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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

[VOL. V.]

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1886.

No. 7.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

READER, have you consecrated yourself to God? He wooed you, loved you, has bought you, gave His son, and prepared the many mansioned home. What can we render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward us? Let us pay our vows unto the Lord, and live to Him only. That will be heaven; otherwise we are on the way to eternal death.

CAN any one read the following without be-
touched:

NEWCASTLE, Mar. 18, 1886.

SIR:—

I enclose one dollar for my year's subscription from
April 1st instead of later, as I am advancing in years.
I shall be on the 26th inst. 88, and as life is uncertain
I am anxious to arrange my affairs. I find my sight
failing me. I remain, sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN TOMS.

We have not the privilege of knowing our
friend personally, but we esteem his faithful-
ness, and pray that his last days may be his
best days as he waits the Master's call.

THE Editor is moving, friends will therefore
excuse the scarcity of jottings. We hope to
be better both in matter and manner before
long. Shortcomings we deeply regret, but all
things work for good if with patience we wait
for it.

A SERMON.

Acts ii. 39. "To your children."

How a child's eye brightens at a promise;
how in happy anticipation it waits for the ful-
fillment. Never break a promise to a child,
God give unto us childlike faith as we re-
ceive his exceeding great and precious promises.
The Promise. What? Plainly that of v. 17.

The last days, *i.e.* Messiah's days, those then
dawning when Spirit should be poured out be-
cause the Christ had come. V. 21 sums up
the result of this promise, "Shall be saved."
Ah, salvation, "the joyful sound proclaim."
Saved from sin, from sorrow, from pain, from
death. Read some passages which shadow
forth this great salvation:—

Is. xii. 1-3; lx. 18-22; lxi. 1-3; (comp. Luke
iv. 17); Rev. xxii. 3-5.

We would now emphasize "to your child-
ren," "your sons and your daughters shall
prophesy." Do children—our little ones—
need this salvation, this promise? for salvation
implies danger, gospel salvation, sin. Christ
came not to call the righteous, but sinners to
repentance; to seek and to save the lost; and
though a child was taken by Christ himself as
a type of his true followers, Mat. xviii, 1-6, yet
if he is their Saviour, they need salvation.
Indeed the fact that to our children the pro-
mise of this great salvation is given makes
plain that they as we have need of it, that in
them are to be found the beginnings of that
sin which works misery and brings death. It
seems hard to look on a child's face, into the
bright eyes, listen to the ringing laugh, and
say—sin there. But it is true. The scowl of
discontent, the frown of rebellion, the angry
passion so easily roused, these and more make
plain that the beginnings are there which only
need time to grow and curse the entire life.

When e.g. boy cries in a pet "I won't play,"
it is only that spirit in its beginnings seen so
often in church members. (children of larger
growth.) "I will leave if I do not get my own
way." Hence the alienations, the bitternesses
that curse our life. True, we do not hold a
child as guilty when it sins as the man or
woman with greater knowledge, wider experi-
ence, but the sin is there, just as sure as the
poison of scarlet fever in one who has caught

the infection, but which has not yet had time to develop. Our children do need the promise, and, it is their's thank God equally with being ours.

A child is not as heavy as a man, is more readily lifted from danger. In the burning building a child can be carried. Not so easily or so safely a bewildered or insensible man. Yet rescue is required, escape to be urged; that it is easier only renders more criminal the neglect of means.

A dying mother prayed, "Jesus, take my little ones to thy love. Some children are converted early—let mine be—Paul and Cecil and baby." Do not the words of our text justify that prayer? Some seem very fearful of young converts. Scripture does not justify that fear, on the contrary Jesus said, "Suffer the children to come." True, old heads are not on young shoulders, God did not intend they should be, or he would have placed them there; a little girl therefore is none the less a christian because she likes to play with her doll, or a boy because he enjoys leap-frog. We do not exclude a man because he likes a gold chain, or a woman because she wears a feather in her bonnet. When God gave as the seal of his covenant circumcision at eight days old, he emphasized this truth "to your children," and taught that they had their place in the congregation of the Lord. The acorn is not the sapling, the sapling not the king of the forest; so the child is not the youth, nor the youth the mature man; but the Godly child grows into a more perfect Godly man than does the wayward child, the rebellious youth. The crooked sapling develops without fail the crooked unsightly tree. Crooked trees have their uses. knots make beautiful veneers, but we do not cultivate crooked trees, or encourage the growth of knots.

In the light of these FACTS (emphasize that word *facts*.) infant baptism has teachings, deep and earnest, stamping the ordinance with heaven's own seal. If baptism is of any use to adults in outwardly sealing them members of Christ's Kingdom, why is it useless in regard to those concerning whom Christ says, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Let children be trained to view themselves as inheritors of the promises, which certainly are not the exclusive possession of those of riper years, and the church will not mourn so much their loss.

Why encourage weeds to grow in virgin soil? or the spirit of alienship in youth? Encourage them not to come, but to *remain* in.

Have children of christian parents any special relation to the church and to christianity? See 1 Cor. vii, 14. That passage certainly teaches something in this connection. It at least asserts that family ties do in some manner in themselves consecrate those who are bound by them, and that the children of christian parents may therefore be considered as in some sense included, as in the old covenant, within the congregation of the Lord. Parents, are you recognizing this relation, and suffering your children to come? or by indifference are you forbidding?

Children, you have been made heirs of the promises. Consider how solemnly you have been dedicated to God and cast not that blessing from you. You have been born in a christian land; you have been baptized into the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, thus placed under discipleship, (Mat. xxviii, 19) in the school of Christ to learn concerning Him. These blessings will not save you unless you use them. But they are for you to use, take them and be not guilty of not only neglecting, but throwing away this great salvation. "Wilful waste makes woeful want." God keep you from the eternal beggary of the soul.

"O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own."

HOME RULE.

REV. C. E. GORDON-SMITH.

Home rule—that's been the cry of the years across the Atlantic in that beautiful but internally disturbed Emerald Isle, a land of wit, poetry and eloquence, but alas also of poverty, superstition, discontent, social blight and political agitation. Why should she be shoeless, foodless, homeless, while the other bairns of Britain are better clad? Is the secret in the fact that while Sandy and Jack are looking after the field or the factory, Paddy is counting his beads and bending at the shrine, since Priest-craft and poverty often walk hand in

hand, or as some one has said, the secret of her discontent is to be found somewhere between the pig, potato and the priest. I should be more disposed to accede to the request for home rule if the Irish could show us a better code of rules at home than these which regulate equally the swine and the family, as one of the most conspicuous and significant peculiarities of the Irish peasantry is to be found in the undoubted fact that Pat seems as fond of his pig as of his wife. Not that he loves his spouse the less, but that he loves his sow the more. He is not a bad husband but the principle of indiscriminate hospitality is stronger than the love of cleanliness or comfort, hence in the largeness of his heart he assigns to piggy a share in his parlor. The Pig, Potato and Priest are the Irishman's Trinity: by his pig he saves his bacon, and by the priest he saves his soul, hence it is only reasonable he should be influenced by his twin benefactors; reminding us of the priest who said "what's this I hear about you, Pat, stealing Widow Maloney's pig, is it true?" "Tis your riverence." "What did you do with it?" "I killed and ate it." "O, Patrick, what will you say at the judgment day, when in the presence of Widow Maloney and the pig, and she charges you with stealing?" "Did your riverence say the pig would be there?" "Certainly I did, Pat." "Then I'll say, 'Widow Maloney, there's your pig.'" Alas, the Irishman is too much under the thralldom of the priest. Take away his pig and you take away his life, take away his priest and you give him life if he did but know it. We have often heard it said by the most intelligent of Irishmen, "if you leave the people alone—weed out some score of the rabid leaders of sedition who simply make a trade of it—Ireland would be rational and loyal." But in the present cry for home rule we view a disingenious reproduction of the old demand for separation and repeal, and would deprecate any paltering with the question as it stands, and would urge every British subject to hold no parley with its advocates as they mean nothing less than separation from the empire; and this, the well-trying Premier is keen enough to see, and before the uplifted shillelagh holds the olive branch in a scheme which wise heads and liberal hearts are devising to keep the united kingdom united still; and in this, for aught we know, Canada may have greatly helped, as have not Sir

John A. Macdonald and the Hon. E. Blake been recently to the old land, possibly suggesting conciliatory views on this perplexing theme, by reminding the old world politicians that the Dominion is in advance of her mother in her political relations, having its national and provincial houses, and why may not Ireland's differences be settled in such an amicable way that the Emerald Isle may yet breathe a purer, calmer and balmier air than ever she has done before.

But there is a home rule which comes nearer to us than that of Ireland, and is indeed needed in this new world: not politically do I now speak, for, being a moralist rather than politician, I would say we want it in our dwellings as husbands, wives and parents. Home is a country requiring to be ruled, and a wise and affectionate husband will never contend with his wife as to who shall rule that empire, for if he does he will be ruled out. If he tries to rule it with a rod of iron, he will find that anarchy, and not order is the result. Something like a man who would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone; at that time his better half being in a country store that distance away. The sceptic being told how to operate walked boldly up and shouted "hello, Sarah;" at this moment lightning struck the wire and knocked the man down. Scrambling to his feet he excitedly cried, "that's Sarah, every inch." Without the rule of love in the house there will be the perfection of effort to offend, rather than please each other; like the husband overheard to say to his wife, "I am surprised at your taste, even wearing other people's hair on your head;" when she retorted more strongly, "I am astonished that you wear another sheep's wool on your back." It is becoming a question now-a-days whether the husband is the proper person to rule at all; fashions are changing, and the authority which teaches that woman was created to be the help of man is establishing a platform of perfect equality, and ruling out all rule in the conjugal relation save that of love. Home rule in Ireland or the family includes domestic superintendence, yet how little do we find some fathers at home, only at meal times or late at night; like birds of passage they are ever on the wing in business and pleasure, so many meetings and clubs to attend that their own family is a club without a chairman, their children's habits are

formed and their affections are won by others. The different surroundings of a new country, the greater demand for personal service in the absence of domestic help, may account for the lack of discipline, reverence for and willing obedience to parents which at once strikes a new-comer from the old land, where it is pleasant to see the kindly relations generally existing in the christian home. Disregard or contempt of parental authority, sullen submission, inattention to a father or mother's known wishes, are more than childish failings, they are grave moral offences and sins against God, but which may be largely prevented by a judicious home rule, by the heads of the household manifesting a high-toned christian principle, which is not revealed by occasional words and deeds that may possibly be out of harmony with the general tone of life and character, but by general deportment, consistency, unswerving devotion to the right, untarnished loyalty to Christ, gentleness and loveliness of spirit, giving the family to feel while speech is silvery, the silent eloquence of a holy life is golden. It is a mistake of some fathers, owing to natural reserve, or a mistaken idea of dignity, that they never allow children to come near them; they love them sincerely, and are loved, but there is not the freedom of intercourse which is the charm of the happiest home circle. The son knows very little of his father's life outside of home. A young man nineteen years of age, by the circumstances of the late war made a constant companion of his father far from home, said to a friend, "The more I am acquainted with my father the better I like him. When a boy at home I thought he was a nice man, but I didn't know him much." Eighteen years had gone, and the son had only been favorably impressed with his father's character. The depths of that fountain were yet to be sounded, and the full and earnest love of a father's heart were yet to be learned. Surely that father's befitting confession is, "They made me keeper of the vineyards but my own vineyard have I not kept." Confidence in our children with discrimination into individual character is good ruling. Yet how oft is a uniform system of treatment served all round, just as the ordinary meals at table, squeezing dissimilar minds and hearts into exactly the same shaped moulds, until the growing strength bursts through these systems of education, and the son or daughter is in open

revolt against the parents who weep and marvel over the ingratitude from which they suffer. Parents do with their offspring what they would not do with their cattle. A man has a team of horses, one swift and impetuous, the other solid, sober, strong, but slow in pace. Does he put the heaviest into the lightest wagon? No, he sees the difference, and adapts the wagon and the work to the animal: yet if he had two sons as strongly differing in temperament and character, he would give each the same drill of education and introduce both to same kind of business. Rule at home by knowing the nature of the material in your hands, and make it what your conscience and God's law teach, by the sway of love, the exercise of forbearance, discrimination of character and respect for the rights of each member of your dwelling, making piety an attraction in daily deportment, and in the cheerful and bright season at the family altar. With the Bible as the torch to light the path and key to open the vistas of the future, you may live on in the enjoyment of the fact that you have found the most acceptable, profitable and abiding scheme of at least domestic Home Rule.

News of the Churches.

KINGSTON, FIRST.—The annual meeting of Wellington Street church took place on the evening of the tenth of February, in Congregational hall. It was largely attended. Tea was served in the parlor at half past six, after which the company adjourned to the hall, where the meeting was presided over by the pastor, the Rev. S. N. Jackson, from whose annual review of church work we learn that the church and congregation had great reason for devout thankfulness to God for many mercies manifested to them, and for a good degree of prosperity which had attended their labours. On the 18th January, 1885, the Rev. Wm. Wetherald, of St. Catherines, conducted a series of evangelistic services, which were continued for about three weeks. Several were brought to a decision for Christ and united with the church, while the church generally received fresh impulse and a renewal of a spirit of consecration. One of the results of these meetings had been the formation of a woman's meeting for the study of the scripture and prayer, under the efficient conduct of Mrs. Saunders. The week night devotional meeting had been well attended and full of interest. On the first Wednesday of each month, collections had been made for Foreign missions amounting to \$29. The Sunday school work had been prosecuted with success, there being on the roll 170 children, with an average attendance of 118; and 24 teachers with an average attendance of twenty. The receipts were \$38.59 and disbursements \$59.49, leaving a balance, \$20 of which was voted by the school to the Canada

Congregational Missionary Society. Seven of the senior pupils have openly confessed Christ and united with the church. The Ladies' Association by its earnest and successful adventures had done noble work. It had raised \$752.32, of which sum \$556 had been paid on the principal and interest due on the new building. In regard to the building fund, at the last annual meeting there was a debt of \$1,226.15, to which interest amounting to \$56.04 had been added. There had been received on account of subscriptions, \$137, the chief of which had been sent by a former member of the church, and who now resides in California, and who with two others subscribed the handsome sum of \$500 each. The debt had been reduced to \$700, towards which there are subscriptions still available. The gallery in the hall had been completed at a cost of \$155, and water service had been put into the building. The service of song had been efficient, led by the choir, under the conduct of Mr. Thos. Savage, and F. C. Heath, organist. Mr. Havery and Miss I. Meek had given their services as organists at the week night service and Sabbath schools. The increase in membership had been nineteen, with nine baptisms. From an analysis of the Treasurer's statement it was found that the total amount raised was \$3,558.37, and the expenditure \$3,432.98, leaving balances in the various funds amounting to \$125.39. Considering that the past year had been one of general depression, the finances of the church had been encouraging. In testimony of the esteem and affection with which his pastor is held it was unanimously resolved to grant him two months leave of absence, in order that he might carry out a long cherished desire to visit the old country. The Rev. A. L. McFadyen, pastor of Bethel church, in a brief address congratulated the church on the success which the various reports read testified, and he wished them "God speed." The choir contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening by their excellent singing. On the evening following, the Sabbath school children had their annual festival, and a right merry time they had, a long programme being carried out by the young ladies and gentlemen to the great delight of the many parents and friends of the school present.

MONTREAL.—FAREWELL TO MR. CURRIE.—On Monday evening, March the 15th, the churches in Montreal bade God-speed to our missionary who has grown in the heart of the churches during these recent months. The social meeting was in Calvary church. The young people's Society of Christian Endeavor united with the Ladies' Missionary Society to provide the entertainment. They invited Emmanuel church and Zion church, and the Canadian Womans' Board of Missions. A snow storm kept the crowd from being too great. But a more enjoyable time has not been our lot for many a month or year, unless it be two weeks ago, when the three churches gathered under the roof of Emmanuel church at her invitation to welcome the Quebec Association. At the farewell meeting a device had been ingeniously chalked on the blackboard behind the platform of the lecture hall. "Farewell" was first printed in fancy letters, then upon them upon those in bolder lettering the word "Welcome." So we first read welcome, and then in the indistinctness, as if in the distance, we read farewell. Three quarters of an hour was spent in heartfelt words from several

ministers. Rev. Mr. Hill, the pastor, gave a welcome to all, and a farewell from his church and from the Foreign Missionary Society. Dr. Stevenson spoke for Emmanuel church and the college; Rev. Mr. McIntyre spoke for Zion church, and Dr. Cornish for the Home Missionary Society. Then all fell to shaking Mr. Currie and his four days bride by the hand. Then the good things from the bountifully spread table were distributed. The *centro piece* of the table decoration was a large bride's loaf, surmounted by a group of black china dolls, which was a happy reminder of the dark skinned children who are waiting for the kind face and earnest words of the fair bride. This was a happy time for the sister churches, but the happiness was a sober one as we remembered it was a long and trying farewell for the two whom we were honoring. Its impression will not soon be lost on anyone who was present. It is no flitting fancy that has snatched away from among us these two bright promising lives. It is the result of long and prayerful thought. It is the obedience to the voice of their Master. They have said to Him "here am I, do with me as seemeth good in thy sight." What higher reach of christian character can be gained than such self-forgetting loyalty to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. It is right we should honor a brave missionary as we do a brave soldier. Our churches are richer to-day in the vital connection with this worthy son and daughter than we realize. But while Mr. Currie's presence at the social was the thing of chief interest, much interest was added by the very cordial and neighborly mingling of the three churches of our order. One element was lacking for completeness, and that was the presence of Dr. Wilke, but the storm made it impossible for him to venture out.

MAXVILLE.—Immediately after the week of prayer, special services were begun in this place. Rev. John McIntyre, evangelist, a native of this neighborhood, was invited by a number of his friends and relations to visit us and labor among us for some time. Our church was asked for, and the services were conducted in it during more than five weeks. The attendance which was encouraging from the first kept up unto the end. It was composed of all classes, but chiefly Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The whole community has been stirred up in regard to the one thing needful as it has never been before. Hardly anything else was talked of and the places of business were for some time closed during the time the meetings were being held. Christians were quickened and refreshed, and a large number gave hopeful evidence of having passed from death unto life. As a result of this more than fifty have been received into communion of the church, and more than this would have been added to the Presbyterian church but for reasons which need not be named. The one hope of the sinner was held up night after night in a very clear and forcible manner, and it was found to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed. Mr. McIntyre resigned his charge of a Presbyterian congregation three years ago, to enter upon this work, and though still retaining his connection with that body he labors now independently, and is free to accept an invitation from any evangelical church to hold evangelistic services with them. On the 16th inst., a donation visit was paid to the pastor, a very large company assembled at the parsonage, and

after spending a pleasant evening together and partaking of refreshments provided by the friends, Mr. F. D. Sinclair was chosen chairman, a kind appreciative address was read to the pastor by Mr. John Wood, who handed the pastor a purse of \$77.75 as a token of the esteem in which he is held. Many other articles were presented at the same time, though the value was not estimated. We could plainly see the effects of the recent work of grace among us during the evening, not in lessening the good cheer, but in bringing us more closely together and in giving us a common and great joy in Jesus.

MONTREAL. Very pleasant have been the public services in this city connected with the leave-taking of Mr. and Mrs. Currie. He addressed Sunday schools on the 14th inst., including that of the American Presbyterian church, and addressed a large audience in Emmanuel church that evening. This address was able, earnest and full of information concerning the field of labor to which he was going. It has made an excellent impression. Calvary church had invited, by a deputation to each of them, Emmanuel and Zion churches, to a social entertainment to bid the Missionaries farewell, on Monday evening, 15th. The night was unfavorable but the place was crowded. The pastor, Mr. Hill, presided. The speakers were Drs. Stevenson and Cornish, Mr. McIntyre and the chairman: the response of Mr. Currie was all that could be desired. Mrs. Currie was presented with a nice folding chair by the young people, other kind remembrances were not wanting, among others one friend present, a member of another church, gave Mr. Currie £10 str. to purchase for himself in London certain scientific instruments which he desires to possess. On Wednesday evening they left for Boston. Our students were at the station, and surrounding the window of the sleeping car at which they sat, sang two or three favorite hymns with much effect. The travellers were greatly moved, and have expressed since their arrival at Boston by private letter the ineffaceable impression produced, they will never forget the scene. Emmanuel church received seven young men and maidens by profession at last communion and expect some five additional in April.

[Although another report of the gathering is in type, we felt these words from our venerable father D. Wilkes should not be put aside.—ED.]

STRATHFORD.—In hope of being able to keep open the church and to save it from being sold, the friends have been making a vigorous effort to reduce the debt of arrears of interest, with the assurance if the arrears are paid at once the rate of interest on the principal will be reduced, thus saving \$50 a year. With the kindly response to appeals made to individuals and churches and this special effort the friends are within \$100 of the end of their arrear trouble, but it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back oftentimes, and unless this last hundred can be had outside the church the internal effort is vain and the property sacrificed. Will any of the Lord's stewards come to the rescue? The pastor's series of Sabbath evening sermons on "The Experience of an Exile," or Jacob's night at Bethel, have drawn large congregations and several have recently settled as pew holders. The long promised visit of the Rev. W. Cutbertson, B.A., is yet to come. The evening was almost at hand and had been widely

advertised and largely anticipated when he should give us a view of the British House of Commons, when affliction fell upon him to prevent his coming. We are glad to hear of his recovery and await his coming. The Rev. Thos. Hall gave a missionary address on March 8th, and was heartily welcomed. We hope his way may open to the old land, and that his appearance in the great gathering of the Congregational Union may be as acceptable as it was some years ago when it was our pleasure to hear him and see how he gained the ear and heart of the great mass as he pleaded the case of Newfoundland. We hope if he goes to celebrate the jubilee of Her Majesty's reign and the Colonial Missionary Society, he may return with golden trophies of a glorious campaign in the interests of Canadian Congregational missions. Mr. Roger Roberts, who has most efficiently presided at the organ for some years, has felt necessary to resign his position, which is much regretted, he having won the esteem of all. Mr. A. H. Alexander has accepted the position, kindly promising gratuitous service. The Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith announces a series of Sabbath morning sermons commencing with the first Sabbath in April, entitled: The Sanctuary, a plea for a spiritual and attractive service. 1, The day of special public assembly; 2, Attendance at the Sanctuary a necessity and duty; 3, The nature and character of true worship; 4, The service of praise; 5, The communion of prayer; 6, The sermon, in relation to pulpit and pew; 7, The support of the Temple; 8, The practical effect of Christian worship.

SHERBROOKE.—From this church we seldom hear. We trust however that hereafter we may be in more frequent communication. At a church meeting recently held the trustees were authorized to increase their pastor's salary \$300. In the report of the trustees we read some words worth quoting for their suggestiveness:—"During the two years of Mr. Brainerd's services as pastor, the church has steadily prospered. We have paid off a debt of \$1,000; the attendance at both morning and evening services has largely increased; our Sunday school has grown in numbers and interest; our prayer meetings have more than doubled in attendance; large additions have been made to the church, and we feel that these results are largely attributable to his work among us, and that we owe it to him to make at least an effort to meet his views. In addition to this, our interests should lead us most earnestly to deprecate a change of pastorate which would certainly interrupt our progress; while we cannot be blind to the fact that the talent which the church desires in its service, commands elsewhere, year by year, increasing remuneration, and that our Pastor's abilities might obtain elsewhere a return fully equal to what he requests from us."

SARNIA.—This church has enjoyed for quite a season the services of our mission superintendent, Mr. Hall. A correspondent writes: "We regret that we cannot always have him. We have been holding special meetings and not without success. On Sunday, March 7th, Mr. Hall preached his farewell sermon, and at the close was presented with an address, to which he replied in fitting terms. It is now seven months since Mr. Claris resigned the pastorate of our church. The pulpit has been regularly filled either by Mr. Hall or by surrounding ministers. Our Sunday

school has been greatly benefitted by his stay with us. We have added about 400 volumes to our library, and the school is in a prosperous condition.

TORONTO, WESTERN.—On Thursday evening Rev. A. F. McGregor gave a very thoughtful plain and earnest address on "Congregationalism," which we hope to present to our readers before long. The editor had the privilege of presiding, so we speak that we do know. We need more of such addresses for the benefit of our people, and Mr. McGregor has done a good work in thus presenting to his church the principles which Congregationalism is here to maintain.

WINNIPEG, MAN. After a long lapse of time, I again pen a short history of the toils and work of the First Congregational church in the Northwest. In the outset I may say that the celebrated suit "Cummings vs. The Congregational Church," which has hung fire for nearly four years, is settled and decided in favor of the plaintiff. The case was tried before the late Mr. Justice Smith, who died before he delivered his judgment. It was then argued on the evidence before the full court in term, and judgment given against the trustees of the church. By this the church are losing about ten thousand dollars, (\$10,000), which was still due them, but as we have been kept so long out of it, we will try and get along without it, at all events we must do so now. We will not here express any opinion as to the judgment of the honorable court, though we might do so without prejudice. We have been trying to get along without using the grant from the C.C.M.S. but owing to unusually heavy expenses we must ask it this year. There is a marked improvement in the financial position of the church so far this year. Weekly offerings are increased nearly fifty per cent. There is also a marked increase in the open contributions. The general depression which has prevailed over this continent, and Manitoba in particular since the "boom" is nearly at an end, and we think we are safe in saying we have struck the bottom of "hard times" and are now beginning to rise upwards. We are pleased to say the spiritual condition of the church is better than at any period in the past, and the outlook for the future is hopeful. The good seed has been sown, and the Master will cause it to bring forth fruit in due season. In November and December the pastor (Rev. J. B. Silcox,) preached a course of sermons on "Young men and the Churches," which attracted very large crowds, a great number being non-churchgoers. Every Sunday evening the church was filled to overflowing, standing room could not be had. Many who have not attended a place of worship for years have been drawn, and are now to be seen in the Lord's house on His day. The same train of thought was earnestly impressed on the hearers during the month of February. Extracts of these sermons, and often verbatim reports were published in the local journals, and in this way reached many in the country who have not the privilege of attending any place of worship. At the last meeting of the church twenty members were received, the greater number on confession of faith, and the rest from other churches, principally the English church. During the past year it pleased the Lord to remove several members from his church militant to his church triumphant. Among those we might mention Mrs. A. Wickson. Also several active workers in the church and Sunday school removed to other parts. Mr. J. D.

Hant, the superintendent of the school, removed to Denver, Col., others to eastern Canada and the States. We trust they will be useful in the Lord's vineyard wherever they may be, and that he will raise up others in their place here. We may not see great results from our work now but the seed sown prayerfully will grow and yield fruit, for the Lord will not let his word return to him void.

"Before our Father's throne,

We pour our ardent prayers

Our fears, our hopes, our aims and ends,

Our comforts and our cares

From sorrow, toil and pain,

And sin we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship

Reign through all eternity."

It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when he (Christ) will come, we shall be like him.

ALTON I. MURPHY.

OBITUARY.

In your last number mention was made of the death of Mr. Joseph Jackson, of this city, caused by an accident on the street; and that he was 91 years of age. It should be reported in addition to the particulars given that Mr. Jackson was one of the earliest members of the Congregational church here. I found him in fellowship therewith in 1836. He was all along a quiet, unobtrusive, modest and devout man. None more regular and punctual in attending the services of the church. He was a diligent and conscientious workman and employer in his trade of carpenter and builder. His sister and he lived together, both unmarried, until very old age—she a Presbyterian, he a Congregationalist. He survived her some eight years, but always regarded her as having a sort of claim to share his earnings and the accumulations from them. About seven years ago he made a deed of gift to our college and the Presbyterian of \$4,000 each, subject to a life annuity in each instance of 6 per cent. payable half-yearly, which of course he has regularly received. In his very advanced age he has attended when he could, a Presbyterian church very near his residence, but his membership of Zion church was terminated only by his death. He was a good man, useful in many ways, and much respected by all who knew him. His funeral was attended by a number of old members of Zion church, and others his neighbors and friends. He had not a single relative in Canada, and could have had only very distant ones in Scotland.

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks, indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.

If we are to act rightly, we must know what right is; and to this end the mind must be informed, the judgment exercised, the reason strengthened, the intellect cultivated. Every battle against ignorance, every effort to expound the laws of our being and to show how the truest happiness and the highest duty are always consonant, is a direct help to the cause of right-doing.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATION OF COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The closing service of the forty-seventh session of the Congregational College of B. N. A., will be held in the assembly hall of the college, on Wednesday, April 14th, at 8 p.m. The address will be delivered by the Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa; and a collection will be made in aid of the library fund.

GEO. CORNISH,
Sec. C. C. B. N. A.

SECOND ENDOWMENT FUND CONG. COLL. OF B. N. A., VIDE THE LAST YEAR BOOK.

I beg gratefully to acknowledge the following contributions to this fund received this month: Charles F. Smithers, Esq., Montreal, \$100; Francis Scholes, Esq., Montreal, \$100

HENRY WILKES, Treasurer.
Montreal, 23rd March, 1886.

The Family Circle.

UNDER GROUND.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

Yes, that's my house under the hillside there, facing the south, where the lights are; you saw it as you came up. Pretty? Well, as pretty as we can make it. Looks like an oasis in a black desert; and hard work it is to keep it decent with so many pits about, each belching out its clouds of villainous smoke, black as the coal which makes it; for you see we have not only the fires for the pumping and cage engine, but those at the bottom of the ventilating shafts, and the soot they send floating out into the air is something startling, without counting the sulphurous vapours which ruin vegetation—not that there's much this Christmas-time.

Of course, if you like to go down you can go. I'll go with you. Oh yes; I've often been down. I should think I have—hundreds of times. Why, I've handled the pick myself in the two-foot seam as an ordinary pitman, though I'm manager now. I don't see any cause to be ashamed of it. And, after all, it's nothing new here in Yorkshire. I could point out a score of men who have been at work in the factories, now holding great works of their own.

Accidents? Well, yes; we do have accidents, in spite of all precautions and inspection. Now you, a stranger, coming down to see a coal-pit, look upon it as a dangerous place. Without being cowardly, you'll shudder when we go down the great black shaft a couple of hundred yards, and you'll then talk as if you were going through a powder-magazine. But you know what you used to write in your copy-book at school, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Truer words were never written, and I see it proved every week. It's dangerous work to go up and down our pit, and yet the men will laugh, and talk, and do things that

will almost make your blood run cold. It is like throwing a spark amongst gunpowder to open a lamp in some parts of our mine; but our men, for the sake of a pipe, will run all risks, even to lighting matches on the walls, and taking naked candles to stick up, that they may see better to work.

Yes, we've had some bad accidents here, but I shall never forget one that happened five-and-twenty years ago this Christmas. Tell you about it? Good; but it shall be after tea, by the warm fireside, and then if you like to go down the pit in the morning, why go you shall.

Hark! That's the new piano—Christmas present my girls coaxed me out of, with the old lady to back them up. Seventy pounds, bang. Collard and Collard, London. Listen. They're practising up those tunes to please me, because I don't like your new-fangled fantasias and arrangements. There you are, you see, set as duets—our two old favorite Yorkshire pieces, "Christians, Awake!" and "Vital Spark." You may hear them played by every brass band in the county. We'll have 'em sung after tea.

There, that's cosy. This is the time I always enjoy—after tea, with the curtains drawn; the wind driving the snow in great pats against the window-panes as it howls down the hillside, and makes the fire roar up the chimney. Not particular over a scuttle of coals here, you see. One of your London friends was down here once, and he declared that if he lived down here he should amuse himself all day long with poker and shovel.

And now, about the story of the accident I promised—only to hear this you must have a little more beside. You needn't go out of the room, my dear.

Well, as I told you, it was five-and-twenty years ago, and I was just five-and-twenty years old then—working as regular pitman on the day or night shaft. Dirty work, of course, but there was soap in the land even in those days; and when I came up, after a good wash and a change, I could always enjoy a read such times as I didn't go to the night-school, where, always having been a reading fellow, I used to help teach the boys, and on Sundays I used to go to the school and help there.

Of course it was all done in a rough way, for hands that had been busy with a coal-pick all day were not, you will say, much fit for using a pen at night. However, I used to go, and it was there I found out that teaching was a thing that paid you back a hundred per cent. interest, for you could not teach others without teaching yourself.

But—I may as well own it—it was the teaching in the Sunday-school I used to look forward to, for it was there I used to see Mary Andrews, the daughter of one of our head pitmen. He was not so very high up, only at the pit village he lived in one of the best houses, and had about double the wages of the ordinary men.

Consequently, Mary Andrews was a little better dressed and better educated than the general run of girls about there; and there was something about her face that used, in its quiet earnestness, to set me anxiously watching her all the time she was teaching, till I used to wake up of a sudden to the fact that the boys in my class were all at play, when, flushing red all over my face, I used to leave off staring over to the girls' part of the big school-room, and try to make up for lost time.

I can't tell you when it began, but at that time I

used somehow to associate Mary Andrew's pale innocent face with everything I did. Every blow I drove into a coal-seam with my sharp pick used to be industry for Mary's sake. Of an evening when I washed off the black and tidied up my hair, it used to be so that she might not be ashamed of me if we met; and even every time I made my head ache with some calculations out of my arithmetic—ten times as difficult because I had no one to help me—I used to strive and try on till I conquered, because it was all for Mary's sake.

Not that I dared to have told her so, I thought, but somehow the influence of Mary used to lift me up more and more, till I should no more have thought of going to join the other pitmen in a public-house than of trying to fly.

It was about this time that I got talking to a young fellow about my age who worked in my shift. John Kelsey his name was, and I used to think it a pity that a fine clever fellow like he was, handsome, stout, and strong, should be so fond of his low habits, dog-fighting and wrestling, so popular amongst our men, who enjoyed nothing better than getting over to Sheffield or Rotherham for what they called a day's sport, which generally meant unfitness for work during the rest of the week.

"Well," said John, "your ways seem to pay you," and he laughed and went away; and I thought no more of it till about a month after, when I found out that I was what people who make use of plain simple language call in love, and I'll tell you how I found it out.

I was going along one evening past old Andrews' house, when the door opened for a moment as if some one was coming out, but, as if I had been seen, it was closed directly. In that short moment, though, I had heard a laugh, and that laugh I was sure was John Kelsey's.

I felt on fire for a few moments, as I stood there unable to move, and then as I dragged myself away the feeling that came over me was one of blank misery and despair. I could have leaned my head up against the first wall I came to and cried like a child; but that feeling passed off to be succeeded by one of rage. For, as the blindness dropped from my eyes, I saw clearly that not only did I dearly love Mary Andrews—love her with all a strong man's first love, such a love as one would feel who had till now made his sole companions of his books—but that I was forestalled, that John Kelsey was evidently a regular visitor there, and, for aught I knew to the contrary, was her acknowledged lover.

I did not like playing the spy; but, with a faint feeling of hope on me that I might have been mistaken, I walked back past the house, and there was no mistake, John Kelsey's head was plainly enough to be seen upon the blind, and I went home in despair.

How I looked forward to the next Sunday, half resolved to boldly tell Mary of my love, and to ask her whether there was any truth in that which I imagined, though I almost felt as if I should not dare.

Sunday came at last, and somehow I was rather late when I entered the great schoolroom, one end of which was devoted to the girls, the other to the boys. At the first glance I saw that Mary was in her place; at the second all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my heart, for there, standing talking to the superintendent, was John Kelsey, and the next minute he

had a class of the youngest children placed in his charge, and he was hearing them read.

"He has done this on account of what I said to him," was my first thought, and I felt glad; but directly after I was in misery, for my eyes rested upon Mary Andrews, and that explained all—it was for her sake he had come.

I don't know how that afternoon passed, nor anything else, only that as soon as the children were dismissed I saw John Kelsey go up to Mary's side and walk home with her; and then I walked out up the hillside, wandering here and there amongst the mouths of the old, unused pits half full of water, and thinking to myself that I might just as well be down there in one of them, for there was no more hope or pleasure for me in this world.

Time slipped on, and I could plainly see one thing that troubled me severely; John was evidently making an outward show of being a hardworking fellow, striving hard for improvement, so as to stand well in old Andrews' eyes, while I knew for a fact that he was as drunken and dissipated as any young fellow that worked in the pit.

I could not tell Andrews this, nor I could not tell Mary. If she loved him it would grieve her terribly, and be dishonorable as well, and perhaps he might improve. I can tell him though, I thought, and I made up my mind that I would; and meeting him one night, evidently hot and excited with liquor, I spoke to him about it.

"If you truly love that girl, John," I said, "you'll give up this sort of thing."

He called me a meddling fool, said he had watched me, that he knew I had a hankering after her myself, but she only laughed at me; and one way and another so galled me that we fought. I went home that night bruised, sore, and ashamed of my passion; while he went to the Andrews' and said he had had to thrash me for speaking insultingly about Mary.

I heard this afterwards, and I don't know how it was but I wrote to her telling her it was false, and that I loved her too well ever to have acted so.

When next we met I felt that she must have read my letter and laughed at me. At all events, John Kelsey did, and I had the mortification of seeing that old Andrews evidently favoured his visits.

John still kept up his attendance at the school, but he was at the far end; and more than once when I looked up it was to find Mary Andrews with her eyes fixed on me. She lowered them though directly, and soon after it seemed to me that she turned them upon John.

It seems to me that a man never learns till he is well on in life how he should behave towards the lady of his choice, and how much better it would be if he would go and, in a straightforward, manly fashion, tell her of his feelings. I was like the rest, I could not do it; but allowed six months to pass over my head—six weary, wretched months—till Christmas came on, cold and bitter as was my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, and in a dreamy, listless way I was sitting over my breakfast before starting for work, when I heard a sound, and knew what it meant before there were shrieks in the village, and women running out and making for the pit's mouth a quarter of a mile away. I tell you I turned sick with horror, for I knew that at least twenty men would be down on

the night shift; and though it was close upon their leaving time, they could not have come up yet.

"Pit's fired! pit's fired!" I heard people shrieking; not that there was any need, for there wasn't a soul that didn't know it, for the pit had spoken for itself. And as I hurried out I thought all in a flash like of what a Christmas it would be for some families there, and I seemed to see a long procession of rough coffins going to the church yard, and to hear the wailings of the widow and the fatherless.

There was no seeming, though, in the wailings, for the poor frightened women, with their shawls pinned over their heads, were crying and shrieking to one another as they ran on.

I didn't lose no time, as you may suppose, in running to the pit's mouth, but those who lived nearer were there long before me; and by the time I got there I found that the cage had brought up part of the men, and three who were insensible, and that it was just going down again.

It went down directly; and just as it disappeared who should come running up, pale and scared, but Mary Andrews. She ran right up to the knot of men who had come up, and who were talking loudly, in a wild, frightened way, about how the pit had fired—they could not tell how—and she looked from one to the other, and then at the men who were scorched, and then she ran towards the pit's mouth, where I was.

"There's no one belonging to you down, is there?" I asked her.

"Oh yes—yes! my father was down, and John Kelsey."

A. she said the first words, I felt ready for anything; but as she finished her sentence, a cold chill came over me, and she saw the change, and looked at me in a strange, half-angry way.

"Here comes the cage up," I said, trying hard to recover myself, and going up to the bank by her side; but when half-a-dozen scorched and blackened men stepped out, and we looked at their disfigured faces, poor Mary gave a low wail of misery, and I heard her say, softly, "Oh, father! father! father!"

It went right to my heart to hear her bitter cry, and I caught hold of her hand.

"Don't be downhearted, Mary," I said huskily: "there's hope yet."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, as she turned sharply on me; and pressing her hand for a moment, I said, softly, "Try and think more kindly of me, Mary." And then I turned to the men.

"New, then, who's going down?" I shouted.

"You can't go down," shouted half-a-dozen voices; "the choke got 'most the better of us."

"But there are two men down!" I cried savagely.

"You're not all cowards, are you?"

Two men stepped forward, and we got in the cage.

"Who knows where Andrews was?" I cried; and a faint voice from one of the injured men told me. Then I gave the warning, and we were lowered down: it having been understood that at the first signal we made we were to be drawn up sharply.

The excitement kept me from being frightened; but there was a horrid feeling of oppression in the air as we got lower and lower, and twice over the men with me were for being drawn up.

"It steals over you before you know it," said one.

"It laid me like in a sleep, when Rotherby pit fired," said the other.

"Would you leave old Andrews to die?" I said: and they gave in.

We reached the bottom, and I found no difficulty in breathing, and, shouting to the men to come on, I ran in the direction where I had been told we should find Andrews; but it was terrible work, for I expected each moment to encounter the deadly gas that had robbed so many men of their lives. But I kept on, shouting to those behind me, till all at once I tripped and fell over some one; and as soon as I could get myself together I lowered the lamp I carried, and, to my great delight, I found it was Andrews.

Whether dead or alive I could not tell then: but we lifted him amongst us, and none too soon, for as I took my first step back I reeled, from a curious, giddy feeling which came over me.

"Run, if you can," I said, faintly; for my legs seemed to be sinking under me. I managed to keep on, though, and at our next turn we were in purer air; but we knew it was a race for life, for the heavy gas was rolling after us, ready to quench out our lives if we slackened speed for an instant. We pressed on, though, till we reached the cage, rolled into it, more than climbed, and were drawn up, to be received with a burst of cheers, Mary throwing her arms round her father's neck, and sobbing bitterly.

"I'm not much hurt," he said, feebly, the fresh air reviving him, as he was laid gently down. "God bless those brave lads who brought me up! But there's another man down—John Kelsey."

No one spoke, no one moved; for all knew of the peril we had just escaped from.

"I can't go myself, or I would," said Andrews: "but you musn't let him lie there and burn. I left him close up to the lead. He tried to follow me, but the falling coal struck him down. I believe the pit's on fire."

There was a low murmur amongst the men, and some of the women wailed aloud; but still no one moved except old Andrews, who struggled up on one arm, and looked at us, his face black, and his whiskers and hair all burnt off.

"My lads," he said, feebly, "can't you do nothing to save your mate?" and as he looked wildly from one to the other, I felt my heart like in my mouth.

"Do you all hear?" said a loud voice; and I started, as I saw Mary Andrews rise from where she had knelt holding her father's hand; "do you all hear?—John Kelsey is left in the pit. Are you not men enough to go?"

"Men can't go," said one of the day shift, gruffly: "no one could live there."

"You have not tried," again she cried passionately. "Richard Oldshaw," she said, turning to me with a red glow upon her face, "John Kelsey is down there dying, and asking for help. Will not you go?"

"And you wish me to go, then?" I said bitterly.

"Yes," she said. "Would you have your fellow-creature lie there and die, when God has given you the power, and strength, and knowledge to save him?"

We stood there then, gazing in one another's eyes.

"You love him so that you can't even help risking my life to save his, Mary. You know how dervy I love you, and that I'm ready to die for your sake: but it seems hard—very hard to be sent like this."

That was what I thought, and she stood all the time watching me eagerly, till I took hold of her hand and kissed it; and though she looked away then, it seemed

to me as though she pressed it very gently.

The next minute I stepped up towards the pit's mouth, where there was a dead silence, for no one would volunteer; and, in a half-blustering way, I said, "I'll go down."

There was a regular cheer rose up as I said those words; but I hardly heeded it, for I was looking at Mary, and my heart sank as I saw her standing there smiling with joy.

"She thinks I shall save him," I said to myself, bitterly. "Well, I'll do it, if I die in the attempt; and God forgive her, for she had broken my heart."

The next minute I had stepped into the cage, and it began to move, when a voice calls out, "Blow it all, Dick Oldshaw shan't go alone!" and a young pitman sprang in by my side.

Then we began to descend, and through an opening I just caught sight of Mary Andrews falling back senseless in the arms of the women. Then all was dark, and I was nerving myself for what I had to do.

To go the way by which I had helped to save Andrews was, I knew, impossible; but I had hopes that by going round by one of the old workings we might reach him, and I told my companion what I thought.

"That's right--of course it is," he said, slapping me on the back. "That's books, that is. I wish I could read."

Turning short off as soon as we were at the bottom, I led the way, holding my lamp high, and climbing and stumbling over the broken shale that had fallen from the roof; for this part of the mine had not been worked for years. Now we were in parts where we could breathe freely, and then working along where the dense gas made our lamps sputter and crackle; and the opening of one for an instant would have been a flash, and death for us both. Twice over I thought we had lost our way; but I had a plan of the pit at home, and often and often I had studied it, little thinking it would ever stand me in such good stead as this; and by pressing on I found that we were right, and gradually nearing the point at which the accident had occurred.

As we got nearer, I became aware of the air setting in a strong draught in the direction in which we were going, and soon after we could make out a dull glow, and then there was a deep roar. The pit was indeed on fire, and blazing furiously, so that as we got nearer, trembling--I'm no ashamed to own it, for it was an awful sight--there was the coal growing of a fierce red heat; but, fortunately, the draught set towards an old shaft fully a quarter of a mile further on, and so we were able to approach till, with a cry of horror, I leapt over heap after heap of coal, torn from roof and wall by the explosion, to where, close to the fire, lay the body of John Kelsey--so close that his clothes were already smouldering; and the fire scorched my face as I laid hold of him and dragged him away.

How we ever got him to the foot of the shaft I never could tell; for to have carried him over the fallen coal of the disused galleries would have been impossible. It was either to risk the gas of the regular way, or lie down and die by his side. I remember standing there for a few moments, and sending a prayer to Him who could save us; and then, with a word to my mate, we had John up between us, and staggered towards the shaft in a strange, helpless, dreamy way. To this day it seems to me little less than a miracle how we could have lived; but the fire must have ventilated the passages sufficiently to allow us to stagger slowly along

till we fell, more than climbed, into the cage, and were drawn up.

I have some faint recollection of hearing a cheer, and of seeing the dim light of the chill December day; but the only thing that made any impression upon me was a voice which seemed to be Mary's, and a touch that seemed to be that of her hand. I heard a voice saying, "Terribly burned, but he's alive. Got a pipe and matches in his hand;" and I knew they were speaking about John Kelsey, and the thought came upon me once more that I had saved him for her; and, with an exceeding bitter cry, I covered my poor fire-blinded eyes, and lay there faint and half-insensible.

And it's not much more that I can recollect, only of being in a wild, feverish state, wandering through dark passages, with fire burning my head, and coal falling always, and ready to crush me; and then I seemed to wake from a long, deep sleep, and to lie thinking in a weak, troubled way about getting up.

It was a month, though, before I could do that, and then there was a tender arm to help me, and a soft cheek ever ready to be laid to mine; for in those long, weary hours of sickness Mary had been by my side to cheer me back to health, and I had learned that I was loved.

It was one evening when she had been reading to me that I learned the secret that made me a happy man. We had been talking of John Kelsey, and I started in my bed as Mary said, in a soft, low voice--

"And now that he is better, father again wants me to marry him."

"And you?" I said, in a husky voice.

She did not answer in words, but turned her gentle face to me, half reproachfully; but the next moment it wore a soft, loving flush, that told me all; and when I feebly tried to draw her towards me, she laid her head down, and wept upon my breast, calling me her hero and her love.

I need not tell you that John Kelsey's visits were at her father's wish, nor how it was through his recklessness the pit was fired; neither need I tell you that I had a lot of foolish fuss made over me by the proprietors for what they called my bravery, and that they promoted me, and that's what they've been doing ever since. And as to something else, why you have guessed that already--this was Mary Andrews once, my dear wife now, these many years.

Accidents since in the pit? Well, yes, several--for with every care we cannot stop them; but I can say this--if you want to see a deep pit, ours is as safe a one as any in Yorkshire, and has had less life lost in it than any you could name. The fire? Oh, that's burning still. We have stopped it out from the part we work, but it is likely to burn for years.

Knowledge must be made vital in the heart before it can blossom into conduct; and the continual passing of right feeling into right action alone can form a worthy character.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

Literary Notices.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STUDENT for March is before us. We shall review it in a future issue; thus far time has not permitted a leisurely reading, which it certainly deserves.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—The Russell Publishing Co., Boston. No better proof is needed of the excellence of this monthly than the fact that our "little one" is always on the tip toe of expectation as the time draws near for its appearance.

DR. PENTECOST'S WORDS AND WEAPONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.—March number is before us, full of stimulating thoughts. We are not in accord with premillenarianism, and cannot be expected to endorse the utterances thereon in this admirable monthly; we gladly however recognize the evangelical tone, and for that commend the work. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

GODET on the GOSPEL OF JOHN, Vol. I, is before us. This is one of the series of volumes supplied at a reduced rate to all subscribers to Funk and Wagnall's *Homiletic Review*. Godet is evangelical, scholarly, thorough; his exegetical powers are not equal to Meyer, but there is *warmth* in his exegesis which we sadly miss in the prince of exegetes. Meyer and Godet together will furnish the student with all that is really needed for a thorough study of the New Testament in Greek, especially supplemented, as they are in this series, with corrective notes by the American editor.

THE GOSPEL CHOIR, by Ira D. Sankey and James McGrahan:—

THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Toronto; large 8 vo.—This is a collection of hymns and anthems supplementing the *Gospel Hymns Consolidated*, and appears to us to be in advance of the former books in respect of both harmonies and hymns. There are ninety-four selections, many of which are excellent voluntaries. Paper and type do credit to our Canadian enterprise, and are more sightly by far than the earlier Gospel Hymn series. We can confidently commend the book for evangelistic work, prayer meetings and Sunday School anthems.

Speaking of Canadian enterprise reminds us that we desired a copy of the revised version bound together with the Oxford Help. Not finding any such, we bought a copy of either and placed the same in the hands of Brown Bro's., Toronto, to be bound in flexible morocco with lap edges. We will not say that the work is equal to a Bagster, or the Oxford best, but we will say that the binding—a new endeavor in home work—is a credit to the firm, and compares favorably with the work from the great majority of English houses.

THE CENTURY & ST. NICHOLAS for March maintain their long won high reputation. We append examples from each. We confess to admiration for the sustained high tone of these publications. Here is a gem from the *Century*:

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

CRUEL and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and reared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud,
Blood-red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shot's rattle,

And 'mid hoof-tramp and rush,
The shrieks of women speared.

For it was Russ and Turkoman,—
No quarter asked or given;
A whirl of frenzied hate and death
Across the desert driven,
Look! the half-naked horde gives way.
Fleeing frantic without breath,
Or hope, or will; and on behind
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
While, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay,—
Wives, grandsires, baby brows and gray.
Groan after groan, ye! upon ye!
Are men but fiends, and is earth hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;
In his arms a child he bears.
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race.
The small hurt creature sheds no tear,
Nor utters cry; but clinging still
To this one arm that does not kill
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman finds a space,
Where, with face crouched upon her knee.
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sight?
Was there, far north by Neva's wave,
Some Russian girl in sleep-robcs white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy 'neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night?

Anthony Morhead.

And some wise words on EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED, by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who has an article on "The Strength and Weakness of Socialism." "Instead, therefore, of pulling down the existing order, as the socialists propose, the thing to be done is to enlarge its foundations. They are right in saying that an industrial system whose sole motive power is self-interest and whose sole regulative principle is competition will end in pandemonium; but they are foolish in thinking that humanity will thrive under a system which discards or cripples these self-regarding forces. What is needed is the calling into action of the good-will which is equally a part of human nature. This also must be made an integral part of the industrial system; it must be the business of the employer to promote the welfare of his workmen, and the business of the workmen to promote the interest of their employer. The organization of labor must be such that one class cannot prosper without directly and perceptibly increasing the prosperity of the other. This is the true remedy for the evils of which the socialists complain. The reform needed is not the destruction but the Christianization of the present order."

DOES any mother recognize this picture from *St. Nicholas*, TAKING-BABY'S PICTURE,—

Photographer:

"CARDS! Four dollars. Six for this size.
These will please you best, I think.
I'll be ready in a moment,
And we'll take him, in a wink.
Bring in baby. Will you hold him
Sitting in your lap, and—No?
Ah! I see!—Then we'll arrange him
In this little high chair.—So!—
There, that's easy.—*Heigho baby,*
going to take a little ride?
Want to see the pretty baby?
(When I'm ready step one side.)—"

Maman:

"Now, my Bessie, do not whisper:
We must still as statues be.
If we speak, the baby 'll surely
Turn his head and look at me."

Photographer:

("Now, good Nurse, please raise him up
A little—there!)—*Where is the birdy?*
(That's right.)—*What shall Nurse bring?*
(Try to close his mouth.)—*Come birdy!*
(Now his head is up too high,—
Easy,—there!)—*Chirp, chirp,—hear birdy!*
Baby see birdy by and by!
(That's right—keep him so!)—*Good baby,*
(Steady!)—*Baby would not cry!*
(Now then!)—*LOOK! SEE! HERE'S BIRDY!*
—Caught him, first time, on the fly!
"Yes, it's good. I know you 'll like it.
I'll have proofs without delay.
Can't be better. Finished!—Friday.
Very much obliged. Good day!"—A. W. N.

And any boy find interest in knowing WHY MAJOR WENT TO CHURCH?—

I once visited a pleasant country-house, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swinging rope became entangled around the neck of a little girl, Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions. Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said:

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat, —did you?"

The dog looked hard at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt, and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service began at the village church, into my friend's pew vaulted Major.

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer; then he sprang upon the seat, stood on his hind-legs, placed his fore-paw upon the front of the pew behind, and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked very much confused, and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and tittered. Major's master at once took the dog home. But the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently

he felt mortified and conscience-stricken.—*Lizzie Hatch*, in "*Dog Stories*."

Right and duty are like two palmtrees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR INDEPENDENT.

Since the first of January last, remittances have been received at the office of publication from the following, on CANADIAN INDEPENDENT subscription accounts: Rev. W. H. Warriner, Geo. Pigott, S. Cox, Rev. H. D. Powis, Mrs. R. Robertson, Wm. Walker, sr., L. E. Howard, M. G. Field, Mrs. N. Lamon, J. C. Hurst, F. M. Thomas, F. Wicks, B. McLachlan, Mrs. Lucy Smith, Rev. J. B. Saer, W. J. Owen, Mrs. E. S. Parker, Miss E. Smith, Rev. J. Wild, Marion Folger, Rev. C. S. Pedley, Miss McNaughton, H. A. McIntyre, Rev. H. Pedley, Mrs. Geo. Stewart, J. A. Jackson, M. D., W. Shackleton, G. Fuller, R. Carless, Miss S. Turner, A. P. Lewis, Jas. Adams, Henry Rathven, Jno. Duncan, Rev. E. C. W. McCall, Mrs. Watt, W. Fairbairn, H. Matthews, Theo. Allen, Robt. Marshall, Rev. A. W. Richardson, Albert Foster, C. E. Nurse, Wm. Hardy, Mrs. Lois Hilton, Miss Lucy Dennis, Rebecca Davison, Rev. Jno. Salmon, E. Lewis, W. Bunney, Mrs. Widdicombe, Jas. Richardson, Rev. F. Wrinley, Jas. Kay, Thos. Craig, Mrs. D. Malcolm, D. W. Malcolm, Jas. McKeand, Nathl. Currier, H. Sanders, Jno. McDermaid, W. McDougall, John D. Cameron, Jno. Harvie, C. Harvie, Malcolm Cameron, Jno. Langman, D. Jamieson, P. Cavanagh, R. A. Thomas, J. C. Wright, W. Lander, sr., T. Gray, Miss McGregor, Jas. N. Davidson, Mrs. Jas. Crossen, (for Miss May Hayden,) D. H. Burpee, T. D. Brainerd, Mrs. N. Hamilton, Wm. Jeffery, M. McElibbon, E. C. Goodhue, Rev. A. McGill, Robt. Leslie, A. J. Ferguson, W. S. Bates, Miss E. Smith, John M. Charles, Mrs. D. Sillers, Thos. Webb, Jno. Wightman, P. P. McDougall, Thos. McEwen, Jno. P. McDougall, Jno. Ewing, Miss Eagleson, Henry Pim, Rev. Alex. McGregor, S. King, Miss Sims, Rev. A. F. Macgregor, D. McBride, Mrs. E. O. Brigham, Mr. Oughtred, (per May Burritt,) Jno. Boyd, Jas. Bale, Miss Ball, E. J. Otter, Jno. Toms, Arch. Hay, Rev. J. Watt, Rev. W. Ewing, Mrs. R. Stapleton, Wm. Mitchell, Rev. A. W. Main, Mrs. John Bonner, Thos. Webb, Rev. Robt. Brown, J. T. Milne, D. M. Spence, J. D. Dennis, Rev. G. Purkis, G. W. Morrison, P. S. Martin, J. McIntyre, Angus McKay. Subscription monies will in future be acknowledged on address label. The old list has been in use thus far, but it is hoped the corrected list will be in type for the next issue of the INDEPENDENT.

W. R. CLIMIE.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D.V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Published solely in the interest 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. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto, Ont.

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