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THE

Canadian Independent.

VOL. XVII.

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No. 3.

THE COLLEGE OPENING.

The desire to conform our college arrangements more closely to those of McGill, with which it is affiliated, has led the Board of Directors to change the day of opening to the Wednesday after the third Sabbath in September, and they accordingly ask the churches throughout the Dominion to set apart that Sabbath as a day of special prayer, and, wherever practicable, for making the annual collections on its behalf. Particulars with regard to the inaugural address of the new Principal, and the other exercises, will be found in their proper place; in addition to which, we may say, that it is proposed to apply to the Grand Trunk Railway authorities for the privilege of half fare cards, for any who may wish to be present on the occasion. We hope, should that be granted, that many will avail themselves of the opportunity, and that all, whether able to attend or not, will earnestly remember the College in their prayers on the days above named.

For some years past, the complaint among almost all denominations has been, that there were so few young men offering themselves for the work of the Christian ministry. Other professions have been crowded, while our Theological Seminaries have been almost deserted. Prayer has been continually going up to the Lord of the harvest "that He would thrust forth labourers into His harvest." And the Lord has heard our prayers, so that if all the candidates who are applying should be admitted, the classes of the coming session will be fuller than they have been for a number of years past. May Divine wisdom be imparted to the committee on whose judgment of their cases so much depends! A false step on their part, either in rejecting one whom the Lord has called, or in encouraging one to go forward who is without that all-important qualification,—and who shall estimate the consequences!

Happily our several chairs are filled by men who have long enjoyed the entire confidence and esteem of the denomination. We have no fears of a "negative theology," nor of German rationalizing, nor yet of a narrow or one-sided presentation by them of any of the great theological questions of the day. But none the less do they, and the students under them, need "an unction from the Holy One," the "anointing which teacheth you of all things," and which is of equal importance to both the *head* and the *heart* of him who would be wise to win souls. And yet, while we do occasionally hear one pray for his pastor, how seldom are the college and the rising ministry mentioned!

Mr. Spurgeon said, wittily, at the recent commencement of the new buildings for Cheshunt College:—

"The Church ought to make the college the first object of its care. *Whatever is forgotten in the prayer-meeting, the students of our colleges ought not to be forgotten.* Gentlemen, it is no use praying for some ministers; they never will improve. (Laughter.) I am afraid most of us get worse; we get stereotyped in certain modes of utterance. I know the Lord can work miracles and make some of us very interesting, and so on. I am not well acquainted with your liturgy, but I think there is a collect about the Lord being pleased to enlighten bishops, priests, and deacons; but as He has never done it, I am afraid the liturgy is not acceptable. (Much laughter.) In a great many cases they seem to abide wholly in the dark. I have no doubt, however, that a great many of the bishops are extremely useful. A clergyman of the Church of England once said to me, "Are not the bishops a drag on the wheels?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," said he, "which way is the Church going, up hill or down?" I said, "I think down." "Very well," said my friend, "then you see the use of bishops." (Renewed laughter.) Now, I know that prayer for ministers will come naturally—I am sure you will pray for your ministers—but prayer for students ought to be the first thing considered. You see that the young creature is yet in formation, as it were, and your prayers ought especially to go to God while the metal is yet hot, and is not moulded or formed; then is the time for prayer to do its work, that the man may come out well formed and thoroughly equipped for his Master's work."

And on the same occasion,—

"Nothing can be more important than a college, and the heart of any one who loves the Church of God beats high at all times towards the college of any branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. If we want to see the kingdom of Christ spread, one of the most likely means towards promoting it will be to pay the greatest possible attention to those men who are likely to be active agents in God's hands in proclaiming the Gospel. Our Saviour, besides His own personal ministry and example, instituted a college at once. The twelve Apostles who were with Him were virtually His students, and were in training both by what they saw and by what He told them in public and in secret, and were afterwards to be the tellers out of what He had first given to them. The Apostles seem to have been very earnestly awake to find out all likely and useful young men, and to give them all the help they could. Among the Vaudois churches, every pastor was wont to be accompanied in his mountain journeys by some stalwart young man, who could assist, perhaps, in the difficulties of climbing, and who, in return, received from him paternal instruction in the management of a church, in the Word of God, in the mode of at-

tra-tive and useful speaking, and so on. They always provided for a succession in their ministry. We talk of Luther and Calvin in the days of the Reformation, but we must remember that these men became what they were largely through their power to stamp their image and superscription upon other men with whom they came in contact. If you went to Wurtemberg, it was not Luther only that you saw, but Luther's college, the men around him, the students all being formed into young Lutherans under his direction. It was the same at Geneva. How much Scotland owes to the fact that Calvin could instruct John Knox. How much have other nations derived from the little republic of Switzerland, on account of Calvin having the clear common sense to perceive that one man could not hope to affect a whole nation, except by multiplying himself and spreading his views, by writing them on the fleshy tablets of the hearts of young and earnest men! The churches seem to have forgotten this. The Countess of Huntingdon did not forget it. As soon as she perceived that the masses needed to be leavened with the Gospel, she saw at once that there must be an institution for the further training of these young men who had begun to speak. It is nothing but sanctified common sense that leads the Church to the formation of a college."

This witness is true, and we trust that his testimony will be well weighed, and will receive a hearty and practical endorsement from all our churches at the proper time. It may be the partiality of an alumnus for his Alma Mater, but we regard the college as the key-stone of Canadian Congregationalism. We know that it has been so regarded by the Colonial Missionary Society, and we therefore claim for it a cordial and generous support.

THE REV. R. WILSON ON CONGREGATIONALISM.

The Halifax *Presbyterian Witness*, under date of July 9th, contains an account of the formal reception of the Rev. R. Wilson, late pastor of the Congregational Church in Sheffield, N. B., into the Presbyterian Church, from which we make the following extract:—

"At the invitation of the Moderator Mr. Wilson briefly addressed the Synod. His application to be received into the Presbyterian Church was not the result of sudden impulse or of a momentary difficulty. For several years he had diligently visited nearly all the Congregational Churches in the Lower Provinces, aiding his brethren all he could. He saw how great were their difficulties, and how helpless they were in certain emergencies. This tended to unsettle his convictions as to the soundness of the system; and his present decision has been reached calmly, deliberately, prayerfully. Every hour that passes over his head convinces him more and more that the step he has taken is right. His determination is to devote all his time, talents, and energies to the promoting of the cause of Christ in connection with this Church.

"On motion of Dr. Bayne, seconded by Mr. Christie, the Synod sustained the action of the Presbytery of St. John, and remitted to that Presbytery to admit Mr. Wilson as a minister of this church. The Presbytery retired, and in a few minutes returned, and introduced the Rev. Mr. Wilson to the Moderator, who in the name of the Synod gave him the right hand of fellowship."

The surprise felt by all Mr. Wilson's friends at his leaving the ministry of the Congregational body, after a connection with it of thirty-five years standing, will, we venture to say, be not a little increased when

they come to read the reasons he assigns for so doing. Our brother has left us, and we have no wish to increase the unpleasant feeling which such a change of relationship must necessarily produce, but there are some statements in the above report of his address before the Synod which we can hardly allow to go unchallenged.

What Mr. Wilson may understand by a "sudden impulse," we cannot say, but as none of his friends, either in Sheffield or elsewhere, had the least inkling of the step he was about to take, previous to the "momentary difficulty" with the Church in that place, they not unnaturally connect the two things together. Other circumstances might be named which point to the same conclusion.

But Mr. Wilson, "seeing how great were our difficulties, and how helpless we were in certain emergencies," began to doubt "the soundness of the system," and ultimately resolved on abandoning it; and now "every hour that passes over his head convinces him more and more that the step he has taken is right." We are glad for his own sake that he is, but yet we cannot but think he has reached a very remote conclusion by a very short and illogical process. Congregationalism meets with "great difficulties" in its administration, *ergo* it is not the New Testament polity, and Presbytery is right, and the Confession of Faith is infallible, and mixed communion is proper, etc. ! We are aware that it is common, when men accept immersion as the only mode of baptism, for the churchman to drop his prayer-book, and the Methodist his class-meeting, and the Presbyterian his dear old Scotch psalms, the all-important thing then being to be dipped, and to belong to a Baptist church. We did not know, however, that the rejection of Congregationalism wrought such wondrous transmutations in a man's faith and practice as it appears to do !

"Difficulties !" Of course we have, and shall have, as long as men let their tempers get the better of their judgment, and seek to escape from them by leaving the Church. "Helpless !" By no means, if we are only faithful to the principle of a converted membership, and ministers and people will "walk charitably," and abide by our Lord's instructions (Matt. 18 : 15-17) "in certain emergencies." Many thousands of churches, both Congregational and Baptist, in Britain and America, have been acting, for generations past, on the principles of Independency, and have met with no such "emergencies" as Mr. Wilson has found to occur in the Lower Provinces. As a rule, they are quite as peaceable and orderly as other christian communities enjoying the right of free speech. They are rapidly increasing in number, and in popular favour and influence. And how it is that the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick alone, are so cantankerous and impracticable as to defy all attempts to reduce them to New Testament rule, we cannot divine ! Perhaps some correspondent in that maritime region will explain.

It is too soon yet, we presume, to inquire of our brother who has left us, whether Presbytery is any more successful in dealing with the unruly spirits of those lower regions. It is hardly to be supposed, while every hour is adding depth to his new convictions, that he will see any difficulties, or meet with any emergencies such as he has found with us. We have heard, however, that both in Scotland and in Canada there have been cases which have proved more than a match for all their ecclesias-

tical lawyers, and in which grave and reverend church courts have had to confess themselves as "helpless" as Independents!

One word more, and we are done. We have before us a letter, addressed to us some three months ago, by the brother whose utterances we have been criticising, complaining of our article on "Ministerial Honesty," in the May number, and asking us why we had not "the manliness to mention his name?" We had not intended making any reply, as the letter was not sent for publication, but we may as well say in this connection, that we wrote the article in question for all whom it might concern; and further, that the last paragraph expressly excepted from censure any who "*conscientiously* change their ecclesiastical relation." But that our remarks were not altogether uncalled for may be gathered from the fact that they were copied into a larger number of our exchanges than any other article we have ever written.

CONGREGATIONALISM ESSENTIALLY LIBERAL.

A late number of our valued contemporary, the *Advance*, has some admirable remarks on "Pilgrim Progressiveness," designed to show that the great Forefathers of American Congregationalism were not, as they have sometimes been represented, "a set of old fogies, contending for antiquated notions, and stereotyped forms," but "innovators and radicals"—in a good sense—always aiming at a nearer approach to the spirit and teaching of the Word of God. In proof, he adduces, first the oft quoted parting address of their pastor, John Robinson, to the portion of his flock who were about to sail for the New World, as given in Winslow's Narrative:

He charged us before God and his blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ, and if God should reveal anything unto us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it, as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word. He took occasion, also, miserably to bewail the state and condition of the Reformed Churches, who were come to a period in religion, and would go no further than the instruments of their reformation. As for example, the Lutherans, they could not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will he had further imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it! And so saith he, you see the Calvinists, they stick where he left them—a misery much to be lamented; for though they [Luther and Calvin] were precious, shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them; and were they now living, saith he, they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light, as that they had received. Here also he put us in mind of our church covenant, at least that part of it whereby we promise and covenant with God and one with another to receive whatsoever light or truth shall be made known to us from his written Word; but withal exhorted us to take heed what we received for truth, and well to examine, and compare it, and weigh it with other scriptures of truth, before we received it: for, saith he, it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-Chris-

tian darkness, and that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

And then adds—"Was there ever a nobler Christian utterance? Does it savour in the least of narrowness or bigotry? Does it not rather point with equal courage and caution to the necessity and the path of progress? Yet this was the inspiration under which the Pilgrims started; this is the mode in which they gave themselves to the study of truth and duty. That it was thoroughly characteristic appears from their early form of church covenant, in which they promised with reference to God, 'to walk in all his ways, *made known or to be made known unto them*, according to their best endeavours, whatsoever it should cost them.' So also Thomas Goodwin, the leader of the Independents in the Westminster Assembly, says in his letters to John Goodwin, "The church covenant is no more with us than this—an agreement and resolution, professed with promise to walk in all those ways pertaining to this fellowship so far as they shall be revealed to them in the gospel.....leaving their spirits free to the entertainment of the light that shines or shall shine on them and us out of the Word."

This has ever been the type of Congregational character and church polity—freedom, breadth, comprehensiveness, readiness to receive new light, an admission of the present imperfection of theology and a willingness to improve its statements, a reluctance to wear any man's collar, whether it bore the name of Luther, Calvin, or Edwards, and a facility of co-operation with all true progress in church or state. It is well to recall these facts, this Memorial year. As we aim to be a living monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, let us be certain that we understand and adopt their principles, and that we fall not into the folly of merely venerating their old clothes and furniture, or of slavishly imitating their specific practice. John Robinson thought that if Luther and Calvin had lived in his day, they would have accepted his new light. In like manner it is permitted us to believe, that were the Pilgrims living now, they would accept such additional truth as God has revealed to us. They made Scriptural progress in their time; let us strive to make corresponding Scriptural progress in our time. So shall we prove ourselves to be worthy sons of worthy sires; so shall we best show that we have inherited their character as well as their relics and customs. It is now their honor, as once it was their reproach, that, led by the Spirit of God, they were in advance of their age; we may well pray to be similarly taught and used in relation to the present age."

EXTRAVAGANT CHURCH MANAGERS.

An unknown correspondent sends the following, which we insert for the benefit of "all whom it may concern," and that we also may "show our opinion":—

DEAR SIR,—Having felt pained at a paragraph copied into your June number, and also one in a former issue of the *Independent*, and which I understand you as endorsing, by republishing, permit me to say that I do think it unwise, as well as unchristianlike, to furnish the world with more scandal than they already possess—to defame and reproach Chris-

tian professors. Not being one of those who can afford to give twenty dollars for shadowy bonnets for their daughters, or to pay visits to fashionable watering places, but belonging to that class who have to earn their bread "by the sweat of their face," I know many such who have given beyond their means, and who complain that the calls are too frequent, and often for purposes worse than useless. New churches are built, and heavy debts are incurred. Congregations tax their energies to the utmost to clear off the incumbrance, and no sooner is that done than some few go to work and pull the church to pieces, to suit some whim or fancy, and they are again involved in debt. Thus the people become disheartened, and the cause languishes. A "plain church" does not suit the taste of office-holders in the churches of the present day. Our places of worship must be furnished and decorated in the most expensive, and, in the opinion of many of the worshippers, in the most ridiculous manner; so much so, that our basements are striped and disfigured like a clown's face at a circus, and might be taken for any thing rather than a house of prayer.

There is another abuse to which I would particularly call your attention, and which has been the cause of a vast deal of scandal outside the church, as well as of heart-burnings within, viz. : the sending round of grown up girls belonging to the Sunday schools, bantering and badgering clerks in stores, offices, or wherever young men are to be found, to sell tickets, on which they are allowed a profit (?). We hear this practice condemned on all sides as a nuisance, which requires to be put down. There are other things complained of, such as the posting of placards and programmes against the doors of places of worship, with announcements of the performances to take place within; but let this suffice for the present. There are unwise and extravagant church managers, as well as foolish and indulgent mothers; too costly decorated churches, as well as shadowy, over-trimmed bonnets. If a plain church is really needed, every effort should be made to erect one, although I cannot see that a person should be debarred from all rational enjoyment, notwithstanding that all churches are not built to suit the tastes of the parties referred to. There is no class of men who complain of poverty more than ministers, and yet they go off on a visiting tour for some weeks every year, without any one so much as hinting that they should save the money to build churches. The "Three Cent Currency Note" smacks a little of the other side of the lake. *where many other things of less value than it pass current*; but if true, why condemn the young lady alone for getting a fashionable set of jewellery? Gold watches and silver tea sets seem to have become all the rage, for presentation to ministers, by their congregations and friends. There was recently, in this city, a sale of silver-plated ware, at which the principal purchasers were ministers and others attending the various religious meetings then being held here, whether to suit their own taste, or to please their wives, who, like the young lady who was so awfully indiscreet as to prefer jewellery to giving her money to the missionary cause, may have a desire to possess some of the glittering wares. Yet who would think of criticising or condemning them? If all luxuries are to be given up for the church, we cannot see how the teachers can escape any more than the hearers. But who, we ask, has the right to pry so closely into the actions of others? Such people, in

my opinion, are far more mean and injurious to the cause of religion than any of the cases you have recorded, and remind one of the fly on the pillar of the Temple, trying to pry out some crevice or flaw, so as to find fault, instead of viewing the noble structure as a whole. The Congregational body, as a whole, have done nobly. Comparatively few in number, and principally of the middle and working classes, their liberality will compare favourably with that of any other religious body in the Dominion. Therefore we do hope that when any real abuse comes under your own observation, you will manfully expose it; but would wish you to deal tenderly with the character of Christian professors, especially when you have no better ground for criticising them than what may be found in an exchange.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A CARPENTER.

Toronto, June, 1870.

There is nothing in our correspondent's signature to indicate whether it is his *name*, or his *occupation* that is intended, but he is so frank and outspoken, and the subject is withal so important, that, although somewhat hyper-critical, we think he deserves a hearing. We have read the extract again on which he animadverts, "Religion *vs* Fashion," (in "Gleanings," for June,) and notwithstanding all he has advanced, still think that the parties whose cases are there referred to, were flagrantly inconsistent and blameworthy. At all events, they acted very unlike the widow that cast into the treasury of the temple, "all her living;" or that other loving disciple, who broke the alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured its fragrant contents on the feet of Jesus,—both of whom the Lord signally commended. And they were equally unlike the Macedonian and Corinthian christians, of whom the Apostle says they prayed us with much intreaty that we would receive the gift," and whom he actually had to warn against *excess* in liberality! (2 Cor. chap. 8.)

Our correspondent is quite right in applying the same rule to the minister, and the minister's wife, that he does to other professing christians. Perhaps he does not know, however, that *brain-work* is the most exhausting of all work, and that without periodical *rest and change*, most city and town pastors, to whom his remarks specially point, would soon utterly break down. It is therefore a positive *duty*,—a saving of time and lengthening of life,—for them to seek the relaxation referred to. Every minister ought to have it: nay, every church should insist on its pastor taking it annually.

There is a wide difference, therefore, between such a journey, for such a purpose, and a costly sojourn at a "fashionable watering-place," where health and morals alike, instead of being improved, are often sacrificed to a round of exhausting and foolish pleasures. That, instead of being "rational enjoyment" is in the highest degree *irrational*!

Moreover, the "visiting tour" seldom affords entire cessation from labour, but is usually a kind of "working holiday," obtained by exchanging with some other minister, or by preaching to some vacant church whose generosity supplies him with the means for his summer travel. So that, in most cases, he has more "money to build churches,"

rather than less, at the end of his tour, besides having been usefully employed the meanwhile.

We have no means of discovering the names, or the whereabouts of those extravagant ministers who purchased so largely at the sale of silver plated ware, "to please their wives," but we advise the Missionary Committees to look sharply after them, and if ever they venture to exhibit any of their "gold watches and silver tea-sets," whether bought at auction, or presented to them by their congregations, to demand an instant surrender of them, or cut down their grants to one half! "The Lord keep you humble," said a deacon, once, to his minister, "we'll keep you poor!" The latter is often thought to be essential to the former.

As for the complaints of poverty, alleged to be so common among ministers, we confess we have seldom heard them, although, looking at their social position and education, and the many claims that are made upon them, they are undoubtedly the most poorly paid of all the "learned" professions. If, however, as has been truly said, riches consist, "not in the abundance of our resources, but in the fewness of our wants," ministers generally are not half so poor as some of their rich neighbours; for, having learned in the school of economy to "be content with such things as they have," they endeavour to regulate their wants by their incomes, and as a rule, their wives nobly second their efforts. The people who "complain of poverty," when the collector goes round, and *feel* poor, are those who have just built themselves a fine house, or bought another farm, or whose wives and daughters "must have" ball dresses, and diamond sets, for Saratoga, or the next winter "assemblies." No wonder that they cannot give anything! They have spent all their money on themselves, and the Lord must wait till they have a better balance at their bankers!

But the burden of our correspondent's complaint is that "the calls are too frequent, that church officers are whimsical and extravagant, and that in fact, a profession of religion in the present day is a very expensive affair. Men in his circumstances are sometimes compelled to give "beyond their means," and "often for purposes worse than useless." All this is so indefinite that we would like to cross-examine these wonderful examples of liberality a little. We have heard before of men giving "beyond their means" but never have met with any one that had done so. What does it mean? Have they wronged their families, or defrauded their creditors, or relinquished all luxuries and bad habits to do so? Have they given till they have felt guilty over it? Have they told the Lord of their extravagance, and promised never to transgress in that direction again? If they have really given "beyond their means" they have done wrong, and should confess it; now let them try to do that before God! That will test the matter. We are willing to abide by the result.

Statistics show, however, that the actual yearly cost of our religion, including all these alleged extravagances, and all moneys raised for religious and benevolent purposes, is only about four dollars per hearer, or thirteen dollars per member—a sum which we should be ashamed to confess "beyond our means." Our churches are sustained at an average cost of considerably less than one thousand dollars per annum; and if that is thought by our correspondent to be extravagant, what will he

say of the theatres, four of which, in New York, are said to have netted their managers over \$150,000 in the month of January last! And what of the opera houses which pay their *prima donas* a thousand dollars a night! Yet who ever hears the world complain that the calls are too frequent, or the entertainments too costly?

THE SOUL'S WORK.

True religion is essentially active in its nature. Every Christian has his own appropriate work. We are too apt to look to others and overlook ourselves, and hence we often fall into egregious errors. A proper concern for the welfare of others is highly commendable, and none should be indifferent to the esteem of the wise and good; but the great point that concerns us first of all is, to ascertain our personal obligations, and to fulfil them with becoming earnestness and zeal.

It is wise and proper to test our Christian life. "Let every man *prove* his own work." The true Christian builds upon the finished work of Christ as the rock of his salvation and the ground of his faith and hope. He depends also upon the Spirit, who has wrought a gracious work within him, and is still carrying it on within him; but he has *his* part to perform in order to progress and completeness. The new and spiritual life implanted by Divine grace within him, requires incessant care and watchfulness in order to its healthy and vigorous advancement.

Bodily health requires similar attention. We cannot be healthy and strong, physically, unless we attend to the laws pertaining to bodily organization, and hence the necessity for attention to cleanliness, diet and exercise. So with reference to spiritual health and vigour. We may recognize God's grace in calling and justifying us, and making us new creatures in Christ Jesus, and overlook the part assigned to us in relation to the support and development of the inner life. It is not enough to believe the Gospel, and start out in Christian life; there are laws to be observed, and means employed in order to nourish, strengthen and develop the principles and graces of Christian character, and unless we attend to these with all diligence, we shall become feeble and dwarfish in our piety. The progress and permanence of this inner life will not be secured by the spontaneous energy of the life itself. God works, and without His constant presence and agency, there can be no growth; but He does not see fit to supersede the necessity of appropriate exertion on the part of his creatures.

That they have a part assigned to them with regard to religion in the soul, is obvious. Take the following passages for illustration: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Such a course requires constant watchfulness and labour, but it yields most blessed fruit here and hereafter. The life of the Apostle affords a striking example in illustration. He was a working Christian from beginning to end, struggling against sin within and without, aiming to bring the body into subjection, fighting the fight of faith, striving to imitate Christ and honour Him as the great end of the Christian life. Sometimes he makes allusion in his writings to the Isthmian games, to the wrestling and running of the athlete; and for what? "a corruptible crown; but *we*," says he, "an incorruptible." "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

What, then, are the laws or means by which, under God, the inward life may be nourished and strengthened, and its principles and graces manifested?

There must be the *reading and study of the Scriptures*. It is God's purpose that the spiritual life should be matured and invigorated by the truth which the Spirit has indited, and hence the importance of familiarity with it and meditation upon it. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may *grow* thereby." This is the most effectual way of promoting growth in knowledge and holiness, and hence we find that the Psalmist and the most eminent saints in all ages, have been diligent in their study of the Scriptures. By too many persons, human productions are more eagerly sought after than the Word of God. Works of fiction, tales and romances, and light literature generally, engage so much of their time, that works of higher value, especially the sacred Scriptures, are entirely neglected. Lighter productions, under certain limitations, may have their use; but if we are in earnest about personal piety, we must make our general reading subservient to the higher considerations of the soul, and be more thorough in our study of the Scriptures as a means of spiritual health.

Closet devotion is also essential to Christian progress. When we began our religious life, it might have been said of us, as of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth." But how often do we become lax in this sacred exercise, and wrong our own souls! If we are anxious to advance heavenwards, the spirit of closet devotion must be carefully cultivated. We have constant need to go to our Heavenly Father in the name of Jesus, for pardon, guidance, teaching, support and consolation. Social means of grace are not sufficient, for every one has mercies to acknowledge and sins to confess, which are peculiarly his own, and so requiring the constant exercise of devotion. Hence it is impossible to make advancement in vital godliness unless we habituate ourselves to retirement for religious thought and prayer.

Religious conversation is also an important means of grace. There is far too little of this among Christians. Were we to talk more of the things of God, they would be more deeply impressed upon our minds; we should feel a livelier interest in them, and should be greatly aided in the Divine life. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God," said David, "and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." In the days of Malachi, those dark and trying times, we are told that "they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another*." And in times of religious awaken-

ing and revival, new converts and others are prompted to converse together concerning their own spiritual state, the Word of God, and the cause of the Redeemer; and were we to do so more generally, it would greatly promote our vigour, comfort and usefulness.

Self-examination is another pre-requisite of growth, which too many neglect. True, our sins make it an irksome duty, and we too readily shrink from it. But is it not often enjoined as of the first importance? Suppose a merchant were careless of his books, and neglected the investigation of his accounts, what would be the consequence? Would he not soon become involved, perhaps bankrupt? So must we look within, to ascertain whether we are advancing heavenwards, or retrograding.

I need scarcely remind my readers of the importance of a right observance of the Sabbath, of prizing the sanctuary, and the regular ordinances of public worship, and of the Church of God. Experience of their value in the past, will, I hope, secure their continued attention to them for the time to come.

The Bible commends all these means of grace to us as contributing to the soul's welfare. Owen, Howe, Baxter, Matthew Henry, and a host of others, whose names we revere as "giants in their day," were all of them characterized by their diligence in the employment of them, and testified to the profit they derived from them; and we, who look up to them as our spiritual ancestry, should be increasingly concerned to follow in their footsteps, that through the Divine blessing we may become "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," and bear abundant fruit to the praise and glory of His grace.

J. T. B.

OUR INTEREST IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The work of Foreign Missions belongs to the universal church. On this account every Christian should manifest an active sympathy in the efforts made to evangelize the heathen nations, and endeavor to keep himself informed respecting the progress which is being made in this work. It is our firm persuasion that the Congregational Churches need to be brought into more intimate relations to Foreign Missions. Their own good, as well as their duty to the Master, imperatively calls for it. What are the facts? Very few of our churches do anything for this cause. We believe that some of our city churches regularly contribute to it, but most of the other churches hardly ever think of it. It is true, there is an Indian Mission which claims to be connected with us, whose agent has visited a large number of the churches, and received more or less from those thus called on. But it has not taken hold on the sympathy and confidence of the denomination, and hence we fear it is living a lingering death. We need something to band us together as one man, in order to lead us to do something worthy of us in this glorious work. The writer was hoping that the visit of Dr. Mullens would have resulted in making our churches here auxiliary to the London Missionary Society, and that possibly in a short time some of our young brethren in training would choose the foreign field, and we would thus have our own missionary there. This would, more than anything else, call out the interest

and liberality of the denomination. Can any doubt that this would be a great benefit to us? That it would increase our prosperity at home? Not if we believe God's word, and the experience of Christians both in the past and in the present.

Some may think we have enough to do on the home field, and there is much to be done here; but the more we enter into the spirit of Jesus, when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," the more will we be likely to succeed in his work wherever our lot may be cast.

We have known some young men and young women whose hearts were fired with the desire to go and help to make known the gospel among the heathen, but no channel was open to them among ourselves. Would not the above plan remedy this defect, and as our College now allows young men to entertain this object, might not some Judson, or Duff, or Moffat, be sent out from among us?

Since the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York is postponed in consequence of the war in Europe, we shall not be likely to have the pleasure of Dr. Mullens' visit. Can not one of ourselves undertake the work which he might have accomplished? Where is the coming man?

D. M.

GOOD RESULTS OF RECENT WARS.

BY REV. A. HASTINGS ROSS.

The sudden outbreak of war in Europe between the leading Protestant and the leading Roman Catholic power, fills the Christian heart with sorrow and hope. Looking at the blood that will be shed, the homes made desolate, the passions kindled, there is cause for sorrow and prayer that the ambition of kings be soon restrained; but looking at the movements of our times, the good that has resulted from every war and revolution since 1848, there is ground of hope that the wrath of Napoleon will be controlled by Jesus Christ in the interest of his kingdom.

Let us recall the wars of the last twenty years, that we may see what advancement they have brought to the gospel.

Had we a prophet's eye to discern it, we should see God in sovereign majesty ruling among the nations of to-day, as in the times of Moses. We are taught to believe this; but our faith is so imperfect that glimpses of the fact of God's presence in and control over such scourges as war is refreshing to it.

A writer in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* says:

Among the things put under Christ as mediator is war. Since 1848, we have had seven great wars, and it is instructive to mark that each has resulted in the enlargement of human freedom, and the emancipation of the human conscience. * * * First of all came the Revolution of 1848. The wars consequent on that event planted constitutional government in Sardinia, and opened the door to the Bible in Piedmont. In 1854 came the war in Turkey. It had, as its special issue, the Sultan's firman proclaiming toleration in the Mohammedan empire, and

repealing the death penalty attached to the profession of Christianity. In 1857 came the mutiny in India, followed by a great war. The British arms triumphed, and with the triumph came an edict of toleration to all the tribes and languages of that great continent, in the shape of the Queen's proclamation, declaring Christianity to be the religion of that empire of which India had now become a part. Next, a war broke out in the far East, and that war put an end to the complete isolation which China had maintained for so many centuries, and opened that distant land to the Bible and the missionary. * * * In 1859, the war of independence, as it has been termed, opened the whole country, from the Alps to Sicily, the Papal States excepted, to the circulation of the Scriptures and the preaching of the gospel. War had, for the time, accomplished its mission in the old world. It now crossed the Atlantic, and there, with its hoarse voice, it proclaimed liberty to the captive. Amid fields of unexampled carnage, it struck down one of the most accursed systems of slavery the world ever saw. * * * * This very summer (1866), after a campaign of only nine days, Austria was overthrown, and ceased to exist as a German power—the last vestige of the once famous holy Roman empire was swept out of existence, the strongest political bulwark of the Papacy was thrown down, and by the rise of a great Protestant kingdom in Germany, the balance of political power was turned in favour of liberty and evangelical truth. This is a marvellous chain of events.

But this is not the end of such marvels. The plot of the priests, aided by France, to set up an empire in Mexico, failed, and as the result of the conflict, greater religious liberty has been secured to that distracted country, and the people made accessible to evangelical truth. The British army that destroyed the tyrant Theodorus, and set at liberty foreign captives, circulated broadcast the New Testament in the language of the natives. The Revolution in Spain, in the Autumn of 1868, opened that benighted land to the Bible and the gospel. In this list, the only exception that occurs during the last twenty-two years, is the subjugation of Paraguay by Brazil. We are not able at present to see any good resulting from that war.

This is not the whole truth in the matter. United Italy, confiscating the property of the Romish church by its liberal policy, has placed itself in antagonism with the papacy. The numbling of Austria led to a reformation so radical that Austria, the former synonym of tyranny, is now one of the most liberal of European nations. She broke the papal Concordat, imprisoned a papal bishop, legalized civil marriages; and, in spite of the thunderings of the Vatican, she placed her government in direct opposition to the papacy. Spain, expelling a queen complimented by the Pope for her virtue with the present of the *golden rose*, has pursued a policy so hostile to the papacy, that her priests and bishops take the oath of allegiance only on compulsion, if they take it at all.

These are all Roman Catholic countries, with few Protestants in them; and yet, one by one, without any agreement among themselves, they have become in their government and policy the antagonists of the papal power.

Thus among Roman Catholic nations of influence, France is left alone in her support of the papacy. Her troops for twelve years have kept

the Pope in Rome. She is now the sole prop of his throne, among the nations of Europe. That prop gone, what shall keep the power of darkness from falling?

No wonder the Pope, becoming alarmed, has convoked a council to shore up, if possible, his tottering power. So long as there was doubt where the infallible authority, which all claimed she possessed, lay, whether in Pope or in council, or in both conjoined, there was weakness; a house divided cannot stand. The dogma of Papal Infallibility must then be declared, in order to unite and strengthen the whole. It is done. The Pope is declared to be "as God, sitting in the temple of God." But no sooner is the vote declared throughout the world than France plunges madly and without cause into war with the foremost Protestant nation in Europe. The drift of events in the recent past, the close conjunction of the war with the vote on Papal Infallibility, suggest the hope, at least, that Christ will not allow the usurper to sit long in his throne, but will smite him in the day of his exaltation down to the dust. If France should go down in the present contest, the last prop of the papacy will be knocked away.

We will not forecast the future. God's thoughts are not ours. Let all who love an open Bible and a pure gospel pray that God may smite down, in the sight of a gazing world, "that wicked" "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." In the short period of twenty-two years, Satan's kingdom has been smitten all around. We believe a heavier blow is now to be given it.—*Advance.*

The Home Department.

DOING GOOD AND GETTING GOOD.

One Sunday afternoon, some years ago, a working man come up to me and asked if I would go to his cottage and have a service.

"Where is your cottage, my good man?" I inquired.

"It stands," he answered, "by the wayside, about two stonethrows from the farm-house of Airly. You called at it yesterday on your way from Blakies village, and had a drink of water."

I was pleased with the open face and manner of the man, and promised to comply with his friendly suggestion on the following evening.

Accordingly I went. Arriving there, I found he had not been idle. He had more than forty people gathered in his house; some were seated on boards, some on the edge of the bed, and others on the window-sills; in fact, no available place was empty.

I said, "My friend, you must have made the most of your time to have got so many of your neighbours together in this way."

"When I asked you, sir, to come, I did not mean you to speak only to my wife and me and the empty chairs, I wished you to have as many as my little house could hold, and I've got them sir."

"May the Lord reward you, my friend," I said, "and give us a blessing while we are under your roof!"

This conversation took place at the door. I then passed on to the corner appointed for me, and after prayer and reading the Scriptures I took for my text, "Behold the Man." The good Spirit accompanied the Word, and there were some who wept because their sins had nailed Him to the cross. Among the many earnest faces on which I looked, one in particular engaged my attention. It was the sin-worn countenance of a man who sat behind the door. The big tears rolled down his face, and I heard his deep-drawn sighs. As soon as the service ended, he slipped out, without either noticing or being noticed by any one present. My heart was sore for him. When all had left the house, I asked my hostess if she knew anything about the poor fellow who sat behind the door.

"O yes," she answered, lightly, "it was Jeamic, the cattle-man, he lives in the next cottage."

I said I should like to speak with him, for I felt sure that he was in distress about his soul's salvation. As I said this, Mrs. G—hid her face from me, as I afterwards found, because her own conscience had been aroused, and she feared that I should detect it. Thus, "the wicked flee, when no man pursueth." There was a moment's silence. At length she asked if she should call Jeamic in to speak with me. She offered this service that she might escape from me. I consented.

She rose to go, glad to get away. But before she reached the door I exclaimed, "Stop. Don't go." Then going up to her, I laid my hand gently on her shoulder, and said, "Perhaps I ought to speak to you first." Looking her steadily in the face, I said in a calm firm tone of voice, "Now tell me, honestly, have you given your own heart to Jesus?" She was silent; so I continued in the same tone of voice: "It is an awful thing to keep the heart away from Jesus Christ. It is a very awful thing for a mother to do it." She did not answer me; but she cowered under the power of the Word of truth, and then bursting into tears, sank on a low stool which stood near the fireplace. I said, "Do not think me harsh, Mrs. G—. If you have given Jesus your heart confess Him at once, and if you have not given Him your heart give it to Him to-night; it's not too late. Don't stay away longer from Jesus. Come to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. The Saviour bids you come; come as you are, and He will wash all your sins away."

I can still see her look as she sobbed out, "Oh, sir, I wish to give my heart to Jesus, but I am so vile. Oh! sir, you have no conception how great a sinner I have been. I have sinned with my eyes open. I have loved sin with my whole heart. I was well brought up, and had many deep convictions of sin in my younger days, but I have sinned them all away and resisted the Spirit of God. And now I fear I shall be lost for ever."

"My dear woman," I replied "'tis quite true as you have said; I do not know how great a sinner you have been, nor do you; but God knows all about you. How many, and how great your sins have been, is well-known to Him. And Jesus Christ, who now invites you to come to Him, has atoned for all your sins, and offers to forgive you now, if you will only come to Him, and trust His gracious word. Do you think Jesus would bid poor sinners come to Him if He were not ready to receive them? It is because you are a great sinner, and a helpless sinner, that He bids you

come to Him, for it is He alone who has 'power on earth to forgive sin.' He died for the ungodly, and hence He loves to wash their sins away in His precious blood." Thus I pleaded with her, but she was in too dark a state of mind to receive any light or comfort from the invitations or promises of God's Word.

While I was thus conversing with Mrs. G——, her husband had come in, and was standing in mute amazement, his eyes fixed on his weeping wife. I rose, and said, "You will be a happy man to-night. You will be both pulling one way soon;" for I thought the man was himself a Christian.

"I would to God we were both pulling the right way, sir," said the husband with deep emotion, "but,"—and here he stopped, and turned towards the door. I laid my hands firmly on his shoulder, and repeated after him, "*but*,—what *but* have you, or what more than the *but* did you intend to say?"

"I meant," he answered, "to say what was true, if Satan had let me. I have not yet given my own heart to God, sir."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, with surprise, "*you* have not yet given your heart to God. Then what prompted you to invite me to come to your house and preach?"

"I thought it might do good," he replied, "and so I asked you to come."

"My friend," I said, "you are not far from the kingdom of heaven, and yet you are near enough to be lost. Oh! come at once to God and plead the merits of His Son, and God will pardon your sins, and make you holy.

"I do wish to give my heart to Jesus, sir. I wish to be saved this very night."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear friend," I said; "and now that it is wearing late and I have a long way to walk, and you have to get up early in the morning, let us at once go to the throne of grace, and ask God for His Son's sake to pardon all our sins, and to give us His Holy Spirit." We knelt, and I poured out my soul in prayer for them.

When we rose from our knees I took a hand of each in mine, and said, "Now, my dear friends, you are both seeking Jesus, and you both know it. When I leave you, will you go to your knees together and pray with and for each other? I will come and see you to-morrow. Good-night, and the Lord be with you. I shook hands with Mrs. G—— and left her, but her husband would come out of doors to speak further with me, and to express his thankfulness. "I shall bless God," he said, "for this night as long as I live. The Lord bless you, sir, for coming to my house."

The next day I called on my friends, and found them conversing about what took place the night before. I found that the husband had spent most of the night in prayer. Both were still in great uneasiness of mind. I sat down and entered into conversation about their difficulties. I soon found that they were expecting what not a few expect, viz., that God would give them some new revelation in addition to that He had given in His Word. They wanted feeling. They had prayed, and read, but they did not feel happy. I took out my Testament and read from the First Epistle of John: "If we confess our sins, He is faith-

ful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I closed the book and asked them, "Now what do you think of these words?" Neither of them spoke. I opened the book in the same place, and then handed it to the woman, and bade her read it herself. She did so, and gave me back the book, without saying a word. I handed it to the man, and he too read it and returned the book without making any remark. I then read the passage again, and said, "I am sure, my friends, that is plain and simple. If you were to read those words, remembering that God is speaking to you personally, I am certain they would direct you to the finding of true peace of mind." You have here pardon of sin and holiness of heart promised to you, and guaranteed by the faithfulness and justice of God, on the simple terms of true and trustful confession of your sin. But you do not believe that God speaks to you personally."

"Ah! sir," said Mrs. G——, "we do not see it as you do."

"And the reason why you don't see it as I do, Mrs. G——, is, because you don't read it as I do," I replied. "I read God's Word as if I were the only person in the world needing salvation, and that God is speaking to me as if I were the only person He wished to save."

"And I may say, that if people are desirous to obtain from God's Word the peace of mind that God intends to impart, they must get out of the crowd, they must read it as if it were written for themselves alone; that God is verily speaking to them in person, and that the words of Scripture are verily the words of God.

"Suppose that your little boy has done something very wrong; but that he has truly repented of it. Suppose that you saw his tears, that you believed his sorrow to be real, that you have resolved not to punish, but freely to pardon. Suppose you sent and told him that if he confessed his sin, you would forgive him and forget the past. Suppose further that on the strength of your promise he had come and made confession, would you not feel bound by your promise to forgive him there and then without more ado?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Let us go a little further. Suppose that your boy instead of believing you and drying up his tears, began to weep more bitterly and to cry more loudly, and to say again and again, 'I wish mother would forgive me. I wish she would say so plainly, and that thus after your repeated assurance, he refused to be comforted, what would you think?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. G——, "I should be angry with him."

"And justly so," I resumed; "yet do you not see that this is just your position to-day. Read that verse again." She did so; and now the light began to break in upon her soul with quickening and cheering rays. And from that day she became a humble and happy follower of the Lord Jesus. So too was it with her husband. Day by day the plan of salvation grew plainer to his mind, and he too was enabled to rejoice in the pardon of his sins. They were born again. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But what, perhaps the reader inquires, has become of Jeannie the cattle-man, who had sat behind the door, and for whom I had asked? He was not forgotten. I saw and conversed with him several times. I found that for months he had been in an anxious state of mind, but

could find no peace. He had stuck where many stick—in his own ideas of *election*. Yes, there are some who sit down on this cold stone till it chills them. He told me he had made up his mind to give himself no more trouble about his salvation. "I have," he said doggedly, "read and wept, and prayed, for months; I have done all and everything I can do, and God has turned a deaf ear to my sorrows. I can do no more. I shall wait God's time. If I am decreed to be saved I'll be saved, and if I am decreed to be lost I can't help it."

Taking his horny hand in mine, I said, "Jeamic, there is one thing you have not done yet; the only thing God bids you do; the only thing you can do in this great matter: you have not yet believed on Jesus Christ as *your* Saviour. This is all God asks of you or any one, and you have not done it. You are wrong about God's decrees. God has not decreed that any soul shall go to hell. But He has decreed that no soul shall get to heaven but by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that if they fail to believe on Him they shall be cast out. Now Jeamic," I said, "whether will you obey God and cast your guilty soul into the arms of mercy, or stick to your own foolish and sinful notion, and perish for ever? And perish you must, *now* because God has decreed you to perish, but because you believed the devil's lie rather than the faithful word of the eternal God." These were my last words to him. I have heard since that after having much mental suffering he was led to trust in Jesus, and that he now walks in humble dependence upon God, who for Christ's sake has forgiven him.

The story shows how in doing good we may get good. We see a poor labouring man anxious that his neighbours should hear of Jesus, and through his interest in them he is led to receive Jesus into his own heart. May the Lord bless his example to others; and not only his example, but may also the blessing which came to him rest on them. "Let *him that heareth* say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely."—*Christian's Penny Magazine*.

COMFORT IN THE DARK HOUR.

"There never was such affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and then, in a still more impatient tone, resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through. Nobody ever suffered more pain."

"One," was again whispered from the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul! But"—

"O, not myself! not me!" exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered, not to herself, but to another.

She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds, and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the

mouth as if by pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear gray eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with Him who is "full of grace and truth."

"O, not myself! not me!" she repeated.

There was a short pause; and then the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place:

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. . . . And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, they gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall. And they crucified him. . . . And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire, and mechanically handed a cup of barley-water, flavored with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker; "They gave him gall for his meat; and in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss less restlessly from side to side. "But," added she, "talking about His sufferings can't mend ours—at least, not mine."

"But it lightens her's," said the nurse.

"I wonder how."

"Hush!"

And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The following day, as some ladies visiting the hospital passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was again heard: "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

A few days passed slowly away, when, on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and, leaning over her, she heard these words: "Going home—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more, and all was over; the soul had gone to dwell in that city where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."—*British Messenger*.

NANNY'S FAITH.

By the side of a rippling brook, in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low mud-thatched cottage, with its neat honey-suckled porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on her snowy bed, lay Old Nanny, patiently and cheerfully waiting for the coming of her Lord. By her bedside, on a small table, lay her glasses and her Bible—"her barrel and cruise," as she used to call it. Her minister frequently called to see her; he loved to listen to her words, for when she spoke of home, it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the songs of the redeemed.

One day the young minister put to the dying saint the following startling question:—

"Now, Nanny," he said, "what if after all your prayers, and watching, and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be lost?" Nanny raised herself on her elbow, and turned to him a wistful look; laid her right hand on her open Bible, and quietly replied, "Ae, dearie me, is that a' the length you hae got yet, man?" and then continued, her eyes sparkling with light, "*God would hae the greatest loss.* Poor Nanny would but lose her soul,—and that would be a great loss indeed—but God would lose His honour and His character. Havn't I hung my soul upon His gracious promise? an' if He brak' His word, He would make Himself a liar, and a' the universe would rush into confusion."

Thus the old pilgrim spake. These were among the last words of her aged lips; but were they not precious words? She rested on the word of her God; knowing that "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but *the word of the Lord endureth for ever.*" The young minister left Nanny's cottage a wiser man than he entered. Dear reader, have you got as far as Old Nanny yet? That anchor holds, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."—*Christian's Penny Magazine.*

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

"Slapped their hands, and learnt them to let things alone! I'd like to ha' seen that tried on my children. Sally had a set of quite still children, that were all just like dipped candles by natur', and she laid it all to her management; and look at 'em now they're grown up. They're decent respectable folks, but noways better than other folks' children. Lucinda Morse ain't a bit better than you are, Lois, if she was whipped and made to lie still when she was a baby, and you were taken up and rocked when you cried. All is, they had hard times when they were little, and cried themselves to sleep at nights, and were hector'd and worried when they ought to have been taking some comfort. Ain't the world hard enough, without fighting babies, I want to know? I hate to see a woman that don't want to rock her own baby, and is contriving ways all the time to shirk the care of it. Why, if all the world was that way, there would be no sense in scriptur'. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' the Bible says, taking for granted

that mothers were made to comfort children, and give them good times when they are little.

"Sally Morse was always talking about her system. She thought she did wonders, 'cause she got so much time to piece bedquilts, and work counterpanes, and make pickles, by turning off her children; but I took my comfort in mine, and let them have their comfort as they went along. It's about all the comfort there is in this world, anyway, and they're none the worse for it now, as I see. They're ain't any two children alike; and what works with one won't with another. Folks have just got to open their eyes, and look and see what the Lord meant when He put the child together, if they can, and not stand in His way; and after all we must wait for the sovereign grace to finish the work; if the Lord don't keep the house, the watchman waketh but in vain. Children are the heritage of the Lord—that's all you can make of it. . . .

"Done! Why, you've done what you'd no business to. You'd no business 'o take a child at all; you haven't got a grain of motherliness in you. Why, look at natur', that might teach you that more than meat and drink and clothes is wanted for a child. Hens brood their chickens, and keep 'em warm under their wings; and cows lick their calves and cosset 'em, and it's a mean shame that folks will take 'em away from them. There's our old cat will lie an hour on the kitchen floor, and let her kittens lug and pull at her, atween sleeping and waking, just to keep 'em warm and comfortable, you know. 'Tain't just feedin' and clothin' back and belly that's all; it's *broodin'* that young creeturs wants; and you hain't got a bit of broodin' in you; your heart's as hard as the nether mill-stone. Sovereign grace may soften it some day, but nothin' else can; you're a poor, old, hard, worldly woman, Miss Asphyxia Smith: that's what *you* are! If Divine grace could have broken in upon you, and given you a heart to love the child, you might have brought her up, 'cause you are a smart woman, and an honest one; that nobody denies!"

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soiloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains,—no end to new things to be bought,—I really do not see how I am to give a cent

more in charity. Then there are the bills for the girls and the boys ; they all say they must have twice as much as before we came into this new house : wonder if I did right in building it ?" and Mr. A— glanced up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and drowsy ; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed—he was asleep.

In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door ; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. A— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr. A—, presented him with a paper.

"It is your last year's subscription to Missions," said he ; "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you. I called to see if you had any thing more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before ; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some minutes silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, etc.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society. Have you any thing to add to it ? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it ?"

Mr. A— was very uneasy under this appeal ; but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him, and he answered that, although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to *any* of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription of the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do *nothing* more for any charity than I did last year ? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate. Now the objects increase every day : all call upon us for money ; and all, after we have given one, want us to double and treble our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing ; we may as well stop in one place as in another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul :—

“One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony. Upon whom did you call, all that night?”

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed upon him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face and made no reply.

“Five years ago,” said the stranger, “when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then, you would leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?”

The stranger paused for an answer; but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, “Do you remember fifteen years since—that *time* when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent days and nights in prayer: when you thought you would give the world for one hour’s assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?”

“It was my God and Saviour!” said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. “Oh! yes, it was *He*.”

“And has *He* ever complained of being called on too often?” inquired the stranger, in a tone of reproachful sweetness. “Say,” he added, “are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of *Him*, if *He*, from this night, will ask no more from you?”

“Oh never, never!” said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

“O my Saviour! what have I been saying?” he exclaimed. “Take all, take everything! What is all that I have to what thou hast done for me?”

SOLILOQUY OF A BROWN JUG.

BY REV. L. H. BLAKE.

Yes, I know I am nothing but a cheap brown jug, and cannot aspire to companionship with aristocratic decanters and crystal wine bottles. I know that I keep very doubtful company to say the least, and that one of your real aristocratic people would be highly disgusted at the thought of associating with me. I know too that I am the cause of a great deal of mischief in the world. I send miserable, ragged inebriates reeling home to beat and scold their half famished wives and children; I rob little ones of their bread, and heart broken women of their hope and comfort: I rob rich men of their wealth, noble men of their dignity, and strong men of their health; I blight the fondest hopes, bleach raven locks with sorrow, and bring gray hairs in shame to the dust; I bring many a promising youth to a drunkard’s death, and I fill more graves than any disease you can find described in the books. I am the friend of epidemics and help on their fearful work in a manner most pleasing to his Satanic majesty; and a great many more fearful things do I that I cannot stop to speak of now: I confess it all; I will not undertake to deny it.

But then, if I am a miserable pestilence, is it fair that all the misery in the universe should be attributed to me, as if I was the Alpha and Omega of all evil, just because I am a cheap brown jug which nobody fears or respects? Enough of these evils that destroy peace and happiness spring from my race no doubt, and I am willing to bear my individual share of blame for the evils that result from intemperance, be it much or little; but I object to being made the sole target at which all the pious stones and reformed brickbats are to be hurled, simply because my more courtly neighbors, Rev. Scripture Bottle and Sir Crystal Longneck—who, I cannot help thinking are not without blame in this matter—are passed by in deferential silence, just because they have the support of those social autoerats, Esquire Public Opinion and My Lady Fashion.

Ministers and other speakers are talking a great deal of late upon temperance reform, the evils of drinking, the danger of our country therefrom and so forth, and I have no doubt but they are engaged in a good cause. But then, you would think by the way they all pitch into me, that the whole work was to be accomplished by my demolition. There is pastor Blow-em-up, for example, a most zealous temperance reformer, who knows how to throw his stones with unerring precision, and terrific force, as I have reason to know very well. Whatever he does undertake to battle he is pretty sure to demolish. His thrusts of satire, his power in stating truth, his versatility in picturing evil are all very wonderful. Last Sabbath he preached a sermon on the "Sin of Drunkenness," and the way he rattled about amongst the brown jugs was a caution. I for one was very much concerned for my neck; in fact I did get a nick taken out of my nose, while some of my sort fared very much worse. But it did stir up my temper just a little to see how he placed the whole curse of intemperance upon us poor brown jugs, while the aristocratic decanters and the pious wine bottles held up their necks in holy horror of us that we should be the cause of so much misery and ruin. I had almost asked the parson, after service, if he wouldn't preach some day against "Wine bottles filled through Scripture funnels;" but he gave me *such* a demolishing look, when he came out of church, that I shrank back into a corner, utterly abashed, ashamed and guilty because I was nothing but a brown jug.

Then there is Rev. Dr. Sublimity, pastor of the church of St. Satin, who dwells much upon the esthetical difference between purity and impurity, the vulgarity of sin and the refinement of holiness. A few Sundays ago he preached a sermon, most consoling to his people, upon the "Vileness of Intemperance," which left us to infer that there was no intemperance except among my companions. A very good sermon, no doubt, as far as it went, but I never knew the Dr. to hurl a single stone at aristocratic champagne bottles, never knew him to make one attempt to convert Esquire Public Opinion or My Lady Fashion; towards whom, by the way, report says the Rev. Dr. is very deferential in his conduct.

And so the graceful crystal bottles upon the marble side boards are left to infer that, in their geniality, they are lifted far above any blame in the matter of intemperance. What! any of the *evils of intemperance* to be attributed to Sir Longneck! Impossible! The very idea is absurd. Is he not a slender gentleman, genteelly meagre in his capacity, and is he not, by his very appearance, suggestive of temperance? Who

would ever think of intemperance and Sir Longneck the same day! It would be a slur upon his dignified respectability. Ah well, and so it's the poor brown jug that has to take all the blame as usual.

But I should like to ask pastor Blow-em-up and Dr. Sublimity—if I only dared to—if they really believed that the root of the great evil is in me after all. And I think I could give them a little light on the subject. I have been on intimate terms with a great many poor drunkards in my day, and have had opportunities for learning the history of their downward course, which, I dare say, the Parson and the Dr. never had. Many a poor brute have I heard recount the story of his fall as he has come to me for consolation; and I have found that great numbers of those who have been brought so low as to associate with me, formerly moved in the circle to which Sir Crystal Longneck belongs, and that the first step in their downward course was taken when they became acquainted with Sir Longneck, to whom they were mostly introduced by Esquire Public Opinion and My Lady Fashion.

Quite a goodly number of those who have been brought down to my level attribute their fall to the influence of Rev. Scripture Bottle. But I have heard but very few say that they took kindly to me at the first. Indeed everybody has a natural horror of me, and none ever speak to me until they have been brought gradually to my level. I do not complain of that, for it is natural and right. It is so evident that my companionship is degrading and exceedingly destructive that I do not expect any one to associate with me until they have pretty much lost their senses. What young man in his right mind would plunge at a single leap into that state of degradation that all those have reached who associate with me?

I am convinced that there is some deception about this process of making drunkards, or I should not have so many associates, at least from respectable families. There must be a promise of safety in the first downward steps, or nobody would take them.

Now I cannot help thinking from all that I have learned that it is just possible that Esquire Public Opinion and My Lady Fashion are somewhat in fault in this matter, in encouraging young men to associate with Sir Crystal Longneck; and I think that Rev. Scripture Bottle has a very bad influence, and that the Scripture funnel, of which he was the inventor, is a very dangerous institution, and greatly calculated to deceive.

Now, then, for the conclusion of this reasoning. If Pastor Blow-em-up and Dr. Sublimity would deprive me of my influence, would they not do well—allow me to make use of a single figurative expression—to lay their ecclesiastical axes “at the root of the tree?” I cannot see how the Doctor can consistently bid the young beware of the fire, if he takes off the furnace cover, holds them over it, and then lets go of them; nor how Parson Blow-em-up can hope to check intemperance by pelting his gospel brick-bats at me continually, while he never throws a single stone at the champagne bottle and the Scripture funnel, and makes no effort to convert Esquire Public Opinion and My Lady Fashion. For just so long as Sir Longneck and Rev. Scripture have the Esquire and My Lady for their advocates, I shall not want for genial companions.

and shall continue to finish the work—well, I might as well say it boldly—that the funnel and the bottle have commenced.

Now Rev. Mr. Blow-em-up and Rev. Dr. Sublimity, I should give it you as my advice, if I am asked, that you leave off berating me,—for there is very little hope of any one after he has sunk to my level—and see if you cannot keep young men from taking the first steps ; just cast your stones at the wine bottle and the Scripture funnel, labor and pray with the Esquire and My Lady, and my word for it—who have some knowledge of how these things work—you will have little to fear from my influence.—*Advance.*

THE COMING OF THE STORM.

[*For the Canadian Independent.*]

I sat in the dusky gloaming,
In the room that fronts the west :
Nightly there falls a glory there,
From the sunset's radiant breast.

In many a changeful hue,
The dying sunset streams,
It burns in flakes of crimson flame.
And pales in amber gleams.

But to-night the sun went down,
Hidden in angry mist,
In a fiery shadow swept the sky,
And the clouds with crimson kissed.

I have seen that sky before,
With the red gleams o'er it strewed.
'Tis where the mighty thunder-bolts
And arrow lightnings brood.

Oh ! I love to see the sun
Sink low in the evening gold,
While not a cloud in the glowing west
Of coming storm doth bode.

To watch the twilight mist,
Fall like a purple veil,
While only the gleaming evening star
Hangs in the radiance pale.

To wait till the shadows deepen,
And away in the curtained east,
The fair full moon arises,
From the bosom of the mist.

Till the night winds tune their harps,
And sigh among the trees,
And a mystic brightness falleth,
Where the moonbeams kiss the leaves

All these I dearly love,
Beautiful scenes of earth !
When I gaze on you, I scarcely seem
In this world of change and death.

But I love your glories too,
 Tempest and night and storm,
 To my soul there comes a transport
 Of your mightier music born.

Full many a stormy night,
 When wild winds rage and fight,
 When thunders loud and deep
 With swift winged lightnings leap

I have felt within my soul,
 A voice deep answering ;
 To your music I could sing,
 To your might all terror fling.

For I heard in the tempest's wrath,
 The tones of a mighty God ;
 I heard the voice of Jehovah
 Sounding his power abroad.

I felt no thought of fear
 For the very God was there,
 That spread the sunset glory,
 And lit the evening star.

So I'll watch till the frowning heavens
 Wake from their sullen dream,
 Till over the murky blackness,
 Kindles the lightning's gleam.

KATE PULLAR.

HAMILTON, July 16th.

Literary Notices.

Robert Moffat's *Missionary Labours and scenes in South Africa*, (London John Snow,) can be procured in two editions, the Library, with all the illustrations for five shillings sterling, and the Popular for a shilling. It is one of the best books of its class ever written.

What Dean Stanley writes is sure to be worth reading, and we therefore advise our studious readers to procure his *Essays on Questions of Church and State from 1850 to 1870*, (London: John Murray). The volume consists of articles contributed to various reviews on all the leading ecclesiastical controversies of the past twenty years, so fruitful in strifes of this kind. The author is well known as one of the broadest of the Broad Church School, and a warm advocate of national churches. Of course we perpetually differ from him ; but that cannot prevent our deriving much advantage from his learning, ability and candour.

To the lovers of sacred poetry of the most refined and devout quality, we commend *Faber's Hymns*, (Boston: H. A. Young & Co., \$1.50.) The writer was an English churchman who became a Romanist and a priest

of the *Oratory*, like J. H. Newman. A very fervent catholic he was, too, and his invocations of Mary and the Saints and adorations of the Sacrament are lamentable features in his writings. Yet they do not prevent our recognition of the deeply Christian spirit of their author, or prevent our profiting by his verses. Some of these have passed into many modern collections, such as the Plymouth, the Sabbath and the New Congregational Hymn Books. For instance, "My God how wonderful Thou art!" "Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself." "Dear Jesus, ever at my side." "O, gift of gifts, O, grace of faith." "I worship thee sweet will of God." "Oh, it is hard to work for God."

Gould & Lincoln of Boston announce a new edition of the *Works of the late John Harris, D.D.*, of New College, London, in five volumes, at \$1.50 each. It includes the *Pre-Adamite Earth*, *Man Primeval*, *Patriarchy*, *The Great Teacher* and *The Great Commission*.

The Boston Lectures on *Christianity and Scepticism*, (Boston: Congregational Publishing Society, \$), contain ten discourses by some of the ablest men in New England, in defence of Christianity from the most recent forms of assault upon its divine origin. The writers are so thoroughly acquainted with the various sceptical systems, whether originating in Europe or America, that they are rarely competent for their task, and it would be difficult to find within the same compass so complete and masterly a presentation of the subject.

A new and cheap edition of *Dexter's Congregationalism* has been published (Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co., \$1.75 bound, or \$1.25 in paper covers,) during this Jubilee year. It is confessed, in the American and British press, that no treatise on the subject has appeared so complete as this.

A cheap American edition of the sermons of Frederick W. Robertson of Brighton, (New York: Harpers, \$2,) will bring that singularly fresh and earnest writer within the reach of many a reader whose pocket is too weak to bear the more costly issues.

British and Foreign Record.

What can we speak of this month before the Franco-Prussian war? Yet, writing a week before publication, we can give no news that will not be long superannuated, and our reflections may be strangely *mal-à-propos*. This much, however, seems certain, whatever further victories or reverses may fall to the lot of the Prussians, and whatever may be the destiny of France, Louis Napoleon is done for. His material resources are crumpled up, his *prestige* as a ruler gone, his military reputation destroyed before it was born, and the selfish wickedness of the man

leaves him almost without a friend ! So sudden and so utter a collapse the world does not often see,—so mean an exit from a stage on which the actor was strutting, an hour ago, in Imperial robes. Whatever terms Prussia may make, Napoleon III is virtually deposed already, and the “dynasty” for which France has suffered so much is added to the retired list. There is a poetical justice in such a *finale* that we cannot but admire, as an example of dramatic unity. But taking a graver aspect of the matter, we cannot feel less than thankful that Divine Providence has visited this bold, bad man with open retribution, and that there is one less instance of successful wickedness to be written on the page of history. What an empty thing human ambition seems, in the light of these events ! Would that the lesson might be learned by those who are intoxicated with its sorceries ! This same Louis Napoleon was proclaimed, a few years ago, by many professed interpreters of prophecy, as the true anti-christ, the “destined monarch of the world.” We hope that his present downfall may teach these good people a lesson of modesty and patience. What is poor France to do for rulers ? Really monarchy seems getting at a discount. Spain begging for a king everywhere ; France throwing its Emperor overboard. Yet, how these nations long for a real king ! What a strong instinct of loyalty is in them, passionately craving for some leader worthy to be followed, and blindly going after many a stuffed puppet, or beast of prey that turns again and rends them. If Royal Highnesses only knew it, they have a grand opportunity. But unless they behave themselves, and do their business in workman-like fashion, their “occupation’s gone.”

Horrible as the carnage has been in the war, it is gratifying to see that the claims of humanity are recognized in the non-use of explosive missiles, in the greater care of the wounded, in kinder treatment of prisoners, and in forbearance to non-combatants. Yet what unutterable miseries will this wholesale slaughter produce ! The war may be short, but it will leave long-enduring woes behind it.

Robert Moffat is at home again, a patriarch of over three score years and ten, of silvery hair and bowed-down frame, but with eye as bright and heart as brave as in the olden time. He is receiving the reverential welcome which his half century of service so richly deserves. Whether he returns to Africa or not, is doubtful, but in its future history, which we trust will be brighter than the past, his name will be illustrious as one of the pioneer missionaries to tribes that seemed sunk in hopeless barbarism, and as a hero, who by moral force and courage swayed both chiefs and people hitherto untamed. His son is left in charge of his work at Kuruman ; his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, is still exploring the heart of the continent. Not long since, he completed a revision of a version of the Scriptures into the Setchuana language. He leaves churches and schools in full operation. Kuruman, which was once an outpost, is now but a base of Missionary movements with the region beyond. What a life of toil, privation and danger has he had ! But how rich his reward, here and hereafter !

One more judgment broadens the comprehensiveness of the Church of England. Every time a heretic is prosecuted from either side, the

result seems to be to increase the number of diversified beliefs that may be held within the Establishment, and to diminish the number that must be professed by a minister thereof. This time, Mr. Bennett, of Frome, passes uncondemned for teaching something very hard to distinguish from out-and-out Romanism, on the subject of the Real Presence. Anglicans are now inviting Romanists, who are troubled with the dogma of infallibility, to come to them, as there is really so little of Catholic doctrine or practice that may not be enjoyed in the English communion.

A singular application of the principle of competitive examination has been made in London lately, in subjecting such Sunday School Teachers as might offer themselves to a test of their qualifications by competent examiners. The life of Abraham was the subject, and the history, geography and customs of the period were required to be thoroughly got up as well as the moral lessons of the story. Upwards of 200 names were sent in, and 150 actually appeared, and the answers seem to have been very satisfactory. We recommend this idea to our Sabbath School conventions. One day before or after their annual meetings could be devoted to such examinations. It must be remembered, however, that by such means only the knowledge of a teacher is ascertained. His power to teach, even intellectually, and all the qualities that give him spiritual influence over his scholars, cannot be thus elicited. It would be quite possible to pass a brilliant examination, and yet to be irregular in attendance, unapt to teach, negligent in visiting, weak in personal appeal, and so spiritually unfruitful. And on the other hand, one might have a very poor show before a literary board, but bring many souls into the Kingdom.

Our readers will have heard ere this of the postponement of the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, on account of the Franco-Prussian war. The disappointment caused by this announcement will be great and wide-spread, although it is probably the best course under the circumstances. What is even worse to us in Canada, is, we fear that the postponement of the meeting will deprive us—we hope only for the present—of the eagerly looked for visit of the Rev. Dr. Mullens of the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. Henry Allon, of Islington, and others, who were to have accompanied him on his tour. It is perhaps only an aggravation of our grief now to publish it, but the following from the letter of the Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, to the *Advance*, will help to show how much we shall lose by the change of arrangements.

“I am not sure how many Congregationalists are likely to visit you, but I can introduce some three or four who I know are coming. First of all, you should know that the Congregational Union has postponed its autumnal meeting a fortnight to enable its chairman, the Rev. Joshua Harrison, to be present at what the *Times* calls the Protestant Ecumenical Council. Mr. Harrison is pastor of a prosperous church in Camden Town, one of the suburbs of London. In person, as well as in other respects, he is a very creditable representative of English Nonconformity—tall, dignified and gracious he is a man that everybody loves; we all call him “Joshua Harrison,” out of pure affection for him. If he does not win all hearts in the States, I shall be surprised. With him comes his inseparable ally and friend Dr. Stoughton,

who was originally at Windsor, and is now at Kensington, "the Court Suburb." Dr. Stoughton has written four admirable volumes on the ecclesiastical History of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. You will find him a very accomplished and kindly man. Henry Allon of Islington is also coming—one of the most vigorous, frank-hearted, and generous men that God ever made. If he were not my very dear friend, I should say much more about him. He is one of the editors of the *British Quarterly*, and has also rendered great service to us by improving the character of our Psalmody. If he comes to Chicago, you should get him to lecture on this his favourite subject. With him, I suppose will come Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society—a man who, in his own provinces is omniscient. Ask him to tell you whether he knows anything about a missionary sent out three or four years ago by the A. B. F. M. and he will describe the station at which your friend is settled, the flowers in her garden—all the productions of the neighborhood—the general appearance of the country, and whatever else "the oldest inhabitant" is likely to know. The chances are that he will know more about the trains between New York and St. Louis than half your New York merchants, and as much about Chicago as though he had lived there twenty years. In addition to being Foreign Secretary for the London Missionary Society, he examines candidates for the Indian Civil Service. Of him, too, I must say less than I should like to say. We have known each other intimately for many a year, lived in each other's houses, and travelled together, and I never yet saw in him a stain or a flaw.

Father Hyacinthe, in a recently published letter on the work and the results of the Ecumenical Council, presents the following remarkable and startling protest against the heads of the Church of Rome :

"At such a moment as the present every Christian has a right to raise his voice in defence of his faith and that of all. For myself I feel an interior pressure to accomplish that duty, and, as the prophet says, to deliver my soul : *"Tu autem aimum tuam liberati."* I protest, therefore, against the intended dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, such as it is formulated in the decree of the Council of Rome. The reason is that I am a Catholic, and that I desire to remain so : therefore I refuse to admit, as imposing on the creed of the faithful, a doctrine unknown to the ecclesiastical antiquity, disputed even to-day by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development, but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and in the immutable rule of its faith. Because I am a Christian and wish to remain so, I protest with all my soul against these almost divine honours awarded to a man who is presented to our faith—I was about to say our worship as uniting in his person both the domination which is repugnant to the spirit of the gospel of which he is the minister, and infallibility incompatible with the clay of which he is formed like us. One of the most illustrious predecessors of Pius IX. St Gregory the Great, rejected, as a sign of anti-Christ, the title of Universal Bishop, which was offered him. What would he have said of that of Infallible Pontiff ? On the 20th September last I wrote the following lines on the subject of the Council about to meet : "If fears, which I do not share, should be realised ; if the august assembly had no more liberty in its deliberations than it already has in its preparation ; if, in one word, it was deprived of the essential character of an Ecumenical Council I should cry to God and to men to demand another, veritably united in the Holy Spirit, not in the animus of parties, representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others." At present I raise this exclamation ; I appeal to a council really free and ecumenical. And above all to-day, as then, I appeal to God. Men have been impuissant to secure the triumph of truth and justice ; let the Almighty arise and take His cause in hand and judge it. The Council, which was to be a work of light and peace, has intensified the darkness and unchained discord

in the religious world. War responds to it as a terrible echo in the social system. War is a scourge of God ; but in bringing the chastisement may it not therefore prepare the remedy ! In removing the ancient edifice, may it not clear the ground on which the Divine Spouse of the Church will construct the New Jerusalem !—*Galigault*.

A writer in the *Christian Union* gives a most encouraging account of the progress of the truth in Mexico. More than half a century ago, Hidalgo, the founder of the Liberal Party in that country, rejected the confessional and the mass, and some other popish doctrines, and was tried by the Holy Inquisition for his heresies. His influence as a priest, however, combined with his ability and personal purity of character, gained him many followers, and ultimately led to the formation of an independent Reformed Mexican Church, with a nucleus of 50 priests. This movement was encouraged by President Juarez and his government from political motives, and two of the churches in the capital were assigned to them. French intervention in the person of Maximilian greatly crippled the movement, however, and for a time but little was heard of it. But now again the star of Bethlehem seems to be in the ascendant.

“ Many powerful influences,” says the writer, “ are now at work to open the way for an Evangelical movement in Mexico. The government desires the establishment of a counterpoise to their natural political enemy. Business men believe it is religious institutions which make the difference of prosperity between the United States and Mexico. The educated classes want freedom of thought and general intelligence. Then, too, all the church property has reverted to the hands of the local and national governments, and can be bought at nominal prices. The convents are abolished. The Inquisition is used for a college of medicine. Such incidents as these are continually occurring. “ A Jew of Monterey has bought for \$5,000 in gold one of the finest Jesuit churches of the city, and given it to the Protestants worshipping there.” “ A Roman Catholic congregation, in a town near the capital recently ‘pronounced’ in favor of the Evangelical Church, and after an uproarious ringing of bells, passed their church over to a Mexican Protestant missionary.

“ Nor amid all this political disorder has the blood of the martyrs been wanting to cement the rising edifice of the Church. They have perished mainly by lawless violence, or under the guise of military executions, but yet because they were hated for the truth’s sake, and have left their testimony and influence behind them. Others have been stripped of their possessions, and even now, in many places it is dangerous to meet for prayer and the reading of the Word.

“ This sifts character and gives the Mexican Christian an intensity of conviction and earnestness of life which savours of the days of reformation and of the first century.

“ Many preachers, formerly priests and monks, and earnest lay workers, are rising up here and there over the country. We might tell of Col. Romero, of Aquilar, and God’s marvelous answer to his dying prayers, but space fails. I shall speak of but one, Ponce de Leon, namesake of the discoverer of Florida, who found in a stray copy of the Bible a greater treasure than the fabled fountain of youth. He read it, taught only by God’s Spirit, and discovered for himself the errors of Rome. He then set himself to find the true church, and taught the truth as he had learned it wherever he could. When met by the Missionaries, God was already blessing his work. He has since become a power, and planted many a congregation in the City of Mexico and its neighborhood.

"There is probably no field in the world riper for the harvest. At Matamoras and Monterey, as well as the capital, great results have been reaped. Points of light are bursting out and churches forming all over the land. They need practical help and sympathy.

"How they do things in Chicago" is thus graphically described by the Rev. A. King, of London, in a letter to the *English Independent*:—

"Last Sunday the first Congregational Church of Chicago dedicated a splendid new edifice, recently erected while their pastor was enjoying a tour in Europe. He had just returned in time for the opening services.

"After sermon by the pastor, preceded by a grand choral performance, invocation, &c., the treasurer came forward, and in a very simple, business-like fashion said he had a few words to say about the financial condition of the church. They had begun to build as large and as cheaply as possible, aiming not to expend over 100,000 dols. Subsequently the lot and parsonage had been added at a cost of 40,000 dols. It was then thought better to dedicate the church complete, and so the ladies of the society took it upon themselves to furnish the house throughout, and the young people to supply the organ, so that they now had a complete church with a debt of 80,000 dols. The plan was to wipe out this debt, and he hoped not to leave the room until it was accomplished. He closed by offering to become one of four men to assume one fourth of the debt; one of eight to assume another quarter; one of sixteen to assume another quarter, and one of thirty-two for the fourth quarter besides leading off with a contribution of 625 dols. to aid in establishing the church library and reading-room, for which 5,000 dols. were required. Some time was then consumed in obtaining subscriptions from the congregation, and at the close of half an hour the amount pledged had reached 72,000 dols. Subsequently the contributions exceeded the whole sum required; so that a balance remained after paying off their little bill of £16,000. In two days after, the seats were rented for a year for over 17,000 dols.!

"This is how they do things in Chicago."

A pleasing feature of this new church is the providing of *eleven pews for the deaf*, where, by means of a copper speaking-trumpet at the pulpit, with rubber hose and cups attached in the pews assigned to them, those who are hard of hearing may still enjoy the services of the Sanctuary. God bless them for their thoughtfulness! This is "remembering them who suffer adversity as being themselves also in the body." Such an arrangement is not uncommon in London, and it should be found in every large church. The cost is trifling.

The sixty-first annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held at the Academy of Music, Montague-street, near Court-street, Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing Tuesday, October 4th, 1870, at 3 p.m. Sermon—Tuesday evening, by Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D., of Newark, N.J. The sermon will be delivered at the Church of the Pilgrims, corner of Henry and Remsen-streets.

The usual arrangements will be made to entertain those in attendance at the meeting. Parties intending to be present, are requested to give notice of such intention, by letter, addressed to Rev. H. H. McFarland, 157 So. Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., before the 15th of September.

The Committee are not certain as yet as to any arrangement being made with the Railway Companies for reduced fares.

Thirteen Jewish Rabbis recently met in Cincinnati, and resolved, *inter*

alia, that all references to sacrifices, angels, resurrection from the dead, a return to Palestine, and a personal Messiah should hereafter be omitted from the prayer-book; that the remaining prayers should be in English and German, and express the sentiments of modern Judaism; and that the Sabbath services shall under no consideration be transferred to Sunday.

There are now 86 missionary societies, and 4000 missionaries in the field; the gospel is preached in 15,000 localities in the heathen world; \$5,000,000 is annually collected to sustain them; 687,000 converts are enrolled in Africa, and 713,000 in Asia.

Correspondence.

GLIMPSES OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

DEAR "INDEPENDENT,"—There lived in one of our rural districts a man, whose religious character was extremely ascetic. So piously humble was he, that he laid himself out, for a *standing* rebuke against what he deemed the sin of that community—the adorning of the hair—by appearing in the sanctuary from Sabbath to Sabbath, with locks unkempt, if peradventure, their wild abandon might shame a perverse generation out of vain thoughts. He was a self-constituted paragon of humility—*humility-proud*. Who knows but the extreme reticence, on the part of brethren, lay and ministerial, who go abroad, in regard to their travels and summer vacations, may, in part, be accounted for by the presence of an asceticism not dissimilar to the case cited. Thereby practically, making so called becoming modesty or humility, to be *humility-proud*, without producing shame-facedness in those who thoughtlessly and aimlessly rush into print. Be that as it may, I cannot resist the mood, to furnish your readers with

GLIMPSES OF A SOJOURN IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Let me begin with Yarmouth, an interesting town in Nova Scotia, having an estimated population of 8,000. The *look* of the place bespeaks vigor and energy. Sanguine expectations are entertained of greater prosperity, when it will, at an early day, become a railway terminus. One is forcibly reminded of the princely mansions on the Montreal Mountain side, as he wanders out towards Yarmouth Cemetery and Burnside Grounds. Educationally, the town is well-favoured, having excellent schools, among which, "The Seminary" claims passing notice. If correctly informed, the building was erected at a cost of \$25,000, and is a credit to the Province; it is furnished after the modern style, and is very appropriately set on a hill. Not only does it afford facilities for receiving an English and classical education, but the modern languages, and the fine arts are successfully taught likewise. If the building of church edifices be any criterion to the religious interest of this place, the three places of worship, in course of erection, testify favourably. The Tabernacle, where the Rev. Mr. Burpee recently ministered, is a commodious and beautiful house; the organ, which did service in Old Zion, in Liverpool, (N. S.) has in it found a home, which it graces. The ladies' room, the school room, and the vestry are creditable to the heart and taste of this people. *They need a pastor.* May God speedily send them one after his own heart.

The Sister Church at Chebogue, about six miles distant, sends the cry to those whom it may concern, "Come over, and help us." This church has a history, and I know not if the collectors of materials for our future church

historian have gleaned in this field; if not it would well repay the reaper. I spent a forenoon in examining their "Record;" it is a model church-book, although upwards of a hundred years old. Of the principles and practices to which it testified, in the light of the present, I was constrained to say, "No man also having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better." May the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush ever rest with this branch of His planting!

"Homeward bound"—amidst the kind farewell's of friends in the gospel, we take our departure from Yarmouth, and 'ere the morrow's sun has risen, we shall have arrived at Saint John, whence we are minded to turn our face to Sheffield. The church here, as your readers already know, is "the oldest in the Province—the mother of most of them, and still a kind of centre to them all," as an ever-increasing centripetal force bears their youth, in common with all rural districts, to the centres of industrial enterprise. To every observing mind, it must be patent, that this centralizing tendency is eminently promotive of vital energy. What would our large city churches be, without the vitality country churches send thrilling through their veins! Just as well expect rivers without mountains. Among the pleasing reminiscences of our sojourn here, is the sweet counsel we took with the Rev. Mr. Dodd, the pastor of the St. John Union street Church, as together, we served this people in the gospel, on the evening of the preparation and on the Lord's day.

The church is at present without a pastor, "but prayer is made of the church unto God for one," and He who holdeth the stars in his right hand, will, with an ascension gift, verify his promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Although a matter of more immediate local interest, yet it is not without significance to the Province and the Dominion, that here an excellent academy is in full operation. Looking over its Register for 1869-70, I observe that the total number of students in attendance was 102. The institution in all its management, is on the most approved principles; its object being "to train boys to become christian gentlemen and scholars." A new house with furnished and well ventilated rooms, for forty boarders, was opened for the reception of students in 1867, and since it has been well patronized. The educational year, is divided into four terms; the charge for board and tuition per term, being \$40. Whilst unsectarian, the whole surroundings are Congregational, and we know of no more eligible place for Congregational ministers' sons, within reasonable distance, to be sent to for their education than "Sunbury Grammar School."

Sauntering along through Portland, Maine, by some kind of an affinity, I found myself in the region of the State street Congregational Church, where I learned, that, after a long widowhood, this church has the prospect of a permanent pastorate. In an *incog* conversation with one of the excellent ladies of the congregation, I discovered that the people preferred the bill of fare which D. D's. and such first-rate men could furnish, to the matter of fact a permanent pastorate could be held responsible for. Tell it not in Gath, but if not a prophet of evil, a cloud is discernible, little it may be like a man's hand, in our Congregational horizon, which portends disaster to the sacredness of the pastoral office. Never may the day come, when "hiring a minister" will, through usage, become incorporated into our ecclesiastical vernacular. But fearing my glimpses have become long looks, I beg to subscribe myself,

Sincerely yours,

ALEX. MCGREGOR,

Brockville, 18th August, 1870.

LETTER FROM REV. R. T. THOMAS.

[Although not intended apparently for publication, the following letter will be read with much interest by the many friends of the writer. We hope he

will occasionally favour us with further communications from the world's Metropolis.—ED. “(C. I.)”

13 VICEROY ROAD SOUTH LAMBETH,
LONDON, July 28th, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The enclosed bill will show you that although absent in the body I have not forgotten Canada. How can I! It is my spiritual birth-place, and

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
When wandering on a foreign strand.”

I rejoice to tell you that my health has much improved, and that I have been enabled during all this summer to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have not settled permanently in the ministry here as yet, but in different places have been proclaiming the joyful news of Salvation through Christ crucified, and at the same time trying to “reap the harvest of a quiet eye that broods and never sleeps.”

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of preaching from Dr. Spence of Hackney, from the pulpit once occupied by the far-famed Dr. John Pye Smith. Next Sunday I have been invited by the editor of the *English Independent* to Hanley Road, Kentish Town, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. E. White, whose letters on “Eternal punishment” appeared in the *Christian World* some time ago.

I have been residing in London during the last three months. It is indeed a marvellous place, the City of great contrasts—a microcosm—a world in miniature. Every week something occurs to stir and interest the public mind. Months have passed since the opening of the Royal Academy. In June last I visited this splendid exhibition of paintings, and found illustrations of spiritual truths glowing from the canvas on every side. One picture there might well move the soul of any christian, to more devoted labour in the cause of Jesus. It was a representation of Michael Angelo at work, rising at midnight, and placing a short lighted taper in his cap; he often (we are told) continued his labour until the break of day. He worked to achieve immortal fame. But oh! how much more noble and soul stirring are the motives which should impel us, as Christians, to spend and be spent in the cause of our Master and our friend! Oh that we might never forget that “the night is far spent—the day is at hand.” Just now the religious world in London hails the arrival of Rev. Robert Moffatt, the well known South African Missionary. He is to have a public reception by the Directors of the London Missionary Society on Monday next.

Of course the all engrossing subject in England at present, is the Franco-Prussian War. Apart from other and most important questions bearing upon it, do you not think, my dear Brother, that all religious denominations may find a useful lesson in the immediate Union of the German States when threatened by a common foe?

What Count Bismarck with all his subtle policy failed to effect has been accomplished by France declaring war. The German States were dis-united before, torn asunder by petty jealousies and civil strife, but France flings down the gauntlet, and lo! a change takes place. Trifling quarrels are forgotten, and all Germany unites to fight in defence of Fatherland, against a common enemy. God grant that United Germany may teach us, as Christians, to be more united while valiant for the truth. Why should there be any “battle of the sects.” Oh! that the time may speedily arrive when all men's points of difference forgotten, the sword of civil strife may be buried as we fight against the foe under the banner of the cross, endeavouring to conquer the whole world for Christ.

Please remember me kindly to Mrs. Wood, and other members of your family. And when you meet any of my dear brethren in the Ministry in Canada, convey my kind regards and brotherly love, and believe me,

Your's very sincerely,

R. T. THOMAS.

AN OFFER.

To the Editor Canadian Independent.

A Student in Theology, a graduate* of McGill College, of excellent abilities and devoted piety, is anxious to spend the months from middle of September till the end of the year in doing good, (not preaching however,) in connexion with some experienced minister in the country, where he could have his board and washing as compensation for his labour. He is a member of my church, not in our college, and by the rules of the seminary of which he is a member, he may not preach this year. He loves to do good. If any of our brethren would like such help let me hear from him promptly.

HENRY WILKES.

MONTREAL, 19th August, 1870.

News of the Churches.

Burford.—*Editor of Canadian Independent.*—DEAR SIR,—Your many readers who take an interest in the welfare of the churches, will doubtless be glad to hear a word or two from Burford. Although we have been called to pass through deep trials, and those most calculated to embarrass and weaken a church, yet we have emerged from them all purified and strengthened. I cannot do better than send a brief extract from the report of Deacon Cox, the Treasurer. He says: "Another year has passed since the reading of the last financial report, and although many have been cut down on our right hand and on our left, yet we as a church have not been called to mourn the loss of any of our members. Several have removed, but the loss thus sustained has been fully made up by additions, and though for the past year without a settled pastor, the officers of the church have secured acceptable supplies for the pulpit during the whole year, with but a few exceptions. It is therefore a source of gratitude, that although we cannot speak of much spiritual progress, the addition to the church by conversion being small, yet financially God has blessed us, for we can report unusual promptness and liberality in subscriptions, which enables us to meet all liabilities as they occur, and to begin the new year with a balance on hand, and what is still better, a united front in sustaining God's cause."

E.

Burford, Aug. 10th, 1870.

Brockville.—The Rev. Mr. McGregor, Pastor of the Congregational Church of this town, having been absent at the seaside for some time for the benefit of his health, was presented on his return with a congratulatory address. His residence was literally taken by storm, a tea party formed, music inaugurated and the welcome home address presented. The evening, it may be well imagined, was spent in a most delightful manner.—*Brockville Recorder.*

The Rev. Henry Lancashire, formerly of Lanark village, Ont., and at present of Whitehall, N.Y., writes us to say that he has resigned his pastoral

charge in that place, and would prefer to labour in Canada, should any suitable field be open to him. Missionary Secretaries, and others interested, will please make a note of the fact.

The Third Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Ontario and Quebec, will be held in the city of Ottawa, on the 7th and 8th of September, and will organize in the Congregational Church, on the morning of the 7th, at 10 o'clock. The usual reductions are promised in the Railway and Steamboat fares. Delegates intending to be present are requested to communicate at once with Mr. W. A. Lamb, of that city.

Official.

Congregational College of B. N. A.—The thirty-second session of this College will commence on Wednesday, September 21st, 1870. The public opening services including an Inaugural Discourse by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, Principal, will be conducted in Zion Church, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

GEORGE CORNISH, M.A.,
per H. W., Secretary.

N. B.—Students will understand that the session of McGill College commences on 14th September, 1870.

May I crave on behalf of the Board of Directors, the Professors, and the Students of the Congregational College of B. N. A., special prayer on Sabbath the 18th September, 1870. It has been usual to do this on the second Sabbath of October. Please let it be done with increasing fervour on the third Sabbath of September.

HENRY WILKES.

MONTREAL, 18th August, 1870.

The Lillie Memorial Fund.—The sum of *seventy-one dollars* (in addition to *five* already contributed, by a member of the church, and acknowledged) has been received from the church at Paris, per Rev. W. H. Allworth, and is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Received since last announcement, from Markham and Unionville, \$5.80.

I would call the special attention of the churches to the resolution passed at the Union meeting, urging them to make a collection *during the month of September*, towards the Funds of the Society.

MONTREAL, 20th August, 1870.

J. C. BARTON,
Treasurer W. & O. Fund.

The St. Francis Association of Congregational Ministers and Delegates—The next meeting of this Association will be held at Waterloo, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 6th and 7th of September.

Opening Session at 4 o'clock, p.m. In the evening Association Sermon by Rev. A. Duff; alternate Rev. L. P. Adams.

The following parts are assigned to be read on Wednesday:—

Essay on "Amusements in relation to Christian Character," Rev. J. Rogers.

Essay on "The agency of the Holy Spirit in Regeneration," Rev. J. Campbell.

Plan of Sermon, by Rev. L. P. Adams, also one by Rev. E. J. Sherrill.

Essay on "Christian Perfection," by Rev. George Purkis.

E. J. SHERRILL, *Scribe*.

EATON, QUE., August 3rd, 1870.

During the above meeting of the St. Francis Association, a Church will be organized, on the Tuesday evening, and on the Wednesday evening following (the 7th), the Rev. H. J. Colwell will be installed Pastor.

A. D.

London Missionary Deputation.—It is presumed that the proposed visit of Dr. Mullens and Mr. Allon to the Canadian Churches will lapse with the postponement of the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. Should they, however, fulfil this part of their programme, the Committee have agreed to the following plan :

	Dr. Mullens.	Mr. Allon.
Sunday, 9th October.....	Montreal.....	Montreal.
Tuesday, 11th "	Quebec (Lecture)	Sherbrooke (Lecture).
Thursday, 13th "	Montreal (Lecture)	Ottawa (Lecture).
Friday, 14th "	Kingston (Address)	Kingston (Address).
Sunday, 16th "	Toronto	Toronto.
Tuesday, 18th "	Toronto (Lecture).....	Bowmanville (Lecture).
Wednesday, 19th ".....	Hamilton (Address)	Hamilton (Address).
Friday, 21st "	Brantford (Lecture)	Guelph (Lecture).
Sunday, 23rd "	London	Paris and Brantford.

F. H. MARLING,
Convenor.

Toronto, Aug. 25, 1870.

Obituary.

The Rev. George Sterling, for twenty-one years pastor of the Congregational Church in Keswick Ridge, and the oldest minister of the Congregational body in the Lower Provinces, died a few days ago, after a short illness. Deceased was a native of Scotland, and formerly a Wesleyan. He was well known and highly esteemed.—*St. John Daily Telegraph, Aug. 15.*

Gleanings.

Bishop Clark once met a female parishioner on the street, whom he had not seen for several weeks. His cordial greeting was met by a frigid reserve on her part. He inquired the cause. She replied, "I have been sick for three weeks and you did not visit me once." "Indeed," replied the bishop, "I am sorry to hear that. Were you sick enough to have a physician?" "Certainly, he came every day." How did he know you were sick? "I sent for him, sir," was her reply. "True," answered the bishop, "and if you had sent for me I would have come, too." The point of the anecdote can possibly be seen by people who sometimes complain of the inattention of their pastors.