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# The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 30.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1881. *Sept 15<sup>th</sup>*

[New Series. No. 11]

## MY WORK.

I could not do the work the reapers did,  
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly  
fell;  
But I could follow by the Master's side,  
And watch the marred face I love so well.  
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,  
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully,  
I did not know the Master left them there—  
"Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher net,  
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;  
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet,  
I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and  
fast.  
I pleaded for the Master's blessing where  
My brethren toiled upon the wide world-  
sea;  
Or ever that I knew, His smile so fair  
Came shedding all its radiance on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier-band,  
I never heard the ringing battle-cry;  
The work allotted by the Master's hand  
Kept me at home, while others went to die.  
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle  
long,  
And spoils were homeward brought, both  
rich and rare,  
He let me help to chant the triumph song,  
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

O Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee  
Finds recompense beyond our highest  
thoughts;  
And feeble hands, that work but tremblingly,  
The richest colours in the fabric wrought.  
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,  
To work or suffer as Thy choice shall be;  
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,  
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing  
Thee.  
—London Christian.

## CONGREGATIONAL MISSION NOTES.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society of the United States intend raising one million dollars annually for Home Mission work in that land. Our brethren are showing their confidence in their principles by working vigorously and giving generously. This is far better than writing lachrymose letters to the "C. I." about the decadence of Congregationalism, &c., &c. Consider these facts: 15 new Congregational Churches have been organized in the State of Michigan during the last 13 years. In the State of Wisconsin, 194 churches have been organized during the last 30 years. These churches contributed \$10,500 to Home Missions last year. Minnesota during the last seven years has added 65 new Congregational Churches, making a total of 145 in the State. The Rev. L. H. Coble, formerly superintendent of Missions for the State, has gone West to take charge of summer work in Colorado. His headquarters are at Denver. The contribution of the Minnesota Congregational Church to Home Missions has increased four-fold during the last seven years. They expect to be entirely free from outside help in five years. At present they are receiving \$10,000 from outside. Carleton College in Northfield is the pride and joy of the Congregational Churches of Minnesota. It is generously supported, and is a great centre of light.

Here is a fact and a lesson that is worthy of remembrance. A poor widow, a member of a Congregational Church in Indianapolis, who earned her living by hard manual labour, has for many years laid aside *one cent a day* for Home Missions. In the midst of a life of toil and hardships, she did *something every day* for her Saviour. She died last May. At her funeral her pastor preached from the

text, "She hath done what she could." The Congregational Churches and Colleges established in the South by the American Missionary Association, are all in a thriving condition. Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., has Jubilee Hall completed, and is overflowing with students. A new Hall, called Livingstone Missionary Hall, is being built by the gift of Mrs. Stone. "Our Brother in Black" shows himself capable of appreciating the highest mental culture. The Christian Church and the Christian School will bring the fullest blessings of liberty to the yet but half freed slave.

## AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Some weeks ago there appeared in some of our contemporaries accounts of a wonderful discovery of mummies at Thebes. We hesitated to transcribe the intelligence then as some parts of the communication appeared apocryphal, and it would not have been the first time of late years that so-called discoveries were palmed off upon an unsuspecting public, to be discovered in due time forgeries of the simplest character. However, in this case, although considerable modification has been made in the earliest statements the main facts are substantially confirmed.

The details which have appeared in letters to the London *Times* by its Cairo correspondent, briefly told, are these. There has been discovered in the cliffs of the Lybian mountains, near the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a pit, about 35ft. deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly 200ft. long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyses.

The full value of this discovery, of course, cannot as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped.

Conspicuous by its massive gold ornamentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the coffin containing the mummy of Maut Nedjem, a daughter of King Ramses II.

Each of the mummies is accompanied by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the heart and entrails of the deceased.

Four papyri were found in the gallery at Deir-el-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri—that found in the coffin of Queen Ra-ma-ka—is most beautifully illustrated with coloured illuminations. It is about 16in. wide, and when unrolled will probably measure from 100 to 140 feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably prove to be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and as the late Mariette Pasha used to say, "It is certain that if ever one of those discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus."

No less than 3,700 mortuary statues have been found which bear royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly 2,000 other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an enormous leather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the 21st Dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The workmanship is beautiful. It is covered with hieroglyphs most carefully embroidered in red, green, and yellow leather. The colours are quite fresh and bright. In each of the corners is represented the royal vulture and stars.

Fifteen enormous wigs for ceremonial occasions form a striking feature of the Deir-el-Bahari collection. These wigs are nearly 2ft. high, and are composed of frizzled and curled hair. There are many marked points of resemblance between the legal institutions of ancient Egypt and of England. For instance, pleadings must be "traversed," "confessed and avoided" or demurred to. Marriage settlements and the doctrines of uses and trusts prevailed in ancient Egypt, but the wearing of these wigs was not extended to the members of the legal profession, but was reserved exclusively for the princesses of the blood and ladies of very high rank.

Of the thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages which constitute the most striking portion of the discovery, twenty-six are now accurately known.

No. 1—King Raskenen, one of the later kings of the 17th Dynasty. The mummy, wrapped in the usual shrouds of fine linen, is enclosed in three wooden mummy-cases, each disclosing the form of the body, and fitting in one another like a nest of boxes.

No. 2—King Aahmes I. (Amosis), the founder of the 18th Dynasty. The mummy is enclosed in three plain wooden mummy-cases bearing the king's *nomens* and *prænomen*. It was Aahmes I. who drove the Shepherd kings out of Egypt and who suppressed the rebellion in Nubia.

No. 3—Queen Aahmes Nofert Ari, wife of King Aahmes I. All three mummy-cases are made of fine linen rolled round moulds and glued together until the different layers form a material not unlike *papier mache*. The queen is represented with the arms crossed upon the breast and grasping the *ankh*, or emblem of eternal life and of stability.

No. 4—Queen Ar-hotep, daughter of King Aahmes I.

No. 5—Prince Sa Ammon, son of King Aahmes I.

No. 6—Princess Sat Ammon, daughter of King Aahmes I. The mummy itself is in a good state of preservation, and judging from its small size the princess must have died when quite a young girl.

No. 7—King Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), the second king of the 18th Dynasty. It was this sovereign who maintained and enjoyed the fruits of the conquests of Aahmes I. The festoons and wreaths of lotus flowers which encircle the mask are in a most marvellous state of preservation. One might readily suppose that these flowers had been plucked but a few months ago.

No. 8—The mummy-case of Thotmes I., the second king of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 9—King Thotmes II., the third king of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 10—King Thotmes III.—Thotmes the Great, the fourth king of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 11—Queen Hont-ta-me-hou, a

queen of the 18th Dynasty. State preservation perfect.

No. 12—Princess Mes-sont-ta-me-hou, a princess of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 13—Queen An, a queen of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 14—Queen Set ka, a queen of the 18th Dynasty.

No. 15—King Ramses I, the founder of the 19th Dynasty. Ramses I. was the father of Seti I., and grandfather of Ramses II. (the Great).

No. 16—King Seti I., the second king of the 19th Dynasty, who regained some of the foreign conquests of Thotmes III. which had been lost by Ramses I.

No. 17—King Ramses II. The third king of the 19th Dynasty, and the Pharaoh of the Jewish captivity. The mummy is wrapped in rose-coloured and yellow linen of a texture finer than the finest Indian muslin, upon which lotus flowers are strewn.

No. 18—Queen Nout-jent. A queen of the 21st Dynasty. The mummy-case was once entirely covered with a thin sheet of gold, only isolated bits of which now remain.

No. 19—The High Priest Pinotem, 21st Dynasty.

No. 20—Queen Ra-ma-ka and her infant daughter, Mout-em-hat. A queen of the 21st Dynasty. The mummy of the daughter is quite small, and is prepared in a sitting posture. She could not have been more than a year old.

No. 21—King Pinotem, the third king of the 21st Dynasty. One of the most valuable of the papyri yet discovered bears this king's name.

No. 22—Queen Hont-ta-ol, a daughter of King Pinotem.

No. 23—The High Priest Ma-sa-ha-ta, a son or near relative of King Pinotem.

No. 24—Queen Ast-em-jeb, daughter of King Pinotem.

No. 25—Princess Nessi-kon-sou, a daughter of King Pinotem.

No. 26—Prince Jep-ta-a-ouf-anch, son of King Pinotem, and High Priest of Ammon Ra.

The five papyri can be unrolled easily for about a metre of their length—just enough to disclose their beautiful characters and exquisitely coloured illuminations and illustrations.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

No house is big enough for two wits to live together.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Let us always be cheerful; if life is a burden, let it be a burden of a song.

A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

Ink is like a caustic, which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the sepulchre of our buried hopes.

The despairing dread companionship, and in solitary caves hide away their spirit.

## LONDON LIFE.

## Its Lights and Shadows.

Look at the immense development of the population of London. You have there at this time about three millions of persons, but we are adding to that population every year upwards of 45,000 persons, and in a few years it will be 50,000, and in a few more we shall be adding 55,000 or 60,000 persons a year; so that, in addition to a vast, active, wonderful population, you have 45,000 people pouring into that city and settling there every year. What is to be done with this vast population? It is one thing for London to draw to itself this population, and it is another thing to solve the problem, how are they to be governed, educated, clothed, fed, civilized, and brought under the influence of all manner of great principles and feelings, to be led to Christ, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. My knowledge leads me to say this problem becomes more appalling and difficult than ever. You will say, Why? Were you to furnish the population of London at this moment with as many churches and chapels as they need, you would have to build 2,000 to-day, and then you would not have church, chapel, or school accommodation for the 45,000 who will pour into London this year. Now, you say, if you have that vast population, and if you have so many pouring in, what is being done to meet their educational and spiritual wants? Have you churches and schools for them? Have you bands of hope, temperance societies, Bible women, missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, for them? Have you all the appliances of civilization and Christian labour for that mighty population? Alas, I am sorry to say we have not. We have plenty of public-houses, gin-shops, gambling hells for them, but we have not what we ought to have—temperance halls, bands of hope, missionaries, Bible women, and voluntary Christian labourers everywhere. The Government, or rather the magistrates, give us any number of public-houses, but when we ask them to keep the public-houses in proper order, that is a favour they are not willing to bestow. Then the rich, the refined, the educated, and the religious are leaving the centre of London (the poorer parts of London), and going, through the medium of railways and steamers, to the beautiful suburbs, to live in the midst of green fields, and under the shade of charming trees, where they can breathe the perfume of flowers, where there is no profligacy, drunkenness, or crime. They are leaving the poor and working class to fester together in filth, ignorance, misery and crime, and that state of things gets worse and worse every year. One clergyman says, a few years ago he could get any amount of money from his parishioners for schools and charities, but now he can scarcely get a farthing, because his rich people are fifteen or twenty miles away, and the poor are left together in a mass. But, you will say, you have missionaries. How many? Four hundred, and Satan has a missionary society in 10,000 publicans. You ought to have 10,000 missionaries for God, and as for Satan, who is the opponent of missions, the sooner you break up his missionary society the better.

I now and then explore a part of London not worse than other parts. I go into a street containing 88 houses, and 1,200 people, there are 19 children in some of the houses, and some day we shall have the twentieth. I found my way into a dark, filthy, underground cellar. I can assure ministers that it is a good thing for their health to go into cellars, and it is a capital thing for their health and morals to talk with the poor people who live there. And they would preach capital sermons if they did that once a week. I do it myself, and if I prescribe medicine for my brother minis-

ters it is because I know its efficacy. In that cellar I found a man whose ignorance was deplorable. I invited him to supper. You say, do you ask such men to supper, a man who sits upon a harper because he has not a chair? If you give me one reason why I should not, I will give you twenty reasons why I should. What are ministers' houses for, but for the poor, the needy, the lame, the halt, and the blind? He came to supper. After supper my wife retired, and we were left alone, and we had a little talk. 'Well, John, how do you get a living?' 'In the garden [Covent Garden]. I sells hurbs, I does, I walks twenty miles for 'em, I does.' 'What do you do with them?' 'I brings 'em home, sells 'em in the garden. I many times starts off at two or three in the morning to get the hurbs, and I havn't got a copper to bless myself with.' 'And when you come home without a penny and it rains and blows, what then?' 'Sir, I many times sits down under the hedge, I does, and crys to myself, I does.' And so should we if we had that to do. You should weep with those that weep, as well as rejoice with those that rejoice. So I talked a little more to him, and said, 'John, who was Lord Nelson?' 'Who's that ar' chap, sir?' 'Do you mean to say you never heard of a man called Moses?' 'Oh yes, sir, he's the great tailor.' I am not going to tell you what he said about Christ, because I never associate laughter with my blessed Saviour's name. But I found he knew as little about Christ as he did about Moses.

One day I talked with a man who had lost his wife. I said, 'I hope your wife died in peace.' 'Yesh, she died in peace, she did, she only asked for a pork sausage.' This was the only notion this man had of dying in peace.

In a house I found a man making soldier's garments. After some conversation he said, 'Did those things we read of in the Bible happen in this or some other world?' I did not answer him immediately, but asked him where he had been. 'In Arabia.' I turned to that part of St. Paul's writings where he speaks of Arabia. When I had done reading, he said, 'He knew more of the Bible than he ever did in his life.'

I am rather fond of thieves; I love to shake an honest man by the hand, but I have a particular fancy for a thief. If a lad should have become a thief, you really ought to give him a chance to do better, and if a girl becomes so, you ought to give her two chances. If a man fall among thieves, or become one, and we find him there, we ought to throw off our dignity of character, bend down and try to lift him up. If a man or woman seeks my sympathy it is given, and, if necessary, rather more. Practical sympathy is the best. Passing over a street one day I saw six lads, whom I knew to be thieves, they all followed me. Turning round, I said to one, 'William, what is it you want?' 'I want to speak to you, sir.' 'Well?' 'We are all alike, sir.' 'Yes, I see you are.' He said, 'You see, sir, we heard that you were sending lads to Canada, don't y'see? We aint got no chance here; the bobbies are always down upon us. We should like to do right, and we thought, sir, if you would send us to Canada we would try to do better there.' I thought that a fair statement, and made up my mind they should have a chance. They were vagabonds, but it was my business to destroy that, and make them Christians if I could. All went to Canada. A few years passed away, and going along the same street I saw a respectable looking gentleman, quite as respectable looking as you have in Portsea. He took off his hat to me, and I to him. 'Don't you know me?' 'No, I don't, but I am glad to see you.' 'I'm William —.' 'Bless you, my boy, how are you? How have you been doing?' 'Very well.' 'What brought you back?' He blushed, and tears

brightened his eyes as he said, 'I had a letter from England to say that my sister was leading a bad life. My stepmother turned me to the door, and I became a thief; she turned my sister to the door, and she walked the Haymarket, and I could not bear to think my sister was living such a life; so when I got the letter I went to my master in Montreal, and said, "I am going to England to see my sister." He said, "You shall have your situation when you come back." So I came over to try and rescue my sister.' Was it not worth sending him to Canada, to get that state of mind? He said, 'I landed at Liverpool two days ago, and last night I began to look for my sister. I found her going up the Haymarket. I said to her, "You will leave this life, won't you?" She threw up her head, and said, "I won't." Then I walked after her, and talked about our mother, that's dead and in heaven. She burst into tears, and said, "William, I will go with you anywhere." Blessings on the memory of a good mother. "What more, William?" "She's with my uncle. I want to take her to Canada in a steamer; I won't take her in a sailing vessel; and so I want you to take care of this purse, containing £11.' 'But, William, that won't take you; you want me to get the rest?' 'Yes, sir.' So I got the rest of the money, and a fortnight afterwards William and his sister bade me farewell. William said, as he went off, 'I won't get married; my little sister shall be my housekeeper.' That is the only sort of bachelorhood which I tolerate in this world.

I am sorry to say that my experience of the worst drunkards I have met with in London testifies that they are persons who formerly moved in respectable, refined, and even religious society, but who through strong drink have so degraded themselves that you now find them in the slums of St. Giles's, Westminster, and Whitechapel, without decent attire, reputation, or friends, and many times without a home. The worst drunkards are not the children of the poor, born in Somers Town, Whitechapel, or St. Giles's. Judge for yourselves.

My bell was rung one Sunday morning at seven o'clock. I went down into the lobby, and found there a man. I looked at him, not because I did not know him, but because I did. He had a battered hat upon his head, beaten with London weather, and that is very rough. He had an old gray paletot fastened under his chin, poor and filthy under garments, no stockings, his shoes were full of holes, and I could see his feet through almost every part of them. He shivered with the wet and cold. 'Ah,' he said, 'I remember, not many years ago, riding my horse in Tottenham Court Road, followed by my servant upon his horse, and last Saturday I sold old magazines in that road to get myself a bed.' Who was he? The deputy-corer for one of our largest counties, a splendid young fellow, who led to the altar a young lady who brought him £6,000. A wretched drunkard now, who two or three years ago was promised by his brother £1,000 if he would keep the pledge for a year. He kept it for eight months, and then broke it. If there is any man here who begins to feel a love of drink creeping upon him, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Here is another case. I was out very late one night, as I often am, to my great discomfort, and a poor woman came up to me, and said, 'Mr. McCree, I think, sir, if you go along that street there you will find something to do.' I thought it was a fight, because I am sometimes sent to pacify the Irish Fenians. I came to a door with a lot of people round it. They parted in their kind way, and I saw upon a door-step a little boy asleep in one corner, and a

little girl in another. I woke them up, and said to the girl, 'My dear, where is your mother?' 'Mother's in prison, sir.' 'How come she to get there, dear?' 'Please, sir, she got drunk, and she was locked up.' 'How come you here?' 'Please, sir, when the landlady found my mother locked up she turned us into the streets.' 'Come along with me,' I said, and I took them by the hand and led them to our refuge, and there in a short time they had all the comforts they needed. In a few days the mother came out of prison, and, having gained access to the refuge, she demanded her children. We said, 'You had better leave them; we will feed, clothe, and educate them, and you may come once a month and see them.' 'No, sir, I cannot do that,' said she, speaking in a lady-like manner—for she really had been such—I want that girl to assist me in my needle-work.' 'No, mother,' said the girl, 'all you want me to do is to get up at six o'clock to get you gin to drink in bed.' 'I never did that before,' she said, and took them away. At six o'clock in the evening the children came and knocked at our door. The mother was locked up a second time. When she came out again she came and demanded her children, and because we would not give them up, she tried to smash our windows, so we let them go, and she took that girl, fourteen years old, into a house which I decline to characterise before this audience. Who was she? A wretched woman born in St. Giles's? She was the wife of a physician from the West-end of London. So if anybody says to me, O, teetotalism is a capital thing for the navy, thief, fallen women, Irish hodman, and a dissenting parson or two, I say it is an excellent thing for the most highly educated and accomplished lady in this town. It is a good thing for the most devoted Sunday-school teacher in these towns, and if the clergymen and dissenting ministers in this borough signed the pledge and kept it (for that is another thing), teetotalism would confer a greater honour upon them than they would confer upon it. That is a specimen of my mildness. A man who has been a teetotaler for twenty-five years, does now and then feel that there are some men standing aside who ought to bear the banner of total abstinence.

I rejoice in the progress and usefulness of Bible Women in London. If there is any man who ought to rejoice, I am that man, inasmuch as I was made the means of leading the first Bible woman in London to Christ. Those of you who have read the 'Missing Link' are familiar with her. I will give her history in brief. Many years ago a drunken soldier drank himself into a fever and died in the workhouse. He left two little girls who slept in lodging-houses when they had the money to pay for them, and under gravestones, in shutter boxes, and hampers, when they had none. I could lay my hand upon a boy who slept in an unfinished sewer last winter. They met a German, a man of some position in his own country, who was a profligate, who gave them an occasional penny and piece of bread, and taught them that there was no God in heaven, and no truth in the Bible. So they grew up into life in that terrible state. Many years passed away. One died and the other was left alone. A few more years passed away and a gentleman fell in love with her. He was a gentleman although he had only one eye, no coat, and a very shaky temper. He proposed and was accepted. They got married. When they got married, he married her in his shirt sleeves, and she had neither bonnet nor shawl—it was a fashionable wedding. They went on their wedding tour—down a street, up a court, into a second floor back. Married life brought trouble with it; everything did not run smooth, especially when



this husband could not sell his memorandums, sponges, and pencils in the streets. His wife seldom went out, for she was very retired in her habits. One Sunday she did go out; it came on to rain, and the rain drove her into a passage. As she stood there she heard a voice, and walking up the passage she pushed open a door and found herself in the House of God for the first time. She was then forty-four years of age. I had just finished my sermon and sat down. Then I rose and said, 'Next Tuesday I shall open here a lending library, where you may have interesting books, and if you like to come at seven o'clock, I shall be glad to lend you any book out of the library.' She went away, and said to herself, 'Ah, I shall go back to that gentleman and ask him to lend me "Uncle Tom's Cabin."' If you provide lending libraries for the poor, take care you get interesting books for them; 'Pilgrim's Progress,' if you like, and fifty more of the same class, but take care you add other books for the working men, their wives, and children. I have no patience when I look over the catalogue of books provided for the poor. Don't you read 'Pickwick,' 'John Halifax,' many an interesting story, many a charming biography, or fascinating book of travel yourselves? provide such books for the poor (who ought to have such books). Many years ago a lady taught me a lesson. I was weak enough to ask my lady friends if they would give me some books for this library. Blessings on them, they did, only the books were of no use when they came. One sent me a parcel of books. I opened it with care, and took up the first book; it was a fusty copy of 'Simpson's Mathematics.' Next, 'Magazine of Magazines, 1796,' a great, big, fat book. Next, 'Every Man his own Farrier.' Next, 'How to Improve the Breed of Horses.' I confess I had a tender feeling for that lady, but after that I lost it. I could not swallow 'Every Man his own Farrier.' If you send books to missionaries and Bible women choose choice books; remember they are books you give God, and you ought to give Him the best, and not the worst.

On Tuesday night up came this woman to apply for a book. 'What book would you like?' She was trying to form her mouth to ask for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when God interposed, and she said, 'Well, sir, I—I—I should like a Bible.' 'I have not a Bible in the library, but you shall have one.' I got her a Bible, and that book converted her soul. My friend became the first Bible woman in St. Giles's.

The above is a part of a speech delivered fourteen years ago by the Rev. Mr. M'Cree, a man of remarkable activity and powers as a Missionary among the heathen of the great Metropolis. Mr. M'Cree has been known for many years as the Bishop of St. Giles—the famous seven dials being the scene of much of his labours a quarter of a century ago. So successful has he been in winning men and hearts that there are few in that densely populated quarter of London who would not protect him from insult, and thus the measure of good he has accomplished is incalculable.

#### PRAYER.

Prayer is balsam, comfort, peace,  
The loss of self in Deity;  
The harmony of human souls  
With heaven's eternal melody.

Prayer is freedom, loss of all  
That binds the soul to this poor clod;  
So that no words, nor forms, nor thoughts  
Stand darkening between her and God.

Mysterious, and yet so bright,  
It bears the soul to heaven away;  
'Tis like a slumbering at the source,  
And yet a waking into day.

—Nicolaus Lenau.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON XIII.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1881.

(From the National Sunday-School Teacher.)

NOTE.—This being one of the Sundays not provided for by the International Lesson Committee, the lesson chosen is one of those agreed upon by the principal publishers of notes to fill the vacancy.

THE RACE AND THE PRIZE.—1 Cor. ix. 22-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

LESSON TOPIC.—Striving for the mastery.

#### LESSON NOTES.

PRELIMINARY.—This Epistle was probably written from Ephesus, during the third and last year of Paul's stay in that city. In it the apostle seeks to correct many abuses which had arisen in the Corinthian church. Nearly all of these evils had arisen out of their former habits of immorality, incited by the low moral tastes of society about them, and all were peculiarly "the lusts of the flesh." The state of society in Corinth was so notorious that the very expression "to Corinthianise" was understood to mean "to play the wanton," and the bad reputation of the city became proverbial. This Epistle is directed therefore to show the evil of those practices which were so common in their city, and the unceasing effort necessary on the part of Christians to overcome the temptations which surrounded them. Our lesson to-day especially emphasizes this thought, and the apostle uses a familiar illustration from the Isthmian games to show the need of self-denial and earnest effort on the part of those who have entered the race for eternal life. This lesson is selected as one from which to teach the value of temperance and the danger of giving way to evil desires and appetites, and surely it ought to be a powerful argument in the mouth of every earnest teacher.

STRIVING FOR SOULS (22, 23).—In these verses we have set forth the chief aim of every true Christian worker. By all means save some. This object is never to be lost sight of, and we live, we work, we strive, we deny self, we bear reproach, discouragement, suffering, we give time, money, life, to accomplish this object. And the life of Paul, next to the life of our Lord himself, is perhaps the best illustration we could have of the intensity with which he strove to accomplish his mission. (See chap. iv. 10-13; 2 Cor. xi. 23-28.) And yet he says (Acts xx. 24) none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry (or service) which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And I do all things for the gospel's sake, i.e., my only desire is to make known the glad tidings of God, and whatever I have to do, or bear, or suffer I gladly do in order that men may hear this glad tidings. And we must not forget that this "all things" included *life itself*, and that the apostle gave his life willingly (2 Tim. iv. 6.) as he had given all else. How like was this to the Master himself, whose path of humility led Him down the depth of suffering to the shameful death of the cross. Phil. ii. 8. This lesson is of intense interest to every Sunday-school teacher for two reasons: 1. If we do not show the same eager desire to *save souls*, our scholars may fairly question whether we are true followers of Jesus or of Paul. 2. If we do not show this interest we need not expect our scholars to be interested in the subject of salvation. One reason that "the old, old story" has such mighty power over human hearts is, that it reveals the deepest interest of God in our salvation; and unless our scholars see that we are moved by a like desire to save them our teaching will fail to do them good, while our indifference may

result in making them indifferent also and thus hinder their salvation. But if we are impelled by the spirit of Christ eagerly to *strive for their souls*, we can then hold up this example and exhortation of Paul, and urge them to show a like interest in this great salvation. And let us now strive to incite them to such a desire for the salvation of others that they will be willing to do all things and become all things for the sake of saving some.

STRIVING FOR CROWN (24, 25).—But we have a reward set before us in addition to the joy which comes from doing good. An inheritance (1 Pet. i. 4), a crown of glory (1 Pet. v. 4), a kingdom (Luke xxii. 29), and a throne (Rev. iii. 21), we shall share with the redeemed in their joy; we shall also share with the Redeemer in His glory. But for this also we must *strive*: First, to *enter* the race (Luke xiii. 24); second, to *gain* the crown (v. 24). And the illustration here used shows that we must put forth every effort for this also. These Grecian wrestlers and racers gave themselves wholly up to the accomplishment of the object before them; practising all manner of self-denial, undergoing the severest exercise, taxing their strength and endurance to the utmost in order to gain a crown "of fading leaves," and the applause of men which would die as soon as the next champion should appear. And this they did knowing that but *one* could gain the prize and all others must fail. What wonder then that the apostle should so earnestly exhort us to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and—run with patience the race set before us." Heb. xii. 1-1. For *we may be sure* of the prize if we so run; and that prize not a corruptible one, but "incorruptible—and that fadeth not away." Nor shall the applause of that "great cloud of witnesses" be the thoughtless cheers of an indifferent multitude, but the everlasting joy of those who have likewise come up through great tribulations; of fathers and mothers and pastors and teachers who have loved and prayed and laboured and watched for us, or of brothers and sisters and classmates and friends whom we have won for Christ and brought into His kingdom.

STRIVING AGAINST THE BODY (26, 27).—Our enemy is not where we naturally think he is. Often during the war the enemy would make what seemed to be a terrific attack on some point of our lines for the purpose of drawing the attention of our officers to that point, when in fact the main attack was made in a directly opposite direction. They hoped our forces would be drawn away from their real point of attack, and thus enable them to win a victory where we were unprepared and unable to meet them. So it often is in the contest for eternal life. Our great enemy, the wicked one, is wiser than all earthly generals, and we should not be ignorant of his devices. One of these devices by which he often succeeds in overthrowing us, is in making us believe that our chief enemy is *outside* instead of *inside* of us, and of this we are warned in our lesson to-day. Paul was an old soldier; a veteran, indeed, who had met the mighty enemy of souls a thousand times, and we will do well to heed his words. He says the stronghold of the evil one is *in our bodies*, and *he made the fight right there*. He did not fight as one beating the air. I. e., he did not waste his strength, nor was it misdirected, but knowing where the enemy was, he says, I buffet my body, "beating it with heavy blows," and "lead it about as a slave." We are too ready to lay the blame of our sins upon others or upon our surroundings. Our first parents were fair representatives of our race, and their children have followed closely in their steps. Adam's excuse was, "The woman—she gave me of the tree;" Eve said, "The serpent beguiled me;" and we are always seeking to lay

our sins upon some one else. It is true that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and we are warned not to go "with a multitude to do evil," but we have the privilege of choosing our own company, and we must bear the blame if we choose the wrong kind. God's word says, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God," and we are to be judged by *our own words* and *our own works* and out of *our own hearts*. The seeds of each man's sin lie within his own heart, and if we could root them all out we would be safer. My heart is like an impregnable fortress, which can not be taken from without, but a few traitors within may betray the strongest fortress into the hands of the enemy. And *the traitors are there*, and must be kept in chains, "led about as slaves," to do our bidding. God says, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." These evil desires, passions, and appetites must be "crushed with heavy blows" and kept under, or they will betray and overthrow us. And let us remember this warfare is a *personal* one. Paul says: I so run—I fight—I buffet my body. *No one else can do my fighting or win the crown for me*. If every other scholar in the class is temperate, that will not save me from the curse of drink; if every other one is a Christian, I may be lost; if every other wins a crown, I may be overcome; and I certainly will be unless I also run and fight, and watch and pray. But I must remember that though the battle is a personal one, I can not and need not fight alone. There is One who will stand with me in the fire of temptation and affliction so I shall not be burned; One who will go with me through the waters and bear me up; One who will stand by my side in the day of battle and give me strength—if I desire and ask and expect him to do so. He who said, "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end," also said, "Without me eye can do nothing," and He it was upon whom Paul depended when he said "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." But I must *enter* the race for myself, and be willing to deny self, and bend every effort to overcome the enemy within me. "I must work as if everything depends upon myself and I must pray as if everything depends upon Christ." For every one who does this there awaits a crown of righteousness, a crown of glory, a crown of life.

—We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything for themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

—Few women have better deserved the title of heroine than Mrs. Smith, widow of the band-master of the Ninety-fourth British Regiment. During the war in the Transvaal, she and her little daughter, who is but three years of age, were with the regiment, and they were present at the battle of Brunter's Spruite where Band-master Smith was shot dead, whilst both mother and daughter were wounded. Men were falling on all sides from the enemy's bullets, and the circumstances were such as to appal any woman. But Mrs. Smith displayed a truly heroic spirit. Men were down in all directions, some badly wounded and some dead. Leaving the dead body of her husband, and whispering a word of comfort to her wounded child, she set to work to relieve the wounded. She brought them water to drink, and tore up her skirts to supply bandages for their wounds. Long after the din of battle had ceased, this brave woman moved about among the wounded, easing the pangs of the dying and relieving the sufferings of those whose injuries were not mortal. The new order of St. Catherine is to be conferred upon her, but she ought to receive some more substantial mark of approbation.

## The Canadian Independent

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All communications should be received not later than Monday. Short items of news may be in time on Tuesday morning.

TORONTO, SEPT. 15, 1881.

### CONGREGATIONALISM AND UNITY.

In the closing part of our Chairman's address last June, occur these words: "There have been those who have flippantly spoken of Congregationalism as a rope of sand. There is truth in this. It is a rope of sand, every grain of which should be magnetized by divine grace, and then by its own inherent property adhere to every other." There are then ropes of sand and ropes of sand, one of which Congregationalism is, the other of which it is not. Which are we?

Scientists confidently assert the existence of atoms from which matter, as presented to us, is formed. Each atom has its own distinct property, shall we say individuality, with its Atomic poles. Isolated they never would or could have formed such nebulae, but somehow or other they came together,

"Toward the centre set the starry tides  
And eddied into suns, that wheeling  
Cast the planets."

And the Cosmos, with its might and beauty, became a reality. Star with star, system with system, each on their own predestined way form the great universe of the Creation of God.

The individual Christian—to use the illustration—is an atom, but his individual property draws him into relation with a neighbouring atom—there are atomic affinities, in plain words. Christians within reach of each other, must be drawn together for sympathy and for work.

Let us tarry a moment upon that thought *affinity*. An *ecclesia* or congregation is an assembly, there may be a heathen *ecclesia*, a congregation for formulating rules for, and exercising in, athletic games. There are *ecclesia* for commercial purposes. Nihilism has its congregations. Manifestly then the mere fact of independent organization does not constitute the essential of Christian Congregationalism. There is Christian Congregationalism, and that very adjective defines its character. There can be no Christianity without Christ, and we can have no Christ, save as we find Him in the Scriptures. Now Christ is not the Christ of Isolation, read 1 Cor. xii; Eph. ii. 19-22; therefore there are Christian affinities, and we claim for legitimate Congregationalism, that it alone of all church systems presents the fewest hindrances to those affinities for spontaneous manifestation. From these affinities

acting we derive the Church, not from an external mould or band. In other words the life of Christ in the individual heart must be and will be the one attractive power, and we wreck our faith and polity as we depart from this fundamental.

From Toronto to Montreal along the wire, the electric pulsations run, and every instrument on the route responds to the touch of the operator's finger; any where between let a platinum thread touch the wire and lead to the ground, the connection is broken, the instruments cease to respond. It is possible for individuals and churches to break the circuit and to bear the responsibility of bringing discord in among brethren. We would add these to our practical suggestion in a former editorial as to our denominational need. Let us cultivate habits of self-examination, and seek therefrom a more earnest, thorough Evangelical life, free as far as may be from earthly tricks and ways; a life manifestly in the heavenlies even whilst its duties and its way is along the pilgrim path of earth. Let us jealously guard our pulpits and church rules. We shall then surely arrive at Congregational unity by Congregational life.

WHAT do our readers think of a distraint for tithes that took place last month at or near Sevenoaks in England? The amount of tithe claimed was 22l. 3s. 7d., and the expenses of the distraint came to 11l. 2s. 8d., more than fifty per cent. of the claim. Let us be thankful that the battle of State-Churchism has been fought and won in this country, or we know not what atrocities might have been perpetrated here. All honour to the noble men, most of them now at rest, who fought that battle.

THE death of Rev. Lachlan Taylor will be mourned by more than those in his immediate ecclesiastical circle. If he was a Methodist and loyal to his Church, he was a Christian, large-hearted and broad-souled. Few were the churches that, during his long residence in Toronto did not experience his readiness to help—his heartiness in helping. Genial, humorous, eloquent, he was always welcome wherever he spoke. Lately he has been afflicted with blindness, but that did not prevent his continuing in work—lecturing—for which he had great aptitude. In the midst of his labours he has been called to rest. We shall reverence his memory as that of a good, true, Christian man.

WHILE we are suffering from excessive drought on this side the Atlantic, and, as a result, great fears are entertained for root crops and stock, in England the trouble is again the unceasing fall of rain. Contrary to last July the weather there this year was of the finest, and raised high hopes of a somewhat compensating harvest, but harvest time has brought wet—nothing but wet, and many of the farmers are feeling as if this, the sixth or seventh year of bad harvests, is the final ounce that breaks the camel's back. We have no doubt that the result will be a great influx of the agricultural class into this country. Some will doubtless settle in our

great North-west. What are we doing to follow them there? More and more is the burden laid upon us to be up and doing.

A MONTH before the meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales to celebrate its jubilee, our Methodist brethren are holding what they term—shall we be forgiven if we say, somewhat grandiloquently—an "Ecumenical Council." However, "what's in a name," &c., and if it expresses their ideas we suppose that we have no right to find fault. The idea is to get together representatives from the various Methodist bodies throughout the world, Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian; Calvinistic and Armenian, and all the varying shades of doctrine and order, to confer together on matters which mutually concern them, to devise such means for prosecuting home and foreign work as will result in the greatest economy and efficiency; to promote fraternity, "to increase the moral and evangelical power of a common Methodism, and to secure the more speedy conversion of the world." A good idea, if it can be worked, and one from which we hope great practical results will follow. There cannot fail to be a broadening of sympathy and affection, and a more tolerant attitude towards each other. The Council may, it is thought, result in the union of some of the branches of the great Methodist family: if it does, it will have accomplished a good work, and will be amply repaid for the great labour and expense of this gathering. We shall publish some report of the meetings, and say a word or two on them in our next.

MURDER and suicide! What a terrible epidemic of these crimes appears to prevail. Scarcely a morning, as we open our daily paper, but some fresh horror is recorded. What is the cause? Can we in any way account for it? Is our unequalled system of public education, and our Sunday-school work, a failure? Is here a growing rejection of the claims of God and truth? We think not. Bad as the state of society is in some respects, we believe that it is steadily improving. May it not be that the very publicity given to these crimes tends to their growth? That a diseased hankering after being talked about is the cause. If we judge from the letters left by some suicides, and the talk of some murderers, this is not without effect. But there are two other causes which certainly contribute largely to the result. There is the habit of carrying weapons, a practice which, notwithstanding the enactment against it, does unquestionably prevail. Revolvers and knives on the person, loaded guns in houses, are the ready instruments of ungoverned passion, and many a death has arisen from the fatal facility of instruments. But there is a yet more deadly factor in this horrible work—whiskey. Maddened by drink, men rush to their own death, or slay any against whom their drunken fury is directed. We feel safe in saying that three-fourths of the murders and suicides of the past twelve months would not have taken place but for drink. What is our duty then? Plainly this, to do all in our power to drive the drink away from

the people. The professing Christian people have it in their power to put a stop to this traffic, and if it is continued it is upon them the responsibility rests. Let every one ask himself, Am I prepared to accept my share of the responsibility of one murder through drink? If I am not, my duty is clear.

THE following extract from the *Nonconformist*, interesting in itself, has a lesson for us. Our census has just been published, and as Congregationalists we must ask ourselves if we are fulfilling our responsibility as represented by the increase in our population:—

The London Congregational Union has issued an appeal setting forth "the responsibility of Congregationalists," as gathered from the figures furnished by the preliminary report of the census taken in April last. The population of Greater London, which corresponds with the Metropolitan Police area, and is the field covered by the operations of this Union, is now 4,764,312; of these 3,810,571 reside within the inner ring known as Smaller London. These figures show an increase in ten years of 878,671 in the larger and 560,311 in the smaller district. "To meet the wants of this new population," say the Committee, "Congregationalists should have provided religious accommodation during the last ten years for 63,703 persons, or some 70 chapels holding 900 each; that is one-eighth of the entire accommodation required by the new population. What they have actually done will be seen from what follows. In Inner London 7,500 additional sittings have been provided; in Outer Ring 8,885; in all for Greater London 16,385 during the last 10 years. In 14 districts, with an aggregate increase of 646,601, the accommodation provided has only been 17,265, or little more than one-third what it ought to have been—viz., 48,128. In 10 districts, representing an increase of 252,908, no provision has been made by Congregationalists. In four districts, where the increase has been 60,149, Congregational accommodation has decreased to the extent of 1,800. The foregoing facts relate only to districts in which the increase of population has been more than 10,000 during the decade. The increase in the districts north of the Thames has been 262,425, or about 12 per cent.; the increase south of the Thames, 297,886, or nearly 31 per cent. The percentage of increase in districts south of the Thames has, therefore, been nearly three times as great as for North London. The increased accommodation provided by Congregationalists has been only at the rate of 1¼ per cent for South London, and a little over 3 per cent. in the North."

### Correspondence.

THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me now to lay before the churches a series of thoughts in reference to our College. Having taken pains to acquaint myself thoroughly with the facts, I will seek to be guided by them in the discussion of fundamental principles, and as in reference to our missions, so in regard to the College will strenuously avoid all personalities. Should I unintentionally mis-state any fact, the College authorities will do me a personal favour by putting me right.

First of all let me endeavour to destroy an impression, still somewhat prevalent in the West, in reference to the removal of the College from Toronto to Montreal. This event originated neither in dissatisfaction with the management of the Toronto friends, who had long and faith-

fully had the Institution in charge, nor in a preference for the city of Montreal over that of Toronto. The plan did not originate in Montreal, nor with any one connected in that city. The change of place was purely incidental, occasioned by the resolve to secure, if possible, a University affiliation and the benefits which would thereby accrue. No such affiliation with the Upper Canada University was possible. Queen's offered advantageous terms, but Kingston was not considered suitable as a place. McGill was undenominational, and prepared to grant the desired affiliation. Arrangements were consequently made with McGill, and the removal of the College to Montreal thus became a necessity.

It should also be generally known, that through the use of bursaries held by friends of the College, in Montreal, the students who have attended the University have received their education without costing the College one cent. For this important benefit the College is largely indebted to Dr. Cornish, who has looked after this matter with unflinching promptitude.

The present scheme, by which the University and the Theological courses have been made, in some measure, to synchronize, was from the first regarded as only tentative. The original plan, relinquished even for a time with extreme reluctance, and that only in consequence of an inadequate income, was, that every student admitted to the full course should complete his curriculum at one of the Universities before commencing his Theological studies.

As provision was made for the admission of students to the Theological course, without a previous University training—it is still, in my opinion, matter of regret that the original plan was not at once adopted. We might have had fewer students in the full course, but their education would have been more thorough both in the Arts and in Theology.

It is surely needless at the present day to say a word in defence of a University training for our Ministry. Those who have not had the opportunity of obtaining it, especially those who have sought to remedy the defect by severe and prolonged private application, will assuredly be the last to say a word against it. The possible fact, that some may have enjoyed the privilege, without retaining much more to indicate their superior advantages than the letters after their names, cannot be employed by any thoughtful person as a counter-argument.

Scholarship, we all know, will not make a minister, yet what minister worthy of the name would willingly be without it. Human culture, however true or broad, will never make a preacher; but a preacher with culture will, without controversy, be more efficient and influential.

The grand drawback with our young men has generally been a very inadequate preparation for the University; and this, in connection with the distraction occasioned by attendance on the Theological classes during the last two sessions in McGill, has made their entire course severe, unsatisfactory, and in sterling results, comparatively barren.

In my next letter I will consider, at some length, the practical working of the present scheme of study.

Yours truly,

MNASON.

## News of the Churches.

WINNIPEG.—The Building Committee have been compelled, owing to the scarcity of labour, to postpone building until next spring. The building "boom" in the city continues, and every contractor has more work than he can finish this season. The committee will begin the

work early in the spring. They have now nearly \$8,000, and hope to increase this amount considerably before spring. The site secured is one of the very best in the city, and would sell readily for \$8,000 to-day. It was bought last December for \$1,850. This straw shows how the real estate wind is blowing in this city. The work in the Sunday-school and church is full of hope and promise. There are towns and cities being built up along the C. P. R. which need Congregational churches. The fields are white. Where are the harvesters? There is no better mission field in the world than this great North-West.

## A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

On Monday, Aug. 1, Rev. Thomas Harrison, the young evangelist, whose labours have been so signally blessed of God, gave an account of his own religious experience at the Loveland, Ohio, Camp Meeting, which is reported in the Cincinnati Gazette as follows:

"Some say it is either electricity, fire of emotion, or magnetism that causes sinners to come to Jesus. It is none of these; we are saved by grace through faith. If there is anything I'll feel to praise God for in heaven, it will be two things, pungent conviction and powerful conversion. My experience before conversion was like many others—was like a morning without a cloud, nothing to make me unhappy, always happy, save one thing, a longing for something I did not have—a heart-ache for God. It continued to increase. God came in two voices to me, by a fearful storm and my mother's prayer, and by these He held me to the smile of His mercy. When I left home in Boston to go to Nova Scotia I had no clouds. I said, Now for a good time, but God sent a storm. But while there a telegram came. I couldn't see a ray of light from above. The telegram was only three words, but it rang in my deathless nature. 'Freddie is dead.' I went down to the brink of death, and realizing that death was near me, it caused me to ponder. Every morning my mother turned the key of the door and prayed for me. She held on to God. She prayed hard; every morning a tear and cry, 'God save my boy.' Then it seemed my heart would break. One day she tarried longer and prayed more. She says now she prays for me all the time, and is with me every day in prayer. I love my mother more than life, and through her love and care I blossomed into righteousness, and I pray for her every service. How she led me, oughtn't I to love her, and every time I see other young men going to ruin I thank God for my mother. I have won 18,000 souls for her crown. I want her to have the brightest crown in glory. On this day she prayed more. I went to school, but couldn't get a lesson. I couldn't solve a problem. I was trying to solve another problem: 'What shall it profit a man to gain the world and lose his soul?' 'When papers criticize, I say, as did Nehemiah, 'I'm doing a great work, and I can't come down.' That day my mother prayed was a day of conviction, and I cried to God for help; that if he didn't lift the burden I'd die. I was powerfully convicted and converted. I was saved through and through and through. It was 12 o'clock when I started for my home, and the storm was fearful; but the storm within me was more fearful. I went down by the church; I heard my mother singing, and I longed to be at her knee, longed to be by her side. I laid my hand on the lamp-post in that snow-storm on that December night; I heard a voice audibly saying, 'Son, give me thy heart,' and I said, 'I will when I get home, for I'll freeze here; just let me get home, then I'll give

Thee my heart; but the voice said, 'Now or never,' and I believe if I had not regarded I'd been damned to eternity. When it said 'Now or never,' the clock had struck eight of the twelve for the dying year. The voice continued 'Settle it before the year dies.' It seemed as if God put his hand on the old clock, for it seemed so long before it finished striking. I cried, 'What shall I do?' The voice said, 'Now,' and I said 'Now' and I was happy, for the deed was done. The two nows had been united. But one asks, Were you converted here? No, I was not satisfied to stop here. I heard a sermon on sanctification, and I hadn't been converted three days until I was in trouble about sanctification. I found things in my soul not Christly. In my experience it was like going against the wind, but when I got the baptism of fire I felt like one going with the wind. Before this it was *duty, duty, duty*. I never missed but one class in my life. I went from principle. There's a better way than duty. I got into a state of desperation. I must quit bothering about my commission. I had no power then. They didn't say I electrified people then. I got desperate. I read—read. That was good so far as it went, but that was not far enough, and I said, 'My God, why can't I have it—I will have it or die!' I left the academy on Saturday at noon and went to the mountain with my Bible and Hymn book. I said to my knees, 'Get ready now; ache or break. I'm going to have it. I'm going to wrestle with God.' How long did I pray? Not an hour—not ten minutes—not five—only two and a half. It went through me—fired me up, and it never left me to this day, and I shouted then and scared the birds from their places. But did I rest here? No! I read in Hebrews 'that there was something more. I wanted the blessing of full assurance of faith for work. How did I get it? I went home for a week's vacation, and while there went down to Long Plain to visit a classmate, and when I got there he informed me that he had advertised me for eight miles around; that I'd hold revival services in the church the next day. I said, 'I don't anything about revival work. What do you mean? but we'll pray about it.' We went to the church; had church at 3 p. m.; house full, and we had a good time. Services announced for evening, but before evening my friend said he wanted to pray, and I said, 'So do I; let's go to the room. No, let's go to the grove; so we went into the grove, in the snow, the 28th of December, and prayed for half an hour, and we got warm—warm without and within—and he said something that brought me to have that power of God which has not left me to this day. When he arose he said something that startled me; he said 'Harry, we are going to have a great revival to-night.' 'Why, what do you mean?' He repeated his remark, and 'it is coming to-night, and I know it,' said he. 'I've asked God, and I believe it.' We went to the church in the evening. I went to the pulpit full and joyful, for I'd just received the assurance of faith. We were going to sing that grand old hymn, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,' but as I attempted to read it I found I could not, for they began to sob, and I went to one to get him to stop, but he cried the more. I tried it again, but others cried. I tried to stop them. I said there's been no sermon, prayer or collection. I didn't ask them what they were crying about, but wanted them to cry quietly if they must cry. I tried again, but they cried, and so I gave up reading the hymn. Then I began to inquire why they were crying, and they said they wanted salvation. The pastor

was taken unawares, and like the Presbyterian minister in Indianapolis said, 'This revival is forced upon us.' It was the breaking out of a mighty revival. Forty-two found God that night, and instead of going home in one week, I've not been home since. I held on there for twenty-nine nights. I've only been home since to kiss my mother. How have I been so successful? I asked God and believed Him. God is coming to Cincinnati this Winter. O my brethren, ask God and believe. Don't you say you think there will be a revival—say you know there will. Be uncompromising in your faith. If you will know the secret of success, ask God and believe Him."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The Century Company (late Scribner's) have issued a "words only" edition of Dr. C. S. Robinson's "Spiritual Songs for the Sunday School." We expressed ourselves very favourably towards the book on its first appearance. It has grown upon us, and a longer acquaintance with it has deepened the conviction that it is one of the best, if not the very best, collection of Sunday School hymns we have ever seen. As might be expected in any book, there are some hymns we do not care for in the connection, we do not think suitable for the young, but they are few, the flaws are few, the excellencies are many, and schools looking out for a new book will do well to try this. Price \$20.00 by the hundred. Single sample copies, 15 cents.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for September contains the first of the lectures by Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, in reply to Ingersoll's lectures, "What must I do to be saved," which we noticed last week, and are glad to see reprinted. We have also, in this number of the HOMILETIC MONTHLY, a powerful discourse, by Dr. R. S. Storrs, on the "Joyfulness of a Canadian Life." Dr. Storrs is, beyond dispute, in many very important respects, the foremost pulpit orator in America. Then we have a timely discourse, by Dr. J. P. Newman, on "Religious Education, the Safeguard of the Nation." Dr. Crosby continues his able papers on "Light on Important Texts." Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students" are also continued. Every theological student in the land should read these lectures of Spurgeon. They will guard him against many a grievous error. The departments, "Preachers Exchanging Views," "Sermonic Criticism," "Around the editor's Table," etc., are instructive reading, especially to the clergy. Subscription price \$2.50 per year, 25 cents single copy. I. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York.

## THE PRESS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

When the ballot is conferred upon that half of the population of the United States to whom it is now denied, it will represent a political and moral force that will do much towards breaking up a number of political, social and moral evils that are now the bane of society. Women being subject to the laws and compelled to pay taxes, it is only just that they should be allowed a voice in making those laws, and in regulating the expenses of the government.—*Albany Evening Times*.

The numbers of those who believe that the elective franchise belongs to women, as a right, is increasing much faster than the numbers of those who are disposed to allow women to vote as a matter of courtesy—faster, indeed, than those who sincerely believe that the votes of women will work reform in our political methods. On this line the advocates of Woman Suffrage must fight if they would win. The moral features of the question, the ethics of the matter, and the sentimentality of it all, will take care of themselves. Let this country be made to see that the right to vote pertains to women, and the rest will be easy enough.



## MISSION NOTES.

(From the *Missionary Herald*.)

—The attitude of any local church towards the great religious movements of the day will be determined very largely by its minister. It has been truly said that "there is not a pastor in the land who has any real stuff in him but can make a missionary body of the church he serves."

—The favour so far shown our brethren on the way to Central Africa by the Kings of Bailunda and Bihe, as recorded among the letters, should call forth our deepest gratitude. While we would not put our trust in princes, and are prepared to hear reports of great fickleness on the part of these African rulers, we may well be encouraged by the reception they have offered the missionaries whom they recognize as not like the Portuguese padres, because, among other reasons, they "do not use or give away any *aguardente*."

—Our missionaries in Central Turkey are in peril among false brethren. The element claiming to be Protestants, yet restive under the strict though Scriptural discipline of our mission churches, would give little trouble, were it not petted and made active by the support of ecclesiastics of ritualistic tendencies from England, with their lavish promises of pecuniary aid. The wrong is a flagrant one. If their action be not of the nature of schism from which the ritual of these ecclesiastics requires them to pray the Good Lord to deliver them, then we know not what schism is.

—The perils attending the commencement of missionary operations in Africa are by no means confined to white men. The sad intelligence has been received by the American Missionary Association that Rev. K. M. Kemp, a young coloured clergy man from the South, a recent graduate of Lincoln University, who joined the Mendi Mission last April, and was stationed at Good Hope, has fallen in death. But not the less because of the perils involved in proclaiming it does Africa need the gospel, and heroic men, both white and black, will be ready, we doubt not, to face the dangers.

—On the last Prize Lists of the University of Glasgow the names which appear most frequently in the departments of mathematics, engineering, and natural philosophy are those of Japanese students. Two of these young men carried off four prizes each, and another, three. Sir William Thompson, in presenting the prizes, referred to the high merits of these three Japanese students, saying that they excelled not only in written papers but also very remarkably in *viva-voce* examinations, showing a wonderful appreciation of everything that was said, and a remarkable power of expressing their ideas clearly in English. The fact that young men from this Empire so recently opened to the world are taking the first prize in the foremost universities, is suggestive as to the quality of the Japanese mind, and the kind of work and workers needed in that land.

—The efforts of our missionaries to prevent the cruel warfare to which the natives of the Gilbert Islands are sadly prone, are incidentally mentioned in the letter from Mr. Taylor on another page. It is singular that while our brethren are so earnestly engaged in preventing these conflicts, sometimes failing, the story started nearly a year ago by some profligate traders at Tapiteuca, that the natives were instigated to fight by the missionaries, should be travelling around the world, appearing here and there in new forms. This slander will probably be made to do duty for some time to come. Having had its day here the

story reached the Fiji Islands, and within the month has come back in an Associated Press despatch made up from a Fiji newspaper, affirming that a thousand natives were killed. The pen of the writer was far more deadly than the club of the savage, slaying more than three to his one. When our missionaries are listened to by the natives of these islands these wars will cease, as in the instance Mr. Taylor mentions.

—The *Foreign Missionary* gives a good answer to the question which is sometimes raised as to how it happens that the contributions through Woman's Societies often exceed the regular annual collections in the churches. It suggests annual that many of the men who hear the appeal from the pulpit drop into the collection box the loose change at hand, and think no more of the matter. But their wives join a society and subscribe one, two, or five dollars at the outset and then, as interest increases through the monthly meetings, they add smaller sums, which in the end amount to a good deal. The children, also, in their bands, though giving little at a time, give often, and the sum of the yearly offerings of the little ones not seldom exceeds the pittance given by their fathers. We fear it is true in churches of all denominations that comparatively few of the men give more than a passing thought to the great work of missions. They are seldom or never at missionary meetings where the theme is presented. They know next to nothing of the work carried on, of its vastness or its success. And they give little, because they know little of what they are called to give for. Is not here a suggestion to pastors as to their pulpit ministrations?

—A delightful meeting was held in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, August 3, at which greetings and farewells were given to several missionaries who were about to leave for the foreign field: Rev. W. H. Gulick and wife, returning to Spain with Miss Susan F. Richards, of Auburn-dale, who joins the Spanish Mission; Rev. Robert Thomson, son of Rev. Dr. Thomson, the agent at Constantinople of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who joins the European Turkey Mission; Miss Charlotte L. Turner and Miss Lottie Manross, who go as teachers for the Kohala school at the Hawaiian Islands; Miss Susan Webb, returning to the Dakota Mission; Rev. Martin L. Stimpson and wife, and Miss M. A. Holbrook, M. D., going to north China; and Dr. and Mrs. Francis O. Nichols, designated to the West Central African Mission, at Bihe. Besides these persons who were present, special remembrance was had of Rev. W. P. Sprague and Mrs. Mary P. Ament, who are returning to North China, and Rev. and Mrs. I. J. Atwood. Messrs. Stimson and Atwood are the first of the North China Band at Oberlin, to start for their field of labour, hoping after their arrival to enter upon work in the province of Shansi, and to be followed soon by reinforcements from Oberlin, already pledged to this undertaking. In connection with prayers and songs, brief addresses were made by the departing missionaries, as well as by Rev. Mr. Tyler, of Natal, Rev. Mr. Park, of Bombay, and Hon. Chester Holcomb, the latter of whom, though not now enrolled on our list of missionaries, is yet doing efficient service to all Christian missions in China while acting as Secretary of the U. S. Legation. The pleas made by the missionaries for their several fields were very impressive, and Mr. Holcomb, saying nothing upon public affairs, made a thrilling statement as to China's need of the gospel. We wish that any persons who have imagined that these so-called Farewell Meetings are for sighs and tears could have shared in the cheer and inspiration of this service at Pilgrim Hall.

## GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—Mr. Spurgeon prefers the old New Testament to the Revision, which, he thinks, is a valuable addition to our versions, but will need further revision. In his opinion the New Testament company "are strong in Greek, but weak in English."

—It is reported that there are in Great Britain 355 Baptist preachers who were trained in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College. During the last twenty-five years, 43,336 persons were received by baptism into churches whose pastors came from this college.

—The late Wesleyan Conference gave official sanction for 320 new chapels and enlargements, at an estimated total outlay of £260,000, affording additional accommodation for 20,000 persons. But isn't the average rate of \$65 a sitting rather high for building chapels in the old country?

—A new fanatical sect has arisen near Chicago, called Overcomers. They claim to work miracles, and believe in the salvation of all, even of the devil. They are described as a "complete jumble of fanaticism, Irvingism, modern perfectionism, and deluded ignorance"—probably, mainly, the latter.

—The *Catholic Telegraph* says there are now less than 7,000,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, whereas, if she had retained all her children, she would have had from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 members. It attributes the loss to the influence of the public schools.

—Under the title of a "Quaker Conquest," Miss Frances E. Willard, in the *Boston Advertiser* of Aug. 19, describes in a graphic way, the wonderful change which has been wrought among the fierce Modocs of the lava beds by the efforts of a Quaker preacher and teacher, and particularly of the success of temperance work among them.

—The *Advance* thinks the following advice given to young missionaries by Dr. Tyler, for many years among the Zulus, would not be amiss for those trying to do good at home. Be cheerful. A long face is a breach of the peace. A habitual smile is worth a thousand dollars. The heathen are blue. They go daily with downcast eyes and sorrowful faces. They have no God but devils. Their entire life is one of fear. Their religion excites nothing so much as anxious dread. Christianity is hopeful. Let its promises gladden the heart and the face also. The Gospel you preach will thereby double its power. We think that the advice is equally good to missionaries who stay at home. More are disgusted with the gloom of some religious professors than we suppose.

—A correspondent of the *Hartford Religious Herald* from Chicago reports that open air meetings there seem to be solving, in part, at any rate, the difficult problem of reaching the masses with the gospel. Between twenty and thirty of these meetings are now held every week, and there is no reason, save lack of zeal, why five times that number should not be held. The methods are extremely simple: a few gather and sing, perhaps for fifteen minutes; then some brother, generally a minister, speaks as earnestly and pointedly as he can, fifteen or twenty minutes longer. We have been surprised at the eagerness with which the gospel message has been received. The auditors have been orderly, respectful, and as quiet as if in church; and, though it is too soon for any marked results to appear, we cannot doubt that good has already been done. The interest here in religious things is quite unusual for the season. We cannot but hope that autumn and winter will be rich with spiritual harvests.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The Court of Appeal has reduced the sentences passed on the six disturbers of Pope Pius Ninth's funeral. Signor Bacco, Quaestor of Rome, has resigned in consequence of the disturbance.

—Lieut. Condor, of the Palestine Exploration, recently stated in Edinburgh that their survey had identified 140 scriptural sites in West Palestine, so that 430 out of the 630 mentioned in the Bible were now fixed.

—A portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral is owned by descendants of French Protestant refugees who fled to England to escape persecution, and who have used the crypt for worship. The church worshipping there recently celebrated its 331st anniversary.

—It is said that H. R. H. the Princess Maude, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has shown promise of the most extraordinary vocal power. Indeed, music has become with her so great a passion that, in deference to both medical and musical advisers, it has been found necessary to lay temporary interdict upon her devotion to her favourite study.

—A rumour has run widely through Europe that the Pope was considering the question of leaving Rome. The only place suggested as the new residence for His Holiness is Malta. The reason assigned is that in Rome the Pope enjoys neither "liberty nor security." The Italians seem to be thoroughly indifferent as to whether he goes or stays. The Vatican is a subordinate element in the policy of the kingdom of Italy.

—Among the many results of the railway, the noble St. Bernard dog must go. Not necessarily will he become extinct, but as the rescuer of the foot traveller upon the St. Gothard he will be known no longer. The great Catholic charity of St. Bernard will come to an end in a few months. The railway under the Alps will draw travel away from the mountain road, and poor indeed must be the man who will undertake the weary tramp and risk the avalanche for the sake of saving a little railway. The mission of the St. Bernard monks will have been accomplished, and their record will go upon the pages of history as perhaps the most noble, beautiful, and touching in the annals of the world. Their work is done, and they will close their doors amid the grateful thanks of all civilized people.

—Under the heading "Lorne's Libations," one of our city daily contemporaries says: "Twelve hundred dollars' worth of liquor was specially imported by Lord Lorne for use on his trip to the North-West, and was passed free through the custom house here. A local dealer got a large order for an additional supply, and this, too, was taken out of bond free of duty. Owing to the enforcement of the law against liquor in the North-West, it is impossible to get anything good in that country, and so His Excellency was compelled to provide a little beforehand." There may possibly be some exaggeration in this. It is not at all likely that a parliamentary committee will be appointed to investigate this matter as in the case of Lieut.-Governor Macdonald's famous "corkscrew" expedition; so the exact truth in the premises will probably never be ascertained, but when such very large estimates as the above pass current there must surely be some foundation for them. It is much to be regretted that the Governor-General of Canada has countenanced two of the most glaring evils which disgrace our country—Sabbath desecration and the free use of intoxicating liquors; the latter charge being very much aggravated by his introduction of strong drink into a territory where it is absolutely prohibited by law.

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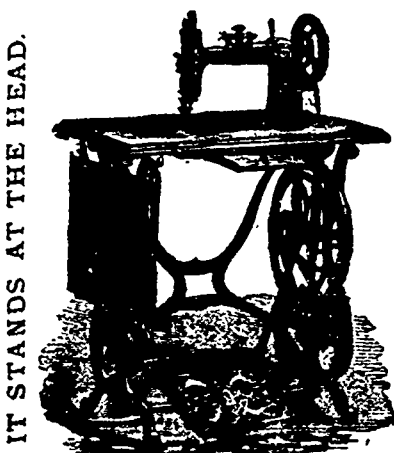
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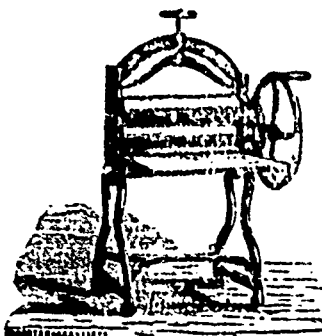
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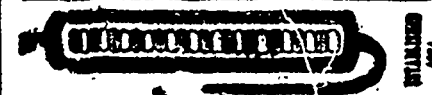
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