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The Canadian Independent.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1880.

[New Series. No. 14

Topics of the Week.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, intends to visit San Francisco about the 1st of October, to commence a series of meetings in that city, which will be continued during the winter.

—Mr Gladstone's scruples led him to positively refuse to go to sea in the admiralty yacht "Enchantress," as he does not approve of public goods being used for private service.

—It is announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer will next year make the tour of the world by the United States and Japan route; devoting two years to it, and taking sociological observations.

—Tell's chapel on the Platte by the Lake of the Four Cantons has been rebuilt, as its dilapidated condition demanded, and the restoration of the old mural paintings is now in progress.

—The American Bible Society have procured a new stop-cylinder press, upon which alone a whole Bible can be printed every minute. This is the briefest and most significant commentary possible on the achievements of modern invention in the dissemination of the ever-living Divine Word.

—It is reported that at Manhattan Beach, each clergyman who has this summer preached has received a fifty dollar bill from the hotel company. This is a fresh verification of the superior wisdom of the children of this world. A large number of the children of light pay next to nothing.

—A Calcutta despatch to the London "Times" says: "The Bombay Government is ready to undertake relief measures if necessary. Unless copious rains occur in the next few days, there will be apprehensions of a scarcity, if not of famine, over an area almost co-extensive with that of 1876. There was, however, some rain on Saturday."

—Henry Varley, the well-known English evangelist, writes to the London "Christian," that at the last election for members of Parliament, the whole town of Northampton was cowed by the friends of the notorious Bradlaugh, and that the Rev. Mr. Arnold, a Congregational minister, was threatened with the burning of his house and chapel if the infidel candidate was not elected.

—Mr. Fawcett, the British Postmaster-General, has a new plan for facilitating the small earnings of the poor. A saving child may now get an official strip of paper intended to hold twelve stamps, add a stamp at a time to it as he can save a penny, and, when it is full, take it to the post-office and get a savings bank receipt for a shilling, the minimum deposit which it will pay the post-office savings bank to take.

—A Constantinople despatch to the "Manchester Guardian" says: "A policy of reaction must be expected here. Fanaticism is rapidly increasing. Last week the Imaum of the Mosque, in the presence of the Sultan, denounced him as an unworthy successor of the Caliphs, upbraided him for listening to those who wish to make Christians and Mussulmans equal, and told him that the Christians must be protected and cherished as children are by their parents, but must be kept in subjection and not treated as equals."

—The Waldensian Church has now one hundred agents in evangelizing Italy—not foreigners, but Italians by birth, by civil rights and privileges. They constitute a native agency. The Gospel is preached by them in forty-seven towns and villages. The number who attend public worship under them is about 4,000, and of these 2,414 are communicants, the majority of whom have come out of the Church of Rome.

—Kinipple & Morris, London (Eng.) engineers, have been appointed to build a railroad in Newfoundland for the purpose of developing the mineral and agricultural resources of the island. The road is to be 300 miles in length. It will commence at St. John's and terminate at Green's Bay, to the north of the island, and in the vicinity of the principal mining districts, and will pass also, on its route, through good agricultural land for settlements.

—Dr. Ryle, the new Episcopal Bishop of Liverpool, in the course of his reply to an address of welcome presented, on his installation, by the Nonconformists of the town, said: "There is work for all in the great city of Liverpool, and I think our only contention should be who can do most for Christ. No one feels more than I do that England owes a great debt to the Protestant Nonconformists, and I hope their good service will never be forgotten."

—Dr. De Pressensee writes to the *Nonconformist* his judgment that late events have been most auspicious for the French Republic, and thinks it hardly possible to overestimate the importance of the results of the recent elections to the General Councils. The extreme Radicals have been as badly defeated as the Monarchists. The Republicans have a majority in sixty-seven of the departments of France. He thinks the Jesuits have richly merited their expulsion on moral grounds, not only by their political intrigues, but also by the hateful yoke which they have laid upon the necks of the most respectable section of their own church.

—The New York papers state that it is proposed by a theatrical manager in that city to bring out a Passion Play there in December. The Ober Ammergau play is not to be reproduced, but one very similar, although omitting the crucifixion scene, is being prepared. We trust that this undertaking may be abandoned. We believe it to be utterly impossible to render such a play in New York with the dramatic skill and the reverent propriety of manner which are necessary. A remarkable combination of circumstances, past and present, has enabled the Bavarian peasants to develop gradually, as the fruit of centuries of consecrated interest and effort, a success which, although very real, in general, barely has escaped this year, in some instances at least, being a partial failure. If an attempt be made to represent such a theme on the New York or any other stage it cannot be but shocking. The public, we believe, will refuse to patronize it. The irreligious will not care for it, and the devout will shrink from it. The only issue which seems to be probable is a heavy and well-deserved pecuniary loss on the part of the managers. The play has been rendered in San Francisco for a few weeks, but the public indignation was such that the performance had to be abandoned.

—That New York employer, who recently took his two hundred employees for a day's excursion at his own expense, also paying them their wages for that day in full, evidently is possessed of greater means than many of his fellow employers. Few of them may be able to imitate him. But they can adopt his principle of conduct, which is to conciliate his men by considerate treatment. He states that during the frequent business difficulties between capitalists and laborers of late years, he has had no strike to deal with, and it is clear that he has taught his employees to regard him as their friend. We are glad to believe that not a few capitalists in positions similar to his are actuated by the same principles and accomplish the same results. Much of the friction between capital and labor can be prevented by the mutual good feeling which is the fruit of such occasional generosity as that above mentioned.

—Wednesday, 22nd inst., was a high day at York Mills. There was a tea-meeting and entertainment held, at which a large number were present. Both the tea and entertainment gave great satisfaction. In the absence of Dr. Buchan the chair was occupied by Mr. J. Heighington. Readings were given by Messrs. Shepherd and Phenex and the chairman. The musical portion of the programme was supplied by Miss Charlton of Toronto. Pianists, Mr. Arthur L. Willson, of Eglinton, and Mr. and Mrs. Blight, of St. Peter's Choir, Toronto. The singing of Mr. Blight created quite a *furor*, he being frequently and enthusiastically recalled. The proceedings were brought to a close by the hearty singing of the National Anthem by the audience, led by Mr. Blight. Thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Barter, of Willowdale, for the use of their piano. The proceeds, which are to go to the library fund, were pleasing.

An appalling act of cruelty is reported from Pontremoli, in Italy. A female lay servant, employed in the Carmelite convent, had been detected in the act of stealing some bread, the property of the sisterhood, and for this offence she was tried, about ten days ago, before an impromptu tribunal, consisting of the abbess and two of the senior nuns. Pronounced guilty, the sentence passed upon her by these pious ladies condemned her "to undergo the torments of purgatory." At once self-constituted judges and executioners, the abbess and her reverend coadjutors proceeded forthwith to enforce their barbarous sentence in the following manner:—Having conveyed their victim to a cell in which an iron stove stood out from the wall, they caused the stove to be heated in her presence, and then, tying her hands tightly together behind her back, held her face down for several minutes close to the surface of the glowing metal. Her struggles and heart-rending entreaties for mercy were of no avail. The pitiless nuns, deaf to her outcries, protracted her martyrdom until her scorched eyes had lost their sight for ever, and her whole face was converted into one huge blister. So profound was the horror generated throughout the sisterhood by the unheard-of torture, that its perpetrators, despite conventional discipline, were denounced by several members of the community to the local authorities, who, after instituting a searching inquiry into the circumstances of the case, have consigned the abbess and her confederate tormentors to prison, where they are now awaiting their trial.

There are from ten millions to twelve millions of Jews scattered throughout the world, —nearly 3,000,000 in the Russian dominions, nearly 1,000,000 in the Austrian empire, large numbers all over the German empire, about 700,000 on the northern coast of Africa, about three quarters of a million in the United States of America, about 120,000 in all France, about a quarter of a million in Abyssinia, called Falashas; large numbers scattered over the three Presidencies of India; a few in China; great numbers in Turkey; only about 30,000 or 40,000 in Palestine, though there are no less than 80,000 in Constantinople, and only about 20,000 in Italy. In Great Britain we have about 80,000, half of whom are in London. The 40,000 Jews in London are as representative, and perhaps more so, than any other equal number anywhere. Here there are Jews constantly moving from and to almost every part of the world. Amongst the London Jews, there are the extremes of wealth and poverty. *Rev. J. Wilkinson.*

—St. Peter's sisters are the subject of a popular story found in the Italian Tyrol. The tale (*Schneller, Marchen und Sagen aus Walschthol*: Innsbruck, 1867, p. 6) is as follows: St. Peter had two sisters—one large, the other small. The little one entered a convent and became a nun. St. Peter was delighted at this, and tried to persuade his big sister to become a nun also. She would not listen to him, however, and said, "I would rather marry." After St. Peter had suffered martyrdom, he became, as is well known, porter of heaven. One day the Lord said to him, "Peter, open the gates of heaven to-day as wide as you can, and get out all the heavenly ornaments and decorations, for a very deserving form is going to arrive here." St. Peter did as he was told with great joy, and thought, "Certainly my little sister is dead, and is coming to heaven to-day." When everything was ready, there came the soul of —, his big sister, who had died and left many children to bitterly lament her loss. The Lord gave her an exalted place in heaven, much to the astonishment of St. Peter, who thought, "I never should have imagined this. What shall I have to do when the soul of my little sister comes? Not long after the Lord said to him, "Peter, open the gates of heaven to-day a little way. But a very little. Do you hear? St. Peter obeyed, and wondered, "Who is coming to-day?" Then came the soul of his little sister, and had so much trouble to squeeze through the gate that she hurt herself, and she received a much lower place in heaven than the big sister. At first St. Peter was amazed, afterwards he said, "It has happened differently from what I imagined, but I see now that every profession has its merits, and every one, if he only wishes, can enter heaven." I have not been able to find any parallel to this story from the rest of Italy, but it shows other members of St. Peter's family, besides his mother, have been the subjects of popular legends. — *T. F. Cane, in the Academy.*

The Presbyterian church of Beirut, Syria, has decided to call a native pastor and to provide for his support.

The Presbyterian Foreign Board reports in its Record, 78 received to church membership in its various missions in July and 127 in August.

GATHERING HOME

BY REV. OLIVER CRANE, M. D.

From the dust and the din and the battle of life,
They are gathering home.
They have ceased from its toil, and have ended
its strife,
They are gathering home;
Of the loved and the true and the tender of
heart,
Whom we greeted and knew at the early start,
There are many who dropped in the rear as we
passed,
They were with us awhile, but they ripened fast;
They are gathering home.
From the homes of the rich, and huts of the
poor,
They are gathering home;
From abodes where the sick and the sighing en-
dure,
They are gathering home;
As in Egypt of old on the passover night,
Not a house was exempt from the terrible
blight;
So from one and another the chert-hed have fled,
Till is found not a house where is not one dead;
They are gathering home
From each station in life where our lot may be
thrown,
They are gathering home,
There are fewer and fewer of those we have
known,
They are gathering home;
They are passing away to the further shore,
And the places that knew them shall know them
no more;
They have left us and gone but are not forgot,
They have vanished from sight, but have perished
not—
They are gathering home
Ah! in spite of the tears that we shed as they go,
They are gathering home,
The angels as above them are more than look w,
They are gathering home;
The habitation worn in the heat of the day
They have left for a time, and have laid them
away;
In the blood of the Lamb who is throned in
high,
They have washed their robes and have made
them white—
They are gathering home.
From the church below to the church above,
They are gathering home;
To the presence of Him whom, now seeing, they
love,
They are gathering home;
From the valley of toil, to the mansions of rest,
From their pilgrim abode to the home of the
blest;
From the south and the north and the west and
the east
The Redeemer is building His guests to the
feast;
They are gathering home.
With the saints of the past, who have suffered
and died,
They are gathering home;
They have triumphed o'er death through the
Crucifix,
They are gathering home;
In departing they signalled of rapture begun,
Of the struggle completed, the victory won;
They a halo of glory ineffable wear,
As in mansions which Jesus has gone to pre-
pare,
They are gathering home.
On the mount of the Lord where the glorified
stand,
They are gathering home;
From each kindred and people and nation and
land,
They are gathering home;
In the Eden, where naught to molest them is
nife,
They shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life;
They shall satiate drink of the river that flows
Through the city of God; for, to endless repose,
They are gathering home.

Our Story.

A STORY ABOUT THE "ROCK
OF AGES."

BY REV. MARTIN KELLOGG, FRANCES TOWN, N. H.

"Mother, when are you going to tell us that promised story about the 'Rock of Ages'?" said a smiling girl of a dozen summers.

"Yes," broke in James, a brother of fourteen years, "I want to hear it very much. Why not now?"

They were loving, obedient children of fond parents who were seeking to bring them up as children of the Lord. They lived in a grand, brown-stone house of up town New York, surrounded by all that love and wealth could furnish. Their parents moved in the highest Christian circles of the city, were kind and indulgent to a fault, and used their fortune and high privileges in many ways of lavish benevolence. The father was specially interested in reclaiming drunkards, and many a one had been helped by him to sobriety and moral respectability. The mother was noted for going on errands of mercy to the dark garret and vile cellar habitations of the lower wards, spreading love and blessing wherever she went. Thus they sought to carry out the golden rule of Jesus, and to follow His example in doing good among the down-trodden children of misery.

The children had noticed two things about their mother, at which they greatly wondered, ever since they were old enough to observe. That, although she would not, from principle, give to street-beggars and catch-pennies indiscriminately, she never refused to give to a street-singer; and unconvinced herself many times to listen to their plaintive voices and hear their always mournful tale, and to send them off rejoicing over her bounty. They also noticed that—as she had a charming voice and often sung to them—she could never sing or hear sung the familiar old song, "Rock of Ages," without great emotion. They had often asked her the reason of these singular things, but had been put off with the remark that it was a long story, which she would tell sometime after they were old enough to understand it.

This afternoon she replies, after a moment's hesitation: "Well, Martha and James, sit down here. I will tell you now, though it is a trying experience for me to live over," and her voice broke down with convulsive sobs.

Regaining composure by the soothing caresses of her children, with tremulous tones she began the story:

Once on a time there was a marriage. It was the common story of love. Two hearts knit together by pure affection. Two self-reliant hearts bent on the pursuit of happiness, yet without means, and with few friends. The husband had a good trade, and they began life in a modest, pleasant home. A little girl was born to them, around whom their hearts clustered most devotedly. For several years they prospered and were happy, their pathway broadened, and friends thronged around. But one dark-day of temptation came to the husband, and he fell. From that time their happiness was doomed. After the demon of intemperance had gained access, it took but two short years to desolate the home of all joy and comfort. By degrees they went down until they found themselves living in a rough garret room in a tenement house reeking with filth and pollution. The wife, with broken heart and broken constitution, tried to keep body and soul together for herself and little Mary by sewing. The husband came home now and then, indolent, bloated, foul-breathed, blasphemous and cruel, the object of their disgust and dread.

Mary had been hunted up by some missionary ladies, and clothed for the Sabbath school, which she regularly attended with great pleasure, bringing back papers and books and sunshine to the forlorn mother in the musty garret. The father, coming upon them one Sunday afternoon, found Mary dressed in these Sunday clothes. With threats and curses he obliged her to take off the neat dress, the new shoes, the prim hat, and, seizing them with a chuckle of delight, left the room. Too well they knew that they were to be pawned for liquor. Again the kind ladies clothed little Mary, so that she returned to the Sabbath school, where she learned to love Jesus, and to pray to Him.

She and her mother often prayed and sang together, but had to be most careful not to be "caught at it" by that beast of a man whom she called father. Their favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages," which they sang very often. The father had found them singing it once, and, with abusive words, forbade it. The second time he was furious, roughly seized them, beat the mother and kicked the child and threatened to kill them both.

Some time after Mary was walking along a street, almost unconsciously singing herself the old familiar hymn, when suddenly crash through a window of a rum-saloon, which she was passing, came a broken decanter, followed by the angry tones of her father "There, there's a rock for you. Take that. Good enough for you."

It struck her temple and felled her to the ground. She got up, stunned and bleeding, and went to her mother. All that night she moaned in wild delirium on a straw cot in the garret. The doctor dressed the wound, but pronounced it fatal.

Oh! how that mother longed and prayed and agonized that night! Could she give up her Mary, her angel, her only companion, her joy, her all? How she prayed that the bitter end might pass from her. During the long hours of unconsciousness Mary sang snatches of the hymn, then seemed to see the decanter coming, and to hear the window crash, and the angry tones of the drunken father. Again and again she recited the ordeal in ejaculatory language, and said: "He didn't do it. He didn't mean to. No! No! Not my father."

Finally she fell into a quiet sleep, and awoke in the early dawn in her right mind, but in great pain.

"Mammy," she said, "pray for papa. I want to see papa. I want to see him quick."

She sent a boy to a grog-shop where he might be, with the message: "Come quick to see your Mary dying." He was too drunk to understand it, but came up. Mary was again delirious, and didn't know him. He looked at her a moment with stolid, stupid gaze, muttering oaths and breathing vileness upon the prayerful air of the little room. She incoherently called him, and asked for an orange; pleaded with him not to throw that bottle at her, but to give her an orange and a kiss. Sullenly he stalked off, slamming the door in rage.

The mother then prayed fervently that God would give her some means of getting an orange for her dying child. Drawing her faded, threadbare shawl about her shoulders, with the words: "Be quiet, Mary darling, Mother'll bring you an orange. I'll not be gone very long."

An idea had struck her. She had seen women singing on the street for pennies. She would try her voice in the same way. The morning air was cold, with a keen wind that swept around the street corners in gusts that made her shiver. She began to sing. Some passers-by jeered at her, some mocked, some rudely brushed by her with disdain. All passed, and none gave to her. She sang at another corner, at a third and a fourth, with the same result. Discouraged and shivering as with ague, she was about to give up, but the thought of her suffering child calling for an orange braced her up to try once more. With a silent prayer she stepped over to Fifth Avenue, and began to sing sweetly, with deep pathos:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

She saw two beautiful children in the parlor of a mansion opposite. Presently they came to the window, looked at her, then a servant raised the window a little, and she could see that they were listening; then a fine, matronly looking woman came and listened then beckoned to her. With high hopes of a penny she approached the window, and finished the

hymn. The servant came out and put a silver half dollar into her hand.

Now back through the streets and narrow lane, up the creaking stairs, she hurried with lighter heart and step with the purchases she had made with the half dollar. Never were so many and so needed things bought with so little money.

Mary opened her eyes languidly, but sparkled with delight at sight of her mother and the oranges. Delighted also was the mother to find her rational once more.

"God gives you these things, darling," she said, "I sang on Fifth Avenue for them; I prayed God to touch somebody's heart and He did."

"How good the blessed Lord is," said Mary, feebly; "I've been praying for you to be cheerful and happy and resigned. I've been praying for father to be good and kind to you again and not to drink any more. I'm going to Jesus. I shan't be with you much longer. Jesus loves me and wants me, I know. Jesus will let me sing 'Rock of Ages,' won't He, all I want to? Oh! my head!" and little Mary moaned with pain.

That day passed slowly on, and neared the twilight. The young life was ebbing fast from its earthly mold. The doctor came and went, saying that she could not survive the night. How the hot tears fell as she knelt by her dying Mary. At last she found peace in praying, "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."

The dull, heavy tread of the father was heard on the stairs. The mother shrank with fear.

"Oh! my dying child," she exclaimed, "I can't have *him* see you now."

But in he came, staggering along, partially sober. Seeing the bowed form of his wife and the pallid face upon the cot, he swaggered up, and looked, and then swore and began to be violent, when Mary opened her eyes with a smile, and seeing him threw out her arms, with the words:

"O, papa, papa; I'm so glad you've come, for I'm going. I'm going to Jesus. I learned to love in the Sabbath school. I've prayed Jesus to forgive you for killing me, for throwing that bottle. I've prayed Jesus to make you good and kind and nice to mother again, and not to drink any more. Come, kiss your Mary; kiss me good-by. Come up into the skies bim-by and live with me and Jesus, won't you—papa—won't you? Kiss me * * * kiss * * * Jesus."

She sank back exhausted. The mother began to sing, "Rock of Ages." She began the fourth verse:

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,

Mary gave a start, smiled, murmured something, and the little spirit was hid in Jesus' eternal bosom.

The husband was silent, and looked with a bewildered gaze upon the child and the sobbing mother, and muttered: "Dead! my darling Mary dead! Gone! and I didn't kiss her! Dead! and I killed her! Oh! my God!" He sat down and wept aloud.

That night he watched beside the dead form of his Mary—once so loved by him, and now killed by him. His thoughts were tumultuous and overwhelming. A long, sad, struggling night. He reviewed the past from the happy marriage through the joyous home of love to the present miserable old garret room; then the deadly *caus* of the *ba*; changes came to mind, and long he pondered upon that. At times he exclaimed:—"Wretch, wretch that I am, fool, drunkard, damned soul!" As morning dawned he gained the victory, and, clasping his wife to his bosom, he vowed in prayer to God never to taste or touch intoxicating drink again.

The mother stopped, overcome with emotion, and Martha and James, who had eagerly listened all through, were moved to tears, too. Presently James asked:—

Family Reading.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE BIBLE IN MADAGASCAR.

RETAILED BY THE REV. JOHN PHILIPS, HUNTING.

A little band of missionaries began work in Madagascar about the year 1820. They found the people without a written language, idolaters, in deep social degradation, and just emerging from the horrors of the slave trade. The missionaries were permitted to work for about sixteen years, the last of them being compelled by persecution to leave the island in 1836, and it was fully a quarter of a century before any were permitted to return. But before they left in 1836, they had reduced the language to a written form, had taught between 20,000 and 30,000 persons to read, had gathered a few hundred converts into Christian fellowship, and had completed the translation of the Scriptures.

When Radama I., the king under whom the work began, died in 1828, his widow seized the throne and murdered the rightful heir, and her husband's relatives reversed Radama's enlightened policy and sought to restore the old state of things. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to get rid of the missionaries. The directors of the London Missionary Society, under whom the mission was begun, had not only sent out spiritual teachers, but also artisans to instruct the Malagasy in weaving, tanning, carpentry, and smith work; and the obvious benefits derived from their instructions naturally won for the commission more toleration than it would otherwise have received. In 1829 a meeting took place in the house of one of the missionaries, which was destined to exercise much influence upon the future history of Madagascar. When they met, a messenger arrived from the Queen thanking them in her name for the instruction they had given her people, and inquiring if they had anything more to teach them. The good men thought they were only about the beginning of their great work of instruction, and they sent back a message enumerating many subjects which they were preparing to teach. Among these they happened to put down Greek and Hebrew, for they had already begun to instruct some of their advanced pupils in the original tongues of Scripture. When the message was carried to the Queen she replied that she did not want her people taught languages which no one spoke. Could the missionaries not teach them some useful thing? Could they not teach her people to make soap? The missionaries were perplexed at the request, but Mr. Griffith, one of the older missionaries, turned to a young Scotchman of the name of Cameron, who had come out two years before to take the place of the carpenter who had died of fever, and said, "Mr. Cameron, can you help us here? Do you know how to make soap?" Young Cameron answered, "Give me a week and I will try."

While the persecution was still raging in Madagascar, an old minister in the Perthshire Highlands—the Rev. Mr. Black of Dunkeld—gave me an account of the early days of this James Cameron. "I saw," said the old minister, "a number of lads in the town a little behind with their education, and I took up an evening class to help them on a bit. Among those who attended was a young lad of the name of Cameron, who came in some five or six miles from the country: an intelligent studious lad. Finding that at home he was reading books on chemistry and such like subjects, I asked him if he had any particular aim in this. He answered no, but that he wished to get as much knowledge as he could—it might be of use some day." This was the first account I had of James Cameron. How he became a mission-

ary I learned from his own lips when I met him in Madagascar in 1873, then an old man of seventy-three. "I was," he said, "apprenticed to a carpenter. When my apprenticeship was out I went to Edinburgh to get work as a journeyman, but I did not succeed to my satisfaction. I went to Berwick, but not being satisfied there either, pushed on south to Leeds. Here I happened to take up a copy of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and found on its cover an advertisement for a missionary mechanic to go out to Madagascar. I said to myself, 'That is how I should like to spend my life.' I went to my pastor, Dr. Winter Hamilton, who put me in communication with the directors of the London Missionary Society, and in a few months I was on my way to Madagascar." Mr. Cameron arrived in the island about two years before the little meeting of which I have spoken. I suppose his chemical reading came back to him. He found abundance of materials for the manufacture, and by the end of a week he had made two bars of soap which were accepted at the palace. But the Malagasy Government found that he could do more things than make soap. They discovered that he could make gunpowder, and they sought to induce him to undertake that task. He answered that he did not think such work would be in harmony with his duties as a servant of the Prince of Peace, but that whatever he could do for the Queen and people of Madagascar, consistently with the object of the mission, he was ready to do. In a short time young Cameron had five or six hundred men under him, employed in different works in the service of the Government, and, for the time the departure of the missionaries was delayed. They saw, however, that there was a strong desire, if not a settled purpose, on the part of the Queen to get rid of them, and they set to work with renewed earnestness, and with especial zeal, for the translation of the Scriptures. The first Malagasy Christians were baptised in 1831, some of the missionaries were ordered to leave the country in 1832, in 1835 Christian worship and instruction were forbidden, and all the missionaries left excepting two, Mr. Baker and Mr. Johns, who remained till the following year to complete the translation of the Scriptures. When they left, in 1836, they had the satisfaction of having completed their great task, and of having printed, bound, and put into the hands of the converts some seventy copies of the Bible.

It seems highly probable that the service Mr. Cameron and the other artisans were able to render largely contributed to the continuance of the mission from 1829 to 1836. But for such incidental service as I have described, it is not improbable that the mission would have been driven out in 1829, and, if so, the Bible would not have been translated, and the history of the Gospel in Madagascar, one of the most wonderful things in modern times, would not have been. We have thus a remarkable providence in the way in which the Bible was given to the Malagasy, as well as the remarkable illustration of the power of God's Word in its influence in Madagascar.

The five and twenty years during which missionaries were excluded from Madagascar were years of continuous persecution, which at times, as in 1849 and 1857, broke out with extreme violence. It has been computed that during this quarter of the century about ten thousand persons were punished by the tribunals of Madagascar for their fidelity to Christ. The Martyr Church of Madagascar may not be comparable with some other martyr churches for breadth of knowledge and experience, but for simple fidelity to Christ it may take its place among the noblest of them. The fidelity of the native Christians would have been wonderful if, during the long days of darkness, they had been sustain-

ed and guided by the example and counsel of missionaries—it is most remarkable and instructive when we remember that the Bible, and the God of the Bible, were their sole support and guide. The few converts left behind by the missionaries in 1836 met as they could in each others' houses and under the cloud of night, or in the wood, or among the rocks on the hill side. Their piety and their numbers grew, and when, after a quarter of a century of suffering, the persecuting Queen died, the Gospel had virtually conquered, and had prepared for the downfall of idolatry which took place a few years later, and for the present state of things in which the whole people have put themselves under Christian instruction.

POPULAR SAYINGS FROM POPE.

Although the poems of Alexander Pope are seldom read at the present day, people, without knowing it, quote him more frequently than any other author or book with the exception, perhaps, of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Isaac Watts, Benjamin Franklin, and Æsop. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity in this regard.

Shoot folly as it flies.
Man never is, but always to be, blest
Lo, the poor Indian!
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whatever is, is right
The proper study of mankind is man
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickle I with a straw
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Order is Heaven's first law.
Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, he want of it the fellow.
An honest man's the noblest work of God
Look through nature up to nature's God
From grave to gay, from lively to severe
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined
Mistress of herself, though China fall.
Who shall feel when doctors disagree?
A little learning is a dangerous thing
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Damn with faint praise.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Do good by stealth and wash to him, it fame.
An ideal damnation round the land
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me
The mockery of woe
This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew,
Party is the malice of unity for the good of a few

—Detroit Free Press

It is surely scarcely necessary to say further, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in shewing, that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion, and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin.*

The Worcester Press says Mr. Moody, the evangelist, has built at Northfield, his native place, a seminary which, with the land, will cost some \$50,000. The school has been running a year already it is supported by the "hymn book fund" and by private gifts. The number of resident pupils is to be 70, with a yearly tuition fee of \$100 each, but the girls must do all the work of the institution, for there are to be no servants, except a porter to take care of the furnace and do the fetching and carrying. The principal, Miss Tuttle, has been sent out to the Indian Territory, for a dozen young Indian girls, who are to receive here a better education than the schools of the more civilized tribes provide, and Mr. Moody also has a scheme for educating Chinese girls.

"Did he drink any more, mother! What became of him?"

"Never," she said, with evident pride in her voice, "and who do you suppose he was? He was the man whose passion for liquor, rose in business, had a happy home once more, and two living children were given them, a Game Martha and James, and"—

"What?" interrupted Martha in astonishment, "Not my father, surely! My father ever a drunkard! Ever beat you! I remember you've told me I had a sister Mary long ago who died. And was this Mary my sister?" and she burst into tears.

The mother comforted the children, saying it seemed a dream to her, but it was all a by-gone, and never referred to between the parents. God is good, and will ever hear the cry of the humble suppliant, however low and wretched. God is able unto all things, even to save to the uttermost those who are perishing.

Mission Notes.

—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," has given \$5,000 to begin a mission among the Bhils in Central India.

—The *Missionary Herald* for September says that eleven Jesuit missionaries who left England last January, to form a mission in Central South Africa, have settled in Lobengule's kingdom, with the permission of the king; and another Jesuit expedition is on its way to King Umzila, and adds—"It is to be hoped that our missionaries now on their way to Umzila's kingdom may not find themselves forestalled by these Jesuits."

Mr. H. K. Carroll, one of the editors of the *New York Independent*, in an able lecture at Chautauqua on the World of Missions, says, that of the eighty-four societies now in operation, more than fifty have been organized during the last fifty years. Their aggregate income is nearly \$7,000,000 yearly. He believes, after careful estimates, that the amount of all missionary expenditures yearly, both for home and foreign work, is about \$15,000,000.

—The Rev. W. B. Boggs, one of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who is laboring among the Telogers, of India, has baptized 1,295 converts in the Ongolefield since January 1st. The great mass of converts are reported as living as well as they know how, and, with more knowledge, will become strong men and women in Christ. In four different villages the idols, numbering about a hundred, were all given to the Missionary.

—Rev. J. C. Hawker, of the London Missionary Society, has been visiting the district of Belgaum, in Southern India. He found everywhere an earnest desire among the people to hear the Gospel. In some places the whole population turned out to hear him. He visited the hunters' hamlets, a wild, lawless class of men, very ignorant, with the reputation of very violent highwaymen. They heard the Gospel gladly, and begged the Missionary to visit them again.

—It is admitted by all that the trade in opium, in India, is a reproach to England. A million of acres of the best land of India is devoted to the culture of opium. The British Parliament, after discussing the subject, has concluded that nothing can be done about it, because the trade yields some \$30,000,000 revenue in India. The *London Times*, in commenting of the discussion, says "the stagnation of Missionary efforts is obviously explained by the fact that people judge of British sincerity in inviting them into the Christian fold by the persistency with which the British Empire deadens and paralyzes their energies." When will Christian England have a budget free from the taint of opium and alcohol?

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TORONTO, SEPT. 30, 1880

CONVERSIONS WANTED.

A paragraph which is being passed round by the religious press, furnishes a theme for deep solicitude on the part of Christian believers in all denominations. The paragraph concerns the Presbyterian Church of the United States. It gives statistics gleaned from the annual returns made to the General Assembly of that body. That Church has over 500,000 members. For the year ending with June, 1878, there was an increase of 6,631 in over 5,500 churches. That is a gain of a *trifle over one member by each church* in that vast communion. For the year ending with June, 1879, the increase was only 4,185 in a slightly increased number of churches, or a gain of *considerably less than one member per church*.

Now, there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of these figures, for they are from the official statistics of the denomination. And even granting that much good has been done, which has escaped the keen eye of the statistician, yet is there not enough ground for profound solicitude among genuine Christian men and women? When—as a few years since—1,200 churches and odd reported not one solitary accession for the twelve-month, is it not time to pursue the reason of such a state of things with humbled and earnest heart? Scarce can we wonder that Dr. Kitzredge—the worthy Presbyterian pastor of Chicago—should have come to the belief, which he uttered sadly, even wailingly, some time ago that the church was losing in its combat with evil.

Should not these things make all our churches think whether there is as much done as might be done to deliver the devil's manacled slaves from his wretched thralldom, and make them freemen in Christ Jesus? There is much mental power among the churches, much wealth, much sociability. But what about conversions? Are they numerous, or meagre? Are new recruits for the Lord's army being enrolled? If not, then what avails our mind-power, our wealth-force, our social influence? Are these ends of themselves, or only means to the grand end of leading children of darkness into the light of God, and the sons of unrest into the sweet peace of God? Surely, in all charity, something must be wrong in that church when the hallowed sight of a soul's decision for Christ does not appear in response to a year's effort. Either the preaching is misdirected, or individual labor is strangled, or something else as sad must account for the fruitlessness.

The one great need of all churches is spiritual life. There is brain in them, money in them, sociability in them, but all these need to be touched and vitalized by a more consecrating love to Jesus and to men's souls. The millennium tarries. And why? Can it be because the people of Christ are not alive to their re-

sponsibility and work? Would it not be a fitting theme for the pulpits of our land and for a downright earnest conference in all prayer-meetings, "How may we secure the conversion of men?" Would not God enlighten us on this matter? Would He not crown us with power? Surely gospel enthusiasm and gospel success were not the exclusive heritage of apostolic times. The Holy Ghost is not dead. We may catch his inspiration, we may be media of His power. We need to think seriously, and pray fervently, about this matter of converting grace.

ROBERT BROWNE AND THE BROWNISTS.

Leyden, in the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, contained a handful of faithful men, from whom came the "Pilgrim Fathers." They rejoiced in a pastor, by name John Robinson, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. About A. D. 1625 this John Robinson, among many works, wrote "A just and necessary apology for certain Christians called commonly and with equal contumely Brownists or Barrowists." Previous to this, at Amsterdam, another body of Englishmen, exiled for conscience' sake, formed a church, among whom were Johnson and Ainsworth, joint authors of another "apology in defence of such true Christians as are commonly (but unjustly) called Brownists." Thus carefully did the earl, Congregationalists disown the leadership of Browne. Who was this Browne? and who were the Brownists?

The Encyclopedia Britannica replies, "Robert Brown, the founder of the Brownists, a numerous sect of dissenters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The article speaks of his insolence in court and relates how, *an old man of eighty*, he had contention even to blows with the constable of his parish, for which he was committed to Northampton gaol where he died. Neale, in his history of the Puritans, thus describes the last moiety of his life: "Having renounced his principles, he became rector of a parish in Northamptonshire; here he lived an idle and dissolute life, according to Fuller, far from that Sabbatarian strictness that his followers aspired after. He had a wife with whom he did not live for many years, and a church in which he never preached." Robert Browne appears as one on whose tomb, not even at night, has been placed a garland of kind remembrance. Churchmen could never forget his Brownism, the dissenters never forgave his acceptance of a rectory at the price of recantation. Nevertheless it cannot be ignored that Brown was the pioneer in the exposition of many principles which have been or are being accepted by the Reformation Church. He must be accorded the merit of having first, in the English tongue, clearly defined the now accepted relations of the magistrate to the church, and was unquestionably one of the very first that dug out of the New Testament in these latter days the primitive order and constitution of the New Testament church called Congregational. Yet Congregationalists have not been very ready to own their obligation to Browne inasmuch as he proved, as they deem, recreant to his first love.

Dr. Dexter, whose recent work on Congregationalism we recently noticed, has with reverent hand searched among the records of him thus on all hands dishonored, and has given us, we believe, the true key to all the mystery of Browne's career. It is not pleasant for a religious body such as the Congregational to be constrained to admit that their first and foremost leader was "an ambitious bigot in his earlier, and a contemptible sneak in his latter, years." No pains have been spared by our Presbyterian friends to rescue from all reproach the memories of Knox and Calvin. Dr. Dexter has done that work for Browne, and done it well. He prefaces his chapter on Robert Browne and his co-workers with some lines of Dryden which carry a truth not readily comprehended, proving, as it does, part of the mystery which enwraps our being here:

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay;
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Genius undoubtedly belonged to Browne, and his constant anxiety, with trouble, would inevitably break through the thin partition which the "bounds divide." Thus read, Browne's life becomes less an enigma.

Robert Browne was born in Rutlandshire, England, about A. D. 1550, of good family, related to William Cecil Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. To this relationship was due many personal immunities and favors evidently enjoyed. His education and standing were those of an English gentleman, and apparently he duly took the Cambridge University degrees, entering into Orders. The times in which he lived were not of marked religious fervour; the Reform Church of England was but a compromised, and that feeble one, and withal a most intolerable tyranny over men's minds, from the traditional force of which she has not yet been enabled to free herself, even if she has become desirous. Her low spiritual tone and ill moral character and influence in Elizabeth's days must have vexed the righteous souls constrained to dwell in her spiritual Sodom. Browne's soul was vexed and fired, and he preached, not regarding a Bishop's license, whenever opportunity offered. The common people heard him gladly, and in a church under the shadow of the great Cambridge University he engaged the attention of the more cultivated class; indeed so popular did he become that he was pressed to accept a Cambridge pulpit with the consent of the mayor and vice-chancellor. It was at this time that a great conflict of opinions fell upon him, under which he fell "soare sicke;" during his sickness he was prohibited by the Bishop from further preaching. Recovering, he heard of some in Norfolk who were forward in the work of reformation, and felt it his duty to take his journey thither, which he accordingly did. There he lodged with Robert Harrison who, having graduated at the same University, became master of a hospital in Norwich. The two had long and frequent talks "of the lamentable abuses, disorders and sins" which everywhere prevailed, though evidently Harrison did not follow his friend's lead as fully as Browne desired. There Browne's views took definite shape. "Fol-

lowing the track of thought which he had been long elaborating, he thoroughly discovered and restated the original Congregational way, in all its simplicity and symmetry." A church was organized at Norwich, of which Browne became pastor, and here we have the first church which in modern days was intelligently founded on the simple Congregational plan. He was not allowed to remain long unmolested, but arraigned by the Bishop of Norwich for "delivering unto the people corrupt and contentious doctrines;" the end of which was that "the Lord did call them out of England." The little church and its pastor therefore emigrated to Middelburg, Zeland, in the fall of 1581. Here at length the human element prevails and divisions arise, the account of which are in a book shockingly printed and long forgotten, except by name, which book is one of the discoveries made by Dr. Dexter as he patiently searches the Archiepiscopal library at Lambeth.

Browne at length returns to his native land still fervent and declaring his doctrines, until at length by the Bishop of Peterborough, after due trial, he was "excommunicated for contempt." It must be remembered that in those days excommunication carried with it civil outlawry. Had Browne's career here ended, it would have been consistent throughout; the Episcopalians would still judge him as a troublesome schismatic, (we may have something to say ere long as to where the guilt of schism rests), the nonconformists would have counted him among their martyred dead. As it is, his sun appears to sink in midday. Briefly told, the story is as follows, (our comments we reserve until our next):—In November of the year of his excommunication he made his peace with the church, obtained the mastership of the grammar school at Southwark, early resigned the same, and accepted the rectorship of Achurch, a hamlet containing perhaps a score of families, here he remained forty years and died more than eighty years old in the county gaol. His grave is as uncertain as the circumstances of his life. Somewhere

"—He lies, in expectation of the Supreme God;
Whatever he was—that day shall declare."

MEDITATION.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet," are the Psalmist's words, and it may aid us in our daily duties to understand this experience of sweetness.

We may distinguish between meditation, contemplation, and musing. We contemplate the visible heavens, surveying their glory, dwelling upon their vastness, we muse upon the past, on old familiar scenes and memories; we meditate on those things presented to the mind and heart. Religious meditation is the fixing of the mind upon things pertaining to God, and the relation in which He stands to us and we to Him, a turning of the thoughts inward, whereby the soul dwells in the atmosphere, not of earth, but of heaven. In character it should be deliberate, close, perpetual. "Oh how I love Thy law, it is my meditation all the day," and thus that law becomes spiritual food, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. We would suggest subjects for meditation.

God. His eternity, to fill us with reverential awe. Gazing upon the heavens, seeking to pierce their mighty depths, remembering that He filleth all; we, dust and ashes, withering before the roth. "Lord, what is man?" yet "Thou art very near, O Lord, and as we meekly bow before the throne, our reverence is a spiritual gain. God's power—Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand! And yet that power with wisdom infinite, and love unfathomable, pledged for our defence and sustenance; as we thus meditate we may sing:—

"God is our refuge ever near,
"Our help in tribulation;
"Therefore His people shall not fear
"Amidst a wrecked creation."

God's holiness also, that we may the better understand the nature of sin, and the necessity thus laid upon us—"without holiness no man shall see God."

God's providence, too, will afford many themes for the meditative hour. Wisely, lovingly, powerfully, tenderly does that providence watch over all His creatures and their actions. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, forget not all His benefits." And specially sweet must be the moments which thus "before the cross we spend;" there "we sit with wonder viewing."

God's word gives the substance of things thus meditated on. "Thy law is my delight, upon that law I meditate day and night," are experiences of one who could exclaim "How sweet are Thy words to my mouth."

The meditative spirit is a prayerful spirit. Men ought *always* to pray, prayer is the Christian's native air, thereby life is invigorated, our life current purified, and the entire man refreshed. Thus, too, we may gain strength in the struggle against worldliness which excludes the love of the Father and the peace of Christ. The meditation which is sweet is a watchful exercise. No dreamy reverie, sitting and singing ourselves away, but the watchful rest which strengthens and sends forth to life's duties and privileges "like a giant refreshed."

Meditation sweet. There is a sweetness as we live over again the pleasant memories of the past, to feel one's self as we were in merry, golden childhood, to enjoy anew the impulses of our first love from which, like the Ephesian Church, we are ready to fall, to dwell on blessings past, and thus our Ebenezer raise. True, earth's reminiscences, be they ever so sunny, have their o'er-shadowing gloom, all loveliness here has a perishing beauty, a sight that saddens as we gaze, like the golden glories of an autumn eve, but even that is gain, seeing it leads up to the unseen but eternal.

I do not know who has written the lines—they are in hymn books attributed both to Messrs. Brown and Davidson, nor do I fault the reasons which have excluded them from the later hymn selections—but we need not thereby lose them, we, at all events will endorse by quoting them:—

"I love to steal awhile away."

Mark that *awhile*, kind reader, we don't want to meditate all day to the exclusion of even "muscular Christianity." "To every thing a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven," and the writer of that

"awhile" did not desire the "sitting and singing one's self away to everlasting bliss," but the rest which gave the prospect that "does strength renew" whilst struggling on towards heaven. Thus, dear reader, scan the lines and permit these "meditations" to close:—

"I love to steal awhile away, from every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day in humble, grateful prayer;
I love to think of mercies past, and future good implore;
And all my care and sorrow cast on Him whom I adore.

I love, by faith, to take a view of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew while here by tempests driven.
Then when life's toilsome day is o'er, may its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour, and lead to endless day.

WE regret, that owing to the late receipt of "copy" the Sunday School Notes on the Lesson are not printed this week. Two Lessons will be printed in next issue, and we hope that the Notes will not fail being on time in future.

ANY fact relating to the Weigh House Chapel, so long the centre of attraction to the young men of London, during the ministry of Thos. Binney, will we are sure be of interest to many of our readers, we therefore clip the following from the *Nonconformist*:

"On Sunday next the King's Weigh House Chapel, which has recently been closed for cleaning and repairs, will be reopened, and the Rev. Alexander Sandison will resume the pastoral duties upon which he entered in July last. Many will sympathise with the church and congregation which, with gladness of heart, will gather to worship in their time-honored sanctuary with a settled pastor, and, doubtless, many kindly wishes and prayers will be offered for the young minister thus entering upon the solemn duties of the pastorate.

It is but nine years since the Rev. Thomas Binney finally relinquished public duties and resigned his pulpit in favor of the Rev. William Braden, whose successful ministry he was permitted to watch for some time, and few rejoiced more sincerely than he in the advance and progress of the church under the ministry of his successor, who won the hearts of his people during more than seven years of earnest and fruitful work. The over-strain of a feeble constitution, in labors, which included much beyond direct pastoral duty brought to an abrupt termination a life valuable to the church both for that which it had achieved, and for its further promise of service. During the two years that have passed since the pulpit was thus left vacant, ministers in the Congregational and other denominations have generously rendered service to the church, which will always be gratefully remembered, and the presence of the Great Head of the Church has been happily recognized. It is noteworthy that the Rev. A. Sandison, who, after a most successful college career at Cheshunt, has received a cordial and unanimous welcome from the Weigh House Church, forms the third link of association between this church and the Countess of Huntington's College, the Rev. John Clayton, the Rev. William Braden, and the present minister, having all received collegiate training in this Connection, the two latter under the inspiring and helpful teaching of Dr. Reynolds. In the clean and newly-decorated chapel, now ready for public worship, Mr. Sandison will resume his work with the earnest

prayers of his people for blessing on his efforts, and with a band of devoted and well-trained workers at his side who, recognizing that in the heart of the city of London there is as great need as in former days of service and work, earnestly hope that he may long be spared to minister to the Weigh House fellowship, and maintain its essential position as a City Church

"FREE" CHURCHES AND THE REV. PAXTON HOOD.

To the Editor of 'The Canadian Independent'

DEAR SIR, --It was with some surprise, and—shall I confess it?—a little regret that I read your editorial animadverting on the position taken up by Mr. Hood. I should, however, have allowed it to pass without reply, had it not been for the letter of "Layman" in your issue of the 16th. As it seems that Mr. Hood is to be made the subject of repeated attacks, and these anonymous, under circumstances in which it is impossible he should speak for himself, I owe it to my old and intimate friendship with him to say a word for his reputation.

There is no need to enter into the controversy between Mr. Hood and the officers of the Cavendish Chapel. I only desire, in this matter, to point out that, unless we were in possession of the case as stated by both parties, we have no materials for an impartial judgment. Mr. Hood, sensitive and high-spirited man that he is, may have spoken and even acted hastily, and to some extent unwisely, for all I know to the contrary. Of one thing only am I sure, that he has done what, at the time, he meant and believed to be right. I know that, because I know him to be incapable of anything else. More than thirty years of immense literary activity and earnest ministerial service are a guarantee for his purity of motive and integrity of aim.

As to the "Free" Church, I really do not see anything so dreadful in it. It appears to me that Congregational churches are all "Free" churches by the necessity of their principles. If any group of Christian people may form themselves into a church, electing their officers and providing for the preaching of the gospel and the administration of the ordinances, it is not easy to see why the friends of Mr. Hood may not do so. Even the idea of liberating Christ from prison is not to me so utterly absurd, or so wholly undevout. There are prisons of stiff routine, of narrowness and prejudice, of worldly self-seeking, and many others in which the Spirit of Christ is often stifled. I do not say, for I do not know, that it has been so in Manchester, but, if it has, or even if Mr. Hood thinks it has, he is not unreasonable in trying to set the Spirit of the Master free.

If a "Free" Church be an isolated Church, holding aloof from others, or turning the cold shoulder towards them, such a church does wrong to sister churches, and that to its own great injury and loss. No doubt there is a danger in that direction, and you have done well to point it out. But let us not assume beforehand that it will be so in the case of Mr. Hood and his friends. If Mr. Hood should prove unbrotherly, or fond of a proud and exclusive solitude it will be a new feature in his character.

I do not think the examples of the late Rev. Thomas Lynch and George Dawson are wholly in the nature of warnings. No one loves denominational unity better than I do, or is more willing to make sacrifices, if need be, to maintain or to extend it. But it has been my pleasure to know both the ministers named and to honour them greatly, though on different grounds. Their isolation was quite involuntary. Mr. Lynch was a man of rare spiritual insight, and of bright and tender genius, one of the wisest teachers of the truth I ever knew. The cruel and unprincipled truculence

with which he was attacked, forced him into an isolation which his loving spirit abhorred. George Dawson did not claim to be orthodox, and I have no vocation to defend him from that point of view, but how brave a man he was, and how manifoldly wise and good, our brother, Mr. Dale, his intimate personal friend, has borne ample testimony. Mr. Dawson was my guest when he passed through Montreal, only a few weeks before his lamented death, and he told me then that, if his time were given him again he would do all an honest man could to keep terms with the churches of the recognized denominations. Both these men were forced away from their moorings by others, and a great mistake it was to force them, in my humble opinion. If Mr. Hood has been, or shall be, subjected to a similar process the mistake will be repeated.

I do not, however, wish to write on the general question. My purpose is simply to bear testimony to the proved excellence of my friend's character and gifts, and to enter a protest against his reputation being frittered away by attacks which certainly gain nothing in the opinion of generous men by the fact that they are anonymous.

As to the question of political preaching, I will only say that it is not easy for Canadians to appreciate fairly the state of public affairs in England. Parties here are divided on secular questions only; in England the maintenance of religious inequality, in the form of a State Church, is a conspicuous item in the programme of one of them. Non-conformity is, of necessity, political, if it be consistent; it can only cease to be so with the destruction of the political character of the favoured Church. As soon as that occurs political preaching, and the necessity for it, will alike cease.

J. FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Montreal, Sept. 21.

The editor of the *Missionary Review* says that in Kolapoor, where, in 1852, we began the first mission ever attempted there, with but one school worthy the name in the whole kingdom, and that just begun, 23 years later we left more than 6,000 scholars in the schools, under direction of the native government, and a high school building just completed by the king and his chiefs, at a cost of some \$200,000, is now to have a college.

Less than sixty years ago the French governor of the Isle of Bourbon told the pioneer missionary of Madagascar that the Malagasy have no more intelligence than cattle and that it is altogether hopeless to think of converting them to Christianity. The report of the London Missionary Society's work in Madagascar for 1879 gives 27 English missionaries; 69 native ordained ministers; 3,468 native preachers; 67,729 church members; 215,215 native attendants; 784 schools and 44,394 pupils; local contributions \$18,908; tuition fees \$3,348.

INSTALLATION AT WHITBY.

The Installation of Rev. R. Wrench as pastor of the Congregational Church here, took place on Monday evening last. Revs. H. D. Powis, J. Burton and E. D. Silcox, were present and took part in the service. In the afternoon these gentlemen met with Mr. Wrench at the house of Mr. Ross Johnston, and examined his papers which he had brought with him from England. These letters of recommendation could not have been more satisfactory than they were, bearing the names of such men as, Revs. Dr. Allon, Dr. Punshon, Dr. McAuslane, C. H. Spurgeon and many other men of high standing. These, without exception bore testimony to the spotless character, and good standing of Mr. Wrench among his brethren in England. In the evening a public service was held in the church, at which there was a very fair attendance.

Besides these gentlemen whose names have already been mentioned, there was present on the platform Rev. Dr. Shaw Methodist Chairman of the district. Rev. J. Burton conducted the opening exercises, and gave a short address on Congregationalism. Mr. Johnston gave a statement of what had led to the call.

This was followed by Mr. Wrench giving a statement of his views of Christian Doctrine, &c., which was very satisfactory to the installing Council. Rev. J. Burton offered the installation prayer which was followed by the right hand of fellowship, by all the ministers present.

Rev. H. D. Powis then gave the Charge to the Pastor, emphasizing the need of a minister being truly a child of God. The purity and zeal of the ministry were also spoken of as essential elements to success.

Rev. E. D. Silcox followed by a very practical address to the people. The duties which a Church owed to their Pastor and their Church were clearly defined and enforced. Altogether the service was an exceedingly interesting one, and though lasting for over two hours and a half, the people showed no signs of weariness. We wish Mr. Wrench every success in his new field, and we hope under his new ministry the Church here will be abundantly successful.

SPEEDSIDE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

Mr. Joseph Rymal's language descriptive of a certain county cut up by Government officers so as to advance party interests may not be applicable to the new Speedside church, but it is certainly unlike any ecclesiastical structure in the Dominion. The sides of the walls are eight in number, the material is stone, the roof for a certain length partakes of the same shape as the walls, and then continues in the shape of a dome, the windows are modern gothic. It is entered by a gradual rise in front through a porch, and from the rear by a suitable doorway. The first impression is that it is too low, but this soon fades when you enter the audience room. You feel that there is ample breathing space for all that can be seated, and an air of comfort pervades the entire area. The floor falls gradually toward the pulpit, and the aisles, two in number, radiate from the pulpit. The pulpit itself is tastefully gotten up. The platform in front is raised about a foot, and is adorned with a carpet, a neat marble top table, and organ. In the centre of the dome is an ornamentation done in plaster of Paris, and from the midst falls a beautiful chandelier. It has a seating capacity for 360, which by the addition of aisle boards can be increased to 400. The acoustic properties, as might be expected from the octagon form, are perfect. The building is heated by a furnace with a radiator in each aisle. Altogether it is a beautiful edifice, and it is well adapted to the place in which it is located and the use for which it is designed. Yet the cost of the whole, including organ and furnace, is only \$2,000. Truly, a marvel of cheapness.

THE OPENING SERVICES.

The opening services were conducted by the Rev. Henry D. Powis, of Zion Church, Toronto, and Rev. Mr. Harvie, of Guelph. The former preached both morning and evening, taking for his texts the words, "And he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory. Zech. vi. 12, 13, and "O, taste and see that the Lord is good," Ps. xxxiv. 8. The Rev. Mr. Harvie preached in the afternoon from the text, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to en-

quire in His temple," Ps. xxvii. 4. Large numbers of people were present on each occasion, and the services throughout the day were full of sweetness and power.

On Monday evening following there was a tea-meeting at which the pastor, Rev. Chas. Duff, was in the chair; about 300 people present, and addresses were given by Revs. Kinson and Williams, Can. Meth.; Smyth and Mullen, Presbyterian; Durkee, Epis. Meth.; Allworth, Georgetown; Black, Garafraxa; Harvie, Guelph; and Powis, Toronto. The choir gave some excellent music at intervals.

It was found that there was a little debt of \$1.30 resting on the building, and this, at the suggestion of one of the speakers at an early stage of the meeting, and endorsed by subsequent speakers, was lifted in about five minutes at the close, so that this beautiful sanctuary, with its complete set of furnishings, was by the gifts of this liberal people, dedicated free from debt, to the service of their Lord. And as the material glory of this latter house is greater than the glory of the former, so may its spiritual glory be greater.

I append the dedicatory hymn, composed for the occasion, by the pastor, Mr. Duff, of whose music the INDEPENDENT is not wholly ignorant.

HYMN.

Almighty Lord, whose sovereign sway
Marks duty's path from day to day,
Whose presence is Thy people's light
In "cloud by day and fire by night."

Through all our wanderings here below,
A resting place thy people show,
An altar where to Thee we bring
The heart's true, grateful offering.

To-day, our God, this house we lay
On Thine own altar, take it, pray;
And grant that to Thy service given,
Men here may find the way to Heaven.

A temple of Thy grace on earth,
May souls here find a second birth;
And in the kingdom of Thy love
Be numbered with the hosts above.

Forth from this Zion, let there "shine"
Ever the "grace and truth" divine;
The servant being, as his Lord,
In holy life and faithful word;

Here, too, may all Thy people find
The lowly, righteous, Christly mind,
With liberty of free-born sons
And order of God's holy ones.

In this Thine house, deign Thou to dwell
From human hearts, all sin expel,
Thy cherished purpose to maintain
Till Thou without a rival reign.

News of the Churches.

FROME.—Rev. J. F. Malcolm has been supplying this field for two weeks.

LANARK.—Rev. B. W. Day has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church. Salary \$600 and parsonage.

RUGBY.—A lawn party was held at Mr. Brown's on Friday evening last. A pleasant time was spent, and the proceeds were applied to the organ fund. The pastor was not present, he being at Stouffville.

ALTON.—For the past two Sabbaths Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson has supplied Alton and North Erin with much acceptance. He is expected to remain for a few weeks, and we hope it will result in his settlement. He is just the man for the place.

GARAFRAXA FIRST.—The Sunday-school in connection with this church held its annual picnic in Simpson's Grove, on Wednesday, 15th inst. The weather was charming, and the children, with their friends, enjoyed themselves heartily in such exercises as swinging, croquet, racing, ball-playing and eating.

STOUFFVILLE.—The Ministerial Association of the Middle District was to have met here on Friday, 24th, but didn't. Only three brethren put in an appear-

We understand that the Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., late pastor of the Listowel Congregational Church, owing to the death of his father, will remain at home for a short time. It is to be hoped that some one of our vacant churches will invite Mr. McGregor to its pastorate, as it is a pity to allow so good a man to be long without a pastoral charge. For the benefit of our vacant churches we give this information, and trust soon to hear of Mr. McGregor's settlement among us. Churches wishing to communicate with him will find him in Uptergrove, Ont.

UNIONVILLE.—Interesting services were held last Thursday in connection with the installation of Rev. Edward Ebbs as pastor of the church. The meeting began at 1.30 p.m. Rev. H. D. Powis preached from the words "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Rev. W. H. Allworth asked the usual questions, which were clearly and satisfactorily answered by Mr. Ebbs. Mr. Powis offered the installation prayer. Rev. E. D. Silcox gave the right hand of fellowship, after which the Rev. W. H. Allworth gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. E. D. Silcox the charge to the people. At the close of this service the audience retired to the lecture-room where a bountiful tea had been made ready. Three tables extended the entire length of the room, covered with the best the land could afford, decorated with beautiful bouquets of flowers, and presented an appearance of richness not soon to be forgotten. It was simply magnificent. In the evening a platform meeting was held, Edward Beckett, Esq., of Toronto, in the chair, when addresses were made by the brethren whose names have already been mentioned, and Rev. Mr. Liddey (Meth.) and McIntosh (Presb.). The services throughout were very interesting and profitable. Miss Allworth, of Paris, presided at the organ, and assisted by Mr. Silcox, sang a couple of duets. We wish Mr. Ebbs every success in his new field of labor.

LONDON.—Sabbath, Sept. 12th, was the celebration of the Sabbath School Centenary. The services at the Congregational Church were of a very interesting nature, and especially to those who take an interest in Sunday School work. The auditorium was handsomely decorated with flowers, those around the altar being particularly beautiful. Around each of the pillars was twined a garland of evergreens surmounted by flowers, giving the whole scene a beautiful appearance. The pastor, Rev. R. W. Wallace, B. D., in the morning delivered a sermon on "The Home's Interest in the Sabbath School." At three in the afternoon a floral service was held, the children occupying the gallery and singing a number of beautiful hymns. Mr. Wm. Bowman delivered a pleasant address on the lessons to be derived from flowers, and the pastor also made a few remarks. A lecture was delivered in the evening on "Robert Raikes, and to what his work has grown," and Rev. Mr. Wallace made this very interesting. A life-sized crayon of the subject of the sketch, drawn by Paul Peel, was hung in a conspicuous place behind the lecturer, and attracted attention. The children again occupied the gallery, each of them carrying a bouquet of flowers, making an exceedingly pretty picture, while their singing was highly appreciated by the large congregation.

Correspondence

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue reaching us later than the Monday preceding.

THE REV. C. H. FRASER AND THE FOREST CHURCH.

The Editor of THE CHRISTIAN JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—In order to avoid any misunderstanding about the matter, I think it wise to say that I have forwarded

to the Church at Forest, Ont., a letter containing charges against the Rev. C. H. Fraser, who is ministering there at present. The charges I prefer are the following:—1. "That his past history has been so marred with violations of truth and integrity that he was tried and deposed by a regularly constituted Council in the United States;" 2. "That he is now maintaining an attitude of duplicity and deceit towards yourself, which no honorable, or even repentant man would occupy." I have offered to appear before a Council of three Ministers, and three delegates chosen from sister-churches, and substantiate the charge which I have preferred. I do not know yet what action the Church at Forest may take in the matter, but if they will call a Council, I think I can prove—by abundant documentary evidence in my possession—that the charges I have made are not extravagant.

Disclaiming all personal malevolence in the matter, and acting—as I believe—in behalf of the purity and peace of our churches.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

R. W. WALLACE.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt as follows:—From the executors of the late Mr. Jas. Barber, Georgetown, \$32.75, being the balance of subscription of \$100 to the retiring Ministers' Fund Branch. From the church at Sherbrooke, \$4.79, and Lennoxville, \$7.06, both for the Widow's and Orphan's Fund Branch.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. R. BLACK.

Sec'y and Treas.

Montreal, 20th Sept., 1880.

Official Notices.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

STOUFFVILLE.—Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 19 and 20.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Evening.—Sermon by Rev. H. D. Powis.

Wednesday—Devotional Exercises, 9, 10, by Rev. W. H. Warriner. Conference, "Our Work as an Association," by Rev. J. Unsworth.

Afternoon.—Conference on Essential Conditions of success in Christian Work, by Rev. B. Silcox.

Evening.—Platform meeting, "The Christian in the Home," by Rev. H. D. Hunter. The Christian in Business, by Rev. J. Burton, B. D. The Christian in the Church, by Rev. Robert Hay.

Churches will please appoint delegates and take up collection.

R. J. J. HINDLY,

Secretary.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.—Place of meeting, Brantford. Date, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 19th and 20th. First session at 3 p.m., on Tuesday. Associational Sermon, by Rev. James Howie of Guelph. Lord's Supper, presided over by Rev. A. E. Kimmouth. Themes: Sermon Sketch on Romans 5 chap. 10 ver.; "Our College Interests;" "Unconscious Sin;" "Is it Essential to the standing of a Congregational Church to accede to the authority of Unions, Conferences, Associations or Councils?" "The First Resurrection;" "Our Missionary Society in its relation to languishing causes;" "The ordinances, their obligation, value and abuse." Will the brethren in the west cut this out, and make everything bend to their presence at the meeting?

R. W. WALLACE,

Secretary.

Boys and Girls.

THE LITTLE CASH GIRL.

Fairy godmothers, with golden slippers for abused Cinderellas, are not very common in these prosaic days, but sometimes things that are unusual and very pleasant happen to those who least expect them. In one of the great stores of New York, which to the stranger seem mazy, intricate, and beautiful as a fairy place, a pleasant lady stood at a counter making purchases, when at her side she heard an irritated voice say:

"Cash Sixty-five is the most selfish and hateful girl I ever knew. I can't bear to speak to her."

"Yes," said the other, "did you see how she jerked that ribbon out of my hand? She is just as rude and ugly as that always."

The lady listened in silence and watched with interest the return of the little cash girl. Soon a slight, poorly-dressed child, with frowning face and sullen manner, presented herself. Full of sympathy for the unhappy child, the lady followed her as she left the counter, and when out of hearing of the others, touched her gently on the shoulder. The child turned suddenly, as if expecting a reproach or rebuke, to see a kind face looking down upon her, and a gentle voice said: "I overheard some girls say you were cross and selfish. Are you unkind to them? I wish you would try to be good and pleasant. If you do they will learn to love you, and you will be much happier."

Feeling the sympathy of this strange friend, the pent-up passion in the child's heart burst forth, and bitter tears flowed down her face as she exclaimed "There is no use trying to be good. I get scolded everywhere. Everything I do is wrong. Here I have to run all day, and the girls make fun of my mean clothes. When I get home, father scolds and mother is cross. I can't be good."

The lady drew her kindly to her side, and a short story revealed the picture of a miserable home where there was nothing to help the poor child to overcome the sullen temper, which was perhaps the result of unkindly treatment. With heart full of love and tenderness, the lady felt as if she would shield in her arms the lonely and unloving child. She had often said, "I feel as if I wanted to claim for my own all the real bad and abused children." Soothing her with gentle words, which were like refreshing rain to the thirsty flower, she said in leaving:

"Now I want you to try to be kind and obliging. See if you do not feel happier, and if the girls do not like you better and treat you more kindly. Two weeks from to-day I am coming here to inquire about you. Now do try to behave, so that, when I ask the others, they will say you are one of the nicest girls in the store. I'll be sure to come. Now you'll try, won't you?"

Words of encouragement were strange to the poor child, and seemed to put strength into her heart, as she gave the lady her promise to try to be good.

In the whirl of a busy life, one might expect that the incident would be forgotten. But the child's faith never wavered, and the thought of the kind and lovely lady nerved her to bear meekly many a rude word and groundless reproach, and the next two weeks were happy ones, for they were brightened by hope.

At last the time came when the welcome visitor might be expected. Eagerly the little cash girl scanned every one who, on busy errands, crossed her way. And she was not destined to disappointment. On inquiring about Cash Sixty-five, the lady found ready testimony to her improved temper and more amiable ways.

"We don't know what's come over her. She don't act like she used to, all and she ain't a bit cross now."

With thankful heart, the lady thought,

O if my few words have only been a help to that poor child! And life seemed more worth living for than it had been for many a day, for she, too, had known sorrow and trouble. She soon found Cash Sixty-five, and told her how gladly she had heard of the victory she had gained over herself since they last met.

"I may not see you again, but you have One Friend who loves and sees you always. He will help you, dear child, if you will only trust and love Him. I want to get you a little present, not as a reward, but to remind you how much better it is to be kind and good."

Taking her name and address, she sent a beautiful copy of "Little Women" to the delighted child, who never knew the name of the lovely lady that had made such a bright spot in her life.

Happy for humanity, there are not a few such hearts, full of love and pity for the heavy-weighted burden carriers in the journey of life. Angels of mercy now in a sad and sinful world, the wings of these beautiful souls are unfolding which shall one day bear them to a more congenial clime.

Temperance.

THE ABSURDITY OF A LIQUOR LICENCE.

BY THE REV. ENOCH POND, D. D.

The old idea of intoxicating drinks was that, in themselves, they are nourishing, strengthening, useful; and injurious only when taken to excess. The effort, therefore, was to guard against the abuse of them: to prevent, if possible, their being taken to excess. To secure this object the practice was to entrust the sale of them to suitable persons only, and to charge money for the licences—to secure something out of the traffic for the public chest—and this practice was well enough if the principle on which it was founded was but just. If the danger and evil of the use of spirits was only in the excess, then public caution should be taken to guard against excess; and perhaps no better plan could be devised for this purpose than that of the licence.

But one of the discoveries of the temperance reformation—perhaps the most important of them all—is, that for persons in health, and to be used as a drink, intoxicating liquors are never useful; they serve only to excite, never to nourish and strengthen; and that the habitual use of them is injurious and dangerous, causing more suffering and poverty, diseases and deaths, than any other cause whatever. This is a late discovery; and if it be true, as we believe it is, then the practice of selling licences for the sale and use of it loses all its consistency, loses its entire foundation, and becomes one of the grossest and most dangerous absurdities.

Perhaps I can best show this by two or three comparisons. Let us apply the principle to other like cases. We learn from the papers that the army worm, one of the most destructive little pests in the world, has made its appearance in some parts of our country, and is destroying every green thing in its progress. The farmers are much aroused for the destruction of the little vermin, and leave no means untried to be rid of him. Now, suppose the Government should insist on tolerating the army worm; should pass an act for that purpose, and should licence a set of men to look after the interests of the poor worm, and take care, at least, that it shall not be utterly destroyed; that enough; at least, should be left for seed. Now what would be thought of such an act? Who would approve it or wish it continuance? And yet the army worm, with all its mischief, is not to be compared with the ravages of intoxicating drinks. The former can destroy only the products of the field, while the latter is destroying the country over, not only the property of all kinds, but

the health, the happiness of individuals and families, and, in cases innumerable, life itself.

Take another case, of a more ridiculous character. Here is a worthy house-keeper whose home is terribly infested with rats. They have forced their way into every part of it. They are found, not only in the garret cellar, but in the kitchen, and even the parlor, eating, destroying, defiling everything. Of course she is trying to destroy them, and she is killing a good many. But her heart is touched and she cannot bear to destroy them all. She pities them, and has a place prepared where she is keeping and feeding a few of the rats, that they may live, and breed, and keep the stock good, and may be ready for service whenever she shall want. Now what would you think of such a woman? Do you believe there ever was such a one? Was ever such a fool seen in woman's clothes? And yet what better do those do who wear the garb of magistrates, and who are selling licences the country over to sell intoxicating liquors, and thus make drunkards, and ruin families, and hurry thousands upon thousands who otherwise might be useful and happy to a premature death and a drunkard's grave—and eternity! Let the sellers of licences and their supporters the world over think of this, and say whether the vile practice shall be continued.—*Fountain.*

—In Ceylon the increasing desire for the education of women is very marked. In India, says the *Missionary Record*, one of the leaders said to Dr. Shoolbred: "We men are ready to confess Christ and become Christians to-morrow, if our women will only withdraw their opposition and consent. But they oppose this with all their might. Teach them and get them to withdraw their opposition, and in a body we will embrace the faith of Christ." Such statements as the above are incentives to work to the women of this country, not only in foreign but in home fields.

SAVE YOUR COAL!

J. W. ELLIOT'S PATENT SAVER.

The First Object—Is to produce the greatest amount of heat from a given amount of fuel, and is gained by an arrangement of the three-way draft passage, and somewhat feet of flue pipe, which is bent down and around the base, and the heat is absorbed by the atmosphere through direct radiation from every part of the stove. *Another object* of the invention is to secure for heating purposes the greatest possible benefit of the fire contained in the stove, and it is accomplished by placing around the body of the stove a series of internally projecting pockets overlapping the fire pot, and so formed that the air of the room is admitted into the lower end of the pockets, and, after passing through them, re-enters the room, having become intensely heated through contact with the inner sides of the said pockets, which are immediately over the hottest part of the fire, thereby producing far greater results from a given amount of fuel than any other stove. *Second Object*—An evaporator which is a part of the stove. The cover becomes a water tank, and is an effective evaporator. The pivot on which it turns is an iron tube screwed into the base of the tank, while the lower end is closed and rests in a pocket inside the dome, thereby producing a greater or less amount of vapor in proportion to the intensity of the heat. *Third Object*—There is a double heater, by means of which heat can be conveyed to an apartment above, and supplied with sufficient vapor from the tank. *Fourth Object*—A combined hot air and steam bath can be obtained by closing the damper in the water tank, and causing all the vapor to mingle with the ascending heat. *Fifth Object*—**The Stove becomes Simplified and easy to Control**

All hindered doors and objectionable fittings are abandoned, and are replaced by mica lights with metal tips attached, by means of which the mica may be sprung into place, or removed and cleaned with a dry cloth, or replaced when the stove is red hot, without burning one's fingers. At the base of the mica lights eyelets are placed, through which a constant flow of air causes all the gas or smoke to be consumed or to pass off. *Sixth Object*—A base plate of cast iron in the place of zinc or other perishable material. The base plate is raised sufficient for the cold air on the floor to pass up through its raised and hollow cone-shape to the stove, and is rained, and by this means a constant circulation is continued until an even summer heat is obtained. The circulation above described causes the floor to remain cool underneath the stove. The stoves are altogether cast iron, and the slow consumption of fuel, the direct radiation from all its heated surface, ensures them to last any number of years and to produce no clinkers or waste.

There are two grates, similar in form to the base of a circular basket: the centre grate is rotated to the right or left by the lever a short distance, and by moving the lever still further to the right or left both grates are worked.

To light a fire close all the drafts in the base of the stove open a direct draft in the smoke flue; fill up to the base a the feeder with fine coal, leaving sufficient space for draft, on the coal place the lightwood, leave the tank cover off slightly for draft, until the fire has taken, close the tank cover and open the draft in front.

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A NON DENOMINATIONAL MONTHLY

PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH

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75 CENTS PER ANNUM.

A journal purely evangelical and unsectarian in its nature, which serves as a medium for the best thought of Christian thinkers, and as a record of the varied labors of Christian workers, and is one in which all Christians may and should take an active interest.

The secular papers can necessarily furnish only meagre summaries of addresses full of rich thought, the reading of which is in many instances necessary to a proper appreciation of their real value as expositions of truth; the denominational journals, though eminently useful in their several spheres, cannot, in the circumstances of the case, secure circulation outside of those bodies of Christians under whose auspices they are issued; but a publication which enters the broad fields of Christian thought and work in which Christians of every evangelical denomination are labouring in common, is, we believe, an excellent aid in the promotion of that unity which all Christians desire. Such a journal the REPORTER aims to be.

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HON. VICE-CHANCELLOR BLAKE.

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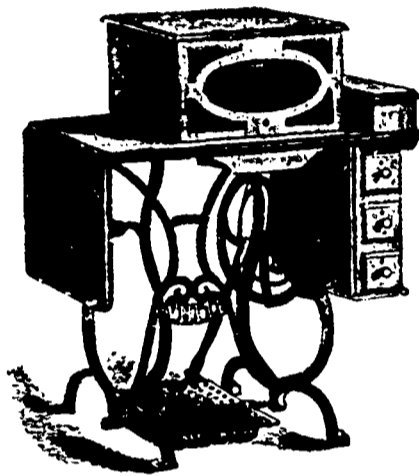
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