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The Canadian Independent.

'ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHERN.'

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1880.

[New Series. No. 23.]

THE LORD MY ROCK, FORTRESS, DELIVERER.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

Life's paths are wintry and chilly,
And my feet are tired, O Lord!
My heart and flesh both fail me
As I'm passing under Thy rod.

O tears that are worse than useless,
O fears, that beset me sore!
When shall my spirit find gladness,
True balm on the upper shore?

My heart and my flesh may fail me,
But, O Father, Thy word is sure.
Thou art my hope and my portion,
Thy love shall forever endure.

Then welcome all pain and all crosses,
As short is the time for my stay;
Welcome the smart and the losses,
And the briers that encompass my way.

O Rock! in life's desert so weary;
I haste to thy cooling shade;
In thy clefts I will find my shelter
What time I am sore afraid.

O Fortress of strength and of safety!
My feet are still heaving on,
Till the tide of the battle turning,
Brings the rest that is truly won.

Haste, O Deliverer! hasten,
For my sun goeth down in the west,
I long for a glimpse of Life's river,
In the heavenly land of rest.

Thy rod and Thy staff through death's valley
Shall most surely give me aid;
As homo to my rest I am going,
I cannot be sad nor afraid.

But will sing through the gloom and the
darkness
To my Father, the Heavenly King,
That through Jesus is victory given,
That death hath no more a sting.
—Religious Herald.

Topics of the Week.

- New York has 266 city missionaries.
- In Thuringia, Christian burial is denied to suicides.
- The revival work of "California" Taylor left permanent results in Australia.
- There is a meeting of negro Quakers at Helena, Arkansas, and a society of 100 Mexicans at Matamoros.
- The suspension of trade on Sunday is asked for by 500 shopkeepers of Zurich, Switzerland.
- Pero Hyacintho's Old Catholic movement is not an entire success. He needs financial assistance.
- Miss Annie L. Shaw was ordained at Tarrytown, by the New York Methodist Protestant Conference.
- A Pan-Lutheran Council is suggested to be held at Old Wittenberg, the city of Luther and the Reformation.
- An iron church was sent from London for the Esquimaux Presbyterians on Little Whale River, Hudson's Bay.
- The Congregationalists have begun work in Arizona. A church of thirteen members was organized at Prescott.
- The first Presbyterian Church of Chicago held its communion in a log house. Since, it has admitted 8,000 members.

—Restrictions on missionary work in Tahiti have been removed, and 8,000 natives are under Christian direction.

—Within three months, fifty Christians have been killed by Mohammedans in the vicinity of Robert College, Constantinople.

—The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* says: "Spencer, Huxley and Ingersoll may be men of blameless morals, but their principles taken up and imbibed by the masses, tend to recklessness and vice."

—More editions of Thomas a Kempis' "Invitation of Christ" have been published than of any other book except the Bible. The 500th anniversary of his birth will be celebrated at Kempen, in the Rhineland.

—The Detroit *Post* says that a circus clown in Virginia took occasion, the other day, at the close of the performance, to speak plain and very searching words, which deserve the sober attention of many more than those who heard them. In his painted face and mottled garments he said:

"We have taken in six hundred dollars here to-day; more money, I venture to say, than any minister of the Gospel in this community would receive for a whole year's services. A large portion of this money was given by church members, and a large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your preacher asks you to aid him in supporting the Gospel, you are too poor to give anything. But you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. If you came simply to see the animals, why did you not simply look at them and leave? Now, is not this a pretty place for Christians to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush in such a place as this."

—Another trouble threatens England, and in her most vulnerable point. A rebellion has broken out in Northern Cashmere and a general rising is said to be imminent. The Maharajah's troops are now engaged in an attempt to quell it, but should they fail, as they probably will, if the revolution becomes general, then British troops will have to be sent to establish peace. Britain has undertaken this obligation in return for the acknowledgment by the Prince of British supremacy. The Sikhs conquered Cashmere in 1819 and in 1836 by the treaty of Lahore transferred it to England, who sold it to Gholab Singh for a large sum, England undertaking to defend Gholab from his enemies. Cashmere is a basin-like valley enclosed by the Karakorum and Himalaya mountains. The land is very fertile when the usual quantity of rain falls, but when the irrigating canals become dry it is a burnt up valley, and the people being improvident die off by thousands. By earthquakes, pestilence and famine the population has been reduced from eight hundred thousand at the beginning of the century to about two hundred thousand at the present time.

—The announcement is made that any friend of the Bible Revision undertaking who will send ten dollars or more before February next to help to pay the expenses of the American Revision Committee, will receive a memorial copy of the first University edition of the revised New Testament, handsomely bound and inscribed. The issue is expected from the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge in February next. The American revisers have given their time and labor for eight years without compensation, while the necessary expenses have been paid by subscriptions. Those who wish to aid by accepting the offer now made can send the money to Rev. Dr. Schaff or Mr. Andrew L. Taylor, in the Bible House, New York. The American Committee announces that only those editions of the Revision which include the marginal renderings published or approved by the University presses of England will be recognized as the authorized editions.

—The Pope appears to have been much embarrassed by the representations on the Irish question and efforts to get him to commit himself on the side of the revolutionists. These seemed to have been successful, when the *Aurora*, the Vatican organ, gave way to sympathy with the revolutionary cause, but Leo expresses himself differently. He claims no omniscience, but says that in default of hearing both sides, anything he would say would be liable to extreme fallibility, and therefore he would simply advise the maintenance of law and order and abstinence from crime.

—The *Guardian* says:—Another step, and a very important one, has been taken towards the evangelization of Japan. From the London *Watchman* we make the following extract: "The New Testament in Japanese has been introduced into the public schools of Yokohama, by order of the city authorities." This we consider a most decided advance. If the rising generation be indoctrinated with the teachings of the New Testament, the hold of their native superstitions upon them will be inevitably relaxed, and will soon give way. From the men and women of the future, thus taught, what may not be expected?

—The news from South Africa is not very encouraging. Although the Colonial troops are generally victorious when they come in contact with the rebellious natives, yet they do not make much headway in putting down the revolt. Those already in rebellion are constantly being joined by other tribes, and thus the territory exposed to raids is continually being extended. This is serious, as the colonial forces are already severely taxed in the effort to deal with the rebellion within its present confines. No news from the Transvaal may be regarded as good news, as a successful rebellion in that quarter would have made itself known long before this.

—Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, whose death was announced by cable, leaves behind him few men whose intellectual powers can be compared with his. He was a man of great strength and originality of character. As a friend, or a partisan, rather, he was too faithful, and as

an enemy he was implacable. Those who "love a good hater," would have found in him much to admire. His connection with the celebrated Tichborne case showed this trait of his character very plainly. The prominence which his great intellectual powers gave him was, however, his greatest recommendation, and the fact that his social relations and moral character were such as led the Queen to refuse to bestow upon him honors to which, but for these considerations, he was entitled, no doubt had some influence. As Great Britain's representative in the Geneva arbitration upon the Alabama claims, he refused to sign the award, and in fact protested against it, on the ground that it was altogether too great. The fact that the United States has found it impossible to distribute the whole award among the legal claimants vindicates his course. He lived to be a comparatively old man, being seventy-eight years of age.

—The promotion of the Panama Canal scheme has been resumed with extraordinary vigor. The movement is so universal that success, as regards subscription and capital, is certain. Adhesions are arriving from every quarter of the globe. De Lesseps told the *Times'* correspondent that the news arriving every moment confirmed his conviction that the enterprise is safe. Every country in Europe is taking part in it. Offices are being opened in Germany, Austria and Italy, and subscriptions are flowing in. The English have run up the share to a premium on the Paris Bourse by sending orders which cannot be executed except by paying premium.

Never since the day of the Sultan Mahmoud has any Sultan ventured so completely to defy the public opinion of the civilized world as the present Sultan Abdul Hamid. The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs announces officially to Mr. Layard, that hereafter no Moslem shall be allowed to leave his religion and become a Christian under penalty of death; that no one shall be allowed to teach doctrines subversive of Islam, and that, in defiance of treaties, any foreigner engaged in such teaching may be arrested and imprisoned without consulting the foreign consuls or ambassadors. In Syria, intelligent Moslems condemn this resolve.

A few days ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer saw the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cow-catcher. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed, it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog was standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighboring house, followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child laid down and went asleep on the track.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household haue
Your darlings still need your guiding hand;
Oh! fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase,
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier,
Falls sweeter far on the living ear,
Oh! fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah! what are kisses on the clay-cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one lies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress?
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem life's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the home where the light has fled
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
O! cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's
hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

Our Story.

A QUEER TEST.

"How happens it, Tom, that you never married?" asked Harry Stanhope of his friend, Tom Meredith, as the two sauntered along Broadway one fine spring morning.

"Because I never could find any woman who would have me, I suppose," answered Tom laughingly.

"No use to tell me that, old fellow," rejoined Harry. "Girls are not so foolish as to decline a good looking man like you, with plenty of money; yet here you are, nearly thirty years old, and no more prospect of settling than you had ten years ago. Now if it were me, why, the case is very different. A doctor just struggling into practice, is scarcely considered eligible by match-making mamma, to say nothing of their worldly wise daughters, but they are ready and eager to smile upon you, and you might as well make your choice."

"Thank you," answered Tom, still laughing, "when I find a young lady who can come up to my grandmother's standard of domestic virtues, I will invite her to become Mrs. Thomas Meredith."

"And what were your grandmother's peculiar doctrines on the subject?" asked Harry.

"I presume she had more than one," said Tom. "but this she particularly impressed upon my mind: 'Always look at a woman's dish-towels,' she would remark with much solemnity. 'No matter how well she plays the piano or sings, or how many languages she can speak, never marry her unless you see that she uses soft dry towels; and plenty of them, when she wipes her dishes. Be sure that the girl who uses soiled or wet dish towels does not know enough to be the wife of an honest man.'"

"Harry laughed at this definition of house-wifely knowledge, but presently he said in a serious tone:

"There is considerable truth in the old lady's ideas after all, but I don't quite understand how, in these days, you can apply the test. Most young

ladies that we know have, perhaps, never seen a dish towel. Now I think of it, I promised to introduce you to my cousins. There are three of them, all bright pretty girls, though I think it doubtful whether they would fulfil your grandmother's requirements as a wife. Still you may find them pleasant acquaintances, and if you like we will go there now."

"Agreed," responded Tom, and the two friends soon found themselves in the magnificent parlour of Mrs. Renshaw, Harry's aunt.

The young ladies were all at home, and, as Harry said, were bright, pretty girls. Ida, the eldest, was a tall, queenly brunette, whose magnificent black eyes and abundant raven tresses seemed to compel universal admiration, though she had a powerful rival in Adele, the second daughter, whose delicate blonde beauty shewed to fresh advantage beside her more brilliant sister. The two were acknowledged belles in their own circles, and few who knew them ever paused to give a second glance at their younger sister, little Violet. And shy and shrinking as her floral namesake, she avoided the gay assemblages in which her sisters loved to shine, and passed her time pleasantly and peacefully with her books, her music and flowers.—She was not present when Harry and his friend entered, but when her cousin, with whom she was a great favorite, asked expressly for her, Miss Adele desired the servant to call her. Tom, who was conversing with Ida, did not notice her entrance until aroused by Harry's voice saying:

"Mr. Meredith let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Violet Renshaw."

And, turning quickly, he was surprised at the sight of the tiny creature, so unlike her elder sister. There was nothing magnificent, and little that could be termed strictly beautiful, in the almost childish figure, but there was something indescribably winning in the clear, gray eyes, and the rich, chestnut curls that clustered about the broad, low brow.

Tom had little time for observation, however, as Ida and Adele claimed his attention, while Harry monopolized Violet in a frank, brotherly way, quite unlike his more formal and ceremonious manner with the elder sisters.

"Well, what do you think of my two cousins?" was Harry's natural question when he and Tom were once more in the street.

"I can only express my admiration by saying that I wish it were possible to divide myself into three separate and distinct individuals, that I might offer each of the fair enslavers a hand and a heart," replied Tom with much solemnity.

"What, without waiting to discover whether their dish-towels are in proper order?" retorted his friend.

Tom laughed.

"I have a presentiment that I shall forget my revered grandmother's advice until too late, when the important event of meeting my fate shall arrive."

"And then remember it for the rest of your life, I suppose," observed Harry; "on the principle of 'marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.' Well, I hope my fair cousins will not be the cause of such a catastrophe; but I must leave you here, as I have a patient in the house." And he hastily ran up the steps.

Left to himself, Tom sauntered slowly on, thinking of the young ladies whom he had just seen. It must be confessed that little Violet occupied but a very small portion of his thoughts—which were filled with Ida and Adele.

"But I doubt if either of them ever saw a dish-towel," was his concluding reflection, as he reached his boarding house.

Weeks passed on. Tom was devoted

in his attentions to the Misses Renshaw. Rumor assigned him first to Ida, then to Adele, and waited with impatience for the time when the engagement should be publicly announced.

"Yes, certainly; why not?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I don't know—only I thought—you never did anything," stammered out Adele. Then endeavouring to seem at ease she said: "Yes, if you will help take the teakettle into the kitchen and set it on the stove."

Tom seized the kettle, and throwing open the door leading to the kitchen, was crossing the room towards the stove, when his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Ida from the store-room. If Adele looked slovenly and dishevelled, what shall we say of Ida? An old dress dirty and torn slippers, run down at the heels and burst out at the sides, no collar or ruffle, very little hair, instead of the magnificent tresses he had often admired, and what there was was hanging uncombed about her face, no wonder that Tom stared in blank astonishment.

A heavy frown took the place of the usual smile, as she curtly bade him good morning. Tom muttered apology for his intrusion, as he deposited his burden on the stove, and turned to retrace his steps just as Violet entered the dining room. She did not see him, but addressing Ida, said:

"Run away now Ida dear, and dress before callers come for you. I have already sent Adele upstairs, and will finish the dishes, now that I am about done with my sweeping."

"You have been long enough about it, I hope," muttered Ida ungraciously, nevertheless availing herself of her sister's offer with much celerity. "Here are the dish-towels, Violet," extending several greasy, blackened articles to the young girl.

Tom stood meditating an escape; not an easy affair, as the sisters stood directly in his path, but at the word dish-towels, he involuntarily stopped and glanced around.

"No wonder my grandmother cautioned me," was his first thought, as the soiled towel met his sight, and he hastily approved the look of disgust which crossed Violet's face as she laid them aside, and opening a drawer she took from it a splendid supply, soft and clean.

Ida and Adele had both disappeared, and Tom ventured to renew his offer of assistance to Violet, who startled a little as she for the first time noticed his presence. But she recovered her composure at once, and quietly answered as she deftly filled the dish-pan with clean hot suds:

"No, thank you, Mr. Meredith. I shall do very well without your assistance. My sisters have not left me much to do. You had better walk into the parlor, and they will soon join you."

"No, indeed," replied Tom. "I will take myself out of the way, with apologies for my untimely intrusion, unless you will really let me be of some service. And believe me," he added, earnestly, with an admiring glance at the neat little figure tripping so lightly about the kitchen, and mentally contrasting her with her two sisters, "you make me happy by allowing me to help you."

"O, very well," said Violet, smiling and blushing a little as she met his gaze, "if you are really in need of employment I'll try and find some for you to do. Suppose you set those dishes on the lower shelf of the closet as I wash them; then I can arrange them after all are done."

Tom obeyed and was rewarded by being allowed to bring a hod of coal from the cellar and doing various little errands, during which time he was noticing the neatness and despatch with which Violet worked, and was especially

observant of the clean, dry dish-towels and the skill with which, when done using them, she washed and scalded and hung them to dry.

He declined the invitation to dinner, given by Mrs. Renshaw when she came in and found him assisting Violet, and made his way directly to Harry's office.

"I have made my choice at last, Harry," he announced, "it is the one who would even snit my grandmother."

"Might I inquire who the fortunate damsel is?" asked Harry, laying down his book: "and how are you sure of your revered grandmother's approval?"

Tom told his morning's experience, concluding with:

"If she will only accept me, I shall be the happiest man alive, and all owing to my dear old grandmother's advice."

Meanwhile, almost every day brought some good and sufficient excuse for him to call at Mrs. Renshaw's pleasant house, a new poem, the latest song, an invitation for a drive, or a plan for an excursion. Of Violet he saw less than of the other sisters, although they were very friendly, and he treated her with the same brotherly frankness as did Harry.

One lovely June morning he presented himself at Mrs. Renshaw's at quite an early hour, intending to invite the three sisters to pass the beautiful day in a long country drive. He noticed that there was some delay in answering his ring, which was not unusually the case with Mrs. Renshaw's well-trained servants; but at length he heard a light footstep, and in another moment the door was opened by Violet. She had a broom in her hand and a dust-cap covered her bright curls; but she bade him good morning with as much cordiality as usual, and inviting him to enter, adding:

"Please walk into the dining room, for I am sweeping the parlors."

Secretly wondering, Tom obeyed. As he turned the handle of the dining room door, there was a sudden rush, a hasty bang at the door, and a hurried exclamation of "O Violet, how could you?" and he found himself in the presence of fair Adele, although for a moment he scarcely recognized her in the slovenly dressed girl, with dishevelled hair, who stood by the breakfast table dabbling the cups and saucers in some greasy water, and wiping them on a towel, which to say the least, was very far from being spotlessly clean. She coloured and with some confusion, said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Meredith. So you have come to find us all at work this morning. It happens that we have for our three servants a brother and sisters. They received this morning the news of their mother's dangerous illness, and mamma at once gave them all permission to go home. We supposed we could get a woman who sometimes does extra work for us, but she was engaged for this day, so we are obliged to do the best we can for ourselves. I assure you," she continued with a little laugh, which Tom had often thought pretty and engaging, but which now sounded false and affected, "that I am by no means accustomed to such work, nor have I any desire to become so."

"Cannot you allow me to assist you?" asked Tom, politely. "I was brought up on a farm, and often washed dishes and made myself generally useful in the kitchen."

"You!" exclaimed Adele, in such an astonishing tone that Tom couldn't forbear a laugh.

An exchange tells of a man who had \$65 stolen from him, and who soon after received \$25 with the following note: "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my conscience, and I send you some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON--

LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH.—Gen. 50: 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Prov. 10: 7. Commit—18-21. Time—1635, B. C.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Between our last lesson and this, a period of somewhat more than fifty years elapsed, of which there are no scriptural records, excepting those of the dying blessing Jacob pronounced upon his sons; Jacob's death; and the particulars of his removal to Canaan, and burial in the sepulchre of his fathers.

LESSON NOTES.

(14, 15). *And Joseph returned into Egypt—he and his brethren, and all that went with him to bury his father.* The embalming of Jacob's dead body had occupied forty days; the mourning seventy days more; and then had followed the long journey into Canaan, the mourning by the way, and the return again into Egypt. During all this time the brothers of Joseph had had ample time to reflect upon the past, their early conspiracy against him, the fact that their father, who had been the great bond between them, and for whose sake it might be possible he had spared their lives, was no more, and that they were thus left wholly at his mercy. With such reflections, would come the fear that the retribution they could not but feel they had merited, would finally be visited upon them by Joseph. This, however unjust to Joseph, was perfectly natural. It is very hard to understand the possibility of perfect and absolute forgiveness and we need not wonder at the state of mind in which the sons of Jacob found themselves on their return to Egypt after the burial of their father.

(16). *Sent a messenger.* So great had become their fear and dread of Joseph, that they could not bring themselves to appear in person before him, but sent a messenger to speak in their behalf.

Thy father did command before he died, saying, &c. Some have supposed that, knowing Joseph's profound reverence for his father's command, they invented this story in order to draw from him some promise of kindness for the future. This is doubtless unjust; nor is there anything in the fact that Jacob had commanded them to do this, to justify the opinion that he himself had ever suspected Joseph's continued kindness toward them; for he knew the character of Joseph too well to admit of such a suspicion. But the attitude of confession and humiliation which Jacob had commanded them to assume towards Joseph, their saviour and lord, to whom they owed everything, and from whom they deserved nothing but severity, was both proper and becoming. It would have been most unseemly in them, when their father was dead, to go on enjoying Joseph's protection and favor as before, without some formal acknowledgment of demerit, and some request that clemency and favor might still be extended to them. Whatever favor they had, or could have, irrespective of considerations for their father, was matter of pure favor; and it was a good thing for them to both feel and acknowledge it.

(17). There are two petitions in this verse. The first purports to be from Israel, their father—*forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin: for they did unto thee evil;*—and the second from themselves—*we pray thee forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father.* They claim to be the servants of Israel's God—their humility and confession of sin are evidence that they were such. *Thy father.*

They do not say *our father.* This is regarded by some as artfully introduced for the purpose of more effectually working upon Joseph's feelings. We prefer regarding it rather as evidence of humility and self-distrust which led them to keep themselves in the background, as unworthy to be classed with Joseph in such honorable relationship.

And Joseph wept. We can hardly conceive it possible that Joseph should not have wept. A petition so pathetic asked under such authority, and in such a name, would move even a stern nature to tears,—how much more, one tender and affectionate like Joseph.

(18). *And his brethren also wept, and fell down before his face.* Probably having heard through their messenger of Joseph's emotion, they were emboldened to come before him themselves. They assumed before him the attitude of the deepest

humiliation and the most profound reverence. *It's be thy servants.* This was an assurance of fidelity, both for themselves and their posterity. Here, then, was a renewed fulfillment of Joseph's dream—a full confirmation on the part of his brethren of his title to the birthright.

(19-21). *Fear not, for am I in the place of God?* This is equal to saying,—do not torment yourselves with any fear of me. Am I in God's place, to visit you with retribution?—I have passed by your offence, and forgiven it—in regard to it, you have now to deal with God, not with me. True, you thought evil against me—we will neither conceal nor excuse that—but God used your evil act for the accomplishment of good for us all—overruled it in order to save much people alive. Now, therefore, fear ye not; I will nourish you and your little ones, and he comforted them, and spake kindly to their hearts. Joseph's words here go very far towards confirming the opinion that his brothers were sincere in their professions—truly humble and repentant. Joseph trusted them, and fully accepted their professions;—there is nothing in scripture to show that he was deceived.

(22, 23). *Joseph lived a hundred and ten years.* We may infer that Joseph was the first of the sons of Jacob to die; yet this may not be correct as he is the only one whose death is mentioned. His age was much less than that of his forefathers—perhaps owing to the less salubrious climate of Egypt, to which he had been exposed for more than ninety years; perhaps, also, to the more luxurious habits of life to which he became inured after his elevation to the dignity of prime minister to the King of Egypt. Still he lived to see the posterity of both his sons—of the younger to the third generation.

(24, 25). *Joseph said unto his brethren—probably the most, if not all of them were alive—I die, and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land into the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.* This is mentioned by the Apostle (Heb. 11:22) as though it had been the specially distinguished act of faith of Joseph's life. He had implicit confidence that God would fulfil His promise; and accordingly he exacted an oath from his brethren to carry his bones to Canaan when God's time for their deliverance should come. This regard for the care of their bodies after death, argues a deep conviction in the minds of the patriarchs that the mission of their bodies was not finished when they were laid aside in death; and an expectation, however vague, that they would be again claimed to participate with the spirit in the enjoyment of the perfect fulfillment of the divine promises.

(26). *So Joseph died... and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.* Being put in a coffin, while with us nothing else is thought of, was, in Egypt, a mark of high distinction,—swathing and embalming being, in the majority of cases, deemed sufficient; and even these were not universal. So the last service rendered to Joseph in Egypt was such as is shown only to persons of highest dignity. 144 years after, the remains of this great and good man were conveyed to Canaan, (Ex. 13:19; Josh. 24:32) and buried in the portion of land which constituted the last gift of his father to him.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

The sons of Jacob, overburdened with fear and self-accusation, cast themselves at the feet of Joseph, for the purpose of thus turning away his wrath, and found that there was no wrath there, but on the contrary, the tenderest love. So Christians often, under a consciousness of sin, come to God with trembling and fear, only to find their hearts melted under a revelation of His tenderness and love.

Joseph's faith, like that of his fathers, rested in his dying hour upon the promises of God, and looked beyond death to a participation in their blessings. So with God's people ever since. Their crowning joy in death is the hope of a glorious resurrection to an incorruptible inheritance in Christ.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(FOR THE CHILDREN.)

(14). Where had Joseph and his brethren been? For what purpose? Did they remain in Canaan? Where was Jacob buried?—(See ch. 49: 29-31). Who else were buried there? (15). What did Joseph's brothers think that possibly he might do since their father was dead? (16). Did they go themselves to speak to

him about it? (17). What did their messenger say? Was Joseph angry? What did he do? What was there in that to make Joseph weep? (18). What then did Joseph's brothers do and say? What made them so much afraid after their father was dead? Had they any need to be so much afraid? Do you think Joseph had forgiven his brothers? (19). What does he say here that shows that he really had done so? What does he say his brothers meant what they did to him for? What did God mean it for? What good had God made to come out of what they did? (21). What very kind promise did Joseph give his brothers? What is the meaning of *I will nourish you?* (22). Did he keep his promises? How old did Joseph become? Joseph was 17 years old when he went to Egypt, and 110 years when he died;—how long, then, did he live in Egypt? (23). Whose children and grandchildren did he live to see? (24). What did Joseph tell his brothers would surely happen? (25). What did he make them promise they would do when it did happen? (26). What did they do to Joseph's dead body? What is meant by *embalmed?* Preserved it in such a way that it would dry, but would not decay. Joseph saved his brothers from starvation,—who is a far greater Saviour than Joseph? Is Jesus your Saviour.

THEY BOTH PRAYED.

It was past midnight. Tossing in the restlessness of pain and fever, Florence lay on her wakeful couch, burning with thirst, yet unable to swallow a drop of water to assuage it without adding to her pain.

"Call my father," she cried in her agony to her mother, her only watcher, who had sought in vain to afford any relief.

Softly the mother went to an adjoining room, where Florence's father, exhausted by previous watching, lay in a deep sleep. Hesitating, she went back without disturbing him, to hear again the beseeching request:

"Call my father. I am so thirsty and I cannot drink."

This was something beyond the mother's experience, that water taken when craven so earnestly should distress, not afford relief. She felt that some power beyond her own must bring help, if it came. For twenty-four hours Florence had neither slept nor drank. Once, when she had tried holding water in her mouth to assuage the thirst, she had swallowed a little, which caused intense distress, and she turned from it as from an enemy. Again the mother went into the next room, and again returned without disturbing the sleeper. She lay down softly by the restless child, and earnestly yet silently prayed that if possible God would relieve her. In a moment came the words:

"Mother, I feel better; I would like a drink."

Too much for the mother's faith, she replied:

"A drink! You know how even a swallow distresses you."

"Please give me a drink, mother," was the reply.

The glass of cold water was held to Florence's lips, and eagerly and without fear she drank freely of its contents and lay back on the pillow with a look of perfect quiet on her face. Hardly daring to move, her mother repeated in a low voice two verses she had learned when a child younger than Florence, and which hundreds of times since she had repeated to herself when wakeful at night, to find them bring rest, if not sleep.

"When courting slumber
The hours I number,
And sad cares number
My weary mind.
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

"My soul thou keepest,
Who never sleepest,
Mid gloom the deepest
Thine eyes behold me,
Thy word has told me
That God is love."

She looked at Florence as she finished the lines, and the restless eyes were closed. She was asleep. Not daring to move, she lay perfectly quiet, with her eyes fixed on a clock which stood on a bracket near by. Twenty minutes of sweet sleep and Florence opened her eyes with a smile, and said:

"I would like something to eat."
No one but a mother who has watched with intense solicitude over a sick child can tell the music in those words.

Quickly she prepares a delicate morsel and was surprised to find it could be eaten with no more pain following than had been caused by the draught of water. The crisis was passed, and Florence was out of danger.

"I was at my wit's end," said her mother to her the next morning, "while watching with you last night. And if ever I prayed in my life I did when I came in the second time and lay down beside you."

"I was praying too, mamma," was the unexpected and most welcome reply.

"And mother," she added, "why did you never say those sweet verses to me before?"

"I do not know," was all the reply her mother could give; "but you may take them now, and if they prove of as much comfort to you as they have long been to me, I shall be very glad; and neither you nor I," she added, "must ever forget the night when we both prayed.—South Western Presbyterian.

PRESUMPTION.

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—Standard.

MRS. HAYES' WORK.

Very valuable testimony to the excellence of the work Mrs. Hayes has done for the cause of temperance is found in a recent letter from Washington to a Hartford paper. The writer had talked with a drummer from a New York liquor house, who was emphatic on the decrease of the trade in Washington. He said: "We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now where we sold thirty some years ago. Mrs. Hayes' 'No wine at state dinners,' may have sounded easy to other people, but it was almost a sound of death to the wine trade. Many is the time we have sold hundreds of boxes to dealers who we knew in turn furnished them to the Executive Mansion. That trade is entirely gone now. Mrs. Hayes having declared against wine, of course it became unfashionable in a manner, and its consumption fell off very much. Last winter there was not one case of wine sold where forty was sold even ten years ago." The paragraph is headed "Mrs. Hayes' Awful Work" all over the land, and may God bless the brave woman who inaugurated so true a reform.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

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TORONTO, DEC. 2nd, 1880.

We would again call the attention of our subscribers to the label on their paper showing the amount due. If the label does not indicate \$1 then a year's subscription is due. Will you send it at once? Nearly half of the current year's issue has been sent out and not nearly half of the subscribers have paid their dollar. Let us have it at once.

THE COUNCIL AT ST. LOUIS.

We drew attention last week to the opening of the Great Congregational Council, there are yet a few items of special interest to us which we now proceed to mention:—

Two subjects demanded special attention, the subject of Creeds, and of Ministerial standing. Strange to say, the Council came to unanimous findings thereon, save one negative vote on the latter topic. Both these topics touch a sensitiveness not to be regretted, on ecclesiastical liberty, yet there are evident demands upon our churches at this juncture which should, as at the Council they were, be frankly and boldly met; we must meet them in Canada or become for all real influence and work defunct. The subject of Creeds was formally introduced into the Council by overtures from the Ohio, Central South, and Minnesota conferences, followed by an elaborate paper thereon by Dr. Hiram Mead of Oberlin, Ohio, and the discussions closed by the appointment of seven delegates who were to appoint a committee of twenty-five representing the different shades of thought in the churches; this Committee of twenty-five to undertake the work, and present the result to the Churches through the press, to carry with it such weight as its intrinsic merits may demand.

Dr. Mead in the paper referred to never thinks of enquiring "Shall we have a Creed?" furthermost from his thoughts and evidently from the minds of the more than three hundred representative Congregationalists there, was the idea of Congregationalism being creedless, the questions discussed were "What is involved in a new doctrinal statement?" "Is such a new statement desirable?"

Such men as Cromwell and Milton, John Owen and Thomas Goodwin, would have stood aghast at the assumption of Independency having no creed, or the supposition that its principles, like jelly, would fit into any mould with a little heat. The Savoy Conference represented Independency in those days, A.D. 1658; the old New England churches had set forth ten years previously the Cambridge platform, a general declaration of the faith and polity of those churches. Historically Congregationalism has never been without a declaration of principles, a statement of belief, a creed. Nor has it been ever deemed by the great body thereof that the liberty and right of churches have thereby been meddled with. Let it be however understood in what sense we hold to a creed,

without in any sense assuming the right of authority over brethren. The starting point is simple—"No creed, however fashioned, can in any way be made the creed of any church till that church has in some formal way freely adopted it." From this right, justly argues Dr. Mead, flows another, the liberty to unite with other churches in Christian work and fellowship, and if a church has a right to organize, why should not a consociation of churches organize, so long as that organization does not impair the authority of the individual church? Ultra Independency virtually denies this right, not allowing of formal fellowship through councils or Associations, whilst Congregational Independency, no less watchful over the right of self control, claims the further right of organized co-operation. For authority means the right to go away from home, as well as to stay at home, to associate with our neighbors, as well as lock the door against them. And when by quoting Dr. Emmons' famous dictum "Associationism leads to Consociationism, and Consociationism to Presbyterianism, and Presbyterianism to Episcopacy, and Episcopacy to Roman Catholicism," which is an ultimate fact, or by some other terror, alarmists would frighten our free churches out of the exercise of the right to join these voluntary Associations, thus spying out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they may bring us into bondage to a narrow and restrictive Independency, let us "give place to them by subjection not for one hour." Now there can be no Association without some common basis of action and belief, and Congregationalism, in its history, has ever held doctrine to be paramount to polity, hence some declaration of faith as well as of order seems inevitable. Is that declaration of faith or creed to be imposed? This really brings us to the radical difference between a Congregational and, say, a Presbyterian Creed. The Presbytery opening its confession says:—"Do you accept this." The Congregational Council or Association would rather enquire "What do you find taught in the Holy Scriptures?" The applicant for fellowship being asked to state for himself his belief, the Council simply deciding whether it is sufficiently in accord with the Consensus of the denomination to allow of harmonious and united action. For this purpose a declaration is needed, we have a common faith, why not state it? "I do," says one, "it is found in the Bible, what need of any other?" Sixty years ago, Dr. Mead reminds the American Churches, that a number of Congregational Ministers appealed to the Bible in support of their thorough Unitarian views, claiming their Independency, and at the same time, continued fellowship. But if the individual pastor or church may appeal to the Bible, most assuredly a confederation of churches can do the same thing, and where the faith of the confederation is not the faith of the individual, separation is inevitable.

These considerations require great care on the part of those who draw up declarations, that they should deal chiefly with facts, and these the simple essentials of the Gospel of God's grace in Christ revealed. This consensus of acknowledged verities should be in the living language of

the day. The theological languages of the old symbols are to the many really dead languages, hence the desirableness of a creed representing the attitude of our churches, now towards the burning question of the day. Our fathers were not afraid to speak out, why should we? One of the curses upon the creed world of Christendom to-day is the veiling of the true attitude behind the ambiguity of expressions in creeds virtually obsolete, and therefore open to a double interpretation. Let us have an honest statement of what we believe, unless our belief is too shadowy for words to even attempt, and we know of no body more free to attempt this desideratum of the Christian world to-day than our own, if we only can prove ourselves to be the men to do it. Many are the voices calling for what Dr. Schaff at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, in Edinburgh three years ago, calls "a testimony of the living faith of the church, and a bond of union among the different branches of the Reformed family." What denomination more untrammelled than ours to lead the way therein?

The question of ministerial standing we must leave for a future article, we close this by words from Dr. Mead's paper, which may apply nearer home than the United States:—"As Congregationalists we have freely enough exercised our inalienable right to disagree. Churches have abundantly demonstrated their ability to manage church affairs in a way quite contrary to the judgment of our wisest and best men. The demonstration has been quite complete, and we have sacrificed not a little in numbers and strength to make it. Now, let us show that we have just as good, just as inalienable a right to agree as to disagree; the right, that is, of paying reasonable deference to the judgment of others, and to get what light we can from them upon what we need the most of all to understand, the doctrines of the Bible."

SOME PROPHECIES AND THEIR INTERPRETERS.

It may be interesting to some whose minds are at times exercised about impending calamities, threatening conjunction of planets, prophetic declarations concerning ending dispensations, *et omne hoc genus*, (which means *all such kind of nonsense*), to recall a few facts of days gone by, that the experiences of the past may speak some word of wisdom and guidance. We say "to some," for we are quite conscious of the fact which Solomon notes, Prov. XXVII. 22.

The writer recollects when a boy going home from school with beating heart because of a report that St. Patrick's day was to witness dire calamities. Notably that London—the modern Babylon described Rev. xviii.—had reached her acme, and that that day was to witness her fall. There was a strange intermixture of Scripture declaration and Mother Shipton lore, though their expectation was based upon a weird prophecy reported to have been uttered by some one, somewhere in A. D. 1203, and another, equally startling, by a Dr. Dee (etymologically connected with and derived from fiddle-dee) A. D. 1598. We give the letter:—

The Lord have mercy on you all
Prepare yourselves for dreadful fall
Of house and land and human soul,
The measure of your sins is full,
In the year one eight and forty two,
In the year that is so new:
In the third month of that sixteen,
It may be a day or two between
Perhaps you may be stiff and cold.
Dear Christian, be not stout and bold—
The mighty, kingly proud will see
This comes to pass as my name's Dee.

This prophecy was said to have been read in the Harleian collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, where it was afterwards sought for but could not be found. We need not remind the thoughtful reader that London still awaits the day.

The city seems to have ever been the most fruitful soil for sowing prophetic seed, and London has recorded many examples. The wisdom of the old interpreters has not departed, nor the opposite quality from the listener.

We give an example of ingenious unravelling of mystic lines. A couplet credited to Merlin thus reads;—

When hemp is ripe and ready to pull
Then Englishman, beware thy skull.

This jingle which ought to remind the wrong doer more of the gallows than anything else, was thus most learnedly interpreted by one skilled in such lore in Elizabeth's time. Scripture unfortunately received just such handling to the neglect of the mysteries of righteousness and love. "The word HEMPE has five letters which thus read: H signifieth the good King Henry, E means his successor Edward, M Queen Mary with P for Philip of Spain who married her, and lastly E means Queen Elizabeth at whose death let England expect great trouble about the succession. These troubles, however, did not come, but the sly rogue who had interpreted and still lived on in King James' day was nothing daunted and rose to explain, "yet was the saying true seeing there has been a great mortality."

Ecclesiastical history is full of religious crazes. The mystic number 666 has overturned the papacy in prophetic imagination, at least half a dozen times; even as the supposed Hebrew form of "Luther" has satisfied the requirements of the same six hundred three score and six, and thus unmistakably pointed out that arch heretic to Roman Catholic eyes as the mystic beast.

Not many months ago an oriental specialist discovered without doubt the long lost ten tribes of Israel in the Japanese, as they were long since most certainly found in the Jewish caste of Abyssinian features and other "identifications." The truth is anything that will prove an opiate to the religious conscience, and leave men free to gratify their vanity and their greed is eagerly sought and delighted in to the neglect of those teachings and precepts which Christ has placed before those who truly seek his spirit. Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, they who rest there may sometimes be obscured by the dust the adversary raises in every conceivable way, but the atmosphere will clear, the true light shine, and they on the rock continue forever and forever.

WE are glad to find that the notorious Sara Bernhardt is not meeting with a very encouraging social reception in the States. Whatever success may have attended her performances—and at the best that has not been very enthusiastic apparently—the almost entire absence of all people of position and character from

her private gatherings has been marked and unmistakable, forming—and we deeply regret to say it—a marked contrast to London society, where she was feted and entertained, the heir-apparent setting the fashion, in a most extravagant manner. There is talk of a visit to Canada. May the good people of Montreal and Toronto, if she appears in these cities, very markedly "let her alone."

We have received the second issue of "Our Little Ones," a new magazine for those whose name it bears. The number of serials for the children of to-day is one of the encouraging signs of the times, and every fresh venture seems an advance upon what has preceded it. In the mechanical department—printing, paper and illustrations—all is first-class, while the reading matter, contributed by a variety of authors—some of whose names are familiar to us—is just what the wee ones in our household would like to have read to them if they cannot read themselves. The Russell Publishing Company, Tremont St., Boston.

Correspondence

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue which is not received by us before the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

MR. HANNAY AND SRENGTII-ENING CENTRES.

Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

Your correspondent, "Rural Dean," has scarcely done Mr. Hannay justice in his interpretation of the policy advised at the meeting whose report has called forth the rejoinder. Mr. Hannay did certainly say it was not wisdom nor duty to plant causes in sparsely settled districts until centres were strengthened. What other advice could possibly be given? Mark, nothing was said as to causes already established. On the other hand, Mr. Hannay is reported to have said, "Sacrifice should be made to strengthen causes where there was a growing interest," leaving it to be questioned, as well it may, whether sacrifice should be made to keep up a little longer a cause confessedly weakening every year.

Let us understand the point at issue. A rural church may be a strong centre. Some of the strongest congregations of Methodists and Presbyterians are rural. No one would for a moment dream of weakening them, nor of discouraging the entering in upon a field virtually self-sustaining. Such cases are not in question. Nor were our centres strong would there be any question as to the propriety of planting causes and maintaining them to the utmost ability; but that word *ability* covers the whole difficulty. What is our present position? I enter into no question as to the steps which have led to the present state of affairs, but the fact remains, our best city churches, with their debts and distractions, are not in a position to extend their operations, or aid, until they have weathered the lee shore, and are out once more into the open sea; it, therefore, becomes them to use their very limited means to the best advantage with a view to future stability. In this endeavour to utilize means, not abundant, it is not wise to perpetuate the following state of things, and against which Mr. Hannay and they who think with him speak. A town, say with 8,000 inhabitants, all told, and a possible rural constituency for church purposes of another thousand, church accommodation for 7,000, more than the possible church-

going population when children, invalids, etc., are counted out, active churches with memberships, well varying from 100 to 300; we have a cause whose total membership is, say, 25; average attendance, 30; annual cost to the missionary Society, \$300; years spent in establishing this cause thus far, fifteen. Now, the policy advocated would say: let that cause go, make surer footing where your work is telling, and read the handwriting on that wall—"weighed and found wanting." We might give instances where denominational integrity is maintained virtually for the sake assuredly not for the interest of one family and connection. Think of a village in a sparsely settled district with a population of 250, and four churches! Are we to add a fifth?

The apostolic church made strong its centres, it began at Jerusalem, and from the cities, Rome, Corinth, Antioch, launched forth. This is really what the respected Secretary of the English Union urged. We are not in a position, at present, to launch out, nor will we ever be by spreading ourselves. Let us concentrate and boil over, then our work will endure. We may even need to lop off; there is such an operation as pruning. I remember being appalled when first I saw an experienced friend apply the knife to my vines, but the vigour of the next season laughed at my fears and justified what had to me seemed ruthless waste. We advocate no reckless letting go, or unskilled pruning, but we do need to look after the base of supplies, and not stretch our outposts or multiply our positions, however desirable those positions may be, beyond the limit of sustaining power.

B.

THE MISSION WORK IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR.—Will you kindly allow us through the columns of the *Independent* to appeal to our churches throughout the Dominion in behalf of the Mission work in Manitoba?

As some of your readers are aware, the committee appointed by the Union, in June last, to superintend our work in the North West, have entered upon their labors with much earnestness, and relying upon the Great Head of the church, and being assured of the sympathy and co-operation of people, they have taken upon themselves great responsibilities.

In a few weeks, all being well, we shall have two of our most promising young men in that important field: the Rev. J. B. Silcox, late of the Western Congregational Church, Toronto, will take the pastorate of the Winnipeg Church on the first of January; and the Rev. W. Ewing, B. A., with a self-denying and truly missionary spirit, will leave Winnipeg to open up new fields of labor in some of the scattered settlements beyond.

Your committee, in these appointments have incurred a financial responsibility of not less than \$1,800 a year.—"a large sum!" exclaims some some soulless follower of the self-denying Nazarene; but we say, how small, as compared with the great requirements of the field and the resources of our churches, were they but consecrated to their high calling. Towards the above amount, the church in Winnipeg will contribute \$600 a year, and the Colonial Missionary Society will lend a helping hand; but to ensure success we must have the co-operation of the Congregational churches of Canada. Men of Israel help! Let every church make a special effort in behalf of this important undertaking; and as we are in immediate need of funds, we would suggest that, wherever practicable, the Christmas offering of the people be directed to this noble enterprise.

All contributions should be forwarded to the treasurer, H. Sanders, Esq., 120 St. James St., Montreal.

J. F. STEVENSON, Chairman.
J. L. FOSBERG, Sec'y.

Montreal, Nov. 26th, 1880.

EASTERN DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

The Eastern District Ministerial Association held its annual meetings at Ottawa on the 9th and 10th inst. On the evening of the 9th a welcome social was held in the Congregational Church in honor of the meeting of the Association. It was a most enjoyable affair. Tea was served under the superintendence of Mrs. J. Jarvis, Mrs. Morgan and Miss Leggs. Rev. John Wood, pastor, then gave an interesting address, after which the following was the order:—Anthem, "Come out and shout" by the choir, address by Rev. R. Brown, Middleville, "I'll stand by until the morning" by the choir; address by Rev. S. N. Jackson, M. D., Kingston: "Are you coming home to-night" by the choir; address by Rev. R. Mackay, Kingston.

The association met on Thursday morning, Rev. S. N. Jackson, M. D., president, in the chair, Rev. R. Brown was elected chairman for the ensuing year. The thanks of the association was tendered to the Rev. R. Mackay for past services, and he was re-elected secretary-treasurer for another year. The Rev. Benjamin W. Day, of Lanark, presented a letter from the central association, and on application, was elected a member of the association. Dr. Jackson read a paper on "The constitution and administration of God's spiritual kingdom," which was followed by an interesting conversation. A discussion took place with reference to the law relating to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the following resolution passed:—

The Eastern Association of Congregational ministers, in session in the City of Ottawa, having had under consideration the condition of the law relating to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and being in full sympathy with the effort made during the last session of the Dominion Parliament to obtain the passage of an Act legalizing such marriages, unanimously resolves,—

That, whereas, no passage of Holy Scripture can be produced which, fairly interpreted, forbids or even discounts such marriages; and whereas, it is believed that Great Britain is the only Christian country in the world whose laws are opposed to the formation of such a relationship: Therefore, we earnestly hope that the Bill which passed the Commons by so large a majority last session, will be re-introduced at the coming session of Parliament, and will become at once the law of the land.

The following resolution was passed with reference to the retirement from the ministry of the Rev. W. M. Peacock.—"This Association desires to extend their warmest Christian sympathies and brotherly greetings to the Rev. W. M. Peacock in that, through failing health, he has been laid aside from the active duties of the Christian ministry. They recognize at the same time, with devout thankfulness to the great head of the church, that in the midst of abounding bodily weakness he has yet been enabled, by the grace of God, to labour for so many years, in the Lord's word, and that these labours have been abundantly blessed, both in the conversion of souls, and the building up of saints in their most holy faith. Our prayer is, therefore, that though now laid aside, he will with his loved family experience much of the Lord's presence and blessing."

A public meeting was held in the evening, which was fairly attended. Rev. R. Brown in the chair. Rev. B. W. Day gave an address on "the work of the Holy Spirit." Rev. R. Mackay spoke on the subject of "winning souls, viewed in its relation to church members," and Rev. S. N. Jackson followed on "the Word of God; its use in private, in the family, and in the Sunday-school." It was decided to hold the next meeting in Kingston. R. MACKAY.

Secretary.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

We have received the following circular from the Secretary-Treasurer. A copy has been sent, we believe, to every church in the Dominion. We however re-print it here, the more particu-

larly to emphasize the appeal it makes. It will scarcely be credited that so important a Society only received contributions from five churches last year. It is in the interest of the churches as well as of the ministers that they should be well supported and we ask for their sympathy and aid. Large collections are not expected; but every church should do something. MONTREAL, 24th November, 1880.

DEAR BRETHREN,

On behalf of the Provident Fund Society, I beg most respectfully to present its claims to your church for your sympathy and co-operation.

The Society has now been in existence for twenty-three years, and during that time has paid more than six thousand dollars (\$6,000) to the widows and orphans of deceased ministers—a sum in itself comparatively small, but bringing with it a large amount of comfort to the families of those of our ministers who, after having spent their lives in the service of God in our churches, have been taken home to their rest.

There is another branch of the Society's operations, which the Board of Directors desire very much to have placed on a more healthy basis; viz., the Retiring Minister's Fund Branch.

In the course of years there will always arise cases of ministers rendered unfit for pastoral duties through sickness or old age, and who, through inability to provide for "a rainy day," are left in a position of actual hardship, and sometimes of absolute poverty. The Fund proposes to take up such cases, and to provide annuities for ministers so retiring, on payment of a small annual premium. Quite a number of our ministers have already become connected with this branch; but in order to make the Fund strong enough for its intended purpose, it will be necessary to increase the capital considerably.

We confidently appeal to the churches of the Dominion to take this matter up, and at least to make one collection annually for the Fund, with the suggestion that it be taken up at the first communion of the year. Will you kindly take the subject into your prayerful consideration at your first church meeting?

I will thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the collections through the *Independent* from time to time.

With best wishes for your prosperity in all that is highest and best,

I remain,

Dear Brethren,

Fraternally yours,

CHAS. R. BLACK,

Sec'y-Treas. C. P. F. S.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B.N.A.

Received for current expenses the following subscriptions, which are hereby thankfully acknowledged.

J. Caldwell, Esq., per Rev. T. Hall.....	\$ 2 00
Mr. Barnes, St. John, Nfld., per Rev. R. K. Black.....	2 00
Robert Anderson, Esq., Montreal.....	100 00
Garafraxa, 1st Cong'l Church, Kingston, do.....	291 90
Paris.....	70 00
Unionville.....	12 00
Colonial Missionary Society, London, England.....	538 49
	<hr/>
	\$1,026 90

R. C. JAMIESON, Treasurer.

MONTREAL, Nov. 25th, 1880.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

As many of your readers know, the worship of the early Christians consisted largely in singing the praises of our blessed Redeemer. In the works of Clement, of Alexandria, is given the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. Clement wrote in the year 150, and the hymn itself is said to be of much earlier origin. The first and last verses rendered now in English may serve to show the strains in which the disciples were wont to address their Saviour—

Shepherd of tender youth
Guiding in love and truth,
Through various ways;
Christ, the triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To about Thy praise.
So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants and the glad throng,
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

I thank God that the early Christians did not exclude the children from church fellowship. As Christmas will soon be here, that most memorable of all days to the Christian, let the children in our Sabbath schools be taught to sing the stanza above given, so that in Canada may be heard the grand old strains that once rang out so joyfully along the plains and moor stairs in the villages of Judea.

News of the Churches.

RUGBY.—The Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. I. Hindley, received seven new members last Sabbath, all on profession of faith, all heads of families but one. This makes some 20 additions this summer.

The members of the Church at Edgar surprised Mr. Hindley on Tuesday evening last at the parsonage. They crowded the place, bringing baskets of good things, and Deacon McLeod read the following address:—

BETHESDA CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Nov. 16th, 1880

To Rev. J. I. HINDLEY, M.A.

Dear Sir,—

The members of the Congregational Church and Congregation, knowing the inclement weather to which you are exposed in performing your arduous labour in your extended parish, beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, that you may purchase there with a suitable overcoat to repel the attacks of Jack Frost, which we anticipate will be frequent and severe during the coming winter. We know that our present is small, but would ask your acceptance of it in order that you may be assured of the continuance of that love and esteem on our part which has always existed since you became our Pastor, and will receive it as a token of the high appreciation of your ministrations among us.

We trust that the Almighty Father of all good will continue to bless your work as we believe He has hitherto done, and that your stay among us may be long, rightly dividing the word of truth.

On behalf of Bethesda Congregational Church,

THOS. S. McLEOD,
C. CAVANAGH,
D. JAMIESON,
R. A. THOMAS,)
Deacons.

The Pastor was too much taken aback to give a very logical reply, but made known his gratitude in a few words.

A number of improvements have been made around the Church and Parsonage, tending to render the property more valuable, and the Pastor and people more comfortable.
Nov. 19th, 1880.

LANARK.—INSTALLATION SERVICE.—On Thursday evening the 11th of Nov. the Rev. B. W. Day, was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church in Lanark village.

A council was held in the parsonage previous to the public meeting. Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa presiding, Rev. S. N. Jackson, M.J. of Kingston led in prayer, and Rev. R. Mackay acted as scribe. After a brief statement from Mr. Day, the following resolution was adopted: "that from our previous knowledge of Mr. Day, and from his present statements to us, we express our entire confidence in him as a good minister of Jesus Christ."

At 7.30 the service commenced in the church, there was a good attendance. The Rev. R. Brown of Middleville in the chair. Rev. S. N. Jackson gave an able address on the principles of the church, which was listened to with marked attention. The Rev. John Wood, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. R. Mackay gave the address to the people. Mr. Day commences his work under favourable auspices, the church and congregation are hearty in their desires to further the interests of the cause. We have no reason to fear that the cause of Christ will suffer in their hands. A very considerable amount has been spent on improvements on the church property, and the church promises to be self-supporting in another year. The previous pastor, Rev. John Brown, with his family, has settled in Manitoba.

EVANGELISTIC.—The Rev. R. Mackay of Kingston, is labouring in Cornwall, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in united evangelistic services. He commenced on Saturday the 20th by addressing a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Next day at 4 p.m. he addressed a large meeting in the Town Hall about 500 people were present a number being young men. At 7 o'clock he preached in the Methodist Church, and at 8.30 in

the Y. M. C. A. Hall. On Monday he visited twelve hotels and drinking saloons, and preached in the evening. At the close of the evening meeting there were several anxious enquirers. A number of the young men are earnest and active in their efforts for the good of their fellow young men, and are much encouraged by the ministers.

Several Roman Catholics are among the anxious.

WINNIPEG.—This city is being blessed with a deep religious awakening. Christians of all denominations are earnestly engaged in the work. Services are held each morning and evening. The Holy Spirit's power is felt. Many especially from the various Bible Classes and Sunday Schools have been brought to Christ, while several scoffers and infidels who had not attended the house of God for years have yielded to the Saviour. About three hundred profess to have been converted.

BOWMANVILLE.—Last Friday evening, an interesting and profitable social, largely attended by persons from all the churches in the town, the proceeds of which amounted to \$71, was held in the new Congregational Church building, which has been erected and enclosed under the superintendence of the esteemed and energetic pastor of the church. This is a sufficient guarantee of the beauty of its design. This church was weak and almost ready to die, having been closed for months. At the request of the Secretary of the Congregational Union, about three years ago, the Rev. W. H. Hen Do Bourek preached, received and accepted a call from the church to become their pastor. The congregation did not then number two score of persons, and none of them possessed a super-abundance of this world's goods, yet in three years—this handful of people—now considerably increased, have gathered more than \$3,000. The interior of the new church building is unfinished. We understand that members of the Congregational Churches of Toronto and others are contributing to help the indefatigable pastor and plucky little band. They deserve encouragement, and any funds sent to their pastor will be thankfully received.

Literary Notes.

"The Christian Commonwealth a Theocracy" is the title of the published inaugural address to the Congregational Union of Ireland, A.D. 1879. The Rev. R. Sewell is the author, and it is issued in a neat form by Dickinson, Farrington St., London. As a thoughtful address to sister churches, we may be pardoned in giving it more than a mere literary notice.

As indicative of the position of our brethren in Ireland, we call the following: "In the year 1829 the Congregational Union of Ireland was formed: so that this is our jubilee. In some respects we doubtless have made a little progress. We have a few good churches, perhaps larger than any that existed then. I think our church buildings are more commodious, and our machinery somewhat improved: but our preachers are not quite so numerous, and our spirit of enterprise, I fancy, is somewhat behind, so that whilst our fathers were thinking of how they might extend the area of their operations, we are at our wit's end to see how we may contract our bounds, and this, after closing, entirely or partially, several chapels, abandoning numerous preaching places, and withdrawing from counties where once we had a respectable standing, through the toil, and prayers, and pecuniary expenditure of our predecessors." This sounds in many respects like our Canadian experience, though we have been smitten from within in our centres in a manner happily rare in the churches of our mother lands. Nevertheless, we too have had to withdraw—and, from all appearances, may still have to repeat the process—from places where once our cause was denominationally strong, and the policy will be—if indeed it is not already being—forced upon us of strengthening the things that remain ere we seek for further territorial extension.

This at once raises the question, "Is, then our denominational work done?" This may be in some measure answered by the sentence in the address immediately following the above quotation—"I hold, however, that Independency has made progress—slow, it may be, indirect and silent, but none the less real. Any one writing the ecclesiastical history of this land (Ireland) for the last half century would have to set forth the contrast between then and now, in the larger bodies. Surrounding churches have come to admire, to imitate, and to appropriate our modes of activity, our church franchise, our hymns, our general congregational liberty." Much more may this be said to be true of Canada, unless indeed we qualify the statement that other churches have come to admire that which they have learned and adopted from us; in many

cases the advance has been steadily made by the power of the truth against the constant protest of the more conservative ones. Many a true step in advance has been at least hindered by the warning cry, "That is Congregationalism." Yet the work has gone on, and we may, if we set our houses in order, find ample and continual work to be done in the Master's name. Thus much concern for the more outward aspects of denominational life.

Very decided views are presented as to the N. T. light of our polity. "Each community is left to develop its organization from within itself" is a principle strenuously denied by Mr. Sewell. He writes: "I maintain that the Christian revelation is—a complete rule of life for the individual and the church. Leave every community to develop its own organization, and what a *mare magnum* would ensue. Take the developments of the past and what monstrosities have been foisted on the Christian system—bearing the impress of the lusts, fancies, prejudices, cupidities, and blindness of Christian professors." The Christian Church is a theocracy, which has these three essential elements, I. A Divine call, II. Divine legislature, III. Individual responsibility direct to the great King; and upon these three principles our author claims our denominational strength must rest. Free from ecclesiastical bonds, whether of state, convocation or synod, but under law to Christ, from whom all our independent rights are derived. The want of stereotype unity, which to some seems our weakness will, under these guiding principles be our strength, for star differeth from star in glory. Man stamps sameness upon his work "A piece of sculpture, a painting, a house, a wax figure, may be the exact counterpart or likeness of something else, because the work is human; but where the author is divine the variety is as extensive as the objects made." We commend the book, small though it be, for prayerful perusal.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

The character of Jesus Christ is, itself, enough to claim the Bible for God. It bears his sign-manual in every detail. As it stands in the Gospels and in the Epistles, it is unique and incomparable, and much more easily to be conceived as a transcript from a living reality than as a mere fiction; as that, especially, of so many independent writers, of so many temperaments, such various gifts, and often, defective training. There is a perfect naturalness and freedom in the various documents, which shows no trace of exaggeration or art; they are simple and unstrained, even when most above the plane of mere human life. Innocent as a child, and moved by the loftiest thoughts, He is painted with the same spotlessness to the last, and yet in no negative sense, like the mortifications of an ascetic, but in the midst of an active life, in which each day culled out every varied emotion and impulse. He never hints at the need of repentance for Himself, though He makes it essential for all besides; but, in its place, He again and again claims a perfect faultlessness that sets Him above such a requirement. The best of men are deepest in their humility at the thought of their shortcomings; but Christ, though unequalled for patient lowliness and sustained religiousness, claims that His life so far from showing imperfections or sins, is a mirror reflecting the stainless image of God, as the unbroken pool gives back the shining round of the sun. His claims and pretensions are greater. In every direction, then could for a moment be urged by a mere man without raising a horror at the blasphemous folly. He proclaims that he who has seen Him has seen the Father as well, and requires that all men should render equal honour to both. He gives Himself forth as greater than Solomon: as the way, the truth, and the Life; as the life of the world; the gate of Heaven; the centre to which all men would one day be drawn. He claims power even beyond this present life, over the dead, who are to hear His voice and come forth to be judged at His throne. And yet we never feel the incongruity of such unparalleled claims; they never strike us as anything unbecoming, but harmonize with the whole of His being, as fitting and natural. He has a divine patience, that bears every form of trouble—hunger and thirst, a homeless life, the taunts of enemies and betrayals of friends, craft and violence, meanness and pride;—He moves amidst all, as the sun amidst the clouds, emerging the same, as they pass, far below. He sets up a religion which rests on self-sacrifice.

whose most vivid illustration is found in the grain that dies to bear; while promising rest to the soul even here, He demands that it be found bearing a daily cross, as He bore, and fainted beneath, His own. Such a principle was opposed to all that ever had, or has, obtained among men; it offered the highest joy, apparently by the surrender of all. In an age of local religions, and of unmatched exclusiveness and natural hatreds, He announces a Faith for the whole race, which shall unite them in a common and equal brotherhood before their common Maker and Father. Himself the poorest of men, He bears Himself with a noble dignity that awes rulers; and makes us forget the fact that He had grown up in the household of a Nazarene carpenter, by His kingly self-composure and perfect manhood. His teachings are as original as they are authoritative, embracing all that is excellent grandest and most mysterious in time and eternity; in the nature and wants of man; and in the secrets of God, so far as they touch them. He draws aside the veil, with no faltering hand, from the future, and lights with a brightness all His own the darkness stretching over it, as no teacher has ever presumed to do in any country or age. And with all His loftiness there is no touch of the pride or arrogance of the Stoic, but a lowliness which attracts the humblest, as to their special friend. In a superstitious age, He has no superstition, but instinctively casts aside all human distortions and weak credulities. He is as broad in His charity as He is unbending in His spiritual demands, for He welcomes those whom His nation rejects; puts aside narrowness, however enforced by custom; and in an age of universal ceremonialism, lays stress only on spiritual life. Unlike other teachers, the humblest understand Him, even when He speaks on matters the most sublime and mysterious, for He has none of the subtleties of the Rabbins; no tricks and perplexities of thought and manner; no abstractions or refinements; but, like the light, reveals by beams themselves invisible. As to morality, set Him along side even the noblest of common men, and the difference grows as we study it. Take Socrates, perhaps the flower of the ancient world, and he becomes a foil to the surpassing merits of Christ. He speaks uncertainty always; confesses that, at the best, he only guesses and gropes in the dark, and dies discoursing in part on indifferent things, and ordering a cock to be offered to Esculapius. He was, indeed, a wonder in such an age, and had glimpses of a better than earthly wisdom, sent, I daresay, into his heart, as into the hearts of many illustrious heathens besides, from the throne of God; but, compared with Jesus Christ, he is a moon compared to the sun. All the light of ancient philosophy, to use the figure of Coleridge, was little better in the darkness of superstition and ignorance resting on all things, than that of the lantern-fly of the tropics, moving in luminous specks, on the face of the night—mere gleams and points, of no avail in the gloom around; but Christ shines with a steady and universal brightness. Human philosophy, like a stream through yielding banks, flows stained and coloured by the times in which it rises. But the teachings of Christ, like the river of God, clear as crystal, are un sullied by any polluting contact with His age or country. School after school has attempted to revive neglected systems of human masters, but all have failed: Christianity beckons us forward to-day as at first. In all other teachers men have recognized only instructors; but Jesus Christ has been worshipped from the first as a God. The instinct of men has seen in Him no mere Jewish Rabbi, but the Son of the Highest. The heathenism of Greece and Rome, and their philosophies, have faded away like the parhelia-mock suns—of northern skies; Judaism, in spite of the good scattered here and there through the rubbish beds of the Talmud, has died out for eighteen centuries as a living power, except in its own nationality; but Jesus Christ is extending His invisible kingdom in the hearts of all races, with each generation; winning millions of subjects from every speech and country, and colour; and indirectly affecting even communities most opposed to a rule so pure and lofty.

SKETCHES FOR GIRLS.

THE BELOVED PRINCESS OF SIAM.

The sister of the present King of Siam was the darling of the palace, and Mrs. Leonowens was the English Governess at the Siamese court. She was a resident at or near the court.

Fá-ying was the name of the sweet little princess of whom we now write. One bright afternoon, when Mrs. Leonowens was sitting at the schoolroom table, she heard the irresistible young voice of the princess saying to her, "Will you teach me to draw? It is so much more pleasant to sit by you than to go to my Sanskrit class. My Sanskrit teacher is not like my English teacher, she bends my hands back when I make mistakes. I don't like Sanskrit; I like English. There are so many pretty pictures in your books. Will you take me to England with you, Mam cha, Lady dear?" pleaded the engaging little prattler.

"I am afraid his Majesty will not let you go with me," replied the teacher.

"Oh, yes, he will! He lets me do as I like. You know I am the Somdetch Chow Fá-ying, he loves me best of all, he will let me go."

"I am glad to hear it," said the teacher; "and very glad that you love English and drawing. Let us go up and ask his Majesty if you may learn drawing instead of Sanskrit."

With sparkling eyes and a happy smile, she sprang from the teacher's lap, and seizing her hand eagerly, said,—"Oh, yes, let us go now."

They went, and their prayer was granted. Mrs. Leonowens says,—"Never did work seem more like pleasure than it did to me as I sat with this sweet bright little princess day after day at the hour when all her brothers and sisters were at Sanskrit, drawing herself, as the humour seized her, or watching me draw; but oftener listening, her large questioning eyes fixed upon my face, as step by step I led her out of the shadow-land of myth, into the realm of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Such was the pet Fá-ying. Her mother, the late queen-consort, in dying left three sons and this one daughter, whom with peculiar tenderness and anxiety she commended to the loving kindness of the king; and now the child was the fondled darling of the lonely, bitter man, having quickly won her way to his heart by the charms of her fearless innocence and trustfulness, her sprightly intelligence and changeable grace.

From the time she was four months old, the king carried her to and fro, and placed her by his side, in every one of the royal seats, wherever he went. Whatever could be done in the way of nursing his Majesty did himself, feeding her with a spoon, with milk poured into a tea cup; so this royal daughter was as familiar with her father in her infancy as with her nurses.

Wherever his Majesty went, this princess always accompanied him upon the same sedan, carriage, royal boat, or yacht; and on her being grown up, she became more prudent than other children of the same age. She paid every affectionate attention to her affectionate father. She was well educated in the vernacular Siamese literature, which she commenced to study when only three years of age.

But one fair morning dawned on the river, the sunshine flickering on the silver ripples, and gilding the boats of the market people as they softly glided up or down to the lazy swing of the oars. The floating shops were all awake, displaying their various and fantastic wares to attract the passing citizen or stranger. Priests in yellow robes moved noiselessly from door to door, receiving, without asking and without thanks, the alms wherewith their pious clients hoped to lay up treasure in heaven, or, in Buddhist parlance, to "make merit."

Slaves hurried hither and thither in the various bustle of errands. Work-shippers thronged the gates and vestibules of the many temples of this city of pagodas, and myriads of fan-shaped bells scattered Eolian melodies on the passing breeze.

As we gazed from our piazza on this strangely picturesque panorama, there swept across the river a royal barge filled with slaves, who the moment they had landed, hurried up to me.

"My lady," they cried, "there is cholera in the palace! Three slaves are lying dead in the princesses' court, and her highness, the young Sam lech Chow Fá-ying, was seized this morning. She sends for you. Oh, come to her quickly!" and with that they put into my hand a scrap of paper; it was an invitation from his Majesty begging as a favour that I would come at once.

In a moment I was in my boat. I entered, I flattered, I scolded the rowers. How slow they were! How strong the opposing current! And when we did reach those heavy gates, how slowly they moved, with what suspicious caution they admitted me! I was fierce with impatience. And when at last I stood panting at the door of my Fá-ying's chamber, it was too late! Even Dr. Campbell (the surgeon of the British Consulate) had come too late!

As I stooped to imprint a parting kiss on the little face that had been so dear to me, her kindred and slaves exchanged their appealing "P'hra-Arahang" for a sudden burst of heart-rending cries.

There was no need to prolong that anxious wail in the ears of the deaf child: "P'hra-Arahang! P'hra-Arahang!" These words are one of the most sacred titles of Buddha, repeated by the nearest relative in the ears of the dying, till life is extinct. She would not forget her way, she would never more lose herself on the road to heaven. Beyond, above the P'hra-Arahang, she had soared into the eternal, tender arms of the P'hra-Jesus, of whom she was wont to say in her infantine wonder and eagerness, "Mam dear, I love your holy Jesus."

**SAVE YOUR COAL
J. W. ELLIOT'S
PATENT SAVER.**

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

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

There are two grates, similar in form to the base of a circular basket, the centre grate is rotated to the right or left by the lever a short distance, and by moving the lever still further to the right or left both grates are worked. To light a fire close all the drafts in the base of the stove open a direct draft in the smoke flue, fill up to the base a feeder with fine coal, leaving sufficient space for draft, on the coal place the lightwood, leave the tank cover off slightly for draft, until the fire has taken, close the tank cover and open the draft in front.

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A journal purely evangelical and unsectarian in its nature, which serves as a medium for the best thought of Christian thinkers, and as a record of the varied labors of Christian workers, and is one in which all Christians may and should take an active interest.

The secular papers can necessarily furnish only meagre summaries of addresses full of rich thought, the reading of which is in many instances necessary to a proper appreciation of their real value as expositions of truth; the denominational journals, though eminently useful in their several spheres, cannot, in the circumstances of the case, secure circulation outside of those bodies of Christians under whose auspices they are issued; but a publication which enters the broad fields of Christian thought and work in which Christians of every evangelical denomination are labouring in common, is, we believe, an excellent aid in the promotion of that unity which all Christians desire. Such a journal the REPORTER aims to be.

EDITOR

HON VICE-CHANCELLOR BLAKE

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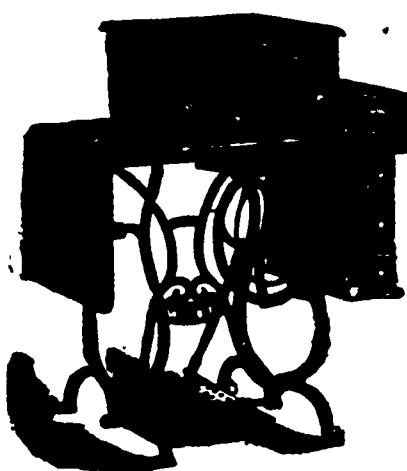
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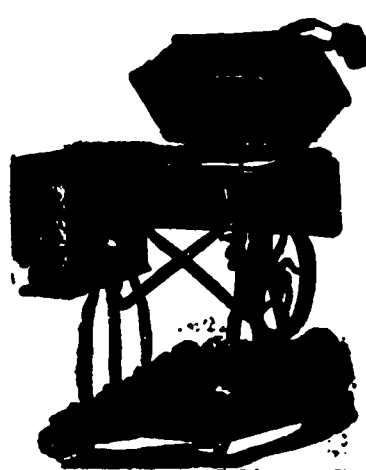
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