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# The Canadian Independent.

'ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHERN.'

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

[New Series. No. 35]

## Current Topics.

—Three temples are being built at Utah by the Mormons—one at Salt Lake, one at Logan and one at Manti. Their cost will aggregate many millions.

—The New York *Observer* tells this characteristic story of an Irishman who was asked last November for whom he was going to vote. His reply was: "I don't know. I go agin the government. I always did at home."

—One of the most lamentable features of the liquor traffic in England is the fact that one hundred thousand women are there employed as barmaids, an attractive form and face being a requisite qualification.

Some Brooklyn preachers are endeavoring to make the morning preaching service more attractive to the children of their congregations, by giving them, every Sabbath, a short address, directly before the usual sermon.

—The recently discovered conspiracy in Kolajore against the British government seems to have been very extensive. Some three thousand persons are said to have been privy to it, and twenty-seven of its leaders are now being tried.

—The English papers have just published an account of attempts made by some Russian Nihilists to induce a Birmingham mechanic to construct some infernal machines for them, to be used in attempts upon the life of the Czar.

—Not less than five thousand two hundred and twenty Sunday School Conventions and Institutes and Assemblies were held in America during the past year, an average of about a hundred a week, or of fourteen each day.

—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 everliving Divine Word.

At last accounts the people of Hilo, Sandwich Islands, had been witnessing for weeks one grand eruption of the great volcano, Mauna Loe. Fiery streams of lava have been pouring out from the mountain a distance of thirty miles or more in some directions, and at times there has been considerable fear for the safety of Hilo.

—The address sent from Holland to the British Government in reference to the war in the Transvaal bears among its names those of eighty-one professors, three hundred and sixty-five doctors of law, medicine, and divinity, and three hundred and fifty-five lieutenants of the army or navy. That is to say, the address is an expression of the feeling of the educated classes in Holland.

—A SUNDAY-SCHOOL has been opened at Wittenberg, in the church to whose door Luther affixed his ninety-five theses. At first it had seventy scholars; but it grew so rapidly, that it was soon found necessary to use another church for a part of the school. The scholars now number four hundred, of whom three-fourths are girls. Five of the teachers are men, and eight are women.

—The barbers of Dansville, N. Y., signed an agreement not to shave customers on Sunday, but one of their number breaking his promise, the others had him arrested and fined one dollar and

costs. He had four others brought to trial at once for violating the previous Sunday. It is good when law-breakers act as a check upon each other.

—The cost of the Afghan war is estimated at \$87,500,000, but it is feared that this sum is not the full amount. The English will have to pay about \$30,000,000 of it, and the rest must be met by the Indian Government, which already is in debt to the amount of \$1,200,000,000. To crown the evil, the war has been of no use to England, but rather has weakened her prestige in the East.

—The *Friend*, of Honolulu, gives an account of the dedication, on January 2, of the new Chinese Church, of that city. The building is said to be commodious and attractive, costing, with the land, \$10,700. Of this sum, the Chinese themselves have already raised \$4,470, and the foreigners not quite as much. The King and Attorney general were present at the dedication. Drs. Damon and Hyde assisted in the exercises, while the principal parts of the service were taken by Sit Moon, Goo Kim, and Shing Chack, and a native Hawaiian pronounced the benediction.

—THE TURK MORE TOLERANT THAN THE PAPIST. —When Bosnia was under Mohammedan rule the free circulation of the Bible was allowed; now that she has come under Austrian rule the sale of the Scriptures is forbidden. Is it strange that our missionaries have not always sympathized with the wish that the Turk might be driven out, "bag and baggage," by his Christian (?) neighbors? Doubtless the Sultan should be a better man and should govern his people better, but in the matter of religious toleration what have his neighboring sovereigns of the Greek and Roman faiths to say to him?

The streets of Honolulu are narrow, crooked and irregular. They remind one of the cow paths travelled in boyhood days. The city was built up first, and laid out afterward. It is about as hard to straighten the streets of an old city, as it is the trunk of an old tree, or the character of a grown man. The business portion of the city is well built. The population of Honolulu is nearly 15,000; about one-fourth of which are foreigners. Perhaps in no other country in the world can such a variety of race and color be found, as in these islands. And certainly nowhere such a mixture of races. Blood is thin in this climate and colors run together readily.

—THE material advancement which is sure to follow the introduction of the gospel among a people, is illustrated in the fact that within sixteen years nearly five hundred sets of irons for fanning mills have been ordered from a single firm in New York through our missionaries at Harpoot, Eastern Turkey. The native carpenters have been taught how to make the wood-work of these mills, and the introduction of the machine has proved a great blessing in that region, so that the demand is increasing. Other agricultural implements are desired, especially the threshing-machine, and the fields of Turkey will surely be better tilled when the gospel has reached the hearts of its people.

—REV. R. R. MEREDITH, once a Methodist, now a Congregationalist, preaching in South Boston, has, on Saturday afternoon, a wonderful Bible-class. For some time past it has been held in the First Baptist Church on Beacon Hill. But it

has outgrown that, and is now held in Tremont Temple, where, every Saturday afternoon, a crowd of superintendents, teachers, ministers, and all sorts of people gather, to hear expounded the International Lesson. Mr. Meredith has a peculiar faculty for his work, and his class is probably the largest, the most cultured that was ever gathered in the country. Boston can do some things; other cities cannot; and this is one of them. We doubt whether such a class could be gathered in any other city in the land. Men come from far and near, to hear the brilliant teacher discuss holy themes.

The newly modelled regulations of the French elementary schools forbid corporal punishment, provide that the father's wish shall be heeded as to participation in religious instruction, that children shall not be sent to church for catechism or service except out of class hours, that the teacher shall not be bound to take them or look after them there, that Sundays and Thursdays shall be holidays, and that punishment shall consist of bad marks, reprimand, partial privation of recreation, detention after school hours and temporary exclusion not exceeding two days.

—The English Government has received from one of its consuls in China a report upon trade, in which he has a section referring to the effect of evangelization on trade. He writes from Chefoo and speaks of the great change that has recently come over all classes in their estimate of the foreign religion. He attributes this change largely to the impression produced by the relief afforded during the famine. He is struck "with the vast strides Christianity has made, and that in spite of the fewness of the missionaries now in the land. Whether we are inclined to rejoice at or deplore the fact, I think the spread of Christianity is inevitable." It should be borne in mind that this consul is writing as a man of business. He adds, "The remarkable progress the spirit of Christianity has lately been making in this province will, I think, in future years have a most beneficial effect on trade."

—Dean Stanley preached, in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28th, one of his most characteristic discourses, in connection with the death of Thomas Carlyle. In closing he said:

"From the silence of the Eternities of which he so often spoke, there still sounds, and will long sound, the tones of that marvellous voice. Let us take one tender expression, written but three or four years ago one plaintive yet manifold thought that has not yet reached the public eye. 'Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight and looking up at the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange new kind of feeling. "In a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time. God Almighty's own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite made palpable and visible to me. That also will be closed, flung to in my face, and I shall never behold it any more." The thought of this eternal deprivation was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose in me: What if Omnipotence, that has developed in me those pieties, those reverences, and infinite affections, should certainly have said, 'Yes, poor mortals, such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go further. Hope; despair not, God's will, God's will, not ours, be done.' Yes; God's will, not

ours, be done. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'"

—The latest statistics on the question of the comparative numbers of the Non-conformists and the adherents of the Established Church in England are to be found in Mr. G. P. Bevan's Statistical Atlas of England, Scotland and Ireland, the first part of which has just been issued in London. It states in reference to that city and its suburbs that there are 502 metropolitan and 409 suburban places of worship belonging to the Church of England, 911 in all; and 647 metropolitan and 423 suburban belonging to Protestant Nonconformists, 1,070 in all. There are 47 metropolitan and 56 suburban belonging to the Roman Catholics, 103 in all. Thus Nonconformists outnumber those of the Establishment by 159, and outnumber those of the Establishment and the Roman Catholics together by 56.

The business man who is inclined to croak because so much money from this country is spent for missionary work in heathen lands ought to hide his face in shame after learning the facts in the case as brought out by Rev. George Hood of Minneapolis in the February *Foreign Missionary*. For example, the trade between Boston and the Sandwich Islands for the year ending in June, 1879, was \$125,355, the profits of which at twelve and a half per cent. would amount to \$15,669, while the amount furnished by the American Board to the Hawaiian missions that year was but \$6,023. Taking the whole country for that year the official figures at Washington show that for every dollar expended on that mission there was received back in the United States in the way of trade \$115. This is only a single illustration of the commercial value of missions. Wherever the missionary goes in heathen lands he is the best possible commercial traveler. Even in the dark places of Africa about the first thing the native wants on taking a step upward is a shirt, and the shirt in almost every case is the beginning of a long and perpetual train of wants and necessities created by mission work.

—The "Society of Friends" is earnestly bestirring itself in respect to the temperance question. At a large Quarterly Meeting in the North of England, the other day, Mr. David Tatum, a minister from Cleveland, Ohio, delivered a stirring address of more than an hour, in which he argued that the grace of God was insufficient to effect the great work of temperance reform by efforts which were based on common sense. In America, he reminded his hearers, that while churches and chapels aimed at the work three hours or so a week, the liquor-shops were working fifteen hours out of twenty-four. The moral endeavors of the churches were, in his opinion, inadequate: the principle of local option was indispensable. He illustrated his meaning by relating an incident he had lately met with while staying at the house of a friend. The house was suddenly flooded with water, and the screaming maids were discovered by the master attempting to mop it up and brush it back with brooms. He soon comprehended the cause, and went quickly upstairs and turned off the tap in the bathroom from whence the water, having overflowed the bath, had run down the back stairs into the kitchen. Then he went back and showed the servants what a hopeless task they had set themselves till the cause of the mischief was stopped.

## THE SONG OF THE AGES.

(ZECH. IV. 17.)

A song comes to us from the far away  
ages.  
A song full of majesty, gladness, and  
light;  
It cheered long ago the sad hearts of the  
sages.  
It comforts our spirits in darkness of  
night.  
The prophets grew patient and hopeful and  
cheery  
At sound of the triumph that swells in  
that hymn,  
And we walk courageously through the  
paths dreary,  
Though our hearts be heavy, and our  
joys be dim.  
For the song is of him  
Who reigns ever above:  
"How great is His goodness,  
How great is His beauty,"  
The God whom we love.

The world with its sin and its sorrow is  
pressing  
Too near to us ever as onward we go.  
We long, but in vain, for the peace and  
the blessing  
That those who have rest in the better  
land know.  
And yet, when our thoughts turn away to  
our Father,  
The earth grows all fair in the glow of  
His love.  
We see not the grief and the shadows, but  
rather  
The brightness and joy of His heaven  
above.  
And sing with the angels,  
"How great is His goodness,  
How great is His beauty."

Gladly we rest by the side of the ocean,  
And hear the grand music that rises and  
swells  
As if the old sea could be moved by emo-  
tion  
Whenever of its Maker it solemnly tells:  
We walk in the forest; the trees waving  
o'er us,  
The flowers and the ferns that are kissed  
by the wind,  
All join to give thanks in a summer-long  
chorus  
To the God of all nature, the gracious and  
kind.  
And thus they are singing,  
"How great is His goodness,  
How great is His beauty."

We see but His footmarks, the work of  
His fingers  
Lies near us; we know not the light of  
His face;  
Yet seems He not far, but beside us He  
lingers,  
With touches of kindness, revealings of  
grace.  
Then gladly to Him we would fain gifts be  
bringing,  
To show how His children adoringly  
love.  
For words cannot tell Him though aye we  
be singing  
Fresh joy-songs of praise to our Father  
above:  
And hearts say with voices,  
"How great is His goodness,  
How great is His beauty."

And soon, when this life with its waiting is  
over,  
And night passes from us, and day shall  
appear,  
The light of the Lord shall His glory  
discover,  
And then we shall know what we only  
guessed here.  
Oh, then we shall sing the old words with  
new meaning,  
For then shall we gaze on Him, then  
will be given  
The joy of His countenance, no shadow  
screening,  
And finding our Father, our hearts shall  
find Heaven;  
And sing on forever,—  
"How great is His goodness,  
How great is His beauty!"

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

From the Sunday at Home.

## NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY HESBA STREETON.

CHAPTER I.—AN OLD HOVEL.

There was not another homelike it in all  
the parish of Broadmoor. It was a half-  
ruined hut, with walls bulging outwards,  
and a ragged roof of old thatch, over-

grown with moss and yellow stone-crop.  
A rusty iron pipe in one corner served as  
a chimney to the flat hearth, which was  
the only fireplace within; and a very small  
lattice-window of greenish glass, with a  
bull's eye in each pane, let in but little of  
the summer sunshine, and hardly a gleam  
of the winter's gloomy light. Only a few  
yards off the hut could not be distinguish-  
ed from the ruins of an old lime-kiln, near  
which it had been built "to shelter the  
lime-burners during their intervals of  
work. There was but one room down-  
stairs, with an earthen floor trodden hard  
by the trampling of heavy feet, whilst under  
the thatch there was a little loft, reached  
by a steep ladder and a square hole in  
the ceiling, where the roof came down on  
each side to the rough flooring, and no-  
where was there height enough for even a  
short person to stand upright.

The furniture was as rude and simple as  
the home itself. The good household  
chattels, on which Ruth Medway had  
prided herself when she lived in her pretty  
cottage in the village street, had never  
come to this poor hovel. There was a  
broken chair of two, a table-top propped  
upon an unbarked trunk of a young fir-tree  
from the woods behind the lime-kiln, a  
little cracked cocker, two or three old  
boxes, and the indispensable saucepan and  
kettle in which she did all her cooking.  
Upstairs was a low pallet bedstead with a  
flock-bed, and, on the floor beside, a  
mattress studded with chaff, close under  
the roof, where the thatch must almost  
have touched the sleeper's face. There  
was no window into this loft; the only  
light came through the square hole in the  
floor.

"Home is home, be it never so homely;"  
and Ruth Medway had learned to love  
the quiet place where her youngest child  
and her dearest had been born. Behind  
the house lay the Lime-kiln Woods; once  
a busy place of quarries and kilns, but left  
long ago to the growth of trees and brush-  
wood, the haunt of all kinds of wild wood-  
land creatures, hollow with rabbit-bur-  
rows, and thickly peopled with singing  
birds, and with the game that the squire  
loved to preserve. Excepting in the shoot-  
ing season, when the sharp crack of guns  
was to be heard all day long, there was  
no noise to drown the buzz of the humble-  
bee, and the low whirring of the unseen  
grasshopper, and the hundred faint and  
delicate sounds which fill the stillness of  
an unrequented greenwood. Day and  
night, summer and winter, had their  
special signs and sounds there, all well-  
known to Ishmael, the youngest son of old  
Humphrey Medway.

He was the youngest son, and the most  
unwelcome to his father. Humphrey had  
given but a scanty welcome to his first-  
born child, and each successor had been re-  
ceived with growing surliness. Ishmael  
came the last, when his mother's hair  
was already grey, and her back bent with  
hard toil at out-door labor. The eldest  
son was himself grown-up and married,  
and the little love he might have once felt  
for his mother had hardened into in-  
difference; whilst the other children, those  
who were living, were scattered abroad,  
seldom caring to return home. Humphrey  
never mentioned any of them; but some-  
times of an evening, when Ruth rested for  
a little while, and sat watching the kettle  
boil on the crackling fire of sticks, she  
would count their names over on her  
fingers; eight names over which she  
sighed, but at the ninth her brown wrinkled  
face wore a fleeting smile as she muttered,  
"Ishmael."

On the whole, Ruth was not given to  
brooding over the past; for she lived too  
hard a life to keep her memory green.  
She had grown fond of this lonely hut,  
where Ishmael had been born; and he had  
never known any other home. There was  
nothing in it to prevent him keeping pet  
dormice, and hedgehogs found in the  
hollows of the wood; though the game-  
keeper would not let him have a rabbit, or  
allow Ruth to keep a cat; and a dog was  
not to be thought of. But a tame starling,  
and a white owl which had chosen its  
roost under their thatch, and answered his  
call in the dusk, swooping noiselessly  
through the air, made the place full of  
life and interest to him. All the woods be-  
hind had been his play-ground from his  
earliest childhood; and not the finest house  
in Broadmoor could have tempted Ishmael  
to exchange his home for it.

Ruth had taught herself to read after  
she was married; when Humphrey soon  
began to leave her alone in the evening,  
and kept her sitting up late for his return  
from the village inn. Her loneliness had

led her to reading the Bible, the only book  
she possessed beside a Prayer-book and  
an old collection of hymns. She had  
learned to believe quite simply, with no  
doubts in her utmost heart, that "God  
so loved the world, that he gave his only-  
begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in  
him should not perish, but have everlasting  
life;" and that Jesus Christ had really  
"given his life as a ransom" for her.  
With these two thoughts firmly rooted in  
her mind she read the Bible eagerly; and  
it was from its well-worn pages she had  
chosen the name of her youngest and  
dearest child. "Ishmael; because the Lord  
hath heard thy affliction."

Ruth had never been a woman of many  
words; and she was very silent about  
those things which were deepest in her  
heart. Humphrey was accustomed to  
boast himself of her subjection to him, as  
not daring to "cheep" a word against him.  
In her young days she had been one of  
the village choir; and now Ishmael sat in  
the singing gallery in her old place. It  
was one of her greatest pleasures to creep  
just within the church door, where her poor  
clothing would be least noticed, and listen  
to the voices in the gallery overhead, and  
to join in singing "Glory be to the Father"  
at the close of each familiar Psalm. There  
her bent back seemed to ache less, and  
her wearied limbs felt rested. Often in the  
week, as she picked stones, or hoed  
thistles in the fields, her withered lips  
would murmur the words, "Glory be to  
the Father" and she would feel as a way-  
worn traveller feels in a hot and desert  
country, when he comes across a little  
fountain of fresh water springing up in his  
path. His journey is not over, but the  
living waters give him strength to go on  
with it.

So bad a name did Humphrey and his  
eldest son bear in the parish, as being  
idle and drunken vagabonds, that it over-  
shadowed Ruth and Ishmael, and they  
found themselves banished by it from all  
intercourse with decent and friendly neigh-  
bours. Ishmael did not feel it until he  
went to the village school, where the other  
children were warned against Humphrey  
Medway's boy. The women who worked  
with Ruth in the fields kept aloof from  
her; not so much because they were better  
off than she was, but because she was so  
silent in her ways. Thus there was no  
companionship for them but in each other;  
and it was sufficient. It was enough for  
Ruth to think of her boy all day, and to  
hear his regular healthful breathing be-  
side her all night; and for Ishmael the  
woods that lay all around his home gave  
him never-ending occupation and delight.

But though they were without friends,  
they were not without an enemy. The  
nearness of the low hovel to the woods  
was enough to arouse the suspicions of the  
squire's gamekeeper, even if he had had  
no reason to dislike Humphrey Medway  
and his family. But before Ishmael was  
born, there had existed a bitter hatred  
between Nutkin, the gamekeeper, and  
young Humphrey, Ishmael's eldest brother.  
Humphrey had succeeded in winning away  
from Nutkin the girl he had wished to  
make his wife; and though the keeper had  
himself married shortly afterwards, he had  
never forgiven the offence, or ceased to hold  
him and all belonging to him in bitter  
enmity. The very name of Medway was  
hateful to his ears. Of late, too, Ishmael  
had won two or three prizes at the  
village school over the head of his own  
boy, who was about the same age, and who  
lamented loudly over his defeat by old  
Humphrey's despised son. Yet in spite of  
all Nutkin's efforts he had been unable to  
dislodge old Humphrey from the miser-  
able hut. The rent of a shilling a week  
was paid punctually by Ruth, who would  
rather have gone without food than omit  
its regular settlement, since nothing else  
could keep her drunken husband and her-  
self from the parish workhouse. The  
farmer who held a lease of the lime-kiln  
and the hut, found her work on his farm-  
stead, and showed her some little favor.  
So all the keeper could do was to suspect  
and to watch, ready to take advantage of  
any trespass that could be punished by  
the law.

For thirteen years now Ruth had worked  
upon the Willows farm; and many a hot  
summer day had Ishmael, when a baby,  
lain all day long under the hedgerows,  
carefully swathed in an old shawl, while  
his mother toiled in the harvest fields. He  
had himself begun to earn a few pence  
as soon as he could scare crows from the  
springing corn, or could help to tend the  
sheep in the chilly days of spring during  
the lambing season. For the last two

years his father had been grumbling at his  
being an idle mouth to feed; though it was  
rarely Ruth saw a penny of his money,  
and it had been with difficulty that she  
had been able to keep her boy at school.  
But now the time was come when Ishmael  
must cease to be a child, and must begin  
to get his own living by regular work.  
Mr. Chipchase, the farmer, had consented  
to try him as waggoners' boy; and had  
promised if he was a good and steady lad  
to "make a man of him."

"Mother," said Ishmael, as they sat  
together on their door-sill in the long,  
light, June evening, listening to the cuckoo  
and the thrushes singing in the woods.  
"I told teacher I'm going to service on  
Monday; and she says I may take little  
Elsie into the woods to-morrow; and  
she'll give us dinner to eat there; for me  
as well as her, mother, because she  
says I've always been a good boy at school,  
and she's sorry to lose me."

"I'm glad she's sorry to lose thee," said  
Ruth; "and if thee weren't to sleep at  
home every night, I hardly know what I  
would do without thee, Ishmael. I almost  
wish thee were a tiny little lad once  
again."

"When I'm a man," he answered  
eagerly, "you shan't ever go out working  
in the fields, or tire yourself, mother.  
We'll never, never leave here, because  
there's no place like it; but I'll get the  
master to let me build a better house  
that'll keep you warm and dry, and we'll  
live together till we die; won't we,  
mother?"

"Please God" she said softly, with a  
smile on her brown face, as she thought  
how much earlier she must die than the  
young lad, little more than a child, who  
sat beside her.

"I should think it would please God,"  
answered Ishmael, in a quiet voice. "He  
doesn't want us to be always very poor,  
poorer than other folks, mother?"

"Nay, I don't know," she replied. "His  
own son was born in a stable, and died  
upon the cross, with folks mocking at  
Him. I don't know what thee and me may  
have to go through, Ishmael. We can  
only say, 'Please God!'"

It was late before Ishmael mounted the  
ladder to the close loft overhead, and crept  
into his bed on the floor under the low  
thatch. But it was after midnight when  
Ruth, with her wrinkled yet sinewy  
arms, helped her drunken husband from one  
rung to another, fearful every night lest  
her strength should fail her, and that he  
might fall, crippled or lifeless, on the  
floor below.

"Thank God!" she always cried in the  
depth of her soul, when his sluggish and  
leaden feet were safely planted on the floor  
above.

(To be continued.)

WALK IN WISDOM TOWARD  
THEM THAT ARE WITHOUT.

Be natural. Be yourselves. Do not  
try to be somebody else. Do not have  
a Christian face occasionally masking  
your own face, a Christian voice taking  
the place of your own voice, a Christian  
language besides your own language. Of  
course, when you speak of the things of  
Christ, you must use certain words that  
belong to these things; but they are  
plain, simple, common words. Do not  
go out of the way to find others. Do  
not use too many of the expressions that  
may be very current among us, and that  
we suppose everybody understands, but  
that everybody does *not* understand. Yea,  
more, to many they even give offence;  
and in that way, at the very moment  
when we are doing our best to lead the  
soul toward God and toward Christ, we  
are putting hindrances in his way. Be  
natural. Speak plainly. Christians are  
often charged with affectation. One says,  
"They seem to be walking on stilts."  
But that should not be laid to the account  
of their religion. Unnaturalness does not  
come from having too much religion, but  
from not having enough. The more we  
have of true faith and true life, the more  
natural we will be, and the more like  
Christ we will be. What could be more  
natural than the ways and words of  
Christ?

Be true. Be perfectly true. That  
does not simply mean, do not tell lies.  
It means, be transparent. Let men be  
able to see through you, to perceive that

there is no guile, that there are no hidden motives, that while you profess to love God more than anything else, you are not loving other things more than God.

*Be humble.* Christ was so humble that he could say, without our being in the least shocked or even struck by it, "I am meek and lowly in heart." And if he was such, what ought we to be? Be humble under a sense of your sinfulness, under a sense of what you have been, under a sense of what there is in you that needs the constant cleansing of the blood of Christ, and the constant power of the Spirit of God. Be humble under the weight of God's mercies to you, then you will walk softly before others. Do not try to impress them with a sense of your superiority to them, if you do you will miss the mark altogether and make the contrary impression.

*Be holy.* While I would say, let us avoid anything unnatural. I would say much more loudly, Let us avoid the slightest appearance of evil of tampering with sin. Let us avoid making light of sin, either in our lives or in our conversation. Let us be consistent. That is true eloquence and true Christian influence. Remember what Peter says to wives who have unbelieving husbands. Observe, the advice he gives to the wife is simply to obey her husband. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation" that is, by the conduct "of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." (1 Peter iii. 1, 2.)

Thus let it appear, from your conduct, that your religion is not a matter of theory, of emotion, of talk, but a matter of fact. Indeed, if you please, let the very word "religion" alone, it is very seldom we find it in the Bible. But it, there be seen in your daily life the flowing of a stream the source of which is in heaven. Let the impression go out from your daily walk and conversation that whatever you do is real, that it is founded and grounded on reality. I read a few days ago about a young man who was converted, and who was asked afterward, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" His reply was "I was not converted under anybody's preaching, I was converted under my aunt's practicing."

Again, if you will walk in wisdom toward them that are without in the wisdom that cometh from above, that is first pure, then peaceable.

*Be happy.* Is that a command? It is. The Bible is full of it. "Rejoice." "Rejoice evermore." "Rejoice in the Lord," "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Christ spoke thus a few hours before He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." It is a deep joy, then, not inconsistent with suffering. If there is sunshine on your countenance others will believe that "the Lord our God is a sun and shield," and that Christ is "the light of the world." But, if we speak to them of that Sun and of that light and they never see anything but darkness and gloominess in us, if they observe that the clouds or earth are sufficient to obscure the light which we profess to have received from heaven, they will not believe in it.

*Be kind.* Do not simply love them, but show that you love them. Be kind in every deed. Be thoughtful. Show your love to them in action. Not very long ago Mr. Weyland, of the London City Mission, was speaking in a meeting in Paris. He told us an incident with which you are perhaps familiar, and which took place in this town. There was a man, quite an infidel, who was dangerously ill, and a colporteur went to see him. The man would not receive him, and asked him never to come again. The colporteur after a few words left the house: but he noticed that the man was

very poor. There seemed to be none of the things necessary to health about his home. What did the colporteur do? He did not go and write an address about charity, but he went to the grocer's and he sent provisions to the man. A little time after he went again. He was well received. The man said, "If you please, sir, was it you sent those provisions?" "Well, yes, it was; but do not let us talk about that." "It was very kind of you. I treated you with so much discourtesy, and you were so good to me." My unbelieving friends, who profess to love me, have not done anything for me, but here you have sent me provisions. Please read me something out of your book." He read to him and visited him again and again. Before that man died he was brought to a knowledge of Christ. The work had been begun by an act of kindness.

A little while ago I read an account of what happened to Pastor Funcke, of Bremen, who is well known in Germany. He went to see a working-man, whom he describes as a tall, strong man, with a red beard, living in a miserable little place up a flight of rickety stairs. The man would not listen to him at all, but flew into a passion, saying, "I don't want to hear anything about your God. I don't believe there is a God." Then, clenching his fist, he said, "This is my god" and, bringing it down on the table with a thump, he added, "if ever I find you on these premises again I will put my god into your face." The pastor went away, but a few days later, hearing that the man was out of employment, he busied himself in finding a situation for him.

By and by the man heard of this. He went to him and said, "Is this true, sir, that you took the trouble to find me this employment?" "Why, yes, it is true." "Well," he said, "all Christians are not hypocrites." That was to him a discovery, it seems. He invited the pastor to his house and listened to him. "And now," says M. Funcke, "he, his wife and children are among the best of my church members, and theirs is one of the happiest homes in the parish." Surely this was "walking in wisdom toward them that are without." *Pastor Theodore Moind, Paris.*

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, March 6.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. Luke 7: 36-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 5: 18.—*And he said unto her, thy sins are forgiven.*

Commit—47-50

### INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Our last lesson ended with v. 28; the intervening verses serve as a connecting link between that and our present lesson. Verses 28-30 tell us the immediate result of our Lord's words, as given in our last lesson,—they of John's baptism glorified God the Pharisees and lawyers, not having been baptized of John, rejected the counsel of God—that is, Christ's testimony concerning Him against themselves. These words are significant. Having rejected John's baptism, the way was prepared for their rejection of John; and having rejected John, the forerunner and herald of Christ, they were prepared to reject Christ also. All this was, indeed, against themselves. God has said that he that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy—a warning that was awfully fulfilled afterwards in themselves and their nation. The remaining verses are taken up with Christ's own comments upon their folly and inconsistency.

### LESSON NOTES.

(36) *One of the Pharisees desired Him.* &c.—It is evident (vv. 44-46) that this invitation was given, not out of respect to Jesus, but rather (v. 39) for the purpose of watching His words and acts, in order to find something whereof to accuse Him. Why, then, it may be asked, did Jesus go? It was to bear witness to the faith of a trembling believer, and to rebuke the pride and captiousness of the Pharisees.

(37) *A woman in the city, which was a sinner.* &c.—Doubtless a woman who had formerly led an abandoned life. This woman and Mary Magdalene have long been popularly regarded as the same person; but there is no evidence of this being true even the name of the former being utterly unknown. It is highly probable that this woman had both seen and heard our Lord on some former occasion, but had not previously been able to come near Him. The opportunity now offered was too precious to be lost—she followed Him tremblingly into the Pharisee's house, and her humility and love were rewarded by being publicly honored and acknowledged by Christ.

*Brought an alabaster box of ointment.* It may be inferred from the costliness of the box, that this ointment was very precious. It may indeed have been so, but we must be careful not to confound it with the costly "spikenard" with which Mary of Bethany anointed Jesus for His burial, and against the use of which, for such a purpose, Judas spoke so strongly. This box of ointment may have been the only treasure the sorrowing woman possessed—some precious heir-loom, perhaps, that linked her dreary present with the memories of home, and innocence, and love; if so, her lavishing it upon the feet of Jesus would be all the more affectingly tender.

(38) *Stood at the feet of Jesus behind him.* People did not then, as now, sit at table; but reclined on a sort of couch. Thus being the case, the woman could stand behind Jesus, and still have access to His feet. *Weeping*—over her blighted and wasted life, and in the now-awakened longing for that purity and peace which she felt Jesus only could bestow.

*Began to wash his feet with tears and to wipe them with the hairs of her head.* As she wept at His feet, her tears would fall upon them; and probably having nothing else with which to wipe them away, she used the long flowing hair which hung loosely over her neck and shoulders. As she wiped those sacred feet, she felt constrained to kiss them, and finally to lavish upon them the costly ointment she had brought, probably, as a gift.

The whole proceeding seems to have been unpremeditated—the sudden prompting of penitent and adoring love.

(39) This scene gave the Pharisee the occasion he had been on the look-out for—one from which to establish a case against Jesus. His conclusion—mentally reached—was this:—If this man were a prophet, he would have known, &c. But Jesus had allowed the woman to touch Him; He had not seemed in the least annoyed by her persistent attentions; He had suffered them for a long time; therefore it was perfectly clear He was not a prophet, for a prophet would have discerned her character at once:—how much less, then, could He be the Christ of God. But Jesus instantly met this unspoken doubt by exposing the Pharisee's thought, a thing that should have convinced the doubter, since that is what none but God can do. He spoke.

(40) *Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee: and he said, Master, say on.* Simon had no idea that his thought had been read, as may be seen by the composed, half patronizing answer he returned. The suspicion of anything personal in the discourse he was about to hear, was probably farthest from his mind.

(41-42) Jesus, with great delicacy and thoughtfulness, conches His rebuke under a parable; and thus leads His host, in pronouncing in a supposed case, to pass judgment on himself. The parable is this. A creditor has two debtors; their debts are, respectively, five hundred pence, and fifty pence. Neither is able to pay, and both are forgiven. It is reasonable to suppose that both will love his generous creditor; but which will be likely to love him most?

(43) Simon's answer was prompt, and apparently frank, and Jesus accepts it as correct. Now for the application.

(44-46) *He turned to (towards) the woman, and said to Simon—Seest thou this woman? Thus the two were set face to face, as it were, being manifestly the ones to whom the parable points—Himself the creditor, Simon and the woman the debtors; which of the two had shown the love to Him which evinced forgiveness? I entered thine house, (an invited guest,) thou gavest me no water for my feet, she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, —this woman, since I come in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil* (the common olive oil used for such pur-

poses) thou didst not anoint. This woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Here is a double contrast. One had failed to offer common oil for His head; the other had lavished precious ointment upon His feet. One had withheld the courtesies which simple kindness should have dictated, the other had gone far beyond, and shown the most tender and unselfish devotion. The one had manifested the love which testifies of much that had been forgiven, the other the indifference which showed he felt no need of forgiveness.

(47) *Therefore I say to thee, her sins, which are many (these many sins of hers) are forgiven, for (the evidence, not the cause of forgiveness) she loved much. But to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.* conclusive proof that Simon was not forgiven, for he had not loved at all.

(48) *Then . . . began to say . . . who is this that forgiveth sins also? the weak evil of unbelief, as though one who could raise the dead and banish leprosy with a touch would not be able to do even that. Divine power alone could do the former; surely it could require no more to do the latter.*

(50) Jesus knew their thoughts, but He would not prolong the controversy; and turning to the woman, He gently dismissed her with the precious assurance—*thy faith hath saved thee*—or, through faith you are saved *go in (into) peace* into the abiding consciousness of the forgiveness of sins.

### SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Sin has involved all men in ruin (Rom. 3: 23). Whether their debt be represented by fifty pence or five hundred, all are equally unable to pay, all equally helpless, all equally dependent upon God's mercy.

The truly forgiven are truly renewed in heart, and the truly renewed in heart love God truly. The love of this woman was held up by Jesus as a proof that she was forgiven. The proof of the opposite in Simon's case was obvious.

Our Lord here as the "Creditor," claims to be the forgiver of sins, and therefore God; and by openly pronouncing such forgiveness, He emphasizes that claim; and both His words and works prove it to have been a righteous one.

### LESSON SUMMARY.

(For the Children.)

(36.) Who invited Jesus to eat with Him? (37.) Who followed Jesus into the house? Why did she follow him? What did she bring with her? (38.) Where did she stand? What did she do, as she stood thus at His feet? (39.) What thoughts were in the Pharisee's mind? (40.) What did Jesus say to him? What was Simon's answer?

Do you think Simon suspected that Jesus had been reading his thoughts? (41, 42.) Give the parable that Jesus put forth. What is a parable? It is a little story—something resembling a riddle—from which we are to get a true meaning. When the parable was told, which question did He ask Simon? What was Simon's answer? Was it correct? (44-46.) What two people in the room stood for the two debtors? Who stood for the creditor? How did Jesus say Simon had treated Him? Do you think, then, that Simon had been forgiven? Why not forgiven? How did Jesus say the woman had treated Him? Do you think she was forgiven? Why do you think so? 47. What did Jesus say about it? To whom did He say it? How had she shown that she was forgiven? Had Simon shown even a little love? If not, what must we conclude? (48.) What did He say to the woman? (49.) Were the people at the table pleased to hear Him say that? Why not? Because, in saying it, Jesus claimed to be able to do what none but God can. Did Jesus make any wrong claim, then? What one proof had Jesus first given that He was God? (50.) What more did He say to the woman? What is peace? It is a sweet rest and comfort of mind, which Jesus gives all who love Him. Read or repeat John 14: 27.

Curran once said to Father Leary: "I wish, Rev. Father, that you were St. Peter and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in." The priest saw the sarcasm, and turned its sharp edges on the skeptic by replying: "By my honor and conscience, sir, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

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TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1881.

### NOTICE

Mr. Wm. Revell has kindly undertaken the business management of the INDEPENDENT. In the future, therefore, all remittances and letters about the subscription, or complaints, should be addressed to him, Box 2648, P. O. Toronto, and all articles for insertion, news of churches, &c., to Managing Editor, same address.

Mr. A. Christie, 2 Wilton Avenue, will continue to attend to the business of the Congregational Publishing Company, including arrears for the INDEPENDENT and the Year Book.

We would call the attention of our readers to their labels. All whose subscriptions expired Jan. 31, or earlier, are now due another year. Will they please remit.

We want as many items of news of the churches as possible, but will our correspondents be kept, our space is limited, and we dislike to cut down.

An account of the presentation of the Wilkes Jubilee Testimonial Fund will appear in our next.

Even church courts fail to legislate common sense and honesty into hearts agitated by some *adum theologium* as the following item from the *Toronto Globe* makes plain, the trouble referred to having been already settled by the Toronto Presbytery:—

"Most of our readers will remember the trouble in Cooke's Church upon the introduction of an organ into the basement of the building. The climax was reached on Friday night, when upon the Music Circle assembling for their usual weekly practice it was found that some person had during the week entered the church and poured a quantity of glue over the keys. Who the perpetrators of the act were is unknown, but their object, taken in connection with the former trouble about the organ, is quite apparent. The organ is probably altogether ruined, as the glue has not only stuck the keys fast, but has also got into the reeds, thereby rendering them quite useless for producing sound.

We sympathize deeply with those in that church, and we trust there are many to whom the good old way of charity and of peace is dear. When will professing Christian men understand the responsibilities which are upon them, and be no partakers with those who wound the Saviour in the house of his friends? We, too, are suffering, have suffered, as a denomination, untold loss from the persistency with which men seek "their own" rather than the things of Christ which make for peace. We have in mind just now more than one once active man in church work, whose religious faith has been unhinged by church troubles through which he had passed, finding the morality of the speculative business world higher than that exhibited in church circles where the demon of discord had entered. Then we have always some brother troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi* who rushes into print with his grievances, and the evil influence thus spreads, the enemy sneers, and daring infidelity lifts its head on high. We should be none the worse for remembering the lines of one of the hymns of childhood:—

"Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild."

Perhaps as one whose estate has been on the verge of bankruptcy and

who resolves to commence anew, we had better rigidly take stock, cut down estimates, and learn again "what are the first principles of the doctrine of Christ." God save the churches from their own undoing, and give the grace of at least transparent honesty. Let us know what we are and where we stand. The work to which the church is called is not yet done, where are Gideon's three hundred to whom the battle of the Lord is committed?

### THE BUSINESS VIEW OF CREEDS.

THE Ramsden St. Chapel, Huddersfield, England, has recently figured in a suggestive law suit. The church has existed for some fifty years, but the deed of trust dates back only to A.D. 1848, so that it may be viewed as the deliberate voice of the then church. The trust sets forth that the chapel is to be used and occupied as a place of public and religious worship for the service of God by Protestant Dissenters of the Congregational denomination, and a certain doctrinal statement is given to which the pastor for the time being is required to record a general assent. This statement is a brief but decided setting forth of distinctive Calvinistic theology. The old pastor, advanced in years, retired from the active pastorate, and Mr. Stannard, first assistant pastor, was afterwards by a two-thirds majority, invited to the position from which Mr. Skinner, the aged pastor had retired. As is usual in cases where a decided division of sentiment prevails, some sharp practice appears to have been resorted to for obtaining the majority required for a settlement in terms of the Deed of Trust; the trouble seemed to be that the teaching of the new pastor was "not in harmony with the doctrinal standard required by the trust deed." A majority of the trustees were with the church minority, and an action was brought in Chancery to restrain Mr. Stannard and his majority from the use of the building. It seems very manifest that though apparently Evangelical, Mr. Stannard is not distinctively Calvinistic, and the Vice-Chancellor, without hesitation, gave judgment against him on the ground that the question before the Court was, not whether the position maintained doctrinally by the defendant in the case could be truthfully maintained, or was within the limits allowed by the general consent of the Congregational Union, but that it was not within the requirements of the trust deed, and that was the question for decision. In other words, the spectre of the past stands at the entrance, and the utterance of the past as a "dead man's hand" waves from the threshold—

"Procul, O procul, este profani"  
Away, stand off, O ye profane!"

We do not see how the Court could have decided otherwise, but the case offers a few suggestions.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, at the late Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, commenting upon a paper by Professor Flint on Agnosticism, is reported as repeating with approval the sentiments that the Church which sought to meet questions of scholarship or speculation by the exercise of discipline, instead of by a wider scholarship and a more fearless thought, was the real friend

of Agnosticism. Moreover, if the Church took the ground that their Confession was final and unalterable it erred, for in doing so the creed was placed on the same platform as the Bible, and became an object of idolatry; and the Spirit would desert the Church that took such a position. Hence the living Church must afford liberty for growth and not force secession, save in extreme cases. "No true minister," continues the Principal, "should secede from the Church so long as he is true to the one to whom he made his ordination vows—the Head of the Church. If he preaches what he believes to be true, why charge him with dishonor?" To this our contemporary, the *Canada Presbyterian*, replies in an editorial on the Binding Character of Creeds, "Why is any man licensed and ordained to preach in the Presbyterian Church of Canada? Because he solemnly declares that he holds that system of doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith to be founded on and agreeable to the Word of God. On this understanding, and on this alone, (whether it be founded on truth or not does not matter,) he goes forth and is recognized." Illustration is given as between partners in business where, the bond signed, no change is to be made unless by the consent of all parties. The standpoint of our contemporary may be clearly seen by the words of the above quotation in parenthesis; the bond is made, whether right or wrong no matter, these are the terms only to be changed by all parties consenting. As a law court is constituted, no other course was open to the judge on the Ramsden Street Chapel case than the one indicated, and if creeds are to be viewed as a business or legal matter, our contemporary's position is virtually unassailable. We confess, however, to an instinctive shuddering from this cold business view as that which is to be maintained by a Christian Church which is, or should be, a living power; and, believing that life is inseparable from growth, we are inclined with Principal Grant to ask "How can there be growth if the condition of liberty be not allowed?" Dollars have a tangible form, profits a mathematical measure, but

"Sorns the immortal mind this base control."

You cannot fetter thought, nor force faith, nor compel love; the Vice-Chancellor's decision may give a legal propriety to the plaintiff in the Huddersfield case, but cannot aid in building up a church of the Lord Jesus any more than the inhibition of W. Robertson Smith from his chair and classes at Aberdeen can silence the questions he has caused to sound through Scotland and the English-speaking world. A creed is but the embodiment of a living faith; when it ceases to be such, when it expresses not the living conviction of those to whom it is present, it becomes an irritating fetter which provokes either rebellion or callous indifference. We recognize the difficulties in the question thus raised, there must be a common bond of agreement to secure confidence and successful co-operation; a limit must be drawn between what is to be esteemed liberty and viewed as license; but we confess that our eyes are directed in our search for that

line, not to a Vice-Chancellor's decision regarding a trust deed, nor to the clamor of an ecclesiastical tribunal regarding a Confession some centuries old, but to the life of that Spirit which alone can give power to "call Jesus Lord," and whose manifestation "is given to every man to profit withal."

We need, in these unsettled days, a sure ground of confidence; we cannot afford to be at sea, rudderless and chartless, or undecided as to what our Bible teaches, but we need our creed to be the manly expression of our own faith, worked out by the power that worketh in us, not the, to us, meaningless words of an age that is gone. We yield to none in our respect for the men and their work into whose heritage we have entered; we esteem their heritage, not as a prison, but as an estate we can keep ever living, fresh, and green, having, as they had, the Word and Spirit, which are as competent to guide us as them in the way of righteousness and of peace.

### DEDICATION OF THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GRIMBY, P. Q., FEB. 9th.

"What a beautiful church. I like it ever so much. It is one of the finest country churches I have ever seen." So said Rev. Dr. Stevenson to your correspondent as he stepped into our new place of worship at noon last Wednesday to take part in the opening services. And so too would have said Drs. Wilkes and Duff, and our ministerial brethren, Foster, Willett, Sanderson, Sherman, Smith and McIntosh, all of whom were invited to be present, but none of whom came to see for themselves. It is but justice to these brethren, all of whom wrote letters excusing their personal presence, that they had, most of them, good reasons for not being with us. Some of them were prevented by personal affliction and infirmity, others on account of pressing pastoral duties, and still others by the state of the roads, and the difficulty of making convenient connection by railway. Still the disappointment was none the less to our friends here, who were desirous of making a strong denominational demonstration on the occasion. But to return to the beautiful church which so charmed the eyes of our brother Stevenson, some account of which may well precede the record of the dedicatory services. As seen from the outside it is simply a very substantial looking brick church 64 x 48 feet, of the Gothic style of architecture, with a most commodious, light and dry basement running the whole length, and connected with which are convenient rooms for various church purposes. It has a strong massive tower and bell of peculiarly rich, deep tone, but no spire. The interior of the main audience-room of the church, which is reached by a flight of steps, is indeed a most attractive apartment, the entrance to which is through the tower which forms a most convenient vestibule. The pulpit is at the end of the church opposite the doorway. On the left of the pulpit, and on a level with the pulpit platform, but under a most tasteful archway, are the seats for the choir. On the right of the pulpit is the minister's vestry, connected with the basement by a stairway. The church is lighted by eight side windows and two end windows of ground glass, the top panes being of stained glass of divers colors and designs. In the nave of the church there are over 100 pews which are painted and grained in oak, with black walnut ends and facings. They are all cushioned with scarlet marone. The aisles, of which there are three, are tastefully carpeted, as is also the pulpit platform, and singer's pews. The ceiling is

much admired by all. It is painted a pale sky blue, with a border of alternate bands of drab and lavender, relieved by a narrow belt of deep marone. Depending from a beautifully gilded centre-piece, in the middle of the church, is a magnificent chandelier, of a perfectly new design and pattern, the work of Messrs. Mitchell, Galt, & Fitch, Montreal. A smaller one of the same pattern hangs above the pulpit. The church is heated by a furnace situated in the basement. The acoustic properties of the church are excellent, and altogether the main audience room presents an appearance of great comfort and elegance. It is but little more than eighteen months since the foundation stone of the beautiful edifice was laid, by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and now it is completed and set apart for public worship. As it stands it has cost about \$75,500, a marvel of cheapness. But what is far better is the fact that the cost has been fully provided for by the people themselves, without begging from other churches or going abroad to seek assistance. Meanwhile, though all have done well, special thanks are due to the building committee, composed of Deacons Key, Neil, and Mr. Henderson Miner, under whose management the work has been so tastefully and economically done, also to Mr. George Miver, of Boston, Mass., eldest son of the late Deacon Miner, for the gift of the bell; to Mr. Henderson Miner, his brother, for the gift of the centre chandelier; to the children of the church for the gift of the pulpit chandelier; and to the ladies of the Ladies' Aid Society for the upholstering and carpeting of the church. It is but justice to say that Deacon William Neil was both the architect of the church, and superintended the erection, while Messrs. Sweet and Barrington, of Waterloo, P. Q., were the painters. How the remaining debt was provided for will appear in the subjoined account of the dedicatory service. On Wednesday, the 9th inst., at 11 a.m., a large congregation gathered in the new church to participate in the opening services. In the pulpit with the pastor, Rev. R. K. Black, were Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Montreal, and Rev. Messrs. Rodgers and English, Wesleyan Methodists, of Granby. The service commenced by the hearty singing of what is commonly called the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," by the choir and whole congregation, to the tune "Old Hundred." Then came the invocation, by Dr. Stevenson, followed by an anthem by the choir "O how amiable are thy dwellings."

The Rev. Mr. Rogers then read the 7th chapter of Judges, after which the whole congregation joined by singing the hymn beginning, "I love thy kingdom, Lord." Next followed what is called the Responsive Dedication which consisted simply in selection of Scriptures bearing upon church worship lead alternately by pastor and people. This though quite new in practise, had success that was heartily entered into and proved impressive. Then followed the dedicatory prayers by Dr. Stevenson and an anthem by the choir, "O give much unto the Lord."

The sermon which followed was preached by Dr. Stevenson from Judges 7 and 20, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." It is hardly needful that I should characterize the sermon that followed as a most able, eloquent, philosophical, and practical illustration of the grand truth that in the accomplishment of great moral and spiritual results the Divine forces work through human instrumentality. What even one man may do with God behind him was finely illustrated by great historic movements of mighty moment, which had their origin in the enthusiasm of the man. The Divine methods of testing man's fitness for a great work was also beautifully illustrated, while many a homely but, withal, kindly thrust was given the

somewhat numerous band of obstructionists, of which there are not wanting examples in all churches. The sermon, which was listened to with most appreciative interest, was followed by prayer by the Rev. Mr. English. A liberal collection was taken up, and after the singing of a hymn and the benediction by the pastor, the congregation adjourned to meet in the basement of the church at 1.30 p.m.

There a most sumptuous dinner was served up by the ladies of the congregation, admission by ticket. The tables were set for two hundred guests, and they were soon filled up by members of the congregation, and not a few strangers from Montreal, St. Albans, Waterloo and, Brigham. All denominations were here represented. Independents, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians joined us in the feast. It is needless to say that the tables presented a most attractive appearance, not the less so because of the numerous bouquets of flowers from the conservatory of Mr. Lait, of Montreal, who also favored us with his presence.

After supper, the meeting was called to order by the pastor, who spoke of the enterprise that had just been completed, and made us all so happy, but intimated that he could not rest easy until the \$1,200 that still remained of debt on the church was provided for. To encourage immediate effort, he intimated that he was authorized to state that provided the whole was subscribed, the Ladies' Aid Society would become responsible for \$200. The pastor was followed by Dr. Stevenson, who strongly urged an immediate effort to cancel the whole of that debt. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Rogers, who spoke to the same purpose. Soon an amount of enthusiasm was manifested. Mr. Frederick Miller presented \$300, Deacon Neil, \$100, Deacon Kay, \$100. A good many other sums of \$50, \$40, \$25, and lesser sums until, ere the appeal had closed, the response was \$1,500, thus providing for the debt and leaving a balance of \$300 towards the building of sheds for the use of those who came to church from the country.

In the evening it is estimated that not less than five hundred assembled for tea, among whom was the Hon. L. S. Huntington, M.P.P., and his lady, who had come by invitation from Ottawa to be present with us. At eight o'clock p.m. all repaired to the main audience room, where some interesting addresses were delivered by Hon. L. Huntington, our representative in Parliament, and Dr. Stevenson, interspersed with singing by the choir and also musical pieces by Mr. Hopkins, leader of the choir of the Congregational Church at St. Albans, Vermont, recitations and singing by the Misses Allan of Montreal and Miss O. Dwyer of Granby. A floral presentation concluded the proceedings of that most memorable day. The pastor of the Church was requested to present, on behalf of the ladies of the congregation, Mrs. Huntington and Miss Black, each with a magnificent bouquet. This delightful duty performed, the doxology sung and the benediction pronounced, the assembly broke up at 10 p.m. The cash proceeds of the day amounted to about \$250, but the pleasure, delight and profit to all, both old and young cannot thus be estimated. To God be all the praise.

Official.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

It will greatly oblige if those who may require the labors of theological students during the ensuing vacation, would write to me early on the subject. If the District Secretaries have any suggestions to make regarding missionary work for one or more of them, we shall be glad to hear

from them. Early communications are a great help to us in making satisfactory arrangements.

HENRY WILKES, Principal.

Montreal, 22nd January, 1881.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

Received since last acknowledgment for current expenses the following amounts, viz.

Toronto, Zion Church	\$66 60
" " Western	20 00
Martintown	12 53
Guelph, 1st Church	20 40
Lanark	44 00
Middleville	6 25
Indian Lands	18 23
Sherbrooke	48 75
Inverness	5 00
Montreal, Emmanuel Church	16 00
Yorkville	19 90
Cobourg	44 00
Coldsprings	8 00
Mrs. McGregor, Listowel	1 00
Rev. W. Ewing, Winnipeg	5 00
Jos. Greenfield	1 00
Rev. Thos. Baker, Hamiton	10 00
Alexander Buchanan, Petrolia	2 00
Rev. E. Banker, Canning, U. S.	2 00
Mrs. Brigham, Brigham, Q.	50 00
	\$398 66

R. C. JAMIESON, Treasurer.

Montreal, 25th Feb., 1881.

Contributed Articles.

RAISING FUNDS FOR CHURCH PURPOSES.

"So," said Deacon Good to his pastor, "I understand our ladies are going to have a bazaar and a tea-meeting to help pay off our indebtedness, and to make further improvements on our church property. I shall not countenance such things."

"And why not?" said the pastor, "Why not lend a hand to help in such a good work?"

"Good work, aye?" said the deacon, "Raising money by tea meetings, bazaars, lotteries, and such things."

Now on such occasions the deacon always coupled "lotteries, and such things," with bazaars and tea meetings, although he knew they were not necessarily connected, and further, he knew that the ladies and workers of the church were as much opposed to any doubtful means of raising money as he was, but those who desire to attach a stigma to tea-meetings and bazaars, always put in the word "lotteries," a mode of raising money which few right minded persons will defend - in order that by classing the bad with the good both may alike be condemned. Very much as the owner of a certain town in England had a clause in every lease, prohibiting the building of "slaughter houses, Dissenting chapels, and other nuisances." Now the deacon put in the word "lotteries" to bring the bazaar and the "tea-meeting into contempt.

The pastor then asked the deacon if he thought the money for religious objects should be raised in any particular manner.

"No sir," said the deacon, "but it should not be raised in a wrong way."

"Certainly not," responded the pastor. "Money should not be raised in a wrong way for anything. What is wrong should never be countenanced in raising money, for our own purposes, or for the Lord's. Wrong is wrong, and if it would be wrong to raise money by the sale of needle-work, and fancy articles, by teas, and dinners for religious purposes, it would be wrong to raise money so for any other purpose. The wrong must be in the way of raising the money, not in its application to religion."

"Just so," said the deacon—a little cornered. "It is the mode of raising it I object to."

"And how," said the pastor, "would you propose to raise money, Mr. Good?"

"Well sir, for religion I would have a man put his hand in his pocket and give what he gives directly."

"Well sir," was the response. "You have told us how the man should give, and where he should put his hand for the money, but the question is, How is the money to be raised? Money will not grow in men's pockets, and a great many pockets happen to be empty. Shillings will not multiply like potatoes in a hill. An empty pocket is an inflexible and unyielding vacancy "ex nihilo nihil fit." Money must be put into the pocket before it can be taken out. It must be conceded by every right minded person that money should be raised honestly and honorably, for ourselves and for the Lord. Men mystify themselves by supposing there should be a difference between money raised for secular purposes and money raised for religion. If the method is wrong the object to which it is applied does not make it right. If the method is honest and honorable, applying it to religious purposes cannot make it wrong. Some of the congregation keep boarders, and some sell needle work, do you object to their money?"

"No, of course not," replied the deacon.

The pastor continued, "Some of the church raise their money by precisely similar means to those our ladies employ, and you do not object to that, which shows that your objection after all is not to the mode of raising the money, nor to its application to church work, but your real objection is to the Lord's people uniting to work for a common object. Why is this? In Apostolic times they had all things in common, this plan, however, did not work well, and it was not perpetuated. But united efforts for common objects are still open to us, and bazaars and tea-meetings afford us excellent opportunity for a working church to show to the world that their aims and ends are one. To work and sell what is made for a fair price, is both honest and honorable, and there is no money that ever comes into the treasury of the church that we can be more certain has been honorably obtained. Moreover, we have found that a well conducted effort, by these methods, has been a means of good in calling out workers, and promoting friendship and fraternal feeling towards each other. Money may be inherited, or earned, or begged, or stolen. Very few of us have any inherited, therefore the only honorable way of raising it is to earn it. Money for church purposes may be honorably earned by the methods our ladies have adopted."

"But," replied the deacon, "it is quite popular to cry down tea-meetings."

"Yes, sir," replied the pastor, "and by persons who do not give much in any other way. Some people find fault with every method, because they have no mind to give, and no mind to work. They devise no plan themselves, and oppose whatever others attempt. They are not helpers, but hinderers, by trying to bring what others do into disrepute. These flatter themselves that they are conscientious in objecting, while the truth is, it is not a tender conscience, but a cold heart that lies at the root of their opposition. You know, deacon, if you will testify, that the men who oppose tea-meetings are not the most conscientious of the congregation, but the reverse. They will do without scruple what many of the church workers would not do, and neglect the plainest Christian duties."

"Well," responded Deacon Good, "your way of putting it, I cannot gainsay, therefore, I will turn in and help, and we will try and secure a good meeting."

W. F. A.

Paris, Ont., Feb. 10th.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HOLY  
CATHOLIC CHURCH

## III.

From what has been said previously on the Church of Christ as a whole, we are prepared for a demerit to some distinctions that even Protestant theologians have made on this subject. They have, for instance, without any Scriptural warrant, we think, spoken of the Church of Christ as not only "catholic" but "invisible." It would be the merest play upon words, to regard such a use of the word in the sense of the thing qualified being not observable by our physical organ of vision. What a mere shell of any church, and still less of the entire Church of Christ, can be seen by "our mortal eyes." How would it do to speak of the entire British empire as "invisible" and yet, there is hardly a reason to be urged against the use of the word in the one connection that may not be urged against it in the other.

The designation, "Invisible Church," has led to the counter designation, "Visible Church," and men have come to look upon the sum of cathedral piles, elaborate modern church structures, church property in general, church members and officers, as the said "Visible Church." Being a part, and *the tangible*, because the *visible* part, these things, in respectable amounts, (and the larger the more respectable) are deemed imperative they must be had. And those who have plenty of them feel justified in saying, "We are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing;" and they know not that they are "blind," and that they need their eyes anointed "with eye-salve," that they may "see." Rev. in 17, 18. See what? "The Invisible Church."

No. We maintain that the Church of Jesus Christ is not an "Invisible Church." It can be perceived and known.

On the *heathen*, Paul said to the Romans (i. 20). The invisible (to mortal eyes) things of him from the creation of the world are seen (to reason), being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head (divinity) to the end they may be without excuse. It seems, too, that by the *unity* of the Church the world is to be led to believe that Jesus is the Christ. John vii. 23. This unity must evidently be of such a nature that the world can see it. And if the unity, surely the *Church* can be seen. We don't see the unity of the human body and not the body. Then, a knowledge of the false implies a knowledge of the true. Matt. vii. 15, 16. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

The "ideal" and the "practical Church" is a distinction of a somewhat different and more serviceable kind, though anomalous as it may seem, it is the "Invisible Church" which has been regarded as the "Ideal Church." Where there is no *ideal*, it is difficult in any thing to make advancement in the practical. And where the Apostles have sought to elevate or advance the Practical Church, it has been by so linking in figure the professed Christian community with the Divine Being as to make him so connected a motive power to the church to live more worthy of such an exalted relationship. Example 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17. 2 Cor. vi. 16. Eph. ii. 22.

Another distinction on which we think too great stress has been laid is that of "Doctrine and Polity." Certainly polity is not doctrine, and *vice versa*. In the New Testament there is a doctrine of Christian life, and there is a doctrine of Christian Church Polity. Of the relative importance of these two branches of New Testament doctrine, we shall not now attempt to speak.

COUNTRY PARSON.

(To be continued)

News of the Churches.

A very pleasing incident occurred at a meeting of the members of Zion Church, Montreal, last Wednesday, in the presentation to Thos. Robertson, Esq., late Senior Deacon of the church and Superintendent of the Sunday school, who is about to leave the city permanently, of a very handsome testimonial, consisting of an ice pitcher and tray, two goblets and bowl, two fruit stands and salver, with the following inscription engraved on the pitcher "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Robertson, by the friends of Zion Church and Sunday school, in affectionate remembrance of many years of faithful and earnest work," each piece also having his monogram on it. The Rev. Mr. Bray, in presenting the testimonial, spoke in warm terms of the high estimation in which Mr. Robertson was held by all, of the deep regret that would be felt at his leaving the city, and the great loss sustained by the church, to which Mr. Robertson replied in a modest and appropriate manner.

**HELDERSBORG.** The New Congregational Church was publicly dedicated to the worship of God, on Tuesday, the 8th, February. The Rev. R. W. Wallace, M. A. preached the sermon, Rev. Robt. Burgess, B. D. of White Rock, Mich., read the Scriptures, Rev. W. Burgess, L. C. P. offered the dedicatory prayer. The Pastor, Rev. E. J. Burgess, read the historic statement, giving a brief sketch of the work during the past three years. A most enjoyable tea-meeting was held in the evening, thanks to the bounty of the ladies and the enthusiasm of the people, who had already subscribed liberally to the building. The sum of \$143.05 was soon raised, clearing the remaining debt and leaving a balance in the treasury of \$27.05. We are much encouraged. (Cont.)

**TORONTO.** The teachers of the Congregational Sunday Schools held their ninth annual social in the school room of the Northern Church on the evening of Tuesday, 22nd ult. This social has come to be an institution among the Congregational schools of the city, and is looked forward to year by year with considerable interest. Each school in order enacts the host, and entertains the rest. This year it fell to the turn of the Northern, and its teachers used every effort to make the meeting a pleasant one. The room was gay with the handsome silk banners belonging to the school, the Bible Class rooms became little art-galleries, and the lady teachers discoursed sweet music on the piano during the time occupied by tea. About 150 were present, all the schools in the city being represented, most of them fully. It was a matter of regret that the Western had arranged a lecture on the same evening, which could not be postponed, and thus diminished the attendance of its teachers. On entering the room the visitors were greeted by a handsome motto, "Welcome, Fellow-Workers, prepared for the occasion by Mr. W. Revell, while Mr. Webb, who had provided the tables, had decorated the cakes and figures with mottoes for the schools, thus, a hen sitting on a nest (all of sponge cake,) had the motto, "Zion, Mother of us all"—and the Mount Zion Mission had: Fort with its guns bristling all round "Hold the Fort" on it, and the motto, "Zion, our Youngest Child." After an hour and a half spent at the tea table and in social intercourse, the Superintendent of the Northern took the chair, having on the platform with him Mr. Ashdown, Superintendent of Zion school; Mr. Francis Robinson, Superintendent of Bond-St.; Mr. Parker, Superintendent of Yorkville; and Mr. Green, Superintendent of Don Mount Mission. Several hymns were sung by all present. Miss Scott, Miss E. Copp and Mr. Phineas Burton each sang a solo. Mr. J. J. Woodhouse read

a paper on "Sunday School Work at Head Quarters in London," giving details of the machinery of 56 Old Bailey, and, not least to some present, the prizes gained at the combined examination of all the schools on the last quarter's lessons of 1880, were distributed. These, to the value of \$5, \$3, and \$2 respectively were taken, first, by John Dawkins, of Zion School; and, Flora Dawkins, of the Northern; third, Fanny Defries, of Mount Zion Mission. After this, "Now pray we for country," was sung, and Rev. H. D. Powis closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction. Another half hour was spent in discussing ice cream and cakes, and at about half-past ten the meeting broke up, after resolving, on the invitation of the Yorkville school, to meet there next year, all uniting, in saying that the evening had been most enjoyable.

**EATON, QUE.**—Rev. W. W. Smith has intimated his resignation of the pastorate at Eaton, after a three years' residence there. He has made, as yet, no arrangements for the future. His work closes in Eaton on 1st May.

**DANVILLE, QUE.** Through a typographical error in ours of 10th inst., we were made to say that "Deacon J. Goodhue" and his sons had made an offer to pay off the church debt. It should have been "J. N. Goodhue."

**EMBRO.** The church here having declined the request from Stouffville, Rev. E. D. Silcox will enter upon his work next Sabbath.

**STOUFFVILLE.**—In the absence of Mr. Silcox, Rev. A. E. McGregor supplied here on the 20th inst. Any one wishing to correspond with this church may do so through Mr. James Blackie, Secretary. Post cards will be unnoticed. A very successful social was held at the house of Deacon Mertens last Thursday evening. Collection amounted to \$28.60.

**PERSONAL.** We regret to learn that the Rev. J. F. Malcolm has been compelled to resign his charge in Armada, Michigan, through ill health, and return to Whitby. Mr. Malcolm received the following address from the Church:

"Resolved, that as a Church and Society we regret that the health of our pastor, Rev. J. F. Malcolm, has compelled him to sever his connection with us, so soon after commencing his labors. Although he feels it necessary to leave us, we will ever remember him in love, and as one who has labored earnestly to advance the Lord's work; and will pray that the blessing of God may be with him and his wherever called to labor."

The above resolution was adopted at a meeting of the First Congregational Church and Society, Armada, Michigan.

E. D. A. TRUB,

Feb. 15, 1881. Clerk.

Mr. Malcolm writes that he is ready to fill any vacancy though not yet prepared to accept a Pastorate.

**PERSONAL.** The address of the Rev. S. Sykes is Liverpool, Queen's Co., Nova Scotia.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY REV. C. DUFF, M. A.

For heaven's work I'm sent, No listlessness  
For me. Into this life's brief span I'll press  
The pain and labor of "all righteousness."

This famous City, Temple and abode  
Of Zion's King—the Holy Hill of God—  
Are but the mile-stones of my heavenly  
road.

From great processions, priestly pomp and  
pride:

From formal, carnal rites. O, let me hide,  
With sacred books and teachers to abide.

"The Law," through earliest teaching, hath  
for me

True charms from which all other things  
are free:

In it my Father's will appears to be.

For this I'm most concerned. First I must  
know

It well: "Mid flash of thoughts with  
thoughts that glow,

That will to me, Eternal Spirit show."

Not purest, highest pleasure's paths are  
prime.  
But duty's sterner, humbler ways, sublime:  
In these I'll walk; and, patient, bide my  
time.

Deny myself the teaching and the lore  
Of learned Rabbis, and obey the more,  
The law of God by parents held in store.

Back to my home, obediently, I go  
To teach humanity thus how to know  
The discipline of heaven on earth below:

How the Divine yields to the human now,  
That men may learn how greatest, hence-  
forth, *hinc*.

May truly bend and conquer as they bow.

Every one will regret to hear that the Rev. John Smith Moffatt, a worthy son of a noble father, the missionary patriarch, who was recently appointed by the Transvaal Government to the office of Protector of the Natives, has been "severely beaten and threatened with death." I suppose that the perpetrators were Boers, but the telegram is altogether tantalizing from its scantiness and obscurity. Mr. Moffatt, like his father, has proved himself a true friend to the natives of South Africa, and has devoted his life to their interests. This indeed may not improbably have been the occasion of the incident referred to. Those who knew him in earlier days at school and college cannot but retain a vivid impression of his many fine qualities, and his friends in this country will look anxiously for further news of him. — *Christian World*.

The Methodists have held a camp-meeting in North India, which, according to the Rev. E. W. Parker, was a great success. He says: "There were over 80 tents and huts in the grove, and at the time of taking the census there were 843 persons in the camp who were stopping on the ground. Our love-feast lasted two hours and a half, and 174 persons spoke. During the last days of the meeting the testimonies were nearly all witnesses of entire consecration. All the services were in Hindustani, and the exercises were a new thing in India; yet I never attended a better meeting anywhere, and never listened to clearer or more intelligent testimonies from any people. We closed by marching out into the grove, which had been lighted up, at nine o'clock at night, and forming in circle, with joined hands, to make an unbroken ring, thereby representing that we are one in Christ, no nationality, no caste, no class, no color—all one in Jesus our Saviour. In this land of caste and prejudices the scene was intensely impressive. All who retained enmity or caste-spirit in their hearts were told to break the ring and step out. The responses came from all parts of the circle. There are none such now. So many as 800 native Christians never met together before in these provinces."

**REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.**—"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Tooth-ache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

**MOTHERS' MOTHERS' MOTHERS'!**—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

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John Ploughman's Pictures		15c.
The Bible and Newspapers		15c.
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Life of Christ, two Parts	Canon Farrar	4c.
Orations of Demosthenes	two Parts	4c.
Life of St. Paul	Canon Farrar	4c.
Minuteness of Christ	Thomas Hughes	10c.

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P. O. SMITH & Co., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## RYRIE, the Jeweler, Revolution Sunday-School Requisites.

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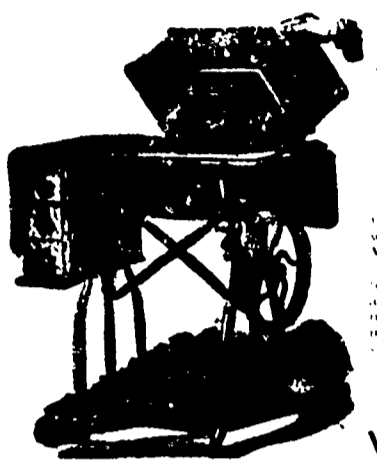
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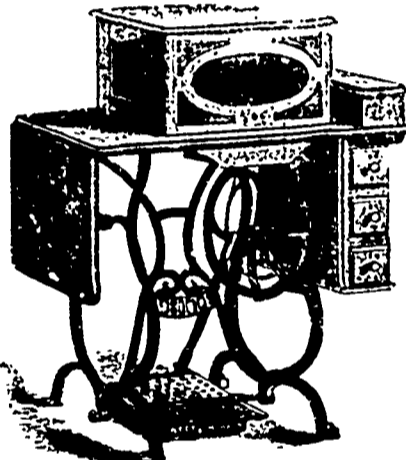
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In addition to these, there are organizations in the other cities and the larger towns of Canada, a record of whose work would be suggestive and valuable to those who are similarly engaged. We shall secure frequent reports from all such, in other countries as well as our own, where we have not already done so, and these, we trust, will make THE REPORTER a valued and welcome visitor to those who desire to learn the best and most practical method of conducting Christian work.

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