, was associated as co-pastor with Mr. Chapman, and the gymnasium building in Mansfield Street was rented on Sundays as a preaching station. The experiment in this instance, as in some others in the mother country, was not successful, the result being that early in 1875 upwards of 100 members withdrew from the mother church in order to constitute Emmanuel Church under the pastoral care of Mr. Stevenson. This has become a powerful and influential church. Though nearly all the officers were among the 100, it was found easy to bring out latent power in the parent church so as to fill every office promptly and with efficiency. Moreover, after giving a considerable number to constitute Calvary

Church, and a much greater number to constitute Emmanuel Church, the mother retained a membership of upwards of 200 to whom Mr. Chapman continued to minister until he was called to the presidency of the Western Theological College, Plymouth, England, in 1876. Of the pastorate and the course of the church from the induction of Mr. Bray in October, 1866, until his departure in January, 1884, the writer of this paper desires to be silent. The venerable church was left on the verge of extinction. It lives, however, and for a year has been struggling bravely and hopefully to gain strength and become again a power for good. The writer has been during that period honorary pastor, and for a somewhat shorter one, Rev. Hector A. McIntyre, B.D., has laboured diligently in the active pastorate. The brethren have received several additions to their number, and they have entered upon a second year of their new departure with courage and hopefulness.

FRANKLIN CENTRE, QUEBEC,

must be placed among our jubilee churches, in its earlier history under the name of Russeltown. Somewhere about 1832, Rev. James Nall preached the Gospel and gathered a company of disciples there. Mr. Nall continued about three years. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Halsey, who remained two or three years. The church was then vacant until 1842 when the Rev. David Gibb took pastoral charge, by whom the church was reorganized. The Rev. Robert Robinson afterwards ministered for a short period in connection with a congregation at English River. In 1848 Rev. James Millar preached to them for one year. In 1849 Rev. Henry Lancashire became the pastor and remained until 1853. From this date until 1862 they had in succession Rev. Thomas Bayne, Rev. C. P. Reynolds, Rev. W. Ritchie. In 1862 Mr. Lancashire returned and remained three years. In 1866 Rev. S. Gins supplied one year. In 1871 Rev. J. H. Perkins began a ministry among them which continued one and a-half years. They were then vacant until student supply was commenced. They have been supplied by the students during vacation for a number of years. Their last pastor went to them from the college in 1877, Rev. J. C. Wright now of Edgar and Rugby, Ontario. They have a substantial stone church, a neat and comfortable parsonage with a glebe free of debt; and they yet stand together though sometimes discouraged. This church, standing very much by itself as to locality, deserves the prayerful and generous sympathy of the sisterhood of churches who dwell nearer to each other. They have at this writing secured the services of Rev. Jas. Hay.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

is not, strictly speaking, on the list of jubilee churches and yet it has been linked with Congregational movements for more than fifty years. The Union Church,

nominally American Presbyterian but really Independent, existed in 1832, when the writer visited Kingston and found the Rev. John Smith, M.A., a Congregational minister from Glasgow, Scotland, its pastor. He had come to the country with Mr. Miles the previous autumn. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Baker, who still survives most of his contemporaries, and retains his interest in our Congregational institutions. That church had among its members men distinguished for learning, ability and influence; the names of Bidwell, Armstrong, and Parker will suggest this fact to those remaining of a former generation. The Rebellion of 1837-8 broke up this church; but it is believed some remnants were gathered at the organization of the First Congregational Church whose history does not come within the period before us.

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO,

is the next on our list where a Sunday school had been gathered under the auspices of Congregational brethren in the year 1828. The growth of the new and beautiful village encouraged them to seek for a minister and to organize a church. They corresponded with the writer, then in Edinburgh, Scotland, who obtained for them the services of Rev. Adam Lillie, who with his family reached them in the summer of 1834. His arrival and the decision of the principal parties checked a movement which might otherwise have been successful, to make the contemplated church organization American Presbyterian. Mr. Lillie (afterwards Dr. Lillie) removed to Dundas at the end of seven years, where, in connection with his ministry to a small congregation he commenced the work of training young men for the Christian ministry to which the remainder of his life was specially devoted. The Rev. Thomas Baker succeeded Mr. Lillie in 1841 and continued to minister to the people with much acceptance for several years. The Rev. Thomas Lightbody followed in 1848. A handsome church building had been already erected and was occupied by an increasing congregation—the Sunday school being always prominent. Mr. Lightbody's faithful and enlightened ministry was enjoyed for four or five years at the close of which on his resignation and removal to another sphere of labour, the Rev. John Wood from the church at Montreal, who had just completed his college curriculum under Dr. Lillie at Toronto, was called to the pastorate and entered upon its duties in 1853. This was a long and happy connection of twenty-one years' duration. He and his people enjoyed a number of seasons of special revival of the Lord's work among them. The congregation was large, strong and influential in the community. They were tried by the conflagration in which their building perished,—but they were enabled to erect one of more durable material on a better site, and of larger dimensions. The Congregational Church with its tapering spire is an

ornament to the park or square on one side of which it stands. Mr. Wood relinquished his pastorate in 1874 at the call of his brethren that he might undertake the work of Superintendent of Missions, and as a consequence removed to Toronto. Late in that year Rev. E. C. W. McColl entered upon a comparatively short pastorate, which, terminating in 1876, Rev. S. P. Barker, from Michigan, entered upon the work in Brantford; he was followed on his resignation in 1880 by Rev. A. E. Kinmouth from the United States. After one year Rev. I. W. Cutler, also from the United States, succeeded Mr. Kinmouth, remaining less than two years. At the close of the college session in 1883 Rev. George Fuller was called to the pastorate under whose ministry the church and congregation have grown considerably, the Sunday school has flourished, and a spirit of harmony and of zeal for the advancement of the Lord's kingdom has prevailed. By God's blessing upon the work of his servants, the Brantford church stands in health and vigour in the fifty-second year of her age. She has entertained the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, twice or thrice.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

In this most important city of Ontario, its seat of Government, it might be anticipated that Independents from England would be found early in its history. And such was the fact. In 1820 with not more than 800 inhabitants in the place there were a sufficient number of these Nonconformists to the incipient and pretentious state Church of England in the Colony, to form a little congregation which met for social worship in a convenient school-room. They afterwards gathered in a building erected by the late Jesse Ketchum, and had as minister the Rev. Mr. Harris, from Ireland, a Presbyterian. This was the beginning of the present Knox Church. Others coming from England to settle in Toronto there were a sufficient number who loved the Congregational order to inaugurate a movement in that direction. In 1834 Rev. Wm. Merrefield, from England, began a ministry among them, and organized a church in November of that year. Two years afterwards he resigned the pastorate and returned to England, where he died the following year. The Colonial Mission of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was formed in 1836, and the present writer being requested to act as agent and correspondent, visited Toronto in the autumn of that year, and represented to the society the great importance of the place, and the need of a minister to occupy it, of more than ordinary ability. They induced the Rev. John Roaf to leave Wolverhampton and to undertake the work at Toronto, and to act as their agent in the field west of Kingston. He began his thoughtful and very able ministry in Oct., 1837, and accepted the pastorate in March, 1838. A church building suitable for the time was erected, and

opened on the first day of 1840. The year 1843 was a period of revival, during which 104 members were added to the church. At the close of that year the church became self-supporting, ceasing to receive aid from the Colonial Missionary Society. In April, 1849, twenty-five members were dismissed in order to form a second church, which first assembled on Richmond Street, and afterwards erecting a handsome building on Bond Street, under the pastorate of Rev. F. H. Marling, has since been named the Bond Street Church. The first church building was destroyed by fire in February, 1855, and Mr. Roaf resigned his pastorate in June of that year, nearly eighteen years after his arrival in the country. He was for years a grievous physical sufferer, which state was borne with manly Christian fortitude, issuing at length in his death, September, 1862. The corner-stone of the new building—Zion Church—was laid on Aug. 1, 1855, the congregation occupying the St. Lawrence Hall during its erection. There Rev. T. S. Ellerby, from England, previously from St. Petersburg, began a ten years' ministry, in December, 1855, accepting the pastorate in May, 1856. In September of that year the church in Bay and Adelaide Streets was dedicated, losing its spire in a gale of wind, April 12, 1865. The spiritual structure, however, suffered no decadence, but made steady advancement. The next year, March 28, Mr. Ellerby resigned the pastorate, and ere long became minister in the Episcopal Church. He was speedily succeeded by Rev. I. G. Manly, namely, in May, 1866, and during the following year the remaining debt on the building of \$2,000 was paid in full. On the 3rd January, 1868, this mother gave twenty-eight members to establish in life a second child then and thenceforward called the Northern Church. She had long had a flourishing Sunday school in the locality. In December, 1870, Rev. S. N. Jackson, M.D., from Montreal, succeeded to the pastorate. In December of that year the church building was repainted and refurnished, and in the following years several church agencies were put into active operation. They were moreover, distinguished by annually increasing contributions to the Missionary Society and the College. In November, 1875, thirty members were dismissed to form the Western Church, the third child, while the next year the sum of \$834 was contributed to aid that infant cause. It should be said also that in March, 1876, four members were dismissed to help form the Yorkville Church. In August, 1877, Dr. Jackson resigned, and was succeeded in June, 1878, by Rev. H. D. Powis, the present pastor. During his ministry the old property has been disposed of, and another in a more eligible place has been acquired, on which a building in harmony with the wants of the time has been reared, in which the church and congregation continue to grow and prosper.

(To be continued.)

[As intimated before we invite correction and addition to these memories, in the hope ere long of gathering the whole together in a volume of Canadian Congregational History.—ED.]

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The season for sleeping in church has come. With some people this season lasts all the year round. Their time is all the time. Many, however, snooze in the sanctuary during the summer months who would not think of sleeping at any other season. June, July and August are the months during which they shut their eyes to make their sense of hearing more acute.

Some years before his death, Dr. Guthrie worshipped in a church in the North of Scotland. Six hundred persons were present and the Doctor declared that the whole 600 were asleep at once. The session of the slumbering 600 took him to task for making such a statement, and the Doctor defended himself by saying that, if they were not asleep, "they struck a very suspicious attitude." In some congregations nearly everybody sleeps at some time or other during the service. This contributor worshipped in a church some years ago in Ontario, in which every grown man and woman he could see from where he sat slept during the service. No doubt those he didn't see slept as soundly as their neighbours. They did not all sleep at once. Most of them slept during the sermon, but some preferred the reading of the chapter, while one had a decided preference for sleep during the singing. One or two slept two or three times. There are men who can take several sleeps during an ordinary service. There is much more sleeping in church than good people like to admit. Very few ministers like to stop in the middle of a sermon on a hot day and say: "My friends, if those of you who are asleep in the body of the church don't stop snoring so loudly, you will disturb those who are asleep in the gallery!" That little *impromptu* was actually delivered by an Ontario minister, and he was not a very humorous man either. In some parts of Scotland it seems to be taken for granted that sleeping is one of the privileges of the sanctuary. That must have been the idea of the woman whose husband's insomnia baffled the family doctor. The doctor told her he had tried all the remedies known to the profession, but could not put her husband to sleep. "Now, doctor," said she, "gin we could tak' him tae the kirk!" It is not hard to tell at least one of the purposes for which her church was used.

The causes that produce sleep in church are various. With many it is a habit that has grown upon the sleepers unconsciously, and has grown to such strength that they cannot shake it off. They know that it is an abominable, irreverent and sinful habit, but habits long indulged in are powerful and

often bind even good men against their will. Bad ventilation produces much sleep in church. Many churches seem to have been constructed for the purpose of slumber. They are badly lighted, are kept perfectly closed during the week, and on Sabbath pure air is kept out more carefully than Satan. Some of the people have a superstitious dread of draughts, and will not allow the windows to be opened. They do not know that foul air produces more colds than moderate draughts, and they breathe the foul air cheerfully. Men who have been in the pure, open air all week sit down in that foul, stuffy atmosphere, and they are asleep before they know. Bad health makes some people sleep. There are conditions of the digestive organs that make the most devout hearer sleepy. A man in that condition is more to be pitied than blamed. In Canadian towns and cities overwork on Saturday evening causes a large proportion of Sabbath slumber. Stores are kept open until eleven o'clock or, perhaps, even longer. The employes go home at midnight so tired that they can scarcely walk. They are not half rested on Sabbath morning, and when they sit down in church nature goes in search of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Who is responsible for the sleep in church caused in this way? Not the worn-out workers who sleep. Not the merchants whose business places have been kept open until near Sabbath morning. The people who do their shopping late on Saturday night are responsible. They are the sinners. In many Ontario towns and cities Saturday night is the principal night for business. The streets are crowded. The stores are full. People who rarely go "down town" during the week always take a tramp on Saturday evening. They would not think that the week had been properly rounded off if they did not take a promenade and a run through the stores late on Saturday night. This habit not only makes employes in stores sleep in church—it keeps hundreds out of church altogether. And yet many of the people who thus conduct themselves on Saturday evening are church-going people themselves. Many of them are members of churches. It is right that Christian people should combine to stop Sabbath excursions and stamp out Sabbath newspapers. This business of turning out on Saturday evening and keeping stores open until midnight does a thousand times more harm than a Sabbath newspaper during war time; but nobody seems to take any notice of it. Sabbath newspapers are or were published in Toronto alone; but this form of Sabbath desecration exists over all the country. It opposes the work of Christ directly in every town and city in the Dominion. And what is worse—much of it is carried on by professing Christian people. We think we hear our readers shout: "Preachers are responsible for much of the sleeping in church." That is just what we are coming to. Some preachers are undoubtedly to blame

for much of the sleeping in their churches. Pulpit humdrum has marvellous power as a soporific. Monotony in matter and delivery makes men sleep as soundly as Adam slept when Eve was taken out of his side. It would almost seem as if some sermons were constructed and delivered for the purpose of putting people asleep. At all events, they produce that effect with painful regularity. But let it be remembered that some hearers would sleep under any preacher. At least one young man went to sleep under the preaching of Paul. Paul must have been a rousing preacher and the matter of his sermons was good, but he could not keep all his Troas congregation awake. Eutyclus fell asleep, although he sat on a window sill on the third storey. If all the people in Ontario who sleep in church should fall as far as Eutyclus did, there would be an alarming decrease in our population.

But before we condemn too severely any minister for putting people asleep, let us consider some of the difficulties he has to contend against. He preaches in the *humdrum style*, does he? A good many of his congregation think that is the right style for preaching. If he preached in a lively style they would say he was not pious. They believe that piety and humdrum are as closely related as twins. He is *heavy*, is he? But if he preached in a fresh, crisp, pointed and interesting style, some of the people would be sure to say he was not deep. The good man has to say a number of incomprehensible things every Sabbath to keep his hold on that portion of his congregation who like to hear about the subjective and objective, the absolute and infinite. They would lose all confidence in their minister if they understood him. He is *monotonous*, is he? But if he spoke in any other way some of his good people would say he was theatrical and that would kill him. He is *dull*, is he? Quite likely, but don't you know that if he was anything else a number of his people would say he was not dignified. It is rather too bad to force a man to preach in such a way as to put people asleep, and then blame him because they are asleep. Some of the people who sleep the most are the very men who demand the style that puts them asleep. That may be one reason why they like it.

HOLIDAYS FOR MINISTERS.

"Why should ministers have holidays? Other men work all the year round. Why should not ministers do so?"

Why are you not correct in your facts? Other men *don't* work all the year round. The other men rest fifty-two days in the year if they are not Sabbath-breakers. How many ministers in the Presbyterian Church of Canada have a vacation of over seven weeks or fifty-two days? Every good citizen rests one-seventh part of the time. To be even with the other

men in the matter of rest a minister should have as long a vacation as all the Sabbaths of the year put together. The day on which the other men have their needed rest is the day on which the preacher has to do his hardest work.

Why not rest on Monday? says some one. Because he can't. In a congregation of any size each day brings its own share of work and you must do it or fail. Monday brings Monday's work and the work of Monday must be done as well as the work of any other day or the whole week is spoiled. Every city and town preacher knows that Monday is often his busiest day. A great many things that require attending to at the close of the week are put off until after the Sabbath. They accumulate on Monday and make Monday a busy day. Besides, many of the duties that devolve upon a pastor cannot be postponed. How could you say to a family: "Better put off your funeral until Tuesday, Monday is my resting day." The theory of resting on Monday is fine; in practice it is a dead failure.

There are a few benighted people in the church who think that a minister works on Sabbath only and rests the other six days. We have no controversy with *them*. This contributor does not write for idiots. Here, then, is one good, solid, all-sufficient reason why a minister should have holidays: He works seven days in the week while most other men work but six.

But is it a fact that the other men who rest every seventh day take no rest except on Sabbath? Everybody knows that a large portion of the community take an annual holiday over and above the rest of the Sabbath. The teachers of this Province have a holiday of about two months every summer and well they deserve it. Lawyers have their long vacation. All mercantile houses give their employees a holiday. In fact all brain workers in this country have a vacation. A half holiday on Saturday is becoming the rule in many manufacturing establishments on this and the other side of the lines, and those who ought to know predict that the day is not far distant when the whole of Saturday will be given by many large employers of labour in the States. Let any man visit the places of summer resort all over this country next month and see whether ministers are the only men who take holidays. A very short inspection will convince him that a large proportion of every class of people in the community take a vacation of greater or less length. About the only men in Canada now who don't get a holiday at some time or other are country ministers. Certainly, they are the only brain workers who never get a vacation.

There are some special reasons why a minister should have a vacation. As a rule his health is his only capital. If that fails, all fails. He has no property or business to fall-back upon. There is nothing between his family and semi-starvation but his work-

ing power. When he becomes unable to work the little income stops. When he can no longer occupy his pulpit, his family can no longer occupy the manse. Health for him means bread and a home for his wife and children. Most other men have something to fall back upon when ill-health comes. Ministers as a rule have nothing. This alone will be considered a sufficient reason for giving ministers a vacation by all men who have generosity in their hearts and grace in their souls. The man who asks why should the minister have a holiday would probably be the first to turn the children out of manse if their father's health broke down.

But the reasons are not all of a personal kind. It *bores* to give the minister a holiday. It pays the congregation of which he is pastor and pays the Church as a whole. Many congregations in towns and cities know this and govern themselves accordingly. They know that any brain worker can do more work and better work in eleven months of the year than in twelve, and they ask him to work only eleven months and expect him to rest on the twelfth. Most intelligent people are waking up to the idea that a good physique and an abundance of nerve power are indispensable to the highest success in the ministerial profession as in any other. Intelligent people no longer see any necessary connection between preaching and chronic sore throat, between dyspepsia and sanctification. They know that a good mind is usually found in a sound body, and a good voice comes only from a man who knows the value of exercise and plenty of fresh air. Beyond all doubt the thing most needed now by many of our younger ministers is *force*. They are devoted, earnest, cultured, polished, scholarly; but too often intelligent hearers, not at all unfriendly, go away from church, saying: "Excellent young man that, well arranged discourse, well composed, good scholar, no doubt, but he lacks force." So he often does, and the force he lacks is often nerve force. He has been worked at college, in the mission field and in his first pastorate, until there is not enough of him left to move a mass of men. He works on for ten or fifteen years without one decent rest—without one month's holiday, and then he is so weak, spiritless and despondent that first-class work with him is an impossibility. The snap, the ambition, the "ginger" as the doctors say, has gone out of him. Does it pay the Church to support six colleges for the education of young ministers and then use many of the ministers in such a manner that good work from them is an impossibility? Does it pay individual congregations to keep their minister hammering away year after year without a rest until he becomes physically and mentally incapable of a good effort.

At a recent Synodical Conference Principal Grant dealt some very hard but on the whole just blows at ministerial dulness—want of freshness in their pul-

pit efforts, he termed it—if we rightly remember. The learned Principal gave Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Gladstone as illustrations of how minds may be kept fresh at seventy and eighty. The comparison of a hard-worked country minister, who supports his family on \$600 a year, with the Premier of Canada and the Prime Minister of England scarcely goes on all fours. Had these statesmen been compelled to do the work of many a Canadian minister and support a family on five or six hundred dollars a year, they might have been just as lacking in freshness as any member of the Kingston Presbytery. Sir John has crossed the Atlantic ten or twelve times, has travelled all over America and a little in Europe, has had for forty years all the advantages that money and high position could give him. He spends two or three months every summer that he does not travel in a beautiful summer residence at Riviere Du Loup, breathing the stimulating air of the Lower St. Lawrence. Gladstone has had all his life everything that the world can give to keep a mind fresh. A parson that could not keep his mind fresh under these conditions for a hundred years should be expelled from the pulpit.

There are but two ways of keeping one's mind fresh—by reading and travel. How can a man read new books if he has no money to buy them? How can he travel if he has no money to pay his expenses? A very considerable part of the dulness in the pulpit complained of would be removed if the salaries of poorly-paid ministers were doubled. Not all, by any means. Some men would be dull no matter how well you treated them. Some who have *big salaries are dull*. There is no reasonable probability that Mr. Macdonnel will be able to double the stipends for a year or two yet. The next best thing then is to give the minister a good holiday each year, and see if he does not do better when he returns.

A good many mean things have been done in the Presbyterian Church. Perhaps the meanest was the act of a very strict man who gave his minister a present of a few bushels of potatoes so small that they were unsaleable, and then made the present pay his pew-rent. Next to this perhaps the meanest act is that of a parishioner whose minister had not had a rest for twenty years. He hears a well-paid, well-kept, well-rested, well-helped preacher and exclaims in open-mouthed wonder: "Oh, if we had a man like *that*!" If you had he would soon be as spiritless and weak, and generally pumped out as your own! Give your own minister half the chance that man has had his whole life-time, and your minister might be a better man. If the parishioners of this man you admire had been *men like you*, your hero would likely have been starved to death or have been sent to a lunatic asylum ten years ago.

This contributor has nothing to complain of personally. He has always had all the holidays he needed

or wanted, and kind, generous friends have many a time given him the wherewithal to enjoy them. But he sees men toiling on year after year amidst many discouragements who never have the luxury of a real rest. He has seen more than once worthy brethren pinching themselves when taking a little trip because they well knew that the loved ones at home could ill bear the expense. He knew well that many of the parishioners of these brethren were rolling in wealth and that many of them spend hundreds on their holidays every year. He hears men preach occasionally and he knows well that if they had more recreation, more nerve power, more of that life and "go" that health and prosperity usually give, they could serve their Master and their Church much more efficiently. If this paper is the means of giving one such man a holiday, "Knoxonian" has his reward.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

FROM THE FRIENDLY VISITOR.

Mr. Rodney wanted a gardener, and, having but lately settled in the parish of St. Faith's, was a little puzzled to know where to look for a man. Had he not been a stranger he would have applied to some of the more respectable inhabitants to assist him, but he was loth to trouble them on the subject, and made the enquiry of a carpenter who was doing a few repairs to the house he had just purchased.

"A gardener," said the man, musing; "well, sir the spring is coming on, and most of them hereabout are in full swing, but I think Ben Carter is at liberty."

"Who is Ben Carter?" asked Mr. Rodney.

"He was one of the gardeners to the squire," was the reply; "but now he only jobs about,—does what he can for a living."

"Why did he leave the squire?"

"I don't want to say anything about it, sir," answered the man, cautiously. "You go and see Ben; then if he likes to tell you about himself he can do so, but it ain't no business of mine, sir."

"Where does he live?"

"In Norman's Cottages, just behind the church there; you are sure to find him, everybody knows Ben; and if he is not at home you will be sure to see his daughter."

In the afternoon Mr. Rodney went to Norman's Cottages and quickly discovered the residence of Ben Carter. The cottages were altogether rather poor and meagre, but Ben's cottage bore the distinguishing mark of being rather poorer looking than the rest. His neighbours, one and all, had made some attempts to brighten their humble homes—a honeysuckle or creeper twining about the door, or a few flowers in a window, and a bit of white curtain, told of their little

efforts; but Ben, although a gardener, had neither paint within nor creeper without, and from the doorstep to roof was written idleness and neglect. The very chimney pot leaned on one side with a sottish air, and broken windows here and there looked blank and dull in contrast to the rest, which shone with tolerable brightness in the rays of the afternoon sun, in spite of the dirt encrusted thereon.

"I am afraid that Ben Carter is rather disreputable," thought Mr. Rodney; "but I want a gardener, and if there is anything to be made of the fellow I will have him."

He knocked at the door, and Mary Carter, after a brief delay, opened it. Ben's daughter matched the cottage well; she was dirty and slovenly, and her dress was patched and torn, something after the fashion of the windows. Barely seventeen, she, at the first glance, looked thirty. There is nothing like dirt and a scowl to add years to a young face.

She stood with the one hand upon the door and the other twisting up her back hair in a careless fashion, waiting for her visitor to speak. Mr. Rodney looked at her, and the unfavourable impression against Ben derived from the outside appearance of the cottage was in no wise removed or weakened.

"Is your father in?" he asked.

"No, he ain't," replied Mary, shortly, with an additional scowl, which put at least another five years upon her.

"Can you tell me where to find him?"

A pause—Mary looking doubtfully at Mr. Rodney.

"What did you want him for?" she asked at length.

"I am in want of a gardener," replied the visitor, "and I wish to see him. If he is at all likely to suit me, I will engage him."

Another pause—Mary's face full of doubt and perplexity.

"If you could wait a minute, sir," she began slowly.

"I will wait with pleasure," interposed Mr. Rodney.

"He won't be long, I know," said Mary; "he said he would be home by one o'clock, and it's now nearly two. He's seldom more than an hour out of a time he names."

"Not more than an hour out!" thought Mr. Rodney as he walked in; "so Ben is unpunctual—a very bad thing in a workman. I am afraid I shall not like Ben."

The inside of the cottage was a little worse than the out; a few old pieces of rickety furniture were scattered about without any attempt at arrangement; the mantelpiece had neither glass nor ornament; the stove was rusty, and the floor was in that condition which tidy housewives stigmatize as "being fit to sow peas,"—a pungent observation which, as my readers

are doubtless aware, is intended to be a very bitter sarcastic allusion to the dirt thereon.

Ben's cottage looked none the better for the sunlight which streamed in at the door. A dull day would have left many of its imperfections unrevealed, but the bright spring afternoon searched every nook, and laid bare every sign of dirt, poverty, and neglect.

"Something wrong with Ben and his daughter too," thought Mr. Rodney; "but I won't be in a hurry. Let me see what it is before I judge them too harshly."

He sat for a while in silence—Mary leaning idly against the door, looking out. Presently she turned to Mr. Rodney and said,

"If my father should not come in soon, shall I send him down to see you, sir?"

"I would rather see him to-day if I could," replied Mr. Rodney, "as I am going away to-morrow, and I want to leave him at work. Whose shadow is that?"

Mr. Rodney pointed to the door, on which the sun had thrown the shadow of a man. It was only a shadow—a blank outline of a man—but it told the story of that man's life. There was the bent, crushed hat, the bloated face, the stooping shoulders, and the slouching figure of the sot. Drink was written on every inch of the outline of Ben Carter, and Mr. Rodney knew the class of man at once.

"Is that your father?" asked Mr. Rodney, pointing to the shadow.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary, "but stop a minute. I will go out and speak to him."

She went out before Mr. Rodney could make any response, leaving him with his eyes fixed upon the unseemly-looking outline of Mary's father. In a minute she came back alone, and the shadow was gone.

"My father will call upon you this evening," she said in a hesitating way; "he has something to do just now."

"The worse for drink, I suppose," thought Mr. Rodney; then he added aloud, "Your father need not come; he will not suit me."

"How can you tell that, sir?" asked Mary, with indignation dawning in her eyes.

"He is not the man I want," was the reply; "I do not like his shadow."

Without giving any further reason for his dislike to Ben Carter, Mr. Rodney put on his hat and walked away, leaving Mary leaning moodily against the rickety table.

Shortly after Mr. Rodney left, Ben Carter came in. Ben was, as Mr. Rodney guessed, the worse, and very much the worse, for drink; but, like many sots, he had pretty accurate knowledge of anything which concerned himself, and his first words were about the expected situation.

"You—told him, Mary," he said—his voice sounding hoarse and guttural—"you told him I would come?"

"Yes, I told him," replied Mary.

"I'll have an hour's sleep," continued Ben; "and then, if I have a wash, I shall be fit to go down to his house."

"You may sleep and wash as much as you like," said Mary, surlily. "A wash would not do you any harm, but it won't get you the situation. The gentleman doesn't like you."

"Not—not like me!" exclaimed Ben; "why, he never saw me!"

"But he saw your shadow," said Mary, "and he didn't like it."

"It was bad enough for him," continued the girl after a moment's pause, "although it didn't show him the state of your clothes, all torn and stained with beer. He said you would not suit him."

"Not like my shadow!" muttered Ben, with a look of wonderment in his face.

"I don't wonder at people turning from us," Mary went on bitterly. "I am sure neither of us is fit for decent folks. See how changed you are! When poor mother was alive, she kept you from drink, she kept your clothes and house tidy, and it was something like a home."

"Why don't you do the same?" demanded Ben.

"Because I am only a child," Mary replied; "and I was still more of a child when I was first left with you, and like a child I fell into your ways. I am dirty and slovenly, and not a bit like other girls, and I know it. I don't see how it can be otherwise while you go on drinking and spending every penny you get. It breaks my heart. I wish I was dead."

And the poor girl, over-burdened with her misery, fairly gave way and burst into tears.

Ben sat upon one of his rickety chairs, looking at her in a half-surlly manner; but there was the dawn of something better in his face; remorse was at work—the seed of better thoughts and ways was sown.

"I used to love my father," sobbed Mary, "and I was proud of him; for let them say what they like, you are a good workman when you keep away from drink; but how can you expect me to love you or care for you, or keep your home tidy, when other people turn away from your shadow on the door? What you can see in that dirty public house I don't know."

"And I don't know either," muttered Ben; "but I've got into the ways of it, and there's an end of it."

"But it isn't the end of it," said Mary, looking at him through her tears; "the end of it hasn't come yet; but I can see it getting nearer every day. There is the workhouse for you, and what will become of me? I wished to go into service, but nobody wanted the daughter of drunken Ben Carter. No; everybody turns from me as they turn from you. It would be better for us if we were both dead."

"Don't go on so," said Ben, remorsefully; "I am sure I don't wish to be an unkind father."

"I know you don't," replied Mary; "but is it kind to be always at the public-house, and only coming home to sleep off the horrible drink? How can you expect me to have any heart in my home, or any love for you? Perhaps one day I may run away from your shadow too."

Ben rose up and went out. The words of his child had sobered him; remorse had taken possession of his heart, and he wished to be alone for a while to think over his position. He turned, as most men do at such a time, to solitude, and made at once for the fields. On his way he passed his favourite haunt, the public-house, and some of his boon companions were lounging idly against the door.

"Hullo, Ben!" cried one, "where are you going? Come and stand a drink."

Ben turned his head from them and hurried on to the fields; but there was not solitude enough there. The sun was too bright, and the birds sang too cheerily; everything was such a contrast to himself that he could not remain there. Hurrying on, he walked into the wood near, and, sitting down under the shade of an oak tree, buried his face in his hands.

"A man must be very bad when they turn away from his shadow," he thought. "I wonder what I look like?"

I am certain that Ben had not thought of his looks for many a day; but now he took a survey of himself, and then ran over the items of his disgrace.

"Boots very bad—worn out at the toes, down in heel—no socks; trousers ragged, dirty, stained, and showing bits of my bare legs; waistcoat gone—sold for a pot of beer; coat quite as bad as the trousers, and smelling filthy."

Ben took a long sniff at this garment to assure himself of its unwholesome condition, and was compelled to admit that it was a most abominable article of dress; then he took his hat off and looked it over and over, turning it carefully in his hands, and taking stock of it inside and out.

"As bad as can be," he said; "there's a better one on the scarecrow in the field yonder, I wouldn't mind changing for it a bit. Mary was right; it ain't no wonder that everybody turns from me, even from my shadow; but I won't have any more of it. I'll get rid of these clothes and buy some more—when—when—I've earned—the money."

Very slowly Ben finished his soliloquy, for it was one thing to talk of earning money, and another thing to do it. Ben might now be very ready for work; but were people ready to employ him? His character had been bad for years, and of late had grown worse, for Ben had been guilty of getting, when he could, his wages beforehand, and then neglecting his duty. He ran over the list of those who had casually employed him, and in every case found that he had barred him-

self from all consideration and hope of relief from his present position.

"When I took the four shillings for Mrs. Maple's geraniums, I meant to buy them," he thought; "but I got to the public, and somehow, every penny went; and I owe Mr. Ripple a day's work, and I borrowed sixpence from Mrs. Teasdale. I'm all wrong, that's what I am, and I don't know which way to turn."

"The strange gentleman who called upon me this morning," he continued, after a pause; "I have not seen him; but he must be very hard to judge a man by his shadow. Oh, I wish I had seen him! but—why not see him now? I'll go and make a clean breast of it. He can only say 'no,' and then I can try something or somebody else. I'll go down to the new villa to-night—no, not to-night, but now."

The resolution was strong upon him, and he went at once, walking quickly through the fields, lest his resolution should flag. When he reached the main road, he avoided the eyes of all he met, fearing that he might fall in with some of his old companions and get led away from the habits he had resolved to forsake.

Mr. Rodney was at home in the front garden, and Ben, opening the gate, went in. Removing his hat he made his best bow and said:

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Rodney looked at him carelessly, without any sign of recognition; he was mentally engaged in arranging his grounds for the summer. A second look at Ben gave him a false impression of the intruder, and he said:

"I never encourage wandering beggars. I have nothing to give."

"I am not begging, sir," replied Ben; "I want work."

"Work!" exclaimed Mr. Rodney in surprise; "work? I should think work and you have long been strangers."

"I own it, and I'm sorry for it," replied Ben, hanging his head; "but I want to do better. My name is Ben Carter."

"The fellow I called upon this morning," said Mr. Rodney. "I did not like your shadow. I told your daughter you would not suit me."

"I shall suit you if you will give me a trial," replied Ben earnestly; "I know my work as well as most men, and I want to get out of my ways and live decently again. I've been a great fool, and worse, sir, but it's all over now, if I only get a chance to live well again."

"But you fellows never reform," said Mr. Rodney, toying with his watch-chain; "you all tell the same tale until you get into full work; then you go back to your old ways and run down like an old clock."

"Some do, I know, sir," said Ben; "but I give you my word I won't."

"You see this, too, my good fellow," replied Mr. Rodney, "it is impossible to trust a man who drinks. He may be as honest as the day in his sober moments; but when he has given himself up to his master, away goes his principle. First he gets rid of his own goods, then he gets into debt, and then he begins to finger the property of his employers. I know it, for I have tried two or three men of your pattern, and they always turned out alike. No, my good fellow, as I told your daughter, you won't do for me."

This gentleman, who really believed what he said, spoke in a very firm tone, and turned away from Ben as he concluded. The fact was, he did not care to be troubled with men of Ben's class; he had, as he said, given two or three of them a trial, and when they went wrong he lost all faith in his fellowman. It was too much trouble to be bothered with the backsliders of the world, and he was resolved to have no more of them.

But Ben was firm too. Drowning men catch at straws, and he was truly a drowning man. Walking aiter Mr. Rodney, he made his last appeal.

"Give me a trial," he said; "and the first time I fail in my duty, or touch a drop of beer or spirits, turn me away. Ask any man who knows me, and he will tell you I can do my work with the best of 'em. My father was the best of gardeners, and he trained me. The squire always said there was not another man like him. Give me a trial, sir."

The gentleman faced about and looked at the appealing face of Ben. Mr. Rodney was not bad-hearted, and the words of the repentant gardener touched him.

"I will give you a trial," he said; "but remember this, if you fail, I shall never listen to another of your class. I abhor a drunkard, and I instinctively turn from one as I would from a pestilence. On you depends whether I shall ever attempt to reform another. You cannot come here in those clothes; but I do not intend to give you any. A man ought to be above charity if he can get work and is able to perform it. You shall have a suit of clothes to-morrow, and I will stop a shilling or two from your wages every week till it is paid. Will that please you?"

"I feel your kindness deeply, sir," said Ben, overcome with joy.

"Say no more," returned Mr. Rodney, "but let your future conduct speak. Be here to-morrow at six o'clock. I will purchase some clothes for you this evening."

Ben went home transported to another life of joy. But he had a scheme in his head, and that was to say nothing to Mary that night. He kept out in the fields until late, thinking over his new prospects, and then stole home and went to bed. Mary had long before retired, burdened with the feeling which had

found a partial vent earlier in the day in the presence of her father.

In the morning Ben Carter was up with the lark and at Mr. Rodney's gate full half an hour before the time appointed. A few minutes before six, Mr. Rodney himself appeared, and nodding carelessly to Ben, bade him come in.

"In the tool-house you will find a suit of clothes," he said; "put them on and come to me."

Ben went into the shed or tool-house, and found there a very decent suit of fustian. It fitted him very fairly—not quite so well, perhaps, as a Regent Street dandy would desire, but to Ben it was perfection, and he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if "he were quite another creature."

The grounds belonging to Mr. Rodney were in a very rough state; a path here and there had been planned, but only one carried out, and that led from the main road to the house. Here was a field for Ben—just the sort of thing which suited him—and in a few minutes he laid before his master a rough plan for the arrangement of the place.

"I shall want a few frames for cuttings," he said; "and the green-house might be larger, sir; but I think I can make it do this season. A garden never looks well unless you have a storehouse, and a man always ought to be a season ahead with his bedding-out plants. I shall not be able to do much this year but I think I can make the grounds decent, sir."

"I leave it to you," said Mr. Rodney, "not being much of a gardener myself. If you please me, and keep sober, you have work as long as I remain here. If you fail in either, you leave."

Ben had no doubt of himself—none whatever—and he made a very busy morning up to breakfast time, when Mr. Rodney showed the kindness of his nature by voluntarily advancing Ben a few shillings to get necessary food. Before going away to his meal, Ben dug a hole in a corner and buried his old clothes.

"I shan't want to see them again," he said to himself; "nor the house where I got them into such a filthy state."

He had not time to go home to breakfast, so he purchased a small loaf at a baker's close by. The baker served him, but not knowing Ben in his changed attire, paid no heed to him, which very much astonished and rather grieved our friend, for he considered the novelty of his appearance quite equal to a civil com-munion.

A little after one o'clock Mary Carter was sitting moodily in the cottage, with her chin resting in her hand, when the door opened, and a man, presenting the appearance of a respectable mechanic, entered.

"Father's not at home—" she began, and then stopped short.

"She didn't know me," cried Ben in ecstasy; "didn't know her own father!"

"How could I know you?" asked Mary, with a bewildered look. Then a quick change came over her face, and she cried out: "What have you been doing? Is it anything wrong?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ben: "is it wrong to go and get honest work, and to have a gentleman giving me a helping hand—eh, Mary?"

"No, father, that's not wrong."

"Then I am right, and now I have come home to dinner. What have you got, Mary? Give me something to eat, and then I will tell all about it."

"There is nothing but dry bread in the house," said Mary, sadly, "and not much of that."

"Good again," cried Ben, half beside himself; "nothing but dry bread! Then it's lucky I brought home a bit of bacon with me, and an ounce of tea. Get a few sticks and put the kettle on. The bacon is cooked and we can eat it cold for once, but the tea must be hot."

Then Ben sat down upon a chair and roared again, rocking to and fro until it gave out signs of dissolution.

"It's very old," he said, rising and looking at the chair, "and it has been badly knocked about, but we will have better ones soon."

Mary made the tea, and Ben washed a plate to put the bacon on; and when they sat down together to partake of the frugal but welcome fare, Ben gave his daughter a full, true and particular account of all that had taken place between Mr. Rodney and himself.

"It is as good as a place for life," he said, as he arose to go back to his work.

"Keep away from drink, father," said Mary, "and you will be all right."

"Never fear," replied Ben, stoutly; "I am all right, I shall never touch it again."

Rash words—delusive self-reliance—as we shall see.

When her father was gone, Mary sat for a few minutes in deep thought, working out something in her mind. Then she left her seat and went into a small wash-house attached to the cottage, where she bestowed a hearty scrubbing upon herself, and with the help of a triangular piece of looking-glass (what is woman without a looking-glass?) put her hair into respectable order. Her father clean and respectable, she could be no less.

After this she scrubbed the floor of the cottage, dusted and arranged the meagre furniture; then she cleaned the windows, and finally washed herself again, made a little fire, put on the kettle, and, as the evening was coming on, she sat down to await her father's return.

He came in about seven o'clock, and, obeying one of the best impulses of woman's nature, she went up to kiss him. Then a new terror came upon her, and she drew back.

"Father!" she cried, "you have been drinking again."

"Only one pint," he pleaded; "I don't think that will hurt me."

"Who have you been drinking with?"

"I met Jim Brown," replied Ben, hanging his head, "and he talked me into having it. He said a little did a man good, that I should never get through my work without it, and I did feel faint, so I went and had one pint, and I am the better for it."

"All a false feeling," cried Mary. "Of course you felt a little faint, but it was caused by the drink yesterday, and not because you wanted any to-day. O! father, this is but the beginning of another bad ending."

"Let me have some tea, and don't preach," muttered Ben, with a surly look.

Mary made no reply, but made the tea and put it on the table; then she took down an old bonnet she sometimes wore, and went to the door.

"Are you going out?" demanded Ben.

"Only for a few minutes," replied Mary, kindly; "I shall be back in time to have some tea with you." She was not long gone—about ten minutes—and when she came back she took her seat beside him. Ben was half-angry with his daughter for her words about the little he had taken, and he ate his food in silence.

"If I had come back downright drunk," he thought "she might have grumbled; but I left them all and came away because I thought of her."

Mary could see what was working within him, but made no comment upon it; she had resolved to work upon her father another way, and had already taken what she believed to be the best step to save him.

Just as the tea was finished, and Mary putting away the things, the door opened again and the Rev. Mr. Marlow, the clergyman of the parish, came in. Mr. Marlow was well known as a earnest divine, and an excellent friend to the poor. He was also known to Ben, for he had often tried to turn him from his hapless ways; but Ben had shown great obstinacy of spirit and they had not spoken for some time.

"Good evening!" said Mr. Marlow.

"Good evening, sir!" said Ben, in some surprise.

Mary drew back, and sat quietly in a corner.

"I have heard good news of you," continued Mr. Barlow, sitting down. "Mr. Rodney has engaged you as gardener?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I hear still better news of you, Carter. I hear that you have resolved to give up drink."

Ben winced and looked at his daughter. Mary's eyes were on the ground, so he was compelled to look again at the clergyman, but he said nothing.

"A resolution of that sort," Mr. Marlow went on, "requires great strength of mind to keep. Men mean well when they make such resolutions, but too often the tempter leads them back again."

"I suppose it is so, sir," replied Ben.

"The reason is that man in himself is weak," said Mr. Marlow, "but he need not fail if he will seek help in the proper quarter."

"And where is that, sir?"

"Above," said the clergyman, solemnly. "Man must have help from the Great Source of all; in the body he needs daily food; in the spirit he needs spiritual help. Without it he becomes the slave of sin, and make what resolutions he may, his feet will go astray."

"I suppose my daughter has been to see you?" said Ben, with a quick look.

"She came to me half an hour ago," replied Mr. Marlow, "and came as a daughter should in such a case, full of love and anxiety for her father. She told me in a few words what had transpired during the past two days."

"And my having a drop this evening, sir?"

"Yes, Carter, she told me of that; and if you wish to live and be a respectable man, that drop must be the last."

"There's no harm in a little, sir," urged Ben.

"You cannot serve God and mammon," said the clergyman; "if a sin is to be really abandoned, it must be put entirely aside. Drink has been your curse; it ruined and degraded you; it kept you in the shadow of want and misery. To have a little is to hover still within its gloom. Look up, Carter—look up from the valley and see the light upon the hill-tops. Look to your Saviour, who sheds His beams of love there, and ask Him for help and He will save you, and keep your feet from falling."

"I've not prayed this many a year," said Ben, sorrowfully.

"The greater need now," said the clergyman. "In all cases prayer is the great helper. In such cases as yours it must be the great power you need. Of yourself you have failed the first day. Turn now to your Creator and place yourself in His hands; He will not fail you."

"But how can such a man as I am dare to pray?" asked Ben.

"Come unto Me all ye who labour, and I will give you rest," replied Mr. Marlow; "so said the Saviour; and He will keep His word. Come, Carter; you have shown yourself open to conviction, the grace of God has given you a knowledge of your sin, and placed before you an opening to a better life. Do not turn from it."

"You are right, sir, and Mary is right, and I am wrong—I'll drink no more," said Ben, with the light of a better life springing into his face; and if you wouldn't mind praying a little, sir, I am sure it would help me."

The clergyman offered up a long and earnest prayer for the poor fellow, and Ben, with a bowed head and

contrite heart, knelt beside him. Mary in her corner knelt too, with her bosom full of joy and hope.

That night Ben voluntarily signed the pledge, and again and again renewed within himself the vows to live a better life. There was more in him too, the fountains of his heart were open; the floodgates of his soul, long choked by vicious courses, were free and he could pray. Those who know the power of prayer can understand his feelings.

About a fortnight after this, Ben was in the garden at work, with Mr. Rodney looking on, when Mary appeared at the gate with his dinner. She was so changed that Mr. Rodney did not know her, and he remarked:

"This daughter is an improvement on the other one, Carter."

"I have only one daughter, sir," said Ben.

"Can it be possible that this tidy, good-looking wench is the slovenly girl I saw at your cottage?" exclaimed his master.

"It's true, sir," said Ben. "When her father was bad it was bad for her, and now, by the grace of God, I've turned again to the right way, it has altered her too."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Rodney, "but I wish you would not talk any nonsense about the grace of God. It's all cant."

"It is not cant, sir," returned Ben, earnestly. "Of myself I failed, sir—failed the first day—and Mary went to Mr. Marlow. He told me of the grace of God and of the need of prayer, and I have found it true. I must pray every night and morning, but every prayer makes me stronger and stronger. It brings God nearer to me, and with His presence comes help, I assure you, sir. But there, I'm an ignorant man, I can't teach a gentleman like you; but you can try it for yourself, and see if I am not telling you the truth."

Mr. Rodney turned away with an impatient shrug; but the simple words of his gardener kept close to him, and he kept revolving them in his mind throughout the day. He fought against the truth he had learned; but it would not be denied, and knocked again and again at the door of his heart. He had been a worldly man, thinking and caring little for aught else than this life; but now the light of another world began to dawn upon him, the possibility of a future became fixed in his mind.

He made acquaintance with Mr. Marlow, who, in the course of several conversations on the great mission of the Saviour, instrumentally finished the work begun by Ben, and the worldly man became a believing earnest follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus Ben's reformation bore double fruit; master and man lived such lives as honour the Saviour; both were earnest workers in His cause, and their influence lives to this day.

E. H. B.

Mission Notes.

MISSIONS.

The *Moravian Periodical Accounts*, etc., gives an insight into one form of missionary labour in the following touching story of four leper girls. It is by the Rev. J. La Trobe. He says :

"In the spring of 1874, three girls were admitted into the Leper Home at Jerusalem, founded by the Baroness Keffenbrinck Ascheraden, but under the care of Br. Tappe and his devoted wife, missionaries of the Church of the United Brethren.

"Hassne, then only ten years old, came from the Kaiserswerth Orphanage, called 'Talitha Cumi.' Fatme, who was fourteen years old, had been an inmate of the House at Bethlehem. Lative, also fourteen, was sent by the Russian authorities from Bathshalei, and was a nominal Christian of the Greek Church. All three were in the early stages of leprosy, but as yet their mental powers were not much impaired. The two former, who were Mohammedans, knew Arabic well, and had been taught to read and write in German, and under their instruction Lative learned to read the Bible and Arabic tracts. The story of their early days in the Home, as told by the good house-father Tappe, is very touching. 'As their fingers have not yet become stiff, they willingly help in housework, and as their voices are not yet hoarse, they go about singing hymns which they have learned in the before mentioned excellent institutions, or from St. Johanna, our Arab maid, and Sultana. Really it teaches one contentment to see them so cheerful, remembering that they must look forward to a life of suffering, in which each year must be worse than its predecessor. Poor girls! Their sisters would think twice before they offered them a hand; nay, their own mothers could scarcely bring themselves to kiss them, and they are denied all those caresses which are amongst the blessed memories of our childhood homes. We rejoice in the hope that our endeavours to bring these afflicted little ones to the Saviour have not been in vain.'

"In June, 1875, Smikna, a modest, lively girl, about Hassne's age, and of Greek parentage, came from Ramallah, a leper-stricken village, from which we had already received three other patients. The little group of four happy leper girls became close friends, helped each other in Scripture lessons, and ministered to their fellow sufferers in the women's ward. In the latter end of 1878, a poor woman, named Chesne (far advanced in leprosy), came to the Home. In her sore trial she yielded to the teachings of God's Holy Spirit, and attained to a knowledge of herself as a sinner, and Christ as her Saviour. During her last illness she was reduced to a pitiable state, and the effluvia from her sores became almost unbearable. Lative

however, insisted on sharing her room, and, though herself a great sufferer, waited on her with loving self-sacrifice. And she had her reward; for, just before Chesne died, she said to Lative, who was trying to moisten her parched lips: 'Oh! let me alone now; I am no longer here, I am in a more beautiful place, where everything is beautiful, so beautiful!'

"Did this scene recur to the girl-nurse, when, five years afterwards, her own hour of trial came? Surely *then*, in her ear the compassionate Saviour whispered: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of My sisters; ye did it unto Me.' In 1883 both Lative and Fatme were admitted into the home where no inhabitant shall say, 'I am sick'. It was sad to watch the change which year by year made, as leprosy cramped their limbs, choked their voices, and corrupted their bodies. But it was comforting to see how they were being purified in the fire, and made ready as vessels for the Master's use; for though no human skill could remove their leprosy, the blood of Jesus Christ, applied by His Spirit, could not only cleanse them from all sin, but claim for them admission into that holy city where there shall in nowise enter anything that defileth.

"Fatme was first called. Her last sufferings were intense; from her crippled feet portions of bone came away, and one leg was an open sore from knee to ankle. But her Saviour was always with her; and when she was reminded how He suffered for her, tears rained from her eyes, and she summoned courage to hold fast the beginning of her confidence steadfast to the end.

"Lative did not long survive her friend and companion of nine years. She was leprous all over, but was most affected in her eyes, and a fall down stairs resulted in a festering wound that could not be healed. But the Lord, who loved His sorely-tried child, used these chastenings to draw her closer to Himself. Happily she understood His design, and acquiesced in it, and so, casting herself on Him, and Him alone, she departed in peace.

"Thus two of these dear girls have been taken to the Home above, and two left a little longer to the tender ministrations of the beloved physician, the self-denying house-parents, the attentive sisters, and the diligent evangelist of the Leper Home at Jerusalem.

"If there were no other fruit of this labour of love among the lepers of the Holy Land than the happy deaths and cheerful lives of these young women, the reward would be ample. But these are only a few of the lepers who have returned to embrace the feet of their Deliverer, and to glorify God in songs of deliverance.

And when these cleansed lepers stand,
All pure and bright at God's right hand,
The King's own word to us will be:
"Your love to them was love to Me;
For were not they the least of these?"

N. Y. Independent.

Correspondence.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR,—The pastor of one of our country churches, in handing me recently his church subscription, remarked that he found most of his people quite in the dark as to the working of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; and, not being himself a beneficiary member, he was unable to give them reliable particulars in reference to it.

Now as the Society is at present specially appealing to the churches for aid in its work, it is very important that they should be in possession of such facts as would enable them to be in thorough and intelligent sympathy with the aims of the Society.

I have therefore thought it well to convey this information to the church through the medium of THE INDEPENDENT and I shall endeavour to do so as concisely as possible.

At the meeting of the Union in 1856, a number of the Montreal friends, who were deeply interested in the matter, presented a plan for providing annuities for the widows and orphans of deceased ministers of our body in Canada.

The Union considered the matter favourably, adopted the principle, and appointed a committee to consider the details; which committee presented a complete scheme to the Union meeting in 1857.

This scheme, with some amendments, was then adopted, and the Union appointed the first Board of Trustees. The main principle of the scheme then adopted, and which has never been changed since, is a combination, whereby the Society assists the ministers to secure an annuity for their widows and orphans, for a sum much less than an Insurance Company would charge. In only exceptional cases, and those very few indeed, can ministers set aside any portion of their income by way of provision for their families at their death; nor, in most cases, can they afford to pay the premiums required for a respectable life insurance. In view of this well known fact, the founders of the Society endeavoured, by the help of individual and church subscriptions to raise a sum of money as a nucleus for a capital fund, from the interest of which, together with the annual subscriptions of the ministers who would become connected with the fund as beneficiary members, and the annual subscriptions from churches, they would be enabled to pay annuities to widows and orphans as they might fall in.

The amount of the annual subscription required from ministers for beneficiary connection was fixed at ten dollars for those under thirty years of age, twelve dollars for those under forty, and fourteen dollars for those under fifty years.

At first the annuity which this payment would entitle their widows to receive was fixed at ninety dollars; and in 1873, it was increased to one hundred dollars, at which sum it still remains.

The orphans were provided for as follows: For each son under the age of sixteen years, and for each daughter under the age of eighteen years, twenty dollars; but forty dollars for the youngest child.

On these conditions the Fund was fairly started, and for over quarter of a century has been in successful operation. A large number of the ministers took advantage of its provisions, and the beneficiary list has generally averaged about twenty-five names.

From the Montreal churches there has been received for the Widows' and Orphans' Branch about \$3,000; and from all the other churches in the Dominion a similar amount, making about \$6,000 in all during the twenty-eight years of the Fund's existence.

This sum therefore represents all that the churches have given to supplement what was lacking in the annual subscriptions of the beneficiary members.

The interest received from the Society's investments to this date amounts to \$21,400; and the Society has paid for annuities to widows and orphans \$10,350.

There are now dependent on the Fund nine widows and seven children, involving an annual payment of \$1,180.

The total expenses connected with the working of the branch, including the cost of obtaining the first act of incorporation, and the second act in amendment, also all charges for printing, stationery, postages, etc., have only averaged \$24.77 per annum; and all the work connected with the management is given gratuitously and cheerfully.

At the date of the Society's report for 1883 the investments of the Fund were nearly \$21,000, the interest from which, together with the beneficiary subscriptions, was sufficient to cover all the risks carried; but at the end of 1883 came the collapse of the Montreal Loan and Mortgage Company, where the bulk of the investments had been placed for many years; and the Fund thereby lost a sum of about \$13,500.

This grievous misfortune necessitated an urgent appeal to the churches for pecuniary aid, in order to enable the Directors to continue the payment of the annuities.

During the Society's year 1884-85 the churches responded to this appeal pretty generally, and we were thus enabled to pay the annuities promptly, and add about \$500 to the capital.

The Board of Directors are greatly encouraged by the result of their appeal, as showing that the churches are interested in keeping up the efficiency of this valuable Fund; and are confident that if they continue to keep up their subscriptions for a few years

the Fund will, before long, regain its position, and be able to carry its own risks.

I hope I may be pardoned for troubling the readers of the magazine at such length on this subject. My excuse is that "necessity is laid upon me," and I *must* plead the cause of the widows and orphaned children of our ministers who laboured faithfully in the various churches of the Dominion, and have now been taken to their rest.

CHAS. R. BLACK, *Sec.-Treas.*

6 Lemoine Street, Montreal, 13th July, 1885.

News of the Churches.

BURFORD.—On Sabbath evening, July 5th, a very interesting service was held at this church. The ladies had decorated the pulpit with flowers, and the choir added to the interest of the service by anthems well rendered. Mr. Mason preached from the words of Christ: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Rev. W. Hay administered the ordinance of baptism to three candidates, and gave the right hand of fellowship to seven new members. In a short address he counselled them to be faithful, diligent in their attendance on the services of the church, to find some work to do for Christ, and to remember that He who had promised to be with them always could keep them from falling, and would bring them off conquerors, if they trusted in Him.

GUELPH.—Very interesting services have been held in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of the Guelph Congregational Church. On the 18th of June, Rev. Dr. J. F. Stevenson, of Montreal, delivered a lecture on "The Pilgrim Fathers," which delighted and instructed everybody who heard it. On Sunday, June 21st, the Rev. John Burton, B.D., of Toronto, occupied the pulpit all day, and preached two excellent sermons; he also addressed the Sunday school. On Monday evening, June 22nd, the jubilee meeting proper was held, the pastor, Rev. Duncan McGregor, presiding. After the devotional service the pastor briefly addressed the meeting, and then introduced Mr. S. Hodgskin, who read a paper entitled "Historical Reminiscences of the Guelph Congregational Church." This paper was a most interesting and historically valuable one. The choir of the church then rendered the anthem "Wake the Song of Jubilee," after which Wm. Stevenson, Esq., mayor of the city, read a paper entitled "Fifty Years of Guelph History," which, in about fifteen minutes, dealt in the most instructive manner with the rise and progress of the city. The trio "Praise ye," was then sung, and was followed by a short and inspiring address from the Rev. R. K. Black, of Granby, on "The Progress of Congregationalism during the past Fifty Years." The choir then sang the anthem "But the Lord is

Mindful of His Own." After which the Rev. W. F. Clarke, who had formerly been a pastor of the church, read a touching and instructive paper entitled "Jubilee Lessons." Another trio, "On Thee Each Loving Soul Awaits," was then sung, and was followed by a few congratulatory words from Revs. James Pedley, B.A., of Georgetown, J. C. Smith, B.D., of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and Wm. Savage, of Paisley Street Methodist Church. The pastor then, on behalf of the church, thanked all who had contributed towards the pleasure and profit of the meeting, and also responded to the congratulations and kind words spoken, after which the choir sang the anthem "Ye Shall Dwell in 'The Land,'" and this eventful meeting was brought to a close by the sinzing of the doxology and the pronouncing of the benediction. It is worthy of mention that the pulpit and platform in front of it were beautifully and tastefully decorated with plants and flowers. On Thursday, June 25th, the last of the series of the jubilee services was held. This took the form of a "garden party," on the beautiful grounds at the residence of Mr. Goldie, and here is how one of the city paper's describes it: "A scene of surpassing brilliancy. . . . The attendance was unusually large, the grounds being thronged with groups of young and old people, all drinking in the delights which the occasion afforded. The customary formality of a programme was dispensed with, and impromptu musical selections were rendered throughout the evening. The "Bell Band" played several pieces, and added much to the enjoyment and success of the event. Miss Borthwick and Miss Gansby gave some fine vocal pieces with their well known ability. Boating was indulged in by many. On such a bright moonlight night, it is unnecessary to say this exhilarating sport was heartily enjoyed. Mr. Goldie's extensive aviary was also a great attraction. It was thrown open to all, and the many beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe were viewed with interest. Lawn tennis, croquet and other games were played, ice cream, strawberries and all the delicacies of the season were supplied, and if one failed to enjoy himself or herself, it was not the fault of the promoters of this very successful garden party."

KESWICK RIDGE.—Rev. D. W. Cameron has resigned this charge since December 31st; and, we believe, has joined the Presbytery of Boston. There are some rumours we would gladly have explained. As it comes to our ears our friend left his pulpit on one occasion for five weeks unsupplied, being away nine Sabbaths in nine months. He nevertheless exacted the letter of the bond in the full amount of stipend. We know churches at times evince a business like meanness in their dealings with their pastors; on the other hand, if to suit his own end a pastor leaves home, making no provision for his church meanwhile,

and then exacts the utmost farthing, hard matter-of-fact men will wonder where clerical honesty is. Rev. J. Whitman is at present supplying the pulpit.

PINE GROVE AND HUMBER SUMMIT.—We understand that Mr. A. Gerrie has accepted an invitation from these churches to the pastorate. We anticipate good, steady, permanent work from this union.

ST. THOMAS.—Mr. Hall desires to acknowledge with thanks the following sums for the church: Geo. Hayne, Esq., \$20.00, James Walker, Esq., \$2.00.

STRATFORD.—On the 12th ult. the church was crowded as never since its opening and crowds turned away unable to gain admittance, the occasion being Flower Services. The building was elegantly decorated with evergreen festoons, choice plants in every variety and an abundance of beautiful bouquets; many exquisitely made floral emblems adorning the walls, etc. The hymns and anthems had floral reference, Miss Ryckman, the talented sacred vocalist of Hamilton, rendering most effectively the solo "Consider the Lilies," etc. The Rev. C. E. Gordon Smith preached in the morning on the Lord's garden, from Solomon's Song v. 1, and in the evening on the floral gospel from Ps. ciii. 15: "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth." The services were the first of the kind ever held in Stratford and of much spiritual power, giving universal satisfaction. At the close the bouquets were distributed to friends to convey to the homes of the sick.

PARKDALE OR WEST TORONTO.—This new church has formally entered upon its recently erected place of worship. It is situated on the Brockton Road, is a neat brick edifice, capable of seating three hundred people, and planned with a view to enlargement. At the opening there was a debt of \$2,100, which we suppose was lessened by the proceeds of the opening services, which were held on the 12th of July, Dr. Wild preaching in the morning, and Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., in the afternoon. The church and their esteemed pastor enter upon this new phase of their history with energy and hope. May the Brockton Road Congregational Church be abundantly prospered in the work of the Lord.

TILBURY CENTRE AND EDGEWORTH.—Although I have only been here about two months, allow a few words with reference to these churches. Tilbury Centre is a thriving little town, with a population of about one thousand. It is growing rapidly, and the inhabitants, neat and industrious, leave nothing undone that can be done to make it interesting, and to improve its condition. We have a neatly finished little church, which is supplied with an organ, and capable of seating about one hundred and seventy persons. Edgeworth Church is about two miles from Tilbury Centre. It is a small, though snug little church, capable of seating about seventy. The arrangements

are about completed for the building of a new and larger church edifice. There is not a cent of debt on either of our churches here. The people here were a little discouraged; but I found the church and Sunday school in connection with it in a very good condition, owing to the faithful and untiring efforts of Rev. Mr. Burgess, who, although about eighty-six years of age, continued to conduct preaching service every Sunday till I came. Mr. Burgess has been one of the most faithful. He has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith; when he has finished his course he shall receive a crown of righteousness. His son, Mr. John Burgess, who is one of the deacons, and superintendant of the Sunday school, is a very active Christian worker. Tilbury Centre Church was in a very bad state when I came here. It had not met for some months previous to my arrival. I began to conduct preaching service in these churches, and re-organized the Sunday school in Tilbury Centre, which so far has averaged about thirty-five. We have it well supplied with hymn books, lesson leaves and papers, and better than this, good, active teachers in both these schools. The congregations are considered good, and are increasing. The people here are intelligent, kind, liberal, ready and willing to enter into active church work. The regularity of attendance and increased attention paid to the Word, is sufficient evidence of the general interest taken in church work. I have no hesitation in saying that as far as Christian principle earnestness reverence and respect goes, the young men and women in these churches will not suffer by comparison with those of any other church. My efforts here have not been fruitless. God has not allowed His word to return unto Him void, but has accompanied it by His divine sanction, verifying His promise by a wonderful out-pouring of His Spirit, and the winning of precious souls to Christ. About twenty-five have already made a public profession of religion, of whom nineteen have been received into Christian fellowship, three with Tilbury Centre Church and sixteen with Edgeworth. We have all been revived and cheered by the manifestation of God's Spirit amongst us. Encouraged by past successes and laying hold of God's divine promises, we "go forward" in His Name, endeavouring to conform to His will, and do His work, earnestly praying that His work may continue to prosper in our midst, and that we may have before us as our object and aim, God's honour and glory.

J. O. HART.

TORONTO, ZION CHURCH.—The pastor of this church, Rev. H. D. Powis, and Mrs. Powis, have gone on a three months' holiday trip to their native British Isles. They intend to visit London, where Mr. Powis' son is engaged in extensive business in partnership with the well known firm of Bryant and May. They will also go to Edinburgh, where Mrs. Powis' relations live. In connection with their leave-taking, the

church held a social and conversazione on the 22nd of May. Dr. Richardson occupied the chair, addresses of brotherliness and good will were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Denovan, Caven, Briggs, Shaw, Burton, Milligan and Salmon. Fifty dollars were realized from the social, and given to the interest fund of the church. As a result of the special subscription list, opened with a view of reducing the mortgage debt of the church in November last, on the occasion of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the church, the sum of \$3,039 has been promised to date; of this amount \$1,500 has been received and applied in payment on account of the mortgage. It is expected that \$1,000 more will be paid in before the end of the year to be applied on the mortgage, leaving \$539 to go to the sinking fund towards a future payment. Word from the pastor tells that Mr. Powis and his wife are enjoying their visit to the Old Country in improved health and spirits. May they return full of renewed vigour and joy.

WOODSTOCK.—A church with sixty-eight charter members was organized in this town on Tuesday, July 14th, by Rev. H. D. Hunter, of London, Moderator of Council. Several more have signified their intention of connecting themselves therewith. A site for church building has been secured, plans agreed upon, arrangements made for supply, and a hopeful spirit prevails. We commend this new cause to the prayers and sympathy of our friends.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

I have sent out circulars to the pastors of our churches calling attention to the approaching issue of the Year Book; but lest any should have been overlooked I would like through THE INDEPENDENT to remind our friends to send in their orders to me as I have been appointed to the charge of this work.

The best recommendation I can give to this issue is to say that it will resemble its immediate predecessors as nearly as possible. It will contain the masterly address of the Chairman of the Union delivered at the meeting in June last; and besides the usual denominational reports, will have the first table of Sunday school statistics ever prepared for the Union.

The Directors of the Company have not thought it wise to abandon the system of cash payment on all orders received; but they have reduced the price of single copies to fifteen cents, and have fixed the price for quantities at twelve and a-half cents each. This is far less than the value of the book; but it is the desire of the Directors to bring it within the reach of all, as it is of great importance that every Congregationalist, at least, should purchase a copy every year. Will the friends kindly send in their orders at once.

In regard to Sunday school papers, I am glad to say that I have recently received several new orders. I have on hand a stock of samples of the most recent date and should be glad to supply any who may wish to receive them.

W. H. WARRINER,
Rocmarville, July 18, 1885. Sec.-Treasurer.

Literary Notices.

THE PULPIT TREASURY for July is prompt in time, full in matter and excellent in spirit. Preachers will find in its pages light, stimulus and abundant helpful materials in all departments of their work. A portrait of President Stephens, of Adrian College, is given, with a sketch of his life, view of his college and former church edifice. Other sermons are by some of the best living preachers, as Prof. Gerhart, Drs. R. S. Storrs, J. G. Hunter, J. Hall, Wm. M. Taylor and J. H. Rivers. Notable articles are those on Modern Safeguards of Orthodoxy, by M. H. Hutton, D.D.; A Suggestive Salutation, by Pres. J. Harper, D.D.; The Power of our Preaching, by Rev. B. Hart; Characteristics of a Good Man, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; Christian Tact, by Rev. J. Morgan; The Victorious Testimony, by Rev. T. Brown; Methods of Church Work, by T. L. Cuyler, D.D.; A Walk through Ancient Babylon, by Prof. Franz Delitzsch, D.D., of Germany, and Light on the International Lessons, by Rev. A. H. Moment. The editorials are on the Revised Old Testament, An Army with Banners, Undeveloped Talent, and Nephilim. Other departments are filled with articles of unusual merit. E. B. Treat, of the "Pulpit Treasury" Press, announces for early issue, "The Sabbath: its Permanence and Promise," by W. W. Everts, D.D.

THE HOMOLETIC REVIEW for July begins a new volume. The symposium article on "Ministerial Education" is by Prof. Valentine, of Gettysburg Theological Seminary. This series of papers is attracting wide attention. Dr. D. S. Gregory gives the first of a series of articles on "Sabbath-School Bible Study," which deserves, and doubtless will receive, due consideration. Dr. Broadus contributes an able paper on the topic, "Is the Pulpit Declining in Power?" Prof. Wiedner adds the seventh (a highly interesting paper) to the Symposium on Romans. Dr. G. M. Stone gives the first of three brief papers on "The Physical Factor in Preaching." Dr. John De Witt, of New Brunswick, N. J., has a bright and valuable article on "Studies in the Psalms." "The Prayer-Meeting Service" and "Living Issues" for this month are interesting. The editorial department is full, as usual, and varied and informing; while the contributions of Drs. Stuckenburg and Sherwood give a bird's-eye-view of the current thought of Continental Europe, and of current literature in Great Britain and the United States, completing a number no whit inferior

to the previous numbers of the year. (Published by FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York. \$3.00 per year; 30 cents per single number.) We note also the special inducement in the matter of standard works at greatly reduced rates. "Pusey's Daniel" is now on hand.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF CHURCHES, Hartford, Conn., May, 1885. (*The Case*, Lockwood and Brainard Co., Hartford, 150 pages.) The Congress is a species of Evangelical Alliance, and has special regard to Christian unity. This pamphlet is a report *in extenso* of papers read and speeches delivered at the last annual gathering, and is well worthy of being read. In reality it, without designing, gives force to the position of true Congregationalism as the ultimate ground of Christian unity, acknowledgment of the oneness of believers in Christ, and the sin of disturbing fellowship for form either of polity or creed. An article on this appears in our present issue.

Apròpos of union, there also lies on our desk a paper read at the Conference of the Scottish Congregationalists last April, by Rev. James Ross, Glencoe, on union between the churches of the Evangelical Union and the Congregational Union. A perusal of it shows that no real reason exists for these two denominations to stand apart, and the publication may be one influence urging on the consummation.

OUR enterprising contemporary, the *Montreal Witness*, has printed a twenty-five cent history of the Riel rebellion. We cannot say much for the wood cuts, they are of the newspaper type, but the issue presents a most readable and connected history of the late troubles in the North-West that will repay both the expense and the reading. We commend it as timely, instructive, and within reach of all.

OBITUARY.

Died, on June 23, 1885, at his late residence, Unionville, Ontario, Mark M. Braithwaite, Esq., merchant, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His end was peace. He has "gone to enjoy a healthier clime where streams of bliss fresh issue from the throne."

The subject of this narrative was born in Yorkshire, England, on February 4, 1822. When about nine years of age he removed with his parents to this country and with them settled in the township of Markham, where he continued to reside until the day of his death. On June 20, 1843, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Eckardt. Shortly after marriage he connected himself with the Congregational church in Unionville, which church was then in its infancy, having been organized about the year 1842.

Brother Braithwaite was a man possessed of broad and tender sympathies, a genial nature, an independent mind and a moral courage as fearless as it was strong. His purposes were life purposes. Given to much thought and consideration, his conclusions were slow-paced, but when matured, were as immovable as

the independent mind which generated them. He continually sat in the watch-tower of conscience and jealously guarded in the fear of God, the interests of his home, the Church of Christ and the land in which he lived. So impressive and telling was his course that the impress of his hand is left upon all with whom he came in contact. He lived not to the applause of men but to the praise of God. "Being dead he yet speaketh." His life is an inspiration to industry, economy, honesty and liberality in the fear of God. His works follow him and voice to us the sterling qualities of the man "whose God is the Lord."

A ruling ambition of his life was to be honest, to be true—true to himself, true to his fellowmen, and true to his God. He loved the truth for truth's sake. It was his pole-star, his guide, his "pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night." Truth with him was the invaluable, the unconquerable. Life's reverses could not change his principles. His God was the Lord when he drank from Mara's wells, as well as when he sat beneath the shade of Elim's palms. He rested in the love of God through Christ and drank from that river whose waters are pure, whose flow is perpetual, whose fountain is God and whose course is eternity.

As a business man, Brother Braithwaite was eminently successful. By industry and economy he secured a goodly portion of this world's goods and previous to his decease, by will, endowed handsomely each surviving member of his family.

He was a good citizen. In politics a staunch Reformer, always giving his adherence and influence to principles, not men.

As a member of Christ's church he was devout and consistent. For over forty years he was identified with the church at Unionville. He was one of its first members. He was not an office-seeker, but a worker, and, though eminently qualified to adorn the highest offices in the gift of the church, he persistently declined, choosing rather the honour of labour than that of distinction. He gave very great attention to Sabbath school work and was a teacher in the school at Unionville for over forty years. This was the only office he could be persuaded to accept. He lived for the church. He shared its joys and sorrows, its successes and reverses, until God took him to join the church of the first-born before the throne. In church work his constancy and liberality were known to all men. What he gave, he gave as unto the Lord and would frequently quote: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." He was a pillar in the church by his example, by his counsel and by his means. How the church can survive him we cannot tell. We trust in God, believing that although he buries His workmen, He will carry on the work. We miss him as only those who have been associated with him in church work can.

His life was one of strong faith in God, continually it up by the hope of the latter day glory.

As a husband and father he was tender-hearted, forgiving and kind. He lived for his family. His own interests were last considered. Out of a family of ten children four are with him in glory. A broken family, consisting of a sorrowing wife, three sons and three daughters, survive him to mourn their loss. They truly realize that their loss is his gain. He has left to them the invaluable legacy of a godly life. They are all members of the church of Christ and are endeavor-

ouring to follow him, as he followed Christ. The youngest son, Edward E. Braithwaite, a young man of great promise, is a student at our college for the ministry of our church in Canada.

Although a man of apparently strong frame and constitution, Brother Braithwaite's illness was of short duration. As he neared the dark valley he was calm and composed, trusting in Christ. On being asked if Christ was precious to him, he replied: "Yes, yes, He is precious." Shortly before death he exclaimed triumphantly: "O death! where is thy sting?" and in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, passed on to be forever with the Lord. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—*Com.*

THE "THANK YOU" PRAYER.

Once upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler
said—

While a father's arms caressing,
Round the precious form were pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty curl-ringed
head—

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober, solemn
air?

How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty thank-you
prayer?

"And I wonder all about it,
For of course I couldn't doubt it
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to one another,
To say 'Thank you' for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it; so I asked my darling
mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her, but I want to know real
bad—"

Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—
"Is it treating God politely
When he gives us things, to never mind nor tell Him we
are glad?"

"And since then I have been thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking!"
For a slow sob shook the strong man as each keen uncon-
scious word

Pierced him, all the past unveiling,
And the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the heedless
heart was stirred.

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And His sacred arm caressed them;"
Murmuring thus, he touched the child-brow with a pas-
sionate, swift kiss
Of the little one beside him,
Of the angel sent to chide him;
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, never more, his living lips
shall miss!
—*Woman at Work.*

BETTER UNSAID.

When the wild waves of passion rise high in the soul,
And the sunlight of mildness has fled,
O, hush the mad sentence that fain would be heard—
It is better, far better, unsaid.

A sinner has wandered away from the truth,
By his poor erring soul has been led;
But drive him not onward by stinging rebukes—
They are better, far better, unsaid.

And the hearts that surround us, that make life so dear,
By words can they often be bled:
But a lifetime of sorrow may come at their birth—
They are better, far better, unsaid.

Never lend to false flattery an utterance of thine—
Let truth be the standard instead—
At best they are useless, these unmeaning words
And better, far better, unsaid.

Ah! well 'twere with mankind if words of conceit,
Of slander and passion so dread,
More seldom were uttered, and better it were,
Far better, if ALL were unsaid.

MARRIED.

GERRIE—MARTIN.—On the 11th of July, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. R. Black, B.A., of West Garafraxa, Rev. A. W. Gerrie, of Pine Grove, to Emma, second daughter of P. S. Martin, Esq., Garafraxa.

Children's Corner.

A Sense of Honour.

HERE is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of young people, by ministers of the Gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of the youth, by all who have public interest or private authority, is—a sense of honour! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life where one person is employed by another to do a certain work imposes an obligation to fulfil the duties of the place with an honourable and disinterested regard for the interests of his employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand boy, the cashier, the legislator, the Governor. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious boy of our day. But, unless this commonplace view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces, but we will say that calamities

will increase, and that we will get into troubles and not soon out of them, compared with which the dangers and distress of the past will seem almost significant.

The Child Samuel.

IT was a dark night in Israel, and all things seemed to be going to wreck from the wickedness of Hophni and Phinehas, the sons of Eli, when God in mercy raised up *Samuel the Prophet*.

Observe first the *name* of Samuel—the meaning and the origin of it. It is mentioned in the First Book of Samuel, the 20th verse of the first chapter, that Hannah his mother “called his name Samuel” (a word which means *asked of God*), “saying, Because I have asked him of the Lord.” You learn from this that there were many prayers offered up for Samuel, even before he was born. What a privilege it is to children to have parents like Hannah, who pray to God for them often and earnestly! Doubtless Hannah prayed that Samuel might be a child of God *from his very birth*; and the Lord, we think, granted her request, because it is said in the end of the same chapter, that “they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli. And she said, Oh my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. *And he [the child] worshipped the Lord there.*”

Samuel could scarcely be more than three or four years of age at this time. But you see he was a *child of prayer* in more ways than one, for “*he worshipped the Lord there.*” He became afterwards a man very eminent for prayer. (See Ps. xcix. 6 and Jer. xv. 1.) But he prayed from his earliest years—not only “said prayers,” but *prayed*—he was a child of prayer, as well as a *man of prayer*. “Those that seek Me *early* shall find Me.”

Then, in the second chapter, at the 11th verse it is said that “the child did *minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest.*” He might now be about five or six; and of course he would “minister” in ways suited to his tender years. It

might be the running of an errand; it might be the lighting of a lamp; it might be the opening of a door; it might be the assisting to sing a sacred song. But it was “*to the Lord*”; and it was not the less pleasing to the Lord, but the more pleasing to him, that it was “*before Eli the priest,*”—that is to say, under his eye, receiving his directions, following the slightest hints of his pleasure. Those who are one day to rule among their fellow-men must first in their childhood learn *obedience* and *subjection*. But what is the meaning of the words, a little further on, at the 18th verse, that “Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, *girded with a linen ephod*”?—for the ephod was a part of the priest’s dress. Now Samuel never was a priest, because he was not of the family of Aaron. We find, however, that the ephod was sometimes worn by holy and eminent persons who were not priests, as in the case of King David, who is said to have “danced before the Lord, being girded with a linen ephod.” Does not this show you what a high place Samuel must have held in Eli’s regard, when he actually girded this child “with the linen ephod,” and thus held him forth to all about the sanctuary as *a holy and consecrated child*?

And then, still further, it is said in the 21st verse, that “the child Samuel *grew before the Lord*,” and in the 26th, that he “*grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men.*” God loved him, and men loved him. His gentleness, his fidelity, his diligence, his respect for superiors, his ready obedience to their directions, endeared him to all around. I suppose that even the wicked Hophni and Phinehas would stand in awe of this child, according to what we read in the Bible—“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies.” Samuel, it is said, “*grew before the Lord,*”—that is to say, not only grew in stature but grew in grace, in faith, in wisdom, in activity, in the work of the Lord, in the sight of the Lord.

What a lovely picture have we here! No doubt it was all of *grace*, “for there is none righteous,” naturally, “no, not one.” It was just the fruit of that promise: “A new heart will I give you”; it was “the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, shed down abundantly” on Samuel,

“through Jesus Christ our Saviour.” But it is not the less, on that account, held forth in the Scriptures *for your imitation*. Is not the Lord saying to you, in the early character and life of Samuel, “My son, *give me thine heart*”?

Early Called.

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

A little darling, full of grace,

Was on her pillow lying;

The bloom had faded from her face,

And she had run her Christian race,

For now she lay a-dying.

She was my Sabbath scholar, and

In all her work, delighted

To hear about the “Better Land,”

Where ransomed dear ones glorious stand,

In holy love united.

She dearly loved—with all her heart—

Her Saviour, ever gracious;

And prayed, “Oh Jesus, now impart

To me, where Thou in glory art,

Thy light and love so precious.”

That prayer was heard—a glory bright

To that young saint was given;

Her visage shone with wondrous light,

Ere her sweet spirit took its flight

To her dear home in heaven.

And softly then she said—and smiled—

“I hear the angels singing;

Yes they have come, in mercy mild,

To take away your little child

Where ceaseless praise is ringing.”

And so it was—she fell asleep—

And now in glory liveth:—

It is not ours for her to weep,

But ever God’s pure precepts keep,

Who grace and glory giveth.

Sweet Spring has come, and lovely flowers

Around her grave are blooming;

Her simple life and faith be ours,

Till we shall meet in heavenly bowers,

God’s perfect light illuming.

A. Young, Author of “There is a Happy Land.”

Homes.

HOME ought to be the most pleasant and comfortable spot on earth. Better be provoking anywhere else than at home. One should never plant thorns where he has to spend so much of his time himself. A little self-denial, a habit of pleasant speaking, a consideration of the wants of others—these make home delightful. Oh the eternal nagging and fault-finding and carping that go on in many a family! Every little personal, every little harmless pet indulgence, every ingrained trait on either side, comes in for a pestering fire of unpleasant remarks, that prick and scarify and sting until that house is no more fit to live in than a patch of nettles is for a tired man’s bed.”

“My Mother’s Bible.”

“WHAT is the meaning of this?” said a minister, coming into a house and taking up a tattered copy of part of the Scriptures. “I don’t like to see God’s word used so,” for, indeed, the book had been torn right in two.

“O, sir,” said the owner of the half-Bible, “don’t scold till you hear how it came to be thus. This was *my mother’s Bible*; and when she died I couldn’t part with it; and my brother could not part with it; and we just cut it in two; and *his* half has been the power of God unto salvation to *his* soul; and *my* half the power of God unto salvation to *mine*.”

What a change came over the good man’s countenance after this more than satisfactory explanation! And he left more than ever convinced that there is a mighty transforming power in God’s word.

A BOOK is a living voice. It is a spirit walking upon the face of the earth. It continues to be the living thought of a person separated from us by space and time. Men pass away; monuments crumble to dust—what remains and survives is human thought.

NOTICE.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, published fortnightly, will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum.

All communications regarding the subject matter of the magazine to be addressed to Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, Box 2648, Toronto.

All business correspondence to be directed to the “Business Manager,” Box 2648, Toronto, except those regarding advertisements, which are to be addressed to C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Pastors, Secretaries of Churches, or any interested friend of the cause, are requested to send for insertion items of Church News. To ensure insertion in the coming number, such items, correspondence, etc., must be on hand not later than the 10th or 25th of the current month.