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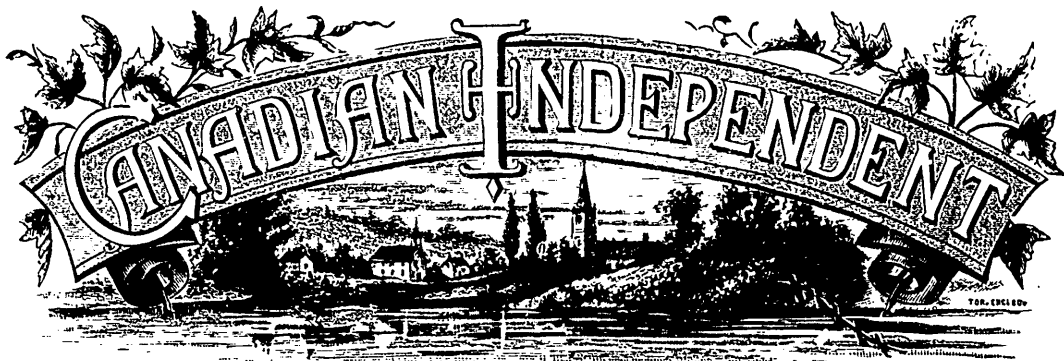
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New Series.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1891.

Vol. X, No. 12.

Editorial Jottings.

EVERY pastor of a Congregational church in the Dominion is an authorized agent for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

NO INDEPENDENTS are sent to the United States after subscription has expired.

It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS.—We hope all our subscribers who have not already paid for 1892, will do so at once; and not put us to the labor of first striking their names off the list, and then setting up the type to put them on again.

Rev. Jacob Freshman is carrying on a good Christian work among the Jews in New York. He is pastor of the only Hebrew Christian church in America. He sent us his circular lately, from which we learn he employs four converts as assistants, has many Jews attending his services, and has nearly paid for the mission premises, No. 17 St. Mark's Place. His work deserves sympathy and help.

JAPAN.—One report of the recent meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian church represented a desire to form such a creed as should be most perfectly adapted to the needs of the church in Japan, and the result was the adoption of a creed which indeed omits all distinctively Calvinistic features, but contains all the grand fundamental doctrines of Christianity.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

TWENTY London Congregational pulpits, exclusive of Welsh Congregational churches, are occupied by Welshmen. The *British Weekly*, commenting on this remarkable tribute to the Welsh as preachers, says, "Time was when we were invaded by Scotchmen; now we are being inundated by the Cymro."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We will give to old or new subscribers, who remit \$1.50, the INDEPENDENT for one year, and a copy of either "The Life and Times of Rev. Dr. Wilkes," cloth, portrait; or "The Poems of William Wye Smith," portrait, cloth, green and gold. Or for \$2.50 for two subscriptions, one of which at least must be new, both books, or two copies of either, as premiums.

DECEMBER is on us: the best month of all the year for getting subscriptions and renewals for the INDEPENDENT. Will all the pastors—and in addition, some one active member in each church—see that our list is increased in their own church? One day given to this work in December, in each church, is all we ask. Shall we now have those 500 new subscribers we have been asking for, to put the magazine on a good paying footing?

It is not good for a man, or a church, or a conference, to be universally praised. It might make them proud. Here is what *The Catholic Telegraph* (United States), says about the recent Methodist Ecumenical Conference at Washington:—

"It is no wonder they decided nothing and taught nothing and remedied nothing, for as an organization they are cut off from the Church of God, the Church of the Bible, the Church of History."

TO THE POLLS!—Let Christian men and

women, in all parts of Ontario, be very active this month in setting up good sound temperance and prohibition men for municipal councillors. The Local Option Law has been declared by the Court of Appeal to be constitutional; and in very many places it ought to be quite possible to prohibit the retail selling of liquor. The wholesale trade is under the authority of the Federal Government, and cannot be voted out under the Provincial Act. And the druggists would still need very close watching. In many cases even now, the drug shops are largely places for tipping.

A TORONTO SUBSCRIBER, renewing his subscription last month, after some complimentary remarks about the INDEPENDENT, says: "One fault, but not yours; our churches do not supply you with the items of interest which must be constantly transpiring in our churches." This is measureably true; we would be glad if our friends would keep us well informed on all local occurrences, and send the items *as soon* as possible after the event, and *don't* send us clippings from papers. We don't promise to insert these. We must use our own discretion about copying from other papers.

"INDIA publishes 600 newspapers and all but six are hostile to Christianity." Such is the sad wail with which a New York paper opens a missionary article. As I have recently been sending out hundreds of circulars to newspapers and receiving scores of replies, I look over my list and find over *forty* Christian papers and magazines issued in India. Besides these, numbers of papers are issued by Europeans who are usually friendly to Christianity and some of the editors are true Christians. Among the probably 400 papers issued by non-Christians I suppose that at least fifty are comparatively friendly to Christianity.—*Indian Watchman*.

THE JEWS.—The prominence which very properly is being given in the press to the terrible persecution of the Jews in Russia, is tending somewhat to obscure the fact that there is a sad persecution on foot of the Protestants of the Baltic provinces, and of the Roman Catholics in the Polish districts. The vehemence of the persecuting spirit seems specially to mark the crisis through which the land of the Czar is passing, and it is diffi-

cult to read Holy Scripture and to avoid the impression that the judgments of a righteous God are following fast upon the national oppression and tyranny which have been so ruinous to myriads of unoffending people.—*Christian*.

YES, WITH A "CONDITION."—If reports can be depended upon, they have in Hungary a judge who is worthy, by reason of his wisdom, to occupy his position. It seems that there is a fanatical sect, calling themselves Nazarenes, some members of whom requested this judge to be allowed to crucify one of their number, who, they said was "a Messiah called of Heaven to save men." The reply of the judge was: "I do not wish to interfere with your religious practices. If your Messiah wishes to be crucified, let him prepare himself for death. Remember, however, that if he does not rise again in three days, I shall cause every one of you to be hanged." The Nazarenes had sense enough not to expose themselves to be hanged, and their chief still lives.—*Religious Herald*.

PROFESSOR BRIGGS is not to be tried for heresy by the New York Presbytery. The charges against him were dismissed by a vote of 94 to 39. The *N. Y. Independent*, in editorially dealing with the subject, winds up by saying—

The dismissal of the case was, it is evident, largely due to the impression created by Dr. Briggs's statement in defence, and to the desire to avoid a trial. Perhaps also, there was a feeling that conviction was improbable and that a result which is not acquittal, nor conviction which is not a quashing of the indictment, nor a declaration that there was not probable cause, was preferable to an uncertain issue. While we cannot see that the action of the Presbytery has at all placed Dr. Briggs in a better light before the Church, his own words have. It is clear that on some points he does not hold what he was understood to hold—that we are glad to know; but it is equally clear that for a theological teacher he has a peculiar faculty for rash and unguarded statements. If he had been as careful in guarding what he said in his Inaugural Address as he was in his defence he would have saved himself much criticism. It is to be hoped that he appreciates the importance, as never before, of making himself clearly understood.

INSPIRATION.—Not that by which holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; but the lesser inspiration that comes to every man at times, enabling him to do something for which he seemed to be unable at other times. If it is a worthy work—something which might with propriety be

done, and something upon which God's smile can be sought—do it, when the inspiration comes! Only don't *wait* for the inspiration! Kindle up the inspiration, by thinking about it—its possibility, its need, its advantages, and the joy of doing it; and lo! the inspiration sought is felt, and the thing is done! And there is another side to it: that which we have called an "inspiration" to do a thing, if neglected, and the opportunity and the time for acting frittered away—the man is weaker than before. Excited feeling, that leads to no corresponding action, is a weakness, a snare and a calamity.

THANKSGIVING DAY, on Thursday, 12th, November, passed off quietly, duly observed by the larger portion of the people, as far as cessation from labor was concerned; and by very many in the way of attending church. The better way (and the only way to get it is to keep hammering away at it till the slow-going intellects at Ottawa understand that such is the will of the people), is to have Thanksgiving Day at a fixed date, say first Thursday in November. Having it a "moveable feast" has many disadvantages; and it encourages the idea that perhaps we wait to see what kind of a harvest we get, before we resolve on a Thanksgiving Day at all. The first Thursday of November would just be a few weeks before the American day, and would promote mutual "home-coming" on both sides of the line; and people could make definite arrangements, if they were always certain of the date.

THE WORLD MOVES.—The Demographers and Hygienists have brought their seventh International Congress to a close. They resolved to meet the next time in Buda-Pesth. The Infancy, Childhood, and School Life Section, presided over by Mr. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, was unusually well attended. It resolved that special arrangements should be made for training children who, though not imbeciles, are defectively developed in brain and body; that upright writing should be taught; that home-lessons need some restriction; that the feeding and clothing of destitute and neglected children are necessary for their efficient education; that domestic hygiene should form an integral part of the education of the young; and that the time has arrived when the train-

ing of the blind, deaf, and dumb should form part of the national system of education. The general Congress, at its concluding meeting, endorsed these resolutions.—*Christian World*.

LEARNED PREACHING.—There is a deal of current nonsense about what cultured people prefer to hear when they come to God's house. During my first ministry in a suburban town I had in my little congregation a very distinguished lawyer for a part of each year. He once said to me: "The two things I want are simplicity in preaching and downright earnestness. My brain is tasked all through the week with the exacting labors of my profession, and I do not come to God's house to have it taxed again with any intricate questions; I come there simply to be *made a better man*." That sensible remark not only did me good service, but it expressed the real feelings of the vast majority of thoughtful and cultured people. The more intellect in the pulpit the better—provided that the intellect be employed in learning vital truth and then in making God's truth simple and persuasive. No sermon ought to be preached to the cultured auditor in the front pew which is above the reach of the good-sized boy beside him, or of his servant-man up in the gallery. The exceptions to this rule are mighty few.—*Theodore Cuyler*.

THE Provincial S. S. Convention at Ottawa was full of hope and progress. The Association has been laboring under a lack of revenue for some years; but now the Committee see their way clear for more of aggressive Sunday school work; chiefly in the way of organizing counties and townships, and thus promoting self-help—the best way of helping. Either one man will be put in the field, as a Sunday school organizer of Institutes and normal classes, for the whole year; or five or six good men for three months in the winter. We would strongly recommend the latter, under present circumstances. A good man, but one who turns out to be but a mediocre man in his work, may be engaged; and it will seem something like a hardship the putting him out of office again—while, if half a dozen are temporarily engaged, some one of these will be sure to show himself so pre-eminent in the work, as to suggest at once the right man to put permanently into it. Sixty-seven new organizations had been instituted in counties

and townships during the year. It was now felt that "Conventions" had done their great work—that of arousing interest; and that now the Sunday school work needed *drill* and systematic study; and these were to be sought in "Institutes" and normal work.

Editorial Articles.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.



DECEMBER, though by etymology the "tenth" month, is to us the twelfth and last month of the year. Its return provokes thought; just as its short days provoke activity in all out-door labors. We are not at the end of the century; but we are nearing

it—we have nearly passed the first year of its last "decade." Nine years from now we shall be on the very verge of the Twentieth Century; a century doubtless destined to see Christ's glory over all the earth, and many of the most pressing problems of man's existence on earth solved. "Wait a little longer!"

To the Christian every *December* comes as a gentle hint from the skies, to be up and *doing!* for the day of life soon closes. And to Christians in their associated capacity, it is a good time for spiritual "stock-taking." "Have we had many converts this year? And if not, *why?*" "Have the pews helped the pulpit? or been only critical and unsympathizing?" "Has that dispute between those two brethren been so adjusted, that they have got back their old esteem again for one another?" "Has the minister been made to feel that we thank God for him?" "Has it become easier for us to give, and more delightful for us to pray, and more natural to us to speak well of everybody?" "Has the church grown in grace, because each one of us has individually so grown?"

Now, if we are happier than we were a year ago, it is not because God has grown kinder to us, but that we appreciate his love and kindness more! And as the love must still continue to increase, it gets to be after a time, that earth is

too small to hold it, and the love and the lover are transferred to Love's own Home, to Heaven itself!

THE WEAKER CHURCHES.

The fathers of Congregationalism in Scotland, in the early part of this century, deliberately planted *thrift* churches, where there were converts, and where such organization seemed good for the Lord's cause (and whatever is good for souls, is good for the Lord's cause), feeling assured that these churches would always need financial help. It is not "waste" to spend money; it is only waste where it is ill-spent!

We have some churches of the same kind; but not planted with the same foreseen future. They have been expected to stand alone; and have been neglected because they could not stand alone. Two or three of them have been supplied with preachers during the past month. Others are lingering; and where a church is not gathering in numbers, it is decreasing from the natural force of circumstances; removals and the like.

There are only two things that will help them: aid from neighboring churches—and help from among themselves. Both only efficacious by the bestowal of the Divine blessing.

Churches can help them, by sending out preachers to them. Take the unused talent in your churches, brethren, and make it a blessing to some poor dying church within reach! And *don't send one every Sunday!* or more than twice at furthest, till you make this condition, "Now, our church will send you a preacher every *two weeks*, provided you keep up your service the other Sunday!" Be firm on the *condition*, and they will do it.

They can help themselves! Wonderful, what an impetus they will get, when some brother, "compelled" to go to work a little, by such a *condition* as we have stated, is voted in a "lay preacher." Here, too, it needs a little firmness. If the brother seems to positively refuse, have a season of prayer over it, then and there; and ask the brother to lead! He won't venture to tell the Lord what he has told you!

When that is settled: when regular worship and services—and a Sunday school—are thus

established; and it comes to be understood that from this time forward there are to be no more "vacant Sundays"—the name of this church can be removed from the list of weak and dying churches! And if any church thinks this is "only a theory," let them write to us privately, and we will show them the *church* and the *man* to help them, on the conditions named!—EDITOR.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The Labor party are becoming political, just as the Temperance party are becoming political. And it seems both just and logical. If a principle is right, it seems just that its rightness should be recognised and protected by the law; and if it is wrong, its error will all the sooner be detected in the fierce light of public opinion. Now in saying that we are pleased to see Labor coming more to the front in politics, it does not necessarily follow that we are "Eight-Hours" men—which seems to be the most conspicuous motto on the banner of "Labor" at this moment. We greatly wish "our bread could be given us, and our water could be sure," with eight-hours' labor on our own part! Mr. Blue testifies, in his Ontario labor statistics, that the extra time of the "Eight-Hours" men is on the whole well-employed. We are glad to hear it. But the problem is yet unsolved, "How the labor of eight hours is going to be made appear to the employer as valuable as the ten hours?" If it can be done, there will be no more to say. It is the workman alone who must make the demonstration. And when they *do* make it, some over inquisitive employer may ask, "Was it honest of you then, to work one-fifth *slower* than you do now?" For the demand is—not simply "eight hours for labor"—a very popular and logical "strike" could be made on that—but "the present ten hours' pay for the proposed eight hours' work."

In New South Wales the Labor party have elected 30 members for "the House." And they have so influenced the voting of the House on motions of "confidence" and "no confidence," as to precipitate a change of ministry. In England, the party have passed resolutions severing their connection with the Liberals. And now the Conservative leaders have put their heads together,

and determined to throw the "eight hours" overboard.

Every man has a right to vote, and to be represented in Parliament. If he sells his vote, let him be disqualified for a long term of years, and bear the disgrace of it.

Every man has a right to sell his labor in the dearest market; if one employer won't give him "enough," he has a right to negotiate with another. If he interferes (whether personally or through a "Union") with the right of every other man to do the same, he does a wrong.

Every boy has a right to learn any trade for which he has aptitude and inclination. Any interference with this right is *injustice*.

Immigrants who came ten or twenty years ago to the country, have no right to prevent others following their example. Sixty years ago, the native laborer of New England thought he was going to be crowded out and ruined by the Irish immigrant. What was the result? The native workman, much more intelligent, skillful, and educated, was *pushed up*, by the Irishman getting below him! The American left the less-desirable and poorer-paid labor to the foreigner, and got higher wages for himself at more skilled labor.

There is a grand field for the Labor-Reformer. He has the best sympathies of the country with him. He must try to elevate the workman to be worthy of his franchise; just in his estimate of employers; kind to his brother-workman, who has three or four boys to whom he wishes to teach his own trade; convincing in his demonstration (that of actual experiment) that eight hours are really as valuable as ten hours used to be; courteous as to the rights of others; as just to the rights of women, to freely labor, and freely negotiate for labor, as to men. And when a class has once got equal rights, to keep on (exclusively and aggressively) to labor for that class, is to perpetuate that most odious of all governing mistakes, "Class Legislation."

OUR HELPERS.—We point with pride to our contributors this month; and we have seldom or never had such an abundance of church news. We feel thankful and encouraged. Make articles and items numerous; send them promptly; keep them short.

Our Contributors.

"HOW SHALL WE INTEREST OUR YOUNG PEOPLE IN OUR WORK?"



TAKE it for granted that we have young people to interest, and that the milk of human kindness is not dried up within our church fold. Every church has to face

certain existing conditions. A problem with many is as follows: The young people, from the age of six years up to fourteen, like the Sabbath school services better than the church services. Also, many young men, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one prefer the streets and the green fields to the Sabbath school or the services.

What shall we do? Make sad complaining? Of course not. Like sensible people we will rejoice that the children *do* enjoy the Sabbath school services, and be glad if our young men do not prefer anything worse than the streets and green fields. *But*, at the same time, we do not propose to stop here.

As a logical sequence, it must be admitted that the children like the Sunday school services because there are points worthy of their liking in them. Now what are these points? (1) You have noticed how children love to get together. It is natural. They like company. (2) They do enjoy hearty singing: something they can have a share in. Bright, inspiring tunes—true, earnest, simple words about Jesus and His love; and there is decided satisfaction in the thought "Well, I helped that hymn out,"—"I took part in that service."

(3) Then there is the responsive reading of the lesson. Everybody taking a fair share and no monopoly. In public services it can be truthfully said "We never weary in doing; the weariness comes in being bottled in."

(4) Then look at our system of teaching. Socrates would grow a foot taller and expand duly in proportion, were he enabled to enter one of our Sunday schools during the teaching hours and perceive how his hints have been acted upon.

It is a sort of "*Quid pro quo*"—"you give and I'll give, and we'll both get some good." The scholars realize it and enjoy it much.

(5) Another point is *short prayers*. Thus we have a five-spoked wheel. That makes the Sunday school services run easy, and delights the young people. The *felloes* are the hearts of love the teachers possess, and the *hub* is the glorious Gospel.

Now how about our young men from fourteen to twenty-one? How reach their case? Will careful selection, wise grouping of subjects (objects understood) in a class—finding the teacher in touch with these very young men—day's outing together occasionally, for fun and for instruction—slight digressions from the lesson, wisely held in, but allowed for the sake of reaching their views—patience with a little mischief, remembering that *we* were once boys ourselves—freedom from cant and stiffness, and a burning love for the souls of these young men—will the above help to reach their case and go somewhat toward solving the problem of the lapsed masses, preventing them from graduating out of the Sunday school into the street or fields?

Now, with regard to the church services: How get them to attend? Taking the hints from our school system. Can we not bring them as much together as possible? avoiding back seats above everything. Of one thing I am confident; if we, as pastors, had from fifty to one hundred of our young people right in front of us, we would need no clock—there would be no long sermons, for so long as we could interest the young, older heads would be satisfied, and drinking at the fountains of wisdom, too. It would change our texts often; it would rejuvenate us. We would preach not to little children, but to the *church of the future*. Thus doing, we would build up our cause every Sabbath. Then we could have bright singing, and why not have more responsive reading in our churches? Simple, short, to-the-point prayers—God knows all that we won't tell Him. We are not heard for our much speaking. Then, a bright little sermonette of ten minutes, on any useful subject. The Bible holds thousands of them. Nature and experience are also full of subjects. Encourage the young people to use the envelopes every Sabbath, even if their offerings be

but small. They are in the training school; let them get their lessons in good time. You will say, "But look at the labor that entails." So it does, but you can effect nothing without labor. What genius ever shone, that was not a *plod* as well? What pastor ever gained a purpose without hard work? What deacon was ever thought much of who did not work hard? You cannot digest a dinner without labor. You cannot eat a beefsteak without *much labor*.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Christian Endeavor Society. It has helped in no small degree to lessen our difficulties with regard to the young people. This Society is a middle-ground for undergraduates, and a starting point for timid Christians, even if their locks be silvered.

Then there are our mission bands, and missionary needles, missionary societies and sewing societies. These may be creditable efforts on behalf of the heathen, or they may be "for the good of the order" kind—a something to pass away a pleasant hour together, take up a slim collection and devote it to the heathen in a general way, without any special thought. Now, a properly conducted mission band for the young is a most helpful institution of the church, where geography, ethnology, botany, and history are taught in easy stages; while slowly, but surely, the heart is broadening in its sympathies, until when it reaches manhood or womanhood's estate, it has taken in the "whole world for Christ," and given "itself for the world." My impression has been strengthened of late years, that too many churches have neglected this working for the future: we have worked upon those whom we wished to gather in at once, while half the energy wisely expended in directing the young into profitable channels of working and study, would save much of the future agony and combat. Particularly so is this the case in our missionary operations. Since 1808 missions have grown and extended marvellously. Now notice how little the mass of our congregations know about missions. How account for it? By simply letting the children alone for thirty years each generation, and we are doing it still! No use to flit like that industrious household domestic pet of four letters, from country to country, and sip nectar for a brief half-hour every fortnight. But,

if like Stanley, we enter at Zanzibar and go through Africa to the mouth of the Congo, even if it take 1,000 days, we have gathered good honey. Extent of territory—size of lakes—number of people—their gross darkness and numerous gods, it will re create their minds in a dual sense. Of young ladies' missionary societies, I need say nothing. Anyone who has ever had the pleasure of being a young lady and belonging to one of their societies, needs not to be told they are always interesting. What we do need, however, is to *know more of what they are doing*, in order to interest outsiders. If you dare whisper such a thing, they are needed to amalgamate with the older societies, in order to throw life and energy and enthusiasm into them. There is danger of having too many societies—too much machinery, and a loss of power at the head centre. By such a union there would be such an increase of funds, youth, energy and devotion as to open any purse of older citizens. This does not apply, however, to the "sewing circles." They are best separate. People will graduate by natural evolution from mission needles to the willing workers, and to the older societies. A re-union of the three twice a year would be a grand help to progress.

With our church work then, we have noticed, briefly, five avenues of usefulness, viz.:

1. The Sunday school.
2. The church services.
3. The Christian Endeavor Society.
4. The missionary societies.
5. The sewing circles.

Let these also represent spokes of a larger wheel. And now a word as to the *tire* that binds the fellos and the spokes. The *hub* is surely the interests of God's cause and our own common interests. The *tire* that binds them together should be most important. Remembering our subject, "How shall we interest our young people?" here is what we propose: Show our interest in our young people, as well as in our work. Do not let the commonplace nod take the place of the warm hand-shake. Never think that because "he is only a boy" you need not notice him. "The boy is father of the man." He has a soul that can be reached easier by man (and reverently we say it, by God, too,) before he is twenty years old, than afterwards. Let us show

our interest at once threefold. It a false economy that begins retrenchment in the Sunday school, or that stints the young of the many attractions that can be provided. If the school is really the nursery, and the prayer meeting the thermometer of the church, we have been indifferent house-keepers, if we have frozen out the young from our central fold. Let every church expend a sum of money annually upon its nursery to interest the young. And bring into its church services every point that will help to draw them there. Let the enthusiasm of the school be a propelling power within the church. Let pastors, deacons and people, become young again, for the sake of Christ and His work; and we believe that a change for the better will come, where it does not already exist.

I have endeavored to give you two wheels of progress. The larger and smaller for the fitting of a church bicycle. It is a safety combination. Nothing but what you knew before. No brilliant new originality. But, after all, the old methods are all that are needed if put in practice. Christ knew how to win the young. It was by LOVE.

Wingham, Ont.

W. H. W.

THE TRUE BASIS OF CONGREGATIONAL POLITY.

Among the changes taking place in our denominational history, none has more significance than the increasing tendency to drop the old word "Independent" and to use the other appellation "Congregational." The thoughtful observer will at once enquire whether this is a mere fashion, or whether there is a meaning therein which does not readily appear upon the surface. On this American continent the term "Congregational" has ever prevailed, the other word in the old land. The reason is not far to seek. Nonconformity in England has had to contend for very existence, and only now is beginning to enjoy what on this continent it ever had, "freedom to worship God." Hence in Britain, Independency was a thing to be secured, the Independent ideal was forced into the foreground; here freedom, in the New England States even supremacy, was found; and the Congregational or fraternal ideal becomes more promi-

nent. Liberty gained, fraternity is called for. Not that fraternity had been wanting. The struggle forced into fellowship those who were seeking one end; but without that outward pressure, individuality has more scope, and fellowship is the great want. We in Canada owe much of our weakness to our holding on to the traditional independence of our English sires, with surroundings that do not call forth energies in the same direction. Independence is a *fait accompli*. Our need is Congregational. The principle established "One is your master, even Christ," we need more earnestly and definitely to follow after "all ye are brethren."

In thus feeling after a closer fellowship, we may at once enquire whether a *jure divino* polity is to be an object of search. Certainly this must be conceded that a *jus divinum* is exclusive. Establish a divine law, and transgression is sin. If then what is known as the Congregational polity exists *jure divino*, in the sense of being the mandate of the New Testament, we at once place a bar to Christian communion, as absolute as do the creeds which distract and divide wherever imposed. Indeed the writer cannot distinguish between a creed of polity and a creed of doctrine as a basis of fellowship; and though in some sense both must enter into our fraternal relations, for there is both Christian dogma and Christian polity, we must guard against that which will take away the independency of the individual to fellowship with all who in sincerity and truth call Jesus, Lord. There is a *jus divinum* somewhere; where is it? We may the more readily find it, in the writer's judgment, by dismissing all past controversies and seeking direct from first principles. Prejudice is blind.

The Church of Christ is plainly not contentious with the church of Rome, of England, of Scotland; nor exclusively Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist. Geographical bounds must determine our homes and our nationality; but the nation is greater than the family, and the comity of nations broader than selfish patriotism. Have we not all one Father? Denominational lines must to a large extent prevail, and local churches present the lines along which Christian work is to be carried on, but there are broader fields which call for Christian recognition. "Abide in me" enjoins the Saviour, and in that "abiding" must

be found the true *jus divinum* which binds together in one all in Christ. Anglicanism makes "orders," the historic Episcopate, its manifestation of unity; Presbyterianism, its creed; Methodism, its class meeting and experience; I see none of these thus laid down in the New Testament. The ideal of Independency, Congregationalism, is free realization of abiding union in Christ Jesus. There must be Christianity before there is a Christian Church, and Christianity does not tie up communities in metaphysical creeds or social clubs. Creeds and polities may become necessary, will be evolved, but neither can form the permanent basis of Christian fellowship, which must be essentially Christian. This is no new doctrine, it was the root principle of Robert Brown, who, finding in the parish system of the State Church of his day little to commend it to a spiritually hungry soul, judged that the Kingdom of God was made up "of the worthiest, be they never so few." And his spiritual father, Mr. Greenham, has left a record, "Many meddle and stir much about a new church government, who are senseless and barren on the doctrine of new birth." This was the kernel of the system which the early Independents sought for. The husk was often tough and bitter, but the nut was sweet and full of sap. Here, too, we find the true and only *jus divinum* of New Testament ecclesiasticism; Jesus Christ indwelling, quickening, and the form of church life which can for the time being best manifest to a needy world this new life, is the church which can be claimed as the pillar and stay of the truth, the church redeemed, the Church of God.

But some one suggests, this is a very indefinite, intangible, uncertain kind of thing; an airy something without habitation and name. So is life, which has really defied definition. But life forms, only give it room and material. Let the Christian life develop its own form; for every tree of the field grows after its own kind. Do you tell me, or deceive yourself with the saying, that life in Christ is an indefinite power, an airy nothing? Our church organizations may all be traced historically, to social or national surroundings. (*Vide e.g. Hatch, Bampton Lectures, 1880.*) The divine life is "from above," and where that life brings individuals together in Christ, there, and *only there*, is the church. And that is the church against

which the gates of hell shall not prevail; this, the assembly to be presented to the Father, having neither spot nor wrinkle nor any such thing; this the church filled with the Spirit, even life for evermore! "Very broad!" Yes, only not broad in the agnostic sense of the term, for the difference between the broad church of rationalism and the broad church of the Congregational ideal is this, the one "looks unto Jesus," the other has a centre everywhere. The one has a sure object of reverence, the other gazes on wandering stars, with sun, if sun there be, veiled in darkness most profound. Do not let the thought prevail, that there is nothing definite in matters religious but *creed, polity and ritual!* Is a mind loving truth, and earnestly seeking, an "indefinite thing?" *Love* a mere sound, and nothing more? Balaam, knowing well the blessedness of those whose God was Jehovah, could formulate great truths; he could at the same time encourage Balak in his determination to destroy Israel, and himself lead on to the curse, which in words he was constrained to withhold. The creeds of Christendom have defined, time and time again, the nature of the atonement which the Christ has made for man, and, without exception, have ignored the "*love* that gave Jesus to die." Yet that love surely has definiteness. Unselfishness, too, is no mere cloud-land that shapes itself and goes, but not a single church polity has sought to make it vital; rather have polities separated and given rise to that world-spirit of trade which competes and excludes, rather than aid and embrace. Justifying the close communion principle of the great body of Baptists on this continent, a leading divine said, "If we admit all Christians to our table, we destroy our denominational justification." True; obliterate the trade-mark and the ware becomes common to the world. A suicidal policy if *competition* is to be the condition of struggle; but a sorry exhibition of that Gospel, whose Author cried, "Come unto Me *all ye* that labor and are heavy laden."

Free from the controversies of creeds; with no ecclesiastical wall of division, it is left for us freely to love as brethren, and to make manifest that oneness of life where all seek not their own, but the things that are Jesus Christ's. Neither creed nor polity can lead us intelligently to sing

what is given only to "abiding in the Christ:"

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

We may be told that this is the great truth all denominations seek to exemplify. We are not disposed by any means to controvert that statement. We rather rejoice in the measure of truth therein, God grant still greater manifestation; but why build in so much "wood, hay and stubble," as confessedly there is? Why make the heart of the righteous sad when God hath not given sadness? Is it Christianity to justify denominational existence, as our Baptist brethren did, by close communion?

Brethren, the ideal may be high, none will question that Christ's ideal is high, but it is the only one that the Gospel justifies, and it is the only ideal which can enter into the purpose of God to sum up all things in Christ. Our denominational Christianity can not, for denominations are strictly ecclesiastical guilds, and guilds mean class distinction. Class distinction is not summing up in Christ. If the church cannot in some measure commend by its example its own ideal, the world is not to be expected to manifest unity and brotherhood. (John xvii : 21-23.) The Saviour's prayer is yet unanswered; His own people have not received Him; still is it true, He comes to His own and His own receive Him not. And this leads to my closing remark. In our opposition to creeds and organizations, we have, as Independents, been aiming at the removal of division walls; in large measure the end is being gained; there is little regard now to creeds or politics, as such. We need to manifest the unifying power of a common life, which reproduces after its kind; which, in short, "abiding in Christ," makes Christ manifest in the world; the Christ, not of dogma, but of love, wisdom, righteousness and complete redemption. These are not abstractions, but principles; are they working in us? These we seek, and thus only can we truly sing,

"One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise:
One song ascendeth to the skies."

God give to us to make visible the vital power of "abiding in Him" that thus may be manifest the true basis of all Church life! then shall

"The fellowship of kindred minds,
Be like to that above."

J. B.

WRECKS

Travellers inform us that on the west of the river Euphrates, on the plains of Shinar, are stupendous ruins, seven hundred and sixty-two yards in circumference, and rising one hundred feet in height. They are composed of brick of a vastly superior character, held together by a cement so tenacious that one brick cannot be separated from another without breaking it to fragments. In fact, much of the brick has by some means been converted into solid vitrified masses, supposed to have been produced by lightning. Thus practical experience attests the veracity of Scripture as to the strange striking story of man's futile attempt to build the tower of Babel. Here we have the wreck of a proud, ambitious, united, defiant, and wicked design, to make a great name, to defy the Almighty, to build a pathway to heaven, to work out a human salvation. Such schemes must always end in wreck. Man may shout, "Go to. Let us have our own way. Let us carry out our ambitious projects. Let us follow our own pleasure, we are united, we must succeed in defiance of right." The Divine Inspector looks down and disapproves: "Go to," He says, "Let us go down"; and the most ambitious human designs are confounded; the deepest laid scheme which united human wisdom can plan is thwarted. God is, and will be, the Architect, and all must build in accordance with His plans, or a sad wreck will be the result. It is the old story repeated of a man's building his house in the sand; it cannot stand before life's storms, or, if it could, the Divine Inspector would inevitably condemn it. We must build on the same foundation as the Apostles and Prophets, having Jesus Christ as the corner stone.

A few years ago, while crossing the ocean, our attention was attracted to two wrecks on board. One had been a leading statesman, but the hard toil, and prolonged mental strain incident to political life, had reduced him to a mere wreck of his former self. However, the voyage, the change of scenery, the rest, all did much to rebuild that grand manhood and fit it for further usefulness. The other was a poor drunkard who had emigrated to Canada some thirty years previous, together with his brother. The latter was sober and industrious, and now owns a magnificent farm in Ontario,

near a large city, and well stocked. Our unfortunate acquaintance had early acquired the ruinous habit of indulging in the cup, and now did not possess one dollar of his own. He was travelling at his brother's expense, and we anxiously watched if the change would work any salutary effect on him. Alas for human expectation, he found too great facilities to obtain liquor at the bar on the steamer, and from some of the other passengers, and, much to our regret, the wrecking process went on.

As we sailed by the island of Anticosti, the mate of the ship, pointing to the coast, remarked: "There lie the bones of one of our best ships." Another wreck, we thought, with which man's carelessness had much to do. As we coasted along the shores of Ireland, the ruins of a once mighty castle arrest our attention; still another wreck. The bones of that ship might be raised to walk the waters once more like a thing of life; the walls of that ancient castle might again be re-built, tasks much easier than to revive those moral wrecks, yet both are possible if we follow the Divine Architect in the latter. We have frequently passed by church buildings, the pulpit silent, the doors closed, and the congregation scattered, why? In some instances an ill-advised pastor and people, in the very spirit of the Babel-builders of old, have proceeded to erect a building far beyond their financial strength. Sister churches were expected to assist them, the pastor made rash promises as to the large amounts he could collect, but all this proved an utter failure. Then a "finangelist" was called in, and paid an extravagant sum to boom the finances; all was promised, but little was paid, and the mortgage was eventually foreclosed, and the three or four good brethren who became responsible are, involved in financial ruin. The church is closed. Ah, what a wreck. Some of these buildings have been closed from results more natural and less blameworthy, yet there has too often been a great lack of wisdom and of the true genius of Christ in building such churches.

In our acquaintance are a number of ministerial wrecks, men in some instances of splendid talents, who at one time promised to take the lead in and reflect credit on the denomination; but what are they to-day? Sad wrecks. They foundered on

some darling sin, or they rode some hobby to death, to their own ministerial ruin. At some crucial time they missed the true corner-stone Jesus Christ, and a wreck was the result. Think of Judas, Simon Magus, and Demas; and think of the grand possibilities within them: but alas! what wrecks we see in them! And so it is with many Christians we know; they are only wrecks of what they might have been.

Some supreme moment has passed, some opportunity has slipped by, some evil habit has been formed, some sin pampered until it has become master, and their ship has veered from its true course, to founder upon a rock. Christ must be the *Omega* as well as the *Alpha*; we need not only to build on Him at first; but all the way through life, He must be the very corner-stone of all our building.

"On what foundation do you build, neighbor,
Your hopes for the future fair?
Do your walls reach down to the rock below,
And rest securely there?
Sad wrecks lie round you on the sand, neighbor,
The floods and the storms are near,
Will the storm-blast hurl to earth thy walls,
Or blanch thy cheek with fear?"

J. I. HINDLEY, M.A., PH. D.

FAULTFINDING.

Is there anything good in finding fault? The practice is denounced without qualification. Writers in the present day seldom admit there is any good in it. Men wrap up their sins and cover their faults with the feeling that they are not to be discovered or referred to. The faultless and the faulty are to be both treated alike. Is this right? If by "faultfinding" is intended the practice of those who can see nothing good in others to praise, but who are quick to pounce upon whatever is wrong, and who are known to be captious and unjustly censorious, such conduct ought to be condemned. Faultfinding is hardly the term for it.

If faults exist they ought to be discovered. How are faults to be corrected that are never found out? We arraign the ancient aphorism as misleading—"One mend-fault is worth a dozen find-faults."

Can anybody tell us how a fault is to be mended that is not first found? It is said the Spar-

tans commended the adroitness of a thief who could steal without detection, but condemned one whose dishonesty was discovered; but surely in our day we are not going to hold it worse to find a fault than to commit one. Is it not true, however, that by a certain class of moralists this is done?

Faults in children, which by timely training and by directing their attention to them, might easily have been corrected, are suffered to grow unchecked, and passed over without one word of disapproval. This course is considered by some as the advanced training of the nineteenth century. It is, however, not training at all. Parents and guardians who neglect the word of warning and caution to the young are largely responsible for the faults which they suffer their offspring unconsciously to contract. A lady was congratulated on her fruit garden, and the show for an abundance of fruit. She replied, laughing, "We never get any ripe fruit, our own and others' children gather it all before it ripens." The *fault* was not even hinted at. Children unruly in the streets, irreverent in the house of God, pass uncorrected without one word said to let them know that there is any wrong in such conduct, because that would be faultfinding. How shall a child be trained without being taught to clearly discriminate between what is right and what is wrong, what is proper and what is unbecoming? Indeed so far is the avoidance of faultfinding carried by some of our self-styled "advanced men," that they do not hint to their congregations that they are sinners and need repentance in order to pardon. Confession of sin is dropped out of some of the public prayers, and wicked men are addressed as though their conduct had not offended God, and no reconciliation was needed in order to friendship and acceptable service. Who can read the Psalms or the books of the prophets and not feel that the commission of the inspired men was to cry aloud and spare not, to show the people their sins? They did this faithfully; whole chapters of the prophecies were declarations of the people's sins. They were likely called faultfinders by those whose sins were found out.

Christ ushered in the Gospel with a call to repentance and a requirement of a higher standard of morals—a righteousness that had respect to

the motives and the desires of the heart. He tells them plainly that the many were on the way to death, and the few in the road to life.

Though the burden of His message was *love* and *gospel grace*, He did not think it inconsistent with love and the Gospel to upbraid the cities that repented not, and to declare that the heathen cities of Nineveh and others would rise up in the judgment and condemn that generation. He spoke to them as a generation of vipers, a sinful and adulterous generation. He did not hesitate to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong, nor fail to tell the people their sins. To many of your easy-going people the line between right and wrong is not very defined. Sin is not very hateful, save in its grosser forms. They would rather think everybody good than make anybody uncomfortable by showing them their sins.

We have not so learned Christ, or the Bible. Such confounding of moral distinctions bodes no good for the future.

Lansing, Michigan.

W. H. A.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

BETHLEHEM.

One of our excursions from Jerusalem was to Bethlehem, the place of our Saviour's nativity, which is a pretty little town of some 8,000 inhabitants, about six miles to the south of Jerusalem. It is situated on a hill, with terraces of vines and fig trees below it, and altogether presents the most attractive appearance of any place we saw in Palestine, unless it may be Nazareth. The population in both these places is largely *Christian*, a fact which undoubtedly goes far to account for their neatness and attractiveness. The name Bethlehem—Ephrathah—signifying "House of Bread," and "Fruitful," respectively, by which it was pointed out as the place of our Saviour's birth 700 years before the event took place (Micah v: 2), seems to have contained in itself a prophecy of Him who is the Bread of God given for the life of the world. Hardly any other place has so many allusions to it, and interesting memories associated with it in Holy Scripture.

We first read of it, Gen. xxxv : 19, in connection with the death of Jacob's favorite wife, Rachel, the story of which is told so touchingly by the patriarch, in Gen. xlviii : 7, when blessing the sons of Joseph : "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath ; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath." Rachel's tomb is there to this day. The small building, with a dome, which encloses it, is comparatively modern, but the identity of the burial place is undisputed. We passed it on our right hand, a little way from Bethlehem, and entered deeply into Jacob's sorrow.

Bethlehem, too, was the scene of the beautiful story of Ruth and Naomi, and also of Boaz and Ruth, the ancestors of our blessed Lord. There David, their illustrious great-grandson, was born, and in its neighboring fields tended his father's sheep, and probably wrote the twenty-third psalm ; there, too, was the home of Joab, and Abishai, and Asahel, sons of David's sister Zeruiah, and chiefs of his mighty men (1 Chron. ii : 16) ; and there, Asahel, slain by Abner, was buried.

It is, however, the fact of its having been the birth-place of Jesus,

"Great David's greater Son."

that invests Bethlehem with the unique and absorbing interest that it possesses for the Christian traveller. We entered the little town through a long, narrow street, terminating in a square with the name of "Place de la Nativité," on the near side of which are a number of shops, in which a brisk traffic is carried on in relics and mementoes of the place, in mother-of-pearl, and olive wood ; while on the farther side stands the venerable, but not impressive pile of buildings known as the Church of the Nativity. The nave of the church is probably the oldest ornament of Christian architecture in the world, having been erected by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, A. D. 327. Three convents adjoin the building—Latin, Greek and Armenian ; but the nave is the common property of all Christians. It is somewhat in need of repair, but it has been a noble building. Some of its marble columns are believed to have once formed a part of the temple in Jerusalem.

The "Grotto of the Nativity" is a cave in the rock, to which we descend by about thirty steps, and is incased with marble, and lighted with gold and silver lamps, which are always kept burning. On one side of this grotto, which one enters with an almost oppressive sense of its sacredness, there is a recess, on a pavement of which, inserted in the marble, is a silver star with fourteen rays,

and on this star is engraved, in capital letters, the legend—

"HIC, DE VIRGINE MARIA, JESUS CHRISTUS
NATUS EST."

which, being interpreted, is, Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born. That this is the true site of the inn of our Saviour's nativity there is no reasonable doubt, for there is evidence of its having been known as such 200 years before the Empress Helena built the church upon it. The stable, in the manger of which the infant Jesus was laid, was probably the lower story of the Khan, or inn, that being a common arrangement in Palestine in the present day.

I will not trouble my readers with a description of the numerous commemorative chapels and altars connected with the church, such as the Altar of the Magi, the Altar of the Innocents, etc. One could not help looking, however, with a good deal of interest into the chapel, or cell, of St. Jerome, in which he spent 30 years studying, and, as Dean Stanley says, sending forth "a flood of treatises, letters and commentaries, to terrify, exasperate and enlighten the Western world," and where he translated the Holy Scriptures into the Vulgate, for, with some glaring defects, his Latin version was a grand work, placing, as it did, the Word of Life within the reach of a very large proportion of the people of his day. But we did wish his monkish notions had not doomed him to labor in so sacred a cause in such a black hole.

From St. Jerome's gloomy chamber we went to the well of Bethlehem, and drank of the water for which David so longed (2 Sam. xxiii : 13-17) and yet magnanimously refused to drink of it when obtained at so great a risk ; thence we went to view the plains of Bethlehem, a little to the east of the town, where the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds, and over which the "great multitude of the heavenly host" chanted the song of the Nativity. It is impossible to describe the thoughts and emotions which rushed through me as I tried to imagine that scene. What a chorus was that ! The opening chorus of the great oratorio of the Messiah ! The first act of the divine tragedy of human redemption ! Here the Divine Lord, the Creator of all, stooped to become a helpless babe, the Holy One allied Himself with our sinful humanity ! These terraced hills heard the heavenly music, and re-echoed the song of salvation ! These fields reflected back the brightness of the celestial glory ! Blessed are the eyes that saw, and the ears that heard these wonders ; Yet even more blessed are we that now enjoy the fuller unfoldings of the divine plan, for "he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than they."

Ottawa.

J. W.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

This happy season brings again
 The story ever new,
 The burden of the angel's strain,
 The tidings good and true;
 We love the music of each word,
 The heavenly chorus sweet;
 The grandest song our earth has heard
 Did Bethlehem's shepherds greet.

Lord teach our hearts to feel aright
 Thine everlasting love;
 That made Thee leave Thy throne of light,
 Mid angel hosts above!
 O give us grace to join our lays
 With the angelic throng,
 And this redeemed world, in thy praise;
 To swell the happy song.

O sometimes we can almost hear
 The song of love and light;
 That broke upon each shepherd's ear,
 On that auspicious night;
 It comes to us in fancy's dreams
 A distant, heavenly sound;
 But O the bliss that from its strains
 Reality is found!

The angels sang when Jesus came
 To shed his blood for all;
 To save who trust in his dear name,
 And for his mercy call;
 In him, the promised Gentile light
 And Israel's glory, see;
 O till we reach Mount Zion's height,
 Of him our song shall be!

Christ's love has been earth's sweetest sound
 Through all its changing years;
 Nor can there better cure be found
 For sin and grief and tears.
 "Good tidings" spread o'er land and sea,
 All God's good will may prove;
 And peace the precious legacy
 To all who trust his love.

Toronto.

S. MILES.

Our Story.

MY ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.

By the Author of "A Visit to my Birthplace," "Abbey of Inismoyle," etc.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Before the image of a female saint, nearly opposite to where I stood, some lights burned brighter; and before that image a living and breathing form lay prostrate in intense devotion. I stood and looked on the scene—it was perhaps some poor child of sorrow, methought, who dare not, could not, reveal to mortal the agonized feelings that lay like a slow consuming fire pent up within his breast, who thus in the privacy of the

sanctuary unbosomed the bitter burden that lay dark upon his soul, and hidden from the eye of proud, unfeeling, selfish man, poured out the tale of his griefs, his fears, his wrongs, and emptied the overflowing bitterness of his heart in the language of prayer.

Had I acted on the impulse I felt while thinking thus, I too had knelt, for I too was unhappy. But to what should I kneel?—to an image, the work of men's hands—or to the invisible, the ever-present Creator? Methought while the question passed in my mind, I heard that sound, when amid thunderings and lightnings and tempest, there was the voice of words, and the Almighty proclaimed "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything in heaven or on the earth: thou shalt not worship nor bow down unto them." I looked around, and the illusory ideas that the scene had at first awakened were gone, and I saw a poor soul-chained sinner pouring out his prayer to what was indeed "no God"—to a thing that "could neither profit or deliver"—to the image of one who, if such a person ever had existence, had worn the same vestments of mortality, and had companionship with the same sin and sorrows. And should I address my prayers and pour out the complainings of my soul to one who had only escaped a little before from the evils of time?

How admirably is the religion of Popery adapted to the feelings of the natural heart, the heart of fallen man, that in its earthiness, its estrangement from God, dislikes a spiritual service, and shrinks from a spiritual God! "Pray," it says, "to one who can feel for your distresses, who is not exalted above the sympathies of mortality"; and we are so prone to venerate, to love the memory of the good, the amiable, the lovely, who are gone before us, that we feel tempted to implore their intercessory offices on high, and to ask their pitying guardianship over us, while we wander in this world of sin and care.

The dark unbelief of my soul forbade me even to lift up the heart to the Eternal God; and, the enthusiasm of the moment over, I glanced coldly around the painted walls, the gilded shrines and decorated altars; and, recollecting with a sigh another land where Popery was not so exalted, I left the church. But the thoughts that had been excited could not be easily silenced; I returned musingly to the camp, all was hushed and silent there. I threw myself on my bed, wished for the day, and hoped it would bring an order for march. That wished-for order came at length: and we were soon afterwards on our way to meet the proud ruthless invaders of the poor terrified people we had come to assist.

On the way we passed all looked smilingly, all was peaceful and calm—all but man; beautiful

prospects, sweet fair scenes, quiet cottages lay around us; and there were we, an armed and bannered host about to join in the shock of war, presenting a strange contrast to scenes so lovely and so soft.

How distinctly can I now picture to myself our array on the first night I bivouacked on foreign ground; how plainly does memory present the forms that then lay scattered around me, indulging in repose on their cold earthen bed, after a fatiguing march; the spreading cork tree, and the youth who sat with me beneath its shade, are now, methinks, before me: figures that have long since mingled with the dust of a foreign land, are prominent in fancy's picture, and voices that are silenced forever, seem now to address me again.

A small beautiful valley was covered with our warlike host, and its stillness was broken by sounds most unseemly. I chose my lodging ground beneath a fine tree at the foot or rather on the declivity of one of the rugged eminences that hemmed in this peaceful little spot; it was one that a hermit might have chosen; a small gurgling stream flowed down the rock beside me, and fell softly into its narrow bed below. Here I spread my cloak, and then looked round on the scene before me; and such a scene, revealed as it was by the bright but flickering fires that were just bursting out through the glen, would be no bad subject for a painter's pencil. The broken unequal light gleaming on the shining blades and piled arms, the glen crowded with armed and tired men, their indistinct forms sometimes rendered more discernible by the sudden blaze of the fitful light that fell in fantastic reflections on the dark rocks and over the brown hills—it was a scene both new and pleasing to me; and while I lay watching it in all its variations, as one fire sunk and another sprung up, casting new lights and shadows on the scenery, as the tired soldier stretched himself to repose on the ground after his meal, and one group of discovered men dispersed while another assembled, my own reflections gradually assumed as varied a complexion as the scene I was gazing on.

I was at last in the seat of war, in daily expectation of meeting the enemy; the life I long looked forward to was commenced. Yet I was not happy; one excited and animated and hopeful feeling seemed to pervade my comrades' breasts, and though when with them I appeared like them, when I was thus alone I often felt sad, restless and dispirited.

I looked over the diversified groups before me, and it was impossible that the reflection, that soon their numbers would be thinned, should not arise. I could not feel indifferent to my own state after death. I had been made acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel, and the scriptural testimony of man's state and character with regard to

his Maker. I could not disbelieve revelation, and I could not silence conscience. I saw numbers, it is true, many of them men I esteemed and liked, who did not deny the existence of a future state, and who acknowledged their accountability hereafter, living quietly at ease in the prospect of being perhaps suddenly called to render up that account and enter on that everlasting state, and if the ground for that contentedness were asked, there was generally some vague expression of trust in the mercy of God, some hope that they were not worse than others, that they had done their duty as they could; and then again all would be summed up in that favorite expression, "God is merciful." There never has been, there never will be, the man so brave as to contemplate unmoved an eternity of hopeless, helpless misery; and those who pretend to do so do not believe in its existence. I could not be equally careless, for I had learned from the sweet and lovely example of one whose liberated spirit was then among the blessed, that the value of the immortal soul was not to be weighed against the varied blessings and accumulated treasures of time. Revelation depicted man as a fallen creature, and declared that to raise him from this fallen state, and to deliver him from the curse under which he lay, God became manifest in the flesh. It was in the full belief of this stupendous truth, that I had often been told, lay the very essence of Christian hope; what more was there for man to do? his salvation was finished for him—he dare not attempt the smallest effort to effect it for himself, yet the giving up of body and soul, of the powers of his mind, and the affections of his heart, were only his reasonable, his delightful service; for the law of love held his soul in stronger chains to the service of his God than that which proclaimed, "This do, and thou shalt live."

These truths I knew; they had often been sounded in my ears, and sweetly and mildly pressed upon my attention by those who now exulted in their realization, but still they had no effect on me. I perverted the doctrine of Scripture, I refused to obey its precepts; it is there on record, the divine command and the assured promise, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find"; but I would not ask, for I said "The prayer of an unbeliever will not be heard." But oh, in times like this, when I felt the uncertainty, the vanity of all below, how blest and happy would the faith and hope of the Christian appear! How gladly would I have exchanged places with the lowliest sentinel who paced before the watch-fire round which his companions slept, did I believe that that man possessed the strong undying hope of a blissful immortality. Yes, in the stirring scenes of war, I have felt all this, nor let it be thought unbecoming, for it is, I am convinced, impossible for one who has ever read the Word of God, and considered the

character of Him whom it reveals, to think solemnly and quietly of death and maintain unshaken composure, while he feels that conscience can afford no answer to the question, "Wherewith shall I come before God?"

CHAPTER III.

While the deep and awful impression which reflections like these leave upon the mind still hung over me, a voice close to me inquired in a whispering tone, for I was sitting in the shade, quite in the background of the scene I had been contemplating, "Is this Traverston?" "It is, Fitzmorris," I replied, recognizing the silver-toned voice of our lieutenant-colonel's son, a youth who had recently been appointed to an ensigncy in the regiment.

"Will you let me share your quarters? you are so comfortable, so out of the throng."

"With all my heart, seat yourself here, I can only offer you half the shade of my friendly tree."

"Thanks Traverston," he said, throwing himself carelessly on the ground beside me. "From one fellow-soldier to another on a campaign, such an offer is as grateful as an invitation to partake the hospitalities of a home in dear, happy England."

"Or still dearer Scotland," I replied, smiling, for I knew that was his country.

"But why do you think *my quarters*, as you call it, an enviable spot?"

"Because it is alone," said Fitzmorris, turning up his head that rested on his hand as he lay stretched on the ground, to me with an expression and a smile that went straight to my heart—for they seemed so like those I had been used to love; and I sighed. I deeply sighed as I looked on his young sweet countenance, for he was a lad who had not yet numbered seventeen years, and thought I there too traced a resemblance that won my interest and engaged my affection.

"And are you a lover of loneliness?" I asked, smiling at him; "you whose life has passed in camps?"

"Yes," said Fitzmorris, and I thought his beaming face was momentarily shaded. "My life has passed in dissipating and fatiguing scenes, yet it generally happens, that when we are denied what we like, we only like it the more, so perverse a being is man."

"You are not then fond of your profession?"

"Ah there is the question I often ask myself, and strange to say I never answered it satisfactorily yet. I wish there was no need of war. I wish the world was so Christianized that men should learn war no more. It is saddening, it is heart-rending to see the miseries it occasions, the vice, the immorality, the profaneness it encourages, to see such numbers passing into eternity, thought-

less, unprepared or desperate, and then to live always in such tumultuous scenes, such constant stirs, among such a congregated mass of men. Oh! when I think all this, when I feel all this, I am not fond of my profession. But when I think of fighting for my country, for our liberties, our religion, our homes, of stemming the torrent that has swept half Europe over, spreading desolation, misery and ruin, when I think of repelling an ambitious tyrant's power, and teaching him to feel the world was not made for him alone, then I love it, then I am fond, nay proud, of my profession; I can walk with pleasure in the ranks of war, and strive to look on its miseries as necessary evils."

"And when you think of falling in its service?"

"I feel quite willing to do so, if it is the will of God."

I looked at him inquiringly as he uttered these words; they were not said with the easy *nonchalance* of the soldier, or the indifference of the unthinking. No, both the tone and the look bespoke rather the firm resignation, the unshaken confidence of the Christian who was at all times and in all places prepared to meet the enemy from which all mankind naturally shrink. It was not the devotedness of the patriot alone, nor the youthful ardor of the zealous young soldier that spoke in them—neither was it the hot-headedness of one who, aspiring only at some trifling distinction, some small elevation above his companions, was willing to throw away his life reckless of all that was to follow.

I thought of these few and casual words and of the look that accompanied them, when Fitzmorris, overcome by fatigue, had sunk into a deep and tranquil sleep, and then rolling my cloak about me with my head resting on a little mound at the root of the tree, I, too, forgot the thoughts of the present, the memory of the past, and the prospect of the future in a sleep as deep, as calm and refreshing as ever I had enjoyed on a downy bed, in a warm and comfortable chamber.

After our junction with the main army we were encamped opposite to a small town occupied with British troops, and on our left lay a strong division of the Spanish forces. Here we were joined by some officers who had been absent from our regiment through sickness or other causes; among these was the captain of the company to which I belonged, a man universally esteemed and liked by all his brother officers. Captain Courtenay was one of whom all men spoke well, a fine figure, and a countenance which, without regularly handsome features, always served as a passport to the man who possessed it, were the least of Courtenay's attractions. He was a warm-hearted friend, a pleasing and sensible companion, an upright, prudent and honorable man.

It was while quartered in a country town in our native land that I first became intimately acquainted with him, and this town was rendered memorable to him by another acquaintance he made while in it, the issue of which, I am sure, he never dreamed of.

Louisa B—— (I must be excused giving names in full), was the daughter of a man of rank and fortune. She was married before she was nineteen to one who was rich indeed, but possessed of no other recommendation, and left a young and interesting looking widow at one-and-twenty. The splendid mansion in which she resided was situated not far from our quarters, and the senior officers gradually got introduced at it. I often heard the young widow spoken of, and was two or three times, although only a subaltern, favored with an invitation to her house. She was beset with everything calculated to draw away the mind and turn the head of a young woman, and I expected, and knew Courtenay did also, to find her as vain, as conceited and inflated with an idea of her own consequence as some persons similarly situated would be, but I thought if I had not known who she was, I should merely have noticed her as a mild and very interesting girl. She appeared younger than she really was; without being handsome she was very engaging, and her manner was as diffident and unassuming as that of any girl in a subordinate sphere of life. She seemed to me rather to be fatigued and annoyed by the general attention and universal admiration that she received. I often observed her at places where we met turn away with a look of indifference or impatience from such things and enter into conversation with the most retiring, the gravest or oldest persons in the company.

Courtenay was a man of reflection and feeling, he could not make himself the assiduous, flattering courtier, nor add his mite to the incense he saw offered up to a woman who was admired merely because she was rich. Whenever I saw him in her company he was aloof from the crowd that usually surrounded her. One evening, however, they chanced to be seated near each other, and through the medium of a third person, engaged in conversation. He spoke in his usual polite, engaging, but manly and sensible style; he talked to her as to any other woman, or if he differed at all, it was in being more careful to avoid the slightest appearance of that complimentary strain in which she was always addressed. From this evening Louisa often appeared to favor Courtenay with her attention and to be pleased when he addressed her. He was often at her house, he met her at other places, and at last his companions began jestingly to congratulate him on the marks of favor he received. We, however, got the route, and Courtenay and Louisa took leave with not more seeming regret

than is common on such occasions, and probably with little hopes of meeting again, for we were in expectation of being soon ordered abroad. From that time his cheek ceased to redden when he was rallied by his brother officers, nay, some said it actually grew pale when he requested in few but resolute words that such raillery might cease. It did, for we saw it could not be continued without offending him, but some time after we found there was more ground for it than we supposed. What in the language of the world is called chance brought Courtenay to a place where Louisa was visiting, and an apparently accidental circumstance revealed to them their mutual attachment. Louisa was staying at a house where he was on an intimate footing. Here, while chatting in a lively way with her friends when he was present, she alluded to the circumstance that a considerable part of her jointure passed away from her if she married again, jestingly making it appear that her whole property depended on her remaining a widow. Immediately the inequality that appeared to subsist between them seemed to vanish from Courtenay's view; a hasty expression that broke from him told what was passing in his mind, he was only a soldier of fortune, he could not think of a woman whose situation in life was so above his own, but did she share his attachment, and were she capable of giving such a proof of it, their circumstances might be equalized. The trial was soon made, and it was not till Louisa had consented to unite her lot with his that he found he was to marry a woman of large property as well as one whom he would have preferred to all others had she been penniless.

(To be continued.)

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—An interesting address was given last Sunday at Percy Chapel, Bath, by Rev. J. Hadfield, one of a number of missionaries who for twelve years have been laboring in the Loyalty Islands off New Caledonia. There is wonderful eagerness among the natives to hear and spread the Gospel; and the inhabitants of the islands are now practically a Christian community, peace having supplanted petty warfare, while the condition of the women is materially improving. Liberal missionary contributions are gathered at their May meetings; and though, through priestly influence, the French authorities have forbidden natives from the Loyalties to settle in New Caledonia, two young men succeeded in doing so, and before their expulsion left a considerable number of converts. Notwithstanding the pressure which the Society often experiences from want of funds, it is intending to send missionaries to the South Sea Islands.—*The Christian.*



REV. T. HODGKINSON.

News of the Churches.

MELBOURNE, QUE.—Through some unaccountable neglect, no account of the installation of Rev. T. Hodgkinson (late of St. John's, N'fd), as pastor of this church, has appeared in the INDEPENDENT. It is now so long gone by that it is too late to remedy the defect. We regret this, as the services were full of interest, and the statement of belief read by the pastor was a very complete and beautiful one. We were led to suppose that part of this statement would be sent to the INDEPENDENT for publication; for even one of the veteran ministers present at the council said he had never heard one that was in all points equal to it. We are not a numerous people but we are striving hard to do that which our hands find to do. We have a new church which is neat, comfortable and substantial, and we cannot rest till it is free of debt.

We celebrated our second anniversary of the opening of the church last Sabbath. Rev. J. G. Sanderson, of Danville, preached a very appropri-

ate sermon in the morning from the words of David to Solomon, "And thou mayest add thereto."

Our pastor preached in the evening from the story of the woman who came to Christ to plead for healing for her daughter who was tormented with an evil spirit. None who heard him will soon forget the story, for it seemed to be enacted before our very eyes, and the lessons he drew from it must have sunk into every heart. Last night we held our anniversary tea-meeting which was a great success as far as bountiful provisions, efficient waiters, good speakers and sweet music, with abundant good will, could make it so. The relations between the churches here are most friendly, as proved by the presence last night on the platform of the Anglican, Presbyterian and two Methodist clergymen, and by the presence of numbers of their congregations in the pews. As a further proof, the Presbyterian minister closed his church on Sabbath evening and came with his people to worship with us.

The ladies of the Missionary Auxiliary here would like a word of explanation as to the small contributions accredited to us in the last report. That amount \$4.45 was the proceeds of a t ak-

offering service held by them together with the Mission Band last November. The year's subscriptions amounting to \$14, were, owing to adverse circumstances, sent so late that they are not in time to be included in this report. We are but "few among the thousands of Israel," but we are alive and working, have a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and a Christian Endeavor Society, in addition to those already mentioned, and because we like to read the work of other churches we send this from ours.

HAMILTON.—Our new Sunday school was opened on Oct. 11th. The exercises were of a most interesting nature, and altogether the day was one which will long be remembered in the history of both church and school. As our pastor said, "he thought we very nearly reached the high-water mark that day." In the morning, led by our pastor, the worship was specially adapted to the occasion which was uppermost in all our minds. In the afternoon about 500 scholars, parents and friends gathered in the new school building and listened to suitable addresses from Mr. Day, Prov. S. S. Sec'y, Mr. Yeigh, (Toronto,) His Worship Mayor McLellan, S. S. Sup't, Mr. W. Bale, and Mr. Morton. The singing was hearty, led by the S. S. orchestra, which is comprised principally of young men of the school. They play remarkably well considering the short time they have been organized, and reflect credit on the leadership of Mr. Bret. Alexander. Orchestras are becoming features of Sunday school worship in Hamilton, and we are glad to think that we are not behind in this respect. I must not forget to state that the school room was beautifully decorated with flowers and mottoes. This part of the work was looked after by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bale. The slate and blackboard across the entire end of the school room contained a beautiful sketch by a young gentleman outside of the school, and to whom we feel grateful.

In the evening the services were resumed in the church, when Mr. Alfred Day addressed the gathering. The building is well adapted to the purpose. It is heated with hot air, is well ventilated and lighted. Seated with chairs; those in the infant class room being smaller so that the little ones may rest their feet on the floor. It consists of a large auditorium, with gallery containing four class rooms. At the opposite end from the Superintendent's desk, and underneath the gallery, is the library and infant class room, which will accommodate sixty scholars. The means of access are splendid, there being two entrances on Cannon street and one on Hughson street. The school will accommodate about 400. Our present average attendance is a little over 200, so you see there is opportunity for the superintendent, teachers and

scholars to exert themselves in bringing in new scholars. May we embrace the opportunity, and may our new school be a blessing, not only to us, but to the community and to the city in which we are.

On Thanksgiving Day, at 10 p.m., our people met in the lecture room, where a very interesting and profitable Thanksgiving service was held. Our pastor, who delivered a very appropriate address, was assisted by Miss Edgar, who spoke on behalf of the Y. P. S. C. E., Mr. Robertson on behalf of the Sunday-school, and Mr. Hopkin on behalf of the Mutual Improvement Society. On the Sunday following Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Morton preached a Thanksgiving sermon, taking his text from 1 Tim. 4. It was a grand discourse, and one which I know will long be remembered by some of his congregation at least, if not by all. He spoke of national life, national laws, religion and its scope, and their relations to each other. Godliness must not fold its hands and wait for the coming of the Lord to bring about just and righteous laws. Such a religion is fit only to be put in a glass case and to be looked at as a curiosity. It is our duty as professing Christians to find out the reason why so many of God's children are in poverty in a land of plenty, and to remove the causes which make them so. It should even be our aim to bring about a just distribution of the wealth which is produced among those who produce it. It is not the doleing out of the necessaries of life to those who are in need (and who should not be) that we want. No, not *charity*, but *justice*.

Our Canada Street Mission is progressing favorably. The Sunday school has a regular attendance of 80 to 90. The Sunday evening services which are in charge of the Missionary Com. of the Y. P. S. C. E. are well attended. The outlook is encouraging.

R. HOPKIN.

BELWOOD AND GARAFRANA.—Rev. D. McCormick, of Kingston, writes :—By the translation of the Rev. Mr. Webb we have sustained a distinct denominational loss, not to speak of how some of us will miss him as "a brother beloved." He made this country his home, and laid himself out to promote its moral and spiritual interests, according to his ability, whenever and wherever he had the opportunity. Congregationalism had not a more loyal son, nor yet a son more catholic in his sympathies, nor a servant more free from sectarian narrowness. He was always consistent, yet always ready to help any brother and glad to serve any church. The esteem in which he was held by the ministers and members of Presbyterian and Methodist churches goes to show his largeness and kindness of heart. He will be missed by his own church and also by all churches that came within the sphere of his influence.

He never trifled with an occasion. Whenever he appeared he did his best. Whether he read a paper, gave an address or preached a sermon he put himself into it, and all of himself. His plainness, directness, and earnestness of speech might sometimes cause momentary pain, but he would not unnecessarily grieve, nor wantonly hurt the feelings of any. If unwittingly and unintentionally he did so, he was always ready, cheerfully and amply to apologise. Intuitively he was a gentleman, and always carried himself with the propriety of such. To this was added the quiet dignity of the Christian minister, and both together went to secure the respect and confidence of all who knew him best. His own people he loved, and he gave them himself. In the young he took the deepest interest, and his labors on their behalf were owned and blessed of God. As a husband and father he was singularly devoted, and could be seldom met but in company of one or more members of his family. He took much pains with his garden, and greatly improved the surroundings of the manse. To idleness he was a stranger, for he could not rest while an unfinished task demanded his attention. For the best part of two years he was my nearest neighbor as Congregational minister. We helped each other as occasion served, we exchanged fraternal visits, and were members of the same ministerial association. It gives me mournful pleasure to be able to say that always and everywhere our relations were not only brotherly but cordial.

He is gone. He will be missed, greatly missed, in the district where he lived, and by the brethren with whom he worked. Our sympathies are with the widow and fatherless. Our prayers are for his church and our churches, that God may raise some one to fill his place, baptized into the same spirit, characterized by the same enthusiasm for God and for humanity.

FOREST.—It may be that the record of a year's work in this distant parish will be of interest to friends in the east, who are expected, of course, to know everything. I have been here just one year, and can truly say that I have enjoyed the work. The friends here tell me, that it has been the best year in every respect, they have ever had. Previous to my coming, discouragement prevailed, no man being willing to accept the hard road that waited to be undertaken in this wide field. The pulpit had been vacant for a year, and there were wise heads that thought it advisable to give up the hope of finding a minister; a few trusting souls, however, kept on praying and working. We came, we saw, we settled down to work, and for one whole year have not been away from the field even one week, preaching thrice every Sunday, with weeks of special services at different times throughout the year. A debt of \$1,400 on the

Forest church, has been reduced during the year to about \$300. My salary has been promptly and fully paid; two excellent sheds have been erected and paid for this year, one at the out station in Plympton, and the other at Forest; several other lesser advances have been made.

Spiritually the Lord has crowned the year with His blessi. g. Recently eleven young people have confessed Christ for the first time in our meetings. The Christian Endeavor Society in our church has been a source of blessing to all the young people in Forest. At our last communion I welcomed into our church five persons, four heads of families, and one young woman. One of the number is one of, if not *the*, leading merchant in the town, and one of its oldest and most respected inhabitants. The other day we had a meeting of delegates from the four churches belonging to us in this old Congregational district. One of these churches, namely, Ebenezer (Warwick), is at present steadily supplied by the Presbyterian minister of Forest. Something, somewhere, went wrong in years past, and they applied to the Presbyterians for supply. But hearing of good done in Forest and Plympton, they are, we believe, seeking back to their native air. The Lake Shore Congregational church, supplied last summer by Student D. Hamilton, is most desirous of coming into a working arrangement for regular preaching. Our hope is now, that, at the close of the College in spring, Mr. Hamilton may come with us, and together we believe that we can work the four fields with advantage to each and all. A worthier colleague than Mr. Hamilton no minister could desire to have.

So much then anent the work for one year in Forest, Plympton and Lake Shore. We praise God for all the gracious results, and we feel very grateful that the spirit and tendency of the cause here is altogether encouraging and hopeful. Without even the shadow of a jar, the work has gone quietly on; and considering what *was*, owing to innumerable causes which might be commented upon at great length, and looking at what *is*, we are happy in testifying to the restoration of these fields to Congregationalism, and, what is more, to steady, Christian service.

A. F. MCGREGOR.

TORONTO, HOPE CHURCH.—The second anniversary services of this church were held on Sunday, Nov. 15. In the morning Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., preached, taking for his text Acts 1: 3. His sermon was chiefly on the different periods in our Lord's life on earth. He spoke in his usual attractive style. The church was full long before the time for service, and many could not find even standing room, but had to go away. The choir sang very effectively Jackson's Te Deum, and

"Jerusalem my Happy Home," by Lowell Mason. They were kindly assisted by Mrs. and Mr. Harry Revell, from Northern Congregational church, also by Miss Chorley, from "Zion."

In the afternoon, Rev. John Neil, B. A., of Westminster Presbyterian church, preached a very practical sermon on giving, from Acts 20:35; "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In the evening the pulpit was occupied by Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., who gave an earnest address on Amos, 8th chapter. He was listened to with very great interest. The singing throughout the day was very much appreciated. Good collections were taken up in aid of the church funds.

The anniversary social was held on Tuesday, Nov. 17. A sumptuous tea was provided from 6.30 to 8, which was thoroughly enjoyed by about 160 persons, after which a public meeting was held in the church—Chairman, J. C. Copp, Esq., President of the Toronto Congregational Association. Really good speeches were given by the pastor, Rev. Hugh Bentley, Revs., Geo. Robertson, B.A., C. E. Manning (Methodist), J. Neil, B.A. (Westminster Presbyterian), and J. Dinnick, Messrs. Bate and Wm. Freeland. The choir also, assisted by Mrs. and Mr. H. Revell and Mr. J. Nicholls, added much to the enjoyment of the evening, by giving some good selections. Mr. Jacobs, a former member of the choir, who has just returned to this city, gave a cornet solo, "The Children's Home," in beautiful style. Miss Bentley presided at the organ. Many thanks are due to the kind friends outside the church for giving, so liberally, provisions for the social.—L. BENTLEY, 104 Clinton Street.

FROME.—On Sunday, October 18th, our anniversary services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Allworth, of Lansing, Mich., formerly pastor of this church. The congregations were very good, notwithstanding the rain, which fell steadily all day. On Monday evening, 19th, the anniversary tea-meeting was held. The rain continued; still a goodly number were present. After partaking of a bountiful tea in the school-room, we adjourned to the body of the church, which was tastefully decorated with flowers, and there listened to a very interesting programme. The pastor, Rev. W. H. A. Claris, occupied the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Talbotville; Rev. Mr. Staples, of Shedden, and Rev. W. H. Allworth. Rev. E. D. Silcox, of Embro, gave a glowing account of his visit to Rome, which delighted the audience; all agreeing that it was well worth braving the storm to hear. The choir furnished music. This was the third anniversary of the opening of our new church. The proceeds amounted to \$46; and, considering

the weather, we think our anniversary of 1891 may be called a success.

Our young people's prayer-meetings have been well attended throughout the summer, and the young people show a lively interest in them. There has also been a growing interest shown in the Wednesday night prayer-meetings, and we hope this encouraging state of affairs may continue.

A. B. C.

LANARK.—I send you the following account of Rev. Joseph Colclough's installation:—On Wednesday evening, October 14th, a public meeting was held for the purpose of formally installing Rev. J. Colclough, as pastor of the Congregational church. The church building was well filled. The Rev. Wm. Barbour, D.D., Principal of the Congregational College, Montreal, preached a very appropriate and excellent sermon on the Ministry of Prayer. Installation prayer was offered by Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa; after which, Mr. Wood addressed the church on the power of God's word to direct our lives. Rev. J. Colclough then gave a statement of his reasons for accepting the call, of his beliefs, and of the aims and purposes of his life and ministry at Lanark. Rev. D. McCormick, of Kingston, in a happy speech, then cordially gave the right hand of welcome to the pastor in the name of the ministers and churches of the Union. The meeting was brought to a close by the newly-appointed pastor pronouncing the benediction.

R. W. ROBERTSON, Sec.

LONDON, SOUTHERN CHURCH.—I have much pleasure in enclosing a cutting from the *London Advertiser* of Saturday last. Please insert in the next issue of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT:

The following resolution was unanimously passed at a meeting of the members of the First Congregational church, held on Thursday evening: "That the pastor deacons and members of the First Congregational church, London, have heard with interest and satisfaction of the movement contemplated by certain friends in the establishment of a Congregational church on Horton Street, for the carrying on of missionary and other Christian work in that vicinity, and hereby extend to the friends engaged in that movement their cordial sympathy and best wishes."

I am very glad to be able to state that the response to our letter embodied in the resolution herewith sent, is quite satisfactory. We expect to hold our opening services on the 22nd of this month, when the Rev. A. F. McGregor and Rev. Mr. Aylward, of this city, will preach for us. We will, however, furnish you with full particulars in time for insertion in the January number of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

T. ALLEN.

ST. CATHARINES.—The following is a copy of an address from the church to Mr. James R. Adams, student, after his work there during the summer. It was sent to the College at Montreal, to him, in a beautiful illuminated form :

Dear Sir and Brother,—We cannot permit you to take your departure from our midst without in some way expressing our appreciation of your services since you have been among us. Although the time has been short it has been long enough for us to learn the value of your earnest Christian zeal and efforts in striving to advance the cause of Christ in our midst, and building us up as a church. And be assured we shall never forget them, for their fruits will abide with us. Particularly shall we remember your efforts to interest and instruct our young people, and lead them to greater efforts in Christian work and usefulness. We then, would, on behalf of the church, thank you for your earnest labors, and present you our best wishes for your temporal and eternal happiness. May the Spirit of the Master ever go with you, and lead you into paths of great usefulness. May you be the instrument in His hands of leading many souls into His kingdom; and when your work is ended may you hear the glad plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed on behalf of the Congregational church of St. Catharines.

A. M. SMITH,
E. C. WASSMAN,
RICHARD NORRIS,

Deacons.

August 30th, 1891.

QUINN, Nov. 10.—Student Ross spent his summer vacation here (Tilbury, etc.); and his services were much appreciated. Then, for two months we had no supply. For the past three weeks, Mr. Arthur E. Prior, a member of the Sarnia church, has been laboring in the Gospel, with much acceptance. We hope to retain his services for a year at least. If we can do so we expect to be able to report considerable growth and prosperity. Mr. Prior is a young man, preparing to enter College, in order to equip himself thoroughly for the work of the ministry. The churches here, in securing his services, look forward with renewed hope.

JOHN BURGESS.

MONTREAL CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.—This club, resembling the Congregational Association in Toronto, is composed of members belonging to all our churches in Montreal. The *Witness* says:

"The Congregational Club met in large numbers at the Congregational College, McTavish Street, on Friday night, for one of their quarterly social reunions. A reception was given the members and ladies by Dr. Barbour. After the supper Dr. Barbour gave a clear and forcible address on the principles of Congregationalism, and then introduced Dr. Cornish, who was to give a report of the great International Council held last summer in London. This he did after giving some personal reminiscences and stating his approval of the Club and its purpose. The speaker of the evening was, however, the Rev. Mr. Boynton, pastor of the large Congregational church in Boston, who gave an interesting account of the International Council, dwelling upon the power of the men

there, its representative character and the unity shown in essentials. During the meeting representatives of Point St. Charles Congregational church, and Zion church spoke of the increasing prosperity and activity of their churches. The Rev. Dr. Barbour, after a vote of thanks had been passed to the Rev. Mr. Boynton, closed the meeting with the benediction.

BELWOOD AND GARAFRAXA.—*Death of the Rev. James Webb.*—We were exceedingly pained to hear of the death of the Rev. James Webb, pastor of the Congregational churches at Belwood and Garafraxa, Ont. The cause was typhoid fever. A short note from Belwood, to the editor, 26th of October, spoke of Mr. Webb being down with the fever, and of supplies for the pulpit for a time; but we were unprepared for this fatal termination. He died on the 7th of November, and was buried on the 10th. Our brother Webb, was among us at our annual gathering, full of life and spirits. Samuel Rutherford said he "would never build his nest again in an earthly tree; he had painted a providence of his own, with a quiet and fruitful ministry at Anworth, till it should please God to call him hence"—but it had turned out all differently, and so with our brother Webb. We counted on a long fellowship with him; but the Lord had other purposes.

MISSIONARY COMING HOME.—Rev. W. T. Currie, Missionary in Bihe, Africa, is coming home for a rest, and to engage in a little medical study. He expects to leave Africa in January. Mr. Currie is following as hard as he can in the footsteps of the glorious and versatile Mackay of Uganda. He is a diplomatist, a judge, an explorer, a doctor, a teacher, a civil engineer, a road-builder, an architect, a preacher, teaches girls to sing and *sew*, boys to work and read, and love Christ and speak the truth: in a word he is the many-sided man Africa needs. Some cultivated black historian, centuries hence, will give him a juster place in the annals of Africa's civilization than we can give him now. Like many others, "he is building better than he knows."

THE CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The annual united communion service of the Congregational churches of Toronto, was held in Zion church on Monday evening, November 9th, at 8 o'clock. The centre pews were well filled, and the spirit of the service was good, and added another bond of union among Christ's people. The Rev. G. H. Sandwell presided. He was assisted by the Revs. R. Robinson, G. Robertson, H. Bentley, and T. Webb. The Rev. John Burton, B.D., preached an able sermon from John xv.: "I am the Vine and ye are the branches." The theme was, "The true Congregational ideal of fellowship." The true basis of Christian fellowship was shown

to be Christ-life. Christ-like life asked for freedom from ecclesiastical limitations of doctrinal formulae and polity, in order to be united with every follower of Christ. The service was helpful to all. An offering was taken up on behalf of the funds of the Association. May such gatherings stimulate all to enthusiasm for Christ!

NORTH TILBURY.—The cause here is as low as it possibly can be. If it were not for a few earnest workers who kept on, in hope, this church would have gone down. Being in a village, it suffers for want of a regular pastor. The work of the supplying students during the summer is marked, but they no sooner revive the work, and get acquainted, than they have to leave the field; however, I like to think of the encouraging old saying, "It is darkest before dawn," and as there is plenty of room for work here, we hope to report some progress in the right direction next time. Brethren, pray for the cause here.

ARTHUR E. PRIOR.

BROOKLYN, N.S.—*Ordination.*—On 2nd October Rev. John D. McEwen was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Brooklyn, N.S. Revs. W. Johnson and R. K. Black were present and took part. A correspondent speaks of much good having been effected by Mr. McEwen's labors for the three months before ordination he had been there; many young people coming out on the side of Christ. The foundation of a new church building has been laid, which the members hope to see completed ere long.

SPEDSID, ONT.—Would you please insert in the December number of the INDEPENDENT that we are purchasing a new library for our Sabbath school, and that if any friends know where our old books would be appreciated, we will be pleased to send them. They are in a fair condition, and no doubt would be a pleasure to many during winter nights. Our meetings are still being blessed, and several are uniting with us at our next Communion. We are praying for and expecting a great blessing during some special services we contemplate having.—Yours truly, ALBERT MARGRETT.

LONDON, SOUTHERN.—The friends of this cause hope to take possession of their new building on Horton street, on Sabbath, 22nd November; when they cordially invite all friends. On account of its situation, they decided to change the name from "Union" to "Southern" church. The Sunday school, discontinued on leaving the former hall, will be resumed. The public service however, has been regularly continued every Sabbath. Our opening services may be too late to publish in this month's issue.—*Com.*

TILBURY SOUTH.—The cause here is in a growing condition. The attendance is good, especially at the meetings of the Y. P. S. of C. E., Sabbath evenings. I was delighted with the hearty manner in which young people took part in the meetings; and, as thinking of my work here, I take a bird's-eye view of the prospects, I say: Good cause; plenty to do; may our God help us to do it right.

A. F. P.

MR. LEONARD WEAVER, evangelist, who conducted with so much success the united evangelistic meetings of Zion, Northern and Olivet churches, Toronto, is now conducting a series of meetings in the Christian Institute, Toronto. Mr. Weaver's address until March, will be 41 Boswell avenue, Toronto. The Christian Institute meetings are full of promise.

GEORGETOWN.—The pastor, Rev. George A. Love, who has not yet more than completed his first year in this field, was on the point of retiring, but at a recent church meeting, the members earnestly requested him to remain; and such a mutual understanding was arrived at that Mr. Love remains, and goes on cheerfully and heartily with his work.

MONTREAL.—Miss Lyman, missionary to Bombay, India, is home on a furlough. Her father, Mr. Theodore Lyman, writes, that at the present moment she has gone to Philadelphia for medical treatment, and hopes that her native air at Montreal will quite restore her to health.

MONTREAL, POINT ST. CHARLES.—The new church has been fully organized, under the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Hall, with a membership of 40; males 23, females 17. Mr. Hall was installed by Council on 17th November, as pastor of Point St. Charles Congregational church, Montreal.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—"College" Sunday in October gave \$55 in collections to the funds of the College. The pastor, Rev. J. W. Pedley, held evangelistic services every night for a week; and, by request, a second week, with quickening results.

REV. E. BARKER, having resigned the pastorate of Mount Zion church, East Toronto, has removed from the city, and taken up his residence in West Superior, near Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, where his son is engaged in business.

FOREST.—The 1st of November marked the first anniversary of Rev. A. F. McGregor's pastorate. Harmony had prevailed. A number of young people had become active Christian members. Finances were encouraging.

BRANDON, MAN.—A Society of Christian Endeavor has lately been established among the young people. November 8th was the end of the second year of Mr. Mason's pastorate at Brandon.

REV. JOHN BROWN, formerly of Lanark, Ont., and more recently of Sourisford, Man., has removed to Tacoma, Wash. (102 Tacoma Ave.)

REV. W. H. ALLWORTH, late of Memphis, Mich., is now resident, without pastoral charge, at Lansing, the capital of the State.

REV. F. FLAWITH, late pastor at Sheffield, N. B., has removed to Berkely, California, where he is now laboring.

A LETTER FROM MR. CURRIE.

(WRITTEN LAST JULY.)

A couple of years ago Mr. G. Hague sent me the following message: "Tell Mr. Currie not to lose his own Christianity in Africa." It then seemed to me a strange message. I did not like it. My pride was hurt. Was it an intentional reflection on the stability of my character? Is there any reflection of the danger of a missionary losing his own Christianity? There is; and there is no necessary reflection on one in the warning *not* to. Take a red-hot coal from the fire, and place it on the cold hearth, and a strong bellows will be needed to keep it red. Take a man from the warm healthful influence of Christian surroundings and place him amid the cold unhelpful influences of heathen associations, and nothing but the grace of God in generous increase can keep the heart aglow. Does anyone in Canada suppose that a man under appointment to the foreign field, has only to board a steamer at Boston, and sail straight to paradise with a first-class ticket? Such an idea could not possibly be further from the truth. I find it said in the INDEPENDENT, "Cramp our home-work and of course the foreign is more inviting." Why? Because the foreign is never cramped. What a revelation. Inviting to what? Years of great loneliness. Toil that wears one quickly to the weakness of old age. Dull cares that weigh heavily on the heart. Heavy strains upon muscles, nerve and brain. Cold indifference, or active opposition to the Gospel message. Hard experiences that tend to weaken all the graces of a Christian life. If to any man—who knows the facts—the foreign

field is more inviting than the home; it must surely be because—for him—the direct path of duty, to God and humanity, is in that field.

I have re-opened my school. The attendance is less than it was at the close of last term. Some of the scholars are away teaching. Others not liking the work these cold mornings have gone to their villages. No doubt the numbers will improve as the season advances.

For an untrained man, a large amount of medical work falls to my lot. Travellers tell me that my reputation as a "medicine man" has spread far into the interior. Would that it were built on the foundation of sound knowledge!

We have been forced by the cold lately to hold all the services in my kitchen. A goodly number attend with us each Sunday. Several of the head men are regular in the congregation. They seem to have "the hearing ear." It remains to be seen whether or no they have the receptive heart.

A new work has lately fallen to my lot. Seven times I have been called upon to arbitrate between full-blooded Biheans and half-breed Portuguese. Some of these cases have been very complicated. In each case my decision has given such satisfaction that a number of people want to submit their varied troubles to me for adjudication. I do not like the work. It is liable to injure my missionary efforts. I refuse to act, unless it seems expedient to do so, on the ground that I am neither chief nor white ruler, but simply a teacher of Christ.

Some of my boys have thus far resisted all efforts to induce them to indulge in heathen practices. Among the number is a son of the chief of Cipeta.

Sincerely yours,

W. T. CURRIE.

P.S.—I have just been out to chase a hyena. It seems to have carried away a large dog I brought up from the coast, and either it or the dogs carried away the whole carcase of a goat I killed yesterday, and I did not have a taste of the meat.

Obituary.

MRS. ARCHIBALD DUFF, Sr.

Died in Montreal, Oct. 23, 1891. Brave, strong soul, Christ-bearer among the children of men! The churches will suffer the thanksgiving of thy children to be written in their midst. Not the long story of that life be told; it was too full for that, and it was hidden by its very nature. This was its excellence: it was a womanly, entire and silent gift.

Let mothers think how they inspire children; for this mother's life tells it. Father inspired us

to follow his noble work ; for his parish of twenty miles in length, with five stations to preach at, he covered in each fortnight, preaching six times and more, and visiting all along the road ; and withal doing true episcopal work for all churches within many leagues. But it was the missionary wife and mother at home in Cowansville, who made this possible. She "made ends meet" on the stipend of \$600, although we bairns were at school or college, or professional training. Long years no servant-maid could be had to help her. No doubt her intense, business-like care, that had made her mistress of a successful business in Montreal, before her marriage, was so sternly taxed in those missionary years, that very naturally came the failure of memory in her latter years, when mind seemed to have fallen asleep, although the body remained, worn indeed, yet without an ailment, till it too fell asleep in her Lord. Brave, strong mother, thou gavest all indeed ! Christ was truly formed in thee !

Let another lesson of that entire, much hidden devotion be written to bless others. Her table knew many guests, who came to it as iron to a magnet ; and they were chiefly ministers, especially young ministers, and likewise any young lives that were far away from their own home and kin. She was wont to say, "Children, you may be scattered in the lands of the stranger, but you will always find kind friends ; for the God that has let me make others welcome, will not forget you." That was a true prophecy.

She had power with God. We children felt it as she conducted her household devotion in father's absence. Her favorite book was "Proverbs," or she chose "Fret not," Psalm xxxvii ; and her prayers were the most genuine prayers I have known.

One prayer of hers for the son who here writes, has been to him the very Word of God. It was at four o'clock on a dark morning in September, 1860, when the father and the lad loaded a trunk into the buggy, said good-bye to the mother, and drove off the fifteen miles to the railroad, to travel thence to the University for matriculation. The mother remained alone in the stillness, only the stars looked down on her uncovered head. She stood long, and prayed for her boy. There may be various connections between prayer and answer ; but the knowledge of that night's prayer has girded the son all round ever since. God's providence has worked a constant remembrance of it, and so given His answer.

Thanks be to God for the childlike peace, and even joy, that came to her in these last three years. The clouds of widowhood had been almost too great to bear ; but over these God raised the gentler cloud of fading memory. Then the visions of her eyes, and the thoughts of her soul were all

of the early, happy days. And beside her stood strong, calm, gentle, her eldest son, taking the father's place, to the last her joy, until in the name of the absent ones, he carried her to the quiet cemetery.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul : forget not all His benefits." A. D.

Bradford, Yorkshire, Nov. 7, 1891.

MRS. D. MCPHERSON, WOODSTOCK.

Another member of the "family on earth" has joined "the family in heaven." Last month Mrs. D. McPherson, after a long illness, borne patiently and uncomplainingly, "fell asleep in Jesus"; and "was not, for God took her." "Blessed," indeed "are the dead who die in the Lord." She was one of the charter members of this church, and lived a life that adorned the doctrines of God her Saviour. She was a staunch Congregationalist, and was active in the work of the church, as far as her health permitted ; and by her willing, cheerful disposition she encouraged others to work. Her life was one of quiet usefulness. Her influence in church and home was sweet. Her children rise up and call her blessed. The church mourns the loss of a dear sister ; and to the God of all consolation and grace commends her sorrowing relatives and friends, believing assuredly that "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."—*Com.*

Missions.

CISAMBA.

Mr. Currie reports that two or three services have been held every Sunday. The Gospel of John has been gone over twice in a course of expository lectures, and also a portion of Mark. The relation of the missionary to the people has been increasingly friendly. In February last, Mr. Currie wrote :

"There are now forty names on the roll of my Boys' School, and eleven of the lads seem to have given their hearts to Christ, and take part in our prayer meetings. As the boys have taken this action since the beginning of the New Year, I postpone further reference to the matter until a later date.

"A number of girls have from time to time shown a desire to attend school. I felt that it was unwise longer to delay work in their behalf, and consequently have opened a Girls' School. At this school I have had as many as twenty-one

girls in attendance. When they come I try to teach them how to sew, read and sing the hymns. It is a new department of work for me. At home I scarcely ever sewed a button on my own clothes, and never professed to be a singer. In the mission field, however, I will sing and sew and scrub to the best of my ability, if by so doing there is a hope of my being able to win people for Christ."—*Missionary Herald*.

THE REV. J. RICHARDSON, head master of the Normal School of the London Missionary Society at Antananarivo, Madagascar, reports a most encouraging work among the young people in that city. In all the higher schools and in the ten city churches scores and even hundreds are coming forward and giving the most convincing proofs of a change of heart. Several of the missionaries and the native pastors speak of the students who have gone forth from the Normal School as being the best workers for Christ in Madagascar. Sermons preached during the last ten, fifteen, and even twenty years, are bearing their fruit in conversion and in Christian work. Scarcely less clear than the conversions, however, has been the revelation of the terrible condition of the people, from which they are being raised by the Gospel influences. The whole condition of the people is so permeated with immorality that it requires, in the judgment of the most faithful and most judicious of the native converts, not a short time of probation, in order to make certain that the Gospel influences have taken such firm hold as to really result in a complete change of life.

TURKEY.—Mr. Macallum writes of Erzroom:—"Our services are very well attended; in fact, at the principal preaching service the chapel is crowded, especially on the women's side. Many Gregorians and occasionally some Turks come; and they hear powerful gospel sermons from our present preacher. We hope we shall be able to keep him, but he is called also to Van and to Tabriz. He is working very hard to put new life into our Young Men's Christian Association, which work was much needed. He has also organized a Dorcas Society among the women, and has put a great deal of enthusiasm into it. This church has given about thirty dollars this year to Koordish missions."

NEW GUINEA.—The last sheet of the New Guinea Testament has now been seen through the press. Mr. Lawes made the announcement at the annual breakfast meeting connected with the Birmingham Auxiliary of the L. M. S. He also took the occasion to express himself strongly regarding missionary methods. He rather fancied some friends thought the missionaries adopted a cos-

tume of paint and feathers when they got to New Guinea. On the contrary, feeling the great importance of attending to "little things" when among barbarous people, and not sinking towards their uncivilized level, the missionaries tried to keep up their English home life—in matters of dress, table and household arrangements—as far as possible in a different climate and under different circumstances. The influence of Christian home life was one of the greatest powers for good among uncivilized peoples. Celibate missions, he added, might perhaps be all very well among civilized races, but the work of the earnest, consecrated missionary's wife in the South Seas was of the highest possible value.

INDIA.—The last annual report of the Bombay Branch of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India says: "At the last census there were 561,460 cities, towns and villages in British India. Of these only 149 were cities and towns with 20,000 inhabitants and upwards, and aggregating nine and a fourth millions of people, or less than five per cent. of the whole population. About ninety-five per cent. of the people of India live in the rural districts, mainly in villages containing less than 1,000 inhabitants. India is a country of villages and hamlets. The people are very poor; nearly 99 out of every 100 belong to the laboring classes, the great majority of whom are engaged in agriculture. To reach the people of India we must go to them in their own rural towns and villages, and our methods, whether of education or of evangelization, should be of the simplest description, and suited to their humble circumstances. India will not be Christian till the people of these immense rural regions have the gospel. The real old India is in the villages; and India will be won for Christ when its villages are won."

Selections.

THE RELIGIOUS OYSTER.

[We are always watching our boys who drift off to the United States. Here is one of them. The Rev. George H. Hubbard, for three years past the pastor of the little church at Norton, Massachusetts; brought up in the Congregational church, in Sherbrooke, Que., where his father has long been an honored and leading member. We clip from the *S. S. Times*; and, by the way, to have an article in such a cosmopolitan paper as the *S. S. Times*, is itself an honor, and promises well for a young man.—EDITOR.]

A most unpromising subject, you will say, and by no means attractive. The oyster may be very well to eat, but surely has no other merits. What

has an oyster to do with religion, except in a most indirect and irreligious manner, by way of the church supper? Wait a minute, and you will see.

To be sure, the oyster is not exactly mentioned in Scripture by name, but pearls are spoken of—and how can you have pearls without oysters?

A pearl-maker is the oyster; and he has a monopoly of the business, so far as we know. In comparison with his beautiful product, the most skilful attempts of man are cheap shams. Without hands, having no machinery, working in the darkness and in very narrow quarters, he turns out jewels that baffle imitation. His method of working is unique. The natural history of the pearl is at once curious and suggestive. A pearl is a transformed accident, an annoyance glorified.

According to the best authorities, this is the method of its formation: A grain of sand, or some other foreign substance, finds its way within the oyster's shell, and irritates its tender body. Being unable to remove the intruder, the mollusk throws about it a fluid secretion, which soon becomes white, hard, and smooth. Encased within this smooth coating, the invader no longer causes discomfort, and may remain there for years. Meanwhile the process of secretion goes on gradually forming a little sphere; and this is the pearl. Thus, unconsciously and in self-defense, the oyster manufactures these beautiful and much-coveted jewels, so highly prized by man. That which was at first an evil and a cause of pain becomes a gem of exquisite beauty.

What need to make any application! It makes itself. The world is full of sand-grains. Upon every ear fall irritating and hurtful words. Evil sights meet every eye. Into every life come not a few experiences and accidents that chafe and fret the soul. Feelings are wounded, hopes are blasted, efforts for good are thwarted or misconstrued. Rude, selfish, wicked individuals come within the circle of our acquaintance or activity, and we are bruised by contact with them. No life is free from these harsh elements, that annoy and disturb the sensitive nature. One does not escape from them by becoming a Christian. Uniting with the church will not protect us from them. We shall inevitably find such hurtful atoms within the very circle of the elect. Their influence upon life, our own or others, depends upon our treatment of them.

Study the life of Christ, and you will find that many of His parables and other discourses grew up about some irritating circumstance in His ministry. A word of contempt or opposition from Pharisees, a quarrel among His disciples, a display of false ambition, was at once made the occasion of a Divine lesson; and that which was in itself evil became the source of a rich blessing to men.

So should it be with every disciple. The materials for pearl manufacture abound on every hand; but the pearls are all too rare, and there is no danger of overstocking the market. We lament our weaknesses, we murmur at our misfortunes, we grumble at our unpleasant acquaintances or fellow-workers. If instead of this we should cover them all with the "nacre" of God's grace, we should soon become possessors of a casket of precious jewels. By this means John B. Gough made his weakness for strong drink of immeasurable value in the rescue of others similarly tempted. Frances Ridley Havergal threw the same covering about her times of sickness and pain, and gave the world many rich pearls of song. The sand-grain of bereavement falling on the life of Mr. Tennyson, became the nucleus of the rich pearl "In Memoriam." And countless unknown lives have witnessed a like process.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Many a broken heart has become the source of priceless comfort to other hearts bowed down with grief. About the sharpness of disappointed hopes has gathered the beautiful lustre of a deeper consecration in many lives, that has at length become a pearl of unselfishness. Atoms of difficulty and opposition in others have developed manly independence and true strength of character.

Would you realize in your life the meaning of the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God"? Then, imitate the oyster. Transform every grain of sand into a pearl. Throw over every irritating substance, every untoward circumstance, every sorrow and temptation and trial, the "nacre" of Christian charity, and faith, and trust. So shall thy wounds become pearls, and thy tears shall be as precious jewels.

Our College Column.

CHRISTIAN WORK—HOME AND FOREIGN.

The McGill Y. M. C. A., observed the week of prayer by holding a meeting on the morning of Thanksgiving Day. Sir William Dawson conducted the meeting, and gave a short address on the theme "Thanksgiving."

The *Student Volunteer Movement* for Foreign Missions, born at Mr. Moody's Summer School for Students, in July, 1886, now numbers 6,200. Over 325 members are in foreign work to day. The McGill Branch, the Volunteer Band, numbering about thirty members, has reorganized for the session. Meetings of an hour's duration are held on

alternate Saturday afternoons. At one meeting, two short papers or some missionary topics are read and discussed; at the next, the exercises are purely devotional, consisting for the most part of prayer for foreign missionaries and their work.

It is understood that the Donalda (ladies') Department have organized a band of their own this year, numbering four members. They have the same object in view, hold similar meetings, and are members of the movement.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the *Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance* was held at Kingston, Nov. 5th to 8th. Thirty-eight delegates were present from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Dr. J. L. Nevins, for thirty-eight years a missionary in China—as was the president remarked “the father of the Convention.” His graphic descriptions of the work in that most interesting country were eagerly listened to and enjoyed by all; and his loving words of advice and counsel to those who have devoted their lives to foreign work were doubly valuable, coming as they did from one who spoke from long experience. Many very excellent papers by delegates from the various colleges were read and discussed. The students of Queen's University did their utmost to make the stay of the delegates a pleasant one, and right well they succeeded. An extra effort is to be made during the coming year to bring this work before the notice of those colleges who have not heretofore sent delegates.

Messrs. W. T. Gunn, B.A., and F. J. Day were the delegates from our College; Mr. Gunn going as a member of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Day as our representative. The latter was appointed by the convention to Mr. Gunn's place on the Executive for the coming year.

The I.C.M.A. is exclusively a Canadian College Missionary Society, composed of societies whose colleges choose to be represented in the Alliance; Ladies' Colleges included.

The difference between that organization and the S.V.M. is, that the latter is composed of College “Bands,” whose members have pledged themselves to Foreign Mission work. The sphere of the movement embraces the colleges of this continent. Both societies however are closely connected, having the same object in view—the promotion of Foreign Missionary work. It is a wheel within a wheel.

Dr. Nevins, referred to above, visited Montreal last Tuesday. He addressed a general meeting of students in the David Morrice Hall, (Presbyterian), in the afternoon, and a public meeting in Erskine Church, in the evening. From the rich store of his experience in China, and his knowledge of her people's condition and needs, he gave a deeply interesting, yet simple account, of the topography of the country, the history of the people and the lan-

guage; the nature and manifold phases of the missionaries work, and the great results that are being wrought out there in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. One item from the great number of deeply interesting facts, was the description of purely apostolic churches in the households of the Chinese believers. The itinerant missionary has frequently found little bands of Christians gathered together to study the Bible, with no other help than the Holy Spirit working through one of their number, who had perhaps been at a mission station for a few months, had learned to read, and had returned to teach his friends. Chinese converts commit to memory readily. Women over fifty years of age are known to learn to read, and to commit chapters, and sometimes much larger portions, to memory. As to how well adapted the Congregational polity is to every possible phase of Christ's work, this is another instance; and because apostolic, and divinely appointed.

GENERAL COLLEGE NOTES.

During the past month the students have had an opportunity of protesting against undue asceticism and seclusion. Pleasant evenings have been spent at Mr. Charles Gurd's, Mr. Dougall's and Dr. Barbour's.

A letter has been received last week from our alumnus, Hilton Pedley, B.A., Niigata, Japan. He reports favorable progress in his work, and with the continuous acquisition of what he calls this “never-to-be-done-learning” language.

We have been favored with a visit from Rev. E. C. W. MacColl, of Brigham. Mr. MacColl, who is a graduate of the college, dropped into a meeting of the Saturday Club, and gave evidence that he was thoroughly in his element. We welcome all such visits.

Messrs. Sinclair and McRae, who have recently been carrying on evangelical work in the city, visited the college, and favored the students with some musical selections, which were enjoyed very much. Truly music hath charms; especially when, in the words of the Preacher, one feels that “much study is a weariness to the flesh.”

Dr. Jackson has this year, by the courtesy of the other professors, been enabled to compress his course of lectures into a shorter period. For the time this meant extra work for the students, and it seemed as though pen must fail, and the brain become weary; but now that the strain is passed, they look forward to quiet meditation on the great truths which history teaches.

A photograph of the professors and students of the College has been recently taken. This has met the wish, expressed by many of the students, that a college-picture should be procured. When

settled in the great work for which they are preparing, it will serve to remind them of the halcyon days of college life. Any friends desirous of obtaining copies of the picture may do so at Walford's studio, St. Catherine St.

Mr. W. F. Colclough, B.A., in response to a call received from the Congregational Church of Truro N.S., has gone there to take charge for a time. He will resume his theological studies next year. In connection with Mr. Colclough's departure we may say that the post of college organist, which he has ably filled for the past three years, has fallen to the lot of Mr. Ball. We never run out of musicians.

"Canadian Students" was the subject of the Annual University Lecture delivered by Sir Wm. Dawson on 13th Nov. The Molson Hall was crowded by the students and their friends. The lecture was interesting and instructive. It was delivered in a kindly yet argumentative way, and cannot fail to be followed by good results. In the course of his remarks, he referred in flattering terms to the good work done by the Y. M. C. A.

We sometimes hear of "time-worn customs." There are some that may become time-worn—there are others which can never become so. One is the custom usual among the students, of acknowledging in the college column donations of fruit. This is a *fruitful* custom, and can never become barren or worn-out. This month it is with pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of two barrels of apples—one from Mrs. Carter of Cowansville, and the other from Mr. McKillican, of Vankleek Hill. We thank the donors, and hint that similar gifts will be similarly appreciated.

The annual day of sports in connection with McGill was held Oct. 23rd. Everything in connection with it passed off very satisfactorily. The chief interest seemed to be centered in the "Tug of War" competition. Three teams of six men each entered, representing the faculties of Medicine, Veterinary Science, and Arts respectively. The Arts men carried off the palm of victory. It was remarkable that the winning team was composed entirely of "theologs," three Presbyterian, one Methodist and two Congregationalists. Messrs. Hamilton and Ross were our stalwart representatives on the occasion.

COLLEGE COURSES OF STUDY.

We frequently find, when in conversation with friends of the college, that very few seem to understand the nature of our curriculum. The difficulty arises from our affiliation with McGill University; and also the two courses—*short*, and *full*, at the choice of students. To our readers interested in

the college work, the following brief table will make the matter clear:—

- First year—Theological studies in our college—
Partial Arts Course at McGill; *i. e.*, Logic, and English Literature.
- Second year—Theological studies in our college—
Partial Arts Course at McGill; *i. e.*, Mental Philosophy, Rhetoric, English Literature.
- Third year—Theological studies in our college—
(Graduation Class)—Partial Arts Course at McGill; *i. e.*, Moral Philosophy and English; (European History).

FULL COURSE (FIVE YEARS).

- First year—Full course at McGill—No Theology.
- Second year— do. do.
- Third year—Full Arts Course, except one subject.
First year Theology in our college
- Fourth year—Full course at McGill—(Arts course in McGill terminates, B.A. degree conferred).
Second year Theology in our college.
- Fifth year—No McGill work—Third year Theology in our college.

Some of the students have taken a seven-year course, by graduating in Arts before they enter upon the three years' Theological course.

For further particulars see Year Book 1891-92; page 114, *et. seq.*

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

Receipts for Current Expenses since last acknowledgment:

Congregational Union, N. S. & N. B., collection..	\$ 5 85
Forest Church, Y. P. S. C. E.....	2 00
Montreal, Emmanuel Church, on account.....	20 00
Vankleek Hill, additional.....	10 00
Kingston, First.....	45 15
Barrie Church S. S.	2 50
Martintown Church.....	5 75
St. Andrew's Church.....	19 25
Burford Church.....	15 05
New Durham Church.....	4 00
Bequest, Mrs. Janet Foot, per W. McKillican..	100 00
	\$229 55
Amount previously acknowledged.....	129 67
	\$359 22
Total receipts from contributions.....	\$359 22
Receipts from contributions to same date last year.....	773 07

Deficit on receipts to date..... \$413 85

The above statement speaks for itself, and is disheartening to the Treasurer. Will the churches kindly take note of the state of the finances, and put them in better shape by the month of December?

CHAS. R. BLACK,
Treasurer

30 St. John Street, Montreal.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following amounts have been received for the Society during the month of October :

Milton, N. S., Ladies' H. M. S., \$4 ; J. T., interest G. R. M. F., \$51 ; Miss Mary L. Ball, Lenoxville, Que., \$25 ; Paris, Ont., \$37.30 ; Granby, Que., \$37.65 ; C. C. Woman's Board, \$43 ; J. H. C. G., interest G. R. M. F., \$41.20 ; Beach Meadows, Ladies' H. M. S., \$'0.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,
Treasurer.

Kingston, Oct. 31st, 1891.

Review.

THE CANADIAN CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK 1891-92.

Once more we eagerly scan the pages of a new Year Book in search for our name. And be it known, to all whom it may concern, that if same has been left out, or if "our church" has not received justice in every department of the book, the editor shall hear about it ; and the wretchedly bad writing in which we gave him information will not be taken as excuse for the blunders ; nor will our neglect to furnish data reconcile us to the omission. It's a personal matter between the editor and ourselves—and the Year Book.

While thus in quest of the signal of peace we note that the "Nineteenth Volume of the Year Book," just to hand, is "not inferior to its predecessors" either in material, workmanship or matter.

The church map of Ontario, which proved so handy and valuable an addition to last year's book, is followed, in the present issue, by a map showing the localities of churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"Postal Information," as part of a Congregational Year Book, starts a train of deep and serious thought. There can be little doubt but that the intention, in its insertion, is to reprove many pastors and secretaries of churches for their carelessness in not replying to communications pertaining church interests ; a carelessness tantamount, in appearance at least, to discourtesy. "Letters addressed to places in Canada and United States, 3 cents per ounce, or fraction thereof." "Drop letters where there is free delivery by carriers, 2 cents per ounce." "Post cards for Canada and the United States, once cent each."

To many readers of our official record much interest will centre in the tables of statistics. Within the past year seven churches have been dropped from the list of churches in Canada—Brockville, Bolton, Owen Sound, Saugeen (Indian), Whitby,

Belle Riviere and Quebec ; two have been added—Concord and Toronto Junction (with these might be mentioned the Maple Street church, Winnipeg, though not yet included in the tables). The combined membership of all Canadian Congregational churches shows a net increase of about four hundred and fifty souls. The Concord church, Toronto, reports the greatest numbers of accessions by profession—ninety-two.

Among the "District Associations" appears for the first time the "Toronto Association." This Society was organized in the City of Toronto, Oct. 13th, 1890 ; its objects being "to aid the weaker churches, and encourage the organization of new causes in suitable localities in the city and neighborhood, and to promote the social and spiritual welfare of the Congregational churches of Toronto." Membership, personal. Meetings, monthly.

Resignations and Installations, pages 47 and 48, preach us an original sermon on "Itinerancy." A sermon that ought to suggest to some churches to make themselves more solid with their pastors.

As usual, Minutes of Unions and Denominational Societies comprise a great part of the current number. These give, in comprehensive form, through reports and resolutions, a synopsis of the work done during the twelve months gone. We would suggest, as a matter of typographical detail simply, and because we don't see anything else that we can conveniently grumble about, that in future editions, "headings" in "black-faced" type be given to the various items dealt with in reports and minutes. For reference, something that will catch the eye is needed.

Altogether, the editor presents the churches with an interesting and well pruned record of Congregationalism in Canada. What it lacks of being complete, so far as statistics go, is largely due to the failure of churches to respond to the frequent and urgent appeal for facts and figures.

J. A. C. McCUAIG.

Toronto, Nov. 13th, 1891.

THE resolution of the Directors of the London Missionary Society to add, within the next four years, one hundred missionaries, male and female, to the existing staff of the Society's agents, is the most important step which has been taken by the Board for many years. It means, if successfully carried out, the increase of the staff from 200 to 300—i.e., the addition of fully half as many again as are now at work. It involves an increase in the Society's expenditure of not less than \$25,000 per annum, and it pledges the Society to a policy of large extension, in the face of the experience that the annual income is not yet sufficient, even with the aid of legacies and occasional special efforts, to meet the liabilities already incurred.—*Christian.*

For the Young.

THE NEW SEAT-MATE.

BY SARA R. MAY.

"George Hill?"

"Whispered."

"Willy Bell?"

"Whispered."

So answered two bright-eyed boys as the teacher called the roll one afternoon. "Two bright-eyed boys," I said: but you would not have known it; for their gaze was fastened upon the floor, as the teacher looked sadly upon them.

"You may remain after school," said the teacher, Miss Merrill.

When the other scholars had gone, she called George and Willy to her side. Taking a hand of each, she said kindly, "Boys, I am disappointed. I hoped better things of you; for I thought you were trying to be Jesus Christ's little boys. He wants all His children to do right. He wants them to show other boys and girls how good it is to have such a friend,—a friend who helps them in their studies and plays,—helps them to do right in every thing."

"I'm so sorry!" said Willy, not trying to hide the tears that came to his eyes.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said George. "I know the boys will say our religion is all make believe if we can't do such a little thing as keep from whispering on purpose."

"Do you blame them, George?" said Miss Merrill.

"No, I'm sure I don't. I know how I used to watch Frank Wilder to see if loving Christ made him any better in school."

"Did you ask Jesus to help you this morning?" the teacher asked.

"Yes'm," said Willy, hesitating.

"And He wouldn't?" she continued.

"Oh, no, teacher! It was not His fault. I didn't ask hard enough. I guess he thought I wasn't in real earnest."

"Well, boys, what shall be done? I dislike to separate you, for I want you to be the best boys in school and lead the rest to Jesus. I think, however, you ought to have a new seat-meat."

"Who?" said both the boys at once.

"One who can sit between you and keep you from whispering."

"But, teacher there isn't room in our seat for more than two!"

"The one I mean will ask but little room. If you will give Him that He will cure you of this he-setting 'isin'."

"What boy can it be? I can't think," said Willie.

"Nor I," echoed George.

"I mean, boys," said the teacher solemnly, "that I want you to ask your Saviour to come and sit with you,—to sit *between you* when you are tempted to talk or play. Have you room in your seat for Him? You say there is room: then ask Him to fill it. He will hear you; He will sit with you. Good night."

When the school roll was next called, George and Willy could both truthfully answer, "Perfect." Friday came, and they had not broken one rule for the week.

"How do you like your new seat-mate?" said Miss Merrill, as George and Willy lingered to speak with her.

"He is the best, the very best, we ever had," said both eagerly. "We mean to keep Him with us forever."

Do not some other little boys and girls want such a seat-mate?—*Selected.*

"Oh, what a cross to have no cross." So says St. Augustine—what say you? If there be no crown where there has been no cross, then, Lord, let me have the cross. If by a cross I am to know more of the power and grace of my Lord, then let me have the cross with the grace, rather than to be exempt from the cross and denied the grace.

A YOUNG man of my acquaintance, who was led astray through evil companionship, until, to preserve his own life, he took another, awaits in jail his trial. His indictment is murder in the first degree. A misrepresentation of the circumstances of the fatal act would acquit him instantly, and that misrepresentation is quite within his power. Since his confinement he has been converted. O how beautiful his new life is! How he revels in the light and love of God! There is no fear in his heart now. He goes to his trial determined that the exact truth shall be told, no matter what the issue. He says: "I would rather go to my death than give up the peace and joy of this life in Christ." Ah, that is the true Christian spirit. Perfect love casteth out all fear.—*Golden Rule.*

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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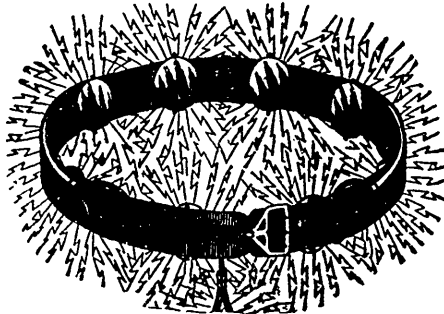
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