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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT

FOR 1890.

The Thirty-Seventh Year of Publication.

VOL. IX. (NEW SERIES.)

“One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.”

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, EDITOR

TORONTO:

PRINTED FOR THE CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, BY DUDLEY & BURNS, 11 COLBORNE STREET.

1891.

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TWO GOOD PAPERS.

The best paper for your family or your friend's family is the *Montreal Witness*, which while it is abreast with the news, is notable for its unexceptionable family reading and for its adherence to the great principles which it has consistently advocated for a generation. It has been during all that time the uncompromising foe of ecclesiasticism, of the drink traffic, and all forms of oppression, among which it counts protection. It has devoted itself much of late years to the promotion of reciprocity with the United States, and has recently been filled with the contest against Jesuit aggression, on which battle-field it is, as might be expected, the foremost and most fearless champion. The question and answer departments of the *Witness* have grown into an institution in the country, and the paper is well known as an old friend an instructor of the farmer; "Lindenbank," and "Rusticus," being still constant contributors. The children look for their special stories and for the puzzle department. The yearly subscription to the *Daily Witness* is \$3, and to the *Weekly Witness* \$1, which should be addressed to the publishers, John Dougall & Son.

The *Northern Messenger*, issued by the same publishers, is still the cheapest illustrated paper published, and is full of the best of family reading as well as reading for the young. The subscription price is only 30 cents a year.

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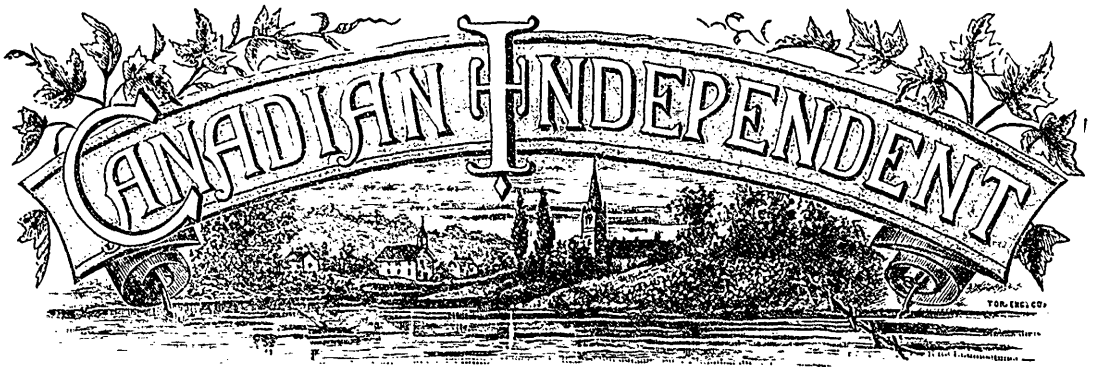
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REV. WILLIAM CUTHBERTSON, B.A.



New Series.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1890.

Vol. IX., No. 1

Editorial Gleanings.

REMITTANCES.—Since the P. O. authorities have taken the backward step of taxing letters five cents (instead of two) for registry, we advise all our friends, in remitting their *dollar* for the *Independent*, to get a P. O. order; which only costs two cents, and is safer than sending a bill in a letter.

A LAYMAN might be defined as an unordained minister, using the word "minister" in the sense that Christ used it when he said, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." The true minister is one who faithfully serves, whether he be ordained or unordained.—*N. W. Congregationist.*

"AH," said a man to his pastor, you so often tell us we ought to work more in the church; but you never give us good directions as to the *methods* of working. We know we ought to work more; and so we don't need so much exhortation on that point. But we *don't know how* to work. If you'd tell us how, I believe we would do a good deal of it."

EIGHT HUNDRED people worshipped together near Boston. After the collection, the plates were found to contain 622 *pieces* of money, of which 333 were single *cents*. "Sam" Jones recently preached in that very church on the subject, "Quit your meanness!" "Sam" is evidently not appreciated. Now, don't let anybody begin and count out the *cents* in some Canadian church. We should be a little afraid of the result.

GOOD Mrs. Lamou, of Nova Scotia, planted a "Missionary" Apple-tree 20 years ago. She

is dead; but the tree had \$5.75 worth of apples this year. Can't our young readers take a hint? But when you plant a tree, or beg one from "father," don't let it be a "Northern Spy." They are 12 years old before they bear. "Duchess of Oldenburg" is the quickest to bear, and the hardiest of all trees. But a few yards square of strawberries do very nicely.

MUCH as we dislike personal encounters between brethren, we could not deny Mr. Goldberg the opportunity he desired to reply to two or three words in one of Mr. Hall's letters, which he deemed unfavorable to him. If Mr. Hall replies privately, or to the Missionary Committee, it would probably be best. If however he replies through our columns, we will print his letter, if it is *short*. Then the matter must end, as far as the INDEPENDENT is concerned.

THE MANUAL of Doctrine and Church Polity, commenced in this issue of the INDEPENDENT, will, we hope, answer a certain useful purpose. Nothing in this world is perfect; but we trust the simplicity of the language used, the mighty truths touched upon, and the desire of many young people for some outline of Theology they can understand, may gain it a favorable perusal. It will probably be issued in a separate form when completed.

WE BEGIN in this number, a Serial Story by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," etc., from the pages of Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia. This is a good Magazine of its class. \$3.00 a year. A peculiarity is the giving of an entire story in each number. "All he knew" occupies 75 pages in the November issue. The circumstances were all known to

Henry Ward Beecher, who often urged Haberton to weave them into a Story; which he has now done with excellent effect.

SOMEBODY lately preached against money-making. He afterwards saw he had made a mistake, in not distinguishing between money-making as an *end*, and money-making as a *means*. Here is where a New York pastor was wiser than this man: and wiser than one of his members. This member told his pastor he was going to "retire": for he "had money enough." The pastor advised otherwise; to go on with his business, but hereafter to *give the Lord all the profits!* And the man did it; and made more money than ever, and was as happy as the day was long!

REVIVAL WORK—Now as the long winter evenings are with us, let every church get thoroughly engaged in special services, aimed to convert the unconverted and draw in the careless. We talk about Evangelists; but remember, every pastor, away from home, is an "Evangelist" where he is temporarily working. And none are better. It takes two or three weeks for the members of a church to wake up. Well; go to work so much the sooner! And beware of some "Social" or Entertainment—with fiddlers from afar, and nightly choir practice—to take any of your young people, just when you begin to get them interested!

REV. WILLIAM CUTHBERTSON, of Woodstock, writes in the *Sentinel-Review* of that town, of the recent death of Rev. Dr. Macfadyen, of Charlton Road Congregational chapel, Manchester, England. Dr. Macfadyen was a native of Greenock, Scotland: trained for the ministry in Lancashire Independent College, Manchester. He was a leader in the denomination: and honored by a term in the chair of the Congregational Union. Mr. Cuthbertson says of him: "In patient mental drudgery, in unwearied daily plodding, in an inspiring industry that quickened all around him, and in dogged tenacity in difficult undertakings, he had no superior among his contemporaries. His is the old lesson of encouragement to faithful doers, newly read out, that to the five talents also well used the blessing is given.

We have just thrown into the convenient

waste-basket, a sharp *jotting* about newspaper clippings, written when we were smarting under an unreasonable infliction. But we have cooled down. [Moral: Don't write anything till you cool down!] But we desire to say a word to two classes of correspondents: those who send newspaper clippings, and those who don't. To the first—we like to get original, and not second-hand, news of the churches: and now, after this *second* caution, we shall make very little use indeed of *clippings*. To the second—*do* try and write so that our printers can read it; and have your stops and capitals and paragraphs as you expect them to be printed. The printers' rule for all manuscripts is, "A manuscript should be as *perfect* as it can be made, before being given to the printer." Yet we often spend a whole hour laboriously deciphering and "touching up" somebody's article for the INDEPENDENT. Our last issue only contained one and one-half pages that were not set up from manuscript. We like to have it so; but we don't like the laziness that puts upon an Editor the task of practically re-writing half the MSS. sent him. But there! we shall get vexed again: so we stop.

"USE A BINDER."—We have had some Binders manufactured for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, cloth, with the name of the Magazine in gold letters on the outside. Two sets of brass fixtures, with a needle and strong thread, (all furnished with the Binder,) make the whole thing complete. It is patented, and made in Canada only by W. B. Blackhall of Toronto. It is the most perfect thing of the kind we have ever seen. We strongly recommend it. At the end of the year, you may leave the numbers where they are—and they are practically and strongly bound—and get a new Binder for the next year; or take them out, bind them in the usual way, or file them away, merely "tied up" by the binding-string through them, and use the Binder for the next year again. We send the Binders post-paid, at less than the ordinary retail price, at 75c. Remember, it is in good cloth, with "Canadian Independent" in gold letters, on the outside. If, after obtaining one of these, any of our readers should want a Binder for any other publication they receive, we can supply them, cheaper than they can supply themselves, if they will send us, in inches, the exact size of the paper or magazine.

Editorial Articles.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN.



EVERYTHING that affects humanity affect the Christian. And though at first he might be inclined to smile at the phantasies of "fashion," as beneath his notice, yet, when he sees these invading Christian households and insidiously paralyzing Christian effort and affecting human life, he becomes interested at once. We jibe at the Chinese fashion of compressing the feet of infant girls, that the women may attain with their feet the superlative smallness of two and a half inches in length. We think it is clear evidence of remaining barbarism. Why? "Because," we argue, "any practice which takes any part of the human body, so wisely and wondrously fashioned by Almighty skill, and changes it from its proper function and degrades it from its proper form, is an unwarranted interference with the Creator's work, and is a sin!" Have we a single Christian reader who will deny this proposition?

Look at some of the fashions among ourselves. Time was when we thought compression of the waist, among our women, had been largely laid aside. Physicians had exclaimed against it for twenty years; and the practice, as well as that of wearing thin slippers on the feet, had apparently come nearly to an end. Then the narrow skirts, and the corsage tightly fitted to the person, came in. There were some plain words uttered, ten or fifteen years ago, in many quarters, how that right-thinking men had no desire to have the exact contour of every lady's form thrust upon their observation at every turn. But the fashion prevailed.

Sculptors, who have studied the human form and put their thoughts into marble, have let us into some of their calculations. The human head, in any form of ideal perfection, is never so small as to be only one-eighth of the whole height; and never so large as to be one-seventh. In like man-

ner, the circumference of the waist, in a female figure of ideal perfection, is two-fifths the height of the figure. A well-known example is that of the Venus Medici at Florence. The Venus, not quite erect in her posture, is 5 ft. 1 in. in height. Call it 5 ft. 2½ in. "erect" and you have 25 inches for the waist, which is the exact measure.

We are conscious of speaking to the wind, if addressing the general public; but we speak to the members of our Missionary Board, W. C. T. Union and the Churches. Do you know that a full average measure, as allowed by "fashion," is twenty inches? Every merchant will testify to that. And can you compress the most delicate and sensitive part of the body FIVE INCHES more than the Creator intended it should be compressed without fatal consequences? Thousands of our professing Christian women are at this hour suffering all kinds of ailments and maladies from this very cause. Bloodlessness, want of circulation, weak eyes, lassitude, liver complaints and many other *life-long miseries*. There is hardly a healthy woman in the country. We have told the reason. Have our Christian women enough courage and Christian principle to emancipate themselves and to save the lives of thousands of their sisters? You who love the Lord Jesus Christ, do you love him enough to obey his physical laws, as your Creator? We leave the responsibility with you.

CONSTITUTION-MENDING.

There is a strong bias in many minds toward Constitution-mending, and time that would be better spent in going practically to work, is used in theorizing about status, and privileges and claims. There are many persons in the Congregational churches of the Dominion who do this. We never like to hear it, or to take part in such discussions. Surely, we see clearly enough in the New Testament, how the Church was founded by the Apostles. How the perfect independence of each Church was carefully secured; the ultimate appeal being to the Scriptures and the inspired Apostles. That the Apostles and Evangelists were extremely silent on the questions of creeds and formularies—organs and choirs—fruit-socials and sacred concerts—and all denominationalism in general; but were very clear and outspoken about Chris-

tians going to work—inwardly, toward better faith and more holiness, outwardly, with two hands full of good works; and both the outward and the inward helped each the other.

One of our valued brethren, a contributor this month, has been very much helped by writing on the subject. If he could have foreseen how his article was going to end, and turned it the other end foremost, it would have been a grand letter. But the discussion cleared his own mind, at any rate. We have often had the same experience. We wanted to write on some question, and did not know what side to take. But after giving, as fairly as possible, the arguments on each side, it soon appeared which were strongest and best, and where the right lay. In discussing the question, "Have we anything to do in Canada?" it is infinitely better to begin on the favorable side. See what we have been enabled to accomplish; what leavening we have, by Divine grace, done; what breathings of liberty have been suggested by us; what ecclesiastical barriers have been broken down, or quietly removed, at our demand; how the good fashion of every man going straight to the Bible for his faith and guidance, becomes every day more of a fact, and no longer a mere theory; that no Christian man has any right to let any man or any authority come in between him and the Lord Jesus, in any religious affairs. After looking at all these, and thanking God as adequately as we can for them all, we should have little heart then to go back to enquire whether our church is not getting somewhat crowded out in some little village; or whether we have or have not the same good prospect of carrying the country with us, that we thought we had thirty years ago. Our Constitution is all right: our liberty of working is unchallenged; our opportunities are always greater than our performances. Our members need to work more; our ministers to pray more; all to give more. We don't know a single church but could have one or two preaching-stations more, and livelier prayer-meetings, and more religion in the homes, and less holding out of a begging palm to the Missionary Society, and more encouragement to lay preachers, and more revival work—and more souls won to God! When we get to work in these particulars, we won't have time to ask ourselves whether we have a place in this

country. Our activities will answer our queries. At the end of his article, our brother Bolton arrives at the true solution. He says, "We can go to the people of this country, as McAll went to the working men of France, and give them a Gospel and a Church-polity that will develop a Christian manhood." Are not others thinking of that, as well as we? Is not the demand for liberty, even now, so great that any day may show a great rending of denominational restrictions, and men stepping out, in groups and organized bodies, and saying, "We only claim the liberty of action in all Church-affairs that the New Testament gives us; but we will take no less!" And whether they "follow with us," or not; whether they take the name "Independent" or "Congregational," or not; but work hard for Christ, with a might and power which only such liberty can give; we shall rejoice with them, and work hard with them, and consider ourselves one with them.

REV. WILLIAM CUTHBERTSON, B.A.

The choice of the Congregational Union for Chairman, last June, fell on Mr. Cuthbertson; and we thought we could not better call attention to the fact that, with the beginning of the year he enters upon his office, than by presenting as a frontispiece to this number a lithographed portrait by Alexander & Cable, of Toronto.

Mr. Cuthbertson was born in the town of Ayr, Scotland. After passing through the Ayr Academy, he became a student of Glasgow University. Proceeding to England, he was received into Spring Hill College, Birmingham, (now removed to Oxford, as "Mansfield College,") taking the full course of six years. While there, he took his B.A. degree in London University. He entered college on the same day as his distinguished friend, Rev. Dr. R. W. Dale.

His first charge was West Bromwich, in South Staffordshire. There he was ordained; the celebrated John Angell James giving the charge to the people.

In 1856 he accepted a call to the pastorate of Pitt Street Church, Sydney, New South Wales, presented to him by the selection of Revs. Thomas Binney, Samuel Martin, Dr. Halley, and J. A. James. Returning for reasons of health to

land, he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Bishop Stortford, Herts, in 1863. We have a vivid recollection of hearing Mr. Cuthbertson in England, in 1862, relating some of his Australian experiences. One of his stories about a Sea Captain converted through the heroism of two South Sea native teachers, we will tell, sometime, in the pages of the INDEPENDENT.

While pastor at Bishop Stortford, he was elected chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which position he held for the year 1879. In 1880 he left Stortford, and became pastor of the Markham Square Church, Chelsea, London, which position is now filled by our Canadian brother, the Rev. J. Lawson Forster, LL.B., late of Montreal.

At the close of the year 1882, Mr. Cuthbertson visited the United States. After seeing pretty thoroughly the States on the Atlantic Coast, he took a tour westward, and eventually settled into pastoral work in Chicago, where he remained three years. He afterward visited Canada; and on the 15th December, 1885, was installed in his present pastorate in the Congregational Church of Woodstock, Ontario. Here he has made the acquaintance, and commanded the esteem, of all the Congregational ministers in Canada, and become known as a most polished and effective speaker both in pulpit and on platform. Mr. Cuthbertson was trained in a school of thinkers who judged that inasmuch as politics, or the relation of the State to all its members, touched every man, therefore every man's duty, including ministers, was to see that justice and liberty prevailed; a position only hesitatingly assumed as yet by most of our Canadian brethren. He has, therefore, all his life been very outspoken on public questions.

Last year the members of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, elected Mr. Cuthbertson as Chairman for 1890, which position he formally assumes with this month.

Our Contributors.

"COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Saviour! I come! for I am very weary,
Laden with many a sin, with many a care;
And vain regrets have made my life so dreary,
Casting their blight on all the sweetness there

Saviour! I come! so gladly, oh, so gladly—
I lay my burdens at Thy sacred feet:
I lay myself beside them, oh, so fully;
And scarcely dare Thy look of love to meet.

For I have wandered from Thee—have denied Thee—
Turned from Thy precepts, sided with Thy foes;
And yet I have no hope on earth beside Thee,
To heal my wounds, and give my soul repose.

I bring to Thee my heart, it needs Thy healing;
'Tis wounded sore, and dark with many a stain;
Oh, may Thy precious blood, its power revealing,
Pardon, and cleanse, and make it white again.

Saviour! I come! for Thou hast called the weary;
I bow me to Thy yoke, and trust Thy love;
Smile Thou on me and life no more is dreary,
But bright with hope and comfort from above.

Cookstown, Oct. 6th, 1889.

MARIE.

A MANUAL OF DOCTRINE AND CHURCH POLITY.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

I. RELIGIONS, TRUE AND FALSE.

1. Religion is belief and worship, among men, of some power greater than themselves. There are true and false Religions.

2. True Religion is belief and worship of the One True God, the Maker and Preserver of all things. False Religion is belief and worship of supposed powers and gods.

3. We can know something of God, from nature, and the creation around us. This is Natural Religion.

4. Revealed Religion is when God makes known to men His character, His mercy, how sin can be pardoned, and salvation obtained; and the knowledge of eternal things.

5. The Bible is a collection of the messages God has given to men, through prophets, apostles, and other inspired men. The Bible contains all that is called Revealed Religion.

6. False Religions have so-called Sacred Books: as the Koran, the Shasters, and the Book of Mormon. These consist, partly of pretended revelations, and partly of moral instructions.

7. No Religion other than that of the True God, has ever brought any nation to a high degree of civilization or happiness.

II. God.

1. God is the Great Father of all men, and the Maker of all things.

2. God is a Spirit. He always lived, and will ever live.

3. God is wise and great; He knows all things; and is everywhere present.

4. God is good and kind; merciful and gracious; He loves men, and desires them to be happy forever.

5. God reveals Himself in three characters or persons: as the Father, He sent His Son to save us, and forgives and receives us; as the Son, He atones for our sins, and redeems us; as the Spirit, He renews us, and sanctifies us.

6. Thus God is Three in One. But there are not three Gods. There is but one God. The Three in One is called the Trinity, the Godhead.

III. JESUS CHRIST.

1. Jesus Christ is the Son of God; the Saviour.

2. He was born of the Virgin Mary, at Bethlehem, nearly 1900 years ago. Lived at Nazareth. Began preaching about the age of 30; and died about the age of 33.

3. He did great works—as healing the sick, and raising the dead.

4. He taught with wisdom, love and power. But the priests and rulers hated Him, and killed Him.

5. Christ fulfilled the Scriptures, which testified beforehand that He should be rejected, and despised, and slain. He died that we might not die eternally.

6. While He was on earth, He chose twelve apostles; to testify after His death, of the truth concerning Him.

7. Christ rose from the dead the third day. He showed Himself to the apostles, and others who loved Him; and then ascended to heaven, where He now lives and reigns.

8. He will come again, the second time, in great glory.

9. He will judge all men, at the Last Day.

IV. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. The Spirit shows us the truth, renews our hearts, and makes us holy.

2. He teaches us to hate sin, and to love Christ. To resist Him is sin.

3. He gives us the Scriptures, and also teaches us through our minds and consciences.

4. When we yield to the Spirit, we become, by His power, new creatures in Jesus Christ: we are born again.

5. As soon as the sinner yields to the Spirit, He begins to teach him how to please and obey Christ, and how to be holy. This is sanctification.

6. The Spirit not only works inwardly, on the mind; but also outwardly, in our circumstances, in what we call Providence. All His dealings with us are for our eternal good, and for God's glory.

7. Men being in sin, do not like to think of the Holy Spirit. But believers delight in His presence and teaching.

8. The Spirit reveals to us in the Scriptures all that is necessary for salvation.

9. The Spirit never leads men to believe anything that is contrary to the Scriptures.

V. SIN.

1. The first man and woman were holy. But they became sinners by disobeying God. They having become sinful, their children are also sinful.

2. Sin has the nature of becoming more and more, and worse and worse. Heathen nations, and those who practise sin in any nation, get worse rather than better.

3. Sin is anything that is wrong, in thoughts, or words, or actions.

4. God's command is, to love Him with all our mind and soul, and heart and strength.

5. Another command is to love our neighbor as ourselves.

6. Anything that falls short of this is sin.

7. Conscience often tells us whether a thing is sin: but conscience is not a perfect guide.

8. The Holy Spirit is a perfect Guide. He speaks to us in the Bible; and guides our consciences and thoughts.

9. Only God can forgive the sins we commit against Him.

10. Though the fact of sin remains forever (for, having sinned, no after-repentance can make it that we have not sinned), yet the pollution of sin may be removed, and the punishment of sin turned away; and this is through Christ.

11. God loves the sinner, and desires to restore and save him. He is therefore ready to forgive

him, the moment he comes through Christ. But God does, and always did, hate *sin*.

VI. THE LAW.

1. God revealed His Law, very fully in the Ten Commandments, which He gave to Moses, on Mount Sinai.

2. They were engraved on two tables of stone. We think the four commandments which show us our duty to God, would be on the first table, and the six last commandments, which show us our duty to men, would be on the second table.

3. The Commandments are :

i. Thou shalt have none other gods before me.

ii. Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them. for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me : and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

iii. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

iv. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

v. Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

vi. Thou shalt do no murder.

vii. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

viii. Thou shalt not steal.

ix. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

x. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor

his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. (Exodus, xx : New Version.)

VII. OUR DUTY TO GOD.

1. Every possible sin is not specified by itself : the list would be too long to remember.

2. But all possible sins are grouped into *ten* ; just as men are grouped into nations or tribes. And God declares war against the chief or king of each of these groups or tribes of sins.

3. The first group of sins is that which has Atheism, or Denial of God, for its chief. Atheism or Infidelity is a great sin.

4. But if we fail to remember God, or holy things ; or if we think of self, or of anything that exists, *more highly than we think of God*, we also break the First Commandment.

5. The second group of sins are Vain Ceremonies, instead of Heart-worship. The "Chief" is Idolatry—setting up some image, and bowing down to it. But if all our worship of God is some mere outward observances, we break the Second Commandment.

6. The Third Commandment is against Improper Speech. The "Chief" is Blasphemy, speaking evil of God. If we jest about holy things, or use idle words (though we may not think we come near Blasphemy), we are *under his flag*, and dwell in his Land !

7. The Fourth Commandment is against Godlessness, or Putting God out of our Lives. The worst instance of this, is refusing to give God the *one day He reserves out of seven* : Sabbath-Breaking.

8. The keeping of the Sabbath is a foretaste of Heaven. It is a blessing and necessity for the body, and a great blessing for the soul. No nation and no man was ever truly prosperous and happy, who neglected the Sabbath.

(To be Continued.)

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR MISSIONARY MEETINGS MORE HELPFUL?

This is a question of great importance. In the manner of conducting any meeting, but especially so of a missionary meeting, a wise method is essential. That our Churches are expecting the women to accomplish much in the way of instruction and enthusiasm is being recognized ; that we,

as co-workers with Christ and the Church, are slowly awaking to the world's needs, and our own blessed opportunity, is also a fact.

Our duty seems to be to encourage and assist each other, not only by co-operation, but also by our mutual instruction, that the heavenly things of the Gospel of Christ might be made to us inspiring, helpful and real. Allow me, therefore, to remind you of a few simple elements by which we may, by God's blessing, make our meetings more helpful. These may be five points guiding us as a star of promise for the future.

The first is *prompt attendance*. It is a good plan for the officers at least, and with them as many of the members as possible, to meet for an informal, social conversation, five or ten minutes before the appointed hour. Strangers may then be introduced, friendships renewed, and greeting given. The president or leader should call the meeting to order promptly, even when there is but a quorum present. If you have little to do, meet promptly, do it, and adjourn. When business presses, begin on time, attend to the work before you without undue haste on the one hand, or tardiness on the other, and do not extend the time of meeting except under very exceptional circumstances.

The second point may be called *sharing in the exercises*. There is one thing that we all can do, we can patiently listen. Apart from the social courtesy which this implies, there is also the respect due to the subject which brings us together in our missionary meetings. We may not be all able to sing the *tune*, we can all at least hum the words. We may not all possess the gift of audible prayer, but we all can say *Amen*. Most of us can read a selected piece, and many of us (many more than now do) might prepare original papers upon the geography, the history, the flora and fauna, and the people of our missionary fields. Let us all seek to find something that we can do, and finding it do it as our share of the work.

The third point I believe to be, a *pre-arranged programme*. If you want to have a dismal failure, omit the programme. If you want a success (and we do), have a good programme, carefully and previously arranged.

Prepare your programme for the following month, at the close of the previous meeting. Original

papers should be commenced, if possible, two months ahead. The author of a paper or the reader of a sketch, should have intelligence and interest enough to make their part so natural, that it will come from their hearts. Give them time, encouragement, and, where necessary, co-operation, so that they might assimilate the main features of the part they take, that so far as they are concerned, they are missionary in spirit. I firmly believe that one of our most common weaknesses is neglect in this particular. Where time is taken our best efforts can be made. I earnestly plead though our programme be brief, that it be carefully prepared and the very best we can get.

The fourth point is that we *interest every member*. Do you say this is, impossible? I answer, perhaps. Have you tried to do it? Some will, of course, reply, "Don't ask me to do anything for Foreign Missions; look at our own Home field." What would you say to a person like that? Our work lies in the united form. Most of our Societies divide their sympathies and their contributions between the Home and the Foreign interests. Our Home needs are great and many. If we can interest any of our sisters in the Home branch, let us for every sake do so. But let us not therefore "neglect the regions beyond." Let us find out what each member can do. One can write, another read, another sing, another sketch. A map made by a member showing the location of our workers in foreign lands, would interest every member. A similar map of each Province, as to our Home work, would similarly interest us all. A solo sung at even our private meetings, would inspire and help, whilst at our public meetings, good vocal music is essential to success. Our societies should change the committees often. In some cases it is desirable for the welfare of the society to frequently change officers. Such schemes will help to interest every member.

The fifth point of our Missionary Star may also represent its twinkling. We may call it *agitation*.

This is the very end and aim of our missionary meetings. If we do not agitate, we do nothing. Why! the very meaning of this word is "to stir up," and so the mission workers must move or fail. Agitation is our very life. From the days of the apostles until now, the work of the true Church has been agitation. In the Apostolic age, the

agitation was against a degraded Paganism, and an unspiritual Judarism. In after days the struggle was against legends, myths, superstition and bigotry. In these later days, the conflict is against ignorance, Mammon, and anti-Christ.

This then is our mission of to-day. Agitate! we must, or deny our Lord. Agitate! we must, or "quench the Spirit." What we all need to-day, as mission workers, whether identified with the Foreign or the Home work, is the spirit of Count Zircendorf, who chose as his motto: "That land is henceforth my country which most needs the Gospel." A dying missionary said this: "God has showed me—I knew He would—what He is going to do for Africa. Africa shall be redeemed! Brethren, glorious times are coming! These people will be converted, and all this land shall be the Lord's! Tell Christians in America that it will."

Another reason why we should do this, may be found in the fact that the only country on earth not open to Christian teaching is Thibet, and this very summer, Mr. and Mrs. Turner of the China Inland Mission, have begun to work in Thibet from the Chinese side.

What do these things mean? A living faith. A practical consecration. Progress. Yes, such progress as the world has never seen before! Let me remind you, in closing, that the real heroes of our mission work are not those who toil, languish, sicken and die, martyrs for the Truth, but rather those who labor, pray, weep, suffer, but hope on; literally, "living sacrifices," for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To support this work is the highest privilege that God can give us.

After giving us His Spirit, and the forgiveness of our sins, a spiritual *work* comes next. Learning something of the needs of the world without Christ. Learning at least something of the powers God has given us. Learning our responsibilities; learning our privileges. Learning as the Master may teach us, what He would have each of us to do. Taking with us to our meetings the Star of Hope, as we in our varied spheres may shine, and with it the spirit and sentiments of Dr. Samuel Wolcott's exquisite hymn:

"Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord:
With us the world to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord."

KATHA FRANKLIN.

ARE WE OPPOSED? IF SO, WHY?

As a denomination we have never whined as being a persecuted body. There has ever, from the time of Cromwell and Milton, been too much stalwart manliness in Congregationalists to permit them to try to make capital of, or to excite pity, by pleading persecution. The denomination, nevertheless, is the offspring of intolerance, and exists because freedom of thought on religious matters, and independent ecclesiastical action is denied elsewhere. It does not require extraordinary perception to convince us, that as a body, we are looked upon as being, not only unnecessary, but that our very existence is considered an impertinence by the larger surrounding denominations. Especially is this the case in the vicinity of our numerically weakest churches. How greedily are our faults, or those of our ministers seized and blazed abroad in intensified magnitude in the public prints, which, hyena-like, are ever looking for carrion with which to satisfy the morbid appetites of their readers. Seeming to point at us the finger of scorn, while saying to the world, "These be their gods, O Israel." In each of our provinces we are small in comparison, and weak, especially in some; and there the old adage is applied, "Hit him hard, he has no friends." Now, as Mark Twain says, "Why is this thus, and what is the reason of all this thusness?" As a denomination, we are a standing menace to less liberal bodies, and have a tendency by our proximity to weaken the influence which ecclesiastical power seeks to wield over the minds of its adherents. We teach that, though God did in times past speak unto the fathers by the prophets, He now speaks by His Son, not merely indirectly through any human system of rule and dogma, but also directly by His word and Spirit to each and all of His redeemed people, whom He hath made kings and priests unto God under the Christian dispensation.

This doctrine is against the teaching of those who would have men believe that grace must first be filtered through some church apparatus; and that spiritual, like natural food, is furnished by God in a crude state, and must never be taken on pain of anathema, unless it has first been prepared in some particular ecclesiastical kitchen, and cooled down in moulds to suit common constitutions, by

properly authorized sacerdotal cooks; men who desire to restrain mental growth, lest their flocks should be unfitted to receive any manipulation they desire to exercise. Congregationalism says to such, as the Egyptian did to Moses, before the time of his power: "Who made thee a prince or a ruler over us?" And to all dignitaries, whether the pretended head or accumulated powers, we say, "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren." We have no king but Jesus. Paul, when writing to the Church at Corinth, would not assume "dominion over their faith, but would be a helper to gather in their joy." As long as men assume no dictatorial power over our faith, but show a willingness as men of higher educational advantages, and as possessing greater spiritual insight and experience, to help me on in the Christian way to closer relationship to God in Christ Jesus, I welcome them as brethren beloved, as heirs of the same inheritance. We know these principles are to a degree permeating our neighbors' minds; hence they are looked upon as weakening their Church's power over them. Hence we must expect to be opposed; and when opposition ceases, that fact alone will prove that our distinctive principles have to a great extent accomplished the purposes of our denominational existence as a leavening body. The Apostle prayed that body, soul and spirit might be preserved; and he wrought as earnestly as he prayed to that end. Our work is the same: to enlarge the heart, build up and set free the mind, and seek the welfare of the *whole man*.

J. SHIPPERLEY.

WHAT IS THERE FOR A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER TO DO IN CANADA?

This question is so serious that it may well engage the attention of any Congregational minister. No doubt many of our brethren who are now "on the other side," have not had it answered satisfactorily, or else they had not gone there. Others who are still in the home field, anxiously ask whether there is any real need of their sacrifice?

We are sent to mission fields, and find a few families of our faith in a population largely composed of Methodists and Presbyterians, with a

goodly sprinkling of other denominations. We admit that the Evangelical doctrines, such as the new birth, are expounded and enforced; so that our peculiar mission is not to evangelize in the popular sense. Neither are we sent to baptize, as our Baptist brethren. Nor are we carefully instructed to proselytize. We are told that such proceedings are forbidden by the very genius of our system of doctrine and polity, which abhors sectarianism. It is also being said that the vantage ground of our polity is slipping away from us, through its gradual adoption by other bodies.

Our mission is not to evangelize in the narrow sense; nor to build up a sect; and our polity is being adopted by others. For all this we are devoutly thankful. But, we ask "What is there then for us to do?" Have we any mission? and if so, what is it? We have never had better reasons for our existence than we have now; and we have never had a better or greater opportunity for work than now. The mission of other Churches in their ecclesiastic peculiarities is on the wane. Our mission is but begun. We are the missionary body in Canada.

In the past, the Canadian people by their education, were prejudiced in favor of other Churches. Their system of government seemed more suitable to their minds. The popular mind was more likely to be ruled by the Church and the party, than to think for itself. Now, the situation is changing. There are signs of a movement from the people. They are beginning to think. Let that thinking go on, and there will be an upheaval. That this is the case, is evident from the steps taken to obtain a voice for the laymen, in matters which in the past belonged to the clergy only. There is also a chafing under the rigidity of creeds. He will be a most skilful manipulator of words who can preach the Confession of Faith and not raise a storm of protest and enquiry. Close Communion is not as palatable to ministers or people as it was. Ecclesiastical systems are straining and shaking. These movements will no doubt result in the modification of Creeds and polity, if it does not reach reconstruction.

Our hope is in the growth of thought and knowledge. A thinking and enquiring people may be ours. The people are saying, "We do not see any difference in Churches; they all preach the

same. Why keep up so many denominations? It would be cheaper and more Christian. Why not unite, and save expense?" And the earnest practical Christian says, "Better for us to spend less at home to perpetuate divisions, and spend more amongst the heathen." There are also the masses who care for none of these things. However we may account for such a state of affairs, it is clear that there is a feeling after something. We believe that we have the truth that meets the needs and demands of the times. We can go to the people of this country as McAll went to the working men of France, and give them a Gospel and a Church polity that will develop a Christian manhood in which there is intellectual and religious freedom; a manhood both individual and national. It is our glory as a Church, that we are free. Like Paul, we were "free born." We are not under bondage to any creed or discipline that makes us creatures of a system. Let a Congregational minister to-day propose to enter any other denomination, and he is met with a yoke he must be willing to be bound by, creed, ordinance, bishop or presbytery. Our fathers felt the galling of these yokes, and at a great cost cast them off. Shall we put them on? or stand by and see our fellow-men, who are galled by them suffer, and offer no help?

At the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the U. S., the negro pleaded for the liberty of being a *man*. He said, "We cannot go to the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists or Episcopalians, and be *men*. If you cannot give us what God gave us, all we can do is to go to *Rome*. Can you not give us that equality, in which there is no color line?" The National Council said, "We can. There is neither black nor white in Christ Jesus."

Men of thought and conscience cannot go to the denominations of Canada, and enjoy that freedom that God and the Bible gives. There is an ecclesiastical color line that divides the brethren. We have no such line to divide the brethren. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." That very principle excludes us from other Churches. They, by their creeds and systems, shut us out. Why should we not go to the country with these inexpressibly grand truths: They have braved more than one thousand years

of persecution and martyrdom from Church and State. Let us fling out our Gospel flag, emblazoned with these ideas: "The supremacy of Christ in the conscience and life. No sectarianism among brethren and the individual and moral responsibility of Man." With that Creed we can go to the country, and we shall be heard and accepted.

CHAS. E. BOLTON.

Correspondence.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor,—In the November No. of your readable magazine, among other excellent remarks about the teaching of *isms* into our public schools, you add: "But let children learn the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer; and the Scriptures, either by scholars or teacher, be publicly read every day, and the exercises opened and closed with prayer. They will remember it all their lives." Perhaps they will, *Mr. Editor*, for good or for ill. That depends on *how* they are read, and the *how* depends on the *who* that reads them. I have vivid and painful recollections to the present day of the reading of a certain portion of Scripture by a free-thinking teacher, whose free thought, though it added no verbal comments, spoke most distinctly through the skeptical, sneering smile. I have often wished since that I could not remember that reading; but I mourn over the fact that I cannot forget it. A few years ago, a school-teacher stated that he was obliged, for the sake of his bread-and-butter, to read the Bible in the school, though both "common sense and conscientiousness" would alike impel him to teach a science that contradicted it. "What we ought to have," he adds, "is either a recognition or a repudiation on the part of our educational authorities of the theories promulgated by the most eminent scientists of the present day. It is better not to teach science at all than to teach it under the conditions that I have indicated, cramped by *dogmas that clash with science at every point*." I would not like, *Mr. Editor*, to compel that teacher or any else to read the Bible. It would not be using him fairly. Still less would I want my child to hear him read it. Nor would I wish

such a book read with unbelieving and undevout lips. It would be a wrong and an injury to all three—the teacher, the scholar and the Bible. Still further, if we please to join in a partnership for the education of our children, let us be honest and allow the weaker partner rights that we claim for ourselves; we have no right to force even unbelievers who assist in supporting our schools to accept the use of what they regard as error. Though it be truth, even truth does not ask us to force a way for it. On the contrary, it resents the attempt to do so; for force hinders, not helps, its progress. God's method of teaching the Bible is not by the sword of the State or any carnal weapon. And though the mass of our public school teachers would doubtless love to read and teach the Bible, the State cannot provide such teachers or direct them in these matters. Whatever is done in this line must be voluntary with the teachers and those who employ them. We simply ask the State to allow them this freedom. And this is just what the State has done, I believe. It is astonishing how easily people are frightened by names. The much abused term "godless schools" is a great bugbear to many good people. So far as State control is concerned, the schools are godless and should be so, in the sense of compulsory religion. It might be better, however, to say that the State has nothing to do with making them either godless or godly; that does not come within its jurisdiction—a jurisdiction that belongs only to the teacher with the unanimous consent of the school sections. All would be agreeable to teaching the young to be courteous and not to lie, steal, or commit any other crime that would be injurious to society and offensive to the universal conscience. Also, whatever would damage the State, the State has a right to prevent; but beyond this, whatever is taught in the schools, be it secular or religious, must be a matter of universal agreement. As our communities are constituted, all cannot agree to teach the same version of the Bible, or even to teach *any* version in many cases. This work, then, must generally be done apart from State provision. It is the duty of the parents to do so in the first case; and if they neglect it, then let the voluntary religious agency of Christians and Christian churches undertake it. This is God's order. And if the

public who support our schools are not unanimous in the wish to have their children taught any kind of Bible or of religion, majorities make mischief by using their power of compulsion. Let the schools teach what all the members of the firm combine for, and no more. We can teach that two and two make four without the necessity of inculcating a divinity in such a law. Our children may learn that London is in England, and that Napoleon usurped the throne of France, leaving it to the pious parent or other Christian teacher to show the hand of Providence in such matters. It strikes me forcibly that the main-spring of this agitation for forcing the Bible into our common school system is the too common—the natural—tendency of us all to get relieved from duty that belongs to ourselves, by trying to shift it to the shoulders of civil authority.

Yours, etc.,

E. B.

Toronto, Nov. 18th, 1889.

LETTER FROM MR. GOLDBERG.

Dear Sir,—I shall be obliged to you if you will kindly insert this letter in the next issue of the INDEPENDENT, as it is a matter of vital importance to me. Hitherto I have refrained from resorting to the press, having felt reluctant to do so, but now I am compelled to it by circumstances. That which chiefly concerns me is the "paragraph" in Mr. Hall's letter, which appeared in the October number of this journal. As it stands there, every plain reader will suspect that Mr. Goldberg is guilty of some misdemeanor? I therefore write this in self-defence, and at the same time wishing the Congregational Churches and Pastors to judge, whether Mr. Hall was at all justified in publishing such a "paragraph." Mr. Hall—perhaps unwittingly—played a sort of paradoxical *role* with me. On the one hand he talks honey and sugar, and on the other hand he violently kicks me overboard. He says in said paragraph, "If he," *i.e.*, Mr. Goldberg, "can manage to accommodate himself to the conditions of life and work in a new country, he may prove a useful man." If he can manage to accommodate himself! Why? I have done so. Does Mr. Hall mean, that notwithstanding living in England for nineteen years, with the enjoyment of many advantages and privileges, that notwith-

standing that, on coming out to the backwoods of Nova Scotia, one requires to have his edges polished off? In fact, I have had that much intimated to me. It is evident, that according to the standard of Mr. Hall's judgment, who cannot possibly know very much of the character of the people, as he pays only a passing visit; according to Mr. Hall, a man settling in the Maritime Provinces, must of necessity metamorphose himself into a Nova Scotian fisherman; *i.e.*, a man has to identify himself with the people among whom he labors, assume their habits of life, their mode of thought, and, instead of giving, has to receive counsel and advice from them.

When I arrived in Brooklyn fourteen months ago and commenced work, my great anxiety was to organize and to consolidate the Church, and not to leave matters in a "*status quo*." I want to know, whether a man is to be accounted guilty of indiscretion and injudiciousness, because he tried to bring a disunited and unorganized Church into a compact whole? The success of my efforts has been and is apparent now. There is a greater regularity in the attendance upon the means of grace in God's House, and also punctuality; a thing I have been fighting for from the beginning of my ministry among this people. My labors have been constant and incessant, as will the people on the spot as well as the vicinity, testify. Why did Mr. Hall come with guileful language, and obtain from me permission to attend a Church meeting; and during my absence, cause a split between pastor and people? I remonstrated with him, but it was to no purpose. Having told him that there are a few persons who make themselves too officious in the Church; to my astonishment, utter amazement! he reported to these very persons what I said! However, when the excitement subsided, and the people reflected on the nature of the whole affair, a Church meeting was convened, and a unanimous invitation to continue in the pastorate was extended to me. The executive committee is well aware of this; since they were applied to by the deacons of the Church for a renewal of the grant.

Again, Mr. Hall says, "the members of the executive present at the Union, do not recommend a renewal of the grant under existing circumstances." In the first place, why did not Mr.

Hall explain what these *circumstances* were? As it is, I stand condemned under a suspicious cloud; as if I had committed aught wrong, which should at once disqualify me for the office of the ministry; as if I had acted disreputably; as if I had been lazily inactive, and as if I were incapable! In the second place, can one member of the executive, *viz.*, Mr. McIntosh—Mr. Hall is out of the question, he being the servant of the executive—can one member of the executive act thus summarily in a matter like this, without first consulting the rest of his colleagues? I leave the above to the Congregational public to judge, whether such is a proper "*modus operandi*" on the part of the Missionary Superintendent? Through Mr. Hall's uncalled-for, and to me unlooked-for proceedings, my present situation is indeed an awkward one. Is it right for a man who has the oversight of Churches, to say that he came prejudiced against one of the ministers? Must I alter my career in life because an irresponsible man comes and unwarrantably interferes with me, and disturbs my relationship with my Church? I shall be ready to meet Mr. Hall before the Executive, and let him explain in my presence what the circumstances were that prompted him to act in the manner he did act. I ask nothing beyond fair-play.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

M. M. GOLDBERG.

558 Yonge st., Toronto, Dec. 3, 1889.

MORE LIBERALITY.

DEAR SIR,—In looking over the statistics given in the *Year Book*, I was very much struck with the large number of our members who evidently contribute nothing to our various denominational objects.

I find that the expenditure of the different Societies was as follows:—

Canada Cong. Missionary Society.....	\$12,497 04
" " Foreign Missionary Society....	1,385 00
" " College.....	8,063 15
Widows' and Orphans' Fund.....	1,865 30
Union Meetings.....	520 63
Total.....	\$24,331 12

Also, that our total membership for the Dominion is 9,281.

Now, if *each member* contributed *one cent* for

each working day in the year over and above what they contribute to their own church, it would amount to \$3.12 per member for the year, or a total of \$28,956.72 for the whole membership, giving a surplus of \$4,625.60 over the expenditure of the last year, and would enable the different committees to carry on the work with increased energy, and not only so, but it would enable every pastor to attend the Union meetings, and every church to send a delegate, who could attend without fear of having to pay their expenses themselves; and what a benefit it would be for both pastors and churches! Now, we know that many contribute a great deal more than one cent per working-day, therefore, if none contributed less, what a grand total would be available for the work!

How would it do to get out circulars to be distributed in the churches, not one circular to each church, but one to each member and adherent; and a word to the pastors to impress its importance on their people? I am ready to contribute towards that purpose.

Montreal.

T. M.

Our Story.

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON, AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

As the Capital Express train dashed into the village of Bruceton one bright afternoon, a brakeman passing through a car was touched on the shoulder by a man who said,—

"The man that left this in the seat in front got out three stations back. You don't s'pose he'll want it again an' send back for it, do you?"

The brakeman looked at an object which the speaker held up as he spoke: it was a small fig-box, such as train-boys sometimes succeed in imposing upon the travelling public, and it still contained several figs.

"Want it again?" said the brakeman with a scornful curl of the lip that gave his black moustache a Mephistophelian twist: "of course not. He left it there so's to get rid of it, like most of 'em do. I wouldn't buy one of them boxes of—"

The brakeman suddenly ceased talking, and put both hands on the passenger's shoulders with the

movement peculiar to train-men whose duty it is to rouse sleeping passengers, the effect always being to make the victim throw his head slightly backward. Then the brakeman looked a moment into the face before him,—it was small, weak-eyed, and characterless, and continued,—

"Why, Sam Kimper, I didn't know you from Adam! That broad-brimmed low hat makes you look like somebody else. When did you get out?"

"This mornin'," said the passenger dropping his eyes.

"Did, eh? Well, you needn't feel so bad about it, old man. Anybody's likely to get into trouble once in a while, you know. You got caught; some other folks 'most always don't; that's about the difference. Let's see; how long was you—how long have you been away?"

"I was sent for two years an' a half," said the passenger, raising his head again and looking almost manly, "but, Mr. Briggs, I got all the shotenin' of time that's allowed for good conduct, —ev'ry day of it. If you don't believe it, I'll prove it to you. My term begun on the 11th of August, eighteen hundred an'—"

"Never mind the figures, 'old man: I'll take your word for it."

"But I wanted you to be sure; I thought mebbe you'd tell other folks about it, seein' you're a good-hearted feller, an' know ev'rybody, an' I never done you no harm."

"I'll tell 'em anyway," said the brakeman, cherrily. "I ain't no saint, but I'm always ready to help a fellow up when he's down. I've got to get to the rear now, to uncouple a car we have to leave here. S'long, Sam."

"Say, Mr. Briggs," said the passenger, hurrying along behind the brakeman; "you don't s'pose there's any chance for me to get a job in the railroad-company's yard, do you?"

The brakeman turned with a sharp look which speedily softened as he saw an earnest appeal in the little man's face.

"Well, Sam," he replied, his words dragging slowly along, "the yard's always full, an' men a-waitin.' You'd have to give bonds for good behaviour, an' honesty, an'—"

"Never mind the rest, Mr. Briggs," said the convict, shrinking an inch or two in stature. "I didn't know about that, indeed I didn't, or I—"

"Well, you needn't be a-Mr.-Briggs-in' me, anyhow," said the brakeman. "I was only Jim before—you left town, Sam, an' I want you to go on callin' me Jim, just the same. Do you understand that, confound you?"

"Yes, Mr.—Jim, I do; an' may God bless you for sayin' it!"

"Here we are: good luck by the car-load to you, Sam." Then the brakeman looked back into the car and roared,—

"Bruceton."

The discharged prisoner consumed a great deal of time and distributed many furtive glances as he alighted, though he got off the train on the side opposite the little station. The train remained so long that when finally it started there was no one on the station platform but the agent, whose face was not familiar to the last passenger.

A gust of wind brought to the platform a scrap of a circus-poster which had been loosed by recent rain from a fence opposite the station. The agent kicked the paper from the platform; Sam picked it up and looked at it; it bore the picture of a gorgeously-colored monkey and the head and shoulders of an elephant.

"Ain't you goin' to put it back?" he asked.

"Not much," said the agent. "I don't rent that fence to the circus, or menagerie, or whatever it is."

"Can I have it?"

"Findings are keepings," said the agent, "especially when they ain't worth looking for; that's railroad rule, and guess circus companies haven't got a better one."

The finder sat down on the platform, took a knife from his pocket, and carefully cut the monkey and the elephant's head from the paper. Then he walked to the end of the platform and looked cautiously in the direction of the town. A broad road, crossed by a narrow street, led from the station; into the street the little man hurried, believing himself secure from observation, but just then the door of a coal-yard office opened, and Judge Prency, who had been county judge, and Deacon Quickset emerged. Both saw the new arrival, who tried to pass them without being recognized. But the deacon was too quick for him; planting himself in the middle of the sidewalk, which was as narrow as the deacon was broad, he stopped the wayfarer and said,—

"Samuel, I hope you're not going back to your old ways again,—fighting, drinking, loafing and stealing?"

"No, deacon, I ain't. I'm a changed man."

"That's what they all say, Samuel," the deacon replied, not unkindly, "but saying isn't doing. Human nature's pretty weak when it don't lean on a stronger one."

"That's how I'm leanin', deacon"

"I'm glad to hear it, Samuel," said the deacon, offering his hand, though in a rather conservative manner.

"Sam," said the judge, "I sentenced you, but I don't want you to think hard of me and take it out of my orchard and chicken-coop. It wasn't your first offence, you know."

"Nor the tenth, judge. You did just right. I hope 'twas a warnin' to others."

"I think it was," said the judge, thrusting both

hands into his pockets and studying the wall of the station as if it were the record of his own court. "I think it was; and here's my hand, Sam, and my best wishes for a square start in life."

As the judge withdrew his hand he left behind a little wad of paper which Sam recognized by sense of touch as the customary American substitute for the coin of the realm. The poor fellow did not know what to say; so he said nothing.

"Hurry along to your family, Sam. I hope you'll find them all well. I've told my wife to see to it that they didn't suffer while you were away, and I guess she's done it: she's that kind of woman."

Sam hurried away. The deacon followed him with his eyes, and finally said,—

"I wonder how much truth there was in him—about leaning on a higher power?"

"Oh, about as much as in the rest of us, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" The deacon snapped out this question; his words sounded like a saw-file at work.

"Merely what I say," the judge replied. "We all trust to our religion while things go to suit us, but as soon as there's something unusual to be done—in the way of business—we fall back on our old friend the devil, just as Sam Kimper used to do."

"Speak for yourself, judge, and for Sam, if you want to," said the deacon, with fine dignity, "but don't include me among 'the rest of us.' Good-morning, judge."

"Good-morning, deacon. No offence meant."

"Perhaps not; but some men give it without meaning to. Good-morning."

"I guess the coat fits him," murmured the judge to himself, as he sauntered homeward.

CHAPTER II.

Sam Kimper hurried through a new street, sparsely settled, crossed a large vacant lot, tramped over the grounds of an unused foundry, and finally went through a vacancy in a fence on which there were only enough boards to show what the original plan had been. A heap of ashes, a dilapidated chicken-coop, and a forest of tall dingy weeds were the principal contents of the garden, which had for background a small unpainted house in which were several windows which had been repaired with old hats and masses of newspaper. As he neared the house he saw in a cove in the weeds a barrel lying on its side, and seated in the mouth of the barrel was a child with a thin, sallow, dirty, precocious face and with a cat in her arms. The child stared at the intruder, who stopped and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"Pop!" exclaimed the child, suddenly, without moving.

"Mary!" exclaimed the man, dropping upon

his knees and kissing the dirty face again and again. "What are you doin' here?"

"Playin' house," said the child, as impassively as if to have had her father absent two years was so common an experience that his return did not call for any manifestation of surprise or affection.

"Stand up a minute, dear, and let me look at you. Let's see,—you're twelve years old now, ain't you? You don't seem to 'ave growed a bit. How's the rest?"

"Mam's crosser an' crosser," said the child; Joe's run away, 'cause the constable was after him for stealin' meat from——"

"My boy a thief! Oh, Lord!"

"Well, we didn't have nothin' to eat; he had to do it."

The father dropped his head and shuddered. The child continued: "Billy's goin' to school now; Jane's servant-gal at the hotel; Tom plays hookey all the time, an' the baby squalls so much that nobody likes her but Billy."

The man looked sad, then thoughtful; finally he put his arms around his child, and said, as he kissed and caressed her,—

"You're to have a better dad after this, darlin'; then maybe the mother'll feel pleasanter, an' the baby'll be happier, an' Tom'll be a good boy, an' we'll get Joe back somehow."

"How's you goin' to be better?" asked the child. "Goin' to give us money to buy candy an' go to all the circuses?"

"Maybe," said the father. "I must go see the mother now."

The child followed her father to the house; there was not much excitement in the life of the Kimper family, except when there was a quarrel, and Mary seemed to anticipate some now, for she drawled, as she walked along,—

"Mam's got it in for you; I heered her say so many a time sence you war took away."

"The poor thing's had reason enough to say it the Lord knows," said the man. "An'," he continued, after a moment, "I guess I've learned to take whatever I'm deservin' of."

As Sam entered his house, a shabbily-dressed, unkempt, forlorn-looking woman sat at bare a pine table, handling some dirty cards. When she looked up, startled by the heavy tread upon the floor, she exclaimed,—

"I declare! I didn't expect you till——"

"Wife!" shouted Sam, snatching the woman into his arms and covering her face with kisses. "Wife," he murmured, bursting into tears, and pressing the unsightly head to his breast,—*"wife, wife, wife, I'm goin' to make you proud of bein' my wife, now, that I'm a man once more."*

The woman did not return any of the caresses that had been showered upon her; neither did she repel them. Finally she said,—

"You *do* appear to think somethin' of me, Sam."

"Think somethin' of you? I always did, Nan, though I didn't show it like I ought. I've had lots of time to think since then, though, an' I've had somethin' else, too, that I want to tell you about. Things is goin' to be different, the Lord willin', Nan, dear wife."

Mrs. Kimper was human; she was a woman, and she finally rose to the occasion to the extent of kissing her husband, though immediately afterwards she said, apparently by way of apology,—

"I don't know how I come to do that."

"Neither do I, Nan; I don't know how you can do anythin' but hate me. But you ain't goin' to have no new reason for doin' it. I'm goin' to be different ev'ry way from what I was."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Kemper, releasing herself from her husband's arms and taking the cards again. "I was just tellin' my fortune by the keerds, havin' nothin' else to do, an' they showed a new man an' some money,—though not much."

"They showed right both times, though keerds ain't been friends to this family, confound 'em, when I've fooled with 'em at the saloon. Where's the baby, though, that I ain't ever seen?"

"There," said the woman, pointing to a corner of the room. Sam looked, and saw on the floor a bundle of dingy clothes from one end of which protruded a head of which the face, eyes, and hair were of the same tint as the clothing. The little object was regarding the new arrival in a listless way, and she howled and averted her head as her father stooped to pick her up.

"She's afraid you're goin' to hit her, like most ev'ry one does when they go nigh her," said the mother. "If I'd knowed you was comin' to-day, I'd have washed her, I guess."

"I'll do it myself, now," said the father. "I've got the time."

"Why, you ain't ever done such a thing in your life, Sam!" said Mrs. Kimper, with a feeble giggle.

"More's the shame to me; but it's never too late to mend. When'll Billy get home, an' Tom?"

"Goodness knows; Billy gets kep' in so much, an' Tom plays hookey so often, that I don't ever expect either of 'em much 'fore supper-time. They talk of sendin' Tom to the Reform School if he don't stop."

"I'll have to stop him, then. I'll try it anyway."

"It needs somebody that can wollup him harder'n I can; he's gettin' too big for my stren'th. Well, if here they don't both come! I don't know when I've seen them two boys together before, 'less they was fightin'. I wonder what's got into 'em to-day?"

The two boys came through the back yard, eyeing the house curiously, Billy with wide-open eyes and Tom with a hang-dog leer from under the

brim of his hat. Their father met them at the door and put his arms around both.

"Don't do that," said Tom, twitching away; "that sort o' thing's for women an' gals an' babies."

"But I'm your dad, boys."

"Needn't make a baby of me, if you be," growled the cub.

"I'd give a good deal, old as I am, if I had a dad to make a baby of me that way, if it was only for a minute."

"Oh, don't be an old fool," said Tom.

"I heerd in the village you'd been let out," said Billy, "an' so I found Tom an' told him, an' he said I lied, an' so we come home to see. Did you bring us anythin'?"

"Yes," said the father, his face brightening, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and took out the fig-box. "Here," as he gave a fig to each of the children and one to his wife, "how do you like that?"

"Good enough," growled Tom, only I don't care for 'em unless I have a whole box. I lift one out of a train-boy's basket, at the station once in a while."

"Don't ever do it again," said the father. "If you want 'em any time so bad you can't do without 'em, let me know, an' I'll find some way to get 'em for you."

"An' get sent up again for more'n two year?" sneered the boy.

"I don't mean to get 'em that way," said the father. "But I've got somethin' else for you." Here he took the circus-pictures from his breast, where they had been much flattened during the several demonstrations of family affection in which they had been involved. "Here's a picture for each of you."

Billy seemed to approve of the monkey, but Tom scowled, and said,—

"What do I care for an elephant's head, when I seen the whole animal at the show, an' everthin' else besides?"

"S'pose I might as well get supper; though there ain't much to get," said the wife. "There's nothin' in the house but corn-meal; so I'll bile some mush. An'," she continued, with a peculiar look at her husband, "there ain't anythin' else for breakfast, though Deacon Quickset's got lots of hens layin' eggs ev'ry day. I've told the boys about it again an' again, but they're worth less than nothin' at helpin' things along. The deacon don't keep no dog. Now you've got home, I hope we'll have somethin'."

"Not if we have to get it that way," said Sam, gently. "No more stealin'; I'll die first."

"I guess we'll all die, then," moaned Mrs. Kimper. "I didn't s'pose bein' sent up was goin' to skeer all the spirit out of you."

"It didn't, Nan, but it's been the puttin' of a

new kind of spirit into me. I've been converted, Nan."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Kimper.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Tom, after a hard laugh.

"You goin' to be a shoutin' Methodist? Won't that be bully to tell the fellers in the village?"

"I'm not goin' to shout, or be anythin' I know of, except an honest man; you can tell that to all the fellers you like."

"An' be told I'm a blamed liar? Not much."

Mrs. Kimper seemed to be in a mournful revery, and when finally she spoke it was in the voice of a woman talking to herself, as she said,—

"After all I've been layin' up in my mind about places where there was potatoes, an' chickens, an' pigs, an' even turkeys, that could be got an' nobody'd be any the wiser! How will we ever get along through the winter?"

"The Lord will provide," croaked Tom, who had often sat under the church window during a revival meeting.

"If He don't we'll do without," said Sam. "But I guess we won't suffer while I can work."

"Dad converted," muttered Tom. "Dad converted: d'ye hear that?" said he, hitting his brother to attract attention. "I must go down to the hotel an' tell Jane; she'll steal me a glass of beer for it. Converted! I'll be ashamed to look the boys in the face."

CHAPTER III.

The Kimper family thinned out, numerically, as soon as the frugal evening meal was despatched. Tom and Billy disappeared separately without remark; Mary put on a small felt hat which added a rakish air to her precocious face, and said she was going to the hotel to see if sister Jane had any news. Half an hour later the cook, all the chambermaids, waiters, barkeepers, and stable-boys at the hostelry were laughing and jeering, in which they were led by Jane, as Mary told of her father's announcement that he had been converted and would have no more stealing done in the interest of the family larder. The fun became so fast and furious that it was obliged to end in sheer exhaustion; so when Tom came in an hour later he was unable to revive sufficiently to secure the stolen glass of beer which he had coveted.

Sam Kimper did not seem to notice the disappearance of the more active portion of the family. Taking the baby in his arms, he sat with closed eyes while his wife cleared the table. Finally he said,—

"Nan, ain't you got nothin' else to do?"

"Nothin', that I know of," said the wife.

"Come an' set down alongside o' me, then, an' let me tel' you about somethin' that come about while I in the penitentiary. Nan, a man that

used to come there Sundays found me a-cryin' in my cell one Sunday; I couldn't help it, I felt so forlorn an' kind o' gone like. I'd felt that way lots o' times before, when I was out an' around, but then I could get over it by takin' a drink. There's always ways of gettin' a drink,—sweepin' out a saloon, or cuttin' wood ag'in' winter when the saloon 'll need it. But there wasn't no chance to get a drink in jail, an' I was feelin' as if the underpinnin' of me was gone.

"Well, the man said he knowed a friend that would stand by me an' cheer me up. His name was Jesus. I told him I'd heerd of Him before, 'cause I'd been to revival-meetin's and been preached to lots by one man an' another. He said that wasn't exactly the way he wanted me to think about Him,—said Jesus used to be alive an' go around bein' sorry for folks that was in trouble, an' He once comforted a thief that was bein' killed in a most uncomfortable way, though Jesus was havin' a hard time of it Himself about that time.

"That hit me where I lived, for I—well, you know what I was sent up for. He said Jesus was God, but He came here to show men how to live, an' He wanted me to think about Him only as a man, while I was in trouble. He said the worse off a man was, the more sorry Jesus was for him: so I said,—

"I wish He was here now, then."

"He is here, my friend," said the man. "He's here, though you can't see Him. He ain't got nothin' to make out of you; neither have I; so you needn't be afraid to take my word for it. I'll tell you some of the things He said." Then he read me a lot of things that did make me feel lots better. Why, Nan, that man Jesus was so sorry for men in jail that He went back on some high-toned folks that didn't visit 'em; just think of that!

"After a while the man said, 'You seem to be feelin' better.

"So I am," said I.

"Then believe in Him," says he, "an' you'll feel better always."

"I've been told that before," says I, "but I don't know how."

"The man looked kind o' puzzled like, an' at last says he,—

"What's yer politics?"

"I'm a Jackson Democrat," says I.

"All right," says he; "but Andrew Jackson's dead, ain't he?"

"So I've heerd," said I,

"But you still believe in him?" says he.

"Of course," said I.

"Well," says he, "just believe in Jesus like you do in Andrew Jackson, an' you'll be all right in the course of time. Believe that what He said was true, an' get your mind full of what He said,

an' keep it full, remindin' yourself over an' over again for fear you forget it or other things 'll put it out of your mind, an' you'll be happier while you're in jail, an' you won't get back here again, nor in any other jail, after you've been let out."

"Well, that was encouragin', for I didn't want to get in no jails no more. When the man went away he left me a little book that didn't have nothin' in it but things that Jesus Himself said. I read it lots; some of it I didn't understand, an' I can't get it through my head yet, but what I did get done me so much good that I found myself kind o' changin' like, an' I've been a-changin' ever since. Nan, I want you to read it too, an' see if it don't do you good. We ain't been what we ought to be; it's all my fault. The children ain't had no show; that's all my fault, too, but it 'll take all that two of us can do to catch up with 'em. I want you to be always on the side o' me, Nan."

"We can't let 'em starve," said the wife; "an' if what you're believin' is goin' to keep you from pickin' up a livin' for 'em when you get a chance, what are we goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to work," said Sam.

"Sho! You never done three days' work hand-runnin' in your life." Then Mrs. Kimper gave a hard laugh.

"I've done it over two years now, an' I guess I can keep it on, if I get the chance. I can stick to it if you'll back me up Nan."

"There ain't much to me no nowadays," said Mrs. Kimper, after a moment or two of blank staring as she held her chin in her hands and rested her elbows on her knees. "Once I had an idee I was about as likely as they make 'em, but things has knocked it out of me,—a good many kind of things."

"I know it, poor gal," said Sam; "I know it; I feel a good deal the same way myself sometimes; but it helps me along an' stren'thens me up, like, to know that Him the visitor in jail told me about didn't have no home a good deal of the time, an' not overmuch to eat, an' and yet was cheerful like, an' always on His nerve. It braces a feller up to think somebody's who's been as bad off as himself has pulled through, an' not stole nothin'; nor fit with nobody, nor got drunk, but always was lookin' out for other folks. Say, Nan, 'pears to me it's gettin' dark all of a sudden—oh!"

The exclamation was called out by the cause of the sudden darkness, which was no other than Deacon Quickset, who had reached the doorway without being heard. The deacon's proportions were generous; those of the door were not.

"Samuel," said the deacon, "you said this afternoon that you were a changed man, and that you were leaning on a strength greater than your own. I want to see you make a new start and a

fair one; and, as there's a prayer and experience meet'ng around at the church to-night, I thought I'd come round and tell you that 'twould be a sensible thing to go there and tell what the Lord's done for you. It will put you on record, and make you some friends; and you need them, you know."

Sam was pallid by nature, more so through long confinement, but he looked yet more pale as he stammered,—

"Me—speak—in meetin'? Before folks that—that's always b'longed to the church?"

"You must acknowledge Him, Samuel, if you expect Him to bless you."

"I hain't no objections to acknowledgin' Him, deacon, only—I'm not the man to talk out much before them that I know is my betters. I ain't got the gift o' gab. I couldn't never say much to the fellers in the saloon along around about election-times, though I b'lieved in the party with all my might."

"It doesn't take any gift to tell the plain truth," said the deacon. "Come along. Mrs. Kimper, you come too, so Samuel will have no excuse to stay home."

"Me?" gasped Mrs. Kimper. "Me?—in meetin'? Goodness, deacon, it gives me the conniptions to think of it! Besides,"—here she dragged her scanty clothing about her more closely,—"*I ain't fit to be seen among decent folks.*"

"Clothes don't count for anything in the house of the Lord," said the deacon, stoutly, though he knew he was lying. "Meeting begins at half-past seven, and the sun's down now."

"Nan," whispered Sam, "come along. You can slip in a back seat an' nobody 'll see nothin' but your face. Stand by me, Nan: I'm your husband. Stand by me, so I can stand by my only friend."

"Deacon ain't no friend o' yours," whispered the trembling woman in reply.

"I'm not talkin' about the deacon, Nan. Don't go back on me. You're my wife, Nan; you don't know what that means to me now,—you reelly don't."

Mrs. Kimper stared, then she almost smiled.

"I mean it, Nan," whispered the man.

Mrs. Kimper rummaged for a moment in the drawers of a dilapidated bureau, and finally folded a red handkerchief and tied it over her head.

"Good!" said the deacon, who had been watching the couple closely. "We'll go around by the back way, so nobody will see either of you, if you don't want them to. I'll take Samuel along with me, and you can drop in wherever you think best, Mrs. Kimper. I'm not going back on any man who is going to turn over a new leaf. Come along."

(To be Continued.)

News of the Churches.

WATERVILLE, QUE.—INSTALLATION. — On thirteenth November, Rev. J. W. Goffin, lately from England, was installed as pastor of the Waterville, Que., Congregational Church.

A Council assembled at 3 p.m., and was called to order by the Rev. Thomas Hall, of Kingston. Prayer by Rev. Geo. F. Brown; Scripture read by Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D., Sherbrooke.

Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D., was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Geo. F. Brown, Scribe. The Moderator read the letter missive to the Churches, and explained the object of the Council. The following constituted the Council:—

Melbourne Church.—Rev. G. F. Brown. *Sherbrooke*—Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D. do. Delegate, A. S. Hurd, Esq.; *Eaton*—Rev. Geo. Skinner; *Danville*—Rev. J. G. Sanderson; *Home Missionary Society*—Rev. Thomas Hall.

The Secretary of the Church at Waterville, Mr. L. Larson, read from the minutes of a Church meeting held Oct. 14th, 1889, showing that the Church had extended a call to the Rev. J. W. Goffin, and had appointed a committee to convey the invitation to Mr. Goffin. The Secretary also read the reply of Mr. Goffin, accepting the call. Documents and credentials were presented, to the satisfaction of the Council. On motion of the Rev. J. G. Sanderson, it was "*Resolved*, That the credentials of the Rev. J. W. Goffin are considered sufficient and satisfactory."

Mr. Goffin then read a paper, setting forth his Christian experience, and also giving his religious belief. He was examined at some length by the several members of the Council.

The audience then retired, and the Council proceeded with its deliberations. After proper discussion and consideration of the matter before them, on motion of Rev. J. G. Sanderson, seconded by Rev. Geo. Skinner, it was unanimously "*Resolved*,

1. That this Council is fully satisfied with the examination of the Rev. J. W. Goffin, and that the action of the Waterville Church in calling him to its pastorate is cordially approved.

2. That the Council proceed to instal him on behalf of the Church.

In the evening a large congregation gathered, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. H. E. Barnes, on the words of our Lord to Peter: Matt. xvi. 19: "And I will give unto thee, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. Rev. Geo. Skinner offered the installation prayer; Rev. Geo. F. Brown the right hand of fellowship; the charge to the pastor by the Rev. J. G. Sanderson, and to the people by the Rev. Thomas Hall. The service throughout was most impressive, and will long be remembered by the people.

We are very glad to learn that the Waterville

Church has now started as a self-sustaining Church, and still not in any way impoverishing their newly-elected pastor.—(Condensed from report by a correspondent.)

MELBOURNE, QUE., DEDICATION SERVICES.—On Sunday, Nov. 10th, the new Congregational Church of Melbourne, P. Q., was dedicated to the service of God by appropriate ceremonies. Three sermons were preached, respectively, by the Revs. Dr. Barbour, of Montreal, J. G. Sanderson, of Danville, and Dr. H. E. Barnes, of Sherbrooke.

The morning sermon was a very able, scholarly and interesting one, from Luke iv. 16, and was greatly appreciated by the large audience, who followed the learned speaker's remarks with deep interest. The speaker showed how that Christ approved the building of churches, by His example in entering into the Synagogue to read and to explain the Word of God; and he dwelt at some length on the all-important part that the Bible held in the Church, and in every Christian home and heart. In concluding, he gave some excellent advice, mingled with congratulations, to the people and their pastor, Rev. Geo. F. Brown, upon their success in building the new and beautiful church at Melbourne.

Afternoon services, 2.30 p.m.; sermon, Rev. J. G. Sanderson; text, Acts xvi. 13. From this very appropriate text, the Rev. speaker drew some very beautiful thoughts and illustrations, which were exceedingly instructive and interesting. He also, in concluding, gave some excellent advice, and, in his own paternal and pleasing way, congratulated the pastor and people upon the completion of their new house of prayer.

Evening services, 7 p.m.; sermon by Rev. Dr. H. E. Barnes—Matt. xvi. 18. In this able and interesting sermon, the prominent feature was Christian Union. The learned preacher did not favor organic Church Union, but warmly advocated a closer union of heart among Christian people. He thought that all denominations should frequently assemble together, and together partake of the Sacrament and meet each other upon ground common to all believers in Christ. The audience, which was composed of Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Congregationalists and other denominations, were evidently in full sympathy with the speaker. Thus closed the instructive and impressive services of the dedication of this beautiful new church, which stands as a witness of the perseverance, self-sacrifice and enterprise of our Congregational people and their pastor, Rev. George F. Brown.

On the Monday following, the Québec Association met in their semiannual session in the new

church. The ladies of the church provided an excellent dinner for them in the basement. At the close of the dinner, a most pleasant hour of toasts and speech-making was indulged in. In the evening, there was a public tea and a platform meeting. The speeches were all excellent, the key-note of nearly every one being a closer Christian Union, each denomination professing an earnest desire for such union.—Condensed from *Richmond Guardian*.

FOREST.—The annual meeting of the Forest Congregational Ladies' Aid Society was held on Monday, November 4th. A social evening had been arranged for by the young lady members of the Society. The business meeting was held in the school-room, before the public meeting, at which the election of officers took place. At eight o'clock the chair was taken by one of our honorary members, Mr. John Livingston. After singing and prayer, a short programme was given, consisting of music by the Choir; recitations and readings from Misses Hamilton, C. Gammon and F. McPherson; after which the Secretary read the report. Refreshments, which had been provided by the young ladies, were then partaken of, and a social hour was spent. A few short addresses were given by some of the gentlemen friends present, and the meeting was brought to a close by all singing the Doxology. The report of the Secretary showed a successful year. Membership, sixteen; amount raised during year, \$146; meetings held monthly, which open with a short prayer meeting in the parlor of the church, and fees and subscriptions taken. We are now aiming to clear off the church debt, having paid the debt on the parsonage during the year. We have arranged for a lecture, social evening, anniversary service, and a garden party. Officers for the coming year:—President, Mrs. Hamilton; Vice-President, Mrs. J. Hay; Secretary, Miss A. Gammon; Treasurer, Mrs. D. McPherson. We are without a pastor at present. Have had supplies for the two last Sundays, and have had a prayer-meeting instead of preaching service ever since our pastor left.—Com.

TORONTO, NORTHERN.—There is a good working "Young Men's Association" in this church, holding fortnightly meetings on Friday evenings. Sometimes essays, then again speeches or debate, and occasionally a lecture. The editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT gave one such on December 13th, on "Some Reminiscences of a New Settlement." Their programme for this winter has at its head "Canada." The subjects are all to be native. Such Societies are good; and when well managed, as this one is, only good. Then the young ladies have a Society also—"The Young Ladies' Missionary Society"—with more officers than the other—and meeting on the odd Fridays,

fortnightly, like the young men. Their full programme for the winter lies before us, comprising thirteen essays, beside six or seven other meetings. Go on, young friends! Many of us would like to have had your privileges of self-advancement.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—THE NEW CHURCH.—It seems a long while, nearly a year, I should think, since I first began to think of writing to the INDEPENDENT an account of our opening services. It has taken a much longer time than the most optimistic of us had anticipated, to bring our work to completion. We have had in common with all who attempt such things, our share of difficulty and annoyance and weary waiting. But we forget all these now in the joy of our completed work. Our church is built; we have said good-bye to the "Hall" in which we were hatched out, and have entered upon larger and freer experience. We have now a church-home; a place we can call our own, and well suited to our wants.

Last Sunday, 8th December, Rev. J. B. Silcox, so well known to most of your readers, preached the opening sermons in the new building. He came to us in good health and spirits, and his visit was an inspiration. There can be no better proof of the vitality of Canadian Congregationalism that it can let such men go away and still live. He preached three times. The services increased in interest and numbers, till the climax was reached in the evening, when he faced an audience of nearly 800 people, by actual count, though outside the night was black and pouring rain. In the morning emphasis was laid upon the place which the heart, i.e. the affections, has in religion. The incident which furnished the subject was the familiar one of Mary breaking the alabaster box of precious ointment on the person of her Lord. In the afternoon we were shown the place which reason occupies in matters religious. At the evening service a new and powerful sermon was preached from the old text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In earnest, solemn language the great doctrine of "consequences," was pressed home to the conscience. Not having heard Mr. Silcox since his student days, when he used to try his "prentice hand," in the old church at Coldsprings, his preaching was a revelation to us of growth and development.

On Monday evening we were favored with the lecture, "Grip and Grit," which is a dish of *chow-chow*, in which may be found a mixture of all good things. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Silcox went home, but the festivities went on. An old-fashioned tea meeting was on the programme for Tuesday night. After the tea a platform meeting was held, addressed by resident clergymen. This meeting, too, was a happy success. And as I write this, looking from my study-window, I can

see the ladies of the congregation gathering about the church and making arrangements for their bazar, this afternoon and evening. This brings the services, which began a week ago with a grand concert, to a close. It has been a week of hard work and anxiety, but full of hope for the future.

Vancouver church has to some extent become an old song, yet I doubt not many of your readers, have still enough interest in us to be glad that we have at last entered the church. We are thankful to all the friends in the East who have helped us, in kind words and gifts of money. We have a special feeling of gratitude to Mr. George Hagde, who has done so nobly for us. We could scarcely have managed, or at least, we would hardly have dared what we have had it not been for his encouragement. We hope that our work here will prove that the confidence of our Eastern people was not misplaced.

Our building is a beautiful one, especially in the interior. It is seated in amphitheatre style, and its acoustic properties are particularly good. We can seat comfortably 500 people, but can manage in a pinch to put in 900. When the time comes to put in the gallery, we shall have a church large enough for 1200 people.

We are not free of debt—nothing like it. But we will be in a position to look after our obligation, and I hope begin at once to pay it off. Our work is one just begun. We have a burden to carry. We do not expect easy times. But we are better equipped than ever before, and shall be disappointed if we do not accomplish larger and better work. The interest in our work is well sustained. What the effect of the change will be we cannot tell for some time yet. We will have in some respects to gather a new congregation. However, we will try to keep you "posted."

J.W.P.

HAMILTON.—At our last Communion, eleven new members were received into church fellowship. On Friday eve., December 6th, Rev. W. Cuthbertson, of Woodstock, lectured in the church on "Some of the leading phases of Religious Life and Thought in Canada." The audience was not as large as it should have been, considering the eloquent lecturer and the subject. However, Mr. Cuthbertson's effort was greatly appreciated by those present. On the following Sunday, Mr. Cuthbertson preached at both services, on behalf of Home and Foreign Missions, at which special collections were taken.

On Tuesday evening, December 3rd, the Mutual Improvement Society met at Mr. T. Bale's. The programme consisted of songs, readings, and a conference on the "Physical Geography of the Sea," led by one of the lady members. A most instructive evening was spent.

The Christian Endeavor Society, conducted the first week-night service in the Canada Street (Congregational church (late R.E.), on Thursday evening, December 5th, and Sunday evening services were commenced on the Sunday following, the Rev. John Sharp conducting the latter.

On Monday evening, December 2nd, the officers of the Y.P.S.C.E. for the next six months were elected as follows: President, W. J. Aitchison; 1st Vice, Miss Sharp; 2nd Vice, Miss B. Maxwell; Secretary, Sandford Chilman; Treasurer, D. Morton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edgar. Conveners of Committees: Lookout, S. H. Alexander; Prayer-meeting, R. Robertson; Social, R. Hopkin; Sunday-School, Miss Gibson; Flower, Miss Bale; Music, Miss Edgar. One of our deacons characterizes this Society as the most enthusiastic and progressive in connection with the Church.

I send with this the names of two new subscribers, and expect shortly to send you the names of several others who speak highly of sample copies given them.

R.H.

SPEEDSIDE.—After thorough renovation, the church here was re-opened on the 15th inst., services being conducted by the pastor. On Tuesday evening a public tea and meeting were held, when gratifying reports were given of the vitality of the various organizations connected with the church. On Wednesday evening after tea, a children's service was held, which proved both interesting and attractive. In addition to the improvements in the church, new sheds have just been added and a new stable is in course of erection. The whole expenditure involved has been cheerfully met by the members of the church and congregation. The past year has been one of uninterrupted prosperity.—*Com.*

TORONTO, BOND STREET.—The Bond Street Bible Class held its annual social last Monday evening, when the teacher, Mr. Edmund Yeigh, was presented by his pupils with a pair of handsome bronzes.

The Bond Street Auxiliary of the Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions have voted \$50 to the Mount Zion Church, Toronto; \$50 to the Brandon Congregational Church; \$25 to the St. Thomas Church; and \$50 towards the deficit in the funds of the Home Missionary Society. The auxiliary is doing a good work, the result of energetic officers, and a large and active membership.—*Canadian Advance.*

TORONTO, WESTERN.—We see by the city papers that a very interesting series of meetings was held in connection with the anniversary of this church in November. Rev. R. P. McKay,

of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church, Rev. T. W. Jeffers, of the Berkeley Street Methodist Church, and Rev. John Burton, of the Northern Congregational Church, preached, respectively, at the three Sabbath services. On the Monday evening, a tea was held, at which a number of speeches were made.

We notice that the pastor, Rev. A. F. McGregor, has lately been elected the President of the Ministerial Association of Toronto—an influential body, composed of the ministers of all denominations in the city.

EATON, QUE.—Our church is quite prosperous, and we have no old debt hanging over us. Our people are trying to maintain our pastor without the aid of the C. M. Society, and we hope to succeed. Rev. Geo. Skinner has now been with us six years, and during that time there have been twenty-five additions in number to our church.

Mr. Skinner seems to be much interested in his Gospel work, and we trust that he will yet see the outpouring of God's Spirit upon his labors. But much of the financial strength is now and then leaving us for other fields, and we hope they will be useful to other churches, if not to us. . . . I am very much attached to the INDEPENDENT. I read it all; and it is the only paper among all that I take that I wholly read.—**HIRAM FRENCH.**

REV. DR. BARNES, SHERBROOKE.—We clip the following from the *Congregationalist*, Boston:—Ministers are human, and we do not blame them for being slightly ruffled in temper when they have an overcoat stolen while preaching the gospel in an adjoining room. There have been two instances of this sort in Boston within a fortnight, the last victim being a visiting brother from Canada, Rev. H. E. Barnes, who preached for Rev. Nehemiah Boynton last Sunday evening. Satan always did like to appear in the borrowed robes of righteousness, but this overcoat trick is a modern phase of his rascality which ought to be circumvented even if ministers have to wear their overcoats into the pulpit.

REV. J. C. WRIGHT, late of Belwood and Garafra, but compelled to resign from ill-health, is now in the new State of Washington, on the Pacific Coast. He has improved in health a great deal, and has taken charge of the Congregational Churches in Whatcom and Fairhaven. Mrs. Wright and the children were to start on Tuesday, 3rd December, on their long journey to join him; and we change the address of his INDEPENDENT accordingly.

SOUTH CALEDON AND CHURCHILL.—These churches seemed a little anxious to get Rev. John Brown for pastor. Gave him "a half-call," as he puts it. But he has concluded to remain where he is, at Sourisford, in Manitoba, in connection with the Presbyterian work. He is well, with a son at school, one daughter married, and two others teaching school.

REV. R. T. THOMAS. The first pastor of the Northern Church, Toronto, has been for a number of years in England. He has lately, on account of ill-health, resigned the pastorate of Chishill, in Essex. A tea was held, at which Mr. Thomas was presented with an illuminated address, and a purse of gold. Many regrets were expressed at his retirement.

REV. ALEX. MCGREGOR, of the First Congregational Church, Pawtucket, R. I., has just concluded a three-months' series of Sunday night sermons on "The Hymns of the Church."

Missions.

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR AFRICA.

The church at St. John, N. B., is well organized; it has many Societies. Many friends calling on the pastor on Saturday afternoon, December 7th, between the hours of two and six, would have found his home merry with the voices of some fifty children.

The occasion was the annual sale of the *Mission Band*, in connection with the church. Since the summer vacation, the little ones under the supervision of their faithful young president, have met fortnightly, and last week the parents and others interested, had the opportunity of seeing some of the results of these bi-monthly gatherings.

The exercises opened with a chorus followed by the repetition of the twenty-third Psalm, and the Lord's Prayer in concert. The Band was then examined as to name, location and condition of our Canadian Mission station in West Central Africa; its climate, population, and manner of work in which Mr. Currie is engaged; also as to Mr. Lee's departure, route and arrival at the coast whence he will soon join our pioneer missionary.

Those present gained some helpful information, and were impressed with the idea that the "Faithful Workers" had been engaged in head-work, as well as hand-work.

Some of the boys and girls recited appropriate pieces, and two quaint choruses were sung by six of the tiniest members. A very pretty exercise was then taken part in by twelve little girls, each holding a silver-colored star, in the centre of

which was a crimson letter, the whole spelling the words "Mission Stars." After the recitation of verses in connection with the motto, the whole Band joined in singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." At its close, all were invited to patronize the refreshment and fancy tables, and thus encourage the children in their efforts for Foreign Missions. The proceeds amounted to \$27. A. S.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 13th 1889.

Temperance.

MR. SPURGEON ON DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. Spurgeon said he felt inclined to commence like the young men who attended weddings—"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"—for it was quite true that his week-day addresses very often became sermons. Their attention, he continued, had been called to-night to the terrible sin of drunkenness, and he wanted to say a little about this great curse of our country—this deadly serpent—which poisoned the very soul. Let them look to their Bibles if they wanted to know what God thought of drunkenness, and they would find that it had been there placed in the very worst company. Together with fornication, murder and adultery, it had received the censure of God; and Christians were commanded to have no fellowship with those who drank, as well as with those who committed unmentionable sins. Many a time drink was the next door neighbor of murder, for that crime lay in the intent, and how often had the drunkard lifted his hand to strike the blow which would deprive of life. To drink was a violation of the Ten Commandments, for any man who took that which would shorten or destroy his life, was guilty of a breach of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." Drink incapacitated a man for the performance of his duty, and very often brought him all the way from Manchester singing, "We've got no work to do." To some men there came a time when they must be on the drink, and employers gradually felt that such a man could not be trusted. He knew men who were not more than thirty years of age who had literally drank themselves out of employment. Drunkenness prepared men for other crimes. If the story of what had been done under the influence of drink could be written, it would be a book too terrible to read. It has been said, "Oh Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name," but with now much more truth could it be said, "Oh Drink! what crimes have been committed in thy name?" Mr. Spurgeon then turned to the question of moderate drinking, and his statement to the effect that he who never drank

would never drink too much, was received with prolonged applause. He would advise, he said, that his hearers never gave people anything to drink,* but he certainly did not wish that nothing more than his earnings should be offered to any man. He thought that a cabman ought to have more than his fare.—*London Baptist.*

Selections.

GROWING OLD.

[Sent me in a letter from my daughter in Winnipeg. I know not who the author is; it may cheer up some lonely pilgrim in his progress to the celestial city.—H. C.]

They call it going down the hill when we are growing old;
And speak with mournful accents when our tale is nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used to be,
As if the future were not bright with immortality!

But it is not going down—'tis climbing higher and higher,
Until we almost see the mountain that our souls desire;
For if the natural eye grows dim, it is but dim to earth,
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shorting blade the waving golden grain?
Or when the corn was fully ripe, would wish it green again?
And who would wish the hoary head found in the way of truth,
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For though in truth the outward man must perish and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day to day;
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,
Shall in their old age flourish and bring forth their choicest fruit.

It is not years that make man old; the spirit may be young,
Though fully three score years and ten, the wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded in His blessed word of truth,
That they who wait upon the Lord shall e'en renew their youth.

And when the eyes now dim, shall open to behold the King,
And ears now dull with age shall hear the harps of heaven ring,
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old.

A CLERGYMAN after the Washington Conference said, "I shall go home understanding that my church is a force to work with, not a field to work in."

A RECITATION OF THE "LIGHT BRIGADE."

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

At Mr. Hammond's closing meeting in the South End Church of Boston, he spoke upon the work of the "Holy Ghost which is given unto us." He quoted numerous passages to show that it is the privilege of God's people to be led by the Spirit continually. For example: "I will pray the Father and He will give you another comforter that He may abide with you forever: even the Spirit of truth; for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." (John xiv: 16, 17) "He shall guide you into all truth." (John xvi: 13). "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." (Rom. viii: 14). After commenting on these and similar passages, Mr. Hammond related a remarkable instance of the leading of God's Spirit, which, in a strange manner, resulted in the conversion of a man who had faced death at the cannon's mouth.

He spoke as follows: "An incident in my experience illustrates some of the points of which I have been speaking in connection with these passages of Scripture. In the year 1863 I held a series of meetings in Rochester, N. Y., most of the churches of the city uniting in the work. One thousand and one from the Sabbath schools were examined and received into the churches. Nine hundred and sixty-three, largely adults, were admitted to the churches in one day. The work was general through the city and the surrounding country. After seven years I was invited back there to hold another series of union services. As I had kept no record of the sermons preached and the illustrations used, I was constantly studying for something fresh, which I had never used there before. One day I had but little time to study the subject for the evening. I knew that Dr. Shaw's large church would be crowded, and I felt greatly burdened for a blessing upon the people. My constant prayer was: "Cast me not away from thy presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me." I felt that the little I had in mind was as but "a few loaves and fishes, with which to feed the multitude." In Matt. xiv: 17, they said unto Jesus: "We have but five loaves and two fishes. He said, *Bring them to me.* And looking up to heaven he blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude, and they did all eat and were filled."

Thus I brought, in earnest prayer, what little I had to Jesus for his blessing, that it might be multiplied so as to feed the multitude. While speaking to the Christians, I sought to urge upon

them the importance of courage and holy boldness in fighting the battle of the Lord. I called their attention to those passages in the Acts, where the words "bold," "boldness," and "boldly" occur, and thus, by examples from God's word, and by the promises, I endeavored to strengthen the faith of God's people. At this point a new illustration occurred to me which I never before thought of using in a religious meeting.

It was in October, 1854, at Balaklava, during the war in the Crimea, that Lord Lucan gave the order to "The Light Brigade," numbering 630, to advance. "Advance whither?" was the question. "There is the enemy," was the reply, "and there are the guns." Truly, there they were. Six battalions of infantry, six solid masses of cavalry, with thirty heavy guns in position directly in front of them, batteries on the right, and slopes on the left, lined with riflemen and light field pieces; and a mile and a half to be traversed before they could meet the enemy. Truly, this was a ride "into the jaws of death," yet these noble men, "the flower of England," made the attempt. They took the guns, they cut their way through the infantry, and through the cavalry. By some blunder they were not supported, yet they cut their way back under the fire of the Russian guns,—"all that was left of them, left of six hundred." When a boy in college, I had repeated Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" as a declamation, and so, under the inspiration of the moment, I threw my heart into it, and made it as vivid as possible before the solemn gathering in Dr. Shaw's church, crowded in every part. The scene of that dreadful carnage was pictured before us all, as we beheld those valiant men cut down like the forest before the tornado.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
No; tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke;
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Just as I began to repeat this, a lady pressed her way in and stood by the open door, and not waiting for the application, she said to one of the ushers: "I thought this was an *evangelistic* meeting."

"So it is," was the reply.

"But I heard that poetry repeated over at the Corinthian Hall half an hour ago by a Shakesperian reader, in that same way. I don't see any *gospel* in that."

"But you have not waited for the application, you may yet find something good taught by it."

At the close of the service, good Dr. Shaw came to me asking: "Why did you put Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' in your sermon to-night?"

"I can't tell; it came in and out," said I.

"But I think it was a mistake, for some seriously objected to it. I do not want you or the meeting criticised. I hope you will never use that in a sermon again. It was too dramatic."

"I am sorry if I made a mistake. I know I was much in prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, before coming to the meeting. I am sure I felt my own weakness, and inability to accomplish any good without His help; and it was my prayer that I might be led only by the Spirit of God."

On my return home that night I said to my wife: "I think I must give up preaching."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, some were greatly displeas'd with the meeting to-night."

"Who were not pleased?"

I did not like to tell her, for I knew how much she respected the opinion of Dr. James B. Shaw, but she continued her inquiries till I had to tell her that Dr. Shaw was greatly disturbed at the meeting.

"What!" she exclaimed, "why did not Dr. Shaw like it?"

I did not wish to tell her, for I feared she might be as much troubled as Dr. Shaw had been. Again she asked *what* it was that Dr. Shaw disliked about the meeting. At last I had to tell her it was because I repeated Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Why, Edward, what did you do that for? I never knew you to do such a thing before; surely there was no gospel in that, and you are always talking about the importance of the gospel being found in all the illustrations used in such meetings. What gospel is there in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade?'"

That was a hard question to answer. She felt sorry about it, and so did I—worn out as I was with fatigue. I did not feel much better after, like a boy, I had had a good cry over the matter. I did not sleep much that night. Long before breakfast time the next morning, I was called to meet a gentleman in the drawing room, a fine, noble looking man. He astonished me by saying:

"I was one of the six hundred who fought our way to the redoubt at Balaklava, and one of the two hundred and thirty-six who came out alive.

"When the war broke out, I came to this country and espoused the side of the North. I have faced death in a hundred battles; but never till last night, when you repeated 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' did I feel what a miserable sinner I was. I seemed to be in the battle again. I saw my comrades cut down on my right hand and on my left, and the thought came to me, Why has God spared my life when I have so long been rejecting His Son, who died on the cross for me? This seemed to be the greatest sin of all. What I heard you say of His sufferings and death came vividly before me, and the tears fell fast from my eyes. As I looked around I noticed my wife, sitting by my side, bathed in tears. I found that she, too, was under deep conviction of sin. God had used those same words to show her that she must come to Christ or be forever lost. When we reached home, we fell on our knees and cried to God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us our sins and to make us His own children. That prayer was soon answered. This morning we both awoke happy. I could not wait for breakfast. I felt I must come and thank you for bringing that wonderful scene before me so vividly through the words of Lord Tennyson.

"I fully believe the Lord led you to do this. He

knew, very likely, that nothing else would lead me to realize my lost condition and my need of Christ. I was shown my great ingratitude in not loving Him who, as by a miracle spared my life, when nearly all my comrades were cut down in that fearful carnage. It was His Holy Spirit that led you to send those words home to my heart. They lifted the veil of forgetfulness and made me to hear the cannon's roar, belching forth death. I now see that my soul has indeed been brought

'Through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell.'

I can never cease to thank you for repeating Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'"

At the morning meeting, which filled the Presbyterian Church, this gentleman,—Professor Godfrey was his name, I wrote it on the back of his photograph which he gave me,—stood up and related, in substance, what he had that morning said to me. Many were in tears. Dr. Shaw, with much emotion, walked across the platform, and, taking me by the hand asked my pardon for what he had said the night before. "God, I believe," he added, "was answering your prayers in leading you to repeat that 'Charge.' He knew the effect it would have in bringing this man and his wife to Christ. After this, if you say anything in tea meetings, which may seem to me to be out of place, I shall pray that God may, in some way, use it for His glory in bringing some lost soul to Christ. 'His ways are not our ways nor are His thoughts our thoughts.' May the Lord help each of us to give ourselves up entirely to Him to be led by His Spirit, offering the prayer of the psalmist, 'Teach me thy way, O Lord.'"

A gentleman from England who heard Mr. Hammond repeat these facts, communicated them to Lord Tennyson, and received the following letter. Mr. Hammond read it in one of his meetings:

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Eng.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for your very interesting letter, and if, as you say, you can answer for the truth of the detail, it would be well if Mr. Hammond's record of his experience were more publicly known.

If you will give me leave, I would send an account of the particulars to one of our papers in this country.

Yours faithfully,

TENNYSON.

March 19th, 1887.

To God be all the glory!—*Hartford, (Ct.) Religious Herald.*

MR. ANDREW YOUNG, the author of the favorite hymn, "There is a happy land," expired at his residence, in Edinburgh, on Saturday, Nov. 30th. He was eighty-two years of age, and the author of a volume of poems. Once head master of Madras College, St. Andrews, he had lived in retirement during the past fifteen years.

NOT IN THE BIBLE.

An interesting incident occurred at the French Mission in Forest Hall, Marlboro', on Thursday evening, August 1, where Rev. W. H. Parent preaches twice weekly in French to his compatriots. The hall was crowded with earnest French listeners, most of whom were Roman Catholics. Mr. Parent preached on Salvation through Repentance, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and not by Works, establishing this truth by the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. After he had ended, Mr. Gelinas, a member of the College of Three Rivers, Quebec, courteously asked the privilege of propounding questions. The request was gladly granted, and he asked Mr. Parent, "Can you prove by the Bible that a man is saved by faith in Jesus Christ, instead of by good works?" Mr. Parent answered, "Yes; that is the teaching of the Bible." And he quoted the following passages:

"Being justified freely by His grace through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus." [Rom. iii: 24.]

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." [Eph. ii: 8, 9.]

Mr. Parent emphasized the teaching of these and other verses in the Bible that salvation is a gift. He read from a Catholic Bible, and the large audience was amazed to learn that these truths were in God's Word. After Mr. Parent's answer, Mr. Gelinas sat down in silence. Mr. Parent then asked Mr. Gelinas if he might ask him some questions, and leave being given, he said: "If you can find in the Catholic Bible any authority to establish the dogmas of purgatory, indulgences, the worship of Mary and the saints, the mass, the infallibility of the Pope—all of these dogmas, or any of them—I will pledge myself before all these witnesses to close this mission, and hereafter teach the dogmas of Romanism. Can you do this?" Mr. Gelinas admitted that none of these dogmas could be established by the Bible, and his friends blushed at this confession.

All this conversation was conducted very courteously, and with profound interest; after which Mr. Parent dismissed the meeting with the benediction.—*Congregationalist.*

TEACH THE DAUGHTER.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress and do it like a queen.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely, as well as very injurious to health.

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Woman's Board.

THE C. C. WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS SINCE JULY 2ND, 1889.

<i>Lake Shore M. Branch</i> , Collection.....	\$ 2 27
(Omitted in last returns)	
<i>Sherbrooke Branch</i> —	
Sherbrook Aux., a friend for V. B. F.....	1 00
“ “ for Home Missions.....	16 00
Lennoxville Aux., for Mrs. C. H. Brooks.....	10 00
Stanstead, Mrs. Rudell, for F. M.....	4 00
“ “ Membership fee.....	1 00
<i>Ottawa Branch</i> —	
Vankleek Hill, Miss Aggie and Miss Annie McKillean.....	1 80
Maxville Aux., per Mrs. W. A. Lamb, affiliation fee.....	10 00
Maxville Aux., Miss L. Dougal, M. fee.....	1 00
“ “ Mrs. G. Meadows.....	1 00
“ “ Miss E. Macallum, Smyrna.....	30 00
Lanark Aux., per Mrs. W. A. Lamb.....	5 00
To Mrs. J. Bolton for Missionary Cow.....	5 00
Martintown Aux.....	8 00
<i>Ottawa Aux.</i> , membership fee—	
Mrs. J. Jarvis.....	1 00
“ J. Wood.....	1 00
“ A. J. Stephens.....	1 00
“ J. B. Lamb.....	50
Miss Love.....	50
Collection.....	4 82
<i>Guelpth Branch</i> —	
Guelpth Aux., for H. M. deficit.....	20 00
<i>Toronto Branch</i> —	
Pine Grove, collection for F. M.....	5 00
Toronto Zion, Mrs. Ashdown, mem. fee.....	1 00
Humber Summit Aux., for H. M.....	11 00
<i>Bond st. Aux</i> —	
Mrs. Currie.....	1 00
Miss Currie.....	1 00
“ L. Currie.....	1 00
Mrs. Roberts.....	1 00
Miss Worthy.....	1 00
Mount Zion Aux.....	6 64
<i>Northern Congregational Church</i> —	
Young Ladies' Missionary Society.....	25 00
Life membership fee from a member of the Church at Frome.....	25 00
Paris Missionary Society for Brandon.....	8 00

M. A. BURTON,

Treasurer C.C.M.B. of M.

66 Charles St., Toronto,
December 13th, 1889.

The spirit of our new life member, as shown in her letter, has so much in a few words to be commended, that I cannot refrain from sending you an extract hoping that it may be the means of inspiring others, and thereby implanting the same desire in other hearts.

"At last it is possible for me to carry out a long-cherished desire of becoming a life member of our Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions. I enclose a

P.O. order for \$25 for that purpose. Praying for the richest blessing on our Woman's Work, I remain yours sincerely."

"At last," with what joy after long waiting. "Possible," by self-denial in many things, known only to the giver, and Him above who reads our hearts. "Long cherished desire," a desire that has been gladly, lovingly and perseveringly nourished, always kept in view and at last joyfully accomplished. Truly she has worked and waited, and now in faith prays for the richest blessing.

They who sacrifice most love most, and they who love most are most blessed. Are not some of us missing our blessing? M. A. B.

TORONTO BRANCH.

The corresponding secretary sends the following extracts from Mrs. Wightman's semi-annual report:

"The Toronto Branch of the C. C. W. B. M., held its usual quarterly meeting in the parlor of Western Congregational Church, on September 24th, 1889. This meeting was a month later than usual, on account of the absence from the city of a number of members.

A letter from Rev. T. Bigcanoe, French Bay, was read, asking aid in the form of clothing, bedding, etc., for an Indian family whose house and contents had been burned. A committee of ladies from the different Churches of the city was appointed to collect and forward a case of articles required by the family.

The second quarterly meeting was held in Hazleton Avenue Church on November 26th.

Mrs. (Dr.) Richardson reported that three large boxes of clothing, bedding, etc. had been sent to the Indian family who had been rendered destitute by fire. The express charges were paid by special contributions from several of the churches.

Encouraging reports were received from the six city auxiliaries.

A BOX FOR AFRICA.

At its quarterly meeting in September, Toronto Branch C. C. W. B. M. resolved to send to our African Mission a box of articles useful for work among the natives. Mrs. Dr. Richardson, 30 St. Joseph Street, Toronto, kindly consented to act as receiver of all contributions sent by the auxiliaries of that Branch, and subsequently of other auxiliaries. The articles for boys are: shirts of strong dark material, combs, cakes of soap, knives and small musical instruments, for girls, sacques and plain skirts. A more extended notice will appear next month, and any auxiliaries wishing to join in the work will receive all the information we can give. H. W. Sec.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BRANCH.

Receipts from Churches, etc., since 1st June, 1889.

Zion and Northern, Toronto, Thanks-giving Col.....	\$32 17
Wiarion Church.....	24 00
Emmanuel " Montreal, on account ..	20 00
Guelph "	12 00
Frome and Shedden.....	8 50
Donation	1 00
	<hr/>
	\$97 67

RETIRING MINISTER'S BRANCH.

Maxville and St. Elmo.....	\$11 45
London.....	5 82
Martintown.....	3 23
	<hr/>
	\$20 50

CHAS. R. BLACK.

Montreal, 17th December, 1889. Secy. Treas.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

Receipts previously acknowledged.....	\$434 55
Montreal, Emmanuel, on account.....	117 00
" Calvary—Bible Class T. Roll..	5 00
Toronto, Zion.....	70 00
" Bond Street.....	50 00
Danville.....	50 00
Kingston 1st.....	75 00
Eaton.....	14 00

Total receipts to date.....\$815 55

NOTE.—Comparing receipts up to same date at last year, I find that seven Churches have lessened their subscriptions by \$90 this year, and two have increased them by \$8.25; leaving a net loss on the subscriptions of those Churches for current year, of \$81.75. I find also that thirteen Churches, who had sent subscriptions up to this time last year have not yet subscribed.

CHAS. R. BLACK,

Montreal, 17th December, 1889. Treasurer.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Received for the month of November the following amounts:—

Kelvin, Ont., for Brandon, \$2.38; Danville, Que., special for Superintendent's services, \$53; Rev. Walter Lenwood, Sheffield, England, \$24.16.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,

Kingston, Nov. 30th, 1889. Treas.

Literary Notices.

DAVID C. COOK'S S. S. HELPS.—This great Publishing House makes a bold departure from former methods, with the New Year. There has been, in a good many quarters, a dissatisfaction with the International Series, in that they did not take up, in more consecutive order, the great truths of Christianity. The plan was, to go over the Bible, in somewhat chronological order, once every seven years.

Cook's Quarterlies, which we have carefully examined, are admirably adapted for the use of those who desire a different system from the "International." His first Lesson, for instance, takes up the subject of "God." An appropriate selection of texts is given, bearing on the being and attributes of the Deity. These form the "lesson" for the day, and so through all the great facts and doctrines of the Scriptures. The House makes a most wonderful offer; any Sunday School will be supplied, free, for the First Quarter, with all the Quarterlies they need—for older classes, for the main school, and for juvenile classes; also a Review Chart for each school. The Series is called "The Practical Series." Their various Monthly and Weekly Papers are of course unaffected by this change, and can be used for either series. Address, David C. Cook Publishing Co., 5 Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.

METHODIST MAGAZINE; December. — The thirtieth volume closes well. It has four illustrated articles—describing Paris during the Exposition, a visit to Cyprus and the Levant, and Notes of Travel in Spain; Christmas Stories and Poems and other Christmas Readings. A paper on the Epworth League Movement, and other articles, make up an excellent number.

The announcement for the 31st and 32nd vols. for 1890 is particularly strong. The substance of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," a sumptuous and costly book, will be given with 116 fine engravings illustrating life and adventure in India, Ceylon, Burmah, Borneo, Celebes, Australia and New Guinea. The Editor will describe, with over 100 illustrations, the adventures of his large tourist party in Europe last summer. A series of special interest will be the "Vagabond Vignettes," describing a journey on horseback throughout the length and breadth of Palestine and the Levant, with nearly 100 woodcuts. The Serial Stories will be Mrs. Barr's "Master of His Fate," a Yorkshire tale, and "Kathleen Clare," an Irish story. An important series of papers on "Social Progress" will be given, and a series of "Character Sketches," and stories illustrating Social Reform. A sketch of Thomas Brassey, the great "Captain of In-

dustry," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, will appear, and other important papers. Twenty cents a number, Two Dollars a year. William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, and S. F. Huestis, Halifax.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY entered upon a new volume with the November number. *The Nursery* is the veteran of Magazines for youngest readers, and those who read its earlier issues in childhood are now active members of society, speaking in the warmest terms of their former favorite, and taking it for their own children. *Our Little Ones* is ten years old, and its million readers are still its strongest friends. It is largely used in schools and kindergartens, and is an educator of the highest character in both family and school, not only of the mind, but also of the taste of its little readers. Published monthly by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year. A trial subscription of three months for 25 cents.

"IS IT MARY, OR THE LADY OF THE JESUITS?" By Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D., portrait, heavy paper, 56 pp.—A most trenchant attack on the worship of Mary by Rome. Dr. Fulton we know nothing of, personally; and his little book, something like Chiniquy's book, has more logic than polish; but its logic is irresistible. The author has been accused, even in Toronto, of using coarse and indefensible terms in reference to Mary. He shows that though the Romanizing Bishop of Chester anathematized him, the expression complained of occurred in the conversation of an Irish Catholic girl, and in its proper context was extremely natural. Rome seems determined to stand or fall by the worship of "Mary"; and we only have commendation for every book which exposes the idolatry. Price, 15 cents, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD FOR DECEMBER closes the second year of this magazine under the editorship of Drs. Sherwood and Pierson. It is the acknowledged authority on world-wide missions, and has really become a power in the church of God. The present number abounds in matter of interest and information. Among the eight leading articles we specify Hans Egede, by Dr. Laurie; Christian Unity and Christian Missions; The Ministry of Money (a sketch of Wm. I. Thaw), by Dr. Cowan; The Land of Esther, by Dr. Pierson; Dr. Ellinwood on the Indians; the Current Conflict with Slavery; and Roman Catholic Encroachments on Protestant Intelligence. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per single number.

THE CENTURY for December seems almost to have outdone itself, with its 80 illustrations, (8 of them full-page), and its wealth of literary excellence. Canadians will be greatly interested in 20 pages of Letters of the Duke of Wellington, with explanatory letter-press and portraits. The old Duke grew very deaf; and caring little for company, took great delight in the dainty gossiping letters of a lady friend, 60 years his junior. These letters are now presented. "The New Croton Aqueduct," "Japan," "Paris Panorama," "Revelation," "Lincoln in Richmond," and some other valuable articles; most of them beautifully illustrated. \$4 a year. Century Co., Union Square, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS for December, from the same house, (\$3 a year), is full of Santa Claus and Christmas. A charming book for boys and girls.

CONGREGATIONALISM; by Prof. Boardman, of Chicago. The Advance Pub. Co., 155 La Salle St., Chicago, paper; 80 pp.; 10 cents; free by post. \$5 a hundred. In this compact little volume, the author discusses Church Organization, Polity, History, Creeds, etc. Very good for those who want to inform themselves, without deep reading, or much expense, concerning the claims of Congregationalism.

For the Young.

THE NEW BABY.

There came to port, last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter!

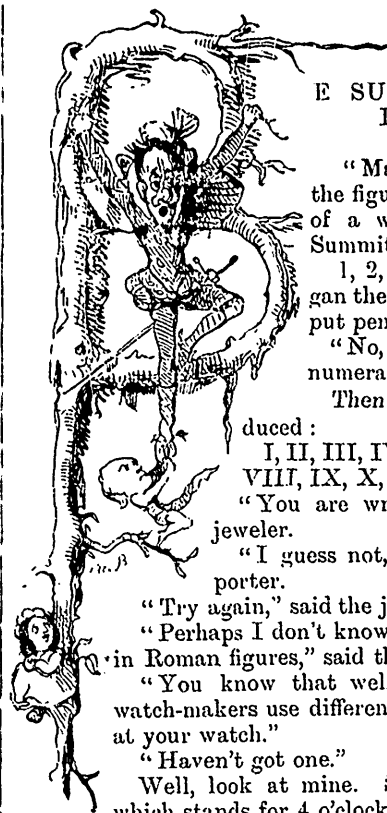
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tamed ones, too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen, and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter!

—George W. Cable in the *Congregational*.

You cannot dream yourselves into a character.
You must hammer and forge one for yourself.—
Froude.



E SURE YOU'RE
RIGHT!

"Mark down the figures on the face of a watch," said a Summit-street jeweler.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—began the reporter, as he put pencil to paper.

"No, I mean Roman numerals,"

Then this was produced:

I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII.

"You are wrong," said the jeweler.

"I guess not," said the reporter.

"Try again," said the jeweler.

"Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures," said the reporter.

"You know that well enough, but watch-makers use different ones. Look at your watch."

"Haven't got one."

Well, look at mine. See the figure which stands for 4 o'clock."

The reporter looked, and was surprised. It was IIII, and not IV.

"Are all the clocks and watches that way?" he asked.

"Every one which has Roman figures on its dial."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watchmakers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was made by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called 'The Wise' Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward the III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France, but his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book-learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I

will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day :

" 'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

" 'Wherein, your majesty?' asked Vick.

" 'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

" 'You are wrong, your majesty,' said Vick.

" 'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake.' And corrected it was, and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."—*Toledo Blade*.

BILLY BRAY AND HIS "TATURS."

I was goin' to tell the story I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said :

" 'Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'tatures. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was diggin' Satan comes to me, and he says :

" 'Billy, do you think your Father loves you?'

" 'I should reckon he do,' I says.

" 'I don't,' says the tempter, in a minute.

" 'If I'd thought that about it I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his opinions been't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

" 'I don't said he, 'and I tell'ee what for: If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatures—so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it been't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would, too.'

" 'O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that; so I turned round 'pon him;

" 'Pray, sir,' says I; 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me talkin' like this here? If I been't mistaken I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' you comin' a-sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, an' it do say, sir, that you are a liar from the beginnin'. And I am sorry to add that I had a personal acquaintance with you some years ago, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back and a wretched home, and no 'tatures, and the fear of eternal ruin. And here is my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of his, off an' on, for thirty years; and he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out, and he says he will make a king o' me before he've

done, and that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now you come up here a talkin' like that!'

" 'Bless'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say 'good morning.'"—*Daniel Quarm*.

THE HARM IT DOES.

I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all if I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given to us. You know what our bodies are—nice, white skin, sound, firm flesh on good, strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it, bright eyes, steady feet and strong hands—why, ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the Creator's work?

" 'Yes! yes, indeed!' you all say.

Now you look at a person who drinks—do you find any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women, too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there's no telling what he will do.

You know that no man would take a dose of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself—every child has learned that they are deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor takes them both, and other things just as deadly. The awful poison will kill him just as surely and more painfully, more slowly, than if he had taken the dose of pure poison.

You all know what it means to be paralysed—not to have any motion or power in the parts affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning into something resembling the white of a hard boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of-egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter?—*Anon*.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A good man picking up some sticks, and laying them on a fire in a cold rainy day.

2. The precious name of Jesus Christ, or "Christ Jesus," repeated eight times in nine verses; in what Epistle?

3. There are four men, brothers, (or at least kinsmen,) who are spoken of for their wisdom. Two of them were also poets or musicians. Who are they?

4. The disciples often asked Jesus to explain His parables to them. But give an example where Jesus explained a parable without being asked.

ANSWERS TO FORMER QUESTIONS.

37. Sos the-nes; see Acts xviii: 17; and 1 Cor. i: 1, 2.

38. Joab, Abishai, and Asahel. 2 Sam. ii: 18.

30. Caleb and Joshua. All who were 20 years and upward when they left Egypt, died. Num. 33: 11, 12

40. Eliezer, of the city of Damascus. Gen. xv: 2.

NATHANIEL CULVERWELL said that Reason and Faith were twins, like Jacob and Esau; but while Reason was the elder, and had the birth right, Faith was the younger, and got the blessing.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFRICAN MISSION.

BENGUELLA, W. AFRICA,

October 9th, 1886.

I have time to write you just a few lines concerning our plans. The mail from the interior arrived yesterday and brought us information that carriers cannot be obtained; so Mr. Saunders and myself purpose (D.V.) starting inland at 3 a.m. tomorrow.

Mr. Currie's mule arrived in safety on Monday last, and though it is scarcely strong enough after its voyage, I shall ride it on the way in.

We can carry no supplies whatever, and shall have to live on native food, *i.e.*, corn mush. The journey will no doubt be a trying one; but we think we are doing the right thing in undertaking it. Mr. Saunders will endeavor to raise a caravan and return here for his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, and some supplies. I shall press on to Cisamba, to join Mr. Currie.

We are in good health and spirits, and looking with firm trust to God for guidance.

With kind regards to all interested in my welfare,

Believe me, yours in the Master's service,

WILBERFORCE LEE.

BEAUTIFUL COMMUNION SETS

PLATED SILVERWARE.

Premiums for New Subscribers to the Independent.

We have made arrangements whereby any Church needing a Communion Service can easily obtain a beautiful set of plated silverware, manufactured by the Toronto Silver-Plate Co.

The names must be of *new subscribers*, and the cash sent to us all at one time. The proper party will then receive the silverware, by express, direct from the manufacturers.

READ THE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

Premium No. 1—Large Set: 5 pieces. Flagon, 2 goblets (gold-lined), 2 plates: \$31.00.

For 55 new subscribers;

or 40 " " " and \$5.00

" 30 " " " " 8.00

" 20 " " " " 12.00

Premium No. 2—Same as No. 1, except goblets not gold-lined: \$28.00.

For 50 new subscribers;

or 40 " " " and \$3.00

" 30 " " " " 6.00

" 20 " " " " 10.00

Premium No. 3—5 pieces. Smaller flagon, 2 goblets (gold lined), and 2 plates, slightly smaller: \$25.00.

For 45 new subscribers;

or 40 " " " and \$1.50

" 30 " " " " 4.50

" 22 " " " " 8.00

" 15 " " " " 10.00

Premium No. 4—Same as No. 3, except goblets not gold-lined: \$22.00.

For 40 new subscribers;

or 30 " " " and \$3.00

" 20 " " " " 7.00

" 16 " " " " 8.00

Premium No. 5—Same as No. 4, but only 1 goblet, with 2 plates: \$19 00.

For 35 new subscribers;

or 25 " " " and \$3 00

" 20 " " " " 5.50

" 15 " " " " 6.50

Premium No. 6—Same as No. 5, but only 1 goblet, and 1 plate: \$15.50.

For 28 new subscribers:

or 20 " " " and \$3.50

" 15 " " " " 4.50

" 10 " " " " 6 00

The subscriptions must be for one year each, at \$1.00. The subscription may run to January, 1891; giving the balance of this year free. Address REV. W. W. SMITH, Newmarket, Ont.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Editor, is published on the first of every month, and sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. *Cash in advance* is required of all subscribers. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly, local items of church news, or communications of general interest. As we go to press in advance of the date, news items should be in before the 18th of each month. To subscribers in the United Kingdom, including postage, 5s. per annum. All communications, business or otherwise, to be addressed: REV. W. W. SMITH, Newmarket, Ont.

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For Oil



EE The cheapest, most popular and widely circulated illustrated religious paper of the day amongst all evangelical denominations is *The Christian Herald*. Determined to introduce it into every Christian in the land, we offer to send it free to the endear to every person sending us their name and being sure they will like and afterwards take every issue is nicely illustrated and full of bright interesting reading matter, and forms one of the most attractive papers for the home that is obtained. The fact of its having the largest circulation of any illustrated religious paper published is guaranteed. **READ** its special features every week. Illustrations of current events with pictures and biographies of persons eminent in religious and secular life. The latest sermons of the two famous preachers, Dr. Beecher and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Missionary news. A serial story. An article on prophecy by a prominent Minister or Layman. Selections from new and the world's religious and general news. It is highly endorsed by Dr. Talmage and other prominent men. Published weekly, 16 pages. Subscription price, \$1.50. Single copies 4 cents. All newsdealers. Address, **THIS** 71 Bible House, New York. Monday paper.

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 and illustrations.

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WIDE-AWAKE Sunday-school superintendents and teachers are already on the lookout for the best things for the new year. Such of these as are already acquainted with The Sunday School Times know that no effort nor expense is spared to secure for that paper, each year, that which will be in the highest degree helpful to its readers. It is believed that the following outline of its plans will meet with general approval, and also that the new publications for Sunday-school scholars, The Scholar's Magazine, and The Scholar's Lesson Guide, will be welcomed as fresh and timely helpers in their field.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES. A 16 page weekly paper for superintendents, pastors, teachers, the older scholars, and all Bible students. This paper has been so widely adopted by schools of all denominations that its regular issue during the past year has exceeded 125,000 copies per week.

The variety of reading-matter, outside of the lesson department, will, for 1890, include special articles, already definitely arranged for, from many eminent Christian writers among whom are:

Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M. P., who will write one or more articles on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." Bishop Ellicott, Canon Farrar, Professor A. H. Sayce, and Miss Amelia B. Edwards,—of England; Professor Franz Delitzsch of Germany; Professor Godet of Switzerland; and, from America, the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, President Patton of Princeton, Professor Fisher of Yale University, Professors Briggs and Schaff of Union Theological Seminary; Bishop Foss of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and President Broadus of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The International Sunday-school lessons will be treated in The Sunday School Times each week, during 1890, as follows:—President Dwight, of Yale University, will furnish the "Critical Notes" on the New Testament lessons, and Professor Green of Princeton, those on the Old Testament. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, of England will present, in his graphic way, "The Lesson Story." The eloquent Dr. Alexander McLaren, of England, will continue his practical lesson articles. Bishop Warr, will give his vigorous "Teaching Points." Dr. Trumbull, the Editor of the paper will supply "Illustrative Applications." Dr. A. F. Schaffner will continue the "Teaching Hints," as will Faith Latimer the "Hints for the Primary Teachers" while the "Oriental Lesson-Lights" will come from the pen of Canon Tristram, England, the noted Palestinian traveler and writer.

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THE SCHOLAR'S LESSON GUIDE. Issued quarterly. 16 pages. A brief help to the study of the International Sunday-school lessons. In the preparation of this quarter the aim has been to present a brief and simple plan of lesson study which the school would undertake, rather than a complicated one which he would let alone. It is prepared by a skilled worker at lesson helps. It is cheaper even than Lesson Leaves. Five or more copies, one cent each per quarter; four cents each per year. Specimen copies free.

THE SCHOLAR'S MAGAZINE. A 32 page monthly publication, containing wholesome home reading for the scholars, also the International Sunday-school lessons. It is believed that this magazine will at once find its way into thousands of school homes. Surely its price will not be a barrier. The January number contains stories and articles by F. B. Stanford, Emily Huntington Miller, Rev. Edward A. Rand, Mrs. J. B. M. Bristol and Eben E. Rexford. One copy, one year, twenty-five cents; five or more, one cent each per month, or twelve cents per year. Specimen copies free.

POCKET EDITION of the International Sunday-school lessons, with both the Common and the Revised Version, given in full on opposite pages. A little book (2 1/2 inches, 186 pages) containing all the lessons of the year, and 52 blank pages for notes. It is printed on thin, tough paper, and neatly bound in cloth, with side stamp in color and gold. About a quarter of an inch thick. Just the thing for those who wish to look up the lesson at odd minutes. Choice enough for a gift to teachers or scholars at Christmas. Single copy, by mail, twenty-five cents; five or more, twenty cents each. Bound in fine leather, fifty cents; five or more, forty cents each.

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