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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1887.

[No. 11.

Editorial Jottings.

WINTER has scarcely bidden us good-bye before we are into the midst of summer. How rapidly the seasons chase each other. How short our time is. How long eternity. Ah! Eternity. What of its ages untold? What of its life? Summer with its welcome relaxations appears largely to demoralize church work in our towns and cities, yet let us not forget that the devil, or whatever is doing the devil's work, abates not his energy, and soul-life needs the bread of life in the summer months equally with the winter. Christian reader, do not allow your loins to be ungirded, or your lights to burn dim. Watch and pray, and wait for the Master who is surely coming. Ready, aye ready; let His soldiers and servants be.

Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful day
In patient hope I watch and wait and pray,
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
And what a sunrise will that advent be.

The M—— Quartette Club,
Of D——,
Will sing morning and evening,
Next Sunday at C—— Church.

THE above hand-bill (we leave names blank) appeared lately, prominently posted on the streets of this city. What does it mean? The Salvation Army fife and drum does draw the unchurched masses; the above advertisement drew, and could only be expected to draw, the church-goers who, like the Athenian citizens, are ever seeking some new thing. It drew a Christian crowd to a free concert, with a sermon thrown in. This is the sober truth. We were in Quebec Province on a recent Sunday. An afternoon walk took us past a company of happy French-Canadians who, having attended mass in the morning, were free for enjoyment the remainder of the day; they were tossing jackknives

into the sod. If, canonical hours past, Sunday is for pleasure, let us say so in plain English, and act accordingly; but it does seem solemn mockery to talk about the sanctity of the Sabbath, and draw crowds to the churches by advertising professional singers, with the Gospel to give spice to the performance. The true state of the case is, the church that draws is the church now deemed successful; therefore, as one store seeks to outbid a rival store in the loudness of its advertising, so one church strives to outdo its neighbours in bidding for the public patronage. No doubt such shows are better than the saloon, but are they Christian worship? Do they minister grace to the hearers? We more than doubt it!

It is a bad sign when a man has to argue with himself to justify his own actions; the very fact that actions require any argument to justify them is pretty strong proof that they had better be abandoned. If the question arises, "Is it lawful for me to go to such and such a place?" or "Will it be right for me to do so and so in my business?" or "Can I say such a thing of my goods?" or "Can I invest my money on such an undertaking?" or twenty things of a like character; and I have to consider the exact letter, not the spirit, of Scripture teaching, to look what other professing Christians do, to put these into the balance, and weigh them against my feelings of doubt as to the righteousness of what I propose, then the matter is already decided; and the further I can put from me the thought and desire for such action, the better for my spiritual life and happiness.

BUT is there not to-day (perhaps it was always so) a desire to sail as close to danger as possible, not that the danger is courted from a spirit of heroism or even recklessness, but from sheer, wilful blindness? There has been put forth lately a

melancholy report of the shipwrecks on Sable Island—one of the most dangerous points apparently in the approach to these shores; the danger has been attested by hundreds of wrecks. What would be thought of the ship's captain, who with this report in his hand, persisted in sailing close to the fatal shore, nay, when he saw the wreckage of noble vessels floating around him, still kept on his course, merely saying that he did not think there was danger for him? Were we on board such a vessel, should we not almost be inclined to join in any revolt that would take the command out of his hands and transfer it to some one who would turn the vessel's head from the danger, and carry us into a safe course? Yet, with the "wreck chart" before us, surrounded by wrecks of noble lives, we madly dare the shoals and rocks on which others have perished, thinking that we are safe! Let us beware.

WE are often exhorted from the pulpit—and rightly so—to do everything as unto God, that eating and drinking, buying and selling, labouring in the house or in the store, we should do all as servants of our Divine Master. But may there not be a higher truth than even this? May we not in the midst of our worldly occupations, when filled with the concerns of this life, be actually doing God's work in the world? Unconsciously this is sometimes done. Joseph going down to look after his brethren; the daughter of Pharaoh taking her daily walk and bath by the river's side; David's visit to the camp of the Israelites when Goliath threw out his mocking challenge. Upon each of these, momentous results hang; they were the roots of history, and we to-day are in a different position because of them. But consciously, how shall we do this? By putting before us divine ends; we cannot mistake them, they are the blessing and salvation of the world; so by shaping our lives, our concerns, our business, our daily work as will make for this blessed result, we are doing God's work. Hard, is it? Yes, it is; but all the more worthy therefore of attempt.

A FEW weeks ago an overture came before the Presbytery of Toronto, urging that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage should be made a condition of church fellowship. In that presbytery are men of life-long total abstinence principles, yet all felt that the terms of fellowship are in the

New Testament, and total abstinence was not included—a position, we venture to think, virtually unassailable. The Montreal *Witness*, which has, even at a great sacrifice of worldly gain, ever stood firm on the temperance platform, rather unadvisedly assailed this action of the Toronto Presbytery, and appeared to draw the conclusion that the Presbyterian Church had arrayed itself on the side of the liquor traffic. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Canada Presbyterian*, true to the national emblem, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," takes the *Witness* sharply to task, and ungenerously finds an opportunity to have a slap at "the church of which it has long been considered the organ," viz., the Congregational. It is true that the Dougalls, father and sons, have been connected with the Congregational Churches, a fact which neither party has reason to be ashamed of; but the *Witness* has ever been undenominational, and without venturing upon the "so are you" argument, we must quietly but firmly enter our protest against the occasion our contemporary has found whereby to recklessly attack a friendly denomination. We shall not slap back. (Matt. v. 39.)

MR. WM. O'BRIEN, editor of the *United Irishman*, an ultra Home Rule paper, came to Canada avowedly to cover our Governor-General with shame, because of his alleged hard dealing with some Irish tenants. Lord Lansdowne's position here keeps him from saying anything in his own defence. "The king can do no wrong," and he is the Queen's representative. All parties, for once, join rightly in denouncing the attempt to stir up strife, and to prejudice the representative of Royalty in the eyes of the public with stories that, to put it very mildly, have two sides. We believe in free speech, but there is a difference between freedom and license. It may be questioned whether we ought to give a madman freedom with dynamite in his hands. For ourselves we confess that we should have justified the authorities in forbidding the agitator's mission. Canada did not want O'Brien. But it was resolved to allow him the right of free speech. Then, every loyal citizen was bound to see that the right was respected, and the mobs which hooted and pelted the uncalled-for visitor both here and at Kingston were a disgrace to our Dominion. We can live, and work needed reforms under our laws, if we will; then let us maintain law in its in-

tegrity; we deprecate the rule of a lawless crowd. The authorities, having virtually said to Mr. O'Brien, "speak out," should have prevented the mobs from gathering by the simple means used in clearing a footpath, a policeman's authoritative "move on." Mr. O'Brien's sore side will do more to carry sympathy to him than his most violent harangues. We regret much that he was not in silence and loneliness allowed to "pass on."

DR. WILLIAMS, of Chicago, has been writing to the Boston *Congregationalist* of his experience and impressions of a Sunday spent in Boston. His morning visit was to the Park Street Church, of which Dr. Bethune was pastor for many years; he heard Mr. Gregg, who has recently accepted the call there. Dr. Williams says that:

As with some Western congregations, a good many people were rather late coming in, not a few being fully a quarter of an hour behind. The church was substantially full at last. So that when the pastor stood up to preach he had an audience to greet him of which any man might be proud. The singing was excellent, and not over-prominent. A part of the Scripture lesson was read responsively, and read well. The prayers were tender, devout, uplifting. The opening services were full of the spirit of worship, such as to prepare the mind for the rich, instructive and impressive sermon on regeneration which followed; a doctrinal sermon, announced as such in its first sentences, yet it was so clear in its statements, so logical in its arrangements, so simple and natural in its language, so felicitous in its illustrations, so evidently from the heart as to rivet the attention of the hearer from the first word to the last. The sermon was read with an ease and grace which gave it the charm almost of extempore address, and yet preserved for it the dignity of a written discourse. The afternoon service at the Central Church, conducted by Dr. Duryea, in the opinion of Dr. Williams, is one of the best in the country. It began at three o'clock with a Bible class, in reality a Bible lecture on the Sunday school lesson. The doctor sits in his chair, and talks. He does not have even a Bible in his hand. His first sentence is striking. As sentence follows sentence, and the rich lessons of the passage under consideration are brought out one after another, it is impossible not to ask why it is that only thirty or forty people are present. Why is it that Boston, so swift in recognition of merit, does not crowd this church to hear the words of this wise and gifted teacher? Of the preaching service, which began at four o'clock, it is perhaps enough to say of the sermon that, while a little more stately in style, it was largely in the line of the lecture just given. It was delivered without the aid of a note was conversational and familiar, and, although profound in its philosophy, was yet so simple and plain in its language as to be comprehended even by a child. The form of worship was rich and varied, quite in keeping with the cathedral-like character of the building in

which we were gathered. The singing, too, by a well trained chorus choir, was exquisite. Yet there were few people present to enjoy it, or to profit from a discourse which only one of the most thoughtful and scholarly men among us can deliver. There still remains the evening service at the Mount Vernon Church, where the sainted Kirk preached so long. Dr. Herrick, the pastor, is absent, in his place stands Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York. A characteristic sermon on the words, Judge Not—keen, clear, impressive, eloquent, Emersonian in its form of expression, yet saturated with the spirit of Christ. Here, too, the audience was comparatively small, though strangers were made welcome, and were evidently put in the best seats. Here, too, the singing was excellent and everything about the house attractive. Within easy reach of it are people enough to fill a dozen edifices of its size, and people who would be shocked to be classed among the non-church-goers. That this Church and the Central are not full at any service is certainly not on account of any lack of ability in the men who occupy the pulpits.

Dr. Williams also notes:

That in none of the prayers, either in the morning, afternoon or evening, was there a single specific petition for the President of the United States, for the country at large, or for our missionary work abroad. The prayers were such prayers as one might offer who had no knowledge of the great outside world, and no sympathy with its crying needs.

This is strange, and yet it may be far from common. Why is it?

WHEN speaking a word for "Gospel Hymns" in our last issue, we by no means intended to endorse every hymn in the book, or indeed every portion of some hymns that on the whole are helpful and inspiring. Singing one of these in our prayer meeting gathering a few evenings ago, "Our Master has taken His journey," with the grand chorus—

There's a work for me, and a work for you;
Something for each of us now to do,

we come to the third verse—

There's only one thing that concerns us—
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to do it
With all our God-given powers.

The idea of any one ready for Christian work going about to find "just the task," and then with each experiment weighing the matter, and concluding, as generally would be the case, "that is not my work"—distributing tracts, the people don't care about them, and don't read them, that's not my work; teaching a class in Sunday school, the children are inattentive and restless, that's not my work; leading the prayer meeting, I am too nervous, that is not my work, and so on, and so on, No! we have a better guide in Scripture

which says, "*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, *do it* with all thy might." *Whatsoever*—don't stand turning it round, asking if it is "just the task that is ours," do it. If there is a better work for you, God will show it you

SOME of our readers may not have heard the story of Rukmibhai, which is just now causing considerable interest in India. After the fashion of the country, she was married at the age of eleven to a youth of nineteen, certainly without being consulted in the matter, and likely enough without knowing anything of the man. He, it appears, is a low, coarse, ignorant fellow, a labourer earning ten rupees a month, while she has grown up refined, lady-like, and has received a high English education. This husband has instituted a suit to compel the wife to live with him, which she refused to do, and after a year's litigation the decision, based upon Hindu law, was against her. She was given a month to obey, or she would be sent to prison for six months. She has appealed against the decision to the Court of Appeal, and if it is still against her she will go to the Privy Council. Meanwhile some of the newspapers of India are urging the Government to do away with infant marriages, while others predict a revolt if such a thing be done. In reply to this it is pointed out that the abolition of *Suttee* and other cruel Hindu customs was not productive of any hostile feeling, and further that there is a growing desire for the abolition of a custom only too often followed by life-long misery. It is to be hoped that Lord Dufferin will be able wisely and satisfactorily to solve the problem.

It is always a painful thing to see the irreverence with which the Word of God is treated by some children in the Sunday school, and even by some adults in the church. We do not believe in the sanctity of any book as a book. The Bible to us is not a charm, yet to see it tossed down on to the seat when done with, and, if it fall on the floor, to let it lie there, is an offence against the first principles of reverence, and should always be checked in the young. It is but a book, as other books to be sure, but it contains the message of the living God. Let us remember the days of our fathers, when to all but a few the Bible was an unknown book, when a copy chained in a church building here and there was the only opportunity the

spiritually hungry had of eating that bread of life. These thoughts have been suggested by a little incident narrated in one of the English papers, which shows that in some places there is the same dearth of the Word, and the same desire to read it. A citizen of Milan put into his window a Bible printed in large type, so that passers-by might read therein, and every day he turned over a leaf. Thus many read the book, and so continued its study from day to day. But one morning there was some commotion outside, and on enquiring the cause of it, the good man was informed that he had not turned the leaf! How great a privilege is ours in the multiplication of the book until every one may possess a copy. Shall we not show our thankfulness, at the least, in a respectful regard for it?

So after all an English Church minister in England may lawfully preach in a Congregational chapel; at any rate that is the opinion of the eminent counsel who were consulted as to the legality of Canon Wilberforce's action in preaching in Albion Chapel, Southampton. So long as he does not impugn the doctrines of his own church, he can preach in any place of worship within the borders of his own parish. So far so good, the next thing will be for it to be declared legal for the Congregational minister to reciprocate and preach in the parish church. There's a good time coming.

BUT is not this talk of law and legality and counsels' opinion a little anomalous in connection with the preaching of the Gospel? That the question should ever arise as to any man's right to stand in any and every place, and declare the glad tidings of salvation, is a strange satire on the New Testament teachings; and yet so it is. There is a piece called "The Church and the World," in which the progress and results of the unholy alliance between them are so vividly shown; and so when the church enters into an alliance with the state, it surrenders its glorious and God-given privilege of preaching the Gospel to every creature, and waits upon the state to say where and when and how to declare it; but "the world moves," and its motion is toward the light, and into the freedom and purity of a spiritual atmosphere.

THE following incident may enable us to understand the position of our brethren in England to

day. The clergy of the Established Church have no such annoyance. It costs something to be a tolerated dissenter still :

The registrar appointed a quarter-past twelve as the time at which he would be present to certify the wedding of a young couple. The bridal party waited, however, three hours, and no registrar appeared, nor was anything known of his whereabouts at his office, to which two telegrams and a carriage were successively sent. The wedding, therefore, had to be postponed. Nor was this all. The minister who was to officiate had to come some distance for the purpose, and as a result of the waiting he was unable to conduct the services at his chapel.

No registrar is required at the parish churches.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY REV. WILLIAM SCOTT.

CHAPTER VI.—AMONG THE TURKS.

It was early on a Friday morning when we dropped anchor in the Golden Horn—the harbour of Constantinople. As a harbour, it is beautiful and commodious. It is formed by the waters of the Bosphorus flowing in between two promontories separating Stamboul from Pera, Galata and Top-hanna. It is indebted to nature, not to man, for its magnificence. With the exception of the bridge across the Golden Horn, uniting Stamboul and Pera, there are few evidences of engineering enterprise.

First impressions in the East are the most favourable impressions. It is so here. The magnificence of the situation of Constantinople, and the fairy-like beauty of the scene beggar description. The white marble palace of the Seraglio (occupying within its enclosures the space of the ancient city of Byzantium), where the late sultan, Abdul Aziz, was confined after his deposition ; the towering minarets and swelling massive domes of the mosques, with their gilded, glittering crescents ; the picturesque disposition of colour—houses white, brown pink and yellow, with the dark, sombre cypress interjecting its gloomy shadows everywhere amid the scenes of light and brightness ; the continuous stream of pedestrians from sunrise to sunset, in every variety of costume, crossing the bridge that spans the Golden Horn ; the light, graceful caïques glancing over the smooth surface of the water with wondrous rapidity, constitute a picture of fairy lightness and grace impossible to describe.

Distance has something, however, to do with the enchantment of the scene. Closer acquaintance somewhat rudely dispels the roseate romance of first impressions. Narrow, tortuous streets, without any pretence of paving, or suggestion of a reference to sanitation, however elementary ; dogs—dirty, wolfish, half-starved curs—everywhere, a series of canine municipalities (for each district has its own pack, and

no invasion into another district is permitted), reduce the poetry of first impressions to the grim prose of bad smells and omnipresent dirt.

It was the Turkish Sunday. Three Sundays in a week represent an extreme form of Sabbatarianism. Friday is the Turkish Sabbath ; Saturday that of the Jews—a very large factor of the population of Constantinople ; then comes the Christian Sabbath—the first day of the week.

Like most passengers, we were not slow in getting ashore. Here, as elsewhere in the East, there is a plethora of cicerones. We take counsel with the trusted dragoman of the Cunard Company, who gloried in the name of "Far-away-Moses." We found him an intelligent guide enough ; but like all his fraternity, trust had to be reposed in him *cum grano*. We find that the Sultan goes in state to mosque at two o'clock. Unwilling to miss such a sight, we hurry on past Top-lianna, catch a glimpse of the Mosque of Kilidsch Ali Pasha, and the Cannon Foundry, and reach as near to the Sultan's palace as the crowd will permit. The road is lined on both sides with soldiers. Behind the soldiers on one side of the street are veiled women ; on the other side are the men, though not without a thin sprinkling of the opposite sex. We patiently await the imperial cavalcade. The double line of soldiers is broken and irregular till at a given signal the rugged lines assume a well-dressed martial front. The strange thing is that no hoarse voice of officer is heard ordering to position ; nothing but a hissing sound which passes, or rather flashes, down the lines, and instantly all is order, silence and expectation. Presently the imposing procession appears. First come a few mounted officers, followed by the Grand Vizier and other high officers of State, enjoying, for their brief official day, the capricious sunshine of their imperial master's favour. Then approaches the portly form of the Sultan himself, conspicuous by the plainness of his dress, wearing only the plain, undecorated fez. As he passes, he lazily lifts his hand in salute, which is answered by a military cheer ; but such a ghostly attempt as not to merit the name. There is no enthusiasm ; no fervid, hearty reception. The people, for the most part, maintain an unbroken silence, to be accounted for, perhaps, as much by the natural apathy of Eastern peoples, as by any definite want of loyalty to the powers that be. The procession having passed, we mingled in a motley crowd. A line of carriages bring up the rear of the procession, containing some of the fair Circassian occupants of the imperial harem. The carriages, which might pass muster for second-rate London cabs, are jealously surrounded, and their yasmaked occupants guarded by those hideous eunuch guards, who form by no means a wholesome detail of a picturesque scene. The Turkish women

go not to mosque to join their lords in devotion; their religious nature and demands are not recognized in this sad land, where the lot of women is as yet untouched by the ennobling influence of the Gospel of the Son of Mary. The afternoon of the Sabbath is spent up the Golden Horn with their lords, after they have performed their devotions.

On our return to the ship we were surprised to find that we were not without kindly recognition, even in this far-off region. The genial chaplain of the British Ambassador had been aboard, and had left kindly messages. The inevitable Scotchman was also represented in the person of an officer of the Congregational Church, associated with the Dutch Embassy, Pera. He was in search of a "supply" for the Sunday. It was of no use to urge the purpose of our trip, and the necessity for rest; an engagement was accepted to preach on the afternoon of the following Sunday.

On the Sunday morning we attended the Scotch Church at Haskioi, where a fair congregation had assembled, chiefly consisting of the families of Scotch residents and engineers employed at the Turkish arsenal. Under the ministry of the Church of Scotland missionary to the Jews, the cause and worship of Christ are maintained amongst a British population, many of whom would sink to the dead level of those around them, but for his helpful ministry. The afternoon service found us at the Dutch Embassy Chapel. It was a sermon entirely divested of the circumstance of ritual. The decencies of worship seemed to suggest at least a black coat; but the heat would permit only the lightest possible garb, and broadcloth had to be surrendered. A pulpit gown of the Geneva pattern was provided for the minister, but circumstances were too much for the ecclesiastical proprieties, the gown had to be declined, and the minister, in most unclerical costume, took his place in the pulpit of the Dutch Embassy Church. Conspicuous in the congregation, and occupying two or three pews, was company of our own "Blue Jackets." The sight was inspiration enough to the preacher's heart. They had sought and obtained permission to come ashore and attend church. Those who are acquainted with the usual pretences of seamen to get ashore in a foreign port, and their conduct when ashore, will understand the high estimate which was at once placed upon their attendance at divine worship. To not a few of them this had been the first visit to a church for years; and to me it was a promise full of hope, that the simple efforts to influence seamen on the side of the Gospel were not in vain.

I found at the close of the service that I had been unconsciously the cause of grave anxiety to my congregation. The subject of my sermon was "Christian Progress." I had sought to illustrate and enforce

the necessity of progress by references to nature, and the history of nations. Under the latter heading I had been contending that if any nation had not the elements of progress within itself, its ultimate decay was inevitable. This theme was neither a safe nor a genial one in Turkey, and by it I had unwittingly roused the fears of not a few of my congregation.

Passing next morning through one of the busiest thoroughfares of Galata, amid the din and discordant clamour of vendors of bread, fruit, sherbet and water, with the howling and barking of dogs, I was more than surprised to hear my name rising above the noise of many voices, repeated over and over again. The vigorous call came from a stalwart countryman, who was making his way, more energetically than politely, through the crowds of apathetic Orientals. Grasping my hand and panting for breath, he managed to say to me: "Man! I heard you preach yesterday, and I just wanted to shake hands with you. I'm a Scotchman like yourself. Good bye," and off he went as quickly as he came. A British face, a word, however hurried, of kindly greeting means much away from home.

(To be continued.)

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITOR: *A. P. Solandt, B.A.*

Messrs. W. Lee and J. Daley, who are to labour in Nova Scotia during the summer vacation, spent a very pleasant holiday at the Melbourne parsonage, previous to leaving for their respective fields of labour. On Saturday Mr. J. P. Gerrie, our college representative, joined the little company. Sunday was pleasantly spent. In the morning the Rev. Mr. Robertson preached a helpful sermon, after which it was a pleasure to gather round the Lord's table with the Melbourne friends, and there to meet our common Friend and Master. On Monday morning Mr. J. K. Unsworth, who supplied the Sherbrooke pulpit on the day previous, was met at the station and escorted to the parsonage there to enjoy the kind hospitality of Mrs. Robertson. The programme for the afternoon was a "sugaring-off" at the house of Mr. Smiley. All the details of the afternoon's enjoyment can be better imagined than described; suffice it to say the college boys know how to eat "maple-taffy," and are fully acquainted with its uses, either for internal or external application. On Tuesday morning the word *farewell* was said, and all four turned their faces to the work of the summer.

A word to those who are thinking of entering our college. Frequent rumours reach us of the intention of young men in the various churches to enter our college. We expect a large addition to our number this fall, and are very glad that such is the case.

Come along, brother ; the more the merrier. If we are to have an annex added to the building, let us make a large one necessary.

Perhaps a few words from us may be helpful to such as have the work of the ministry under their serious consideration. It is the most glorious work to which a man can give his time and talents. To be a *Congregational* minister means to be among the very first in progress and reform, to be one of the leaders of advancing thought and Christian liberality.

There are one or two things about which a man should be certain ere he enters college to study for the ministry. He must, in the first place, be assured that he himself is a Christian, that he has been born again. We, of all denominations, cannot afford to have our pulpits occupied by men who have not answered the Lord's "Follow Me." In the next place, an intending student must be sure that he is quite willing to devote the *whole* of his life to the service of God, every talent and all his energy to be used for the Lord, howsoever and wheresoever it pleases Him. Then, too, he should feel that he has been chosen for the work ; that it is God who is seeking to draw him from the busy world a while, to prepare him for His special work.

If he be assured of these facts, and under their impulse enters college life, he must be prepared for a long and hard pull at the student's oar. In all cases where it is possible, we strongly urge the longer course of study as preferable. A man cannot be too well prepared for God's work ; he may be, and often is, lacking in knowledge which would be very useful to him, and which can only be obtained by a longer course of study.

Most probably our new student friend will not be troubled about the investment of his surplus cash. This is kindly arranged for him by the authorities, so that he may not have his thoughts distracted. He will have some pet ideals ruthlessly shattered, prominent among which will be the belief that he is a second Beecher or Spurgeon (out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh). He will make some true and lasting friendships. His college life will be happy and healthful ; and he will, if he makes use of the advantages offered, leave college a better and more spiritually-minded man than he was when he entered.

SLEEP VIEWED AS CRITICISM.

The author of an essay, spring poem, or a literary effort of some kind—we forget what it was—asked a friend to listen to him read his effort, and give a criticism on its merits. While the reading was going on the friend fell soundly asleep. The reader became indignant, and lectured the sleeper for not keeping

awake, and preparing his criticism. The drowsy critic blandly remarked :

"SLEEP IS CRITICISM."

Yes, sleep *is* criticism. It is much more intelligent and respectable criticism than some other kinds that we occasionally hear. It is *honest* criticism, which is a good deal more than can be said of all kinds. Criticism is always a revealer, and frequently it reveals much more of the character of the critic than it does of the merits of the person or thing criticised. Sometimes it shows that the critic is a candid, honest, generous, intelligent man, who can look upon all sides of a question, and do ample justice to every body and everything. Not unfrequently it proves, with painful conclusiveness, that the critic is narrow-minded, or warped, or invincibly ignorant. Sometimes it shows that he is a censorious nibbler. In other cases it proves that he is unfair, perhaps even malicious. In many cases it demonstrates, to a certainty, that the critic is nothing more than a chronic fault-finder. If you did, or said, or wrote the thing exactly as he says it should have been done, or said, or written, he would find fault all the same. Yes, criticism is a revealer, and it generally reveals quite as much about the character of the critic as it does about the merits of the person or thing criticised.

Sleep taken in church is criticism, as well as sleep taken anywhere else. This kind of sermonic criticism certainly means something. It may not take a sermon to pieces, and examine all its parts carefully, as a professor of homiletics is supposed to do ; but it certainly means something. It has a voice ! It speaks. What does it say ? What does it mean ? Sometimes it means that

THE PREACHER IS PROSY.

With all due deference to the clerical profession, we fear it must be admitted that some preachers *are* prosy. There is a lack of freshness about their modes of expression which is very apt to produce soporific effects in hot weather. The matter is often of the best, but the form in which it is presented does not strike and keep hearers awake. The fault is not always the preacher's. The fault lay chiefly in his training. He was taught, at least indirectly, that he must repress his individuality, and do every thing just "so." He is not himself. He is one of a large number of excellent young men who were all run in the same collegiate mould some years ago. He is not working as nature intended he should work, and, perhaps, mainly for this reason, he is not an effective workman. Perhaps he is afraid that if he worked as the Creator made him, some of his hearers might be shocked. So he prefers the criticism of sleep to the criticism of people who cannot endure to see anything done except in the way they have been accustomed to, and prosed on.

The criticism of sleep may mean that

THE SERMON IS TOO LONG.

The *Globe* wrestles nearly every Saturday with the burning question, "How Long Should a Sermon Be?" The writer studiously avoids fixing the time, and shows his good sense by not coming down to particulars. All he insists on is that the sermon should not be too long. But what is "too long"? Some sermons are shorter at forty-five minutes than others are at ten. There are many things to be taken into consideration, such as the occasion, the subject, the atmosphere in the room, the wants of the people, the style of the preacher and other things. The fact that the clock-handle has come round is only one thing. If a preacher is in fine working trim, body, mind and voice at their best, he can go on much longer with edification than when he is in a poor working condition. People who attend church twice every Sabbath, and prayer meeting during the week, don't need to be preached to as long as people who seldom hear the Gospel. Who would think of putting off a Gospel-hungry crowd in a new settlement with a twenty-minute sermon? The thing for them is an old Royal George of fifty minutes' delivery, loaded to the muzzle with red-hot Gospel truth. Giving them an evening twenty-minute sermon would be like giving a man a cracker who had not eaten anything for a week. But still the fact remains that sleep in church is criticism, and sometimes means that the sermon is too long. If a hearer keeps awake as long as he can, and drops over about "thirdly" or "fourthly," the fault may not always be his.

The criticism of sleep often means that the sleeping hearer

HAS WORKED TOO LATE ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

For him to keep awake is a fight against nature, and in all such fights nature usually wins. There is no denying the fact that the practice of keeping stores open on Saturday night, until within a few minutes of Sabbath morning, is one of the greatest hindrances to the preaching of the Gospel that Churches in towns and villages have to contend against. Some overworked in this way never come to church on Sabbath morning, and some come in a condition which makes it well-nigh impossible for them to worship. Here is a field for ladies to work in that, so far as we know, not one of them has ever touched in Ontario. Is it not a fact that a large number of ladies do their shopping on Saturday nights, and thus help to continue the practice which makes profitable worship impossible to many on Sabbath mornings?

The criticism of sleep often means that

THE CHURCH IS POORLY VENTILATED.

In many cases it is not ventilated at all. The wonder is not that a hearer cannot keep awake, and breathe

air a month old. The wonder is that he can *live* and do it. Those timid people who are so much afraid of an open window forget that foul air gives cold as fast as anything else.

This criticism means sometimes that

THE HEARER IS OUT OF HIS ENVIRONMENT.

Environment is a pretty big word, but we cannot think of any other that seems to suit as well. This hearer works all day in the open air without his coat, and on Sabbath he wears his Sabbath suit, closely buttoned, and breathes stuffy, soporific air. Don't be too hard on this man. Of course, he should not sleep in church, but if you were in his place perhaps you would sleep yourself.

The criticism of sleep in some cases means that

THE SLEEPER'S LIVER IS TORPID.

One of the best men we ever knew could not keep awake in church. He tried hard. He tried everything. He almost tortured himself to keep awake. The doctor knew the reason why. His digestive apparatus was no more use than a coffee mill. It would not even grind. There are such cases. They should have our sympathy. Still it is hardly fair for a man who can keep awake every other place to blame his liver. The liver has enough to answer for. The worst form of sleeping in church is that which comes from *habit*. Like every other bad habit, this one soon conquers.

MORE ANIMATION, ELIZA!

Once upon a time a managing mamma accompanied her daughter Eliza to a dancing party. The old lady was very anxious that her daughter should acquit herself well in company. Eliza was one of the limp, languid, lackadaisical kind. She went through the dances in a rather lifeless manner. When a convenient opportunity occurred, her mother went up to her, and audibly whispered: "*More animation, Eliza! More animation! More animation!*"

The advice was good, and timely given. Dancing is a poor enough kind of amusement under the best conditions, but dancing without animation must be a specially miserable kind of performance.

Animation is a good thing. Viewed from a national, ecclesiastical, social or personal standpoint it is a good thing.

If a young country like ours has no animation, it has nothing. Sam Jones told his hearers in Toronto that if the Methodists had no religion they had nothing to run their Church on. The Episcopalians, he said, had their ritual, the Presbyterians had their learning and orderly methods, the Baptists had their water; but if the Methodists had not their religion, they had not an earthly thing to run their Church with. It is exactly so with a young country like Canada. If we have no animation, we have nothing

to run this Dominion on. We have little accumulated wealth. We have no past history on which we can live for a while. We have no industries sending their products to all parts of the world, and bringing back untold millions. Our animation is about all we have. If our animation fails, everything must fail along with it.

One secret of Sir John Macdonald's success is that he has the faculty of making people believe he can "make things boom." He won the election in '78 mainly because he made a majority of the electors believe that he could put more animation into business. Rightly or wrongly, he always manages to make it appear that his opponents are the opponents of improvement, progress, development. It may often be the right thing to oppose schemes that may only seem like improvements, or even to oppose real improvements rashly entered into, but it is seldom popular. Our Dominion lies alongside of the most progressive country the world ever saw. Our neighbours are all bubbling over with animation. We catch the contagion, and within wise limitation it is a good thing to catch. Hence what is or what seems to be an animated policy will always be popular as long as we are an animated people. Animation is a good thing for any country. Countries without it are soon blotted off the map. To a young country like Canada it is absolutely indispensable. Thanks to the races from which we sprang, to the example of our neighbours, and to the bracing air of our Canadian winter, our people have a fair share of animation. Talk about the severity of our winter. It is a libel. The nerve power given us in winter is the best part of our national capital. Did you ever notice how even the laziest of men skip along the sidewalk when the mercury is thirty degrees below?

In Church matters animation is a good thing. We have machinery enough. In any well-equipped Presbyterian congregation there is enough of machinery to do all the good that the congregation is capable of doing. Multiplying machinery does no good. The thing needed is more life—more power to drive the existing machinery. Hitching ten locomotives to a train would do no good if the furnaces of the ten were cold. One locomotive fired up is of more use than a hundred in which the fires are out. The machinery which the constitution of the Church provides is quite enough for all purposes if well fired up and kept on the track. We would need no donkey engines to help to run the machinery if the regular ones were well fired up and kept in good running order. A session, a deacons' court, a board of managers, a Sabbath school, one or two Bible classes, a ladies' missionary society, mission bands, two or three other societies, and a number of com-

mittees for special purposes. What more do we want? Just one thing—more steam.

Some of the plans that people propose for making Church machinery run better look a good deal like putting flowers on a locomotive that has no fire in it. If there is no fire in the furnace, of what use would it be to put ribbons on the smokestack, or a bouquet on the cow-catcher? The thing wanted is *power*, not ornament. When you have the machine running at the rate of forty miles an hour, then put on a few ornaments if you will, but start the train first.

Animation in the social circle is a good thing. Did you ever attend an evening party where the guests sat in a row around the sides of the room, cold as icebergs, silent as graven images? Wasn't it delightful?

Animation in the individual helps a good deal to make this world a pleasant place to live in. Did you ever try to converse with a man who had just life enough in him to make it unnecessary for his friends to bury him?

Animation in the pulpit is a good thing. It is sad to see a sermon on which time and labour have been spent—a sermon perhaps brimful of the best kind of truth—fall flat for want of animation and spontaneity in the delivery. And that is exactly what happens every Sabbath.

This lack of animation is as often the preacher's misfortune as his fault. It is impossible for a poorly-paid, poorly-fed, poverty-stricken, worried, overworked man to have much animation in the pulpit. The wonder is that some preachers have any animation at all. If anybody thinks that a preacher can display much animation in his third service on a hot July day, at the end of a twenty-mile drive, he has little common sense, and no kindly feeling.

Some choirs would sing the better for having a little more animation. The lone precentor often needs more.

To every man, and every body of men that works in a lazy, limp, spiritless fashion when the work might be done in a more spirited manner, it is a good thing to give the managing mamma's advice—

MORE ANIMATION, ELIZA—MORE ANIMATION!

—*Knoxonian, in Canada Presbyterian.*

THE Church Army, of the Church of England, has brought 3,000 recruits to the church, and 1,000 more ready for confirmation, mostly gathered out of saloons and the streets.

THE American Bible Society reports the entire circulation for the year ending March 31 at 1,447,270 volumes, of which 521,356 were distributed in foreign lands. And each volume of the million and a half went out with the divine promise stamped upon it, "My word shall not return to Me void."

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

(FROM ENGLAND).—NO. 7.

DEAR EDITOR,—This should be my last from England, but as I am to remain till after the May meetings I suppose I may write one or two more. I am still pursuing the even tenor of my way; and talking about the colonies—Canada in particular—on every occasion that presents itself. I will mention some of the places where I have spoken since I last wrote you.

COLCHESTER.

This is an historic town. Here the Emperor Constantine the Great was born, and the old church built by his Christian mother is still pointed out. The old Roman wall is very perfect in many places close to the town. The castle, with its wonderful museum of antiquities is a sight worth seeing. Old ruins, old coins, everything seems old; but the boys and the girls are as like boys and girls in Canada as you can imagine. I preached in two of our churches and gave an address to about 600 Sunday school children.

ZION WALK

is the largest and most influential Nonconformist church in the town. There is a very magnificent building, and I imagine a devoted people. Here I found considerable interest in our missionary work. The Rev. T. Robinson, B.A., is the esteemed pastor.

STOCKWELL

is the name of the other church at which I spoke in the evening. The congregation is smaller, but they too willingly contributed to the funds of our society. Rev. T. Batty is the pastor.

HARLEY STREET, BOW, LONDON,

under the pastorate of the Rev. W. E. Hurdall, M.A., gave me a full house on a week evening, and we had a very pleasant meeting.

KENSINGTON.

With difficulty I found my way to this place through the fog—a London fog, oh! I could scarcely see my congregation through the smoke. The Rev. C. B. Sims is the successor here to the late Rev. Dr. Raleigh. This is one of the contributing churches, but it might easily do ten times as much.

WOODFORD.

Here I was the guest of our long tried friend, James Spicer, Esq. I spent the whole Sunday in the church, and had a mass meeting of Sunday school children in the afternoon. The collections were good.

MANCHESTER.

In company with the secretary I spent a week in this important centre. Our first meeting was with the

Ministers' and Deacons' Association of the district. After speech-making, we had a pleasant conference on Colonial Missionary work. The association resolved to organize an auxiliary in connection with our society, so that in future its claims may be brought systematically before the churches. We had another meeting at

BROUGHTON PARK.

This is one of the most costly buildings we have in Manchester. The entire cost, I was told, was over \$100,000. Henry Lee, Esq., was the chief mover and contributor, yet this church has done *nothing* for our society. The Rev. Dr. MacFadyen had a drawing-room meeting to which he invited the representative men of our church in South Manchester, and a most important meeting it was. Our conference lasted for three hours, all present taking a lively interest in the proceedings. Dr. MacFadyen occupied the chair, and made one of the best Colonial Missionary speeches I have yet had the pleasure of hearing. On the Sunday I addressed large congregations in Dr. MacFadyen's church and Cavendish Chapel. In the afternoon I spoke to the children in Carleton Road Sunday schools, numbering about 1,000. Mr. Fielden preached in two other churches. It was many years since Manchester heard so much on the colonies. Everywhere we were well received.

To Dr. MacFadyen we owe a great deal of our pleasure and success. Mr. Ford, secretary of the Ministers' and Deacons' Association, himself a minister's son, rendered us important services all through.

While in Manchester we addressed the students of

LANCASHIRE INDEPENDENT COLLEGE,

some thirty in number. They appear to be able, earnest and devoted young men, loyal to Christ and all the beauties of our holy faith. In the years to come we trust some of them may cast in their lot with us in the colonies, and at least as pastors at home co-operate in assisting to plant the truth in the vast new lands God has given us beyond the seas.

NOTTINGHAM INSTITUTE.

This was our next point, and our mission was to address the students, some seventy-five in all. A more hearty and promising lot of young men it has not been our pleasure to meet. They gave us a right hearty welcome. One of their number, I found, is a subscriber for THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. He paid me two years' subscription in advance. What a fine thing, Mr. Editor, if all your readers would do that. I have often thought, when speaking with the students in different colleges, and finding them so anxious to get information about Canada, would it not be a good plan to send a copy of our magazine to each of these schools of the prophets?

With the Principal, Rev. Dr. Paton, we spent a

most delightful time. Subsequently I visited Nottingham to present the colonial claims before the

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

I found here, as in most other places, that the brethren, both ministers and representatives, know very little about the work and wants of the colonies. I found not only a lack of information, and consequently a lack of interest, but also much misapprehension. I have done my best to put the case in its true light.

CLAPTON PARK.

The next Sunday found me in London at the above church. There is, and has been for many years, an interest in our work in this congregation. The late pastor, Rev. Mr. Hebditch, now in Australia, has always been a supporter of Colonial Missions. The congregation is large and influential. The Rev. Mr. Woods, from Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, has been called to succeed Mr. Hebditch. He has just been on a visit to Australia, and is full of zeal for Colonial work.

I gave a lecture in Stratford on "Canada and Its Wants," the pastor, Rev. Mr. Knaggs, in the chair. The Rev. Robert Mackay was present and gave some valuable information.

CROUCH END.

This is a large suburban congregation, and has an auxiliary of our society. There was a good attendance at the missionary meeting, and much interest manifested in our work. The estimable editors of the *Church Magazine* have given prominence to our cause in the current number of that paper, and a very good report of that meeting, and a fair synopsis of my address.

This is a rich congregation, and could give us much more help than they do. I trust they will.

BOROUGH ROAD.

This is one of the 1662 churches, I think. The present pastor, Rev. Mr. Murphy, is one of the great temperance advocates of our denomination—a very fine man, indeed. We had a large audience, of workmen principally. One of my hearers had lived in Canada some eight or ten years ago, and thought it was a horrid country, especially about London, Ontario. Then there were too many churches in that city—why not send some of them to the North-West? It was a capital suggestion. I wonder would our esteemed chairman, Mr. Hunter, and his congregation submit to be sent out to Manitoba.

I found, subsequently, that my objector, when in London, Ontario, indulged too freely in the fire-water, and that did not improve our climate nor his circumstances. He has become a teetotaler since, and no doubt would stand the winter far better than in former years.

LEWISHAM HIGH ROAD.

This is a large and wealthy congregation, and is in the habit of supporting our society. Much interest was evinced in the work of the Colonial Society, and a good collection given. The Sunday school has promised to become a contributor to our funds. In the evening of the same day I preached in

LOUGHBORO' PARK CHURCH.

Here we had a good congregation, and both pastors were most cordial, and promised all the help in their power. Met some Canadians here.

VICTORIA PARK.

The Rev. Mr. Snashall is the newly installed pastor, and he is gathering a large congregation. We had a small meeting, owing to the intense cold—for it can be cold in England, far colder than that of Canada.

HAVERSTOCK HILL.

The congregation was large here for a missionary meeting. This is one of the few places in which I found the same pastor as I met thirteen years ago. The Rev. John Nunn was a warm friend then; I found him the same now. He is about the same in all respects as he was on that occasion. He has done a good work, and is doing a great work. I found, right over against his large and beautiful church and schools, a new Presbyterian Church, certainly erected rather in the cause of denominationalism than of anything better. There is far too much of that spirit in England. There was no excuse for it in this instance—not even the miserable subterfuge used in some parts of England by that body, that the Congregational pastor was unevangelical. We received substantial assistance for our cause here.

DEPTFORD.

This is one of the oldest London churches. The congregation is good, notwithstanding the tendency in this huge city to move to the suburbs. This, that was once one of the most influential and wealthy of our churches, is now composed largely of the working classes. A few of its former members come long distances to services. The present pastor has been only recently installed, and is a man of great promise. I also addressed a mass meeting of the Sunday schools, numbering about 1,000 children. It was a great sight to see the bright and happy faces of the little ones. There was a large number of young men also.

BERMONDSEY.

The congregation was small here, for two reasons—the very cold weather, and the altered condition of the neighbourhood. This is a 1662 church. It has had a grand history—usually retained its pastors for fifty years. The present pastor has been there, I believe over twenty years, and seems to be doing splendid missionary work. This church has been wont to sup-

port our society, and gave us a good collection on this occasion. I spent a most delightful time with our long-tried friends,

REV. H. D. POWIS AND MRS. POWIS.

They live in Bromley, in Kent, a very pretty London suburb. I found them in good health. The lines have fallen to him in pleasant places. He has a warm place in his heart for Canada, and the best possible word for our work.

Here I must stop. One more letter, I hope, will finish England, and before that letter reaches your readers I hope to grasp your friendly hand. I sail for dear home on May 18, *via* the *Lake Ontario*, of the Beaver Line, and expect to reach Montreal about the 1st of June. I am looking forward to a pleasant meeting with all the old friends at the Union meeting in Toronto. In the meantime, and till then, I am, Dear Editor, very truly yours,

T. HALL.

Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London.

News of the Churches.

BOWMANVILLE.—Sunday, May 8, was the fifth anniversary of Mr. Warriner's first sermon here. There were large congregations both morning and evening. In the morning the pastor gave a historic sketch of the past five years, and stated that during that period about fifty-four had united with the church, for the most part on profession of faith. The Sabbath school had doubled its attendance, and a library of nearly 200 volumes had been acquired. In the evening a choral service was held, and a handsome collection taken up for the purposes of the choir.

MELBOURNE.—The church here is very unwilling to part with Mr. G. Robertson, and no wonder; but we anticipate an acceptance by our friend of the call to North Toronto—if it has not already been given.

MILTON, N. S.—This quiet little village was formerly the seat of a thriving lumbering trade, but for some years past has been retrograding commercially, and the opinion is generally entertained that things will remain in *statu quo* unless some wealthy enterprising men come to the rescue, and set the wheels of industry once more in motion. We have unlimited water power, and splendid sites for factories may be purchased at ridiculously low prices. I need hardly say that such a condition of things materially affects the interests of our churches, not only in a pecuniary sense, but we are losing the very backbone of the church's strength, viz.—our young men—who are unwillingly compelled to quit the neighbourhood in search of work. Notwithstanding these serious drawbacks however, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are not labouring in vain or spending our strength for nought. There have been marked indi-

cations of the Master's approval during our first year's pastorate, especially amongst the young. Some time ago I organized a "Young People's Band," and sorapid has been its growth that we have now eighty-three members on the register. Our sole aim is to lead them to Christ, and enlist them under His banner for life. In connection therewith we have a Scripture Union. We vary the order of meeting from time to time, but on all occasions we read a portion of God's Word, and pray together audibly. I frequently receive letters from my little friends. The following is one of many, which, I think, will not be out of place:—"Dear Mr. Goddard,—I am very much pleased you have started these meetings for us. I have thought many times to myself that I should like to be a Christian, but I have to improve ever so much in my actions, and to be better than I am now. I think it would be a good deal better to think of Jesus now, while we are young, than to wait till we are older, because we are plenty large enough to be a Christian. I hope before long I will be one. Well now, Mr. Goddard, I think I will close.—From F——." The other week some of them brought answers to the following question: If God should offer to give you whatever you desired, what would you ask for? The following are a few of the answers:—"I want to be good, and love the Lord." "A pure heart." "A clean and spotless heart." "More grace in my heart." "A gentle, kind, loving Christian." "To be an earnest worker for Christ." God is indeed blessing this work. Will your readers fervently pray for our band. We are sincerely glad the winter has passed away, as its frequent and sudden changes have told upon our health. I have been confined to the house for three Lord's Days with broncho-pneumonia; but, thank God! I am slowly gaining strength.—THE PASTOR.

SARNIA.—On the evening of the 4th ult. quite a number of the Church Aid Society met at the house of their pastor, Rev. R. K. Black. The object was to welcome the family to their new home on Brock Street to which they have recently come. The meeting was as grateful as it was unexpected; nor did it occasion the least inconvenience to the family. The ladies of the congregation had prepared a bountiful repast, and the rest of the evening was very pleasantly spent in social converse, listening to readings, and to vocal and instrumental music. Such impromptu gatherings do much to strengthen the tie of affection between pastor and people.

SHERBROOKE.—This church has called the Rev. Henry E. Barnes, acting pastor of Winthrop Church, Charlestown, Boston; formerly of Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Barnes preached and lectured in Zion Church, Toronto, last fall, and was much thought of by very many friends there. The call has been accepted, and the pastorate begins this month. We offer the friends

our congratulations, and pray that the union may be abundantly blessed.

TORONTO ZION.—This church has invited to its pastorate Rev. Hugh Elder, whose name appears in the English Year Book as pastor at Airedale College, Bradford, England, since 1884. Mr. Elder was educated at the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, and for seventeen years was pastor in Salem, Mass. It is confidently expected that the invitation will be accepted.

WOODSTOCK.—After many vexatious delays, the new building in which this young and vigorous church expect to worship is to be formally opened on Friday, June 3, with a service conducted by its much loved pastor. This is as it should be, for who deserves better the honour of preaching the first sermon there than Mr. Cuthbertson? Who can do it better? The Chairman of the Union, Mr. H. J. Hunter, of London, preaches on the first Sabbath; during the week services are to be continued; Mr. Morton, of Hamilton, Mr. Fuller, of Brantford, Mr. H. M. Parsons, of Toronto, and Mr. H. J. Clark are to take part therein. An organ recital is announced for the 10th, and a grand closing soiree for the 14th. Mr. Burton, of Toronto, preaches on June 12. Mr. Cuthbertson regrets that the services are to be during the week the Union meets, but delays have made the apparent collision unavoidable. We hope, however, some visitors to the Union will take the opportunity of running up to this flourishing town, and seeing for themselves the position we have taken there.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The forty-eighth annual meeting of this corporation will be held in Bond Street Church, Toronto, on Friday, June 10, 1887, at half-past two p.m.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D., *Sec. C.C.B.N.A.*
Montreal, May 17, 1887.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY OF TORONTO.

A general meeting of the shareholders of the above company will be held in the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, on Friday, June 10, 1887, at four p.m.

W. H. WARRINER, *Sec.-Treas.*
Bowmanville, May 11, 1887.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society will be held (D.V.) in the Bond Street Congregational Church,

Toronto, on Thursday afternoon, June 9, 1887, at two o'clock, when a report of its operations for the past year will be submitted, its general affairs discussed, and a new board of directors and executive committee elected. For information as to membership, representation of churches, right of voting, etc., see Article III. of the Constitution, page 173, Congregational Year-Book, 1886 87.

The Executive Committee of the society will meet in the vestry of the above church on Tuesday, June 7, at two p.m.

The General Committee will meet on Wednesday, June 8, in the same place, at three p.m. A full attendance of the above committees is earnestly requested.

JOHN WOOD, *Secy. C.C.M.S.*

Ottawa, May 4, 1887.

Remittances received since last acknowledgment: Fitch Bay, \$13.25; North Stanstead, \$4.25; Brown's Hill, \$3.50; Toronto Zion, \$60; Chebogue, N.S., \$17; Ottawa, \$65; Sherbrooke, \$78.75; Lennoxville, \$16.80; Garafraxa, \$7.25; Scotland, \$23; Stouffville, \$37.75; Thos. Sanderson, Toronto, \$20; Yarmouth, N.S., \$18; Danville, P.Q., \$45; Stratford, \$12; Brantford, \$94.20; Burford, \$40; Lanark, \$118.93; Rev. Thos. Hall, \$3; Sherbrooke, additional, \$5; Ottawa, additional, \$20; Guelph, \$80.55; Warton, \$24.

B. W. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1. The annual meeting of the corporation of the Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society will be held in Bond Street Church, Toronto, on June 19th, at the close of the meeting of the Home Missionary Society.

2. The Directors will meet in the same place, on Wednesday, June 8th, at five o'clock p.m.

EDWARD M. HILL, *Secretary.*

Montreal, April 27, 1887.

WOMAN'S CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1. The first public meeting of this society will be held in Toronto, on Thursday, June 9, at three p.m. It is hoped all our churches will be represented by delegates. Mrs. C. A. Stanley, missionary of the American Board, who has been in China for a number of years, will be present and assist in the meetings.

2. On Friday, at ten a.m., there will be a prayer meeting, conducted by Miss Dougall, of Montreal, to be followed by a business meeting.

3. At half-past two p.m. reports will be expected concerning woman's missionary work in each church and also of the contributions to the memorial school for the late Mrs. Currie. Papers will be read by Mrs.

D. McGregor, Guelph, and Miss Unsworth, of Stouffville.

The same arrangements for reduced travelling fares and entertainment have been made for lady delegates as for delegates attending the Union meeting.

MRS. D. MACALLUM, *President.*

St. Elmo, Ont., May 20, 1887.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The annual meeting of the Union of Ontario and Quebec will be held, according to adjournment, in the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, Ont., commencing on Wednesday, June 8, at half-past seven p.m., when the annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. Geo. Fuller, B.A., of Brantford.

The attention of pastors and churches is directed to the standing rules of the Union.

Arrangements are being made with the railway and steamboat companies for reduced rates. The secretary is prepared to furnish the necessary certificates to all ministers and delegates. He would be obliged if the applications were all forwarded in good time, and specified the lines by which it was intended to travel.

Ministers and delegates will please remember the request to send their names as speedily as possible to Wm. McCartney, Esq., 108 Oak Street, Toronto.

The Union Committee will meet at the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 8, at two o'clock p.m.

HUGH PEDLEY,

*Sec. Congregational Union of Ont. and Que.
Cobourg, April 20, 1887.*

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

This Union will meet in the church at St. John, N. B., on Friday, July 8, 1887.

Ministers and delegates are earnestly requested to send their names on or before June 25 to

REV. J. B. SAER, B.D.

St. John, N. B., May 20, 1887.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Provident Fund Society will be held in the Bond Street Church, on Friday, June 10, at four p.m., or immediately after the college meeting.

CHAS. R. BLACK, *Sec.-Treas.*

Montreal, May 25, 1887.

ONE of the most difficult questions which have to be dealt with by the London School Board is how to deal with teachers, male and female, who are giving way to drink.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Charles F. Smithers, president of the Bank of Montreal, and, with his family, a member of Emmanuel Church, Montreal, passed away on the 20th ult., at his residence. He filled, with a success that won universal esteem, the leading position of our leading banking institution. Firm, but ever considerate, boldly cautious, he was esteemed our leading financial authority. Apart from the feeling of personal loss, and of sympathy for the family circle more particularly bereaved, the death of the foremost banker in Canada will prove no small loss to the commercial community.

Mr. Charles F. Smithers was born in London, England, in 1822, and was consequently in his sixty-fifth year when he died. He entered the service of the Bank of Montreal in 1858. He left the Bank of Montreal in 1863, to accept the position of Montreal agent of the London and Colonial Bank. Three years later he went back to New York, where he entered into business, and in 1869 he again became agent of the Bank of Montreal in the American metropolis. In 1879 he was called to Montreal to fill the position of general manager of the bank. Finally he was elected president, in June, 1881, and held the position until the day of his death, being engaged with the bank's business in his own house only two days before his death.

The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Cornish, who bore fitting testimony to the worth of the departed.

It was reported in the English Presbyterian Synod that there had been a loss of \$1,425 on the *Presbyterian Messenger* since the weekly issue was begun in May last, and a loss of \$2,530 on the general business of the publication committee. This, added to the deficiency of the previous year, had swallowed up all the working capital and \$1,675 more. It was resolved to wind up the bookselling business, as the Synod declined to devote money to its maintenance.

THE Rev. W. T. Latimer, Moderator of the Synod of Armagh and Monaghan, in his opening address directed attention to the injury the Church is suffering from the misarrangement of congregations. In some districts and towns there are too many congregations, and in other districts where there are scattered Presbyterian families there is no such accommodation for them. We want, said Mr. Latimer, to make the most of the power we have, and not let any of it be lost. Where two congregations exist in a village they ought to be united. There ought to be more help in the overgrown congregations of large cities. Besides, in several districts of the North, stations ought to be established where none exist. The Synod, however took no action in the matter.

THE MARTYR OF SOLWAY SANDS.

(From The Presbyterian, London, Eng.)

The tide was flowing on Solway sands,
And bound to a rugged stake,
A fair-haired Scottish maiden stands,
For Christ and Covenant sake.

She could die in the bloom of her early youth,
(But a passing pang to die!)
But not one word of the saintly truth
Could her guiltless tongue deny.

The water had reached her praying lips,
And dashed in her upturned eyes,
And the swoon that led through Death's eclipse
Was unfolding Paradise.

But rough and torturing hands unbound
The lass from the martyr-stake,
And she found herself upon Scottish ground,
Still mocked for Jesus' sake.

"Now swear to the king! or worse shall be!
And abjure your Covenant vile!"
"Never?" she cried; "My King is He
Who died for me erstwhile!"

"I am His! I am His! I am bought with blood!
Let me go where the saints have gone!
I will pray for your king as I plead with God,
But my troth's with Christ alone!"

And they bound her again to a rugged stake,
In a hoarse advancing tide;
And they saw the gurgling bubbles wake,
And the fair hair floating wide.

But they saw not the gleam of the white-winged host,
Nor heard, as she heard, the strain
Of the ransomed ones on the heavenly coast,
Who answered the glad refrain.

"Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power,
For ever and ever shall be,
To Him who has saved us in Hell's dark hour,
And made us His people, and free!"

But the latest voice in that heavenly lay—
The clearest of all beside—
Was hers who went to her death that day,
In the Solway's flowing tide!

O Scottish land! at fair Freedom's birth,
With what throes and pangs thou cried!
It was not a loss, but a gain to Earth,
That Margaret Wilson died!

Newmarket, Ont.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Literary Notices.

FROM THE WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY, Toronto, we have received the following publications, each excellent in its line: BRITAIN'S QUEEN, a jubilee volume, illustrated; paper cover, 15 cents, in which Pearl Fisher tells pleasantly and affectionately the tale of Victoria's life. LIFE IN A LOOK, a plain Gospel address by the Bishop of Huron; same price. THE

CONTEMPORARY PULPIT, an English monthly, containing choice sermons from eminent divines.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, Bible House, Toronto, also supply the two first-named on the same terms.

FROM E. B. TREAT, publisher of the *Pulpit Treasury*, come to our table two works worth having: The first, CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE, by a New York Sabbath School Superintendent, is a large collection of questions, answers and Scripture conundrums, fitted to interest the young, and to make them thoroughly acquainted with the text and history of Scripture. Invaluable for a teacher, being full of useful hints. The other is of a widely different character, WOMAN'S HANDBOOK OF HEALTH AND DISEASE. Certainly every mother should know generally the laws of health which govern herself and her daughters. This work, by Dr. Lucien C. Warner, is full of vital knowledge, plainly and delicately told. Information every woman should possess, a book for the drawer, not for the table, that may be read with profit, without loss. Whether women should write M.D. after their name or not, we shall not discuss, but if there is any knowledge a wife and mother should possess, it is that which will enable her intelligently to watch the growth and tendencies of her daughters. This knowledge this book gives.

THE PEOPLE'S COMMENTARY ON MATTHEW. (E. W. Rae, D.D.: The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.)—This is pre-eminently a Sunday school commentary—plain, well illustrated, embodying, without ostentation, the results of latest learning; eminently fair, and as full as the requirements of Sunday school work ask. There is a brief introduction to the New Testament, giving a brief account of manuscripts, etc. In view of the incoming lessons for the Sunday schools from this Gospel, the volume is timely, and fills well its sphere.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for May 14 and 21 contain, among many articles of interest, "England and Europe," *Nineteenth Century*; "The Empress Eudocia," *Church Quarterly*; "Jewish Pauperism," "The Permanence of National Character," and "Spring," *Spectator*; with instalments of "Major Lawrence" and "Richard Cable," and poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell and Co., Boston.

PONDER this ye men of means, but mean. We find it in an exchange: A pious negro in the West Indies came, on one occasion, to a missionary to present a contribution to the funds of the society. The missionary thought the negro offered a larger sum than was consistent with his circumstances, and took occasion to tell him so. The poor but liberal man insisted on giving it, at the same time saying: "Massa, the work of the Lord must be done, and I shall soon be dead." If all professing Christians looked at personal work for God in the light of eternity, they would probably act with greater promptitude, zeal and earnestness than they are in the habit of doing.

Children's Corner.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

An incident that caused a great stir in Japan took place not long ago, and, owing to the handle made of it to raise prejudice against Christianity, it may be suitable for a letter here. A steamer named the *Normanton*, engaged in the coast trade of Japan, on its last voyage struck on a rock, and the captain, as he perceived that it would sink before many minutes could elapse, ordered the boats to be lowered, and the passengers to be collected that they might be put on board of them. But matters were not managed as they would be among a well-drilled crew; hence the result was that, while twenty-six persons were saved, other twenty-three were drowned. When news of the calamity was published in the papers, the Japanese felt suspicious, from the fact that all the Japanese on board were drowned, notwithstanding that the captain and most of the crew, Englishmen, were saved. All the Japanese were lost, and the lost by drowning were Japanese alone. The rule in a wreck is that, after the jetsam of the cargo, if safety is not secured, those on board are made to take to the boats in order, passengers first, crew second, and captain last.

The excuse that was given for the circumstances was that the passengers, when first ordered into the boats, refused to go, and continued to refuse against all entreaties to save themselves. As is usual after wrecks, a Naval Court of Inquiry was opened, with the result that the master and officers received a verdict that exonerated them. This, however, did not remove all suspicion in the eyes of the Japanese people, for the inquiry was made in a British court, and, though the justice of British courts is known in other countries, like Hindostan and Egypt, the Japanese could look at it only in the aspect that, as the inquiry was conducted by Englishmen, and was an inquiry regarding the conduct of Englishmen, the verdict was not certainly an equitable one, as against the Japanese, who are supposed to be looked down upon. The thinking part of the community here considered the affair specially unfortunate, owing to the treaties between Japan and other countries being under revision.

There were extenuating circumstances that favoured as charitable a judgment on the English-

men as possible: for instance, that the vessel was not a passenger ship, and the crew, therefore, not thoroughly drilled for emergencies; that the night was dark and the sea rough; that the languages of the saved and the lost were different; and that it was possible the majority of the Japanese were paralyzed by the suddenness of the accident, while the rest might cling to their countrymen till it was too late. Still, notwithstanding these circumstances, the British residents in Japan acknowledged the discreditable aspects of the affair. This acknowledgment was observed by some Japanese, and the subscriptions that were set agoing by the Americans and Europeans on behalf of the relatives of the deceased must have weighed with those who were sufficiently free from excitement to own the desire of people from other countries to be fair. But all did not observe this, and for two days the leading newspapers of the capital had the following advertisement: "It is proposed to erect a monument on Noge-yama, Yokohama, in memory of our twenty-five countrymen who were drowned with the *Normanton*. The sum required is to be raised among the Buddhists of Japan in commemoration of those Japanese killed by the Christians of England." On the third day, however, the space for the advertisement, owing to the censorship in Japan, was found blank.

A Japanese paper, by way of apology for the excitement caused by the tragedy, admitted that some capital was made out of it by the enemies of Christianity; but put the query whether people of Western nations were not prejudiced against religions other than their own, and were not also ready to account for Oriental shortcomings by what they call "Paganism." Americans and Europeans may rightly account for the moral shortcomings of a community by the worthlessness of their religion to strengthen them to be better than they are by nature; but they never attribute individual neglect to any religion without inquiring whether the particular religion encouraged the neglect or forbade it. As we are Christians, when thinking of a case where undue excitement has been felt over the death of twenty-three persons, we should remember how much more rational to feel still more excitement over the hundreds of Japanese that die every week without a knowledge of salvation through Jesus Christ.

THE ABBOTT AND HALLIDAY LIFE OF BEECHER.

There seems to be more brain talent connected with the book written by Lyman Abbott, D.D., and Rev. S. B. Halliday than with any other biography of the late Henry Ward Beecher; for in addition to the above-named gentlemen, about forty other eminent writers and thinkers have contributed reminiscences to the book.