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Printed and Published by
W. W. SMITH,
11 COLBORNE STREET,
TORONTO.

THE
CANADIAN

INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. VIII. (NEW SERIES) No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

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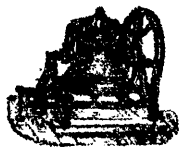
NEWMARKET AND TORONTO, ONT. :

NEWMARKET: REV. W. W. SMITH, EDITOR AND MANAGER;

FOR THE CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

TORONTO: PRINTED BY DUDLEY & BURNS, 11 COLBORNE STREET.

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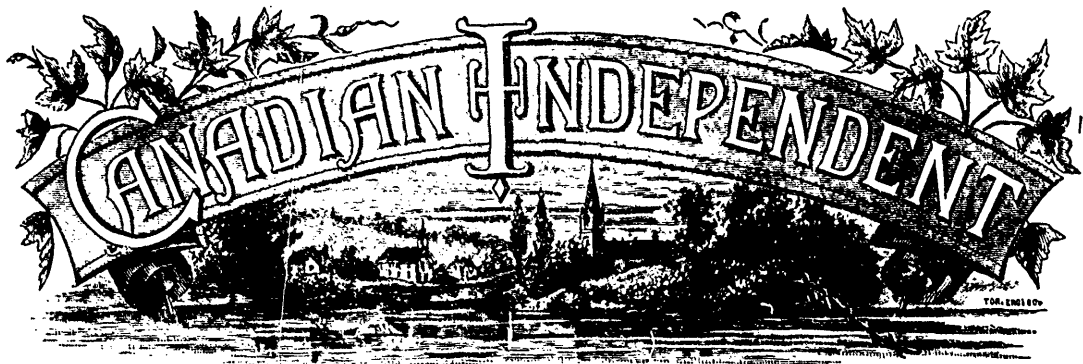
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New Series.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

| Vol. VIII., No. 9

Editorial Gottings.



VERY little while we come to know of a place where it would be a real kindness to send a free copy of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, and there are readers whom we would like to share the pleasure with us of supplying these wants. There are one or two readers who regularly send us an extra dollar every year to supply such free copies. Now we will do with others as we do with these: as soon as we get your dollar we will start a free copy on its errand of kindness, and drop you a private note, telling you exactly how your money has been employed. Helping any good cause in a general way has not half the zest to the giver that comes out of a personal, individual interest.

AFTER the First of January next, all copies of the INDEPENDENT will be stopped, as soon as they fall six months in arrears. We give plenty of notice.

THE person who complacently admits that any favorite sin is his "besetting sin" may be sure that no sin so thoroughly besets him as a certain willingness to be beset by any sin.

SHOW me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than any other, what kind of a man you are yourself. For you show me there what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.—*Carlyle.*

AMONG the Official Notices will be found that of the opening of the College, Montreal, on 1st October. We are pleased that the faculty have secured the presence of Rev. Dr. Mackennal, Chairman of the English Congregational Union two years ago, who will deliver the Inaugural Address.

THE NUN OF KENMARE ON JESUITS.—Morally, socially, spiritually, intellectually, Jesuits are slaves. They were popular with those who liked "to put their thinking out to be done for them." The Jesuit is an easy confessor; he is pleasant to women and good to young men. To the latter he says, "Poor fellow! you couldn't help it; don't do it again."

OUR FRONTISPIECE.—We present, this month, a very good likeness of Rev. Thomas Hall, for the last seven years Superintendent of Home Missions among our churches. Mr. Hall has the rare fortune to be a member of two or three "associations," and while a leading member of the Congregational Union of Ont. and Quebec, was also, this year, Chairman of the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

SABBATH observance is looking up. A number of the railways are, this year, running fewer trains. Whether the Grand Trunk is doing likewise we don't know; but there are still long lumber trains from Muskoka every Lord's day. The decreased Sunday traffic on many of the railways is due mostly to worldly motives; but, whatever the motive, the fact itself is encouraging.

THE TRUTH.—"The truth is larger than any one man's thought of it." Truth is as a sphere. No one pair of eyes can see all around

it at once. And yet, any one with his eyes open can, from any position, see that the sphere is a sphere, and that there is a side which he does see. Having apprehended *that*, he has fully and fairly apprehended truth as the truth. There is no condemnation to him who cannot see all around the sphere; the condemnation is to him who simply shuts his eyes or turns his back upon the sphere of truth as the truth.—*S. S. Times*.

A NEW departure is to be made by a church in one of the large towns in England. They have decided to build rooms behind the church which will be used for purposes of amusement and recreation. The most novel feature will be a smoking and billiard room, with a bar for the sale of non-intoxicants. The whole control will be in the hands of the minister and deacons of the church. We shall be sorry to hear of its "success." Such a mixing of iron and clay we have never seen. But if there were no folly in the world, wisdom would have no comparison by which to have itself measured.

THE Year Book for 1889-90 is out in good time. Our relations with Messrs. Dudley & Burns have been most pleasant, and we shall give their printing house a "free advertisement," enough to say, that if any of our friends want a book or pamphlet printed, they will, in dealing with Dudley & Burns, find an honorable firm, very reasonable rates, and good faithful work.

The two "Addresses from the chair"—that of Dr. Wild in Brantford, and that of Mr. Hall in Brooklyn, N. S., will be read with much interest. The tables are very full and very suggestive, and the "Reports from the Churches" will be read with absorbing interest.

DR. HANNAY, in answer to a question addressed to him in Adelaide, said, that in England the doctrine of "eternal torment" is practically dead, and that the younger Congregational ministers generally hold the "larger hope." Dr. Hannay's statement has attracted much attention in England, and the *British Weekly* has undertaken to test its accuracy by a circular addressed to a great number of Congregational ministers. "From the whole answers," says our contemporary, "we derive a very satisfactory and reassuring

impression. We gather that there is a decided reaction against dogmatic Universalism within recent years; that the number of Universalists, properly so called, is small; that the doctrine of the Larger Hope is not *preached* to any extent; and, above all, that there is a general willingness to submit to the authority of Scripture. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that there is great dissatisfaction with the orthodox form of doctrine on the subject, and that many are so perplexed that they have no theory at all, and leave the theme out of their sermons.—*Australian Independent*.

MINISTERS FOR THE COLONIES.—The maintenance of a continuous supply of competent ministers is a matter of grave concern to the Australian churches. There was no more frequent topic of conversation with leading and representative laymen. I received several messages, I might say instructions, on this subject, for which I am bound to find expression in some form. Here are some specimens:—"To ministers who are proposing to leave England for Australia *on speculation*, say emphatically 'don't.'" "No minister should come here who is nearer fifty than forty years of age, unless he have the genius which never grows old." "Urge the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society, the heads of colleges, and distinguished brethren on whom the burden of certifying ministers falls, not to frank to the colonies men who have failed at home." "Do not be a party to send us 'ministerial sticks.'" I do not know whether there is any accepted definition of the phrase "ministerial sticks," but in Australia they seem to be regarded as instruments formed for the chastisement of the churches; and, as no chastening for the present is joyous, "ministerial sticks" are not popular.—Dr. Hannay in *Christian World*.

SOME people say "There is *something in seven!*" Yes, when it is not some other number! If anyone is on the watch for coincidences and unaccountable things, he will be sure to find them: people generally get what they *look for!* Here is an odd thing about the Bowmanville church, which some one there—on the look for coincidences—discovered.

It was 7 years built, when it was destroyed by fire.

It was burned on the 7th day of the 7th month (7th July, 1888.)

The congregation were exactly 7 months out of it.

It was re-opened on the 7th day of the month, (7th February, 1889).

And our observing friend might have added, the pastor has just been 7 years there!

All which wonderful things point to some wonderful "luck" on the part of the pastor and people! And so we can safely prophesy a very eminent pastor, and a very beautiful structure! And, if somebody says that skill and expenditure had more to do with the latter than prophecy—and that diligence and the "midnight oil" had a great deal to do with the increasing reputation of our brother Warriner—why, we should not contradict him!

Editorial Articles.

REV. THOS. HALL

MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT.

Mr. Hall is a typical Irishman, of the very best sort; and has a warm heart to the land of his birth. He has often told the story of his conversion while yet a youth, and how he at once began to preach the Gospel in the streets and lanes of the towns and cities—the "highways and hedges" of Ireland. He gave several years to Evangelical labor of this kind; and was greatly blessed in his work.

His first pastorate was in the city of Dublin; extending over a period of three years. Then, the Colonial Missionary Society, being anxious to send an energetic man to St. Johns, Newfoundland, sent out Mr. Hall, in 1868, to that city. Here, for thirteen years he abounded in labors—organizing a Missionary Society, and opening Schools and Missions in different parts of the Island.

Nine-years ago, he was invited to become the pastor of the Second Church in Kingston; and having accepted the invitation, settled there. But in less than two years, the Home Missionary Society laid hold of him, to superintend their work in the Dominion. He is now in his eighth year, in that work. He has an immense amount of energy and zeal, and takes great delight in his work. Away from his family-home for seven-eighths, and

more, of his time, many men would weary of the task. Not so Mr. Hall; who is always cheerful and hopeful—now conducting evangelistic services; again giving missionary addresses; counselling pastors and churches in their difficulties; preaching; or writing letters for the press. He throws all his "extra" energies into the particular work he is *doing at the time*.

His letters in the *Christian World*, (London), some time ago, spread all over the United Kingdom most important information concerning Canada; and his letters to the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT have been read with much relish here.

At this present writing, Mr. Hall is in the Lower Provinces, where he has been since the Union Meetings there in July; he having been the retiring Chairman. His address from the chair will have a place in the forthcoming Year-Book.

SPIRITUAL LEANNESS;

HOW TO GET RID OF IT.

Our good brother Shipperley, in Nova Scotia, is troubled over the leanness of the churches down there by the sea. The figures for membership are almost no improvement over last year, and we sympathize with him; because we see it and feel it among ourselves.

Before we can prescribe a cure, we must know the complaint. What is it? Everywhere we have the same complaint—"We can't support a Minister; and having no Minister, we are losing ground, and dwindling away!"

Why, that is like the church, where the members think they are "praising God," when they pay \$2000 a year to a Quartette Choir to do it! That is like a clergyman we knew, up the country, who could not close by prayer, a public school he was visiting, because he had forgotten his prayer-book—and the poor young girl of a teacher, determined not to break the good rule she had introduced, prayed herself, with much trembling, "before the minister"!

No, brethren! You have gotten hold of the wrong end of the matter! If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have covenanted when you came into the church, that you would "watch over one another," and "edify one another"—

then do it! Keep up your Sabbath meetings; wait diligently upon God in your public services—and see if God does not bless you with souls; and after that, with a minister!

There was a Congregational Church, once, in Paisley, Scotland. The formalism and fashionable-ness of the last twenty years have swept it away; but it existed for forty years before that. The members were weaver-folk. They neither had an expensive church, nor a "Reverend." But they tried to serve the Lord, and extend his kingdom. They believed that God had desires of love and mercy towards every sinner; and they carried that message to all their neighbors. A young couple, with a baby, moved into a cottage next door to old Andrew and his wife. "Now," said some of the brethren, "Andrew, you and your wife must try to lead those young neighbors of yours to the Lord Jesus." Andrew would try. But Satan was on the alert; and when Andrew spoke to the young man, he replied haughtily and angrily; and Andrew "lost his temper"; and all was over, in that line! The parties now were "not on speaking terms"; that is to say, the young man would not speak to Andrew.

And now the Lord intervened, in another way. The baby sickened and died. In Scotland, they "ask" people, individually, to a funeral: but these did not ask Andrew.

The day after the "burial," the tearful young mother was hanging out on some gooseberry bushes the little "things" of the baby, she had been washing up; when Andrew's old wife, who had been hanging out *her* washing too, ran in, and drew a piece of crape into her old-fashioned lace cap, and came out again.

"Wha are ye in mournings for?" asked the young wife, over the low dividing stone wall. "Well," said the older woman, "you would not speak to me; and I had no other way of showing my sympathy for you!"

And the two women drew near together, and lay down their heads on that stone dyke, and had a "guid greet thegither!"

The fountain was broken up—the gospel of "peace and good-will" was preached, and understood—the next Sabbath they were at "the meet-in'" together; and soon they found their way to

the loving heart of Christ, and to the fellowship of his people.

Our homily is done. If the great object of members of a Church is to glorify Christ, and save souls, they won't wait till somebody—a Society or otherwise—first pays a minister to go and live among them!

A GOOD PRECEDENT.

This is a great age for setting "precedents." A good thing, where the precedent is good. We ourselves would rather, anytime, set a precedent than follow one. The latter is easier done, and brings with it little liability to mistakes; but (there is always a *but* in such cases!) one may fail in duty by doing nothing, as readily as in doing wrong. And in the road of neglected duty, precedents grow wonderfully thick!

In setting a precedent, we must be sure it is a *good* precedent; one safe for some weaker brother to follow—and *better* than the old precedent we have left.

It seems to us, this latter can be safely said, of the action of a number of the Congregational Churches of Ohio. Out of 236 churches, 38 have women for church-clerks or Secretaries. A woman put in a post of responsibility, has more conscience than a man, about doing the duties faithfully. Less aptitude to take up business habits; less previous knowledge of how things ought to be done. Now, in the clerkship of a church, what is wanted, more than anything else, is punctuality and painstaking faithfulness. A man will scribble the minutes on a scrap of paper, and never look at them again, till after tea on the night of the next church-meeting. Then he hastily copies them into the book—leaving out several forgotten items, names and circumstances, he would have had in, had he copied them the next morning after the former meeting. A woman does not do that. She takes her minutes fully and carefully; and copies them into the book next morning; and has the chairman *sign them*, (without any inward qualms about their meagerness,) when they are read and "confirmed."

And then, how promptly and well is the correspondence attended to! We are supposing, all the while, that she is one of the modern women, who

have learned to write! The last generation of women did not know how to write; but frittered away fifty years with angular abominations that no man could read.

We don't know how the novelty came in; but we should be glad to see it often followed among ourselves. In many of our churches—notably among those that are weakest—women form a large majority of the membership. May not much of the weakness have resulted from this, that the majority had been practically shut out from active participation in the business-affairs of the church? Try the new plan: if a woman is the best man for secretary, put her in! If she is the best man for S. S. Superintendent, set her to work there! Don't be afraid of creating "precedents," always remembering Davie Crockett's maxim—"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT; then straight ahead!"

THE GLORY OF PRAYER.

Let us look at its reflex influence. Having prayed for a man—say one we had considered our "enemy"—it becomes easy, nay a necessity, to think well of him. And the duty and command of "praying for all men," is perfectly plain. Thus it helps the Christian a grace of forgiveness.

Again: after a man has been praying, long, and with increasing earnestness, about something—Temperance, Sabbath-keeping, or the need of a Revival—he finds it easy to speak of it. The man who "can't speak in the prayer-meeting," is generally the man who has no prayer-meetings with God! And what do you know, O timid brother, what your prayers may not effect, as soon as every one is convinced they are from the heart?

"It is said of one Sunday school superintendent that he affected more scholars by his prayers than did all the other services combined. Their tenderness, sweetness, and power carried every one into the very presence of God. He prayed as one who had just come from the closet, and with increased fervor was but uttering again the things which there he had been laying before his Lord." So says an American exchange.

In the American Revolution, a British soldier, a Highlander, was suspected of holding communication with the enemy. Every day, when off duty, he was seen to go into the woods, and disappear

for a considerable time, and the American lines were not far off. He was arrested; and, overwhelmed with the charge of treason, he knew not what to answer. At last he said he "went there to pray." The General was incredulous; but would give him one chance for his life. He should "go down on his knees, and show them whether he could pray!" He prayed with such fervency and power, that the commander ordered him up, and sent him off to his duties; saying that "a man who could pray like that, must have been often at it!"

Now, putting a thought into words, always makes that thought clearer and plainer in our own mind. Prayer will do that—we speak particularly of vocal, uttered prayer—with respect to all spiritual and heavenly things.

Our Contributors.

O LORD, SUSTAIN!

[A member of Zion Church, Toronto—hence the signature, "M.Z.T."—not liking the sentiment of the Hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," as being too half-hearted and full of doubts, has written the following—which may be sung to the same tune—and sends the verses for insertion in the INDEPENDENT. We should be pleased to have more contributions from the same source.—ED. C. I.]

O, blessed Lord, I'm faint with toil and woe;

O, Lord, sustain!

Thou seest me Lord—Thou know'st my daily load,

My nights of pain;

Give strength of heart, and when the trial's o'er,

O, grant the joy of knowing Thee the more!

Thou gracious Lord! I'm poor, despised and lone;

O, come Thou in!

This heart of mine needs light, and warmth—a home

With Thee within.

The Comforter impart; like dew distil—

With heavenly health my soul and body fill.

Then sorrow past—with joy my tongue shall tell

My Master's grace:

And every power of heart and voice shall swell

The songs of praise

That in Thy house, Thy joyful servants sing;

And in Thy strength and love I'll serve my King.

In yonder life, nor eye nor mind can see

The bliss—the gain—

Nor ear can hear the hallelujah, free

From sad refrain,

They sound before the throne, so grand, so sweet,

Who, saved by Thee, in Paradise shall meet!

M. Z. T.

CHAUTAUQUA IN CANADA.

On the Southern shore of Lake Ontario, where the Niagara River pours its flood into the broad waters of the lake, lies quietly the old town of Niagara ; once crowded with incidents that have passed into the glories of Canadian history. In its old church, is a small stone, little more than scratched, with the following memento of early settlement :

Lenerd Blanck
deseaced 5th
Augt. 1782.

About half a mile westward is a point of land, with groves of oaks ; and the ravine, up which American soldiers crept in the war of 1812, to burn the town.

One hundred acres have here been secured, and in part laid out, for the purpose of establishing a Canadian Chautauqua. I was induced to spend a Sabbath there, and to tarry over the day of Toronto's civic holiday. Our quarters, the Hotel Chautauqua, were in full view of the lake, which, far as the eye could reach, was rippling under the clear sky ; bringing just enough breeze to inspirit, and whisper health. Our visit was at the time of the close of the Chautauqua classes.

The Canadian public are in measure familiar with the Chautauqua movement, of which the summer resort in Canada is to form an essential part. For weal or for woe, summer-resorts have entered into our social life, and are growing every year to much larger proportions. There is also growing a conviction, that one need not go abroad to find spots as blessed by heaven with natural beauty, as exist under the sun. Certainly few places can excel this Niagara neighbourhood.

Only three years ago was this project launched, by the energy of its secretary, Mr. L. C. Peake, of Toronto. The hotel is partly built ; some seventeen fine cottages have been erected ; and a Chautauqua pavilion, with marvellous acoustic properties, capable of seating three thousand people. Instruction with rest ; culture with health ; a holiday combining leisure and labor ; idleness with industry—a happy mixture of all, without those surroundings which so frequently demoralize our leisure days, are here to be obtained during the summer months.

The President for the incoming season of the literary and scientific circle is Rev. John McEwen, so long and well known for his activity in Sunday School work ; and who, with your kind permission, Mr. Editor, may ere long lay before your readers, some account of the Chautauqua movement.

We witnessed more in one glorious sunset, as we strolled along the shore, listening to the ceaseless splash of the ripples on the strand.

Let me describe one :—A dark cloud floated above the horizon ; behind which the sun was partially hidden ; edged with a ribbon of gold on the upper line, broken as with golden fringe below. The cloud melted, as the globe of fire neared the surface of the water. It dipped, sank quietly ; a sudden dip, half was quenched ; still it sank ; a mound of fire, a crescent of gold, a star on the crest of a ripple, a gleam of light, a pillar of red, and the shades of night fell ! we walked in the gloom, till, opposite, the full moon rose above the trees, and edged the fleecy clouds with silver light.

The town itself is full of Canadian memories, and if the Greek could stand proudly on the field of Marathon, the Canadian should gain strength to his patriotism as he visits the heights at Queenston—stands at the base of the massive column graven with the name, and covering the remains, of Lt. General Brock, and by the spot where that brave Commander fell. It was a happy thought that selected a spot so surrounded by heroic and early memories for a Canadian Chautauqua.

We drove one morning along the road which skirts the Niagara River, seven miles from the old town, to Queenston. Oak groves, peach orchards ; old-fashioned houses, with the comfortable surroundings of well-to-do farmers fifty years ago ; the high banks, through which the deep river eddies and whirls ; and a morning neither too warm nor too chilly ! all tended, together with a steady team, to make the morning too quickly pass in one gay holiday.

From the Queenston heights, what a panorama ! The river, like a silver band with golden spangles scattered, flowing swiftly on ; the broad expanse of the great lake, in the distance, shimmering in green and blue ; fields of waving grain or of harvest sheaves ; orchards upon orchards, with the fruit blushing rosy red ; Queenston slumbering in contented decay ; and the monument towering

aloft, a memory of a brave past. A day of enjoyment—now a happy memory. Kind readers, may many such be yours!

B.

HOW TO SAVE THE BOYS.

“Save our boys! Save our boys!” screamed a warm-hearted, earnest lady lecturer, in the midst of her burning appeal for a prohibitory law. She meant it, she *felt* it; and we all know that thousands have fallen by strong drink. We join heartily in the cry: “Save our boys!” and add, “and our girls too!”

A prohibitory liquor-law, however good and desirable we may regard it, will not do for our children what the gospel alone can do. There is but one way to life and salvation, while there are a thousand avenues to death. A prohibitory law may stop one of those avenues—a very seductive and dangerous one we admit—but it cannot be perfectly stopped by legal enactments.

No parent should depend on these alone, to save the boys. It is most desirable to hold back the boys from every form of sin. Children are prone to contract vices, and to wrong doing. There are two ways of training children; one is to make it impossible for them to do wrong, by putting every temptation out of the way; the other is, by moral influences teach children to avoid and resist temptation. A child brought up to shun evil companions, to keep away from saloons, to be obedient to parents according to the law of God, is *far safer* than one who has nothing but a prohibitory law to save him from drunkenness. In fact, a boy untrained in abstinence from a principle of right, is just the one that legal enactments will not restrain; is just the one that would enjoy supremely the finding of a way to evade the law.

Those who will drink, if they can get the intoxicating draught, are not safe—prohibition or no prohibition.

If we would save the boys, we must not rely on legal enactments; but inculcate principles that will hold them back from drinking places, and drinking companions. If a parent has not influence enough over his children to do that, there are poor hopes of saving the child by the law of the land. A good law may exercise a salutary restraint, by the fear of penalty; but law is not a

regenerating agency. The law of God could not reform mankind. It may restrain from stealing, lying, and adultery; but that would not make the person honest, truthful and chaste. What the law could not do by pains and penalties, threatening and death, has been done by the provisions of the gospel. The moral influences of love, sacrifice, pardon, are stronger, as a reformatory agency, than the ten commandments, and the penalty of death eternal.

Parents must not rely upon prohibition to save the boys, even where good salutary laws are in force. Children must be restrained from what is wrong by good, strong family government, that enforces subordination when needful, but relies chiefly on moral influences, a good example, loving persuasion.

Children when young—too young to reason—must be taught to obey, because it is the will of the parent. As their understandings are enlarged, they may be shown that the parent wills it because it is right; and restrains and enforces them from a feeling of love. After all is done, we shall never save the boys, till we bring them to Christ. It is well to stop up every avenue to death that we can; but neither boys or girls are *saved*, till by their acceptance of Christ as their sacrifice for sin, they obtain pardon, and a place in the family of God.

W. H. ALLWORTH.

Memphis, Mich., July 31, 1889.

THE MISSIONARY DEFICIT—WHO SHALL PAY IT?

Shall it be the churches or the missionary pastors? This is to many of us a very serious question, the answer to which we await with no little anxiety; the more so that with the closing of this month, will end the first quarter of the missionary year. It is well known that at the annual meeting of the Missionary Society held in Brantford last June, the motion to dispense with the services of the Missionary Superintendent in view of the present distress, was lost by a considerable majority; so that retrenchment is not to be looked for in this direction. Since then, we have not heard of any one to whom God has entrusted wealth, coming to the rescue in this emergency,

by the offer of a liberal donation to help cancel the debt. Pending the action of the churches, the results of which cannot be known for some time to come, the only alternative left, because the only one proposed by the Missionary Committee, is to deduct 25 per cent. from the grants made to the missionary pastors. But do our readers know of the sacrifice this demands on our hard working and really under-paid missionaries? Provided it take effect throughout the year, it simply means that each missionary pastor will be required to pay from twenty-five up to one hundred dollars, according to the amount of the grant received, towards a debt, for the contraction of which he is in no way responsible. Will the churches allow this? Can the pastors stand it? Possibly some of them can; but certainly many of them cannot. Two of them have told us that they will be compelled to leave the country this autumn, because of insufficient support. How many more will have to do so, we cannot tell.

That most of the brethren will stand to their posts, we do not doubt; but that there will be privation, is just as certain. There will be no bitter cry, nobody will be blamed, no one remonstrated with, but meanwhile pastorless churches will increase upon our hands, and that, too, at a time of year when we can least afford to supply their needs. Now, certain it is, that our churches have in their hands, the remedy for all these much-to-be-deprecated evils. Let each church, at its next church meeting, pledge itself by resolution, to increase its missionary contributions by at least 25 per cent. over the past year, and the thing will be done prospectively.

Meanwhile at the approaching District Association Meetings in October next, let plans be matured for the interchange of pulpit services; preaching missionary sermons, and holding good old-fashioned rousing missionary meetings, and certain we are, that coming after an unusually bountiful harvest, the appeal will not be in vain. The debt will be cancelled, the hands of the missionary executive strengthened, good and true men will be retained in the field, and the reproach of our leanness wiped away.

A MISSIONARY PASTOR.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM MR. CURRIE TO MR. HILL.

* * The weather is quite cold. It is hard to keep warm in bed after midnight. My morning's bath makes my fingers sting with cold. A good coat is necessary to keep out the wind at times. There are great quantities of doves here. I often have a couple, with my corn *mush*.

A large number of children have passed away lately; and a few older persons. Most of my boys, for various reasons, left me this month. They were all sorry, however, to do so; and I hope to get them back in time. There still continues a great scarcity of men to help in the work. Building, in consequence, and for want of materials now at the Coast, goes on slowly. I fear the houses will not be ready by the time Mr. Lee arrives. It is a difficult question to decide how carriers are to be found, to bring in Lee and companions.

[Mr. Lee takes a *mule* with him, from Madiera; and Mr. Arnot, mentioned below, is reported to have taken with him to Benguella, a number of mules. So the transportation question will be partly solved.—Ed.]

Mr. Arnot, and four young men, are likely at this time in Benguella. They propose to go into the interior, and open up new Stations, in connection with their English Mission. They will be followed in a couple of months by another party.

I expect to leave in the morning for Komondongo, to attend our annual meeting of the missionary laborers. We expect a good attendance, and a busy, interesting time. My health has been good throughout the month.

Yours sincerely,

W. T. CURRIE.

Canadian Station, W. C. Africa,

May 14, 1889.

THE JULY MEETINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

DEAR SIR,—At our meetings in Brooklyn, it is hard to say which was most interesting, watching the happy glow of love on beholding the faces of our old friends, or the interest plainly shown

in our numerous new-found ones. The students had a very warm welcome from all, and well did they deserve it. The place and weather were all that the heart could desire, and the reception given to all was not out of keeping with either. The meetings were full of that spirit that always tends to stir us up to greater endeavor. One of our meetings on the Sands at the "Meadows," we can never forget. The text was, "There go the ships," and there we were, looking out at the ships, and the spray washing up over the rocks to our very feet. Some of us held no grudge against the waves; but we saw *more than one weeping*, when thought after thought was brought out, about the many silent homes, once cheerful and glad, made thus by its power; and the comfort of there being "No more sea," was comfort indeed.

Our women's meetings were very encouraging, the church being filled in the afternoon; the outlook was hopeful, and the desires all tended the one way. We will try and do more for Him and His, in this year than we have ever done before. Our Superintendent, Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. Jacob Whitman, gave us words of encouragement.

The papers were excellent to listen to; and we trust they were not only listened to, but may be thought over, and carried into effect. We were hoping to see some of our Western ladies this year at our meetings; and we feel that our work is one, and long to have more chance of intercourse with each other, and so promote our Master's cause.

VISITOR.

MEETINGS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF N. S. AND N. B.

Held at Brooklyn, Queen's Co., July 6th, '89.

The Union Meetings in a sense began upon the Ocean, although a portion of the members were journeying by other directions and ways toward the beautiful village of Brooklyn, in Queen's Co., where the sessions of the Union proper were to take place. We say they began upon the water on board the delightful steamer "City of St. John," which left the enterprising town of Yarmouth on Thursday, July 4th, amid a perfect blaze of fireworks that were being discharged in Boston and elsewhere. Of course we did not see them, neither hear them; we knew, though, that there was a

"rocket" going on. The day was spent in various ways: some discussing the situation of our denomination—others their own present situation, which was in many cases a *lying* one (!)

IN THE EVENING

a Service of Song was held in the saloon, and the Scriptures (part of the 107th Psalm) were read by Rev. Thos. Hall, of Kingston; Prayer being offered by Rev. Wm. McIntosh of Yarmouth Tabernacle. It was a day of relaxation of various kinds. Mental, physical, gastronomical and various. Our lady friends

WERE VERY QUIET

all day. There was a natural diffidence; and they preferred to permit the sterner sex do all the roaming about! At meal-times some wended their way courageously to the attack; but left most unceremoniously, and without the slightest regard to etiquette! The appetite was all that could be wished for by the boat management.

At Shelburne, the boat dropped anchor for the night, in the finest harbour in the world; being, it is said, able to hold *ail* the navies in the possession of men.

EARLY IN THE MORNING

we weighed anchor, (I don't remember the exact weight!) and after a severe tumbling about, we reached the River Mersey, and bore up to the wharf at Brooklyn, where the Rev. M. M. Goldberg and his smiling staff received their guests, and made them feel at home in a few minutes.

In the afternoon a Union Committee meeting was held, and interim programme of business was struck off. In the

EVENING OF FRIDAY

an evangelistic service was held, and the key note of all the meetings struck. Speaker after speaker urging the claims of Christ, and the need of consecration to his cause.

SATURDAY MORNING AT 9

a prayer meeting service was held, led by Rev. W. Peacock; and a truly earnest tone characterized this meeting.

The Union then met in session at 9.30, when Rev. Thos. Hall, of Kingston, Ont., the chairman, took his place; genial, smiling, fair to look upon as usual, a rose adorned his button-hole; and

that rose seer.ed to bloom as fresh and fair all through the gatherings, (or else there were others like it, kept especially for him.) He had the monopoly of the bush, but we envied him not.

"Supreme, majestic he did walk,
A King among the men."

OF THE SESSIONS

with their routine business, I will not speak, save to say that we were kept busy, and transacted lots of it. We begin to feel, down here, that there is a dawning of hope for growth. We are being drawn more closely together as churches, by the ties of fellowship; and our business affairs are receiving more attention.

Much of this hope dawning, is to be attributed to the labours and perseverance of our worthy Missionary Superintendent, Rev. Thos. Hall. He has been the living link (humanly), that has helped to bind us by the stronger links of the spiritual chain of love.

To think of doing

WITHOUT A MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT,

is, to our mind, just the most suicidal policy we could pursue. Look at the state of the churches to-day, and contrast with seven years ago; and then say, is it not our bounden duty as a denomination, instead of paying off our *one* Superintendent to engage another, for (say) Quebec and the Provinces, letting Mr. Hall stay in Ontario and the North-West.

To resume our meetings. The

SATURDAY EVENING MEETING

was devoted to hearing the Chairman's retiring address. It was not "retiring" in its character, I can assure you. It led us upward and onward, right to the foot of the Cross! Thoroughly evangelical, it urged upon us the claims of the word, and showed that the church should have all the branches of helpfulness within her folds. But as the address is to be printed, I will not dwell upon it. It will speak for itself. At the conclusion of the address, on motion of the Business Committee, Rev. W. H. Watson, of Liverpool, was elected unanimously to the chair of the Union. The mantle of Elijah fell upon the shoulders of one who has never ploughed with twelve yoke of oxen; but whose endeavour will be, for the upholding of the standard of Christ,

and the extension of the cause dear to his heart. Meeting closed in due time.

SABBATH SERVICES

were conducted in an impressive manner. Rev. W. McIntosh, of Yarmouth, preaching a most powerful sermon from the text, I Cor. i:17, "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

In the afternoon, the Sabbath School gathering was addressed by several brethren; and in the evening Rev. J. B. Sear, of St. John, N.B., took his subject from II Cor. i:12; preaching a stimulating sermon to a crowded house.

The pulpits of the neighbourhood were occupied by visiting brethren.

MONDAY EVENING

a missionary meeting was held; when rousing addresses were given by Revs. Thos. Hall, J. B. Saer, Wm. McIntosh, and Mrs. W. H. Watson.

ON TUESDAY EVENING

a public meeting in the interests of the college was held; and stirring appeals made by Revs. Hall, Saer and Goffin; and Jas. Woodrow, Esq., of St. John, to support the C. C. C. Three seas encircle our shores, and are there for all times. May they be prophetic of the three *C's* at Montreal, and *it* remains for ever!

Two of the students, Messrs. Robertson and Read, acted as Minute Secretaries; and performed their onerous duties in a most efficient manner, complimented for their faithfulness. If these two are a sample of the coming men, we do not fear for the future of Congregationalism. Rev. J. B. Saer, to the delight of all present at the Union, was appointed at the beginning of the sessions, Secretary of the Union of N.S. and N.B. We feel sure that he will discharge those duties in the same quiet, gentlemanly way, that he filled the post of chairman two years ago. Thus

THE MEETINGS HAVE BEEN HELD,

and the long looked-for has come and gone again; and now we are looking forward for next Union, when fair Maitland is to receive us. (Who will be there? Can *you* say?) Well, thanks be to our Father, there is a Union where we *shall* be, when earthly unions have ceased for us. The workman vanishes but his work lives on and *grows*.

During these meetings, as also those of the Baptist Association, and the Methodist Conference, we were strongly reminded that Christ's ministers can and do grapple with the problems of the age. If the religion of Christ is unable to cope with, and overthrow encroachments, then let us have done with it. If we, who call ourselves the Church of Christ, may not memorialize Government and the Imperial Throne, and act as occasion offers as politicians of the most pronounced type—not party, but principle, ruling us, then, let the tag-rag and bob-tail of society rush into majesty's presence, and Christ's ambassadors leave the court of Victoria. It is ours, as ministers, to lead the church, and the church has a right—a God-given right—to lead the world. There is a religious aspect to every question. Laws may be difficult to understand; but, if injustice be felt, and alarm taken, then, even though it be an approach to folly—let us, as a church of God, do something towards straightening the matter, and compelling justice. Better a futile attempt than a folding of the hands, and helpless imbecility. The resolutions anent the

JESUIT ESTATES' ACT

and Temperance, though brief, are the pith of our feelings in regard to these questions. Denominational education came in for free discussion, and a step in the right direction taken by the appointment of Rev. J. B. Saer and Jas. Woodrow, Esq, as a committee to draft and publish a small leaflet on "Our Principles."

"Trust Deeds" gave rise to some animated talk over our past history; and Raids, Ruses and Robbery were proven to be the three R's of our previous slack administration of church property. This was decidedly to be a thing of the *past*; and our churches are looking upon these temporal things, as worthy of their care and attention. The meetings of the

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

were most enthusiastic; and bid fair to rival our Union meetings, in ability and power. This is an age of progress; our women are coming to the front. May they advance continually, for, if they do, we will never be far behind them, even though but to applaud and admire.

AT OUR MISSIONARY MEETING,

the women represented themselves; and did so in a most creditable manner, in the person of their last year's president.

After the usual votes of thanks to rail, stage and steamboat companies, to choir, and the hospitable friends of Brooklyn, the Union adjourned to meet next year in Maitland, Hants Co., N.S.—*Com.*

"Sunday Talks."

I. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY THE REV. J. SHALLCROSS.

The good Shepherd giveth His life.—John x. 11.

It may be that my readers are already asking me why I do not finish the sentence. If so, my answer is, that they have probably heard it already too often in its complete form—so often indeed that the central idea of the text has ceased to impress them with its significance. So I prefer to stop at the word "life," because I wish particularly to point out what it is the Good Shepherd gives—*his life*. Many things the hireling may give: time, attention, oversight, and a certain amount of care; but when it comes to a real hand-to-hand fight with danger and with death, then the true shepherd, the good shepherd, reveals himself, and gives his life for the flock. At this point the hireling and the true shepherd part company. "The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling"; and because the sheep are not his own.

The late Charles Kingsley said: "I am nothing if I am not a priest." Certainly every Christian minister can say: "I am nothing, if I am not a shepherd." And as truly as the Eastern shepherd exists for the flock,—lives for it, dies for it, if need be; so truly does the Christian pastor exist for the flock; and the flock for the pastor. The Christian ministry exists for the church; and the church for the ministers. Christian assemblies are drawn together and organised, not that by contributing so much money, they may afford the means of a livelihood to a number of men set apart from their fellows; but they are organised into communities, and placed under the oversight of pastors, in order that the pastor, by his study

of the word of God, and of the two great books of Nature and Human Nature, by which that word is illustrated, may give his life of thought and feeling for the flock. There is a beautiful passage in the service "for the consecrating of Bishops," in the prayer-book of the English church. After the imposition of hands, the Archbishop gives to the new Bishop a Bible, saying . . . "Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them, devour them not. Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again outcasts, seek the lost. Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so minister discipline, that you forget not mercy: that when the chief Shepherd shall appear, you may receive the never-fading crown of glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

If only this pastoral idea had more completely possessed the mind of the Anglican church during the last three centuries, and the Church of Rome during the past fourteen centuries, how very different would have been the history and position of these two churches! But in both of them, and in the Church of Rome especially, the shepherd has become lost in the priest; the sacerdotal ideal has largely usurped the pastoral, an entirely wrong conception has been formed as to the very nature of the Christian church; while a false and unnatural light has been thrown on the Christian ministry and the Christian sacraments.

And yet, thank God, this pastoral ideal has never been entirely lost, in any section of the Christian church. Again and again it has come to the front, in some strong, devoted life. We think for example, of Savonarola thundering forth his mighty truths under the duomo at Florence, while the immense crowd was swayed to and fro, like fields of standing corn before the summer breeze. We watch him again, in the turbulent days that followed, taking the government of the whole city in hand, collecting money for the poor, finding employment for the needy, "lightening taxes, enforcing strict justice, and exhorting all men to implore the divine assistance." Finally, we behold this wonderful man, as he marches forth to the martyr's fire; facing it as calmly as he had faced the surging multitudes in the cathedral. Truly, Savonarola was a good shepherd, and he gave his life.

Most of us have read of the late Father Damien, who has just closed his devoted life among the lepers of Molokai. What but the spirit of the Good Shepherd himself could have induced a young man of 33, to forsake all things pure and sweet and wholesome, and turning his face towards that island of disease and death, go to the help of those lepers, and remain with them in their living

grave—their grave and his!—for seventeen years; their pastor, their nurse, their doctor, their friend? The clamor of all creeds is hushed into reverent silence, before such a life; and every good Protestant must rejoice that the Church of Rome has furnished us with one more beautiful life, in which the priest has been absorbed by the pastor, and—the man! Again, we call to mind our own Richard Baxter, trying to make actual among his flock at Kidderminster, his lofty ideal of the "Reformed Pastor." Baxter was a great visitor, and he did not consider a visit had been successful, if he had not been able to "duly catechize" the whole family. It was well they had no railway trains to catch, in those days! for when Baxter began to catechize, he was in no greater hurry to close than was the celebrated Edward Irving, when he began to ask a blessing. The saintly McCheyne is another example of the faithful shepherd. So dearly did he love his flock in Dundee, that it lay heavy on his heart all the while he was travelling in Palestine. On the beautiful slope, rich with green grass and red oleanders, which stretched upward from the Lake of Galilee, the young devoted pastor wrote:

"Oh give me, Lord, by this sacred place
Three-fold Thy love divine!
That I may find at last, by grace,
My flock both Thine and mine!"

Well, McCheyne passed away, at the age of thirty, to receive his reward from the hands of the Chief Shepherd; but the life which he gave for his flock, still lingers, as a blessed influence in the city of Dundee. His name has become a household word throughout Scotland and England; while his pulpit became a shrine, sacred to many Christians on both sides the Atlantic. Last summer I was preaching at a church (Martyr's Free Church), quite near McCheyne's old church; and on the Sunday afternoon, I had a long talk with an old lady, who used to attend McCheyne's ministry. It was a pleasure to notice the joy with which she recalled the "revival seasons" they used to have—days when all the shops in the neighborhood were closed for an hour at mid-day, so that the trades-people could attend the noon prayer meeting.

Before we leave Scotland, let me remind my readers of one of the most wonderful country Congregational pastors of modern times. I refer to the late Rev. J. Murker, of Banff, whose life, by Mr. Stark, of Aberdeen, every Congregationalist should read. Mr. Murker was a most wonderful man; a very bishop to the whole neighborhood in which he dwelt. During the week he would travel many miles round the country-side, preaching here in a farm-house kitchen, there in a barn, and elsewhere in the market-place, or on the vil-

lage green. Besides visiting the people, he used to feed them with strong meat in his own pulpit on the Sundays. He was a man of rare piety and of large mental resources, and some of his sermons made a most marvellous impression, especially on young men. I know a man of middle age who used, when quite a youth, to hear Mr. Murker; and I have heard him give the outlines of sermons delivered by him more than twenty years ago; so great was the impression they made.

Before I close this talk about good shepherds and faithful pastors, I can hardly help referring for a moment, to the late Dr. James Fraser, Bishop of Manchester. I well remember his arriving in Manchester, and the stir he soon began to make. I was then a youth in my teens, and had never seen a live bishop before. Dr. Fraser was not long before he began to startle the old-fashioned church folk of Lancashire, by the peculiar nature of the work he undertook, and the tremendous amount of energy and enthusiasm he threw into it. A bishop who rode to his preaching appointments on railway trains and omnibusses; also carried his own valise; who opened new churches everywhere; preached anniversary sermons; gave addresses to Sunday scholars; gathered together on a winter's night the city "arabs" of Manchester, who got a poor, scant livelihood by selling "Evening News," and spoke to them words of kindly, fatherly help; gave addresses to men and women in the large factories, during the dinner-hour; and, finally, shocked the proprieties themselves, by becoming the guest, during one of his visitations, of a Congregational deacon, who was also a zealous "Liberationist." Such a bishop had never been heard of before. He tried to put new meaning into the word "Overseer," which, I remember hearing him explain to some children, was what "bishop" meant. And how the Lancashire folk loved him! He was called away suddenly at last. He attended evening service in the cathedral (it was one of the church's special seasons), and someone standing near him during the last hymn, noticed with what heartiness Fraser joined in it, with his pure, clear voice, whose tones many of us recall so well. That last hymn in which he joined in his own beloved cathedral, contained the following verse:

"O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done."

In a few days it was all over. That strong, manly form was bowed low. A sudden seizure, a small clot of blood in the region of the heart, which baffled the doctors; and then the beautiful, generous, busy "hurrying life" was "done."

And here, my readers, must end my "Sunday Talk" for this month. Let us be thankful for the Good Shepherd who not only gave His life for us, but whose love has inspired so many of His servants, in all ages, with the same spirit of devotion and of love. For, notwithstanding all the imperfections of the Christian ministry, during the whole of its history, there have yet been enough instances of pure devotion to the pastoral conception of it, to have created an idol in our midst. Even worldly people understand that a clergyman, somehow, exists for the good of his fellow-men; and it is for that reason that he is respected in all Christian lands; just as Mr. Ruskin has reminded us, that our real admiration for a soldier, springs, not from the fact that he is clever at killing people, but rather from the fact that he is supposed to hold himself in readiness to be killed for his country, if need should arise.

Cold Springs, August 1889.

News of the Churches.

CHEBOGUE, N. S.—July 3rd, 1889. Minutes of Council held at Chebogue, to consider the settlement of Rev. John W. Goffin, as pastor over Zion Congregational Church. Capt. Eben. Scott, of Yarmouth, led in prayer, when Rev. Thos. Hall moved, seconded by Rev. W. H. Watson, that Rev. W. McIntosh be Moderator, carried. Moved and carried that Rev. W. H. Watson act as Scribe.

The Council being called to order, the following members responded: *Yarmouth*, Rev. W. McIntosh, Capt. E. Scott, delegate; *Liverpool*, Rev. W. H. Watson; *St. John, N. B.*, not represented. Missionary Supt., Rev. Thos. Hall.

The call of the church was then read, and the pastor's reply given, accepting the call as stated. The pastor elect's letters of recommendation were read, and proved eminently satisfactory. His record of conversion and doctrinal statement of belief were then given; and were clear, pronounced and scriptural, having the true ring of sound theology. The Council then retired to consider, and after mature deliberation, concluded to proceed to ordination.

Returning to the church, where in the meantime, a goodly number of friends had gathered, despite the awkward hour, and change of time from announcement of the previous evening, the ordination service was entered upon. A hymn being sung, we were led in prayer by Capt. Eben. Scott, of Yarmouth, and the scriptures were read by the moderator, Rev. W. McIntosh. After the usual questions and answers, another hymn and then a very tender ordination prayer by Rev. W. McIntosh, and the right hand of fellowship, which was

accompanied by a few earnest touching words of fraternal greeting and hopeful forecasting of the future for the Old Mother Church, and the vigorous daughter at Yarmouth. Another hymn was followed by an address of a very practical and suggestive nature, to the pastor elect, upon his duties and aims in the Christian ministry. This was given by Rev. Thos. Hall, Missionary Superintendent, in his usual happy way. He was followed by Rev. W. H. Watson, who addressed the people. He alluded to the days of the past, when as pastor and people they had worked together. He asked them to work with, and be as kind to their pastor elect, as they had been to him and his, and suggested some things that he wished them to give their pastor. Give him a lift materially and spiritually; give him their prayers; give him their confidence; their presence; their appreciation; their co-operation. The meeting closed with singing and benediction by the pastor. Council adjourned *sine die*. W. H. WATSON, *Scribe*.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD—It is intended to hold, in October next, from 14th to 16th, a series of meetings in connection with the opening of Mansfield College.

We believe that this is an event as full of interest to our brethren in America and the British colonies as to ourselves. Two hundred and fifty years ago your fathers and ours learned in the English universities those principles of religious and civil liberty we have ever since endeavored to obey and to realize; and they felt no sacrifice harder or sorer than the being compelled, in 1662, for conscience sake, to leave the stately halls and historic colleges where they had studied and taught and where they had learned to seek and to love freedom and truth. Now that the work of exclusion has been so far undone as to permit of our return, we have founded in the ancient university of Oxford a home for the theology and faith of our Congregational churches, and we cordially and respectfully invite you, as representing "our kin beyond the sea," to attend our Inaugural meetings, and rejoice with us as in a common joy.

Believe us to remain in Christian and fraternal love, faithfully yours,

A. M. FAIRBAIRN, *Principal*.

ALBERT SPICER, *Treasurer*.

R. W. DALE, } *Hon. Secs.*
ALEX. HANNAY, }

TORONTO, EAST.—Mount Zion Congregational Sunday School had its annual excursion and picnic on the 24th July, at Lorne Park. About 400 scholars and friends attended, and had a very enjoyable day. One pleasant feature in connection with it; *no debt*. The plan adopted by the pupils

was, the elder scholars paid ten cents and the primary class five each towards the price of the excursion ticket, thus we are saved from having a deficit.

Mount Zion Congregational Church is spreading out. On the 15th August the members commenced a mission in the village of Chester, a suburb north-east of Toronto. The meetings are being held in a cottage on Bee street.

EDGAR.—Two weeks ago our churches were favored with a visit from our former very much esteemed and beloved pastor, the Rev. J. C. Wright. You are doubtless aware that he resigned his last charge in Garafraxa and Belwood, in the spring on account of ill-health. He was not able to preach in the three churches the Sabbath he was here, but at Edgar he gave us an inspiring sermon on the loving kindness of our God. On Monday evening we had a lawn party, to bid Mr. Wright farewell, as he took passage on the Tuesday morning for Tacoma, Washington Territory, where he hopes to recruit his health; and perhaps take up work for the Master. At our farewell party which was made up of representatives from the three churches, we had the extreme pleasure and blessing of being able to present him with a purse of \$47, as a parting gift, and small token of our love to him and his wife, who will probably soon follow Mr. Wright to a new home in the "far west" Mrs. Wright, and five young missionaries, are still at Garafraxa; and when they leave we know the churches there will feel that they have lost an excellent pastor's wife, as well as pastor. We hope they will soon have a successor to Mr. Wright, as we know from experience what it is to be without a pastor. We are very happily settled under the ministrations of the Rev. R. J. Stillwell, who we hope may long be spared to go in and out amongst us, and that he may be a continual blessing to those under his charge.—Com.

BEACH MEADOWS, N. S., *Ladies' Missionary Society*.—The Quarterly meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Association convened at Beach Meadows, on August 14th. About fifty ladies assembled at 2 p.m., in the supper room of Meadows' Hall. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Nathan Tupper. After singing and reading of the Scriptures, prayer was offered by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Callum. Minutes of the last quarterly meeting being read and approved, reports were then brought in from each Society; each one regretting that financially so little had been done: but the tenor and sentiment of the reports gave expression that after the seemingly holiday rest, renewed activity and zeal must be the watchword for the next quarter.

Different methods of giving were discussed with

much interest; finally voted that "thank-offering" envelopes be distributed, and that each may enclose their offering to the end of the year's work, when an opening time be appointed by the president. It was also voted that a delegation of two ladies be appointed from each Auxiliary, to respond to an invitation from our sisters of Pleasant River, to visit them in the interest of missions. The afternoon being far advanced when the Rev. M. M. Goldberg put in his appearance, but some little time still at disposal, he was asked by the president to give a reading, which he so pleasantly did, that mingled with the exhilarating ocean sea breeze, it made all do ample justice to the good things placed before us, by our good ladies down by the sea. For now the bracing airs from ocean blow fresh up the bay from night till morn.—MRS. S. T. SELLO, *Correspond'g Secretary*.

AYER'S FLAT.—A society has recently been organized here under the name of Ayer's Flat Reform Club. Its object is the promotion of the cause of Temperance in its widest sense, viz.: abstinence from all that is evil, and moderation in the use of the luxuries of life. Special attention is given to the training of the young, and all active members are pledged against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. Meetings are held once in two weeks, and the public are cordially invited to attend. The programme consists of vocal and instrumental music, speeches, recitations, readings, dialogues, etc. The officers of the society are the following: S. Winfred Mack, President; Churchill Moore, Vice-President; Miss Helen Kezar, Secretary and Treasurer.

Temperance.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

One night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some of his old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way, for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questions by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home, he found that in changing his coat he had

forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money; even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill. It lit up the little parlor and brought out in strong relief the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed; and as the rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his mother's knees—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of his mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued, "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired voice: "God—bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"—*Selected*.

GOOD LOGIC.—By prohibiting the many and licensing the few, the state is guilty of fostering monopoly.

But making it criminal for the many to sell and licensing the few, the state sanctions and legalizes crime.

In depriving the citizen of his personal liberty, in protection of the States, in a multitude of cases infinitely less warrantable, and upholding license as necessary to the preservation of the personal

liberty of the citizen, the State is guilty of arrant hypocrisy.

In granting license only upon the payment of a fee vastly larger than the tax imposed upon dealers generally in other commodities, and justifying it upon the ground that the licensee ought to pay it in order, in some measure, to make good the damage he inflicts upon civil society, the State is guilty of bribe-taking and compounding crime.

The license exists. It exists not simply by the toleration, but by the express will of the State. The State is, therefore, directly responsible for it. The State is a *particeps criminis* with its license.

But, who constitute the State? Its citizens. Every citizen, therefore, who does not raise his voice and cast his vote and exert his influence against it cannot exonerate himself from his share in the guilt.—*Hon. Chas. S. Wolfe.*

IOWA.—“Four-fifths of this State is without a saloon. Not a distillery is left in the State, and not to exceed a dozen breweries are left. Bootlegging is left to the lowest criminal tramp element. Seventy-five per cent. of our jails are without a prisoner. Grand juries are without business. Criminal expenses are greatly reduced. Bank deposits are largely increased. Lawyers are without practice. Politicians are no longer fearful about examining the question. Popular opinion is growing stronger day by day in favor of the law. These things are attested by the Iowa ministers, teachers, governor, State officials, three-fourths of the editors, and a myriad of other witnesses.”—B. H. WRIGHT.

“*The Brewers are Ticked to Death*”—Says the Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Why? Because the so-called “temperance party” voted a “high license” as though it would diminish the liquor traffic. It only stopped some small concerns, but twenty-five or so of the larger breweries grew fatter thereby! The high license increased the business of these immense death factories twenty per cent.

People are, at last, learning that God’s way of prohibition is the only method of dealing with the drink curse.

The latest return shows that the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland now amount to over three and a quarter millions sterling, while in Scotland they have reached only to one and a quarter, and in Wales two millions. The figures certainly are remarkable, and point to the idea that in more favorable circumstances the Irish might become a thrifty people. A Saturday-closing measure and the extension of the Sunday Closing Bill would go far to help them in this direction, for every traveller in the sister island

must have recognized the fact that if there is one enemy rather than another from which the Irish people require protection, that foe is drink.—*Ex.*

JAIL NEWS.—Here is a significant paragraph from the *Democrat*, published at Tyler, Tex.: “Kansas has 100,000 more people than Texas; Kansas has one penitentiary with 999 prisoners. This is the result of prohibition. Texas has 100,000 less people than Kansas, and the liquor traffic. Texas has two large penitentiaries with 3,000 convicts. The spring court will send about 500 more.”—*Cynosure.*

Woman’s Board.

A DAINTY LITTLE BOOKLET.

(EDITORIAL.)

At the annual meeting of the Congregational Woman’s Board of Missions, in Toronto, in June, Mrs. Robinson, (wife of Rev. R. Robinson, and sister of Rev. Wm. F. Clarke,) read a Poem, “She hath done what she could.” Mrs. Robinson has since had it printed, as a most dainty little booklet of 16 pages; and made a present of the edition to the Woman’s Board. So, every one who sends 10c. each, for any number of copies, not only receives a very pretty poem, gotten up in the prettiest style, but will also help the funds of the Woman’s Board, to the full extent of the money expended. Copies can be had of Mrs. Burton, Treasurer of the Board, 66 Charles St. Toronto.

As Miss Clarke, a niece of Mrs. Robinson’s, is going out to the African Mission next year, Mrs. R. hopes a fund may be “started” in this way, which eventually may support Miss Clarke in her work. The latter certainly “does what she could”; in that she gives *herself* to the Mission-work among the heathen.

The Poem speaks of Mary’s service in the home at Bethany; and then moralizes on what we can do for Christ. The little book is one of the prettiest pieces of paper and printing that we have ever seen. Post-free, for 10c. per copy. We give the concluding stanzas:—

And all our *best* shall be for Christ,
All we most dearly prize,
Shall be upon His altar laid
A willing sacrifice.
So should our souls, to Jesus turned
And living in His light,
Reflect some rays of heavenly love
To make this earth more bright.

So should we grow more brave, more kind,
 Our homes be glad with song;
 Our daily lives more beautiful,
 More useful, and more strong.
 And every word and every act,
 Be instinct with the grace,
 Which changes howling wastes of sin
 To God's own dwelling place.

Not until Africa's hunted throngs
 Find their last fetters fall,
 And learn to join in happy songs
 To the great Lord of all—
 Not until India's dusky sons
 No more in darkness lie,
 And hungry millions cease to raise
 Their bitter, hopeless cry—

Till China and Japan shall bow
 To Christ the willing knee,
 And Jesus' banner float o'er all
 The islands of the sea—
 Till His beloved Name is praised
 From rise to set of sun,
 Dare Christian woman fold her hands,
 And say, her task is done.

Thy Kingdom come, blest Saviour! claim
 The purchase of Thy love,
 And let Thy will be done on earth,
 As in Thy home above.
 For this great end we'll ever pray,
 And strive, with hand and heart,
 Content if in the mighty whole,
 We bear some humble part.

Then, as from Mary's precious gift,
 The fragrance filled the room,
 So may our lives as incense rise,
 Of rare and sweet perfume.
 And He who knoweth how we long
 To serve Him as we should
 Perchance may say of you and me,
 "She hath done what she could."

MARIE.

THANK-OFFERING.

The Cheerful Givers' Mission Band, Maxville, held its annual thank-offering meeting on Tuesday, August 13th, at the manse. After an hour's play under the elms in the manse garden, the children gathered in the house for refreshments. A short missionary meeting was conducted by the president, who read a psalm, a portion of Mr. Currie's last letter, and an inspiring story of Christian courage displayed by a young girl in the interior of Turkey. A collection was then taken up, amounting to four or five dollars, and the young people returned to their games and talk for an hour or so longer, dispersing about half past eight.

LEAFLETS, ETC.

The Literature department of the C.O.W.B.M. now has on hand copies of the following Leaflets, Games, etc.:

That Missionary Meeting	2c
Mrs. Pickett's Mite-box	1
Heathen or Christian	1

Mothers and Home in Africa	2
India: the Call to Work	3
Prayer for Missionaries	3
A Talk on Mite-boxes	2
Woman Commissioned	1
Pennies a week and a Prayer (poetry)	6 for 1
How to Kill a Missionary Meeting	1
Junior Forces	2
Our Missionary Revival	3
Helps for Leaders of Mission Bands	5
How the Golden Rule Band grew	2
A.B.C.F.M. Pamphlet Maps	10
Game on General Work of A.B.C.F.M.	25
" China	30

These prices included postage. Friends in Ontario and the west should order from Miss Ashdown 46 Maitland street, Toronto, Ontario. Those living in Quebec and the Eastern Provinces, will please send to Mrs. C. T. Williams, 26 Chomedy street, Montreal, P.Q.

The poem, "She hath done what she could," written by Mrs. Robinson, of Toronto, for the last annual meeting of the C.C.W.B.M., has been printed, and is for sale, at 10c. per copy, by Mrs. Burton, Treasurer of the C.C.W.B.M., 66 Charles street, Toronto. If, however, any lady finds it more convenient to order through the Literature Department, she will be supplied at the same price.

J. C. ASHDOWN,
 E. F. M. WILLIAMS,
*Superintendents of the Lit. Dep.
 of the C.W.B.M.*

August, 1889.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS SINCE JULY 1ST, 1889.

<i>Sherbrooke Branch:</i>	
Vancouver Building Fund	\$1 00
<i>Toronto Branch:</i>	
Pine Grove Church, Missionary Collection for Foreign Work	5 00
Toronto, Zion, Mrs. Ashdown, membership fee ..	1 00

M. A. BURTON,
Treas.

Aug. 22nd, 1889.

Missions.

SEND A BARREL.

It has become a fashion, in Home Missionary circles, in the United States, to send a barrel of clothing and household articles, to a Home Missionary in the far West. It carries conveniently on the cars; and settles the question "How large a box shall we send?" Why, just fill a barrel; and as full as ever it will hold! In the following, somebody had suggested, as one means of "doing something" for Missions, to "send a barrel."

"Send a barrel! Sarah Clyde, what do you

mean? What should we send a barrel for. And where should we send it?"

"Filled of course. Fill it with out-grown clothing, bed-linen, books and periodicals, dried fruit, in short, anything such as you use at home. Send it by freight to some poor, shivering, half-starved family on the Western frontier, or to an Indian school, or to the poor whites or negroes at the South. There are hundreds of homes where they would hail with delight what you would not miss from your abundance."

Marian Gould laughed lightly, too lightly to suit her sister. Her sympathies had not yet been touched.

"If that's all you want, I'm sure you're welcome. Go through the house and take all the old duds you can find. It will be a good riddance for me."

For several minutes Mrs. Clyde did not speak. Finally she said in low, firm tones,—

"I want you to give the things you keep in the little closet at the top of the stairs."

Mrs. Gould raised her eyes in a startled glance.

"You don't suppose—you can't mean—O Sarah, how can you think for a moment I would send Willie's clothes? It would be a sacrilege!"

Tenderly came the reply:—

"Willie will never need them again. He is clothed with more beautiful garments than you could provide. I have watched you, dear, during my visit, as day after day you have been to that closet to cry over Willie's things. It is injuring you. Think of him as safe in the arms of Jesus. But there is another reason why I would have them go. They are precious to you. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also, and I want a part of your heart to go out for the poor little children who have never owned a whole garment."

Mrs. Clyde was one of the few who could divine when sufficient had been spoken, and she now gathered up her work and went to her room, leaving her companion to follow out the train of thought her words had begun.

And she was not disappointed in the result. Next morning, when the regular work was completed, Mrs. Gould, taking her hand, led the way to Willie's room. On Willie's bed lay a number of piles of clothing neatly folded. Tears were in the mother's eyes, but a tender smile played about her lips.

"You were right, Sarah. Willie would be better pleased to have it so. I've had reason in looking these over, to think of the other part of your text, for already moth and rust were beginning to corrupt. My child is safe. The poor, uncared for children are in danger, and Jesus loves them as well as mine."

That afternoon the two ladies made a round of

calls—*social* calls in the best sense of the word—and at nearly every place obtained a promise of "something to help fill the barrel."

Before the week closed the barrel was packed and speeding over the railroad to the far West. The last gift deposited was a new knife, Willie's "two-blader," that he had felt so proud of on his last birthday. It cost a sharp pang to part with that, and perhaps it was weakness on her part that led Mrs. Gould to place in the envelope containing it a little note, asking for a word from the recipient. She did so want to know what became of Willie's knife.

Mrs. Clyde returned to her own home, grateful that she had been permitted to help in this slight service for the Master. But she never expected to hear from it again, and gradually new experiences effaced its impression from her mind. She was pleased to note the new tone of Marian's letters. They spoke of a love for Christ's cause, of a peace and rest hitherto unknown. But she was not prepared for the long epistle which came one day, several months after her return.

"And now I must tell you," she read, "about our Home Missionary Society. Don't look surprised. We have a society, and I'm its president. It happened in this way: I invited all the ladies who contributed to that barrel to meet at my house one afternoon to hear the letter read—by the way, did I tell you there was a letter?—and after they'd heard it, they were just as eager as I was to form a society. Thanks to you, I had a copy of the constitution and by-laws all ready, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to organize then and there. I'll write later about our methods of work. But the letter. You haven't heard about that yet. You remember the note I put in with Willie's knife. The barrel was sent to a minister on the frontier. His wife read the note, and wrote to me. She said their crops had failed this year, and their people were poor, and they had been feeling about discouraged, and ready to give up the work; but our barrel had changed everything. She thanked us again and again for the warm underclothing and stockings. The coat was a perfect godsend to her husband, who had been obliged to preach in his linen duster. The new magazines and books just broke him down. He was actually starving for mental food. They both had a good cry for very joy. They have a crippled child who can never run about and play. He loves to keep busy with his hands, but they have never been able to afford him any tools, and that knife had made him perfectly happy."

"I can't write now about each article, but I must tell you about those clothes of Willie's, for that is the very best of all. There's a man in their community of strong mind and great influence, who has in the past tried to keep people away

from the Church and Christianity. When she saw those little suits, she thought of his two boys whom she knew had not sufficient clothing, for the man has had a hard time financially; so she carried the things to his house, told him how they came, and asked him to accept them. Will you believe it? That strong man, who had been deaf to persuasion and argument, just melted before those clothes. He said he couldn't doubt any longer. If folks hundreds of miles away cared enough about the needy, suffering ones to send them things all that distance for Christ's sake, there must be something in religion. And it wasn't long before he arose in meeting and asked the prayers of God's people. This was the beginning of a revival that is still in progress. Affairs are looking brighter for another year, and they thank God and take courage.

"Just think, my sister, of what even one barrel may accomplish! Eternity alone will reveal the whole. How great a matter a little fire kindleth?"

Mrs. Clyde was not given to demonstration, but the fervent "Amen" with which she folded the letter was none the less heartfelt.—*Zion's Herald*.

WHAT OTHERS MIGHT DO.

Never, perhaps, was the duty and success of systematic giving, better illustrated than in the case of Hohannes, a blind native pastor in the eastern part of Asia Minor. At the time he begins his story, he was a student in one of the training colleges of the American Board.

He says: "When I was in the class in sermonizing, in the seminary, our teacher was very anxious that we who were soon to go forth as preachers, and perhaps become pastors, should work upon right principles; and he often talked to us of our duty as leaders, to teach the people to do for themselves. He sometimes told us of places, where much money (of the Board) had been expended by missionaries, and little real good accomplished, because the people had not been taught to give for Christ's cause. 'In one little village,' he said, '40,000 piasters of the Board's money was spent, the people giving only 30 piasters during thirteen years. And the work in that place amounts to nothing, to-day, in consequence of this unwise course.'

"It so happened, that when my course of study was finished, I was appointed to that village. It was the last place I should have chosen. I had no desire to go to the field, but God had so ordered and I went. The missionaries told me that my wages would be 1,500 piasters per year,* of which the people were to raise 600 piasters; and before I left, one of them took me aside, and counselled me to make it as easy for the people as possible,

by eating at their houses, etc., etc., because it would come hard to them at first to do so much. Soon after I went there, a neighboring pastor came over to the village, and we held a meeting with the brethren. We talked about my support, and it seemed that they had, with much difficulty, subscribed 500 piasters per year. I told them the missionaries had said they would raise 600. 'Never!' they exclaimed, 'we cannot raise another Para!' And pastor M. said it was impossible—they were too poor. 'Where then shall I get my other hundred?' I asked. 'We will help you from our place,' he answered.

"But my mind was not at rest. That night I thought much on the subject. I said to myself—'Suppose the American Board should some day withdraw its support from this and other feeble churches, what will become of them?' And I prayed: 'O, Thou who knowest all things, and with whom are all plans, show thy ignorant servant how thy kingdom can best be established in this land.' And it seemed to me that a voice said, in my soul—'It can be done by giving one in every ten.' When I thought it over, it occurred to me to test it first in my own case. One tenth of my 1,500 per year would be 150 piasters. 'No! I said, 'I can't give as much as that; I should suffer for it' But when I came to take it out of every month's allowance it did not seem so much. 'One tenth of my 125 per month, will be 12 1-2 piasters; I can do it,' I said 'an' I will, even if I do have to pinch a little? † It happened that pastor—visited us about that time, and I laid the subject before him. 'It can be done,' he said, 'and it must be. I will give a tenth of my salary.' And so said preacher—, who also came over. 'Well, then,' I said, 'do you think it will do for me to lay it before the brethren?' 'Yes,' they replied, 'it is the best thing you can do.' So I prepared myself and preached to the people on the next Sabbath. The Lord blessed his own word. They accepted it, and came together to be 'written' for their tithes. When we made a rough estimate it appeared that their tithes would amount to more than my entire salary! 'Why, how is this?' they all said; 'it was so hard before, but now it comes very easy, and is truly pleasant.'

"Now, to show you how God blessed that little flock, I will mention one case. There was one of the brethren who had a vegetable garden, which the Turkish official, in writing down the taxes, had estimated at 900 piasters (for that year's produce,) taxing him 90 piasters. Others said it was too much; it would not produce that amount. But mark the fulfilment of the promise in Malachi iii: 10. That brother sold 3,000 piasters worth of vegetables, besides what was eaten by a household of 32 persons, and given away—amounting to full

*\$60. The piaster is about four cents.

† Hohannes had no family to support.

3,000 more. Others were also blessed, and all acknowledged that they had never known a year of such prosperity. The people not only supported their preacher and school-teacher, but also paid over 2,000 piasters for other purposes."

BRITISH GUIANA.—The readiness of the people to hear (writes Mr. Sparrow from Georgetown) is such as I have never witnessed before. One has but to go out into the street with a handful of tracts or small books, and in five minutes you will have a good company round you, willing to listen as long as you can spare time to speak to them. Happily, the police have no orders here to tell us to move on, or to forbid street preaching; and if we had strength we could preach all day. At Arcadia, which we visited on the 4th inst., we were delighted to see the people coming in crowds, some bringing chairs on their heads, and others forms, and soon we had a good congregation.—*Echoes of Service.*

Selections.

THE BIBLE TESTED AND TRIUMPHANT.

BY REV. B. B. LOOMIS, PH. D., OF ALBANY, N. Y.

The Word of the Lord is tried.—Ps. xviii., 30.

The Bible is the great foundation of the Christian faith. If this book can be proven false, prayer is but wasted breath, Christian self-denial sheer folly, and the highest practical wisdom for life is wrapped up in the old heathen maxim "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," that is, let us make the most of this life, for outside the lids of this Book we have no sure evidence of any other life.

I ask you then to spend a few minutes with me in digging about the foundations of our faith, and this not by an appeal to the formal evidences of Christianity, but by looking at two or three of the severe tests to which the Bible has been subjected, and by successfully meeting which it has indicated its claims to a divine origin and to universal human acceptance.

I. The Bible has stood the test of time. Time tests all things. Beneath its gnawing tooth rocks dissolve, works of art decay and human forms bow low in death. Under its imperious sway the conformation of the solid globe is continually changing, the nations of the earth are waxing and waning and all human institutions are kept in perpetual unrest and agitation; and yet amidst all these commotions of the ages God's Word remains, like Himself, unchanged, unchangeable.

Not to go back to the oldest portions of this

volume, which are contemporaneous with the beginnings of human literature, since the sacred canon closed how many and how vast are the changes which have gone on among men. Hardly one of the ancient powers is to day extant. Not one of the present great and influential nations of the earth had then a being or a name.

America was undiscovered; England, the mother country, was inhabited by a race of half-naked savages, practising the bloody rites of the Druidical religion; France was ancient Gaul, an outlying province of the great Roman empire, and Germany, scholarly Germany was the home of barbarous tribes, worshipping Odin and Thor in the deep recesses of their gloomy forests.

Now while these great nations have been coming to the front, how rapid and how great have been the strides of human progress. As the troubled sea casts up not only mire and dirt, but also its buried treasures, goodly pearls, and wondrous shells, and sparkling jewels, so have the agitations and commotions of the ages brought to light great discoveries, marvellous inventions, priceless helps to man in working out his highest destiny; and so rapid and so vast have been the steps of human progress along these ages, that again and again have scientific theories been remodelled, schemes of philosophy recast, human laws amended, repealed and re-enacted to meet the changed condition and varying circumstances of mankind, and yet amidst all this, the science of salvation, as taught in the Holy Bible, has needed no remodelling; "the philosophy of the plan of salvation" is the same to-day as in the time of Paul—to the Unitarian Jews a stumbling block, to the skeptical Greeks foolishness, but the power and the wisdom of God to every one that believeth; while the laws of the Bible are still that supreme "higher law" of which all just human laws are either exact human copies or more or less perfect imitations. The Book stands the test of time; the race does not outgrow the religion of the Bible.

As a somewhat significant illustration of the widely differing effects of passing time upon God's Book and man's works let us compare these in the case of the Bible and the poems of Homer. This comparison is the more just for two or three reasons. First, the two works are in a certain sense, contemporaneous, for the psalmist king wrote his immortal odes not far from the time when Homer sang his wondrous songs in the Greek cities. Secondly, critics have denied to the Bible any higher inspiration than that of human genius; and thirdly, Greek poetry held among that ancient people very much the same place as did the sacred Scriptures among the Jews; its maxims were accepted as the rule of life, and the examples of its heroes held up as worthy of imitation. Hence we find Paul or Mars Hill quoting not from the

Hebrew prophet, but from an acknowledged authority with an Athenian audience, their "own poets," to prove that men are the offspring of God and that consequently the Godhead ought not to be likened to "gold or silver or stone graven by art or man's device."

Three thousand years ago the two works stood before the world on comparative equality. But how stands the world to-day? Homer is read to be sure in every academic course, but why? As a model of epic verse, as a specimen of old Ionic Greek, as illustrative of manners and customs in that far-distant land and age—but as a rule of life? never; as a standard of human duty? never. The race has altogether outgrown Homer as an ethical standard.

But the Bible! Never before was it so widely read, never so highly prized, never so generally obeyed. It stands the test of time. It proves itself a transcript of the eternal.

II. Secondly, this Book has stood the test of criticism—a criticism by no means superficial, but the most searching and severe to which any work was ever subjected; a criticism not always friendly, but much of it bitterly hostile; a criticism not even impartial and candid, but often coming to its examination, not to discover the truth, but to sustain foregone conclusions, inimical to its authority. And yet, out from this severe, hostile and unfair ordeal the old Book has come as the pure gold comes from the assayer's crucible, only shining the brighter for the fiery tests to which it has been subjected. The fiercest onsets of its foes have only enabled its friends the more triumphantly to vindicate its claims, and instances are not wanting where men who sat down to its examination avowed enemies, seeking only food for skepticism have found that which they did not seek, even the bread of eternal life; and those who purposed to write against the Book, ridiculing its pretensions and denying its authority, have been compelled as honest men to admit their deep conviction that the Bible is God's own Book. A little more than one hundred years since, two English gentlemen, both of skeptical tendencies, Lord George Lyttleton and Mr. Gilbert West, agreed together that they would each suggest one of the improbable stories of the Bible and show their untrustworthiness.

Lord Lyttleton chose as his topic the story of Paul's conversion, but as he studied the facts preparatory to writing his treatise, the same Jesus met him "in the way," and a light such as he had never before seen shone into his heart, and he finally wrote his book for, not against Christianity, and his "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul," it has been said by a high authority, "constitutes of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity a divine revelation."

Mr. West selected the record of Christ's resurrection, and his studies resulted in a similar outcome. The well attested facts carried conviction to his mind, and he too, became a believer in and defender of the faith of the Gospel.

Thus invulnerable is the Book to the onsets of destructive criticism, and it is a marvellous fact, showing not only its intrinsic truthfulness, but also God's watchful care over it during all the ages, that the critical labors expended upon it by both friends and foes, correcting the various readings, rejecting interpolations, etc., down to the very last revision, have failed to change one single doctrine or fundamental truth, and the old Book teaches to-day just what it has always taught on all the great questions of human duty and destiny of which it speaks.

The French infidel Voltaire boasted that though it took twelve men to set up the Christian religion, he single-handed and alone would pull it down; but the poor man could not prevent his room in Geneva from being used after his death as a Bible depository, for the distribution of the Book he hated. The apostate Roman Emperor Julian, after having tried in vain to crush Christianity with his great power, died at last crying out, "O Galilean, Thou has conquered;" so at the last shall all the enemies of the Bible be covered with shame and confusion of face, while this Book shall stand, the guide and comforter of sorrowing men through all time, and the saints' eternal title-deed to His glorious mansion on high.

III. The Bible has stood the test of practical trial. This is the most severe and crucial test to which anything can be subjected.

In the Patent Office at Washington may be seen the models of many ingenious machines, which never did anything of value for the world's industries. The models are beautiful specimens of mechanism. The theory on which they were constructed seemed flawless, but when brought to the test of practical trial they utterly and hopelessly failed; they either would not do the work well, or they could not do it rapidly; or they could not be worked economically, and so they have been of no value to the inventor or to mankind. But in no other way does the Bible more fully vindicate its claims than by its perfect adaptation to all the wants and conditions of our many-sided humanity. For, instance, does the young man ask where he may find rules of practical wisdom for his guidance in the affairs of every-day life? Here in this Book are precepts which obeyed, will lead him, through those habits of industry, frugality, sobriety, economy, and integrity, to almost certain success.

Do we seek the solution of that most mysterious of all enigmas, the human soul, with its conflicting emotions, its varying tides of feeling, its keen sense of right and yet in strange aversion to the

right, its lofty aspirations for immortality and yet its sordid grasp for the things of sense and time? Here in the Bible we find the key in the revelation that human nature is not now what it once was, when it came fresh from the Creator's plastic hand—but these broken ruins are only feeble indications of its pristine grandeur, and its lofty aspirations are only dim, shadowy imitations of the glory that shall yet be revealed in us, if, falling in with the divine plan, we let God exalt us to the high estate of sons and daughters of the most High. Do we ask for light on the mysterious questions of the future? Life and immortality are brought to light only in the Scriptures, and what human philosophy dimly conjectured and feebly hoped, Christian faith, leaning on the arm of revelation, satisfactorily knows and unwaveringly expects. The dying Socrates could say to his sorrowing friends, "So now I go to death, and you remain in life, but which better the gods only know;" but Paul confidently declares, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And again, "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

Do we seek a sure source of consolation for life's dark hours, those hours of disappointment, adversity, sorrow and bereavement which come so surely to us all? This Book points to consolation such as the stricken heart can only know, when it feels that underneath and around it are the arms of infinite love, folding it close to the bosom of divine tenderness and compassion. Are we ourselves going down into the valley and the shadow of death, our feet dipping into the cold waters and the familiar faces of our loved ones fading from our sight as we drift out into a vast unknown, untried eternity? Ah! then as never before does a

"Glory gild the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun,"

while the brightness of the Christian immortal hopes lights up the valley, and dispels the shadow with the dawning beams of an eternal day.

Such practical tests of this dear old Book we have all known, and hence with less of wonder but no less of admiration, we read the story of those who having loved and honored this Book in their life, have been permitted to rejoice in its unspeakable consolation in the dying hour.

The venerable Noah Leavings lay on his death-bed in the city of Cincinnati. Desiring to have his head elevated a little, the old family Bible was brought and placed beneath it, when the dying saint, stirred by the recollection of all that it had been to him, thus apostrophized the Holy Book: "Blessed Bible," said he, "revelation from God to man, thou hast been the light of my youth, the

joy of my manhood, and the comfort and hope of my declining years. Let me rest my head upon thee in the hour of death."

So have millions of God's saints pillowed their dying heads on the strong promises of His Holy Word, and passed over the river of death, happy in the Lord. The Book stands the test of practical trial. It is sufficient for human need in every emergency. It is safe to trust it for ourselves. It is wise to teach it to our children and our neighbor's children. It is neither wise nor safe to ignore it or to disobey it. I close with the beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott:

"Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn."

From "The Treasury for Pastor and People."

MORE LEAVES FROM MY NOTEBOOK.

BY. REV. WILLIAM HASLAM, M.A.

COME BY MISTAKE.

I was invited to a great house in a northern country, for the purpose of conducting some special services on a Sunday and the following week-days. When I arrived, on Saturday afternoon, I was kindly and hospitably received; but, for all that, I saw at once that the lady of the house was in perplexity for some reason or other. She said at last, "I do not know what to do; my brother-in-law, Lord —, and his wife, have just arrived here on a week's visit, instead of next week. The fact is they have come by mistake; it is very awkward for I am sure they will not sympathize with our services."

I said, "God can overrule such a mistake, and perhaps they are drawn here by Him; let us hope so."

"Oh, dear no," answered the lady, "I am afraid that is not likely. Her ladyship is intensely worldly, and I fear she might even be rude to you, if you introduced religious conversation at dinner. She will not go to the services, I am sure, and how am I to get there? Oh, it is such a mistake their coming this week; it seems as if Satan must have sent them to hinder the work. If his lordship had come alone I should not have minded."

I said, "but do not mind now; let us together trust the Lord; it will not be the first time that Satan has made a mistake."

Shortly before dinner her ladyship came into the drawing-room, dressed up from head to foot, no doubt to the satisfaction of her maid, and, one

would imagine, to her own satisfaction also. She was very gracious and polite, and his lordship kind and open-hearted.

The dinner "went off very well," as is commonly said, and the evening also passed pleasantly in general and interesting conversation. The family worship in the hall with the household was all that we could wish, and so ended the day. When we were retiring, it was announced that the church service the next day would be at eleven o'clock.

"Eleven o'clock?" involuntarily repeated her ladyship; but is there not an afternoon service too?"

The lady of the house answered in the affirmative, and so we separated for the night.

In the morning his lordship came down to breakfast, and said, "I do not think that my lady will be down in time for church this morning as she seldom leaves her room before twelve o'clock."

However, to our surprise, down she came, dressed, and all ready for the walk to church, in good time. The sermon that morning was taken from the text, "Come, for all things are now ready" (Luke xiv. 17). I said, "The Lord spoke this parable to a man who said 'Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.' This he evidently said in reference to going to heaven, hereafter. Like too many, this man was for deferring his goodness to a dying hour, or hoping somehow to get good after death. The Lord seems to teach in this parable that we are invited to a heaven *now*. 'Come, for all things are now ready,' You cannot have heaven hereafter, if you do not have it now. Those who make excuses do themselves no good; and, besides this, they make the Master angry. He says of all such, they shall not even taste of my supper."

The lady of the house and her husband were much disturbed all through the sermon, for they thought it was far too plain and pointed, and that their visitors would never stand such preaching!

Imagine our surprise, when her ladyship said, coming out of church, "There, Ned," speaking to her husband, "that is what I call a sermon; I understood every word of it, and could follow it with interest; it was what I call sensible!"

"You are quite right, my dear," said her husband, looking thoughtfully on the ground.

"I am glad you liked it too," said the lady, "for I shall go to church again this afternoon."

Overhearing this conversation, I could not help stepping back to reassure our trembling host and hostess, and bid them fear not, but go on trusting. They were pleased, too, with what they heard from their relatives as they walked home; so at luncheon we were all very cheerful.

Again, in the afternoon, the same party went to church. There was a great crowd of country people and others also present. That being the case,

I spoke warmly, and very plainly, about the necessity of salvation, and the folly and peril of neglecting it. I said I had come, not only to tell them about this great salvation, but to bring them to it. "You are to come to Jesus, just as you are, sins and all, and you will find that Jesus is ready and willing to pardon and to save you. Will you come this afternoon?" Several persons remained behind after the sermon, and yielded themselves to God. I had to remain with these anxious ones, and having another service in a further direction later on in the evening, I did not return to the house until after the other guests had gone to bed. . .

I was somewhat tired on my return, but was much cheered and encouraged to hear that her ladyship, who had been the chief object of our fears, had said that she had had a very profitable day. She professed to have been much pleased, and edified also.

I did not quite know what to make of this, or how to take it. When worldly people are pleased with the Gospel, instead of being angry, what is it! His lordship was more satisfactory, to my mind at least, for he was quiet and thoughtful; evidently, he was under conviction, and so was his brother, the head of the house.

In the morning her ladyship came down to breakfast, and was also present at family prayer in the hall. But, alas, when the letter-bag was opened, there was a summons in it, to call the great people to London at once.

Now there was a stir in the house, and it was decided, after somewhat lengthened conversation, that her ladyship should return alone, as her husband particularly wished to remain a few days longer.

Before her departure she shook hands very heartily with me, and said, "You have done me much good: I hope you will not fail to come and see us when you are in London."

The meetings went on day by day, with more or less blessing, until one evening, when his lordship and his brother remained for the after-meeting.

Country people require very plain and direct speaking to, particularly those who have had many invitations, and are still wavering. Therefore I urged them, with all the solemnity I could, to decide for Christ. I said, "Suppose there is a wall, and that damnation is one side of it, and salvation the other, and you are brought to the threshold line of the door which leads to salvation; what have you to do, but take that one step? To be so near salvation, and yet to lose it, would indeed be most dreadful. Who is willing to cross the line, and accept salvation to-night?"

"I will," said a voice; "I will," said another; "So will I," said his lordship. His brother followed with "I will," and a few others besides.

I continued, "God cannot fix our choice until we make it; and when we have made it, how can we expect Him to do otherwise than welcome all who come." We then sang together—

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

We returned home that night with hearts filled with rejoicing, and sat up till a late hour, talking happily together of the things of God.

I said to the lady, "What do you think now about your visitors who 'came by mistake'?"

"Well," said his lordship, "the mistake arose by my writing 21st instead of 14th. We intended and planned to come, as we did, on the 14th. He added, "It was a very happy mistake, however it came about."

It turned out really that the mistake was, after all, on the part of the lady who had invited us, she having written me to come the same date as her other visitors.

"Very well," said the lady. "I am quite willing to take the blame, and I rejoice in it too."

Some months afterwards I called to see his lordship in London, and found him in great sorrow. "Thank God," he said, "I know now where to go with my troubles, or what should I do in this hour of trial?"

A little later on I was sent for to see him again. This time his lordship was upon his death-bed. He said, "I cannot help thinking what would become of me at this time if I could not trust the Lord." He added, "I am so happy, and my dear wife also can trust the Lord in her present trouble."

PLEASING GOD AND PLEASING MAN.

It is strange when we look at the peculiar methods of worshipping God. When I was a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., I sometimes visited the Flatbush Asylum. There was one inmate who had to be strapped to the wall. He was continually fighting with some invisible foe till the sweat poured off him. "What are you doing?" I asked him. "Fighting the devil!" he answered. "Fight on," I said, "I hope you will beat him." "I have many a time," he replied, "but he comes up again and I have to fight him every day." Another inmate used to walk along the hall blowing a tin trumpet with all his might. "What are you blowing for?" I asked him. "I am blowing Gabriel's trumpet," came the response, "the judgment is coming. The world is to be judged." All that looks funny, of course, but have you ever looked at the different forms of worshipping God? The jumping, the screaming, the crying, the howling, the screeching, the swooning of some people

in religious exercises, what does it all remind you of? It always reminds me of the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel who shouted till hoarse that Baal might hear them. You would think God was hard to get at; that religion was a difficult thing to attain to and more difficult to keep. All this is right if you look at it from the human standpoint. General Booth made a most sensible remark on this point when in Toronto. He was asked whether he could justify the peculiar methods and conduct of the Salvation Army from the Scriptures. "O, no," he replied, "they are human expedients. We are not bound to any of them. Whatever we think will gather men together and thus give us an opportunity of presenting Jesus and His salvation, we make use of." That is an answer every church ought to give. If the priest is peculiarly robed in a surplice and the altar is peculiarly adorned, all right. I have not the slightest objection to all these so long as they are acknowledged to be human expedients. Don't go to the word of God and try to prove that they are divine commandments, and because I and some other people do not choose to follow your ideas, do not say that we are not Christians. We are Christians as much as you are and see heavenly light without your candles as well as you do with them, and can get to the throne of God without scraping or bowing as well as you can. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Don't you think that in all the bowing and scraping and genuflections that there is a great waste of material—enough, perhaps, to keep the city of Toronto for a whole week if it were directed into a practical channel by working at some machine.

Self-denial is, of course, entailed on all Christians as a duty. Go to the heathen, the Mahomedan, or the Catholic in European countries, and you will be surprised to see what they will do and suffer, and sacrifice. Ask them whom they are trying to please and they will tell you as innocently as possible that they are pleasing God. It is nothing of the kind in my judgment. They are pleasing the men who have made these commandments for them. We read of a court fool who went to confession. The priest told him he was a great sinner, and made him creep on his bare knees as a penance. "What are you doing?" said the priest. "I am a fool to please you," was the retort. Well, the fool was about right, and if the people who indulge in these human methods of self-sacrifice would give a right interpretation, they would say they are fools for men's sake not for God; they are taking the commandments of men in preference to the commandments of God. Paul acknowledges this self-denial very nicely in Colossians ii. 20, 21, 22 and 23. It does look as if they were more pious than I am, because they

will walk with peas in their shoes or walk on their bare knees. Not at all. It has that appearance, Paul says, but it does not serve any spiritual interest. It may, however, do them good, as it is their conviction. They may put as many peas in their shoes as they like as long as they do not put any in my shoes. What Paul tells us in the verse preceding the text is that we might be filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. Now, understanding is to know, and wisdom is the application of what we know. The purpose of every Christian should be to learn what is the will of God, and, finding it to comply with it. Do not find out what is my will as your pastor, nor what the will of the priest may be. Find out what the will of God is and then do it. You will then be safe.—Rev. Dr. Wild in *Canadian Advance*.

THE WORLD'S S. S. CONVENTION.

Rev. J. McKillican, representing Canada, spoke of the steady progress of Sunday-school work in the Dominion. Great blessing has attended it, churches having in a large number of cases grown out of Sunday-schools. A comparatively brief period has seen some two thousand Sabbath-schools established, and the movement advances alike in back woods and populous places. Devoted men and women have thrown their hearts into it, and the material has, to a considerable extent, been of that excellent character which England sends and follows with prayer and blessings.

In rising to address the meeting, our evergreen friend, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, was warmly cheered. The Band of Hope Union, he said, is a wing of God's great army, and it is engaged in fighting one of the most stupendous evils that curse the civilized world. Saving drunkards is a very difficult and discouraging business; let us see to it that the boys and girls are not drawn into the first currents of temptation. Every Sunday-school teacher, exclaimed Dr. Cuyler, ought to be a total abstainer. The cheers which greeted this declaration were renewed when he went on to say that every minister of the Gospel ought to be the same. We want a great deal more pluck and backbone in this matter of boycotting the drink. The many and great evils of the time had cured him of being too optimistic, but he tried to be a real, earnest, cheerful pessimist, assured that God is not going to forsake His world, and that Christ did not steep its soil with His blood in vain. He looked forward to a glorious Sunday-school Convention in the skies, where we shall clasp hands, fling our crowns at the Saviour's feet, and shout, "Glory to God, Hallelujah!" for ever and ever.

After the old man eloquent, came the young

man witty as well as eloquent, Rev. John McNeil. He was in fine "fettle." After the preliminary pleasantries, he insisted on it that if Sunday-school teachers are to be practical they must have something to say to the children on all the evils that lie ahead of their path. Among these he put gambling, over dressing, evil "recreations" so-called, frivolous literature, and the drink. He put in a plea at the same time for sticking to the primitive doctrine of man's fall and the universal need of regeneration. It is no use our telling our children they are little angels or budding saints, and so training up a generation of young hypocrites and Pharisees. Coming to close quarters with the drink question, Mr. McNeil said he discovered that Christian workers in London are much further behind with respect to it than he had imagined. He had detected something about a good many of them that had never suggested to him an odour of sanctity. He disliked the smell of smoking about as much as the smell of the drink. The bearing of these indulgences on the sorrow and suffering caused to children was pathetically brought out, and in a splendid closing outburst he invoked the judgment of High Heaven upon the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquor.

Rev. Newman Hall followed on with an earnest and weighty utterance on the ruin that is wrought among the young by the drink. He would hail repressive Legislation, but if we wait for that, we may have to wait long. With many a forcible simile and with rousing appeal, he called on Christian workers, and especially Sunday-school teachers, to engage in this warfare. Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, told some remarkably encouraging things about the growth of the working-class opinion in that city on the subject of closing drink-shops. He had recently entertained to tea over eighty young fellows of the dangerous larrikin type, and they all agreed that the public-houses ought to be shut up. As a parting shot, Mr. Garrett called on Christians to banish the drink from the Lord's Table.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

It would be a good thing if the public schools now had the Bible to save them from this sectarianism. For nothing has ever exposed the pretensions, the conceits and the deceptions of Catholicism like the Bible. It was by taking the Bible away from the people that popery first obtained its corrupt control over the world, and it was by unchaining the Bible and sending it out among the people that Luther and the reformers broke the power of popery. Twenty years ago a Bible could hardly be seen in all Italy. Why? Because popish pretensions and the Bible do not go together. When

the Bible comes in the Pope begins to look toward another country.

Now Catholicism has been pursuing its old tactics in its attempt to control the public schools. First, it shut out the Bible, took it away from the children, just as it did centuries ago, and then pushed on for further control. Unfortunately in this strategic movement it has had the assistance of numerous weak-kneed people, "liberal" people, and others who may be as harmless as doves, but certainly are not as wise as serpents.

Again, there is much in the madness and the methods of anarchy to show that a serious mistake has been made. There is no book which the anarchists hate as they do the Bible. All the arguments ever used against their destructive doctrines have not stirred up half so much of their malice and venom as have the teachings of the Bible. To banish it from the public schools is a victory for them. It widens the gulf between its teachings and their children. If they can carry another point, that is, establish so-called Sunday-schools, as they have attempted here in Chicago, which shall be devoted to attacks on the Bible and the inculcation of the doctrines of anarchy, then their control of the children is assured, anarchy will have a large brood and a generation of destructionists will be growing up for an opportunity. It ought, therefore, to be obvious to every observing citizen that in shutting the Bible out of the schools we have simply played into the hands of lawlessness. What an enemy does not want done, is usually just what ought to be done. The fact that the anarchists so hate the Bible is sufficient proof that they understand its power.—*Advance*, Chicago.

OVER A WIFE'S COFFIN.

What new name have they gi'en thee love
In the far-near coun-tree?
That name can ken but them wha get,
O, whisper it to me!

I'm wae to lose thy auld sweet name
I lo'ed sae weel to hear,
In the quiet of the gloaming hour,
When name kent I was near.

Thy gloaming's noo are a' gane by,
And wi' them meikle pain;
And my last gloaming's fa'in' doon,
But I am a' alane!

In the near-far o' our young life,
Thy name was changed to mine;
O, when I reach thy far-near hame,
May my new name be thine!

—Selected.

Faith is more than reason, but faith is not unreasonable. "It is the most reasonable thing in the world," says Mark Hopkins, "to believe that

God, being what he is, will do as he promised to do."

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss
Spaces of silence swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

MR. F. S. ARNOT'S MISSION.—Communication in *Echoes of Service*, for July, state that Mr. F. S. Arnot and his party reached Benguela on May 9, in the best of health. Efforts to secure carriers proving unavailing, Mr. Arnot decided to secure a supply of 12 mules from the Cape Verde islands. They will be able to make a trip between the coast and Bihé every three months; beyond Bihé carriers are procurable. Mr. Arnot says he is sure the King Msidi will come a long way to assist the missionaries with men. It is believed that the second party, with Mr. and Mrs. Morris, will find Mr. Arnot still at Benguela on their arrival. "The young men," says Mr. Arnot, "promise to get along famously, and are in splendid health."

A RESPECTED English nobleman said the other day, "Whenever I see horses suffering from too tight a check rein I know the owner is *unobservant*, *cruel*, or *ponyous*. He is *unobservant* or he would know that his horses are suffering; he is *ignorant* or he would know that they lose much of their power in pulling, and cannot recover themselves if they stumble, and he is *cruel*, if, observing and knowing, he does not remedy this. While standing, checked animals suffer with nervousness and restlessness, which finds vent in involuntary movements that call punishment from the driver. Many a tired horse, not thus fettered, droops his head while waiting, and so obtains rest before he again starts on a toilsome journey."—*English Paper*.

THE atonement of God covers the deficiency of ability in the case of infants, and covers the deficiency of opportunity in the case of the heathen. Brainerd found American Indians who believed in God. When they could not dissuade their companions from drinking and carousing, they would run away into the woods crying unto the Good Spirit, though they had never heard the voice of the missionary. Bishop Taylor has found a great many heathen in Africa who believed in the God of the universe and worshipped Him, just as Paul found them in Corinth. One poor woman in the depth of Africa broke in the most plaintive cry when he preached Jesus unto her: "Oh, that is He that has come to me so often in my prayers,

but I couldn't find out who He was." Beneath thousands and thousands of repulsive exteriors there are golden wings delicately folded, by which, when life's rough day is over, the souls shall wing their way from a pillow of straw to the bosom of the Lamb of God, and He will say to them, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.—Rev. R. N. McKaig, D.D., in *Treasury*.

It appears that, not content with the endeavor to "convert" Scotland, there is to be another Romanist Mission, this time with the avowed object of "winning back the Principality to the old faith." The Welsh language is to be largely utilized "for the diffusion of Catholic truth," both by means of literature and preaching. The present outlook, from the Roman point of view, is, however, but a gloomy one, and it would be gloomier still, were it not for the presence in Wales of large numbers of Irish immigrants, who in many places make up almost the entire "Mission." Rome has for long coveted Wales, and doubtless a sturdy effort will be made to gain ground there. It will not suffice, however, simply to arouse the sympathy of the Welsh people by the use of their language; the influence of the open Bible in Wales will have to be counteracted, and wherever Rome has to face God's Word, she is not merely feeble, but positively powerless.—*Christian*.

CHURCH UNION IN JAPAN.—Just after our last number came from the press, reports were received from Japan of meetings held both by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in reference to the "Plan of Union." The Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches met at Kōbe during the last week of May, and gave the matter the most serious attention for several days. The missionaries took no part in the discussions, which were conducted in good spirit though with much warmth. Various amendments were suggested to the already amended "Plan of Union." It was clear that union in some form is desired by a large majority of the Kumi-ai churches, and every effort was made to meet the views of those who were not in favor of the scheme. The result of the deliberations was that the revised plan is to be submitted to a joint convention of from fifteen to twenty-five of the representatives from the Kumi-ai and Itchi churches, which will meet in August or September. There are different opinions as to the probable outcome of the matter, but whether the union is ultimately consummated or not, it is clear that the decision is not to be affected by missionaries or missionary boards, but is in the hands of the Japanese themselves, who will do what they think

best for their own churches. It behooves us all to unite with them in earnest prayer that they may be filled with the spirit of love and of wisdom, and may do that which shall be for the peace and upbuilding of the kingdom of God within their empire. It will be a sore disappointment to many both in and outside of Japan if some feasible plan of union shall not be discovered and adopted.—*From the Missionary Herald*.

A VESSEL reports a call at Pitcairn Island. It was Sunday with the pious islanders, who observe the seventh day of the week instead of the first, and for this reason they declined to receive payment for the good things they carried on board. They, however, were prevailed upon to accept some wine for communion purposes and some medicine. The chief magistrate of the Island held a religious service on board the vessel. The islanders now number 117—47 males and 72 females, including 38 children. These descendants of the mutineers of a century ago take a lively interest in the doings of the outer world.

Official Notices.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

The 51st session of the College will be opened with the usual public service in the Assembly Hall of the College, on Tuesday, October 1st, at 8 p.m.

The Rev. A. Mackennal, D.D., of Bowden, Lancashire, has kindly consented to deliver the Inaugural Address; and Principal Barbour, with others, will also take part in the proceedings. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Library Fund.

All students of the College, and accepted probationers, are required to be present.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D.,
Sec. C.C.C.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following sums have been received since the last acknowledgement, June 30th:

Belwood, Ont., \$1.75; George Hague, Montreal, for Brandon church building, \$35; Toronto, Hazelton ave., \$71.50; Danville, Que., Woman's Missionary Society, \$25; Mrs. Thomas Sanderson for Brandon church, \$10; London, Ont., \$2; Yarmouth, N.S., Ladies' H.M.S., \$30; annual collection, N.S. and N.B. Union, \$25.85; Henry Lyman, Montreal for Brandon church building, \$20; Paris, Ont., \$51 43.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,
Treasurer.

Kingston, July 31st, 1889.

Literary Notices.

OUR LITTLE ONES, August. The Russell Pub. Co., Boston. \$1.50 per year. 32 pages; with an equal number of beautiful illustrations in the best style of wood engraving; and stories and poems for the little once. For children of five to ten, a "perfect treasure"

SUMMER RESORTS is an exceedingly neat little book of 170 pp., with a large railway map, 50 picture of scenery, 80 pages of descriptive letter-press, and 200 or more "excursions," with rates. It answers an excellent purpose as a guide-book to all summer resorts—from Halifax and Portland in the east, to Mackinac in the west—reached by the Grand Trunk Railway. Issued by Wm. Edgar, General Passenger Agent, G.T.R., Montreal.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending August 10th and 17th, contain Edward Fitzgerald, and the Ethics of Punishment; The Primitive Home of the Aryans; Giordiano Bruno and New Italy; George Sand at an English School; The Great Indian Desert; The Marriage of the Chinese Emperor; Isfahan to Bushire, and eight or ten other articles of value. 64 pp. weekly. \$8 a year. Littell & Co., Boston.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for August has reached us. (Funk & Wagnalls, 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 a year to clergymen). This substantial and well filled Review, of 96 closely-printed pages, gives us every month a dozen or more sermons and articles of value, with expository and miscellaneous matter, editorial notes, and suggestive items on various themes. "Man's debt to Man," and "Christian Fidelity," are good sermons in the present number.

THE PILGRIM TEACHER, Boston; monthly, 60 cents a year; 50 cents in parcels of six or more. A. E. Dunning and G. M. Boynton, editors. The number for August contains all the help that a S. S. teacher or advanced pupil could desire, on the International lessons. 40 pages; 31 of them direct explanation of the lessons; clear, orthodox, bright, attractive. We ask for orders for these, and all other publications of the Congregational S.S. and Publishing Society, Boston. See announcement on the cover.

OUR DAY, a Record of Current Reform. This is Joseph Cook's organ; monthly, 96 pp., 28 Beacon St., Boston. \$2.50 per year. The June No. has an article by Rev. John Burton, Toronto, on "The Present Purposes of Papal Quebec," well-

written, very suggestive, and much to the point. We particularly noticed in the August No., an article by Prof. Buckham on "English Literature in American Colleges." Each No. has one of the famous preludes, (a lecture in itself) and a lecture of Joseph Cook's. These will go into history, as some of the grandest contributions of the century.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Some noticeable articles in the August (Midsummer) number, are Tennyson (with a fine portrait); "The Stream of Pleasure" (boating on the Thames); The Kara Mines; and Wood-Engravers in Camp. The Engraving are very numerous, nearly 80; seven of them full-page. Century Co., Union Square, New York. \$4 a year.

ST. NICHOLAS, from the Century Co., New York; \$3 a year, has in the August number, a good deal in picture and letter-press, of sailing and boating, The Story of Laura Bridgman, some Fairy poems, stories of birds and animals, a continuation of the queer bunny stories, the riddle-box, etc. Just the thing for boys and girls who have honestly studied their lessons, and want a little relaxation.

THE BANNER OF ASIA.—This and the *India Watchman*, are sent to us by W. J. Gladwin, from Miles, Iowa. The *Banner of Asia* is issued "To uphold the right of Christ to reign in the Councils of the Nations; and to demand the immediate stoppage of the iniquitous government traffic in Vice, Liquor and Opium." Prostitution, liquor and opium, have been openly licensed for years in India. The periodicals above noted, are published for the express purpose of combatting these evils, and having them put under the ban of the law. It is an uphill work; for the government of India is fearfully corrupt, there being an entire absence of that strong correct "public opinion," which is the only real safeguard for liberty any nation has. If any of our readers wish to keep well-informed concerning India and her best interests, they could not do better than send a dollar to Mr. Gladwin, which will secure both of these excellent monthlies for a year. Mr. Gladwin was a missionary. The papers are printed in Bombay.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD for August, (American Board; Congregational House, Boston, \$1 a year; Charles E. Sweet, Manager.) Nothing comes to our table that we value more, as giving an outline of Missionary work in many lands, than the *Herald*. This number contains a likeness of Dr. Webster, of the West Central Africa mission, whose death we stated in our last, on incorrect information, to have occurred on 7th June. Dr. Webster died on the 4th May. Our brother Currie and the other missionaries there, will sadly

miss him. The value of the medical work, in the mission field, is well shown in the following extract:

The far reaching character of the medical work done in China will be seen by a fact stated by Dr. Peck, of Pang Chuang, that on a recent day when fourteen men were sitting in his waiting-room of the Dispensary, listening to preaching while waiting their turn, there were found to be representatives from eleven different provinces. Nothing arrests the attention or wins the regard of the Chinese like this medical work, and they come from all quarters for treatment. As a means of making this medical work effective, the scheme undertaken by the native brethren at Pao-ting-fu is noteworthy and most commendable. The Sabbath offerings of the church are devoted to meeting the expense of sending ten or twelve of the brethren, two by two, to tell the Gospel story in all the region round about. They carry with them a list of the patients who have been treated at the Dispensary, and, according to Dr. Peck, a part of their business is to look up these patients in all the villages to which they go, and seek to confirm any Christian purpose that they may find in their hearts.

Reviews.

THE CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK for 1889-90 is again before our churches for patronage and use. We place emphasis upon "use," for its publication is designed to lay before our friends such facts concerning the work of our family of churches, as will strengthen the bonds of our fellowship and provoke to love and to good works. We are glad to notice that both addresses from the chairs of our two Unions are given in full. Each in its own line is full of suggestions, and will repay perusal.

The work of our various societies should be most carefully considered. Knowledge is power, when joined to a devoted spirit and earnest life. Let the needs of our work be known, and conscience will—or ought to—supply the rest.

The Sunday-school work of our churches is worthy of note. Over 7,000 children are taught the Scriptures by more than 900 teachers; and \$4,500 are raised in the schools for all purposes. This is suggestive of earnest work. The progress being made, and in contemplation, by the Foreign Missionary Society, should be carefully looked over: here we may indeed "thank God and take courage."

The financial position of our Missionary Society, (C.C.M.S.), as the report says, must excite anything but a feeling of satisfaction. It speaks of work, hard and promising but with very inadequate support. The state of things therein indicated, unless remedied, will tell heavily on our home-life, and do much to paralyse endeavors. "But beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." Prayerfully read the record, and act accordingly.

We have nothing but praise for the Editor. While meeting the want the Year Book supplies, our friend has attended to many little things which give pleasure as well as efficiency to his work. Each year marks some advance upon the former. It is with pleasure we note the excellent effects of the close attention bestowed by our brother Mr. Smith, upon the editorial work and business management of Year Book and Independent; both which ought to be in every home that in Canada writes *Congregational* over its entrance.

May this issue be abundantly blessed in spreading denominational information, and in stimulating zeal in Christian endeavor. B.

Our College Column.

We are pleased to know that another *Gerrie* contemplates entering the College this fall.

D. S. Hamilton conducted the services at Franklin Centre the last Sabbath in July.

It was from Calvary—not Cobourg—prayer-meeting, that the friends came to see Mr. Pedley, as reported in the August College Column.

Messrs. Read and Robertson, students, who are acting as summer supply in the Maritime Provinces, the former at Baddeck, C.B., and the latter at Manchester, N.S., had the pleasure of enjoying each other's company over the brine, and at the Union Meetings in Brooklyn. The good brethren at the Union were determined that the youths should not be idle. Mr. Read was appointed Secretary of the Union and Mr. Robertson Assistant Secretary; and in addition to this, they were appointed to address several meetings. Brooklyn people well know how to accord a hearty welcome, and extended such hospitality that the young brethren look forward with pleasure to another visit.

Mr. S. W. Mack, although busily engaged studying on his honor course, has found time to organize a "Reform Association" at Ayer's Flat. Not a political association, but one whose chief object is to promote Temperance. He has also been actively engaged in S. S. work during the summer.

Mr. C. Moore is carrying on very successful work, in the field to which he was appointed for the summer, viz., Ayer's Flat, Fitch Bay and adjoining districts. The people will miss his earnest words and genial companionship very much when he leaves, but his faithful labors cannot but bear much fruit.

Besides these interesting items concerning the work of Messrs. Moore and Mack, we are pleased

to present some more very encouraging reports from students themselves, which will no doubt be read with much interest:

From W. S. Pritchard.

TILBURY CENTRE, August 12th, 1889.

When I entered upon my labors here, the last week of April, I was told that I "could not have come under more discouraging circumstances." As the first Sunday was wet, I did not have very large congregations, only twenty-four at each service. There are two churches in this field, one in the village and the other about two and a half miles away. My services are Bible class, preaching and prayer meeting every week at the church in the village; and also preaching and prayer meeting every week in the country. I cannot report any conversions under my ministry; I cannot report an increased membership yet, although I expect to receive two at our next communion service; I cannot report large congregations, but I can report more unity among the old members and an increasing interest in church work, and in spiritual things in general. The country church is a log one, built over twenty five years ago. The people have resolved to build a new "Congregational church" this fall. Within two weeks after holding the first business meeting there were \$800 subscribed for that purpose. This is not bad for the church, which a few months ago was said to be "our most discouraging mission field." I have every confidence in the future of the church. The prospects are good. I think very few of our people are properly acquainted with the field. The country is very level, but as fertile as it is level: it is becoming wealthy rapidly; it will be thickly populated. The Michigan Central railway runs through the village; the C. P. R. is graded about a quarter of a mile north, and the G. T. R. runs within about five miles of us. The country is being rapidly drained, and the water which formerly made the place unhealthy, will be carried off ere it produces disease. It is true that the soil is very tenacious when wet, and sticks to one closely, and as "familiarity breeds contempt," one naturally prefers to be excused from its company; but then it tends to develop patience, and that is a good thing to have.

A steady pastor is needed; and I think if this need were supplied, our field here would soon become self-supporting.

From Mr. G. C. Read.

BADDECK, C. B., August 5th. 1889.

The little church here is still going on. Sometimes the work is rather discouraging, but there are others at which things wear a more hopeful aspect. The great disadvantage under which this church has to labor is that during seven months in the year there is no regular preaching services: consequently the work becomes disorganized.

Since I have been here, the Rev. Mr. Shipperley, former pastor of the church, has paid us a visit. He gave us words of encouragement at our weekly prayer meeting.

We have to acknowledge with thankfulness the kind, practical sympathy of friends in the West. Messrs. Learmont and Harris, of Montreal, together sent us a donation of ninety hymn books. (Sacred songs and solos). These we use at our Sunday evening services. They are much appreciated. The Bond Street W. M. S., of Toronto, sent us the substantial sum of twenty-five dollars, to assist in paying off the debt of two hundred and fifty dollars on the church building. We are grateful for these kind expressions of sympathy from our friends, and feel that this is the way in which our churches are to be brought into a closer bond of union.

Last week I attended the Union meetings of N. S. and N. B. There I met Student Robertson, from Manchester. The meeting were a source of inspiration to us, and we returned to our work encouraged to go on. The last meeting of the Union was peculiarly interesting to us. It was on behalf of the College. Earnest addresses were given, appealing on behalf of the college funds; especially for the New Endowment Fund. The large audience showed signs of enthusiasm and sympathy, and we may hope that they may give us some substantial evidence of it.

Last week I visited the beautiful settlement in the Margaree Valley, and became acquainted with some of the folks there. On Friday, this week, I go to commence a series of evangelistic services. The congregation, there and here, are looking forward to the visit of the Rev. Thomas Hall.

From E. O. Grisbrook.

ROCKSIDE, Ont., August 13th, 1889.

My work is of a very pleasant nature: the people are kind and appreciative, but very much scattered, and I am not able to give the attention to any particular part of the field that I see required. At South Caledonia we have Sabbath school at 10 a.m., after which the regular services; and then I drive about twelve miles to the next station, Church Hill, having service in the afternoon. Although a hard field, I have been very much encouraged by increasing congregations at both places. We have our prayer meeting at Caledonia on Wednesday evening. All departments of church work are in a hopeful condition. We have felt that the Lord has been with us; there is a marked increase in spiritual life, and a deeper earnestness that the work should be carried on. We are faithfully praying for one to go in and out among us. Who will be the man?

From Mr. W. F. Colclough.

Wishing to give you a report of my summer's work and experience, reporter-like I have interviewed myself. The interview has been pleasant, owing to the necessarily agreeable nature of my resulting reflections. I have thought of health-giving country air, fare and exercise; before my mind's eye has risen a pleasing panorama of green fields, wild flowers, dark forest-masses, threaded by silvery rivers, rugged hills and inviting dales; with my mind's ear I have heard the songs of the birds, and the music of the running streams. From thinking of the beauty with which the Almighty has endowed the country, I passed on in my meditations to the work which God had given me to do during the past four months. I shall now try to present briefly some facts connected therewith.

With the exception of three weeks spent in Danville, I have laboured among the warm-hearted people of Ulverton. We worship God in a church edifice, whose comfortable, home-like appearance is a matter of universal comfort. In spite of past set-backs, a visible improvement is going on in all departments of church work. Some twelve or fourteen members have been added to the church during the summer, the result of the devoted labours of the energetic pastor, Rev. G. F. Brown. Our Sabbath school contains glorious possibilities. A pleasing feature of the work is the Y. P. C. E. prayer meeting. The attendance at Sabbath services is excellent; sometimes reaching one hundred. Some time ago we paid off some twenty dollars of a debt on our organ, by means of a social and entertainment. We hope to repeat this feat in the near future. The future is bright with hope. In the true sense the church enjoys prosperity. May it ever be so!

I believe the Lord will bless, to His service, the efforts which I have put forth in faith, even as He has blessed

them to my soul. As a consequence I have become more convinced of the absolute need of God in the world. I have come to believe that you may as well try to cover the earth with beauty and fragrance without the sun, as attempt to purify and enoble mankind without God. Realizing the value of the summer's experience to me, as a future minister of Christ, I am, yours in the work.

For the Young.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening in the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is a "dainty dish to set before a king."

The king who is represented in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day-dawn; and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. We have the whole day—in a pie.—*Selected.*

DON'T READ THEM.

"There's a tip-top book, Ellis, you can take to read if you want to. I've just read it, and it's a splendid story."

"Then I should like to read it. I don't very often get a chance at a new book. But I think books are best of anything, and when I'm a man I mean to have stacks of them. Mother and I read together, and then we talk over what we've been

reading about; so it's twice as good as if I read it alone."

"Is that the way you do?"

"Of course it is. Why shouldn't I? Mother and I are all the family there is left, and we do everything we can together. I tell you, my mother is the best company I ever had. She is just jolly, besides being as good as she can be. She goes singing round the house making a fellow feel rich, no matter what he has for dinner."

"Ain't she old?"

"No, and it wouldn't make any difference if she was; she'd be my mother all the same."

"To be sure she would. But if you take this book, you must keep it out of her sight and read it on the sly."

"Why must I?"

"Because she won't like it. My mother'd make a great fuss if she knew I read such a book."

"Then what do you read it for? What's the matter with the book? You said 'twas splendid."

"So it is, but your mother wouldn't think so."

"Then it ain't so, for I tell you mother knows. I won't read anything on the sly. I don't do business that way, and I advise you not to. My mother knows best."

"If you think so, I don't suppose its of any use to try to make you think different."

"No, sir, it ain't; and I advise you to do as your mother wants you to. You've got a bad book, or you wouldn't talk about it as you do, and you'd better burn it up."—*Well Spring.*

ONE OF MOODY'S STORIES.

Some time ago Mr. Wannamaker told me that he knew a boy in his school who was the worst boy he ever knew, and that he had made up his mind he must do what he very seldom did, he must expel him. He was wicked, he was obscene, he was corrupting the whole school, and though there was nothing between him and destruction, still he must turn him off. He told the teachers that next Sunday would be his last day. There was among them a rich young lady, who felt that she was not living enough for Christ, and who desired to do a little more for Him. She said, 'Let me have the boy, I think I can make something of him.' She put him into her class and tried to interest him every way, but in vain. At last she had to rebuke him before the rest, and he spat in her face. She coolly took her handkerchief and wiped her face, and asked him if he would walk home with her, as she had something to say to him. No, he would have nothing to do with her. 'Then will you let me walk home with you?' 'No, I would n't be seen with you.' Then, she thought there was just one more chance, as she was going away for a week. 'If you will

call at my house,' she said, 'on Tuesday evening, you will find something for you.' The curiosity of the boy was raised; he called at her home and there was a parcel for him. And when he opened the parcel he found in it a necktie and a handkerchief, and I don't know what all, that the young lady had put there because she thought he would like them. The boy's heart was reached at last, he was overcome. Love had triumphed over all the power of evil. The patient love of the young lady had triumphed. The boy was altogether changed, and Mr. Wannamaker told me that in all his school there was not a better boy. Now just you go and try the power of love, and God bless you!

IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

The *Atlanta Constitution* says:—One day during the last year of the war Dr. Willis Westmoreland was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery.

Suddenly the blood-vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow.

"Doctor," said he, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon.

"How long can I live?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland.

The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when this was done, said quietly:

"Let it go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. Westmoreland has gone on Memorial day and placed flowers on the grave.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. What enemy of God is said to have a synagogue?

26. Where is an evil person spoken of, who makes his meaning known by motions of his eyes, and feet, and hands?

27. Where is Lot called a "righteous" man?

28. Who preached in a pulpit?

ANSWERS TO FORMER QUESTIONS.

21. Paul; Romans 15: 24, 28.

22. Romans 8: 35, 38, 39.

23. Roman citizenship: Paul and Lysias. Acts 22: 28.

24. Chimham. See, first, II Sam. xix. 37 40; then, Jer. 41: 17.

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" 15 " " " " 10.00

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For 40 new subscribers;

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" 20 " " " " 7.00

" 16 " " " " 8.00

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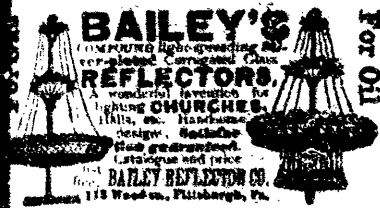
" 15 " " " " 4.50

" 10 " " " " 6.00

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