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The Canadian Independent.



OUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN.

Vol. 32.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1881.

[New Series. No 23

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent

DEAR SIR,—Will you find room for the Constitution and By-laws of our Foreign Missionary Society, as they were finally passed at a meeting of the Board held in Kingston on the 3rd of November last? I have already called attention to Section Second of the By-laws regarding the nomination of Directors by District Associations and other Congregational organizations in B. N. A. and N. F., and I trust that the Secretaries of these will not neglect to bring the matter before them in good time, that we may have a fair representation on our next board of Directors.

We hope, too, that the churches are not neglecting to make at least monthly collections for foreign missions. The missionary concerts on the first Wednesday in the month should be productive of much good. We know that some churches are scarcely observing it. May it soon be universally devoted to this great object. Remember that one-quarter dollar per annum from the members of our churches in Canada alone, would give us 1500 dollars for foreign missions, and with this amount we could begin. Will we not have so much at least before June next?

Yours truly,

T. HALL,

Kingston, Dec. 9th, 1881.

Sec.

CONSTITUTION.

I. NAME.

Congregational Foreign Missionary Society of British North America.

II. OBJECTS.

To spread the knowledge of the Gospel among the heathen and other unenlightened people.

III. MEMBERS.

Persons subscribing two dollars annually, ministers and other representatives of congregations contributing ten dollars annually, shall be members. Every benefactor making a donation of forty dollars or more at one time shall be a life member.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

A general meeting of the Society shall be held annually to appoint Officers and Directors; receive reports; audit accounts, and to deliberate on any measures which may promote the object of the Society. At such meeting all matters proposed shall be determined by the majority of the members present.

V. BUSINESS.

Directors are empowered to subdivide into committees for managing funds, making reports and such like, but no proceedings of these committees shall be valid till ratified at an ordinary meeting of the Board. Not less than three Directors, exclusive of the officers of the Society, shall constitute a meeting of the Board for the despatch of business. The Treasurer and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* entitled to meet and vote with the Directors of the Society.

VI. FUNDS.

All funds arising from donations, legacies, subscriptions, collections or otherwise, shall be lodged by the Treasurer, as soon as collected, with the Banks of the Society.

VII. POWER TO REVISE.

The foregoing Regulations shall be subject to such modifications as the members of the Society at their annual meeting may from time to time think proper.

SECTION FIRST.—By-Laws of the Directors.

1. Anniversary Services.

The annual meeting of the members may be held at the same time and place as the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec. All arrangements for the meeting shall be made by the Directors.

2. Annual Meeting of Directors.

A special meeting of the Directors shall be held previous to the annual meeting of the members, to prepare the list of Directors, Committees, and Officers for the ensuing year, to be submitted at the annual meeting, as well as to transact any other business connected with the Society.

3. Anniversary Services.

Missionary sermons shall be preached on the fourth Sunday in June, in the churches open to the Society's use, and such other services shall be held as the Society may from time to time appoint.

SECTION SECOND.—Directors of the Society.

1. Number. The number of Directors shall not exceed fifty.

2. Nomination of Directors

Directors shall be nominated by District Associations, or other Congregational organizations where Associations do not exist—in British North America and Newfoundland. All such nomination shall be reported to the meeting of Directors immediately preceding the Annual Meeting of the members; and any deficiency in the nomination list, whether caused by the failure of District association or other organizations to nominate or otherwise, shall be supplied by the meeting. Vacancies occurring in the Board may be filled at any time.

SECTION THIRD.—Meetings of Directors.

All meetings of the Directors for the transaction of the business of the Society shall be held in such places and at such times as may be agreed upon by the Directors.

SECTION FOURTH.—Officers of the Society.

The Officers of the Society shall be a President, Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary. Should any of the offices become vacant during the year by resignation or otherwise, the Board shall have power to elect others to fill the vacancies. Should the President and Vice-President be absent from the meeting, the Board may elect a chairman for the occasion.

Obituary.

REV. JAMES HOWELL.

Concerning the late Secretary and Agent of our Indian Mission, who, as stated by the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, passed away on the 5th Nov., might be written a volume which by a good biographer would be made both edifying and interesting. He was a man of large experience in various departments of Christian operation as conducted in

different parts of the world. He also possessed undaunted energy and perseverance in doing the work of the Master, and that from early life to within a few hours of his death, which took place when he had reached his 73rd year. Our departed brother was, we believe, born in the South-west of England, and was blessed with the guidance of godly parents. His father was either a minister or an occasional preacher of the Gospel. In early youth, it was the ruling desire of our late friend to be employed in Christian work; and in order that he might be theologically prepared for the ministry, he placed himself, in company with several other students, under the tuition and training of the late venerable and scholarly Rev. Richard Cecil, of Turvey, near Bedford, England. After the completion of his course of studies, he was accepted by the London Missionary Society as one of their agents, and sent as a missionary to labour in the Island of Jamaica. He occupied that station a few years, and left by medical advice on account of the weakly state of his wife's health—but not before the death of his first, and at that time, his only daughter. On his return to England, he was appointed by the North Bucks House Missionary Association to a new station opened at Brill, twelve miles from the city of Oxford. Here he laboured for a longer time than he did at any other place during his ministerial life, and here his efforts were signally blessed and crowned with success. During the ten or eleven years of work in this locality, he formed two churches, to both of which he ministered, besides preaching fortnightly at three other stations in villages around, and that with gratifying results, always performing the necessary journeyings on foot. At Brill, our brother was the first resident minister, other than the Episcopal clergymen, and as a dissenter was jealously watched and strenuously opposed by the powers that be. But with respect to his little flock it might be said: "the more they were persecuted the more they grew." The village day-school, for instance, was closed against the children who attended the Congregational Sunday-school, &c., &c. But neither our late brother, nor his little, and mostly poor, band of adherents could be crushed by these petty persecutions, he was equal to the emergency, and by means of special effort and considerable expense, a new British School-room was built of brick, and a well-trained master appointed, with encouraging results. Bro. Howell also here effected and superintended the erection of a new brick church edifice at the village of Oakley, where the second church had been formed, Rev. Henry Allen, now Dr. Allon, preaching the opening sermons at its dedication. Great improvements were also made in connection with the parent church.

The cause of Temperance, at his comparatively early stage of its history, had the warm support and earnest advocacy of our departed friend, and though his whole life he never lost an opportunity of speaking most vigorously against the traffic in and use of strong drink as the enemy of both religion and humanity. Under Mr. Howell's leadership, Congregationalism received a start and an impetus in this part of England which is still doing its work, not only in that

neighbourhood, but also by members scattered abroad. The time came, however, when he felt it to be his duty, especially in the interests of his growing family of boys, to leave England for a new sphere of labour; and to the sorrow of every member of his churches and his several congregations, he resigned his charges and left for this continent. If we remember correctly, he accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Sharen, Michigan. His pastorate there, however, was not of very extended duration; it was during the strong agitation on the subject of slavery, which in sentiment divided not only the Northern from the Southern States, but also divided communities, and some churches in the North. Mr. Howell was ever most uncompromising and fearless in his advocacy of the cause of freedom, too much so, it is said, to make his continued location in that particular position either pleasant or desirable. This place, all through his after life, was connected with some sad reminiscences; for here the wife of his youth, a most sincere and earnest Christian lady, who had shared with him, in all his missionary labour, his hopes and joys, as well as fears and difficulties, was taken from him by the hand of death, and here he left her remains "neath the forest of the West." She was, however, by this dispensation of Providence, spared the pain of sharing with the subject of this obituary the very deep sorrow which most severely afflicted him a few years afterwards. We refer to the death under sad and mysterious circumstances of his eldest son, which death took place in the city of Boston. Of this event he could never bear to speak but little, even to his intimate friends, and that little was the expression of a hope of his son's everlasting rest in heaven. After leaving Michigan, Canada became the home of Brother Howell, and British North America was the scene of his life and earnest active labour in and on behalf of the Congregational churches for about a quarter of a century, till death seemed to say "Thou has finished thy course." He became during that time successively pastor of the churches at Guelph, Ont., St. Johns, N. F., Liverpool, N. S., Granby, Que., and his last pastoral charge, if we mistake not, was at Cold-spring, Ont. His last work, as all the readers of the C. I. are aware, was in connection with the Canadian Indian Missionary Society, as Secretary, till the time of his death. Our late brother was, in all his affairs, a pattern of order, neatness and most scrupulous exactitude. If he ever gave offence to any, it was by his fearless combat with every stage and feature of wrong and immorality as they came under his notice. One of his mottoes was that text often quoted by him, "Let every thing be done decently and in order," and another seemed to be "No compromise with the least evil," and these he would carry out at all costs, and these costs were often great. The world needs such men, though they are not always in demand, and are there not Christian Societies which have not arisen to the sublime altitude which would enable them to appreciate such characteristics as those named? Mr. Howell has left a widow and six children, besides two elder sons of the first portion of his family. These occupy good positions in the United States.

DEAD BY THE WAYSIDE.

(From the Citizen.)

Dead by the wayside—dead,
An old man weary and lone,—
No place for the tired, aching head
But the cold and flinty stone;
None saw how the death-pang shook
Those aged limbs last night;
None met the sad, appealing look
As the spirit took its flight!

Dead by the wayside—dead,
A little fair-haired child,
With the small, thin hand beneath the
head,
And the blue eyes glazed and wild.
Her sire in a drunkard's tomb,
Her mother—oh, worse than dead!
In sight of many a princely home,
She perished for want of bread!

Dead by the wayside—dead,
A woman ragged and wan,
With cold hands clasped and averted
head,
As if dreading the gaze of man.
For, homeless, shelterless one,
Whom nobody stooped to save,
There's no one to blame for the wrong
that is done,
Bear her away to the grave!

Dead by the wayside—dead,
A man—yet no, alas!
With the light of his manhood quenched,
instead
It is on y the slave of the glass!
Who made him thus—the man
Once strong both to will and do?
Who robbed him of happiness, hope, and
heaven?
And echo still answers—who?

Bear him away to the grave,
There's no one at all to blame.
It's nobody's fault, it's nobody's crime,
It's nobody's guilt and shame!—
Wife and little ones left
Hopeless, famishing, lone,—
It's nobody's fault they are thus bereft,
Let the verdict be—"CAUSE UN-
KNOWN!"

—P.S.V.V.

THE MESSAGE OF A NEW
YEAR'S CARD.

(From the Sunday at Home.)

"How late the postman is," remarked Mrs. Neville to her husband on the morning of New Year's Day. "I suppose he has so many New Year's cards and letters to deliver that it takes him longer than usual to complete his round."

"Yes; Christmas cards and New Year's cards are so much the fashion that it makes a difference to the postman, even in this country village."

A moment later the little maid entered and passed a handful of letters and papers to her master.

"Two, four, six, eight in all, and pretty equally divided, too; four for you and four for me," remarked Mr. Neville, putting into his wife's hand some packets of various sizes.

Most of the letters that morning were from relatives or old friends, and some of them contained very pretty cards suited to the season; and it was no wonder our friends lingered some time over the kind words which accompanied them.

"This is from dear auntie," said Mrs. Neville, breaking the seal of a large-sized envelope, and drawing from it a beautiful card, with words which had evidently been chosen with special reference to her for whom it was intended, for Mrs. Neville had long been an invalid and this morning was the first for many a long month on which she had ventured downstairs to breakfast. For her husband's sake she had made a special effort in honour of the New Year's morning, and she was repaid by his evident delight at seeing her in her old place at the table. The flush of pleasure that lighted up her pale face now was too bright to tell of health and strength.

"See, Henry! isn't this lovely?" she

said, holding up her treasure. Just look at the shades of that moss, and the delicate tint of the azalea. It does not seem specially intended for the New Year, but I am almost sure dear auntie chose it because it is equally suited to all seasons—and because it is more than ever suited to us now," she added with a little sigh, and pointing to the text inscribed upon the card: "I will trust and not be afraid."

Henry Neville understood the sigh and the reason of it, for he knew that his wife was aware that her long illness had caused more expense, in many ways, than the income of a curate could well meet, and though he would fain have hidden the fact from her, it was beginning to be felt by both of them that they were not only poor, but in debt. The quarter's salary received at Christmas had already gone to pay for things which the invalid had been obliged to have, and to discharge sundry other small debts, and still the doctor's bill remained unpaid. For his wife's sake Mr. Neville had hitherto appeared to ignore the difficulty, but for some days he had been conscious that she was bearing the burden as truly as he, and that the anxiety was retarding her recovery, and he was not altogether sorry that the ice was now broken.

"Never mind about things, dear Helen; all will come right after a time, and you must not worry. Yes, this is indeed a pretty card, and shall we not take those words as our New Year's motto, and look up to God in faith and confidence, and say, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'"

"I will try, dear Henry, and indeed I do hope I am grateful to God for all His goodness to us, and for returning health; but I cannot help wishing so very, very much that we could have begun the New Year free from debt. And but for me you would have done so; for it has never been like this before."

"There has never been the same reason, darling. It was no fault of yours, and there has not been one unnecessary outlay. Since you are spared to me I am more than thankful, and I am sure that He who has kept us so far will provide for our future wants."

"If only Dr. Hallimore's bill were paid, I would not mind."

"That has never reached us yet, so you must not meet trouble half-way. Dr. Hallimore will not ask us for the money until we are able to pay it; for you know how kind and considerate he always is. Besides, he knows our circumstances perfectly well. But, Nellie, we are reversing our positions: it is you who are generally my monitor and comforter, instead of requiring encouragement from me. Where is your faith and trust in God, dear?"

"Where, indeed?" murmured Mrs. Neville. Henry, I am ashamed of myself, and especially after God has sent this precious message from Himself," she added, taking up the card tenderly, and placing it with the other cards over the fire-place, in order that they might brighten up the room in honour of the day.

"We have been so busy talking that I have forgotten to open my last letter," remarked the clergyman smiling, and breaking open the envelope. "I dare say it is some business circular, or something of no consequence, for the handwriting is strange to me."

"Perhaps it is a five-pound note," suggested Helen. "I shall come and look," she said gaily, peeping over his shoulder.

A moment later Henry Neville regretted his imprudence, for the contents of that envelope he would have preferred to keep from his wife that day. Only a few lines were written on the sheet which he hastily refolded, but the

words which caught both pair of eyes at the same instant were these:

"To professional attendance and medicine," and just below some figures—
"£10 10s."

For a moment both were silent; but it was from Henry Neville and not from his wife that the bitter cry came.

"Yes, it is a trial to be poor!"
"I am so sorry it came to-day, dear Henry; but it must have come some time, and it is better we should know. Do you think the charge high?" asked Mrs. Neville, with strange calmness. Like a true woman, her courage and faith returned when most needed.

"No! not at all; it is very little considering all Dr. Hallimore's kindness and attention. He has favoured us. But that makes it all the more hard to ask him to wait. And he must wait, for I cannot pay it yet. It might as well have been fifty guineas as ten, for I am equally unable to pay either. Oh, it is hard to be poor!"

"Henry, do you think God has permitted this trial to come upon us to try our faith, and to see if we are as ready to trust Him as we professed to be?"

"The bill must be paid, nevertheless, and I have no money!" said the curate bitterly. He had depended very much on the kindness of the doctor, who had long been an intimate friend, and therefore was the more astonished at this apparent want of consideration on his part, that he should send on New Year's morning of all days in the year.

"Dear Henry, do not let us begin the New Year by distrusting our Lord. He has never failed us yet. Do not be vexed with me for saying so: I know I was full of distrust this morning, but that little card has taught me a lesson; and do not forget your own words just now, Henry, about looking up to God and saying to Him, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'"

Mr. Neville smiled with fond approval, but made no reply. He was thinking what was best to be done. At length he said, "After all, it may not be so difficult to get the money. I really think we might speak to the rector, for once, and ask him to advance me ten guineas."

"I would not do that," said Helen; "it might not be convenient for him to advance the money, though he would not like to refuse, and it might make an unpleasant feeling. I do not like borrowing, especially from friends. Shall we not wait until we have spoken to our Heavenly Father about it, and ask Him to show us what to do, and to help us in His own way?"

"You are right again, Helen! Oh, when shall we become more childlike in our faith? It ought to have been our first thought."

Together they knelt down and poured out their tale of difficulty to Him whose gracious ear is ever open to His children's cry. They rose comforted and hopeful.

"Is this the language of your heart now, Helen?" asked Mr. Neville, pointing to the card over the fire-place.

"Yes," she answered; "I will trust, and not be afraid. And you, Henry?"

"After my late experience of my own weakness, I am almost afraid to say so: but this I can say, I am willing now to take whatever course God appoints, and to bear any necessary privations."

Dr. Hallimore was a prosperous man, and, with the magnanimity that distinguishes so many of his profession, not accustomed to measure his services by the means of his patients, but Mr. Neville, on his side, was not oblivious to the fact that medical men have claims as numerous as those of their fellows, and abhorred the too common practice which holds a "doctor's bill" the last of all bills to be settled.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," resumed the curate, after musing

awhile; "I cannot understand the handwriting on the envelope. I am sure it was not Dr. Hallimore's."

"That is singular; but don't let us think anything more about it in the way of explaining it, for it is mysterious all through, I think."

Two hours later the doctor's carriage was drawn up at the gate, and a minute after the old gentleman was ushered into the breakfast-room. He was at all times cheerful and pleasant, and the Nevilles were great favourites of his, but he came in now with special good-humour beaming on his countenance, and with a very unusual amount of bustle and hurry; it was evident he had not come professionally, for in a sick-room he was quiet and gentle as a woman.

"Good morning, Mr. Neville; good morning, Mrs. Neville, and a happy New Year to you both! Ah! you do not look a very creditable patient this morning, Mrs. Neville; but, as you've been up to breakfast, I suppose you feel pretty independent, and inclined to give the doctor the cold shoulder. No, thank you, I must not stay to sit down, I think, for I am in a hurry, but I wanted to wish you a happy New Year; and, besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have a word to say on a matter of business. I want to settle my account."

Mr. and Mrs. Neville exchanged hurried glances of astonishment, and then the former began with heightened colour: "Both Mrs. Neville and I are exceedingly sorry that it is impossible for us to settle the account at once, Dr. Hallimore; but I am sure that, knowing the circumstances, you will be good enough to wait a little. I assure you that, at the earliest opportunity—"

"My dear sir, what do you mean? You cannot mean to say that you thought I was speaking seriously, and that I actually intended to press you for money; and to-day, of all days!" interrupted the doctor.

"The account came this morning, and we thought—" faltered Mr. Neville, hesitating; but he was interrupted by the good doctor, who said he did not want to know his thoughts, but rather to tell his own. And then he explained how a mistake had been made, which he had come to rectify. "I never dreamt of charging a penny for my services, such as they were. The time for that sort of thing has long been past for us, since you know we are all your debtors," continued the old gentleman, with a certain huskiness in his voice which was always there when he referred to a beloved daughter, whose last long illness had been soothed and cheered by the visits of our curate and his wife.

"So I flattered myself that you would let me go in and out as a friend as often as I liked, and I only discovered accidentally a few days ago, that this was not understood by you. It occurred to me then, all of a sudden, to send you a receipted bill, instead of entering into all this explanation, and I thought it would be a sort of New Year's card if you got it this morning. I was writing a note to send with it, when I was suddenly called away to go to see a patient, and went off at once, hoping to return before post-time, but telling my assistant, in any case, to post some letters and papers lying on the table. On returning I found my unfinished note, but the account, unreceipted, had been posted. So, now, I can only say how sorry I am, and beg to be forgiven for causing all this disturbance. I am afraid my intended little joke has proved anything but that to you."

"Indeed, Dr. Hallimore, this is too much."

"Too much! I should think it was; a great deal too much fuss about such a trifling thing."

"Oh, not that, but the money, I mean."

"The money too much! So it is, a

great deal too much between friends, so let us say no more about it. Now, please do not thank me any more, either of you, or I shall have to run away without telling the best part of my story. I was called upon this morning, Mr. Neville, by an old parishioner of yours, who is almost a stranger to me. He told me, what I am sure it will cheer you to hear, that to your instrumentality, under God's blessing, he owed all his success in this life, as well as his hopes for the life that is to come. I wish you knew him, but he made me promise to conceal his name. Well, this unknown friend of yours had heard about Mrs. Neville's illness and other things, and being anxious in some way to show his gratitude to you, he determined to do it quietly, by calling upon me, and making some arrangement for paying your bill. I told him that matter was settled, whereat his disappointment was so evident that I took compassion on the poor fellow, and offered to find some means of conveying his gift, without betraying him, if he would entrust me with it. He gladly caught at the suggestion and pulled out three Bank of England notes for 5*l.* each, which I now have the pleasure of handing over to you," continued the kind old man, laughing vigorously in order to cover a certain tendency to the opposite extreme, which was becoming apparent.

"You will not refuse them, I hope, for it seems to me that God has sent them as a token of good for this New Year, coming as they do, with a testimony to the success of your work—which cannot fail to rejoice your heart," he added after a pause, and more gravely.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the feelings with which Mr. and Mrs. Neville listened. It is sufficient to say that neither of them will ever forget the lesson of that New Year's Day, nor cease to thank God for it. And if ever there falls across their path a shadow which tempts them to distrust the care of their Father in heaven, they have only to glance at a little, carefully-framed card, which hangs ever in Mr. Neville's study, and which they reckon as one of their greatest treasures, for the sermon which it preaches to them is never preached in vain. I need not tell my reader that the inscription upon that little card is this,

"I will trust, and not be afraid."

HAVE SMOKERS ANY RIGHTS?

As smokers—no; as men—yes. Smoking in itself is wrong. It is a violation of man's nature to consume tobacco in any shape, and it is only till he has passed through a mild species of martyrdom that he can persuade his frame to do anything but loathe the noxious weed. How can the smoker have rights in the performance of an act which is fundamentally wrong? Every man has a right to breathe as much pure air as he needs, and the smoker as a man possesses this right; but he arrogates to himself the privilege of polluting the air which others breathe, and if remonstrated with, asks, forsooth, if this is not a free land, in which a man can do as he likes? We rejoice that this is a free land, and that men are at liberty to do what pleases them, so long as they do not wrong anyone else. But what right has one man to throw impurity into a glass of water which another man intends to drink? Obviously none. By what line of argument, then, can it be proved that he has any right to pollute the air which others breathe? No one expects the strong arm of the law to be invoked to remedy the wrong done to the non-smoking portion of the public. Laws are but the embodiment of what people themselves regard as justice. Laws cannot rise above the popular idea of right. Thus, when people come to see that non-smokers have a right to pure air, of

which now they are continually being deprived by the dispersion of tobacco fumes, then there will be no need of a law to secure that right, for it will be observed without law. To wage war against tobacco, however, is the duty of every man or woman who has not only the health, but the advancement of humanity at heart. The smoker is essentially a selfish being, and the use of narcotics tends effectually to blunt his sensibilities, and render him less considerate of the rights of others. We want to encourage only such habits as tend to improve, enlighten, and raise the race. Tobacco is one of those fatal instruments which do much to nullify the unselfish and noble acts of many great and noble men, and to check the slowly progressing work of overpowering man's animal instincts by his spiritual nature.—*Herald of Health* (New York).

TAINÉ ON ENGLISH WOMEN.

Life is earnest, and all, even the young girls, know that they must prepare themselves for it. N., who comes to England every year, visits one of his old friends, a rich man, the father of a family. He says to N.:

"Things don't go to suit me; my daughter Jane is twenty-four, does not marry, often shuts herself up in the library, and is beginning to read big books."

"How large a dowry are you going to give her?"

"Two thousand pounds."

"And to your sons?"

"The eldest will have the estate, the second a mine which brings in two thousand a year."

"Give Miss Jane five thousand pounds." These words open the father's eyes, he gives the five thousand pounds. This year Miss Jane is married, and has a little child. She was cut out for a mother; it would be a pity to make of her a learned spinster in spectacles.

What I admire over here is the coolness, good sense and courage of the young girl who, seeing herself in a no-thoroughfare, changes her course without a murmur, and silently sets herself to study.

In none of the houses which I have visited, in London or in the country, have I found a newspaper devoted to the fashions. An English friend of mine, who has been in France, tells me that here a well-brought-up woman does not read such silly stuff. On the contrary, a special review, the *Englishwoman's Review*, contains, in the number which I am glancing over, letters on emigration to Australia, articles on public instruction in France, and other studies on subjects equally grave; no stories, or chit chat about the theatres, or fashion-plates. Everything is serious and weighty. Observe by contrast, in our country seats, the fashion papers, with coloured illustrations; pictures of the latest style of hat, explanations of a point of embroidery, little sentimental stories, sickly-sweet compliments to the lady readers, and, above all, the correspondence between the editress and the subscribers, on the last page,—the climax of grotesqueress and insipidity. It is shameful that a human mind can digest such food. Better have a badly-made dress than an empty head.

I copy the titles of a few articles, all written by women. Mary Carpenter, "Application of the principles of education to schools for the lower classes"; Florence Hill, "Present condition of the colony of Mettray"; Florence Nightingale, "Statistics of Hospitals"; Sarah Redmond, "American Slavery and its influence on Great Britain"; etc.

Most of these authoresses are unmarried. Many of them are the secretaries of active associations, of which the *Review* I have just quoted is the central organ. One of these associations furnishes women with work, another visits workhouses, another the sick. All these articles are instructive and useful. The habit of teaching classes, of visiting the poor, of conversing with men, discussion, study, the personal sight of facts, have borne their fruit; these women know how to observe and to reason; they go to the bottom of things, and understand the true principle of all improvement. "It is necessary, first of all," says Mary Carpenter, "to develop and guide the child's will, to enlist him as the chief soldier, as the most efficient of all co-operators, in the education which is given him."

One can be corrected and perfected only by one's self. Moral government must not be applied from without, but must spring from within.

Whoever has read English novels knows how accurately and correctly these authoresses describe character. Often a person who has lived in the country, in a small circle, occupied by domestic cares, finds herself forced to write a novel to earn her bread; and it is discovered that she knows the human heart better than a professional psychologist. To be well-informed, learned, useful, to arrive at convictions, to impart them to others, to employ one's power and employ them well,—that is something. You may laugh if you will, and say that these customs breed school ma'ans, she-pedants, blue-stockings, not women. Live it your own way; but compare with this the empty idleness of our country seats, the ennui of our ladies, the life of an old maid who peddles gossip, does crochet-work, and follows all the church services.

Besides, over here they are not all pedants. I know four or five ladies or young girls who are writers. They remain none the less graceful and natural. Most of the authoresses whom I have mentioned are, if I may trust the report of my friends, home-loving women, with very simple manners I have spoken of two who have genius. A great French artist, whose name I could cite, and who passed several days with each of them, did not know that they were talented. Not once did the cloven hoof of the author—the need of talking of himself and his works—become apparent during twenty hours of conversation.

M., having received an invitation to a country seat, found out that the mistress of the house knew more Greek than he. He excused himself and declined. Then she, for a joke, wrote him his English phrase of excuse in Greek. This Greek scholar is an elegant woman of the world. Moreover, she has nine daughters, two nurses, two governesses, a corresponding number of servants, a large house, frequent and numerous guests. In all this establishment, perfect order reigns. There is never any noise or jar; the machine seems to run itself.

Here are contrasts which may give us something to think about. In France we are too ready to believe that if a woman ceases to be a doll, she ceases to be a woman.—*Translated for the Woman's Journal, Boston, Mass.*

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Dean Stanley is to have a memorial, probably a bust, in St. Giles (Presbyterian) Cathedral, Edinburgh.

—Sir John Lubbock says that "anthropoid apes" must give place to the ants. "When we consider the habits of ants," he says, "their social organization, their large communities, elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

—Rev. Walter Ching Young and Miss Ah Tim were married at San Francisco by Bishop Kip recently. Mr. Young is an Episcopal minister educated in the Eastern States and his bride is a cultivated young lady of Hong Kong. The wedding was the first fashionable Chinese affair of its kind in this country. The groom was dressed in clerical robes, and the bride in robes of Chinese cut, including a cloak-like dress of blue, lined with bright scarlet and trimmed with gold colour. The bride's hair was decked with artificial flowers of red and white.

—The Laps are rapidly decreasing in numbers. In 1858 the population of Lapland was estimated at 30,000, while it is now given by an officer of the Norwegian Government, as only 17,000. A recent traveller says the causes of the dwindling away of this peculiar race are the practice of polyandry, the excessive use of alcoholic spirits, the difficulty of obtaining sufficient reindeer moss in the winter to support the herds which supply them with food, clothing, etc., and lastly the fact that they are everywhere being supplanted by the Quakers, who are more industrious and intelligent.

—The production of tobacco last year in the United States amounted to about five hundred million pounds for every man, woman, and child in the whole country. Here is a good supply for the chewers, the smokers, and the sufferers.

—In the year 1856, on a given Sunday, the great city of London was canvassed in nearly every street and alley by six or seven thousand persons in an effort to bring more scholars into the Sabbath-school, and as the result some fifteen or twenty thousand were added to the attendance. It is found at the present time that there are about a quarter of a million children in that metropolis outside the Sunday-schools, and it is proposed to have a similar canvass in the year 1882. It is a great undertaking to secure such an army of canvassers, but it is believed that the effort will bring in a very large number of scholars. A similar scheme, well carried out in our American cities, would accomplish a great work in the same direction.

—It is a hopeful sign for Spain that a bishop and an archbishop thought it worth their while—rumour says that they acted under direct instructions from the Vatican, but this is by no means certain—to come down from their dioceses last week, and to attack the Government for its legislative reforms. These include changes in the marriage and educational laws; and though these reforms are not reported, and, indeed, as we understand it, are not yet fully formulated, they are undoubtedly in the direction of a larger liberty in education and at least the legalization of secular marriage. Senor Sagasta, the Spanish Prime Minister, declared his purpose to go on with the reforms undeterred by the opposition of the clergy; and even indicated that he did so with the royal approval. This was the more significant since one of the leading opposition bishops was the king's father confessor.

—The *Jewish Chronicle* contains a passage, in connection with the recent celebration of the solemnities of the Day of Atonement, that deserves to be noted:—"The drift of current events will no doubt invest this ceremony in the eyes of many with a new and striking significance. The Sultan of Turkey has notified his willingness to encourage Jewish colonization in his dominions, and there are thousands who, finding life intolerable in Russia, would gladly avail themselves of this gracious offer if only their Government would suffer them to emigrate. Who can say what a year may bring forth? Perhaps the strains which will be heard will actually come to proclaim, as they did of yore, a jubilee of freedom to the oppressed, calling the persecuted to return to the Holy Land—the whilom possession of their race."

—Dr. W. M. Taylor's Church, in New York, sends out every year over twenty boxes to home missionaries, each of them worth a hundred and fifty dollars, not counting books which cost twenty dollars at wholesale. Not long ago Dr. Taylor received a letter from a missionary, in reply to one asking what he most needed for the box, saying that he had saved twenty-one dollars for commentaries, and he wished for suggestions as to what to buy. Dr. Taylor told his people the next Sunday about it, and said that he wanted some one to offer to give fifty dollars to make up a complete set of commentaries. Four different people asked the privilege of giving that money. This church is not alone. Dr. Webb's church, in Boston, contributes more in money annually, we believe, to the treasury of the A. H. M. S. than any other in the Congregational connection, though, if the value of the boxes be added, probably the Broadway Tabernacle leads the list.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The Canadian Independent

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HENRY J. CLARK, Managing Editor.
Rev. JOHN BURTON, B. D., Associate Editor.
WILLIAM REVELL, Business Manager.

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TORONTO, DEC. 15, 1881.

As we propose to issue the January number of the INDEPENDENT Monthly as near as possible to Christmas, and as the filling of space equal to two numbers of the present issue, without any advertisements, requires considerable labour, this is the LAST NUMBER of the weekly issue.

VALEDICTORY.

As intimated above, this number closes the weekly issue of the INDEPENDENT and with it my editorial connection comes to an end. Two years ago, I very reluctantly, yielding only to the repeated pressure of friends, assumed the duties. The step was against my best judgment, my hands were full, associated as I was in a large business requiring constant care and attention, while for any spare moments I might have, my official position in the church and my much-loved school gave full demand. The experience of the two years has confirmed me in my judgment. I have not had time to attend to the duties I undertook, and I know that the paper has suffered in consequence; in fact had it not been for the help most generously given by the Rev. John Burton, the paper would often have made a very poor exhibit indeed. The present seemed, therefore, a fitting time to relinquish the duties to Mr. Burton, and I do so with the satisfaction that springs from the knowledge that he will be the right man in the right place. His experience and scholarship will give value to all that appears in the pages of the magazine, while his attachment to what is true and sterling in our Congregationalism will enable him to be a true guide to our churches and to aid in redeeming the interests of our denomination throughout the Dominion.

Let me here tender my hearty thanks to those friends who, to my faults "a little blind," have given so many words of cheer and encouragement during my brief tenure of office. It has been very gratifying to find that my attempt to serve the churches has been so warmly appreciated by so many. This has proved a great support and a bright light on my work. Some have not agreed with what I have written. I regret it; I did not expect to escape criticism, and have not, but I am convinced to-day more than ever that the policy I have advocated, which has come to be known as "Organized Congregationalism," is the only safe living policy to follow.

Although I cease to be editor, my connection with the INDEPENDENT will not be entirely severed. I shall have pleasure in speaking through its pages from time to time. Finally, I commend the magazine to the churches, pastors and people,—give it a hearty support, it can do you good service, and it rests with you whether it shall, send your one dollar forthwith, but do not send it alone, get another, two, three, more—to send with it, and you will reap a hundredfold.

HENRY J. CLARK.

"THE INDEPENDENT."

The letter of the Rev. J. R. Black, published in another column, reflects, we believe, the opinion and feeling of a majority of our subscribers on the proposed change of the INDEPENDENT from a weekly back to a monthly issue. At the same time there are some, pastors and laymen alike, who think otherwise, who, deeming the change three years ago from a monthly to a weekly a mistake, look upon the present determination, not only as the natural consequence of that mistake, but on other grounds, as the right thing to be done. For ourselves, we are free to confess that we regret the step, we have not only earnestly desired the continuance of the weekly issue, but have done all that we could to preserve it; we feel with Mr. Black that a monthly is not an adequate representation of a denomination such as ours is, or ought to be; a weekly we should have. We are met, however, by the inexorable logic of facts; the income is not sufficient to meet the expenditure, cut down as it has been to the very lowest cent. For two years no editorial payment has been made, and for most of that period the business management has also been a labour of love. There remained only one of two courses open, to increase the receipts, or to bring the paper to a monthly. We laid the matter before our readers, and, although we received some kind letters anent, we are not aware that any subscribers were added to our list. One thing we were determined upon, not, under any circumstances, to increase our liability to the printers; the former debt, a large portion of which still remains unpaid, was a warning beacon, at the same time we have had to draw upon a friend of the paper to a certain extent to keep a clean sheet with the printer; we trust that the reduced expenses will enable us to repay this early in the year.

The plan proposed by Mr. Black would not, we fear, be practicable in our case. A lecturer, even supposing he did the work gratuitously, which we have no right to expect, would have considerable expenses travelling from place to place, while his receipts in each place would be necessarily small. We may say in this connection, that a large portion of the overdue indebtedness to the INDEPENDENT is owing by parties in places where there is no church of our order, and so no one to remind them, or to get their subscriptions. To visit a number of these places would cost all that would be collected, even were we sure of payment. We know as a fact, that one year the collection for one of our Societies, where the agent visited only

the principal places, and collected in each far more than could be hoped for the INDEPENDENT, the cost was one third of the receipts. Our experience on this point forbids us expecting anything from that plan.

There is only one true legitimate method, and that is the increase of the subscription list. Failing that, there is a plan, however, simple and easy, by which the weekly might have been sustained. The plan proposed by the Editor at the Montreal Union meeting, a guarantee fund by a few individuals of, say \$200 per year; probably the half of that only would be required. Some three or four signified their willingness on that occasion to do so, but not sufficient, and nothing came of it.

As we may consider that under present circumstances the monthly is a forgone conclusion, let us try to make the best we can of it in the meantime, until, as we shall hope, a weekly may be recommenced on a surer basis. A monthly cannot do what a weekly can; admitted, but it can do something, and in some respects, as we said last week, it can do that something better. A weekly, in the hands of one or two individuals having other duties to perform, is apt to show crude, hurried writing, and it must inevitably lack the finish which time and care alone can give. The monthly gives, also, an opportunity for the insertion of articles of value and permanent interest from various sources, which would hardly be in place in a newspaper, and we trust that it will be found that if we lose in one direction we shall gain in another.

Let no one, however, think of dropping his subscription now, the rather let there be, as asked last week, an earnest effort made to increase the list; every additional paying subscriber will help to make the magazine better, it will encourage to spend money upon it in various ways where it will be useful and give increased value. Who will act for us in the various churches?

OTHER friends have written lately, regretting the backward step to a monthly from a weekly issue, and ask "Is it inevitable?" We say no. Double our paying subscription list, and we will give a weekly of which none need to be ashamed. Let friends, too, remember that it is over twelve months since the C. I. publicly appealed to its patrons, and we have waited—money even having to be advanced, beside gratuitous service. No response! We wanted to improve the weekly; could not, and now feel that a good monthly will be better than the weekly we have been compelled to give. We are satisfied when the monthly is out friends will begin to think we have not seriously retrograded. To one course, however, we are fully committed, to incur no more debt for printing, nor open another bank account. When subscriptions stop, we stop, unless some other guarantee is provided. Aid us, friends, and the weekly shall return improved. Our emoluments are nil—we shall spend every cent upon the paper.

CHRISTMAS.

Once again the revolving seasons bring us to the time celebrated as the birth-time of the Christ of God into

the world. We may not be sure that it was just at the time we fix that this wonderful event took place, but that is of little consequence, it is the recalling in this universal manner the great fact of the incarnation that is the important thing. It may be, as said, that we have largely lost sight of the spiritual in the social idea, that Christmas Day has become a holiday and has ceased to be a holy-day—that it is a season given up to feasting and social enjoyment, and not to devout thankfulness for the great gift of God. There is some truth in this, no doubt, hope that over social and family or, harmless but common there is an uprising in fulness from myriads of hearts that the world has heard the song of the angels on the fields of Bethlehem, and that "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!" was the key-note of the song they sang. We are told that the waves of sound once set in motion roll on forever, and it is blessed to think that the sound-waves of that song have well-nigh filled the world, and are rolling on and on, until not a human being upon the world but shall have heard the glorious prelude to the coming of the Prince of Peace. From Bethlehem has gone forth an influence that is to re-create the world, a power before which the kingdom of Satan shall fall, and the sin-enslaved sons of man shall rise to the liberty of the sons of God. O, Bethlehem's Babe! Saviour of the world! we look back through the centuries to the time of thy coming, we see the Star of the East, we hear the Angelic Choir, we rejoice as we keep this day of thine, and we pray that the consummated fruits of thy coming may soon appear.

We are already wishing each other all the good wishes of the seasons, little bits of card-board, with their dainty devices and seasonable words; are flying through the land, and across the sea, telling of peace and good will. Is it any profanation to say of these tiny messengers of the season, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it." Into every home they enter, they tell the old, old story, ever new, and ever fresh, first proclaimed by an angelic choir, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. And are we to stop here? Have we done all that we can, or need do, to celebrate this blessed time? Should we not, the rather, be incited to fresh earnestness and increased activity to tell of this salvation? First, to see that we ourselves are walking in the light of Christ's coming, and then to consecrate our efforts to tell of the salvation we have found.

But, "peace and good-will," are we realizing here the power of Christ's Gospel? Are we at peace? We do not ask just now with God, but with each other? Is there peace in our families, peace in our social circle, peace in our church relations? It is a sad thing to see hatred and division in families, when children of the same earthly parents are at enmity; but is it not far more so to see professed children of the Heavenly Father at strife and variance, and yet we fear that many of our churches do show this. We heard, not long ago, of what we would fain hope was

an extreme case, where a church fellowship felt, on its being put to them by the pastor, that they were not in a fit state to sit down together to remember their dying Lord at His table, there was hatred and strife in their midst. This may be extreme, but we have known of many cases where one member of a church has refused to commune with another because of some real or fancied wrong-doing. Should these lines fall into any such hands, may we not ask that this peaceful season shall be a time of reconciliation and the good-will Christ's ingeth shall prevail amid us, and that the distinctive Christian people may still "love one another." May the great influence of the coming of Christ flow like gentle dew upon every heart, may every breach be healed, and may all our churches have the experience of the Apostolic churches, "then they had rest (and there can be no rest with internal divisions) and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

These last lines of ours before Christmas day, last lines of the weekly issue of the INDEPENDENT, we would desire to carry our sincere wishes to all our readers, and we wish them, in the highest and truest sense, "a Merry Christmas," the joy and gladness which comes from the entrance into the heart of

"Peace and Goodwill."

GARFIELD.

The life of the late President of the United States illustrates the truth of the lines—

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

By his death, James A. Garfield's life was made to speak, effecting issues which perchance the longest life had not overtaken. His life has been published and widely read—not too widely—and we, taking for granted that it has been read, purpose to draw attention to a few features therein illustrative of practical Christian life.

First, if, as undoubtedly they do, the sins of the fathers reach on in their effects to the children of the third and fourth generations, we find therein but the results of a merciful provision which has become sin-perverted, for there are noble, even Christian hereditaments as well. The Garfields were of an old Puritan stock, and Eliza Ballou, the heroic mother, was descended from a Huguenot refugee. No nobler blood could run in any man's veins than was found in that Ohio home—better far than Norman blood! The ancestry was from men no dangers could daunt when truth had to be maintained, whose will no adversities could subdue, whose reliance being placed upon God, no seeming disappointment could weaken. The fires of persecution only branded into the very continuity of life those characteristics of patient endurance and unconquerable perseverance which have associated with Puritan and Huguenot the most heroic struggles of modern Europe. We may bless God for the very furnace of persecution which has bequeathed to future generations the noble heritages of those representatives of the reformed faith. Gar-

field had a noble ancestry, and manifested much of its spirit and fire.

Another point may be noticed. Abram Garfield, the father, died from the effects of over-exertion, fighting a fire in the forest, leaving the elder brother but fourteen years old, and James but eighteen months. There was still a debt on the farm, but the mother had trust in heaven. She and her fourteen years' old boy managed the farm; adversity only brought out the heroic in the members of that family, who thereby were knit the closer together. At the age of eight Garfield became a "farm labourer;" at twelve he earned a full day's wage, and when he came home to place the one hundred cents in his mother's hands, mother and son felt a great lump suddenly grow in their throats. Few better schools are to be found for moral heroism than a family striving together, conquering adversity under the inspiration of a mother calmly, hopefully bearing her double burden, because Christ is with her. Adversity is not the direst cross that human pilgrims meet along life's troubled way (read James i. 2 4).

James must have had a splendid constitution. By day he toiled physically. The midnight oil was often spent as he determined not only to be a worker but a scholar. He succeeded, for where there is a will there is a way. Moreover, the time too often spent in frivolity and ease he husbanded for nobler purposes, and he who would use life aright has no time to lose on useless pleasures, or sickly expedients to "pass away the time." Life to him was real; had an object, and he prepared himself for whatever that object might be.

But the crowning gift of Garfield's life was his eminently Christian character, which carried him through even political strifes without a tarnish on his name. His assuredly was not a religion of fashion, for the President's church was poor, and of comparatively little esteem; but on rising in the world he did not forsake it for "society," "social prestige," or "mere culture," but to the last he gave to the church in which he had found Christ his countenance and support. In early life, James A. Garfield, converted under the teaching of a minister at the "Disciples' meeting," gave himself unreservedly to Christ, and thus exemplified how thoroughly they find God who find Him in their youth. Thus, nurtured in a humble but heroic Christian home, schooled by adversity in habits of self-reliance, devoted to Christ as the great Captain of his salvation, he carried out into the citizenship of his country those qualities which a nation most needs to make its people prosperous, and its institutions permanent. No permanent prosperity or peace can be where truth is not, virtue has no place, and God is practically forgotten.

It is hard to understand the Providence which has deprived a nation thus early of such a ruler, but the voice of him who though dead yet speaks, may by that death reach wider, sink deeper, than ever the living voice could hope to do. So mote it be, and let the assassin's name be forgotten.

THE latest horror is the destruction by fire of a Vienna theatre and the loss of we know not how many lives, it is placed as high as a thousand. A terrible catastrophe indeed, the worst

of its kind since the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre a few years ago. There are practical lessons of safety which will no doubt be urged by our secular journals, foremost being the necessity of easy means of exit from public buildings, a caution which, scarcely applying to any of our churches, is yet very applicable to many of our halls and other places of meeting. Let the awful warning not go unheeded. Of course we have no sympathy with the teaching that would point to this as a mark of God's displeasure against theatre-going—we don't believe it. We dislike theatres and their associations, and have said so pretty plainly in these columns, that is one thing, but such a statement as we have just named we put from us. Yet, a thought will come in, how should we wish to meet our God in death from a theatre? is there one who would say he would just as soon pass away in a theatre as elsewhere? we fancy not, at any rate among our readers. We remember on the occasion of the Brooklyn fire a gentleman, whom we had known in England as a pious Methodist, went out with his son that night, just to see the play, and the sorrow of his widow was not alone that no trace of her husband or child was recognizable among the charred mass, but that the end was there. The teaching is obvious, if it be not a place in which we should care to die, it is not a place in which to spend our hours. Let us live as we would die, then death will be the seal of life.

THE successive defeats of the Scott Act in different counties, though matter for regret, is scarcely surprising. No great social revolution, such as this undoubtedly is, was ever accomplished at the first onset. The people have to be educated, prejudices have to be overcome, and vested interests are always powerful, especially where they touch the lower appetites of the masses. In Lambton the voting was close, and had it not been for the adverse vote of the town of Sarnia the Act would have been carried in that county. It is pertinently asked if "local option" cannot be made to cover a wider area, and to permit in such cases places that so desire to be freed from what they feel to be an undesirable traffic. It would be rather hard if Sarnia should say to every village in Lambton, you shall have a powder magazine in your midst, with all the chances of explosion, yet practically the same thing is done in the voting. However, so the law is we would not say to the friends, do not be discouraged, they are not made of such stuff. They will "try and try again," until the victory is achieved. God hasten it.

News of the Churches.

EATON, QUE.—Our Church affairs seem to be progressing favourably under the pastorate W. F. Currie. Meetings well sustained and minister well liked. Some two or three additions are expected at our next communion. May our Heavenly Father smile upon the efforts here made for the good of our people by blessing us with the outpourings of His Spirit, by filling the hearts of His people with love and praise for His goodness, and may that goodness lead many to true and unfeigned repentance for their sins and cause them to unite with the people of God. W. F.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

SIR,—In common with a number of your subscribers and stockholders, I regret the causes which led the directors of the Publishing Company to announce their determination to discontinue the weekly issue and to go back to the monthly after January 1st. Now, if this resolution is carried out, I fear that our denominational interests will suffer. A monthly, however well conducted, as an organ for the transmission of "the doings of the churches," is, to say the least, behind the times. Of course, so long as the receipts were less than the expenditure, the directors could not reasonably be expected to arrive at any conclusion other than the one above mentioned.

But is there no way by which the regular income can be increased so as to equal the present comparatively small outlay? It seems to me there is. Suppose we adopt the method proposed by the committee of the English Jubilee Fund relative to its increase, to let loose a competent lecturer upon the land, who shall visit every city, town, village and country place as far as practicable, leaving no Congregational Church in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Province unvisited. And let this gentleman be authorised to collect amounts already due by subscribers, and solicit personally among the churches new subscriptions for paper and stock. In doing this he need "not worry or torment" the people, but speak in a good round tone to them as to what "those competent to judge" regard as the claimant need of Canadian Congregationalism. Now, would not such an endeavour result in making both ends meet, and thereby save us the humiliation of this threatened retrograde movement, and secure for us still our weekly which, with all its shortcomings, has contributed towards bringing us together and making us feel that we are Brethren in Christ, and the real interest of one is the interest of all.

Yours,

J. R. BLACK.

Garafraxa, 7th Dec.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

—At the Sunday-school Congress of the M. E. Church, held in Boston, Dr. J. H. Vincent strongly urged that the catechism be taught in its entirety and with repetitions, and not merely in fragments. The neglect of the catechism he thought had been a serious trouble in the church.

—"I go without books myself," said an earnest teacher, "and buy them for the boys in my class. What they read now may change their characters for life, and the self-denial on my part may be the means of saving a soul." How many other teachers are exercising the same faithful oversight over the mental food of their pupils?

—The Sunday-school of the Church of Christian Endeavour, Rev. W. F. Crafts, pastor, is one of the four largest in Brooklyn, having a membership of 1,270. The library has 1,400 carefully selected volumes, and the average attendance of children at church, during the year, has risen from a dozen to a hundred, by count.

—At the same meeting statistics were given showing that the attendance of children at the church services is underestimated. In Dr. John Hall's Sabbath-school, New York, the scholars who attend morning service are occasionally asked to stand, and about four-fifths of the school rise. In twenty schools in New Jersey the average attendance on any given Sabbath is found to be sixty-three per cent. In one of the Lynn schools no pupil receives a mark of perfect scholarship unless he has attended public worship at least once on the Sabbath.

RECALLED.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

Ever beside me, by day, by night,
In shade or shine,
Has an angel stood in a robe of light;
And, with voice divine,
This is the song she has sung to me;
The luring song of joys to be:

"Instead of the white sand stretching hot
To your weary feet,
There will be a pleasant shaded spot:
And spreading sweet
Before your eyes there will be serene
Fair meadows, clothed in restful green.

"Instead of the heavy cloud you'll see
The sky's own blue;
Instead of the driving rain there'll be
The gentle dew;
Instead of the wind so loud and high
Will be breezes soft as a lullaby.

Though the stream has long been wind-
ing, wait;
For just below
There must be a sunny reach of straight
I know. I know
It is wild and rough, but 'twill surely smile,
Softly and sweet, in a little while."

Oh, Hope, I name you a cheat. You say
Wait, wait, and wait,
Till the night, or until another day.
It is too late;
I am sick of you—you and your cheating
power.
I cast you away from this very hour.

What have I done! I can never bear
This burning sand!
These rough, steep banks, this angry air,
This empty land!
Life has grown so hard. Alack! alack!
Come back, sweet cheat! come back, come
back!

—Christian Union.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—Mr. Moody, with his co-labourer, will hold meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow after a short season of work in Durham.

—Twenty-two of the boys and ten of the girls of the Indian Training School of Carlisle, Pa., are now members of the different churches, and the general religious tone of the school is reported to be excellent.

—The Salvation Army has steadily advanced in the estimation of active Evangelical workers in England. It reaches the neglected classes, who seem to be beyond the reach of the ordinary church agencies. Cultivated people do not, of course, like the methods of the Army; but the army does not exist for such. Its object is to reclaim the ignorant and debased, and it has been very successful.

—The *Times* has lately given a friendly translation from a Russian newspaper of the progress of Dissent in the Empire. The dissenters from the official Church are said to be people who "lead an exemplary life, and are strong in religious devotion and principle." They are no other than evangelical believers, whose activity is not at all political, but is occupied in spreading the Gospel. The priests try to stop their circulation of books, but the authorities protect them. Discussions with them end in the discomfiture of the priests. Then the latter employ a "missionary" to overwhelm them. Again the police interfere, for the missionary proves to be a glib talker who has been expelled from two monasteries for immoral conduct.

—A private meeting has been held in Edinburgh of members of the Traditional Party in the Free Church of Scotland to consider what ought to be done with regard to Professor Bruce's book on "The Chief end of Revelation." Professor Thomas Smith, Dr. Begg, and several other persons were present. *The Scotsman* understands that "some of the speakers were unsparing in their condemnation of the views embodied in Professor

Bruce's book, while others were in the position of not having read or sufficiently studied the volume to offer an opinion regarding the doctrines contained in it." Mr. Kidston stated that he should ask the Commission of the Assembly if the College Committee had taken any action yet. The feeling of the conference was in favour of letting the Glasgow Presbytery take the initiative.

—Professor Plumptre, who is one of the Old Testament Company of Revisers, spoke lately on the criticism directed against the New Testament Revised Version on the point of its language; the euphony or English rhythm of the Version. Few will question that absolute faithfulness was the aim of the New Testament Revisers and it is doubtless that of the Old Testament Company. Might there not be the same fidelity if the Revisers consulted men who are not scholars, but gifted with ability to write idiomatic and telling English? The point is of transcendent importance in preparing a book for the people, and it is remarkable that of the three greatest writers of the English language—John Bunyan, William Cobbett, and Dean Swift—two at least were not scholars, and would not have been placed on a Revision Company.

—The report of the Russian Holy Synod for 1879 shows that its missionary service in Siberia and in the Volga region has been very successful. The Missionary Society has branches in twenty-nine dioceses. Its capital amounts to 660,000 roubles, of which 121,000 was spent in 1879. The number of pagans reported as converted during the year was 5,000. The missionaries have to work in a primitive country, amid many difficulties and against the active antagonism of the Shamans and Lamas from Mongolia. The chief triumph of the year's work is considered to have been the conversion of the great Manchu Lama Tapchin, who attended Episcopal celebrations in 1878 and was profoundly impressed by them. He was baptized and received a new name, that of Vladimir Baikalsky. He has become a professor in one of the missionary training schools. He is said to be the master of the Manchu, Chinese, Mongol, Tibetan, Sanskrit, Russian, and Latin languages. It is said that the converts make better members than the Russian colonists. The system on which these missions is carried on is to establish in the country stations, provided with churches in which service is conducted in the local language. Choirs are formed, the church singing being much appreciated by the natives, and schools are established. This forms a centre around which the converted families group themselves. In the Altai region is a village named Ulala, in which there is a central school for the training of these missionaries, who also learn agriculture, trades, and painting. A community of women serve both in the schools and in the hospitals. In the Volga region little has been accomplished so far. The people are chiefly Mohammedans and make a firm resistance, inasmuch that all that can be done now is in the way of preparation. They would, however, patronize schools if they had the opportunity, and so would the Kalmucks of Astrakhan, but the Society has not the funds to provide an extended system of schools.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

—In connection with the subject of temperance reform we cannot but regard it as a happy omen that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the son of the Premier, who holds a post in the Treasury, has addressed a letter to the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, saying that in the general demand for legislation which is springing up, temperance men must make their voice heard above the rest.

—At the recent meeting of the Whittington Life Insurance Company, the manager stated that "In the Total Abstemious Branch the deaths during the past three years have been at the extremely low rate of 2.3 per 1000; while in the general section the death-rate for the three years is 50 per 1000. In other words, the death-rate of teetotalers is less than half that of the general section," and he congratulated the teetotalers "on obtaining a large bonus in consequence."

—One Osborn Pitts, of Columbus, Ga., "bet" that he could drink a quart of hiskey. He did drink that much, but was taken home dead. The man who furnished him the whiskey has been arrested, and, says the *Chicago Tribune*, "properly." Exactly so. And when a liquor dealer gives a man only whiskey enough so that he has to be taken home to his mother, or his wife, dead drunk, it is equally proper that he should be arrested. It is a terrible responsibility which one incurs when he in any way makes himself accessory to another in the sin and the crime of debauching himself with strong drink. The growing sentiment which makes the ordinary liquor-dealer's business infamous, is proper. Whether his victims be dead, or only dead-drunk, he ought to be arrested. —*Advance*.

—In reply to the observations of a publican's advocate, that it would be hard to destroy some property in question, the judge said he "was very glad when property of that kind was destroyed. Such property was no benefit, but an injury, to the community. There were 890 public-houses in Dublin. They were the cause of a fearful amount of mischief, and so long as that state of things existed he would not assist any such applications. He had to look to the interests of the city, and as long as it was overcrowded with public-houses producing crime and misery he would set his face against the system." It is refreshing to hear this outspoken protest against these legalized pest-houses. Would that every licensing magistrate in the land could look at his functions from the same lofty standpoint. If we were not such a conservative and supine people we should long ago have swept away these abominable dram-shops. —*Christian*.

—One would think that Ireland had troubles enough without those that directly flow from the intoxicating cup; but it is evident she has her full share of these. The Recorder of Dublin, in disposing of certain applications for new drink licences in that city last week, uttered some strong remarks on the evils bred by the licensing system:—

"I have been for a whole week trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence in the city, every one of which originated in public-houses. The drinking system of Dublin is responsible for three sentences of penal servitude and seven heavy sentences of imprisonment which I had to impose, varying from twelve to twenty-four calendar months. I marked the evidence in every single case, and every one of them began in the public-house. It is the drink system, and the drink alone, that leads to all this crime and misery and sorrow. Yesterday I went through a mile and three-quarters of miserable, wretched streets, manifesting on every side the penury and wretchedness of the unfortunate people who lived in them. The only bright spots were the public-houses, which, brilliantly lighted up, reflected and contrasted with the surrounding misery. I hate this magnificence. I look upon it with horror. I know it but too well. As each case of crime and violence comes before me, the same wretched story is told—the Drink Demon is as necessary a part of every case as the police or myself."

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Dean Bradley's first sermon in Westminster Abbey is spoken of in high terms by the English press, and it is intimated that, though almost unknown hitherto as a preacher, Dr. Bradley will not narrow nor lower the character of the Westminster pulpit.

—A committee has been appointed in London for the purpose of obtaining funds for the "Garfield House," so named in honour of the late President and intended as a home for working girls. One lady has given \$1,250 for the purpose.

—The manager of Drury-lane Theatre advertised last week for a "hundred young ladies for the corps de ballet, in anticipation of the Christmas pantomime." The *Standard* says:—"Although only 100 were wanted, there were 150 in attendance. The theatre was invaded, the street was blocked, traffic was stopped; and yet the only test required of the candidates was that they should be ordinarily good looking, that they should know enough of dancing to enable them to figure on the stage, and that they should be willing to appear in such costumes as the exigencies of the piece might require."

Our contemporary urges domestic service upon our young women, and says truly that we want a better class of domestic servants, and if these were forthcoming they would probably soon find a better class of masters and mistresses.

—According to certain English newspapers, Mr. Parnell is of English origin, and not Irish, as generally supposed. In the seventeenth century his family occupied a good position in Cheshire, and were of the Commonwealth party during the civil wars. When the restoration came, Thomas Parnell, the then head of the family, left England and settled in Ireland, where he purchased an estate. The property descended to his son Thomas, the well-known author of "The Hermit" and other poems. On the ejection of the Whigs, at the end of Queen Anne's reign, Parnell was persuaded to change his party, and he became the friend of Swift, through whose influence he received valuable church promotion at the hands of Archbishop King. Every year, as soon as he had collected his rents and the revenues of his benefices, he came over to England and spent some months living in elegant style and impairing rather than improving his fortune. His brother John, who succeeded to the estates at his death, was a judge of the Court of King's Bench and the direct lineal ancestor of the present Home Rule leader.

—When Mr. Robert Rae, Secretary of the British National Temperance League, returned the other day from his visit to this country, he was given in Exeter Hall, a grand English welcome. Dr. Hannay, among other things, said he had known Mr. Rae for forty years, and that there was no more loyal, faithful, ingenuous supporter of the temperance cause. As a secretary himself, he was glad to find that there was a disposition to appreciate faithful service rather than eloquence of speech. Mr. Rae had more what he would term modest audacity than any man he knew. Dr. Hannay rather intimated that it was quite out of the question to describe life on the ocean as rest. It was anything but that so far as he was concerned. Equally in vain was it for any man with a tongue in his head to look for rest in America. He had kept himself as much in the background as possible but when once he began to speak he found there was no rest to be had in America. Nevertheless, he deemed it of the first importance that America should be visited more and more by our representative men; as the more the two nations were brought together the better it would be, not for England and America alone, but for the whole human race.

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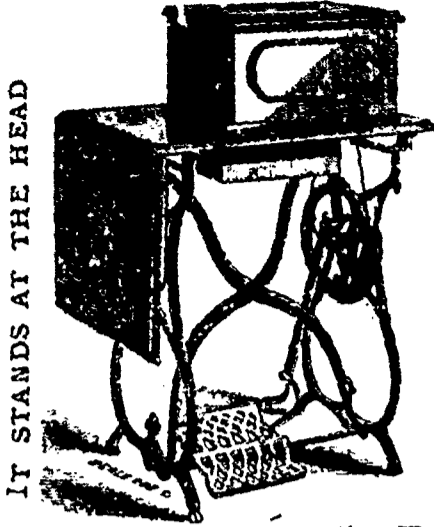
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- J. P. SHERRATT, B.A., Editor *Evangelical Churchman*.
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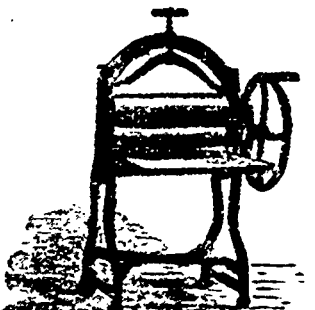
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