



THE

# Canadian Independent.

---

---

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 4.

---

---

## PREACHING AND HEARING.

A friend of ours, who had just assumed the pastoral oversight of one of our Canadian churches, some years ago, was quietly taken aside one day by the former minister, and presented with a classified list of the membership, which he thought might possibly be of service to him. On inspecting the document, he found them ranged under three heads,—“TRUE YOKE-FELLOWS”—ready for every good word and work,—“NOBODIES”—a title that needs no explanation—and “QUEER!” We have no means of knowing what species were included under these several *genera*, or what proportion they bore to one another in the church aforesaid; but we fancy the classification will suit other communities besides the one for which it was originally intended, and our readers are therefore at liberty to rank themselves under whichever heading they please, always bearing in mind, however, that “if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.”

The existence of the two latter elements in a church, to any considerable extent, is an anomaly and a source of weakness, which no amount of ability and earnestness in the pulpit can ever wholly counteract. They are a dead weight upon any man's energies, from under which an Apostle himself might strive in vain to rise. The Lord calls men and women into his vineyard to work. He has made them children of light, that they may let their light shine. He has given them understanding, that they may hearken, and do his will.

Not a few church-members, however, seem to regard a religious profession as if it were the *goal*, rather than the *starting point*, in their Christian course. They join a church as they would a benefit society; their safety is now assured, and all they have to do is to pay! The minister is expected, by his eloquence and zeal, to fill the pews, to

gather in the non-church-going population around, and to convert them when they come. In short, the deacons are to "run" the machine, the minister is to supply the raw material, and work it up into the "fine linen" of a saintly life, and the people are to look on, applauding when he succeeds, and criticising when he does not !

"Many go to church," says the New York *Methodist*, "as they would go to a lecture or a concert. Having paid their money, they have no further care save to get their money's worth. The man in the pulpit is a performer ; the men in the pews are spectators or auditors. There is no sympathy between them. They pay pew-rent ; he receives a salary. Now, let him so conduct the service as to keep them awake and attentive. If he succeed in this, he is considered popular and attractive ; if he fail, he must take the consequence of his failure ; sleepy hearers, slim congregations, and change of parish." And our co-temporary raises a very pertinent and practical question when he asks : "Is it right to throw the whole burden of the church service on the preacher ?"

One of the legitimate results of this state of things is, that the cry everywhere heard is for first-class men—great pulpit orators—men "who will draw !" Our churches wish not the faithful preaching of the gospel only, but a Binney, or a Spurgeon, or a Guthrie to preach it. They are not satisfied with good, nutritious food ; they must sup it with a silver spoon !

And as the fashions of the city are speedily transferred to the country, the cry of our city churches is taken up by our rural ones, and not unfrequently churches deliberately choose to remain vacant because they cannot get the man they wish. They might, in many instances, be at once supplied with faithful and excellent men, who are only waiting to be invited, but they must have a *great* preacher. It is doubtful if Paul himself would have suited them, for "in bodily presence" he was "weak, and in speech contemptible," and was liable, moreover, to the objection of the Scotsman to a certain minister, whose pulpit talents his friend was warmly supporting, "Hoot, mon ; he's nae preacher ; he preaches only about Christ !"

Now, it is in every way desirable that all our congregations should enjoy the ministry of men of ability and culture, provided always that other essential qualifications are not overlooked. But as first-class men in every profession must always be comparatively rare, it is evident that most churches must learn to content themselves with *ordinary* men—with just such talent, in fact, as the Lord sees fit to employ, and as they

themselves consecrate to him. To a large extent, the ministry is what the churches make it. They reap as they sow. We refer now not so much to the inadequate remuneration commonly afforded, but to the lack of proper encouragement otherwise to young men of promise to enter that work. The Lord alone can call and qualify men for it, but that he often does by putting it into the hearts of godly parents, as he did into the heart of the mother of Samuel, to dedicate their sons unto him from their infancy. But how few, comparatively, think of this! Christian father, have *you* done it? You want our pulpits to be occupied by the best talent the country can afford. Are you willing that *your son*—the flower of your flock—shall forego the honours and emoluments of the law, or of medicine, or of commerce, and devote himself to the ministry? Have you prayed the Lord to accept him?

The truth is, the great lack of the church is not so much great preachers as good hearers; not oratory in the pulpit, but piety in the pew. Let the worshipper come to the sanctuary hungry and thirsting after righteousness, and he will seldom find much fault with the sermon, if only it set forth the great themes of the gospel. That will be to him "a feast of fat things," richer by far to his quickened appetite than anything which genius or eloquence can offer without it. "If you want good preaching," says one, "do not leave all the preparation to be done by the preacher. If it be his duty to prepare to preach, it is equally your duty to prepare to hear. How much better a man can preach when he feels that he has the full sympathy of his audience; when prayer ascends from every heart, and praise sounds forth from every voice! Then the stripling does the work of a giant, and God's word has its desired effect." The Lord give us all "ears to hear!"

---

## THE LONDON MISSIONARY DEPUTATION.

It affords us great gratification to announce that the postponement of the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York is not, after all, to deprive us of the visit of the distinguished English brethren who were expected to represent the Congregational Union and London Missionary Society on that occasion. The Revs. Dr. Mullens and Henry Allon have arrived, and cordially accept the appointments which have been made for them. As their stay in this country will necessarily be very limited, it is obviously impossible for them to do more than pay a flying visit to the cities and larger towns of Ontario and Quebec, and we hope, therefore, that churches in the immediate neighbourhood of their appointments will endeavour to be present and swell the numbers which

shall welcome them on these occasions. If we could say it without their hearing us and imagining that we were anxious to make an *extra effort* just now, we would say "Come out, brethren, your wives and your little ones, that they may carry back with them a good report of us to them that sent them!"

The special object of their visit to the Canadian churches, we had hoped would have been set forth in our pages, in a communication from Dr. Mullens himself, but up to the latest moment, much to our regret, it has failed to reach us. We need do nothing, however, beyond commending them, as we most heartily do, to the cordial support of the denomination.

---



---

### THAT LETTER.

The Rev. Robert Wilson writes us, demanding, "as a matter of *simple justice*" to him, that we now publish the letter to which we ventured to make allusion in our critique upon him in our last issue. We do so reluctantly, for his own sake, inasmuch as Mr. Wilson places himself thereby on either horn of a very unpleasant dilemma. We certainly never charged him with dishonesty in the article by which he felt so much aggrieved in our May number, neither did we "speak evil" of our brother, or "judge" him, contrary to the spirit of the Epistle to which he directs us. If, therefore, he had, as he asserts, a "conscience void of offence" in the change he has made, our closing paragraph expressly excepts all such cases from censure, and he has no just ground for offence; if he had not, he does perfectly right in taking the rebuke to himself.

His retort about the number of ministers we have received from other denominations makes nothing either for or against his case. If they came over to us conscientiously, they did right; if otherwise, they did wrong. But this, at least, was not required of them: they were not required to subscribe to a creed and to preach a gospel contrary, in some important particulars, to the most cherished convictions of a life time. We subjoin Mr. Wilson's letter.

[PRIVATE.]

To Rev. John Wood.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I address you as such, although you have all but christianized me. You have given me a stab in the dark. Why had you not the *manliness* to mention my name? I have been thirty-five years in the ministry, and it is the first time I have been charged with *dishonesty*. An article on CHURCH HONESTY might be of some practical value. I can, however, bear up under the dark and deadly insinuation, for in the whole matter I have "a conscience void of offence." It will be to the advantage of religion and Congregationalism that I make no reply.

How many ministers have you received from other denominations? How many churches have driven ministers from your denomination?

As we are under law to Christ, will you ponder the following:—James iv., 11, 12. Also, "Love thinketh no evil; believeth all things; hopeth all things."

Still yours in the best of bonds.

ROBERT WILSON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Prince Edward Island,  
25th May, 1870.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK

Commenced its sessions in the Union street Congregational Church, St. John, N. B., on Thursday evening, 15th September.

After devotional services, the Rev. Joseph Elliot, of Salem Church, Halifax, preached from the text, Romans i. 15 : "As much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel." The subject of discourse was, Paul's delight in the preaching of the Gospel. Mr. Elliot instanced the three following leading reasons for this delight. 1. Full assurance of faith in its truth. 2. From admiring appreciation of its character. 3. From experimental realization of its preciousness to his own soul. What a blessed thing it was to be able like Paul to delight in Christian work. Ministers and teachers had their troubles and difficulties, but few more than Paul; and the grace sufficient for him was sufficient now. If Paul delighted to preach, well might men delight to hear; and the more delight the greater usefulness. Mr. E. closed his discourse with an earnest call to the unconverted.

The Union was then formally organized, and a sessional roll formed.

The Rev. S. Sykes was appointed Minute Secretary.

The following are the names of the members and delegates attending the meetings of the Union :—

*Personal Members.*—Rev. Messrs. C. Duff, J. Elliot, R. K. Black, J. G. Baylis, J. R. Kean, and Simeon Sykes, and Mr. T. B. Barker, to whom were subsequently added by vote, Rev. S. G. Dodd, and Rev. J. Whitman.

*Delegates.*—From St. John, Messrs. W. K. Reynolds and A. L. Kerr; Sheffield, H. P. Bridges and David Burpee; Keswick Ridge, Samuel Clark and Samuel Burpee; Yarmouth, Capt. A. K. Clements; Halifax, R. R. Andrews; Milton, William H. Freeman; Pleasant River, J. Simpson and J. Waterman.

*Treasurer of the Union.*—James Woodrow.

*Honorary Members.*—Revs. A. McLeod, S. Houston, William Caruthers, and Mr. Joseph Barker.

FRIDAY, Sept. 16.—The Rev. Jacob Whitman, of Cornwallis, presided at the morning prayer meeting. On resuming business, several gentlemen were elected honorary members. The Rev. S. Houston (Presbyterian) being present, was invited to sit with the Union as an honorary member.

The acting Secretary reported the death of the Rev. G. Stirling, in August last, and read a letter from Rev. J. G. Hennigar (Wesleyan minister) in reference to the early life of Mr. Stirling.

After the presentation of several reports and the transaction of some routine business, the Rev. J. Elliot, of Halifax, was elected Chairman for the ensuing year.

The Rev. Charles Duff, of Liverpool, the retiring Chairman, then read the retiring address, for which he received the thanks of the Union, and a copy was requested for publication in the *Independent*.

Mr. Duff then retired from the Chair, and made way for the Rev. J. Elliot, the new Chairman.

The draft of revised Constitution and Rules was submitted by Mr. Woodrow, the acting Secretary.

## THE AFTERNOON SESSION

was opened with singing and prayer. Letters were read from Rev. H. F. Harding, of Machias, Maine, and from Rev. A. McGregor, Brockville, Ontario, conveying salutations and good wishes, the latter on behalf of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec. Rev. S. G. Dodd and Rev. J. Whitman were received into the Union as personal members. Interesting reports were given from the churches and routine business transacted.

The evening meeting was presided over by H. P. Bridges, Esq., of Sheffield. The hymn was sung commencing "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." Rev. R. K. Black read the Scriptures and prayed, and after another hymn, Rev. Wm. Carruthers, delegate from the Maine Conference, gave an address on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Mr. C. glanced at the history of the early part of the seventeenth century, when religion was casting off the fetters of hierarchies, and men were asserting their right to free government. He referred to the events that led to the removal of the men of the *May Flower* to America. They were Englishmen of the very best stock. They believed in God and the Bible. They were of the stock that produced Hampden and his associates. The Pilgrims brought Congregationalism to this side of the Atlantic, and Congregationalists were this year celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. In this jubilee year new spirit seems to have come into all the American Churches, and large sums of money are being raised to pay off old debts and erect new buildings. He maintained that great benefits had been secured to America by the early introduction of Congregational principles. Those principles agreed well with free government. The underlying roots in the character of the Pilgrims are those from which have been developed in the present day spiritual life. Mr. Carruthers closed his address as follows:—

"So here in New Brunswick to-night, 1620 greets 1870. There is a line of descent which runs through faith in God, through supreme submission of reason to the declaration—through adherence to a Church polity which demands the pronouncing of no shibboleths—which erects no barricades around the table of Communion—which puts no other name but Christ's over the gateway—which asks but this question of the one seeking entrance, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth?" There is *no* prayer in my heart that all churches may some day bear our denominational name; but there is a prayer linked in to-night with all the memories of Plymouth Rock, that the clock in God's tower may soon strike the hour when they shall all, in some grandly practical sense, be one in Christ."

The hymn was then sung, "Rise, O my soul, pursue the path by ancient worthies trod," and the meeting closed with prayer by the Rev. C. Duff.

SATURDAY, Sept. 17.—The morning prayer meeting was presided over by W. K. Reynolds, Esq., of St. John.

The Rev. Simeon Sykes, of Pleasant River, N. S., delivered an interesting address on Home Missions. He advocated the necessity of putting a proper estimate on all classes of our fellow men; the estimate that would be put by God. As there is no respect of persons with God

so there ought to be none with men. We should place a high estimate on the young, as on them will depend the future welfare of our country. We should not place too low an estimate on the poor and needy, and the strong should assist the weak. Through the atonement of Christ sinners can be saved; and among the ignorant are many of God's hidden ones, who should be sought out by Christians. Mr. S. closed with some practical applications and recommendations in reference to the work of the Union and churches of the denomination, especially in regard to the necessity of aggressive action. Some routine business was transacted.

A resolution was passed in favor of the *Canadian Independent*.

The Union resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole in reference to Home Missionary work, Capt. N. K. Clements presiding. After considerable discussion, the Union resumed and adopted the following resolution recommended by the Committee:

"Resolved, That the Union recommend that all the churches connected therewith, take up their Missionary subscriptions and collections as soon as practicable, if possible before the first of the new year; and that the pastors be requested to state to their churches the loss our Society has recently met in connection with the money invested in the Bank Stock of the Bank of Nova Scotia."

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

After devotional exercises, the following Declaration was adopted:—

#### DECLARATION.

"We, the Ministers, Delegates and Representatives of Congregational or Independent Churches in Convention assembled, reiterate our abiding faith in the distinctive principles of our Church polity, the independency of each local Church, its right to govern itself, elect its Pastor and Church officers, admit and exclude members, and make such regulations as are in accordance with the direction and precepts of the Holy Scriptures.

"We look back with thankfulness to the long line of noble men who adhered to the principles of Congregational Independency,—principles which are now rapidly spreading throughout the earth.

"We declare our adherence to the principles of civil and religious liberty, for which our ecclesiastical forefathers struggled, and which they secured by great effort and sacrifice.

"We rejoice in the signs of the times as pointing to the spiritual enfranchisement of men; and we recognize the spread of our principles in the tendencies at the present day to resist the encroachments of ecclesiastical authority, and to test both doctrine and practice by the unerring Word of God.

"We believe in the unity of Christ's Church, and assert our convictions that the fellowship of a Christian Church should be so liberal as to admit to communion in the Lord's Supper those who love the Saviour Jesus, although differing on minor points of doctrine.

"We believe that the power of a Christian Church is wholly spiritual, and should in no way be corrupted by union with the temporal or civil authority.

"And while we believe that the Apostolic principle of the independency of each local church is the best basis for real Christian union, (which can only exist in the 'unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,') we also believe that it is the duty of Christian Churches to hold communion with each other, to entertain an enlarged affection for, and assist each other, and that Christian churches should co-operate for the promotion of the Christian cause."

Rev. R. K. Black, of Milton, was elected Missionary Secretary.



The following gentlemen were elected the Committee of the Union :— Rev. J. Elliot, Rev. R. K. Black, Rev. S. G. Dodd, and Rev. J. G. Baylis, Hon. Freeman Tupper, Capt. N. K. Clements, and Messrs. James Woodrow, H. P. Bridges, and R. Skimmings.

Mr. James Woodrow was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

Resolved, That this Union recommend that the churches look to their Trust Deeds to see that they are so worded that the church properties are held by Congregationalists in perpetuity, and that some uniform Trust Deed be adopted.

A resolution in reference to the death of Rev. G. Stirling was adopted ; also a resolution of sympathy with the widow of Mr. S., and with the Church at Keswick Ridge.

Action on the draft of Constitution presented by Mr. Woodrow was postponed until next year.

A resolution on temperance was adopted.

Resolutions favorable to the Congregational College, and the Lillie Memorial Fund, were adopted. Also,

A resolution sanctioning the action of the Chairman and the Acting Secretary of the Union, in giving a letter to the Rev. R. Wilson, on which he has been admitted into the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.

The Missionary Committee was appointed as follows :—Rev. Messrs. Baylis, Dodd, and Elliot ; and Messrs. Bridges, Burpee, Clements, Woodrow, Tupper and Rowen ; Rev. R. K. Black, Milton, Secretary.

A discussion took place on the desirability of fraternal relations with other denominations.

Rev. Messrs. Dodd and Kean were appointed to the Maine Conference of Congregational Churches.

Rev. Messrs. Duff, Black, and Baylis were appointed delegates to the Congregational Union of Canada.

Rev. S. G. Dodd was appointed to preach the annual sermon next year.

Voted that the Union accept the invitation of Salem Church to meet in Halifax in September, 1870. Some other routine business was transacted, and the Union adjourned.

In the evening a missionary meeting was held. Addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. Elliott, Kean, and Duff, after which a missionary collection was taken up amounting to \$61.

#### SUNDAY EXERCISES.

Several churches of the city were supplied on Sunday by the ministers of the Union, as well as the Congregational Churches in Calais and Sheffield.

A prayer meeting was held at 9.30 a.m. in the Union street Church.

At 11 o'clock, the Rev. C. Duff preached from the text, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," &c.

At 6 o'clock, the meeting was presided over by Rev. J. Elliot. After singing and prayer, Rev. Messrs. Duff and Kean gave addresses ; then the Chairman of the Union gave the right hand of welcome to the Delegate from the Maine Conference, Rev. William Carruthers, who responded, and presented the salutations of the Congregational Churches of

Maine to the churches of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ; after which an address was made by Rev. S. G. Dodd.

At the close of this meeting a Union communion service was held. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Dodd, Elliot and Black.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon in Zion's Church, a Sabbath School meeting was held, and addresses made by Rev. Messrs. Baylis, Duff, Carruthers, and Whitman, at which a collection was taken up for the Congregational Missionary Society,

### WEEK DAY MEETINGS.

Travelling somewhat extensively, and mingling largely with various sections of the Christian Church, I have been "taking notes" of several things which have crossed my path, which may not be without interest to some of your readers.

I have been pained at the smallness of the attendance at *Prayer Meetings*, *Missionary Meetings*, and other gatherings for great and spiritual objects. Meetings designed for communion with God, for religious fellowship, and for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, should certainly draw forth larger numbers than usually assemble on those occasions.

The Sabbath has, of course, special claims upon us, and should be observed in harmony with the Divine will ; but when *week-day meetings* are appointed, an effort should be made to sustain them, and to secure the objects they contemplate. Yet, how many absent themselves on these occasions who might be present, whose presence and aid would enliven the few who conscientiously persevere in well-doing under discouragements and difficulties, and at the same time induce others to attend who are deterred from doing so by the apathy of professors.

This apathy must be a serious hindrance to many, especially young persons who make no profession of religion. What must they think of the piety and zeal of the avowed friends of the great Redeemer ! How differently the *world* acts with regard to its pursuits ! How they crowd the halls of pleasure, in spite of weather, business, and the various engagements of life, heeding neither expense nor the value of time. There is often an enthusiasm exhibited by the gay and the fashionable ; a heartiness, a determination not to be outdone by others, which Christians, guided by better principles, should emulate. The disciples of Jesus should be lively and cheerful, and not unnecessarily slight the usages of respectable society, but they should carry their religion with them into all the avocations and engagements of life, be a pattern to others in the consistency of their deportment, and *lead* them in the right paths.

Why should there not be, at least, as much interest evinced in religious as in secular matters ? Why should Christians be less in earnest in carrying out the great objects of Christian life, than the "men of the world who have their portion in this life" in the pursuit of their objects ? The soiree secures a large attendance, so does the concert, the exhibition and the social party. Recreations are indulged, even by professing Christians, the propriety of which, in some instances is at least doubt-

ful to those who wish to honour the Saviour. Never was there a time when there was more need for a vigorous piety, a piety that shall manifest itself in courage, manliness, and supreme attachment to the Saviour.

Perhaps some *improvements* might secure a larger interest in week-day meetings. They should not be too frequent or too long; they should be wisely conducted so as not to be tedious; and they should be marked by punctuality, and a due regard to the claims of home. No church can prosper while the social prayer-meeting is neglected, and we, therefore, earnestly solicit increased attention to it, as well as to all other week-evening services for missionary or other objects connected with social and Christian life.

I am, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

### THE WORD "CHURCH" IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Congregational view of the word "Church" may be thus given in the words of Dr. Wardlaw: It "has two significations, a more comprehensive and a more limited. 1. In its more comprehensive acceptation it denotes *the whole body of the faithful—the entire spiritual Israel of God*. Of this sense of it we have examples in Heb. xii. 23; Eph. iii. 21 and v. 23-25, &c.

"2. The more limited acceptation of the word is at the same time, by much the more frequent in its occurrence. In this acceptation it denotes *a society of believers in any place*, acknowledging one another in that character, stately meeting together on His own day, in the name of Jesus, for the worship of God and for the observance of his ordinances, in order to their own spiritual edification, and the promotion of the interests of true religion around them. . . . When a particular place—a town or city—is spoken of, we have the *church* in that place: and when a region or district of country is referred to, we have the *churches* in that district. Thus we read of the church at Jerusalem, &c., the churches of Galatia, &c." Dr. Davidson, in his work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," after giving a definition similar to the above, adds: "The two meanings in question exhaust the entire range of acceptation belonging to the word. There is no passage in which one or other is unsuitable or inappropriate. We are, therefore, warranted to infer that it does not bear any other sense." These distinguished men probably wrote according to the view of the text then held. Congregationalists must have noticed how difficult it is for parties belonging to other churches to understand our view on the subject, and hence they always speak of the denomination as the Congregational Church, forgetting, or not knowing, that we repudiate such a term. We hear continually of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, while according to our view, the plurals should be used,—the churches of England, &c.

But here comes the question, Are we right in our view? And if not, what modification in our *modus operandi* as well as terminology would this require. One scripture passage would, of course, upset this theory, and make it proper to apply the word church to the churches of a country or countries. In Acts ix. 39 we read, "Then had *the churches*

rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified," &c. Professor Hackett, in his Commentary on this verse, says "Copies vary between *churches* and *church*, but favour the latter." He refers, of course, to the Greek MSS. Besides this, Tischendorff, in the Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, gives the readings of the three most celebrated MSS. of the original Greek text as agreeing in giving the word in the singular number—"Then had the church rest," &c. Does not this seem to settle the reading, and make it proper to apply the term *church* to the associated churches of a district or country—giving it a third meaning; and would it not be a benefit to our churches if there was a little more coherence and less of individualism?

D. M.

---



---

## A COURSE OF READING.

BY PROF. S. C. BARTLETT, D. D., CHICAGO.

A young man inquires for a good course of reading for one who "has been through the graded schools to the high school and entered on a business life," but "having a taste for literature would like to become well-informed," to be answered in the *Advance*.

Every course of reading should be shaped more or less by a man's particular calling. Still there is much that is common to all intelligent men. What is said in this article must be by way of suggestion only, and as a proximate attempt—for a business man, who would "become well-informed." And, first a few preliminary words.

1. A course of reading, kept steadily in mind, will, in a few years make an immense difference in a young man's attainments.
2. The plan should be a broad one—for years.
3. There must be no feeling of haste to finish it. Do it well and leisurely.
4. It is unnecessary to follow it slavishly. *Whenever interested in a valuable book out of the list or the course read it.*
5. It is impossible to read all the good books. Selection is inevitable.
6. There need be no haste to read the new books. Most of them will disappear in a twelve month. The few that survive will be good at the end of a twelve month.
7. Choose books of *acknowledged* worth and reputation. Time is too valuable to fool away on books of no account or standing. Prefer original thinkers to compilers.

Now the use of books is to set the mind at work. In two ways: by supplying fundamental data; and by offering thoughtful suggestions upon them—by seed-facts and seed-thoughts.

The most important facts concern the doings of God and the doings of man. Both meet in history. Good history is therefore among the most instructive and useful of all reading. Its value—when well written—will depend upon the importance of the events in their relation to the world's history, as well as their connection with our own special interests and condition. American history is peculiarly necessary to an American. So is English history for its ancestral, and still more for its world-wide relations. And certain epochs of English history are vastly more important than certain others. Greek and Roman history are important for similar reasons.

It is not always necessary to read a long historical work straight through.

*A single great epoch may sometimes be read in several authors with great interest and profit.* Some ages and some countries are of very little consequence. Before reading a long history upon a subject new to us, it is better first to pursue an outline sketch.

In history, let the reader start where he pleases, or *is most interested*. It may be with America or England or the French Revolution, or Greece and Rome. It will come to the same at last. But for convenience of method I will go back to the earliest authentic history in connection with the Bible. Smith's Old Testament history is a clear and judicious compend, well up with the present state of knowledge. Stanley's lectures on the Jewish church are delightfully brilliant and graphic, though a little rationalistic in tone; Kurtz's history of the old covenant, scholarly and sober. The outside nations are gathered up in Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies. Read Josephus as an original Jewish witness; and Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Egyptians, as an unfolding of their own records. No history of those ancient nations written forty years ago is adequate now.

Read first some briefer outline of Grecian history, such as may be found in the compends, then take Grote's History of Greece, (with which you may compare Thirlwall if you please,) paying special attention to the age of Pericles, to the times of Demosthenes, and to the career of Alexander *and its results*. Rawlinson's Herodotus is a learned and noble expansion of the oldest Greek historian—the "Father of History," and worthy of perusal. (Thucydides and Xenophon might also be read in translations.) Bekker's Charicles will give reality to the life of the Greeks, and Felton's Lectures on Greece are a gathering up of what is most noteworthy in this most remarkable of ancient nations—itsself almost a substitute for a longer course of reading. (Greek literature is itsself a wide field.)

Mommsen's History of Rome sums up all the latest investigations in Roman history. It is a study. Arnold's Roman history, Merivale's Romans under the Empire, and Gibbon's Decline and Fall—a work as remarkable for its learning as for its terse and epigrammatic style—make up a fuller course. While the struggle with that wonderful captain, Hannibal, is as thrilling as a romance, and pregnant with consequences to the world's civilization, the times of Julius and Augustus Cæsar are, in many respects the most noteworthy epoch; and the age of Constantine connects with the establishment of Christianity. Enliven Roman history if you choose, by reading Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, and Anthony, and Cleopatra, Bekker's Gallus, Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, Ware's Probus and Zenobia, and some good account of Pompeii—perhaps Dyer's. Plutarch's Lives come in well here, though not in all particulars trustworthy. Henri Taine's two remarkable works on Italy—Florence and Venice, and Rome and Naples—well connect ancient Italy with modern. A good church history—perhaps Kurtz's for compactness—and Hallam's History of Literature, will bridge the way from ancient to modern times—the church being the central fact of the middle ages. The Life of Charlemagne, Roscoe's Leo Tenth and Lorenzo, Longfellow's *Dante with the notes*, will help to fill the gap; and Merle D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation will give a general picture of Europe rousing to life. The Crusades and Venice should receive attention.

The history of Continental Europe, till quite modern times, is mostly dreary and lacking in good narratives. Robertson's Charles Fifth, Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, and Philip Second, Motley's Dutch Republic and United Netherlands, Irving's Columbus, and perhaps Michelet's France, may be enough to mention.

Meanwhile learn the art of recollecting dates *by grouping simultaneous and connected events in the memory*. Thus, not only the discovery of America stands connected with the life of Columbus, but we thus remember the time of Henry VII of England, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, of the decline of Genoese maritime ascendancy, and even of the capture of Constantinople, (in 1453,) whereby Genoa had been stripped of her eastern possessions and commercial access to the Euxine.

A birds-eye view of modern continental Europe may be well gained from Allison's History, notwithstanding its prejudices, inaccuracies, and often overcharged style. The central object of modern continental history is the French Revolution, in its causes, events and consequences—of which the literature is too abundant to need specification, except to mention Carlyle's strangely dramatic and graphic history. Many valuable suggestions concerning the whole movement of ancient and modern history will be found in Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World—although some of his *fifteen* admit of question.

The history of England is properly most prominent for many reasons—and in it the times of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, of the Commonwealth, of the Revolution, and of George III deserves special attention. Hallam's Constitutional History deserves early reading, both for its judicial tone and its special treatment. Macaulay's brilliant historical articles should by all means be read, and his almost equally brilliant history. Hume was a lazy and prejudiced historian, though a clear, captivating writer. Froude's new history is very striking and rhetorical, but its novel views of Henry VIII and other characters need confirming. Carlyle's Cromwell, to one who has patience to read it, places that character on an impregnable basis. Lives of other actors in those times, such as Masson's Milton, help the apprehension. Scott's historical novels give a vivid picture of the times, always with injustice to the Puritans. Shakespeare's historic plays may be truer than some professed histories. Read Craik's History of English Literature (and if you choose, Marsh's Lectures on the English Language).

*The History of America comes, of course, abundantly written for the earlier period, by Hildreth and by Bancroft. Study the early settlement of New England as given by these historians,—to whom you may add Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims, and of Massachusetts Bay, Bradford's History of Plymouth, and Palfrey's New England. Study the influences and measures which led to the Revolution. Read up on the causes and course of the Rebellion, in Greeley's History and elsewhere.*

Biographies are closely allied to history. Besides those which I have already mentioned, Boswell's Johnson will never lose its reputation or its value. Irving's Washington, Holland's Lincoln, Goldwin Smith's Three English Statesmen, Michelet's Luther, Macaulay's (in his Miscellanies) Lives of Clive, Warren Hastings, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Hamp-

den, Mirabeau, Frederick the Great, deal with great personages. The list might well be greatly enlarged by the lives of literary men and artists. Let me add Conybeare and Howson's *St. Paul*; and lives of the missionaries, especially such as Judson, Mrs. Ann H. Judson, Henry Martyn, David T. Stoddard, Fidelia Fisk, Dr. Poor; and of such Christian workers as Mary Lyon, Muller (*Life of Trust*) and the like. H. C. Robinson's *Diary* contains a good deal of reminiscence of public men, but is gossipy and unsatisfactory. Walton's *Lives* are more quaint and noted than important.

Books of travel are very valuable, and should be read with an eye to the history and geography of the various places—*always with an open map*. They are abundant, but few pre-eminently deserving mention, like Robinson's and Tristram's *Palestine*, Layard's *Volumes on Nineveh*, Wordsworth's *Greece*, Hillard's *Italy*. Still, few fail to prove more or less instructive—Kane, Speke, Livingstone, Bartle, Taylor, Stephens, etc.

Physical science is a singularly attractive field. It is not for me here to specify the best elementary treatises on Astronomy and Meteorology, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Geology. Let me say that Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*, Figuier's *Life before the Flood*, *Insect World* and *Primitive Man*, present certain portions of the field in a very attractive and impressive manner. Humboldt's *Kosmos* embodies the views and observations of a long life. Hugh Miller's books occupy a high position.

In Poetry and Literature it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end. Shakespeare, of course, especially his five great tragedies. Other poets of the past may be read by specimens if need be—that is, in their most celebrated poems. Dana's *Household Book of Poetry* is extremely valuable as containing some of the most remarkable shorter pieces of all the English poets. I cannot pause to specify, as I would like to do, without too great expansion.

Many would say I ought to mention such writers as Addison, Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne, Irving, etc. But I lay no stress on them except for a literary man.

I will not omit to mention some things in the province of religion. Hopkins' *Evidences*, Young's *Christ of History*, and *Testimony of Christ to Himself*, *Eccē Homo* (with a qualification); and of modern sermons those of Melville, Huntington, Bushnell, Shepard and, with some qualifications, Robertson.

But there are some books which are thought quickeners. Here I would put, for very different reasons, some of Carlyle's earlier essays, the admirable critiques on poetry in Christopher North's (*Wilson's*) *Recreations*, Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, full of the most delightful humor, some of Emerson's writings, such as his *Conduct of Life*, heathenish, and sharp as a razor, John Foster's *Essays and Miscellanies*, solid gold, Argyll's *Reign of Law*, Bacon's *Essays*, and that extraordinary book, Butler's *Analogy*. Many make great account of John Ruskin in this respect, and justly. But he is diffuse, positive and somewhat extravagant. His *Modern Painters* and *Lectures on Art* give his principles.

Here I pause. While many will wonder at the books I omit, my questioner will marvel at those I include. But let him remember he is not called upon to read all at once—that his circles of knowledge will be

continually joining and strengthening each other—that one good book well mastered will anticipate most that is to be found on the same subject in other volumes—that some subjects are to be treated much more slightly than others—that it is well to be strong on certain subjects, selected by each man for himself—that he can begin with the things that most interest him—and that he is not excluded from any valuable book that does interest him. Let him also remember that reading is useless except when mastered, digested and assimilated. Some men are weighed down by learning undigested, which kills out their own thoughtfulness. And there is abundant food for reflection in the old proverb, “Beware of the man of one book.”—*Advance.*

---

## The Home Department.

### THE STORY THE MINISTER TOLD.

WILL OTHER MINISTERS REPEAT IT OF OTHER YOUNG MEN ?

I was away from my parish when I first heard of it. I very well remember the start with which I read the first line of note, “Charlie P—is dead ;” and how after I had finished the account, written in haste and partaking of the confusion of the hour, the letter dropped from my hands, and I sat in the gathering darkness of the summer twilight, rehearsing to myself the story of his life, and the sad, sad story of his tragic death. Years have passed since, but the whole is impressed upon my memory in figures that time cannot fade. If I were an artist, I could paint his portrait, I am sure, as I see him even now. Such a grand, open-hearted, whole-souled fellow as he was.

It was about a year before that I first saw him in my church. His peculiar gait as he walked up the aisle, first attracted my attention. He carried a stout cane and walked a little lame. His wife was with him. Indeed, except at his office, I rarely saw them apart. She loved him with an almost idolatrous affection ; as well she might, for he was the most lovable man I ever knew : and he loved her with a tenderness almost womanly. I think he never for a moment forgot that it was her assiduous nursing which saved his life. His face attracted me from the first, and I rather think I called on the new-comers that very week. At all events we soon became fast friends, and at the very next communion, husband and wife united with my church by letter from—, but no matter where ; I had best give neither names nor dates. They lived in a quiet, simple way, going but little into society, for they were society to each other. They rarely spent an evening out, if I except the weekly prayer-meeting. They came together to that. He very soon went into the Sabbath school. A Bible class of young people gathered about him as if by magic. He had just the genial way, the social qualities, and the personal magnetism to draw the young to him. I used to look about sometimes with a kind of envy at the eager, attentive faces of his class.



Judge of my surprise when, one day, a warm friend of Charlie's came to me, privately, and said, "Charlie P. is drinking."

"Impossible," said I.

"Alas!" said he, "it is too true. I have talked with him time and again. He promises reform, but keeps no promise. His wife is almost broken-hearted, but carries her burden alone. You have influence with him, more than any one else, I think. I want you to see him and talk with him."

I promised, of course. I made the effort, but without success. I called once or twice at his office. He was always immersed in business. I called at his house; but I never could see him alone. I was really perplexed, when he relieved me of my perplexity. Perhaps he suspected my design. At all events one morning he surprised me by a call at my study. He opened the subject at once himself.

"Pastor," said he "I have come to talk with you about myself. I am bringing shame on the church and disgrace on my family. You know all about it. I wonder that the children do not point at me in the street as I go along. Oh! my poor wife! my poor wife! what shall I do?"

He was intensely excited. I suspected that he had been drinking to nerve himself to what he regarded as a disagreeable but unavoidable duty. I calmed him as well as I could, and he told me his story.

He was formerly a temperate though never a total abstinence man. He was employed on a railroad in some capacity—express messenger I think. The cars ran off the track. That in which he was sitting was thrown down an embankment. He was dreadfully bruised and mangled, and was taken up for dead. It seemed at first as though he had hardly a whole bone in his body; but by one of those marvellous freaks, as we account them, which defeat all physicians' calculations, he survived. Gradually he rallied. For twelve months he lived on stimulants. His wife's assiduous nursing through these twelve months of anxiety prostrated her upon a bed of sickness. From his couch he arose, as he supposed, to go through life on crutches. But returning strength had enabled him to substitute a cane. Her attack of typhoid fever left her an invalid, never to be strong again. Alas! his twelve months use of stimulants had kindled a fire within him which it seemed impossible to quench.

"I cannot do my work," said he, "without a little, and a little is enough to upset me. I am not a hard drinker, Pastor, indeed I am not. But half a glass of liquor will sometimes craze me."

I told him he must give up the little. For him there was but one course of safety, that of total abstinence. He was reluctant to come to it. His father's side-board was never empty. It was hard to put aside the notions of hospitality which he had learned in his childhood, and adopt the principles of total abstinence, which he had always been taught to ridicule. However, he resolved bravely, and went away from my study, as I fondly hoped, a saved man.

I had not then learned, as I have since, the meaning of the declaration, "the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

I saw him every few days. He never showed any signs of liquor. I asked him casually, as I had opportunity, how he was getting along. He always answered, "Well." I sounded others cautiously. No one suspected

him of any evil habit. I concluded he had conquered it. Though I did not lose him from my thoughts or prayers, I grew less anxious. He kept his Bible-class, which grew in numbers and in interest. Spring came, and I relaxed a little my labors, as that climate—no matter where it was, to me the climate was bad enough—required it. Despite the caution, the subtle malaria laid hold of me. I fought for three weeks a hard battle with disease. When I arose from my bed the doctor forbade all study and all work for six weeks at least. No minister can rest in his own parish. My people understood that as parishes do not always. One bright spring day, one of my deacons called, and put a sealed envelope into my hand to be opened when he had left. It contained a check for my travelling expenses, and an official note from the officers of the church bidding me go and spend it. In three days I was on my way to Lake Superior. It was there my wife's hurried note told me the story of Charlie's death. And this was it:

The habit had proved too strong for his weak will. He had resumed drinking. No one knew it but his wife and one confidential friend. He rarely took much; never so much as to be brutal at home, or unfit for business at the office; but enough to prove to him that he was not his own master. The shame of his bondage he felt keenly, powerless as he was to break the chain. The week after I left home his wife left also for a visit to her father's. She took the children, one a young babe three months old, with her. Mr. P. was to follow her in a fortnight. She never saw him again. One night he went to his solitary home. Possibly he had been drinking; no one ever knew—opened his photograph album, covered his own photograph with a piece of an old envelope, that it might no longer look upon the picture of his wife on the opposite page, and wrote her, on a scrap of paper torn from a letter, this line of farewell:

“I have fought the battle as long as I can. It is no use. I will not suffer my wife and children to share with me a drunkard's shame. Good bye. God have mercy on you and me.”

The next morning, long after the streets had resumed their accustomed activity, and other houses threw wide open their shutters to admit the fragrance of flowers, and the song of birds, and the glad sunshine, and all the joy of life, that house was shut and still. When the office clerk, missing him, came to seek him, the door was fast. Neighbours were called in. A window was forced open. Lying upon the bed, where he had fallen the night before, lay poor Charlie P. A few drops of blood stained the white coverlet. It oozed from a bullet wound in the back of his head. The hand in death still grasped the pistol that fired the shot.

I never see a young man dallying with the wine while it is red within the cup that I do not think of Charlie P., and his bitter but fruitless battle.—*Christian Union*.

---

A Catholic journal thinks the disasters which have overtaken Napoleon are in return for his shabby treatment of the Pope. But then Napoleon's bad luck is the good fortune of Protestant King William. That's the rub!

## THE ACCEPTED TIME.

A young man called upon me one Sabbath evening, and as soon as we were seated, he said to me—

“I have accepted the invitation that you have so often given from the pulpit, to any who are willing to converse with you upon the subject of religion.”

“I am glad to see you,” said I.

“I don’t know,” he replied, “that I have anything to say such as I ought to have ; but I am convinced that I have neglected religion long enough, and I am determined to put it off no longer.”

“That is a good determination,” said I, “Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

“Well, I don’t know that that text is for me, because”——

“Yes, it *is* for you,” said I, interrupting him.

“I was going to say, sir, I don’t suppose I have got so far as that yet, so that salvation is for me *now*.”

“You *told* me that you were ‘determined to put off religion no longer ;’ and therefore I say, ‘Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation.’”

“But I don’t wish to be in a hurry, sir.”

“You *ought* to be in haste. David was. He says, ‘I thought on my ways and turned my feet to thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments.’ God now commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent, and you are one of them. And if you are like David, you will ‘make haste and delay not’ to keep God’s commandments.”

“I don’t suppose I am in such a state of mind, as to be prepared to become a Christian *now*.”

“Will disobeying God put you in a *better* state of mind, do you think ?”

“Why, I don’t know ; but I have not much deep conviction. I know that I am a sinner against God, and I wish to turn to Him, and live a different life.”

“Then turn to Him. ‘Now is the accepted time.’”

“But I find my heart is full of sin ; I am all wrong ; I feel an opposition to God such as I never felt before.”

“Then repent and turn to God instantly, while it is called to-day.”

“But I don’t suppose I can be ready to come to religion so *quick*.”

“You *said* you were determined to put it off no longer, and I told you ‘now is the accepted time.’”

“But I never began to think seriously about my religion till last Sunday.”

“And so you want to put it off a little longer.”

“Why, I want to get *ready*.”

“And are you getting ready ? You have tried it for a week.”

“No, sir,” said he, in a sad manner ; “I don’t think I am any nearer to it than I was at first.”

“I don’t think you are. And I suppose the reason is, that you don’t believe ‘now is the accepted time.’”

“Oh yes, I do ; for the Bible says so.”

"Then don't wait for any other time. Repent *now*. Flee to Christ *now*, in 'the accepted time.'"

"I have not conviction enough yet."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time' yet."

"But I have not faith enough."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time.'"

"Well, sir, I—I—I am not ready *now*."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time' *now*."

"But it seems to me it is too *quick*," said he, earnestly.

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time,' and the Bible has made a mistake."

"But, sir, my heart is not *prepared*."

"Then it is not 'the accepted time.'"

With much embarrassment in his manner, he replied—

"What *shall* I do?"

"Repent and turn to God, with faith in Christ to save you as a lost unworthy sinner, *now* in 'the accepted time.'"

He appeared to be in a great strait. He sat in silence with very manifest uneasiness for a few moments, and then asked—

"Is it possible that *anyone* should repent, and give up the world, and turn to God *so soon*, when I only began to think about it on last Sunday?"

"'Now is the accepted time,'" said I.

Again he sat in thoughtful silence, and after a time he asked me—

"Is salvation offered to sinners *now*?"

"Yes, *now*. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

"But it seems to me I am not *prepared* now to give up the world."

"That very thing is your difficulty. You are not prepared; but 'now is the accepted time.' You wish to put off your repentance and conversion to Christ till some *other* time; but 'Now is the accepted time. You and your Bible disagree. And if nothing else kept you from salvation, this would be enough. I beseech you, my dear friend, delay no longer. Now is God's time. You told me you were determined to put off religion no longer. I suspected you did not know your own heart, and therefore said to you, 'Now is the accepted time.' And now it has become manifest, that all the while you meant to put off religion till some other time."

"It seems hard to shut up a man just to the present time," said he, in an imploring accent.

"If you were a dying man, and had only an hour to live, you would not say so. You would be glad to have the Bible say to you 'Now is the accepted time,' instead of telling you, you needed a month or a week to flee to Christ. It is *mercy* in God to say to you, 'Behold now is the day of salvation,' when you do not know that you will live till to-morrow morning."

"Will you pray with me?" said he.

I prayed with him and we separated. The last words I uttered to him as he left the door, were, "Now is the accepted time."

Just one week afterwards he called upon me "to give an account of himself," as he said.

"I have got out of my trouble," said he. "Now I trust in Christ,

and I am reconciled to God, or at least I think so. I thought you were very hard upon me last Sunday night, when you *hammered* me and *hammered* me with that text—'Now is the accepted time.' But I couldn't get away from it. It followed me everywhere. I would think of one thing, and then that would come up, 'Now is the accepted time.' Then I would begin to think of something else, and it would come up again, 'Now is the accepted time.' So I went on for three days. I tried to *forget* that text, but I *could not*. I said to myself, There is something else in the Bible except that; but wherever I read, that *would* come to my mind. It annoyed and *tormented* me. At last I began to question myself *why it was* that this plagued me so much? And I found it was because I was *not willing to be saved by Christ*. I was trying to do something for myself, and I wanted more time. But it was not done. Everything failed me. And then I thought, 'If now is the accepted time,' I may go to Christ now, wicked as I am. So I just prayed for *mercy*, and gave up all to Him."—*Dr. Spencer's Pastoral Sketches.*

### THE GOSPEL IN A KISS.

Mrs. W. had long been known to the police on the East Side of New York city. A woman once of great beauty, she had become an outcast and a common street drunkard. When on a spree, she was very disorderly and violent; and as she possessed unusual physical strength, and it would hardly do to use their clubs upon a woman, few policemen liked to arrest her alone. Her husband, who had been very kind and had long clung to her, had now given her up; and her children had been taken from her. She had forgotten how many times she had been sent up to the Island; and from a month to six months in the Penitentiary and a fortnight home, was the usual course of her life for years. At the time of our story, she had been a few days at liberty, and was staying in the garret of a miserable house in the worst part of the ward.

Her forlorn condition touched the heart of one of the female missionaries connected with the district in which she lived, and she resolved to see what she could do for her. As she went, she called upon a friend to consult as to the best way of approaching the woman.

"I'm going to see Mrs. W. this morning," said the missionary to her friend.

"You'd better not. She'll toss you down stairs."

"Don't you think the Lord Jesus would visit her and do her good, if He were here?"

"Very likely, but *you're* not the Lord, and have no right to expect any different treatment from what every one else has had."

"I'm going, anyhow," replied the good woman. "I'm not going alone, but Jesus with me. I believe he will fulfil, even to me, the promise to be with us to the end of the world."

So the little woman went; and picking her way to the top of the crazy stairs, found a dark room under the eaves, unfurnished, save with a single broken chair and an old rusty stove. After her eyes were accustomed to the darkness, she saw on a heap of straw, in the corner, what seemed at first but a bundle of rags. It was the woman she

sought, just recovering from the effects of a debauch, and but little removed from an attack of delirium tremens. She sat on the floor, moaning as in pain, with her hands clasped about her knees, and her head lowered down upon them.

With a prayer for aid, the missionary stepped lightly across the floor, and laid her hand gently upon the woman's shoulder. Surprised and startled, she looked up. It was a sad face that missionary looked down upon. Sin had trodden out every line of its former beauty. Her eyes were heavy and bloodshot, bruised and blackened with blows; her lips were thick and puffy; and her hair tangled and matted with dirt. Without a word the missionary stooped down and gently kissed the up-turned forehead.

"What did you do that for?" the woman fiercely demanded.

"Because, I love you."

"Love me? *me!* Then you don't know who I am."

"Yes, I do, Mrs. W., know who you are; and I've come to see if I can do you good. Jesus loves you, and I love you too." And again she stooped down, and as she kissed the bloated, disfigured face, a tear fell upon it.

"Oh! my God, my God, what did you do that for?" the poor woman moaned out. "That reminds me of my mother's kiss. I've had blows enough, and kicks and curses enough, but no kiss since my little children were taken from me. O my God! what do you kiss me for? Woman, woman, you'll kill me," and the poor creature's frame shook with sobs and uncontrollable emotion.

The missionary then sat down at her side, and told her of the love of Him who came to seek and save the lost. She led her down from the garret, and took her to her own home. She washed and dressed her; watched over and helped her, when it seemed the mad thirst for drink would not be denied; she brought other friends and sympathy around her, and saved her.

Some two or three weeks after, in a mission Chapel near where she lived, Mrs. W. timidly rose, asking if there was mercy for such a sinner. As she stood there, her friend came, and kneeling at her side, poured forth a prayer for her, which by its pathos and pleading, and wrestling love, melted every heart. God heard it. In a few days the outcast found peace, and was restored to her husband and children.

But a few months later, a new mission Chapel was dedicated. In the procession marched more than two hundred women, members of a Woman's Temperance Society, many of whom, like Mrs. W., had been picked out of the street. At their head was a woman, refined and lady-like in her bearing and conspicuous for her personal appearance and modest demeanor, bearing in her hand a banner inscribed, "Woman's work for woman's weal."

"Who is that fine looking woman?" asked a gentleman present.

"That is Mrs. W., whose history you will recollect you had some little while ago."

In the course of the evening, when he asked, "Mrs. W., in what way did the gospel find you?" she replied, with trembling lips, and eyes bright with tears, "The gospel found me, sir, with a kiss."—*Interior.*

## "HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

ISAIAH XXXVIII, 15.

"Himself hath done it" all ! O how those words  
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought !  
"Himself hath done it"—He who loves me best ;  
He who my soul with his own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it." Can it then be aught  
Than full of wisdom—full of tenderest love ?  
Not one unneeded sorrow will he send  
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it." Yes, although severe  
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
'Tis His own hand that holds it—and I know  
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it." O no arm but his  
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot ;  
But while I know He doeth all things well,  
My heart his loving kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it"—He who's searched me through,  
Sees how I cling to earth's ensnaring ties,  
And so he breaks each reed on which my soul  
Too much for happiness and joy relies.

"Himself hath done it." He would have me see  
What broken cisterns human friends must prove ;  
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst  
At his own fount of everlasting love.

"Himself hath done it." Then I fain would say,  
Thy will in all things evermore be done ;  
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,  
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

"Himself hath done it"—precious, precious words !  
Himself—my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend !  
Whose faithfulness no variation knows—  
Who, having loved me, loves me *to the end* !

And when, in his eternal presence blest,  
I at his feet my crown immortal cast,  
I'll gladly own, with all his ransomed saints,  
"Himself hath done it" all from first to last !

—*Glimpses of Heaven.*

## THE ROCK OF DEATH.

At Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, is to be seen a precipitous rock, at least 150 or 160 feet in depth, part of the massive hill of granite on which the city is built. It was until lately, for that island capital, what the Tarpeian Rock was of old at Rome, a place of public execution ; from which criminals were thrown down, to be dashed in pieces on the large blocks and rugged fragments of granite which lie confusedly heaped up at its base. It is very appalling in view of this to look down from the upper edge.

This was the place at which, on the 23rd of March, 1849, fourteen Christian men and women were hurled down; their only crime being their refusal to adjure the name of Christ, and to swear by the idols of the country.

"Let us go and see how these Christians behave," said one of the high officers of the place to his companions; "they are said not to be afraid to die."

"We were near," he afterwards related, "and saw all that took place. But the Christians were not afraid, and did not recant."

These fourteen men and women were of mature intellect, of various rank, and varying in age from twenty years to sixty. They had been seized and brought from different parts of the country, had been condemned, and were now led one by one to the narrow edge of the rock. And as they stood on that perilous height they were promised life if they would by an oath acknowledge the false gods of Madagascar; but to refuse was to be hurried over that fearful verge, and dashed on the rocks below. No tongue faltered in its answer to this dread proposal. It was not that life was not sweet; that the world was not a grand and beautiful world; that the grain waving in their fields, and the cattle grazing in their plains, were not treasures to be prized. It was not that the home affections were unknown in their dwellings. The Bible taught them that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and had inculcated peace and love in their dwellings. It was to yield up all that was dear in this world rather than deny Christ.

Silently the sacred procession approached, one after another, the last standing-place in this world for them, and with quiet, humble, divinely sustained love and trust they yielded up their lives to Christ their Saviour. The conduct of two especially of these devoted Christians left an indelible impression on spectators.

One, a young and beautiful woman, was so placed as to see the destruction of all her companions, in the hope of terrifying her into a recantation. To this she was earnestly persuaded by the officer above alluded to, and by her own father. In that trying moment she recommended with affectionate earnestness to her father the Lord Jesus Christ her Saviour. But still remaining constant in her faith she was struck on the face by one of the executioners, and sent away as an idiot.

The other, an intelligent and respected man, honoured and trusted by the Christians as a chosen leader, respected also by the heathen government for his ability and general character, was brought to the fatal edge of the precipice blindfold, as the others had been till they reached the spot. He had refused to take the oath on which present life and earthly honours depended, but asked that the matting bandaged round his head and face might for a few moments be removed. When this was done, he looked down and around him, and with clear and steady gaze surveyed the scene below and before him. He then paused, as if in prayer, and afterwards turning to the executioner, said, "It is done." Then, as they again bound on the matting, he commenced singing a Christian hymn, the strains of which were heard by the surrounding throng as he was forced over the precipice, to be broken on the rocks below. We do not wonder that astonishment and awe filled the minds of many of the spectators.



But the whole work of that day of cruelty and death was not yet over. The dead and mangled bodies of those fourteen Christians were dragged along the ground to Faravohitra, a village on the summit of a hill one and a half or two miles distant, for there four Christian nobles were on the same day to be burned alive for their fidelity to Christ. And the four living and fourteen dead were consumed in one vast pile.

Less striking outwardly, but in the sight of God equally precious, were the sufferings unto death of many other Malagasy saints. Not to speak of the very many who were condemned to pine in slavery, and exposed to various other forms of ignominious punishment, one kind of martyrdom inflicted on a number deserves to be specially mentioned. A strong bar of iron was by the blows of a smith's hammer wreathed round the neck of a living man, and to this was linked another heavy bar, hanging down towards the ground, so as to cause constant suffering by its weight. A little temporary relief could be obtained only by supporting the heavy bar in the hand. At any time any of the sufferers might be delivered from this shameful lingering death by renouncing Christ; but by faith they endured until—generally in a year—exhausted nature failed, and they passed from earth into the joy of their Lord.

There is now a great change in Madagascar. Christianity is no longer persecuted; it is even becoming fashionable; and on the very "Rock of Death" there stands a Christian church, erected with public approbation in memory of the martyrs. It was opened on the 15th of August, 1864, in the presence of a large congregation, and, along with other churches in the capital and in the country, is now regularly and increasingly frequented by native Christians and inquiring heathens. The blood of the martyrs has in Madagascar assuredly proved to be the seed of the church.

---

### A REMINISCENCE OF DICKENS.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, after relating his acquaintance in London with this fascinating author, including a visit to his own house in Regent's Park, and showing that "as a social reformer his glory is even greater than as a master of romance," felt constrained to add:

But with all our love for Dickens the philanthropist and the inspirer of gentle charities, we confess over his new-made grave that he has written many a line which gives us inexpressible pain. How could a man who went so far as he did, go no farther? How could the reformer who struck at so many social wrongs, spare that hideous fountain-head of misery, the dramshop? How could he awaken sympathies for the poor and yet give the sanction of his pen and his practice to that most impoverishing and ruinous of all usages, the *social glass*? Many of his pages are rank with the odors of the gin-bottle and the punch-bowl. He even descended to scurrilous satire on societies for the promotion of total abstinence.

A greater marvel still lies beyond; it is the marvel that a kind hearted man who sought the amelioration of his fellowmen *ignored utterly the gospel and the grace of God*. This is Dickens' fatal lack—the lack of the "one thing needful." He does not cast contempt on the Word of God; he ignores it all most completely. He never soils his pages with infid-

elity ; neither does he enlighten, and warm, and vivify them with evangelical Christianity. He once went to hear Rev. Newman Hall, one of the noblest of Christian philanthropists, and then sneered at the discourse in the periodical which he was then publishing. While he could find something to praise in all sorts and conditions of men, from teachers and merchants down to barbers and beadles, and dustmen, and work-house paupers, he rarely alludes to ministers except in the lowest caricature of the lowest qualities of the very lowest specimens. This treatment of the ministry—in the city of Bishop Tait, and Trench, and Spurgeon, and Noel, and Newman Hall—was worse than a blunder ; it was an outrage.

I write these honest words with honest pain and reluctance. The mould that covers him in the great Abbey is yet fresh. Tears of lamentation are yet undried on many a cheek. To Charles Dickens, the Creator gave marvellous gifts. That he sometimes used these gifts for the uplifting of his fellow creatures, and for the amelioration of poverty's hard lot, I sincerely rejoice. For this I tenderly love him. But that he occasionally employed his brilliant pen to cast reproach on what is sacredly dear to the lovers of God, and of his glorious gospel, I deeply mourn. Only a few feet of earth separate the grave of Charles Dickens from the grave of William Wilberforce ; but oh ! what a "great gulf" between their writings, their deeds, and their influence for eternity !

---

#### BESSIE'S CROQUET SET.

Bess was out in the summer house, playing with her dolls, when her brother Dick came running in, very red in the face, talking very fast. "Say, Bess, gramma's come, an' she's brought you *somefin*". Come an' see what."

Bess jumped up in such a hurry that she upset the doll's tea-table, and left the dolls themselves lying in a state of pitiable helplessness upon their faces, and scattered the tea things about in dire confusion.

"*I do hope* it's that croquet set," she said.

Now Bess had all manner of playthings ; books, dolls, dishes, and the like, all more or less soiled or broken, but she did not have what she thought she most desired—a croquet set. It was her own fault, too, for her mother often said that the child should have it in a moment, only she knew very well how it would be. Bess was so careless that before the end of the first week she would get tired of it, and then the mallets would get broken and the balls lost ; so she had to make the best of it. Besides, if Bess had saved out of her month's allowance of spending money, which she wasted on every occasion, she would have had enough to have bought two or three croquet sets. Then Miss Bessie wrote to grandmother, and told her how much she wanted it, confidently expecting that the kind old lady would gratify her. But she was mistaken ; grandmother had another plan. She threw her arms around the dear old lady's neck and kissed her. After they had talked awhile she said.

"Bessie, my dear, I have brought you some-thing. Go out on the porch, and lift the lid of my willow basket, and see what it is. I know you will be pleased."

Bess knew very well that wickets and mallets could hardly be carried in a willow basket, and she went out rather laggingly. But she lifted up the lid of the basket, and there, in the droziest, cunningest of nests, was a plump, little, snow-white hen, about which cuddled twelve little, downy chickens. These were Bessie's present. She was really pleased, and they were so pretty that she forgot her disappointment. Pretty soon grandmother came out, and said to her.

"Bessie, this is Mrs. Bidy and her family. I have brought them to you as a present, although I knew you would rather have had something else." Bess blushed and looked ashamed, but her grandmother, pretending not to notice it, went on. "Listen to me Bessie; Bidy has here twelve chickens—you will probably raise eight or ten of them. Against next year, then, these will have broods of their own, to say nothing of the eggs you will sell during the winter, when they bring such a high price. Then, when next summer comes, and you still think you want the croquet set, you will have enough of your own money to get it. I could and would have brought it to you, but I want you to learn to depend upon, and get things for yourself. It will do you good. You will have to wait awhile, but you will enjoy your pleasure all the more when it does come."

Bess swallowed a big lump in her throat, and tried to squeeze back two stubborn tears that would drop, and then went off very cheerfully to get some bread crumbs for her new pets.

After a while Mrs. Bidy grew very tame; her brood thrived and grew very ugly; first, the disagreeable-looking pin feathers came out, then their necks grew long and their legs grew long in proportion, and they promenaded the lawn looking very *gaudy*, as Dick said, and very melancholy and hungry. Bess was delighted with them, and thought that they were the most beautiful things she ever saw; grasshoppers and crickets seemed to agree with them, for wonderful to tell, not one of the twelve died. And, finally, when they grew up to be sedate hens and dignified roosters, her satisfaction was complete.

One Saturday Bess sent to the city a basket of eggs, and that afternoon she dropped into her savings bank the first dollar she ever earned. Nothing she had ever had gave her so much pleasure as that dollar, and that was only the first. Early the next spring Mrs. Bidy came off with another brood, and six of the other hens did the same, these grew rapidly, and were readily sold. One day grandmother came to visit them again, and Bess concluded it was time to count her money. Dick got behind her chair and grandmother put on her spectacles, to help, and her mother listened while Bess counted:

"One, two, three, five, seven, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Why, grandmother, the croquet set won't cost half of that—I'll have six dollars over, for seed, as papa always says. And I earned it all myself, too, I never was so pleased."

Grandmother smiled, and said, in a kind voice.

"You'll find, my dear child, if you live very long, that few things you get will give you as much real pleasure as that which you get yourself. Learn to depend upon yourself and others will help you. You see, now, how it has been. I should have brought you the set at once, but your mother wrote and told me not to do so, as it would be money thrown

away, you were getting careless and wasteful. I thought it would be a good chance to teach you a lesson, and I see that you have learned it; you are more tidy, and more careful. Now kiss me, and we'll write a letter and order the croquet set."

They went into the library and wrote a very dignified letter, which Bess sealed, backed, and carried to the post office herself. Two days afterward came the box, marked in big, black letters,

MISS BESSIE GREY,  
CLEVERDALE.

It was the happiest day of Bessie's life, and she kissed Biddy's smooth, white feathers with unaffected gratitude.

Papa put the wickets up, and that evening there was a tea party—a surprise for Bess. They played all the afternoon; when evening came they were ready with keen appetites to appreciate the dainty supper which Mrs. Grey prepared.

I am certain that of all the things she ever possessed, except Biddy, Bess never enjoyed any thing as much as she did the croquet set—simply because it took an effort to get it, and she made the effort herself. I must not forget to say that Biddy's children and grandchildren grew up and were sold, while the plump little hen grew plumper and tamer every day. She would follow Bess about like a dog, and would fly upon the back of her chair for her dinner. And as far as can be seen, she seems to promise to reach a dignified and happy old age.—*Little Corporal.*

FOR THE *Canadian Independent.*

### THE SERVICE OF SONG IN THE PRAYER MEETING.

"What's the matter with our singing?" said Mr. Smith to Deacon Jones, as they came out from the weekly prayer meeting together.

"I didn't observe that anything was the matter with it," rejoined the deacon.

"Well, I must say, I never heard tunes drawled out so before! We are getting worse and worse with regard to our "service of song." Now, say, do you think there is much devotion in the singing of those long hymns through, to some dismal, dreary, sleepy measure, evening after evening?"

"Why brother! surely you don't want dancing tunes introduced into our meetings! Now, I think, a good, slow old tune has something solemn and reverential in it."

"Yes, I believe a good many are of opinion that they never have more of religion than when they are droning through some tiresome measure, with suitably lengthened faces.

"This may do once in a while, at a funeral, or some such place; but I believe in lively, cheerful singing among christians, as much as in earnest, fervent, heartfelt praying. At a prayer meeting especially, we want something to enliven the soul, and raise it from the dust and darkness, where it is often groping, to the joyful heights of faith, and love, and trust. Two stanzas, at most, of some stirring, sacred melody, sung every few minutes, with the "spirit and the understanding," do more towards

making a prayer meeting lively and quickening, than three or four long hymns sung as slowly as possible, till every one is restless and tired. I am in favour of short, lively singing in the prayer meeting, at the communion season, in the sabbath school—wherever we need to sing.”

“Well, I never thought much about it before, although my wife has often spoken of the dull, slow singing they generally have at the sisters’ meetings. If I thought that a change in this matter would tend to make us more spiritually minded, and to bring about a more lively state of things among us, in the way of conversions, rest assured, brother, I would do all I could to make our meetings pleasant and profitable.”

---

*For the Canadian Independent.*

FOR JESUS.

It is for Jesus that I tread  
 This rough and thorny road ;  
 For Him whose precious blood was shed  
 To bring me near to God.  
 For Him I task the weary hand,  
 And tax the toiling brain ;  
 And when I fail, at His command  
 I try, and try again.  
 No great achievements can I boast,  
 No wonders can I do,  
 To show I love the *Master* most,  
 And wish to serve Him too ;  
 But in my lowly narrow sphere,  
 I strive to do my part  
 To prove how very, very dear  
 He is to one poor heart.  
 Blest Jesus ! let thy wondrous love  
 Light up my earthly way ;  
 And guide my wandering steps above,  
 Lest I should go astray :  
 Then brighter shall my pathway shine  
 Than streets of burnished gold ;  
 And greater happiness be mine  
 Than lips have ever told.

MARIE.

Owen Sound, September 19th, 1870,

---

## Literary Notices.

*Feathers for Arrows*, by Mr. Spurgeon, is sure to be a favourite book among public speakers, but we must warn our good brethren against using it too freely, because every one will draw from the same quiver, and a good story is like milk or eggs or butter, very nice when fresh, but very easily turning stale. What an invaluable faculty have the two great popular preachers of England and America,—and it is almost the only point, except their hearty belief in themselves, in which Beecher and Spurgeon are alike,—of finding their own feathers, and making their arrows fly and stick !

Every one who has read Felix Bungener's History of the Council of Trent, will be anxious to possess his new volume on *Rome and the Council of the XIXth century*. History in his hands is a veritable drama, so living are all his pictures. Yet it must be confessed that he is too cordial a hater of the Papacy to be a disinterested judge of its proceedings.

When some one brought to Dr. Johnson a volume of "The Beauties of Shakespeare," the gruff old critic replied, "Very good, sir, but where are the other nine volumes?" meaning, of course, that all the great dramatist's works deserved the name. We always have the same feeling when a dish of scraps is served up from any eminent author's writings. Yet when the question assumes the practical form, that the hungry book-buyer must have one volume or none, we are thankful to those who give a taste of good things to the hungry. Therefore we welcome the recently published *Miscellanies from the writings of the Rev. Dr. Newman*, (Strahan & Co.,) and *Passages selected from the writings of Thomas Carlyle* (Chapman & Hall.)

John Keble despite his sacramentarianism, made himself beloved by all good men, and that more for his graces as a Christian than for his gifts as a poet. A very large circle will welcome his *Letters of Spiritual Counsel and Guidance*, (Jas. Parker & Co.,) written to various persons who sought his advice.

The *Critical, Experimental and Practical Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*, by Drs. Jamieson, Fausset and Brown, so long in course of publication, by Collins of Glasgow, is now completed in six volumes. At the same time the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge have begun the issue of a Commentary on the New Testament by a volume on the *Gospels*, the work being designed not for the scholarly so much as for the average reader. The literary work of the Society in question is generally done with the care, accuracy and finish characteristic of English University men.

*The Ammergau Passion Play* (Rivington's) is an account of one of the few survivors, if not the only one, of the strange performances so rife in the middle ages, in which the scenes of Scripture were dramatised for popular amusement and—it was alleged—instruction. Once in ten years at Ammergau, in Bavaria, the scenes of our Lord's last days are acted as a religious service. Repulsive as the idea is to every instinct of reverence, it is rendered more ghastly still by the fact that the man who personated our Saviour, was called away, in the midst of it to enter the army of Prussia!

What Dr. Huxley writes on scientific matters is sure to command respectful attention, for he is a man of great ability and extensive acquirements, but we cannot admire the taste with which he entitles a recent volume, *Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews*, when he has been a leader in the movement for secularising the Lord's day by scientific and literary meetings under the name of assemblages for worship. Poor fallen humanity will not be regenerated by the 'ologies.

Among the other Biblical and Theological Cyclopædias of the day, mention must be made of the *Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology*, by Rev. J. H. Blunt (Rivington.) The editor is of the High Church School, but none the less on that account should the work be read and studied by those who differ from him.—Dr. Wm. Smith, whose Biblical Cyclopædia is so universally known, is on the point of issuing corresponding works in a *Dictionary of Antiquities*, (from the Apostles to Charlemagne), a *Dictionary of Christian Biography and Doctrines*, and a *Classical and Biblical Atlas* (Murray).

---

## British and Foreign Record.

---

The war absorbs every thought across the sea. And, as was to be feared, the area of the conflict is widening as its duration is extended. France, brought to bay at Paris, is girding itself for a desperate resistance ; and the tide of sympathy is somewhat turning in her favor. But she is in a sad case. The power of self-government seems to be wanting in these Celtic races. They can be loyal to a personal ruler, but a ruler they must have, call him by what name they please. Has not Romanism much to do with it, destroying freedom and individuality, subjecting every mind and will to external control ?

The Eastern Question looms up again, still further darkening the cloudy sky. No one can wonder that Russia should seize this opportunity, when France is disabled, Germany pre-occupied, Austria slowly recovering from a terrible blow, Spain without a sovereign, Italy fully engaged at home, England sufficiently embarrassed by the Franco-Prussian war, nor in any wise desirous to renew her Crimean experiences, and Turkey itself sicker than ever,—to realize the steadfast ambition which has possessed her ever since she was a nation, to be mistress of Constantinople. Doubtless, she would rule the territories of the Sultan better than any Mohammedan ruler. But for England, with her great Asiatic possessions, already threatened by Russia on the north, it would be a change of the gravest import. If Turkey and Syria and then Egypt were swallowed up by the Muscovite Empire, our highway to the East would be effectually controlled by our most dangerous rival. But this we must leave in the hands of Providence, whose interposition on behalf of the British Empire in India has been so manifest from the beginning, and whose designs are unfolding with increasing grandeur year by year.

In the midst of all this commotion, Pio Nono drops out of his temporal throne, not one Catholic Sovereign lifting a finger in his defence ! Truly, it is a sorry commentary on the “ infallible ” declarations of the indispensable necessity of the Temporal Power, and the certainty of Divine interposition for its maintenance. It can hardly fail to be a blessing to the Romans, for, by universal testimony, of all ill-governed countries, the dominions of Peter’s successor were the worst. To Italy, it will be the completion of national unity, and the healing of a wound

in the side. But to the Papacy, as a "spiritual" power, we do not expect that it will make much difference. It will terminate a great scandal; it will awaken sympathy and ensure support; and we have little doubt that the Pope will be much freer under the protection of Italy without the pretence of sovereignty, than when playing at being a king with France to hold him up.

The Committee of the London and American Peace Societies have issued an address to the friends of peace on the continent, in which, after deploring the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war—we don't know but we should now *reverse* the terms—and protesting against the maintenance of "those enormous armaments which, kept up professedly in the interests of peace, are the most dangerous incentives to war," they ask—

"What now, dear friends, remains for us to do? Unhappily, in those countries which are the actual seat of war, the voice of justice, reason, and religion is stifled, for that is the only condition on which war can be prosecuted. Our excellent fellow-labourers in the cause of peace on the Continent, have not been wanting to their principles and convictions at this awful crisis. Consistently and courageously, even on the very arena of warlike agitation, have they in every way open to them, uttered bold and eloquent protests against the war. But while it may be difficult for them to persevere in that course—for war is the most oppressive of tyrants—we must continue to denounce this great crime against humanity, and, undazzled by the glare of victory which may attend one side or the other, turn upon it steadily the light of sober reason and Christian morality. We must guard ourselves and use whatever influence we possess in guarding others, against the contagion of the war spirit which is apt to spread even to those who are only spectators of the conflict. We must do all that lies in our power to prevent the area of the war being enlarged, and especially we must strenuously resist all attempts to involve our own countries in this dreadful imbroglío. We must watch every opening for the restoration of peace, so as to encourage our own and other neutral Governments to offer their mediation at the earliest possible opportunity, with a view to bring the war to an end. And, above all, we must stand prepared, whenever this deplorable conflict is closed, to invoke the public opinion of all Christendom in favour of such measures being taken as will for the future place the peace of the world beyond the reach of the personal ambition of individuals, or the capricious impulses of popular passion. And may we not hope that the horror and indignation which this war cannot fail ultimately to inspire, will convince all men of the supreme folly and wickedness of referring the disputes of nations to the blind and brutal arbitrament of the sword—will awaken so stern a demand among the millions of the oppressed populations of Europe as can no longer be resisted, for those measures of disarmament and arbitration for which we have been so long contending, and which seem the only means of escape from the vicious circle in which the nations have been so long revolving!"

The *Advance* is anxious for the consequences of the war to the interpreters of prophecy, whose feelings and responsibilities it thinks have not been sufficiently regarded by the rash men who have rushed into this bloody struggle. "What if the results should differ widely from those announced by the interpreters of prophecy? What if the perverse facts, which are always maliciously seeking to injure sagacious theorists, should venture to come out in open opposition to the second-hand predictions of these students of the future? "*So much the worse for the facts!*" no doubt they will reply, and



will keep on imperturbably with their calculations and explanations. Still, it will be rather audacious and even cruel, should Bismarck overturn the throne of Napoleon, just as the twenty-seventh edition of "The Conflict Foretold" is coming from the press, in which it is clearly proved that Daniel and John had their eye distinctly on Louis Napoleon, as Anti-Christ, and foretold first his conquest of all Europe and then his rising to universal empire, from which eminence he could only be cast down by the personal coming of Christ! Was it considerate, either in France or Prussia, to engage in such a momentous struggle without consulting some eminent retailer of prophecy—say Rev. Dr. Cumming—as to the proper course of events, and especially as to the programme for the year 1870."

The state of parties in the Unitarian body, is evidently becoming desperate. "Liberal Christianity," as they are fond of characterizing their creed, seems to have but little of the spirit of love about it, if we may judge of it by what they say of themselves. The *Religious Magazine* for August, the organ of the conservative wing of the body, in a vigorous protest against the new policy inaugurated by the Secretary of the Unitarian Association, of ignoring all differences between the friends and foes of a supernatural and authoritative Christianity, thus describes the state of matters among them.

One familiar with the actual feeling between Unitarians proper and the more pronounced radicals, in regard to their several theological positions, must know that it is mutually disagreeing, unsympathetic, distrustful, while personally they are excellent friends. Towards the objects which they respectively pursue they move back to back. We are not blaming radicals for this state of things, but we blame Unitarians for trying to cover it up. They ought to meet it manfully. But the "New Policy" refuses to recognize it. The secretary has a "hard road to travel," and a heavy load to carry. Unhappily for him—he will pardon homeliness of the illustration—his noble horses are harnessed, one at the pole, and the other at the tail of his cart, facing opposite ways. He cracks his whip over the ears, first of one, and then of the other; he shouts and he coaxes. The horses champ their bits, rear and plunge and strain with lusty struggle, but all in vain. The cart remains stuck fast. As a friend of "progress" and also of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we suggest the expediency of releasing the hind horse from his traces, and letting him go in all his native "freedom," pawing in the valleys, rejoicing in his strength, and glorying in his nostrils.

Of the conservatives, President Stearns writes, in the last *Bibliotheca Sacra* :

It is no more than justice to say, . . . that they are earnest believers in the superhuman Jesus, and regard with feelings approaching horror the idea of a Christianity with Christ left out; and that the difference between them and those who are called evangelical believers dwindles down to an infinitesimal, compared with the awful gulf which lies between them and the other wing of their own denomination.

---

## Correspondence.

### MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP-MEETING.

ABINGTON, MASS., Sept. 1, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I spent the greater part of the last week at the Martha's Vineyard Camp-Meeting. Perhaps you may find room for some

notes of a visit which gave me so much pleasure, that I wish to share it with some of your readers.

Taking the 7.30 a.m. train for New Bedford, on Tuesday, the 23rd ult., I found myself at 11 on board the Steamer "Canonicus," one of several hundred passengers, bound for the Vineyard. Crossing Buzzard's Bay, we stopped a few minutes at Wood's Hole, a port near the southern extremity of Cape Cod, and very difficult of access. Thence we made our way over Vineyard Sound to "Camp Meeting Wharf," which we reached about 1 p.m. A plank walk, fifteen feet wide, and three thousand five hundred feet long, connects the wharf with the entrance to the Camp ground, and ministers to the comfort of all who are "minded to go afoot," as it saves them from wading through sand several inches deep. Very few passengers land at Camp Meeting wharf. Another wharf, at Oak Bluffs, is nearer the Camp ground, and the greater number go thither.

The contrast between the first Camp Meeting in 1835, when nine tents were pitched under the oak trees, and meetings of more recent dates, may be inferred from a few facts. There are now standing within the camp ground—leaving out of account several hundred dwellings at Oak Bluffs,—not less than 800 houses, many of them quite large, and all of them constructed with great taste, under appointed supervision, and comfortably furnished. Here and there are restaurants and boarding houses, and even hotels. Besides these, there are 2000 tents, varying greatly in capacity, from the society tent, which will accommodate from fifty to one hundred, down to the family tent, with room for four or five. Almost every tent has a double roof. In the centre of the grounds are seats for from 3000 to 4000 persons, admirably arranged with seven aisles, radiating towards the preachers' stand, a pretty structure, capable of seating 40 to 50, which presents five sides of an octagon to the audience, and is surrounded by a platform four or five feet wide, on which stands a reed organ in front of the desk. The railing, with an attachment for kneeling on the outside, technically called "the altar," is about twelve feet in front of the platform. Formerly majestic oaks formed the canopy, but their glory has been diminishing year by year, and their removal was effected within a short time previous to the recent meeting. A canopy of canvas, containing 3300 yards, 160 by 120 feet, has taken the place of the old oaks. It is supported in the centre by three large masts, and midway by thirteen smaller poles, while the outer edges are firmly attached to beams, bolted about twelve feet from the ground to forty posts and several adjacent trees. A white flag, marked with a red cross, floats above. The canopy is pierced by six vent holes of considerable size. Behind the preachers' stand is a bell.

The regulations for comfort and safety leave nothing to be desired. Policemen patrol the avenues and parks day and night. All games are prohibited. No smoking is allowed within the first circle of tents. Dogs are excluded. A light burns all night in front of every occupied house and tent, and a pail of water stands at every front entrance, as a precaution against fire. There are several wells of excellent water. At 10 p.m. the gates are closed, and all audible sounds, even prayer and praise, are hushed. The bell rings at 5.30 a.m. for rising, at 6 for public prayer meeting, at 10 for preaching, at 2 and at 6 p.m. for the same purpose. There are also meetings for prayer in the society tents between 8 and 9 a.m. and 9 and 10 p.m. The bell rings finally at 10 p.m. to close the grounds and enforce silence.

The results of these arrangements are eminently satisfactory. More orderly congregations can be found nowhere. A moral atmosphere pervades the encampment. Even pleasure-seekers behave with decorum.

Of religious services the morning prayer meetings at 6 were to me the most satisfying. A select assembly, like Gideon's three hundred, (that was about the number present), who evidently believed in the power of prayer, came together. The prayers were short, earnest, and pertinent. Every one sought the divine blessing upon the services of the day. The preachers were remem-

bered. The giddy, pleasure-loving throng was not forgotten. There were brief exhortations to faithfulness and personal consecration. Many pungent truths were uttered. Said one: "I have no faith in a mere camp-meeting religion. I believe in every day religion; in being alive, in being alive all the time. We can never take a holiday in religion. When the devil takes a holiday we may—but not before."

The preaching was good on the whole, but not remarkable for impressiveness. Special services followed every sermon, but the results were disappointing. (Compelled to leave on Saturday morning, I can speak of nothing later than Friday evening.) The customary marks of revival were wanting. At no time while I was present did the audience, as a whole, seem to be moved by fervid exhortations, or by affectionate, earnest, and even vehement presentations of truth. To see a multitude passive, under these circumstances, is depressing. I am persuaded that what Martha's Vineyard has gained in conveniences it has lost in aids to devotion. The motives which bring many together are not what they once were. The preaching, which they had three times a day from the stand, differed in no respect from the ministrations of thousands of pulpits every Sabbath. Martha's Vineyard has come to be a sea-side resort. Thousands spend the summer there to whom the camp-meeting is nothing religiously. Thousands avail themselves of the reduced fare, to escape from home and business for a day or two. The unnatural crowding furnishes the opportunity to exact excessive sums for lodging, which irritates the victims of extortion. Parts of the camp ground resemble a great fair. The steamers ply on the Sabbath. There is a constant coming and going.

And yet I would not measure the influence of a camp-meeting by the number of professed conversions only. Many christians are exhilarated and strengthened by associating with hundreds of like precious faith. The prayer meetings were refreshing and invigorating. But I could not help over-hearing the lamentations of many that camp-meetings were not what they used to be. It is well, perhaps, that they are not. We are in danger of giving too much honor to means. I heard many an exhortation which confounded coming forward for prayer with coming to the Saviour; a serious error, to be earnestly deprecated, and yet one which originated in the blessing which has often attended this step.

I came away, impressed with three thoughts:—

1. *Believers are substantially one.*—They drink from a common fountain. Their experience corresponds wonderfully. All love and follow Christ. All are temples of the Holy Ghost. All are reconciled to God by the blood of the Cross.

2. *Christians are coming nearer to each other.*—There is less jealousy than there used to be. There is a more ready acknowledgment of each other's piety. Denominational lines are less sharply drawn. Points of difference are not made so prominent. The Gospel is not preached so controversially as it once was. The desire for closer fellowship is more frequently expressed.

3. *That multitudes walk in the way that leads to death!*—God bless every honest effort to persuade men to love Jesus. "Peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth."

A. B.

---

#### ARBITRATION BY FIRE.

DEAR BROTHER,—Many of your readers are aware that our little Congregational Church at Warton, Colpoys Bay, has been in trouble for some time, in consequence of the contractors claiming that a balance was still due them for the erection of the building, while the people maintained that the so called contractors were well paid for all the work done, and that any fur-

ther demand was unjust, and could not on any fair grounds be established. Thus the very unpleasant matter rested till August 17th, when the strong south wind summoned an *arbitration of fire* from the neighbouring bush. The villagers remonstrated, but all in vain. The award was "*Ashes*." This event is certainly to be regretted, more especially as had it happened eighteen months ago the contractor's loss would have been but trifling—\$10 then being the amount claimed—but with magic rapidity the \$10 became \$60, and the \$60 became \$100. The sacrifice of the stove and pipes made it \$80, at which figure it stood when the whole thing vanished into thin air.—*Com.*

---

## News of the Churches.

---

**Hamilton.**—The eleventh anniversary of the opening of the Congregational Church, and the twelfth of the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Pullar over the church there assembling, was held Wednesday evening, August 31st, and was well attended. The members and friends spent a part of the time in pleasant social intercourse. Devotional exercises were intermingled with the business of the evening. The pastor read a statement of the history of the church during his twelve years' ministry, of its progress, principles, and present position, which excited very grateful feelings in the audience, and a unanimous request was presented for its publication. We give the following brief extracts:—

"The Church, which, with us, means persons who have been hopefully regenerated, is nearly two and a half times what it was when I was called. Two hundred and one have been added to the original number. The congregation is three times what it then was. The Sunday-school has increased in proportion.

"In regard to financial matters, the whole amount raised in these twelve years for all purposes, is \$24,205, or \$2,017 80c. yearly average; and, over the whole time, upwards of \$20 annual average for each contributing member. In the year which has just ended, the contributions have been larger than in any former year since the first two (when contributions were being made for the erection of the Church edifice). The Ladies' Sewing Society presented the Church with a new organ. Nearly \$400 were raised a few weeks since for improving the lecture room, &c. There is no debt of any kind resting on the Church. A new Book Society has been formed among members of the congregation, and a Temperance Association has also been instituted in the course of the year."

Mr. Edgar addressed the meeting, in a very interesting manner, on the condition of the Church preceding the present pastorate, comparing the past with the present.

Dr. Laing spoke with great confidence and animation of the prospects for the future of the Church and its principles. Messrs. Gunner, Bale, Parry, Chilman, &c., spoke briefly—all these brethren expressing the highest regard for the pastor, and great appreciation of his ministry, and profound gratitude for the state of the Church, its peace, mutual affection, liberality, and steady increase in numbers and activity. The feeling was universal that of the many pleasant anniversaries which the Church in Hughson street had celebrated, this has been the best, for never was the Church, in any former period of its history, in such prosperous circumstances.—*Condensed from Evening Times.*

---

**Brantford.**—A Bazaar and Social, got up by the elder girls of the Sabbath School, assisted by several of the ladies of the congregation, was held on the

evening of Friday, the 23rd September. The attendance was large, and fully \$70 over expenses was realized, chiefly from the sale of useful and fancy articles made by the nimble fingers of the young ladies. This is the second annual bazaar got up by them (the one held last year being quite as successful as the present), and shows what may be done when people "have a mind to work," as they were scarcely two months engaged in preparing for it. The proceeds are to be devoted to the improvement of the Sabbath School room.

**Glanford.**—The Rev. Mr. McGill writes us, under date of the 13th ult. :—After a fair trial of Glanford for about twelve months, I have seen it my duty to relinquish it at present. It is about four miles distant from where I live, so that it was necessary to keep a horse. I found the people very indifferent to the effort from a variety of circumstances. The chapel was very much out of repair, so that they felt nervous whilst in it, and a small matter is an excuse when there is little regard for the service. I think, notwithstanding, that something might be done among them, if there was a pious, devoted person who could visit, and stir them up to a sense of their duty.

I now feel at liberty to take a temporary engagement to supply any of the vacant churches that might require my services. If you think proper to intimate this in the *Independent*, I should feel obliged. I do not wish to be idle in the Lord's vineyard, but to be useful, as far as I can, so long as the Lord spares me in a measure of health.

A. MCGILL.

Mr. McGill's Post Office address is Ryckman's Corners, Ontario.

**NORTHERN CHURCH, TORONTO.**—The Rev. Valentine Downs, recently from Rochester, Kent, England, is, we understand, engaged to supply this church for two months.

**BURFORD.**—The Rev. E. J. Robinson, late of the Nottingham Institute, is at present supplying the church at Burford.

The Rev. G. A. RAWSON, formerly of Cobourg, and more recently of Batavia, Ill., has lately removed to Brockport, N. Y.

**SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.**—The Seventh Provincial Convention will be held in the Town Hall, Galt, Ontario, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 11th, 12th, and 13th October, 1870. The Pastors of Evangelical Churches, other ordained Ministers, and one Delegate from each Sabbath School in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and Delegates from other kindred Associations in the other Provinces of the Dominion, and the United States, are cordially invited to attend and participate in the proceedings of this Convention. The Rev. Henry Clay Trumbal, of Hartford, Connecticut, the Rev. Alfred Taylor, of New York, and Father Stephen Paxon, of St. Louis, Missouri, have promised (D. V.) to be present—others are expected. Further particulars may be learned from the circular issued. The Executive Committee request that the second Sabbath in October may be set apart as a day of special prayer for the Convention.

**U. C. Tract Society.**—The Board of Directors of the Upper Canada Religious Tract Society have just appointed the Rev. C. S. Eastman, of Seaforth, as Travelling Agent. It is expected that Mr. Eastman will commence his labours about the middle of this present month. The friends of the Society will doubtless extend a hearty welcome and earnest co-operation to its newly-appointed agent.

## Official.

**Visit of Rev. Dr. Mullens, and Rev. H. Allon.**—The pastors of the Congregational Churches in Ontario and Quebec have already been informed, by circular, that Dr. Mullens and Mr. Allon have not suffered the postponement of the Evangelical Conference at New York, to prevent their paying their proposed visit to these churches, in the interest of the London Missionary Society. Immediately after the publication of the doubting notice in the Magazine for September, the writer received a letter from Dr. Mullens, dated at New York, and inviting him to meet the deputation at Niagara Falls, on Monday, 5th inst. The invitation was gladly accepted, and in the interview which then took place, the published programme was carefully gone over, and finally approved, with one or two slight exceptions, already notified to the parties concerned. Providence permitting, therefore, we may expect the services of our distinguished visitors according to the following revised programme :—

|            |      | DR. MULLENS. | MR. ALLON.               |
|------------|------|--------------|--------------------------|
| Sunday,    | 9th  | October..... | Montreal.....            |
| Monday,    | 10th | “ .....      | Montreal.....            |
| Tuesday,   | 11th | “ .....      | Sherbrooke.....          |
| Thursday,  | 13th | “ .....      | Quebec.....              |
| Friday,    | 14th | “ .....      | Montreal.....            |
| Sunday,    | 16th | “ .....      | Ottawa.....              |
| Tuesday,   | 18th | “ .....      | Kingston.....            |
| Wednesday, | 19th | “ .....      | Kingston.....            |
| Friday,    | 21st | “ .....      | Toronto.....             |
| Sunday,    | 23rd | “ .....      | Toronto.....             |
|            |      |              | Bowmanville.....         |
|            |      |              | Hamilton.....            |
|            |      |              | Hamilton.....            |
|            |      |              | Brantford.....           |
|            |      |              | Guelph.....              |
|            |      |              | London.....              |
|            |      |              | Paris and Brantford..... |

The only additional service which could be obtained was the delivery of a lecture by Mr. Allon, on “Congregational Psalmody, its Principles and Methods,” (with vocal illustrations by a select choir) on the evening of Monday, 17th, at Toronto.

The interest of this visit will be enhanced by the presence of Henry Wright, Esq., of London, a leading member of many of our denominational committees, and once a chairman of the London Missionary Board.

The Committee earnestly hope that every arrangement will be made in each place at which an appointment has been announced, to ensure the entire success of this visit, so that, although the first, it may be by no means the last, which our churches may receive from representatives of the London Missionary Society.

F. H. MARLING.

Toronto, 24th September, 1870.

**Hospitalities at Toronto.**—To facilitate the practical adoption, in this city, of the suggestion that the pastors of the neighboring churches should convene, with other friends, at the central points selected for the services of the deputation from the London Missionary Society—the undersigned requests such ministers as may intend to be present at the services in Toronto, to forward him their names, *a full week beforehand*, that they may be provided with entertainment in the families connected with the churches of the place.

The services in Toronto, will be as follows :—On Sabbath, 16th October, Dr. Mullens will preach in the morning in the Northern Church, and in the evening at Zion Church; and Mr. Allon, in the morning, at Zion Church, and in the evening, at Bond Street. After the evening service, there will be a united observance of the Lord's Supper in Bond Street Church. On Monday evening, Rev. H. Allon will deliver his lecture on “Congregational Psalmody,” in the Northern Church. On this subject, he is confessedly a very high authority. The Psalmody of his own church is probably unsurpassed; and his collection of tunes, *The Congregational Psalmist*, has ob-

tained a very wide circulation. A choir of select voices, under a competent leader, is already preparing the vocal illustrations of the lecture. On Tuesday evening, Dr. Mullens will deliver a missionary lecture in the Bond Street Church, either on India or on Madagascar. The lecturer has not merely the knowledge of the subject acquired by correspondence with missionaries as Secretary of the Society, but was for many years himself a missionary, in Calcutta. He possesses, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of vivid description, while his views of missionary work are comprehensive and far-reaching. A season of great interest may therefore be expected. It will gratify the deputation to have friends from the region round about, rally in full force on the occasion.

F. H. MARLING.

Toronto, 24th September, 1870.

---

## Obituary.

REV. G. STERLING.

A valued correspondent in St. John, N. B., sends us the following particulars of the life and labours of the Rev. G. Sterling, whose decease we chronicled last month:—

“Died at Keswick Ridge, New Brunswick, on Sunday morning, 7th of August, the Rev. George Sterling, pastor of the Congregational Church in that place, aged 73 years, after five weeks of intense suffering. Deceased was a native of Scotland. Of the early part of Mr. Sterling’s life the writer has not the information at the present time. Before he entered the Congregational ministry he performed missionary work in Nova Scotia, in connection with the Wesleyans, but not as an ordained minister. He was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in the year 1843, the Rev. William Payzant preaching the ordination sermon. When the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was first organized, Mr. Sterling was present, being then pastor of the Congregational Church at Pleasant River, N. S. In October, 1849, Mr. Sterling took charge of the church at Keswick Ridge, N. B., and from time to time visited the Welsh Church at Cardigan, some miles distant. During the twenty-one years of his pastorate, Mr. Sterling has had the confidence of his people, and has been much beloved and esteemed. During the last few years his health failed very much. In May last he was much agitated by the fires in the woods threatening his dwelling. A few weeks later he took ill, and on the 2nd of July was unable to attend the Church meeting, but on the following day (Sabbath) he received into Church fellowship two members. The last entry he made in his diary was on the 11th of July, as follows: “To-day, thank God, I am gaining strength. Dr. Brown calls to-night.” He was visited with a severe stroke of palsy, and was unable to write again. He was visited frequently during his illness by the Rev. T. Dowling, an episcopal minister. An officer of the church states, that although suffering much pain, he was resigned completely to the will of the Lord. It was a frequent saying of Mr. S. that he wished to die in harness, and his prayer was answered. He passed away from his earthly work and suffering on Sabbath morning, Aug. 7th, to enter the heavenly work above. The Rev. Mr. Melville, a Presbyterian minister, conducted the funeral services, using for the foundation of his remarks the words “Behold, he cometh with clouds,” Rev. i. 7. Thus lived and died a devoted servant of the Master.—J. W.

MR. JOHN ROAF, Q.C.

One of the ablest and most eminent members of the Chancery Bar of this Province, Mr. John Roaf, Q.C., has been called to his account at the early

age of 43. He was born in Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England, but came to this country with his parents at an early age. His father, the late Rev. John Roaf, for many years pastor of Zion Church in this city, was well known for his writings as well as his pulpit efforts in Canada. Mr. Roaf was educated at the Upper Canada College and Toronto University, where he graduated with honors in 1846. He was called to the bar in 1849, and practised his profession with great ability and success until the illness which terminated his life. He was very highly respected by a large circle of clients, who had the utmost confidence in his ability and integrity. The law reports of the last twenty years contain ample evidence of his thorough acquaintance with the principles and practice of equity, and the success which generally attended his efforts. To many of our readers his death will be the loss of a sincere and highly esteemed friend, whose memory will long be held in kindly recollection. The Congregational Church has lost a devoted member, and his family, a beloved husband and parent. Mr. Roaf was married to a daughter of the Rev. Jas. Richardson, D.D., by which marriage he had two sons, who survive him.—*Globe*.

---

DIED,

September 9, 1870, Mr. Thomas Hodgskin, of Guelph, in the 87th year of his age.

Thomas Hodgskin was born in the city of London (England), Nov. 12th, 1783. Deprived of his father by death at the age of six years, he, with an only sister, depended on a widowed mother for all that guidance and influence which is so much needed in youth, and the character of which may usually be traced in the after life. He was accustomed, to his latest days, occasionally to allude to her tender, yet wise and faithful care.

Her spiritual anxieties appear to have been quickened, perhaps awakened, by bereavement and other affliction, and she sought for herself and her children the ministry of some of the few faithful pastors to be found in those days in the Church of England in London, who, because their preaching met the need of souls crying, "What must I do to be saved?" had their churches crowded, while others were all but deserted. The names of Newton, Gunn and Cecil, he often mentioned with pleasurable recollections in this connection.

The influences thus derived preserved him from outward sin during the temptations incident to apprenticeship and early contact with the world; yet he has been heard to say that when he first awoke to a consciousness of his lost condition, the sense of heart-alienation from God, with its exceeding sinfulness, was so terrible, that he feared to sleep at night lest he should awake in hell.

Not long after reaching mature age, he was led to attend the ministry of Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel, where he found his religious home until he emigrated to this country. His progress in Divine things appears to have been gradual, for he did not for several years venture to seek church membership, and read the Scriptures in the domestic circle without daring to open his mouth in prayer. But at length, when leaving the chapel one Sabbath with the congregation, previous to the observance of the Lord's Supper by the church, the minister of the day, the elder Mr. Sibree, rose in the pulpit, and with affectionate earnestness, expostulated with them for turning their backs upon the ordinance, and thereby refusing to obey the Saviour's command. The appeal was blessed in bringing a large number to confess their faith and hope in Christ, and among them was Thomas Hodgskin.

His religious course, in its outward manifestations, was remarkably even and consistent, and his efforts to be useful to others by Sabbath school labor and district visiting, were limited only by a sense of duty to his family. His children vividly remember his earnest prayers with and for them, and his solemn, yet affectionate admonition to them not to "fail of the grace of God,"



but in the days of their youth, "while it is called to-day," to "lay hold of the hope set before them" in the Gospel. They also remember with pleasure his fervent and animated supplications in the family, especially on Sabbath mornings, for a blessing on a preached gospel, and on missionary labors. He was contemporary with the formation of the various missionary and philanthropic institutions which the revival of religion and the increase of knowledge produced in the end of the last and beginning of the present century, and in all of them, but especially the "Bible," "Religious Tract," "London Missionary," and "Anti-Slavery" Societies, he took deep, and, when opportunity offered, active interest.

He came to Canada with his family in 1832, and settled at once in Guelph, attracted thither by friends who had preceded him. The public means of grace being then but scanty, and in many respects unsatisfactory, it was not long before efforts were put forth which brought into existence a Congregational church, of which the present one is the continuation. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgskin were amongst the number with which the roll of membership was formed, and continued on it, with one most reluctant interruption, until the day of their death. During this period, until age and infirmity unfitted him for active service, he steadfastly sought the honor of the Redeemer by endeavouring to promote the prosperity of the church, and since retiring from office he ceased not to manifest a lively interest in all that affected its welfare.

During the last two years, besides being reminded by age and increasing infirmities of his approaching change, he was twice brought by illness to face the near prospect of dissolution; and on these and other occasions his expressions of perfect acquiescence and deep humility, along with simple faith in the great atoning sacrifice, and calm assurance of hope, were very precious. He recovered, however, from both these attacks, and was permitted fully to live out his days, until, by a gradual cessation of the vital energies, he "fell asleep, and was gathered to his fathers." During his latter weeks and months, he frequently remarked that his feebleness affected his thoughts and apprehensions of spiritual things. Yet his utterances from time to time shewed that he felt no depression of spirit, but that his eye was still fixed on "the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He had been accustomed thro' life to appropriate, for the encouragement both of himself and his children, the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me," and the same confidence sustained him now. He frequently quoted, in a manner which shewed his lively appreciation of them, the verses beginning: "O, the sweet wonders of that cross;" "I would for ever speak his name;" and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," while the portions of Scripture most in his mind were those which set forth the love and compassion of our "merciful and faithful High Priest," and the Psalms in which God is addressed as our refuge and portion.

He had from time to time, during his last weeks upon earth, gone thro' what both felt to be a last interview, with one and another of his friends, and these leave-takings ended, with the exception of his own family, with a visit from his pastor but a few days before his departure. He recognized him with pleasure on his arrival, but afterwards seemed unconscious of his presence until roused by being told that he was going. when he looked up and exclaimed, "Well, sir, we shall meet again. There shall we see His face, and never, never sin."

During his last few days his capability of utterance was much diminished, but he occasionally showed that the eye of faith was not darkened, until at length, in the closing scene, his bodily eyes opened to a final look upon earthly things, and then his spirit ascended "to God who gave it"—to "his Father and our Father, to his God and our God."

The event was improved in a funeral discourse, by the Rev. W. F. Clarke, on Sabbath evening, Sept. 18th, from Deut. 33, 27.—*Com.*