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"One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

THE

Canadian Independent.

MARCH, 1871.

CONTENTS:

Our Duty to the State	325
"No Harm in it"	327
Lessons of the New Hamburg Disaster	328
A Pastor's Sketches No. 4	331
Sabbath School Papers- No. 2	333
Dancing vs. Congregationalism	337
Home Department:	
POOR MARY—KIRBY'S KEY—GOD IS PRAYING, TOO	339-346
Literary Notices:	
THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD—THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER—THE MOABITE STONE—NUTS FOR BOYS TO CRACK..	346-347
British and Foreign Record:	
THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—CHURCH AND STATE—EDUCATION IN ENGLAND, &c.	347-351
Correspondence:	
PÆDO-BAPTIST IMMERSIONS—SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.....	351-352
News of the Churches:	
NOTES OF MISSIONARY TOURS—LISTOWEL—ERAMOSIA—SPESIDE DOUGLAS—REV. R. BROWN, &c.	353-362
Official:	
WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND—CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.—THE CENSUS OF 1871.	363-364
Gleanings	364

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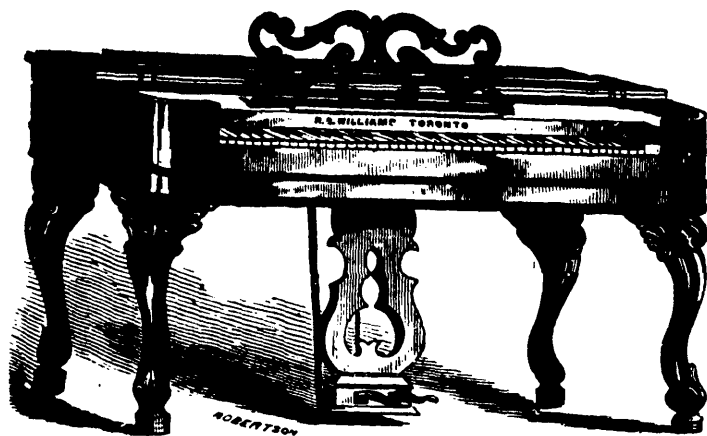
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Canadian Independent.

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1871.

No. 9.

OUR DUTY TO THE STATE.

There are two things which are usually regarded as *contraband* of the pulpit, viz., politics and money. These are subjects which, in the esteem of a great many persons, are altogether too secular and earthly to be mixed up with the lofty and spiritual themes of the sacred desk, and of the Sabbath day. Money! does not an inspired Apostle call it "filthy lucre," and what then have the "holy hands" of the ministry to do with it? The objectors have no repugnance to handling it themselves, or fear of defilement in doing so. It is for the ministry alone they fear: their ghostly character and calling would inevitably suffer from undue contact with a thing so polluting and worldly.

So of politics; is not the very word suggestive of compromise, trickery, and fraud? Does it not recall scenes of contention, rancour, and even violence, that for the credit of our country, and of humanity, we would rather bury in oblivion? What then have ministers, or editors of religious periodicals to do with politics?

And many christian men, seeming to think these results inseparable from meddling with them, have washed their hands of them entirely, and will neither be candidates for municipal or parliamentary honours, nor help to elect good men and true who will. And the effect is, in many cases, that the political interests of the country are handed over bodily to the control of men whose vanity or cupidity constitutes their only qualification for office.

We have even heard some persons plead that Christ's kingdom "is not of this world," and that therefore his followers should refrain from interference in its political affairs; in other words, that they should quietly resign it to the devil, to whom they think it, in some sense belongs!

Just the very thing he wants ! And the very thing he will have, if he can only persuade *all* christian people to think and act as he has already persuaded many to do. Some party or another must make laws for us, and manage our political and commercial interests, and if good men decline to do so, the corrupt and unprincipled will be only too glad to do it for their own selfish ends. This we believe to be the true origin of the notion that politics are too earthly and injurious to one's spiritual nature for good men and ministers to have anything to do with them.

No ! The "filthy lucre" forbidden to us is not money, but ill-gotten gain ; and the evils often complained of as inseparable from political contests, are not properly chargeable to an honest exercise of the rights of citizenship, but to the "envying and strife," by means of which wicked men seek to compass their unlawful ends. If there be temptation connected with the possession of wealth, or the exercise of the franchise, good men, and ministers, who ought to be "examples to the flock," should be the best prepared of all men to resist and overcome it. Bad men, above all others, therefore, ought upon their own showing, to shun politics and money !

We are no admirers of political preaching, as the phrase is generally understood, and especially that style of it which aims no higher than the exaltation or the overthrow of a party. Still less do we admire the coercion and violence which, in one form or another, often disgraces our election contests. "Sharpe's rifles" may have done good service as the only arguments to which Southern fire-eaters would pay any attention in Kansas, but we question much whether they were the weapons St. Paul was thinking of when he wrote the 10th chapter of his second epistle to the Corinthians ; and we have always doubted the propriety of a minister of the gospel of peace commending the use of them, as is said to have been done on one occasion in Brooklyn. But no one can doubt that the Bible contains very many valuable hints on political economy, which, if christian men would only faithfully apply them, would speedily empty some seats in parliament, and make way, as Cromwell once proposed to do, for "honest men." If it be right to pray for the blessings of good government, "that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty," it is surely our duty, in this land, where the people rule, to *vote* as well as *pray*. And if a woe is upon the land whose princes are drunken, the woe must surely be seven-fold heavier where the people "love to have it so."

This is, we are aware, a delicate subject, but it is one that requires the immediate and urgent attention of all good people. The people of Ontario are on the eve of a general election, the results of which will shape the course of its affairs for four years to come, and will influence our destiny more remotely, for generations. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that we have honourable, intelligent, and sober men returned to Parliament. "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted;" and if good men altogether hold their peace, or refuse to exert their influence to prevent such a state of things, upon them, to a large extent, must rest the responsibility for the evils that ensue. Only let christians and temperance men be true to the claims of Christ and of principle, to whatever political party they may belong, and our halls of legislation will no longer be disgraced, as they have been, by the presence of the drunken and the profane; our license laws will no more be shaped by men directly interested in the extension of the liquor traffic; and our public monies will cease to be employed by unscrupulous office-holders in purchasing a longer lease of power. No man, however able in other respects, can long retain a seat in Parliament without the support of the moral and religious portion of the community. But as long as good men allow these things to go by default, so long shall we have to deplore the evils referred to.

We write in the interest of no "party;" but if any man, in either party, thinks this cap fits him, let him put it on.

"NO HARM IN IT."

The question broached by a valued contributor, on another page, under the caption of "Dancing vs. Congregationalism," is one of grave and practical moment, deserving, as we hope it will receive, the earnest and prayerful consideration of every one who wishes to honour the Lord. We suppose he has made our own churches the *defendants*—they should rather have stood as the *plaintiffs*—in the case, not because the practice is more prevalent among them than among others, but because he is writing for Congregational readers, and because he feels that with our professed adherence to the principle of a converted membership, the scandal caused by it is all the greater on that account.

It is not our intention to write a homily on the subject, but we do wish to say a few words by way of seconding the appeal which our brother makes to the consciences of all Christian people who may read his communication. "We speak as unto wise men; judge ye what we say."

We are fully aware of the difficulties that invest the question of social amusements, but the difficulties, happily, are all of our own making.

The conscientious Christian has a very simple and easy way of solving them, if he will only use it. He has only to *let alone* whatever he considers of *doubtful propriety*, and his path will be plain, and his sky clear at once. "Whatsoever is not of faith"—*i.e.* is not done with a full conviction that it is right—"is sin."

Like the idol which Gideon threw down, and his father thought might "plead for himself," if he were a god, dancing needs to plead its own case, for we never yet heard but one professing Christian plead for it. We have met with many who have tried to excuse their practice of it by asserting, though with evident hesitancy, that "it *isn't wrong*;" but never with but one who could say confidently, "it is *right*." There is a vast difference between those two positions, however much they may look alike! The man or woman who urges the former plea, confesses to being under indictment in the court of conscience, without knowing how to meet it. "No harm in it?" Why, isn't it harm enough that "the name of the Lord continually every day is blasphemed," because of it? "No harm in it?" Neither is there in a cockatrice's egg. The harm is in what *comes out* of it! And who ever saw anything but *evil*, spiritually, come out of dancing? Besides, even were the plea a valid one, what kind of piety is that which contents itself with doing "no harm" in the world? Can it be the offspring of faith in Him, "who went about doing good?"

Not to discuss the question farther, however, we will nail up three or four *theses* for dancing professors to think pray over, and will only ask them whether, in view of these facts, and of the love of Him who gave Himself for us, they can continue the practice we have been referring to.

1. Whatever you think of dancing, the *ungodly* unanimously pronounce it a *worldly amusement*, and sneer at the *inconsistency* of Christians who engage in it.

2. No devotee of the ball-room is ever found to be fond of her Bible, or of the prayer-meeting. However accounted for, the influence of the one is uniformly antagonistic to that of the other.

3. No one ever saw a minister dance without losing respect for him as a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel. But if it be *wrong* for a minister to do so, how can it be *right* for you?

4. Many an anxious inquirer has *destroyed all religious impression*, and it is to be feared, *lost her soul*, through yielding to the temptation to dance. We need only refer to the case mentioned by John Angell James in his "Anxious Inquirer."

5. No one ever danced from a *sense of duty*; many have done so with bitter compunctions of conscience. Which then is the safe and happy path for a Christian?

LESSONS OF THE NEW HAMBURG DISASTER.

Among the many victims of the recent terrible railway disaster at New Hamburg, on the Hudson River, was an earnest Christian young man, Lucius A. Root, a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., and connected with the Presbyterian Church of which the Rev. Dr. Clarke is pastor. He had made a profession of faith in Christ at the early age (as most people

think) of twelve years, and appears to have adorned it up to the last by a consistent life, which won for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Let us hope and pray that his untimely end may be instrumental in leading many of his young friends to seek that Saviour who, we doubt not, was his trust and stay in the dying hour.

We have felt an unusual interest in the case of this young man from having long known his father, whom we have frequently met at Sabbath School Conventions, and in our own Sabbath School, as an earnest worker in that department of Christian effort. No apology will therefore be necessary for copying an extract or two from Dr. Clarke's very able and interesting discourse on his death, founded upon the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," &c. After briefly sketching his life, and the circumstances under which he had been called away, just upon the eve of marriage to an estimable young lady in New York city, Dr. Clarke says:—

"We are all hastening to our graves. Stand away, when you see human beings in motion, and ask yourself whither do they tend, and the text returns the answer. How slow does that line of solemn vehicles move up Delaware avenue! Their inmates are on their way to the grave. Look again. Those swift vehicles that dart down the avenue, as if frightened, and flying from death, that accustomed afternoon race of fierce drivers, frantic steeds, and applauding riders; that is another procession, moving in another gait to the same goal, and they who ride madly down, are alike on their way to the grave. How they shoot along the shining rails, these lengthened trains, those crowded coaches! They are journeying to their graves—those thoughtless passengers, so impatient of delay. How like spirits they dance, the gay and young, at their reading clubs, assemblies and balls! Yes, and music and step, and whirl and bound, are part of the universal march to death. These carriages that roll along our avenues, these throngs that crowd our sidewalks, these people that enter and leave our stores, these congregations that seek our sanctuaries—these children that trip to our schools—all, and all alike are speeding their journey to the one inevitable goal, and the first, middle and last step of life inquire for the unknown gate of death. On my way to the grave, may a man say as he leaves his home in the morning to visit store, or shop or office. On my way to the grave, may he repeat as he buys his ticket for boat or rail car. On my way to the grave as he takes his seat. And when he lies down in his berth, and when amid the roar of the rolling wheel he drops asleep, he may whisper to the Lord the sentence that sums up our mortal existence: This is the way to my grave. We are journeying to our sepulchres; old and young, sick and well, at home and away from home, thoughtful and thoughtless, ready and unready. And as many of us can fly the road or loiter in it, no man can ever avoid reaching the goal at the time assigned. No matter where your grave may await your coming—whether in this or another continent—you will travel towards it step by step—will continue to journey till you come to it, and when there, whether asleep or awake, expecting your exit or expecting the contrary—once on the spot where our journey terminates—death is there too to take us to the Judge. Is not all this written in that dreadful story of Monday night? Stand in the station at New York as the doomed sleeping car receives its visitors. Note the passengers as they enter. Note also that some who intended to be here are detained, they know not why. And now the time is up, the doors close, the train starts. At the first station, and the second, and the third all is safe, for they have not yet reached the inevitable place of death. But as they turn that curve, get sight of that bridge near the fated spot, there across the track stands that waiting battery of fire, and in a moment the bridge breaks, the waters open their icy gates, and the travellers

pass through and set foot on the unseen shore. That is God's providential comment on the teaching of the text. And car, and ice, and night, and flame, and all things that have voice for man assure us that we too are on our way to death, and shall have an exit at the place and time appointed of God. Reminding us of the track the text suggests that it is of equal consequence to consider :

"2. That though we are journeying to another state, we have, nevertheless, something to do before we can take comfortable leave of time.

"We find this thought in the words that bid each of us do with his might whatever his hand sees occasion to do. And is there one of us whose preparations are so complete, or his hopes so perfect, that he has nothing more to do to get ready for death? Tell me unconverted hearer; tell me Christian; tell me young man, could you lie down to your last sleep to-night, close your eyes on sublunary things content to slip away in slumber to the other state, leaving your religious work exactly as it is at this moment? Have you not something to do for souls around you, something to do for your own soul; something to say to your God; something to say to your fellow-men, for which you need time, so that an instant departure would incommode you beyond your power to imagine? Alas, here is our first and well nigh unpardonable sin. We put aside the event we deem of most importance; thrust it into forgetfulness; dismiss it to the future, and waste our time in trifles and shows and sin, and so are never quite ready for death. Imagine what would have occurred in that fated sleeping car, had word been circulated among its inmates as it left New York: this is the last division of the journey to the grave. No one of you will escape, and no one pass the predestined spot. Can we conceive the heart-searchings, the humiliations, the remorse, the entreaty, that would have tortured the hours as they rode to their doom? We have something to do, my hearers, you and I, before we can take leave of life. The text tells us so; events tell us so; our own thoughts tell us so—do they not? Nor must we omit to note another thing involved in the double lesson of to-day.

"For each of us there are two sorts of religious work—that which we can commence at this moment, and that which waits at a distance, to be done at some future time.

"There is neither opportunity to retrieve nor power to amend the mistakes of probation.

"If it were otherwise, and there were time in the eternal state for wicked and foolish souls to try again the experiment of probation, we should have less reason to think seriously of death and its consequences. But if things are so arranged in the unalterable plan of God that no neglected duty can be performed; no unrepented sin be forgiven; no tardy prayer offered; no belated resolution fulfilled; nothing that is commanded to be done on this side of death can be deferred and taken up when the grave has given us wisdom—that is to say, if we must make all the preparations for our hereafter here, or failing of it, go without them forever, what else can God, or truth, or duty, say to us than that we should do quickly and well what our hands find to do. Pondered as it deserves, this consideration would so emblazon the Christian's sublunary life that he might well be content to stay for a time this side of the grave. True, my brethren, we are denied many of the privileges and joys of the heavenly state while detained at our tasks and trials in time. But if we can act just as our spotless garments, and shine, and sing, and walk the golden streets as they do who have gone before us, we can do what they can not. For we are in Christ's seed-field, and we can strew as the right hand and the left in our own and other souls, and every waking hour till probation closes the cares for the kingdom of God. Christian work neglected in time is left undone for eternity. Christian work performed in time is to re-appear in eternity in ever expanding harvests of joy. This glorious work—though the day be inclement and the field rough, and

weakness and fatigue attend the labour—is work to be done only while death delays. Lay hand to it, child of God! says the text. Do as much of it as possible, and be in season, because when life concludes your day is over, and you can do no more forever. But if this peculiarity of the Divine plan glorifies life to the Christian, what gloom and bitterness does it infuse into the existence of the sinner! You are heaping up money, you say. Yes, and neglecting to lay up treasure in heaven. You are having a gay life, you pretend. Yes, and dancing on the edge of eternal remorse. You find much pleasure in your sins, you tell me. Yes, and for these empty enjoyments you are sacrificing the everlasting fruitions of heaven. You are looking at life on the wrong side, my impenitent hearers, are reading only its transient and unsatisfying delights, are spelling out only its vanishing and deceptive errors. Turn the shield and see what is written on the other side. Neglect of all needed preparation for the future; forfeiture of all the chances of protection; rejection of work that can be done only in time. How fortunate for you, my unconverted hearers, that your life is not yet concluded. A little time is allowed you for seasonable reflection and quick engagement in that work, which, if it be not done soon, will go undone forever. Do not mistake. Death is not detained. He will arrive in time. Do you hear the pulses of your beating heart? They are the echo of his approaching footsteps. To your work! To your work quick! or the sun will go down, the day hid, and over your loitering soul will settle the long night of an unblest death. One suggestion remains. The text is not content with bidding us do what our hands find to do. Mindful of our weakness and indecision, it adds:—

“3. Do with thy might when engaged in this task. Summon every strong person, bring into use every element of vigour, let the judgment be decided, the affections in earnest, the will set. * * * * *

“It is might that we need, might that we must have—not God’s only, though that is indispensable—but our own as well. Will you hear, careless men. Will you rouse your dull faculties, and at once to the task which must be undertaken or you perish? At once, I say. For if you defer this call, Providence will pass on, leaving you in the same negligent and perilous mood in which it found you. That broken bridge is mended again. Those agitated waters have fallen asleep as before. The parted ice is closing—the livid fire going out. All things at New Hamburgh are settling into their old state, and a few days hence silence and forgetfulness will reign where agitation and horror had sway. Shall it be so in one of our souls, my hearers? Are you ready for the return of a cheerless, unbroken ice-bound night to your awe-struck, anxious, and for the moment, sobered spirit? Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest.”

A PASTOR'S SKETCHES. No. 4.

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging;
And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

Prov. 20: 4.

My next sketch, which alas, is only one among many of a similar character, with which I have had pastoral relation, strikingly illustrates the wisdom of Solomon’s words above.

I formed acquaintance with Humphrey P——, a youth of about 17; more than twenty-five years ago, in my first field of labour. He was very convivial and gay. Soon after entering my Bible class, his mind became deeply impressed with “the truth as it is in Jesus.” He sought

personal counsel at my Inquirers' Meeting, held every Monday evening, where at that time as many as from ten to fifteen would be in attendance. Before long he apparently with lively faith embraced the Gospel message of pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus Christ, and came out with hearty good will on the Lord's side, taking part in our social prayer meetings, and after a while was admitted to church fellowship, in which he maintained, while I remained in that charge, a lively and consistent profession of Christian discipleship.

Twenty years rolled round, and very unexpectedly we were brought together again in a city, on the western prairies. On visiting a congregation, among whom I was called to the pastoral office, the first to claim personal friendship was Humphrey P——, no longer the youth, but a husband and father. On entering his cottage I was grieved to observe the usual accompaniments of intemperance, such as dilapidated furniture, scanty clothing, and general confusion and discomfort. It soon became apparent that the fault lay altogether with him. He had a good situation as journeyman tailor, and might have had abundant domestic comfort and temporal prosperity, but for his fondness for the intoxicating cup. His wife was a sensible, thrifty, godly woman, entirely devoted to him and their two daughters. Their cottage and their eligible city lot were their own, free of debt, having been acquired by that skilful house wife's earnings by a sewing machine, and savings during her husband's four years' absence from home, he having volunteered for cavalry service in the United States army, during the late war.

The discipline of the army had wrought a beneficial change in his habits and health; but when released from constraint he returned, like the sow that has been washed, to his wallowing in worse defilement than the mire. To my tearful remonstrances and entreaties, he responded most effectingly, reproaching himself as the sole cause of his own, and his family's misery, and declared that if I should come and settle there he would yet become a man once more. Poor fellow! He little knew the strength of those fetters of appetite so long indulged, by which his will was bound! We prayed together, and after solemnly signing the total abstinence pledge, he fell again on his knees, and besought strength from Heaven to keep it. He became a constant attendant on all the means of grace, and for a little while adhered to his promise, thereby imparting new joy to his poor wife and children. But after a time my fears were awakened by his absence from the prayer meeting, and then from the Sabbath Assembly, which were sadly confirmed by a visit to his abode. The neat panelled door smashed, and the broken lock too surely told the tale of violence and terror, which the *dejected wife vainly strove to suppress*. "I did it"—said the wretched man, just returning to his senses, after a raging fit of drunkenness. Weeping and wailing most piteously, he entreated me to suffer him to live under my roof, and do my wood cutting, and other chores, "for then," he said, "I could keep my pledge."

Everything that his family and I could devise was done, to help him battle against the mad propensity. Many a bleak winter night did his loving daughter Maggie encounter the darkness and the icy rain storm to be his escort from his workshop to his dwelling, in order to prevent

his ensnarement at the drinking saloons by the way. But he could not always be restrained even by such sweet spells.

At length his heart broken wife came to tell me the whole sad story of her sufferings at his hands, which till then she had concealed in great measure,—and to announce her determination, from a sense of duty to her poor girls, to leave him and take them away to Texas, accepting an asylum then offered her by a single brother, who was in comfortable circumstances. Seldom have I had so sorrowful a parting as with her and her devoted girls. She was far advanced in consumption, induced by cruel exposures and deprivations, occasioned by her husband's intemperance.

He could not long remain alone; but disposed of his house and lot, and followed her to her Southern retreat. Her brother would not suffer him to stay under his roof; but he continued in the same town, in heart fondly clinging to his family.

His wife's strength rapidly failed, and she soon sunk in death. While she lay in a dying state, he was stricken with yellow fever, and sent to his elder daughter Maggie, begging her to come and nurse him. Fondly though she loved her father, and longed to minister to his comfort, her dying mother's prior claim upon her compelled her to defer such services. While fulfilling this sad duty by her mother's death bed, her wretched father expired alone, without a friendly ear to receive his dying words of repentance, and of loving adieu to the poor wife and children he had so grievously injured.

His wife's departure took place about the same time as his own.

Such sad memories, of which any pastor of lengthened experience could supply several substantially similar sketches, should constrain to unremitting endeavours to *prevent the formation* of such appetites and habits. However strong the obligation upon us to strive to rescue confirmed inebriates from the fire they madly feed, much more is effort demanded in behalf of multitudes who have not yet staggered over the line conventionally drawn between moderate and immoderate lovers of strong drink. Blameworthy though the drunkard be, for having indulged his appetite, the guilt is not aggravated in proportion as the phrenzy finally carries him headlong down to destruction. His power of resistance at length is so impaired that in spite of himself the demon appetite casts him into the fire of hell. There was a period at which freedom of will was equal to the force of temptation; and then was the guilt of indulgence greater, though the degree of excess might have been much less. Christian brethren, let us put forth our utmost influence on moderate drinkers, and on our youth, to prevent their ensnarement by this deceptive destroyer!

EPSILON.

SABBATH SCHOOL PAPERS. No. 2.

In our first paper we attempted to lay down the principle of *Unity* in church work, as the basis of the Sabbath School Institution, and proposed to consider whether the actual condition of our schools realizes the idea of a harmonious co-operation on the part of all concerned, to forward most effectually the interests of Christ's kingdom.

On this point there is, at the present time, ample material for forming a judgment. On the one hand there is a special literature of Sunday School work, by means of which its various needs find expression. On the other hand the provincial and national gatherings of those who are themselves teachers, or who are interested in the cause, have given opportunity for the ventilation and discussion of school affairs, and of the influences which affect them. From both these sources of information, to say nothing of private observation, it is not difficult to infer that the operations of very many of our Sabbath Schools are hindered, and their beauty and attractiveness marred, by the want of that oneness of design, and that harmony of execution which we have spoken of as being essential to the production of great results.

This defect shows itself in various ways. Sometimes it appears in the form of a complaint from the school that the Pastor of the church "takes no interest in the school;" that he is seldom seen in it; and that the teachers miss that support and encouragement which his presence would afford. Such a case is not impossible, though we believe it to be a rare one. It is however, the most hopeful of any, and the easiest remedied; inasmuch as the principle of unity is violated by a single individual, who has the remedy in his own hands, and who—having a strong personal interest in the matter—would probably not be slow to apply that remedy, whenever the need for it should be pressed upon his notice.

A more frequent complaint is that the Pastor "interferes too much:" that in his zeal for the welfare of the school, in his anxiety that the teaching shall be thorough and sound, he assumes nearly the whole management of the school: monopolizing the desk, intruding in the class to explain and supplement the teacher's instruction, and thus lowering and damaging the superintendent and the teachers in the eyes of the children. Such a zeal is surely "not according to knowledge;" a moment's thought should suggest to a Pastor that his object would be best attained by indirect means; by a due forecasting attention to the mental and moral needs of his school staff, and by a quiet unobtrusive support of them in the discharge of their duties, rather than by an attempt to discharge any part of those duties for them. If he keep not his place, the unity of the church work is violated, so far as he is concerned.

Occasionally we hear a superintendent complain that *the church* takes no interest in the school: that he lacks competent teachers, and cannot induce members of the church to step forward to the work. Assuredly such a charge is a grave one, and, if true, argues a strange neglect of duty and privilege on the part of professing christians. Let such consider that the Sabbath school is also a part of the body of Christ: that they are keeping the green pastures from the lambs of the flock, and that, moreover, they are starving and damaging their own souls. Few principles are better established both by the teaching of God's word, and by the results of experience, than that of "gain by giving." It is truly said that we *know* nothing till we have taught it; and with this agrees the scripture testimony that "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Here, if nowhere else, withholding tends to poverty. And

what unity can there be, if while the work is waiting the workman stands apart and idle ?

A graver difficulty is the fact—too painfully apparent—that the prominence and importance given to the Sabbath School of late years, has fostered in those associated with it a spirit of independence and importance which too often develops into opposition and insubordination to both pastoral and ecclesiastical rule. Far be it from us to make this a sweeping general charge ; we say only, that of all the modes in which the harmony and unity of church work is destroyed, we know of none so extensively prevalent. We have heard teachers seriously assert that “the church had nothing to do with the school ;” no power to interfere, no right to maintain, no interest in its working and prosperity.

We have known a superintendent unduly magnify his office, and boastfully ask “where would the church be without the school ?” Pastors have complained that superintendents slighted them and belittled their work in the teacher’s view, while inordinately exalting the work of the School. The following extract from the American “Presbyterian,” would seem to show that this is no fancy sketch, but a painful experience.

“Ministers and pastors have too much reason to complain of ‘Sunday-school men’ who assume the office of censor and counsellor, and say very unseemly things. Here is a man, with some natural gifts and no inconsiderable boldness of speech, who rises from teacher to become superintendent. Gradually he is introduced to neighbouring schools to address them, and finally turns up in Conventions as an experienced and leading champion of this institution. He rebukes ministers for their want of interest in the work, pronounces the “foolishness of preaching” as nothing to be compared with the Sunday School, in fact, makes himself of more importance than all besides. Such a case is no fiction. He appears frequently upon the platform. Instead of making the school *an* agency, he makes it *the* agency. He knows but one duty.

“Sitting in a Sabbath School Convention three or four years ago, at the side of a Pastor of a large church—while one of this class was “talking,” as usual, of the want of pastoral co-operation, and rebuking Pastors for underrating the Sabbath School—the minister turned and whispered, “That’s our superintendent at——. He knows more than I do, and rides rough-shod over all my suggestions and plans. Hearing him talk, you would suppose him the best member of my church. He is rarely in the prayer-meeting, and when he does come, it is all ‘Sunday School.’ Just at this point the superintendent broke out in substance in these words : “I am almost discouraged. The importance of the Sabbath School is so great, and as I bear the responsibility of it almost alone, I feel at times crushed ; yes, brethren, I feel at times that I carry Sabbath school, church and all ; but the Lord is my strength.” We turned to his Pastor to see the effect. He was not annihilated, but able to say, “It never has seemed much of a cross to him !” It may be said that this is an extreme case ; and so it is. But it is not a rare case.”—No it is *not* a rare case : under such influences churches at this moment are dying ; churches at this moment are dead. Such a transposition of living parts as is here indicated, is inconsistent with healthy and continued vitality. Dwarfed, stunted and deformed, void

of beauty and usefulness because void of unity, paralysis and decay are inevitable. Under the inspiration of such a leader, the school—instead of being subordinate and subsidiary to the church—becomes its rival and antagonist; that curse of a church—a school party—is formed; an *imperium in seipso* is set up in *imperio*; and, by division, the way is paved for disaster and ruin to the school and to the church.

We would not have dwelt upon this evil did not we believe it to be a growing one. The inordinate estimate of school work to which we have alluded, is unfortunately fostered by the magnitude of modern organizations in connection with it. We say this in sorrow, because we believe it to be the *one* evil in connection with Sabbath School Associations and Conventions. Their benefits are many and great, and we cannot be too thankful for the light they are throwing on the subject, and the aid they are giving to earnest workers for Christ. But there is the more need that those who have the direction of these influential gatherings, should have their attention directed to their possible evils.

Now we believe that there can be no dispute as to the cause of the evils we have referred to, in the working of our Sunday School system. They are clearly traceable to the separate and irresponsible organization of the school, as distinct from the church. We have tried to show that the church and the school are one in aim and interest. If this be true, there can be no question that of the two institutions the church is the head and chief. It is the one earthly source of power in our ecclesiastical system. Therefore it should hold and exercise control over the school. Unity should characterise all its operations. As it calls and appoints the Pastor, it should call and appoint the superintendent of the school. Having done this, it should support him in all that is needful in the due discharge of his office. When he needs teachers, volunteers should start up ready to his hand. The church, by its Pastor, should see to it that these volunteers are properly drilled and instructed for their work; and also that they are properly furnished and equipped. It is the church's duty to provide funds for this purpose, as for the other parts of its work. And the church should kindly and wisely oversee the work. Teachers' *business* meetings are an excrescence. The business of the school is the business of the church; and the proper business of the teachers' meeting is to make mental and spiritual preparation for their work. Large discretion should be given to the superintendent: all matters of detail should be committed to him, and he should be responsible to the church *only*, in the fulfilment of his trust. Frequent reports of the state of the school should be made to the church, that a warm and kindly interest may be maintained, and that a true and lovely unity and harmony may prevail; to the welfare of both church and school, and to their Living Head.

W. WILLIAMS.

Toronto, February 9th, 1871.

PROOF OF A GOOD SERMON.—Louis Fourteenth: "When I go away after hearing some of the court preachers, I say, 'What a wonderful preacher he is! What splendid powers of eloquence he has! What a great man he is!' But when I go away from hearing Father Massillon, I leave saying, 'What a poor wretched sinner I am! How wicked I am!'"

DANCING vs. CONGREGATIONALISM.

Among many other amusements, and worldly practices pleaded for in behalf of the young, let us say a few words on dancing.

On the out set let us say we are not now going to speak of it as an evil *per se*, although we think its being associated with heated rooms, intense excitement, unseasonable clothing, and late hours, lays it open to attack, as an amusement dangerous to the health of those young ladies whose constitutions and temperaments lead them to love and be carried away with it.

No doubt many a consumption has had its foundation laid in the ball room or coming from it. It is however not that aspect of the dance we are now going to discuss, nor some others quite as objectionable, but the moral tendency of encouraging the practice in the families of our people. We think it will be easily seen that the practice of dancing as far as the church is concerned, is pleaded for, and encouraged chiefly by those who have been prosperous in the world. The poorer members of our churches and those who are struggling to maintain a respectable standing in society seldom find it to be a necessity for their children; the young people in such households commonly are happy and useful without dancing. Books, music and recreations of a less doubtful character afford them all the amusement they need; but those who are in circumstances to make amusement almost an every-day affair, find the dance a necessity for the young folk who would pine away without something of the sort. It is argued further: All fashionable people dance, and for our children to be prohibited, it would shut them out of good (!) society. Besides, dancing masters over, that little misses who have never learned to dance do not know how to walk. Now would it not be awful to have a daughter grown up, that did not know how to walk? It is chiefly the prosperous and wealthy in churches who plead for the dance. Their leaning to the world suggests the words of our Lord; "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of Heaven." Job likewise speaking of the wicked, says "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance, they take the timbrel and the harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ, they spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." We doubt not that the influence of the more prosperous portions of the community induces many to imitate their example, that are not in their circumstances. It must not be overlooked that dancing is practiced by the lowest and most debased, among the wicked; the city dance house illustrates this. But among professors in our churches, its patrons and advocates are those who regard themselves as considerably above the lower strata of society; our poorer humbler Christians for the most part find joy enough in Christ.

Now, let our older brethren who have lived long enough to look back on the past generation, consider, and tell us, if it is not a fact, that many of the dear children of our good Congregationalists, who could not be denied the dance, have grown up and forsaken the religion of their fathers, and found their homes in less spiritual churches. How few of these dancing young ones become really pious! Many of them find the Church of England more suited to their taste, and the society there more congenial to their worldly habits of life.

Dancing somehow does not agree with Congregationalism. Our ministers may wink at it, for the sake of retaining the votaries of the dance, but the next generation will be pretty sure to leave us. We gain nothing in the long run by yielding to the world.

The worldly children and grand children of our liberal Congregational Ministers are to be found to-day attending the Church of England. Compromises with Popery do not secure to Protestants, those who are tending towards Rome, but rather forward them on their journey. So neither do compromises with the worldly keep them in our churches; but they help parties out of them to churches less spiritual in their construction.

Domestic dancing is often pleaded for as harmless in private parties, keeping the children from going to more public gatherings. The truth is it just feeds a taste for public balls; opens the doors to the worldly, and insures for the children a companionship unfavourable to real religion. There is scarcely a more certain step to hinder the conversion of children than letting them get a taste for dancing. A single evening's dance has been known to dissipate all religious impressions. You cannot keep children from drinking, or dancing away from home by letting them acquire a taste for it in your own house. A man once brought home a young lion with the intention of keeping it a harmless cub, and making it a domestic animal, but it grew up and refused to stay at home, and when it was there, it was dangerous to the inmates. You cannot harness in, and control practices which the most pious portions of the church have agreed to condemn. Gail Hamilton, and all her followers, will never by her most specious arguments make any person, living near to Christ, feel comfortable in the dance, or prove that it has been a help to piety, while it has thousands of times, worn off religious impressions, and damaged the cause of God. John Angel James, speaks of balls and parties and public concerts as opposed to the spirit of religion and for the same reason, large mixed parties where religious exercises are excluded to make way for dancing, music and singing, should be avoided by Christians. Says the late Albert Barnes: "Since the beginning of the world it is to be presumed that no professing Christian ever dreamed that he was imitating the example of Jesus Christ, or promoting his own salvation, or the salvation of others, or honouring the Christian religion, in a theatre or ball room or splendid party of pleasure." Our profession must be the test of what is right or wrong for us. "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God." Christian brethren, we are crucified to the world? Some will say, yes; but it is the young folks. They are not professors. Are then these worldly children to make rules for the church, or the church to govern them? If they are not professors of Christ, were they not baptized?

Why are they not professors of religion? Have the claims of Christ on the baptized children of the church, been pressed on their consciences? Is it reasonable, that any unconverted person should make merry, with the sword of divine vengeance "sharpened and furbished" hanging over them. Christian, your unconverted children are under condemnation, and you plead that as an excuse for their dancing. O dreadful! They had better weep and pray than dance.

It is said some Christians, and even Ministers defend the dance. *Is it so? Watch them.* If they have not backslidden in outward life, they are backsliders in heart. I have known many men grieve over the worldly because they could not arrest them, but never knew any who were not graceless or backslidden, to become advocates or apologists for the dance.

Such ministers may please the hearts of the unconverted, but they offend the consciences of all who are living near to God, and are answerable to God for 'eaching at variance with the apostolic injunctions, "Be not conformed to this world;" and, "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

W. H. A.

Paris, February 10th, 1871.

The Home Department.

POOR MARY.

(For the *Canadian Independent*.)

Nearly three years since, while making a call on a friend, we accidentally heard of a poor, sick girl, living not far distant. Hastily ending our visit, the house of the sufferer was eagerly sought and quickly found.

The house contained two rooms, bearing very evident traces of poverty. The furniture of the larger and better room consisted of an old stove, a rickety pine table, one or two broken chairs, and in one corner stood a bed.

On this bed lay a pale, emaciated girl, whose every feature wore an expression of pain. She turned her languid eyes upon the stranger, as if indulging the faint hope, that a certain cure for her disease had found its way to her cheerless home.

Gladly would we have laid hands upon her and caused her to "arise and walk;" but this power was not ours.

After a few enquiries regarding her illness, we proposed reading a chapter from the Bible; to this she readily consented, and the portion selected told of God's great love, and of our blessed Saviour's sufferings. Once the reader was interrupted by the question, "did this Jesus die for me?" She was assured that He did; out as there seemed to be no disposition to converse, after a short prayer we left, thankful for another opportunity of speaking of Jesus.

A few days passed before we again stood by poor Mary's bedside. We hoped to have found her thoughts turned towards the Saviour; but after somewhat relieving her bodily necessities, we returned to our home, to pray that God would send His Holy Spirit into her heart, to show her the sinfulness of that heart, and her need of an Almighty Saviour.

Our calls were frequent, and one afternoon, having assumed the care of the invalid for a short time, we began to talk of Sabbath Schools, and learned that Mary had been an attendant long enough to learn to love

some of our sweet songs, and she asked us to sing with her some of her favourites.

In this way conversation upon Divine things commenced: there was no effort needed to make her feel her sinfulness, for she said, "I have been so wicked that I am afraid to think of Christ." Poor-girl, just such sinners did Jesus come to save!

Passages from our dear Saviour's teachings, and gracious promises to all who will seek Him, were read, and earnest prayer offered that she might find Jesus. However, it was not until after many days that our prayers were answered.

One afternoon, some weeks after, when the spring sun shone brightly, a gentle rap at the door of this desolate looking room, brought the faint response, "come in." The invitation was more than gladly accepted, and our first glance towards the sufferer was enough to assure us that a great change had taken place. Scarcely had we exchanged greetings, when she said, "Oh, I love Jesus now." This assurance gave so much joy, that a silent prayer of thanksgiving was offered before any reply was made. In answer to the question, "How long since you began to love Him?" she said, "Only a little while ago."

Dear reader, that visit will never be forgotten. How long we talked together of our precious Jesus, then sang, read, and prayed, we cannot say; but, that poor room was left with a thankful heart, and a spirit cheered by this new token of God's mercy.

Poor Mary was very ignorant, knowing hardly anything of the Bible; but she evinced a great desire to learn about God, and to understand the way of life more perfectly. As her strength failed, her sight grew weak, and she was unable to read much in her small Bible, and the writer can well remember her delight when a large print Testament was sent her by a friend. So anxious was this poor girl to read, what she needed most, that she asked us to mark the "best chapters."

Speedily her disease, consumption, was doing its fatal work, and day after day, the hectic flush on her pale cheek gave sure evidence that her end was near. For some time the subject of death was avoided in our conversation; but, at length we knew that it must soon be a reality with our young friend, and we gently tried to tell her that in all probability her days on earth would be few. Her desire to recover was very strong, yet she expressed a willingness to go when God should call; still it was easy to see that she had a natural fear of entering the dark valley. In our Scripture readings we selected many passages, which promised God's supporting hand, even in the last hours of life; and as the hour of death approached, grace was given equal to her need.

She loved to talk of "going home," and one of her favourite verses, which we often sang to her, was—

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are, &c.

About two days before her death, while the writer knelt by the bedside of the sufferer, and earnestly prayed that she might have strong faith in God, and that all fear of death might be removed, Mary said in such a loud clear voice, that startled all in the room, "I'm not afraid, I have no fear now."

Very shortly after the summons came, and we think we have reason to believe, that very gladly Mary obeyed it, and that now her spirit is among the blest, praising the Saviour, whom she loved and trusted, but of whom she knew so little.

We have given this sketch, not because there is anything very strange connected with it ; but we cherish many sweet memories of visits made in that sick chamber, where we often sang together some of our sweetest hymns, such as—

“ Jesus lover of my soul,”
“ How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,” &c.

Dear reader, although we trust, that the subject of this sketch found the Saviour on her death bed ; yet, we would most affectionately warn you against leaving the eternal salvation of your soul to be sought on a bed of sickness and pain. How many have made this fatal mistake, and have died without any hope in Jesus, whose last words have been, “ It is too late, too late.”

S. E. J.

KIRBY'S KEY.

For the Canadian Independent.

It was a stormy night in December, 1864. The wind blew cold and gustily, and the pavement flags were gleaming with a watery glare under the light of brilliantly illuminated shop windows and innumerable street lamps. A thin drizzling rain had fallen for some hours steadily, and without intermission. The city traffic however, did not seem to suffer. Oxford street, Regent street, and the Strand, the daily promenade of beauty and fashion, and the nightly resort of gaiety and vice, were odorously with the fragrance of numberless cigars, and the perfume of the choicest distillations. Holborn ever echoing with the fall of human feet, and the rumble of never silent wheels, was thronged with masses representing all grades in society.

Away eastward from this where the facts we now record transpired, ruffianism lurked under the shadow of the Mint, and plotted new machinations in the innumerable courts and alleys of Whitechapel. It was to us anything but an agreeable evening. The streets were slushy, and the wind cold, cutting round one corner to meet you at another in the teeth. There was no star to be seen in the sky, and here and there the street lamps were blown out. Turning from the great thoroughfares of Whitechapel and Commercial road, and the indiscriminate mass of human souls that thronged them, into one of the innumerable streets close at hand, our business now is with two persons who had reached the respective ages of thirty-five and forty, and three young children to whom the elder persons sustained the relationship of father and mother. Standing for a moment under the shadow of a dismal looking old building, we see the man and woman making for the spirit vault at the corner of the street, and the three young children huddling together on a damp step beyond the street lamp's reflection. A policeman walking quietly along his beat, stopped before the recumbent figures, and turned his bull's eye on them. “ Hallo, young uns, why don't you go home !” The youngest child lifted his blue face and gave a wistful look out-

wards. "It's pay night, I reckon," muttered the policeman, as he resumed his tramp.

The poor little children crept closer together, and lay in a silent embrace, until the man and woman came out of the spirit vault and walked down the street. The night was dark, and the man was groggy, and therefore he stumbled over the children who had crept down on the flags. "Bless us why what is here?" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes. "It's me father," answered one of the children. "Why are they out at this time of the night?" asked the man, turning sharply on the woman. "I locked them out for fear of fire," answered the woman. "Well, get up now youngsters," said the father, "and look alive." The poor little creatures were benumbed with cold, and the youngest began to cry bitterly. "Don't Harry, dear mother will make a nice fire," whispered the woman, as she searched her pocket for the key of the door. "When are we to get in, Polly?" asked the man. "Did I not give you the latch, William?" asked the woman, at the same time groping for it at her feet. "I thought I gave it to you when we went into Marshall's?" "You di'nt," was the answer. The key was lost, that was certain, whoever was to blame, and there was no help for it but to borrow a neighbour's key. "The Kirby's key fits on the door," said James, the eldest boy. "They never trouble us," said the mother. "Try Jones's," said the father! "Nelly passed me without speaking, the other day," was the reply. ("The Smiths did not live in odour of sanctity" with their neighbours, on account of their intemperate habits.)

There were special reasons for not troubling the Kirbys, but little Harry who was half dead with cold, lifted his foot in desperation, and ended further discussion by kicking at Kirby's door with all his might. It opened before his parents had time to beat a retreat, and a comely smart little woman with a fat baby in her arms, looked out with a beaming smile. "Why it's Mrs. Smith," she exclaimed. "Surely you hav'nt been out in such a night." "Indeed we have," answered Mrs. Smith, colouring, backing out of a warm glow that came from a cheering parlour fire. "Indeed we have, and lost our latch key." "But come in," said Mrs. Kirby, "and, dear, is that you Mr. Smith, don't stand there in the cold." "Thank you, but the children are here too," said Mrs. Smith. "You're all shut out then," laughed Mrs. Kirby. "But we have room enough for you all." "Let's go in, mother, I'm so cold," pleaded Harry. "Come along," cried a loud hearty voice, and with its last ring Mr. Kirby came forward.

Smith and his wife hung back, as if they were ashamed, but the children thought it was like going into paradise. They seemed to walk with new life, and could have danced and laughed in the cheerful light of the ruddy blazing fire. There was brightness on the snow-white hearthstone; brightness on the polished walls; brightness and joy and beauty seemed to dance everywhere. Around a well spread table happy children sat at their evening meal. The wild winds might blow, and the rude storms rage, *they* were safely housed, and guarded from all that could annoy. "Don't let us disturb you," said Mrs. Smith, observing the family were at supper. Smith pulled his hat down over his brows, and slunk behind his wife. "Come, have a cup of coffee," said Mrs. Kirby, "it is quite hot yet." "O mother, let me have some coffee, I

am so cold," cried Harry. "We are going home directly," said his mother, turning crimson. "I don't want to go home; I like to be here," sobbed the poor little fellow. "Your parlour smokes, I think Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Kirby. "It's not as comfortable as yours, ma'am," responded Mrs. Smith. "But it takes two, don't it Lizzie, to keep the polish bright," laughed Mr. Kirby. "To be sure, that is as it should be," returned Lizzie, as she buttered a slice of warm toast for Harry.

Smith expected if Kirby did open, it would be a teetotal lecture, but the subject was never once broached, although Lizzie kept them waiting on the key until the children had each a cup of warm coffee, and with a delicacy, which Smith fully appreciated, the Kirbys made no *display* of their principles.

The borrowed key fitted the lock, but, alas it had no magic to transform the home it opened up. Its black desolation looked a hundred times darker by the contrast of brightness. The fire had burned to white ashes, and the hearth was cold; there was no comfortable corner to sit down in, and to add to it cheerlessness, several panes were broken in the window. Smith and his wife looked at each other, but neither spoke. The fire would not kindle with damp sticks, and Harry began to cry. "Are you cold yet, Harry?" asked Joe. "I want to go back to Kirbys," sobbed Harry. "You don't like us, it seems Harry," said his mother. "It's so dark here." "That's what Tom said," laughed James. "Tom wouldn't have run away from Kirby's house," said Billy. "I guess Harry will want to run away too when he is bigger," said Joe. His mother gave a shriek as if she had burnt her fingers with a smouldering stick. "Get off to bed children," cried Smith, and if I hear any more of that talk, I will thrash you within an inch of your lives! The children skulked away silently. "That's what example does," said Smith, thrusting another piece of green wood into the fire. Tom has put the sea into all their heads! Two large tears dropped from the mother's eyes on the hearth stone.

There was a long silence. "It's queer our fire won't burn," said Smith, after some time. "Everything seems to go against us, Polly." "The Kirby's seem to have got a rise," replied Polly, "and I always understood Kirby couldn't touch you at workmanship." "Any way, he has a comfortable fireside to draw *him* home," said her husband. An angry retort rose to the wife's lips, but she seemed too dispirited to utter it. Sighing, she took up a pair of bellows, and tried the fire again. Smith sat looking on gloomily. The *bottle* was empty and his *money* was gone, he was cold and comfortless, and Kirby's pleasant home filled him with bitterness. He went to bed out of temper, and dreamed he was Kirby, and the dazzling brightness of his home awoke him. It was the morning sunshine streaming in through the uncurtained windows.

It was again pay day, and Smith went to his work; but he couldn't get that *home* picture out of his head. And as he chiselled and carved, like a master in his art as he was, he began to think it was a shame to see Kirby so much better off than he was, and the reason of all his misery and wretchedness came and stood up before him an accusing spirit. But for *strong drink*, it said, that heaven of comfort and blessedness might be yours. You have hands and brains, and if you kept your

head clear *you* would be the foremost man where you stand. *You* have been a fool, and something worse.

All day Smith thought and almost resolved ; but if he had money in his pocket he felt pretty certain it would be more than he could do to pass Marshall's spirit store without going in ; the rest of the fellows would be having a glass on pay day, and he would be laughed at if he refused to join. He was standing at the door waiting for two of his fellow-workmen, when Kirby came up, instead of nodding and passing on as usual, he stopped and asked Smith if he were going home, and walked with him to his own house. Marshall, the spirit merchant, was at his door, but Kirby was discussing an interesting subject, and Smith was beyond the vault ere he was aware. "Aha" said Marshall, "but Smith will turn back ; this is pay night." But Smith didn't so much as look over his shoulder, he shook hands with Kirby, and turned in at his house.

Polly was at home, and conscience had been busy with her all day too. Kirby's comfortable home haunted her. No doubt Mrs. Kirby had advantages she didn't possess. A sober husband and plenty of means and kind friends and good tempered children. But Polly Smith seemed to forget that a large amount of Mrs. Kirby's comfort was due to her own good management. Polly Smith could not say the same. When her husband became fond of concert rooms and singing saloons, and then a hard drinker, she lost heart and *let* things take their swing without a single effort to stave off the ruin. And worse than all, she too flew to the bottle, and learned to like it as much as her husband.

She had been greatly at fault. For her children's sake she should have struggled. As she looked around she asked, "is it too late now." She feared it was. In her grief and misery she wished she had a drop to comfort her. And as she remembered that it was pay day, she thought with some degree of sorrow how her husband was almost certain to come home drunk ; but for once at least she was disappointed. He did come home, but not drunk. He too was somewhat surprised at seeing the fire burning briskly, and the hearth neat and clean. Only the children looked pinched and hungry, as they shivered in their old worn garments. It was somewhat strange that the same thoughts had been passing through the minds of husband and wife, and yet they could not speak of it to each other.

Smith stood irresolute a moment looking at all within the room, and then put on his hat again. "I wish you would leave some money, William, the children are hungry," said his wife. "They look like it," said he. "Keep up the fire." He then rushed down the stairs as if the house was in flames. "I fear," said Mrs. Kirby, Smith has gone off to Marshall's, as she saw him flying up the street. "I am truly sorry said her husband." Not much hope of him going beyond Marshall's.

John Kirby was right. Smith did not go beyond Marshall's, he went into several shops before he got so far as the spirit vault, and ventured home loaded with good things, and a splendid supper they all had. Where is the bottle wondered Polly ; but no bottle made its appearance. "Had you a glass at Marshall's, William ?" she asked. "If I had turned in there I wouldn't have been home in time for supper!" said he

with a smile. "And if we can make a bargain between us to pass on the other side, I don't see why we should not be as well off as other people."

As Smith spoke, he counted down his wages. "There's a good many broken days here," he continued; "but with God's help we will make up the loss yet." "O, William I have been thinking of the Kirbys all day," said his wife, "and if you will join the Temperance Society, connected with the Rev. Mr. Ross' church, I will." "Done," cried her husband, seizing her hand, "and if it is not too late to mend, we may catch a ray of our neighbour's lightness."

Both were quite in earnest, and next morning they went to the clergyman's house, had an interview with him, and signed the pledge. The poor children were almost afraid to believe in the blessed change, plenty to eat, a happy home, and on Sunday morning nice clothes, and accompanied by father and mother, all went to church. Thus matters went on, Smith more and more attentive to his home and family, and also attentive to the Lord's house on the Lord's Day, till at length he became the superintendent of the Sabbath School, and a useful member of the church of Christ. "Oh, if Tom only knew, wouldn't he come back again from sea," cried Harry. "But wasn't it Kirby's Key, and good coffee and comfortable room that opened the door of a new home to us," said James, who was rather a deep thinker. The mother could not answer her happy boys; but when Harry was saying his prayers she whispered—"Thank God for Kirby's Key."

W. S. RAE.

Danville, Quebec.

GOD IS PRAYING, TOO.

BY G. C. NEEDHAM.

A few years ago, two young men were travelling from place to place in the north of Ireland. Their mission was that of preaching the gospel wherever favorable opportunities presented themselves, both in the streets, fields, churches, school-houses, private houses, any-where and everywhere, as congregations could be conveniently gathered.

This was delightful work, and often their hearts were encouraged in the achievements of the gospel, for truly the Lord wrought with them. The sphere of their labor was by no means lacking interest, having been on the ground where the great revival of 59-61 swept by with such extraordinary demonstrations and glorious results. Many of the incidents met with on their tour were full of interest, and amongst them the following:

A stranger was observed approaching on the public road with a very sober countenance, betokening sadness and sorrow. Desiring to ascertain the cause of his grief, and help him to obtain the joy the gospel affords, one of the evangelists approached him, and after the customary salutations, the following conversation took place:

Evangelist. "Has any good resulted from the revival which took place here seven years ago?"

Stranger. "Yes, sir; it made many people think, and pray, too."

E. "May I ask what effect it had on you?"

S. "It made me pray, sir."

E. "You will pardon me if I ask what you have been praying for?"

S. "I am praying for salvation."

E. "As you have been praying for seven years for salvation, it is to be hoped you are *now* in possession of it."

S. "Ah! no, sir that is why I feel so bad. I am afraid after all, I will come short."

E. "Then something must be wrong, for salvation has been provided for such as you, and God has said, 'Before you call I will answer, and while you are yet praying I will hear.' Now you say you are praying, asking, beseeching, pleading for the gift of salvation for seven years, and God has been withholding it from you, although he has again and again assured you of his willingness and readiness to receive all who come to him by Christ. Now, my friend, do you know that God has also been praying for seven years?"

S. "Surely not, sir; God never prays. To whom would he pray?"

E. "Yes; God prays, too. He prays to *you*."

S. "To me, sir; ah, no! what would he pray to me for?"

E. "That you might take his salvation. Yes, my friend, God is praying to you every day, saying, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come buy and eat, yea come buy wine and milk without money and without price.' God beseeches you to take this gift, and we, being ambassadors for Christ, God doth beseech you by us, and we pray you in Christ's stead be reconciled to God. Oh! my friend, God prays you through his servants to drop your *unbelief*, which has been keeping you *asking* all these years, *believe now* in God's love gift, and your prayers will be turned into praises."

At the close of this conversation the sadness began to disappear from his countenance, and a quiet smile rested thereon instead, as he said, "Oh, sir, you have given me more now than if you gave me half Ireland; I see it all so clear; God is praying me to have it, not to ask in unbelief, and wait, but to believe and have."

Reader, have you been like this poor sinner asking in unbelief, instead of rejoicing in faith! If so, hear the prayer of Christ to you: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come to him *now*.—*Christian at work*.

Literary Notices.

Dr. George Macdonald, the fascinating story-writer, editor of *Good Words for the Young*, &c., &c., &c., has written a book on *The Miracles of our Lord* (London: A. Strahan), which is sure to be widely read. Boldly as he has canvassed many received tenets of orthodoxy, he does not deny the supernatural, but aims to develop the moral purpose in every miracle, as well as its value as a display of divine power. This author requires to be read with discrimination, and all the more that he is such a finished artist in composition, and writes in a reverent and loving spirit.

A new book, on the Sabbath, is opportune, in the presence of so many recent denials of its ancient authority. Dr. W. H. Rule has, therefore,

done a good service in producing "The Holy Sabbath, Instituted in Paradise, and Perfected through Christ. A Historical Demonstration." (London: Partridge.) Dr. Rule is an eminent Wesleyan minister, and a man of considerable learning, especially in Rabbinical literature, of which he has made large use in the present volume.

The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller, by Peter Bayne (London: Strahan. 2 vols.), is very late in making its appearance, but doubtless so accomplished a writer as Mr. Bayne, on such a theme, will command a large circle of readers. Hugh Miller was a very remarkable man; originally a stone-mason at Cromarty, he ended his career as one of the best masters of English writing, the foremost geologists, and the chief ecclesiastical leaders, of his time. A strong, whole-souled, rugged, yet really cultured man. The tragic close of his life gives an awful interest to the story—dying by his own hand, his brain being overwrought. The Free Church of Scotland had in him its chief literary champion and expounder.

The Moabite Stone: A fac-simile of the original inscription, with an English translation, and an historical and critical commentary, by Dr. C. D. Ginsburg (London: Longmans), is one of those monographs which are accepted by scholars as *the* books on their subjects. In the Moabite Stone we have one of the many monumental testimonies to the truth of Scripture which the research of modern days has brought to light, and which will no doubt be multiplied much further as the lands of the Bible are more thoroughly explored.

A new book, by Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., will always be welcome to old, as well as young, readers. This is entitled *Nuts for Boys to Crack* (London: Benrose). The venerable author has just resigned his pastorate, after twenty-five years service at Pittsfield, he being seventy years old, but with probably many more years of life in him.

British and Foreign.

As we write, the prospects of a peace between France and Germany are steadily brightening, and ere these pages are published, we trust that all the world will know the terms on which the war is ended. Surely the victors must be almost as thankful as the vanquished for the termination of the bloody strife. They must be sated with glory, and sick of wholesale carnage. Germany is now the leading power in Continental Europe. Centrally situated, homogeneous in population, "the school-master abroad" throughout her borders, commercially prosperous, possessing an unrivalled military organization, taking rank, also, as a naval power, her people animated by an intensely national spirit, and fused together by the war, she has leaped into the foremost place among the nations. Yet has it not a free constitution, for the Parliament has

no power over the military supplies, and the central authority dominates over the whole life of the people. In this may have been much of her strength. It must be allowed that, for war purposes, every form of government becomes practically a despotism. Abraham Lincoln was the Dictator of the Northern States from the firing on Fort Sumter to the surrender of General Lee. But a state of war is, or ought to be, an abnormal state; and when the pressure of that exigency is removed, larger liberties should be enjoyed by the people. It is well known, however, that Bismarck flouts at the idea of popular rights. He thinks that the people were made to be governed, to pay taxes, and to fight when called upon; and that the right of kings and nobles is to reign. His Imperial master perfectly agrees with him. When he was crowned, he put the crown upon his own head, holding that he received it direct from God, not from the nation or the church. During the reign of these two worthies, there will be nothing but "personal government." But our Princess Royal's husband, "Fritz," "the Red Prince," has taken very strong ground in favour of constitutional government, and his turn, should his life be spared, will come ere long. By that time, the strong will of Bismarck may have consolidated the new empire, and it may be better prepared for the exercise of liberty. It will be impossible for any power long to resist the overwhelming tide of public opinion in favour of "government from the people, by the people, and for the people."

France is winning sympathy and honour, by her demeanour in affliction, such as no dangerous conquests could have given her. The war has rid her of the deadly incubus of Napoleonism, and she has had the wisdom to turn away from the greater peril of a Red Republic. Whether the government in future be democratic or monarchical in form, matters comparatively little; it must be constitutional. Amongst a people so fickle, so little able to control themselves during a popular election, and yet having such a craving for distinguished leadership, a monarchy would have many advantages. But where is the monarch? The choice is not wide. The Buonapartes? on no terms! The elder Bourbons? Nay; too legitimist; no more "divine right" rulers at this time of day! The Orleans branch? Well, the most likely; but which of them? The Comte de Paris, the heir of Louis Philippe's heir, is considered hardly strong enough for the place. The Duc d'Amaule would do, but he does not stand exactly in order, and even he might stumble at an *elective* kingship. But the inexorable logic of facts will soon put aside these speculations as to the form of the French government. One immense gain to France and the world will be the necessary diminution of those "bloated ornaments" (as the word-master, Disraeli, aptly styled them), which have been the curse of Europe for so many years—consuming the resources of the nations, wasting the flower of their youth, perpetually provoking war, and compelling all to follow the evil example of one. Doubtless, Louis Napoleon, in this matter, has been a chief offender, and has made his neighbours to offend. Now that this excuse is out of the way, we trust they will have the wisdom to reduce their standing forces. Italy sorely needs such a relief for her treasury; Spain can be in no condition to compete with other nations in military matters for many a year

to come ; Austria is still crippled, and longs for rest ; Prussia—can she not be content now ? Russia—ah ! we little know what plans she may be brooding over in her distant solitudes ; and England—why, the difficulty always has been to rouse her up at all.

One result that may grow out of the thorough topsy-turvy that has taken place in France, is not unlikely to be the separation of church and state. At present, the Romish and Reformed Churches are subsidized by the government, and to a large extent controlled by it. But there is a strong feeling rising against the connection. Churchmen chafe under state fetters, and statesmen would rather be rid of church burdens. "A Free Church in a Free State," was Cavour's motto. Amended to read "Free Churches in a Free State," it will serve as the guide-post to the condition of Christendom a very few decades hence.

Churchmen, are evidently uneasy at their separation from the multitudes of good Christians who are among the Dissenters, and at the exclusion of so many preachers of the Gospel, eminent for gifts and graces, but not episcopally ordained, from their pulpits. They sometimes discuss the matter among themselves, say at a Church Congress ; and sometimes they invite the non-conforming brethren to "talk it over" with them. This is certainly better than the contemptuous insolence with which our brethren of the Separation were treated aforetime, and a long way better than the fines and imprisonments of a still older day. Some good will, perhaps, come out of it by and by. In the meantime the cause of good neighbourhood and Christian charity gains something: But the practical difficulties are not small in the way of any interchange. In the first place the law makes it impossible within the Establishment. And if the church were disestablished to-morrow, judging from our own experience in Canada and from what goes on in the United States, Church law would remain as effective a barrier as State law ever made. So long as episcopal ordination is made of the essence of a true Christian ministry, the "great gulf" will remain "fixed." A thorough Churchman would go to the stake rather than yield that point. And on the other hand we are glad to see that such representative men on our part as Mr. Allon, Dr. Stoughton and Mr. Baldwin Brown, plainly, but courteously, tell their Episcopalian friends, that, while they would be very glad to widen the circle of ministerial intercourse, they are in no wise anxious about the matter, and that they can not sacrifice any principle or discredit the validity of their ministry, in order to recognition by the Church of England.

The working of the English Education Act is absorbing much attention, now that the new School Boards are getting in trim. The "religious difficulty" has to be fought over in every Board ; and the Sectarianists have played their cards so skilfully that they will get a great deal that they want. Now, their great endeavour will be, first, to provide so many denominational schools, that a public board will not be necessary ; and then, to supply an army of church teachers, through

whom, even if the use of catechisms, text-books and formularies be restricted, the process of indoctrinating the rising generation will be as effectually carried out. They are acting on the indubitable maxim: "The teacher is the school."

A singular little "snarl" has resulted from the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Registrar General has almost insisted on the returns being made to his department by the disestablished clergy, as members of "the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland;" but they insist on retaining the title of "the Church of Ireland." There is much in a name; and important legal consequences may be involved in this matter.

The Auld Kirk of Scotland is at last moving against Patronage! It does not mean disestablishment; oh, dear, no! anything but that. But it is unconsciously helping forward the bestowal of the greater blessing.

The University Tests Bill has passed the Commons once more. We shall soon hear what the Lords will do with it.

The Jubilee of the well-beloved Dr. Tholuck was recently celebrated at Halle, in characteristic style, with music, congratulations, addresses, a gift of money, and a feast. He has been a noble champion of Evangelical truth in Germany, and has lived to see it recover itself marvelously against rationalism.

Several of our American exchanges are advocating the formation of a National Council of Congregational Churches, to meet periodically, for the discussion of topics of general interest to the denomination. For this purpose, a committee of seven has already been appointed, empowered to convene the first council, and to lay before it a draft of a constitution; and it is believed that it will shortly issue the call for a meeting during the ensuing summer or autumn.

Fears are expressed in some quarters that such an organization may compromise our principles, but the *Advance* says:

"The platform laid down at Boston, on which the Council is to stand, carefully provides against any infringement of our ecclesiastical principles, by insisting that it shall have no legislative or judicial power, and shall not even receive appeals for advice from local bodies. Whatever comes up for business must, in form, originate in the Council, and must pertain simply to methods of information and moral influence. Thus limited in its province, the Council will accomplish great good, by its reception of reports and statistics from the churches of the whole land, by its cultivation of a feeling of unity and strength, by its aid in adjusting the particulars of the system of our benevolent societies, by its intelligent survey of the entire home-field, by wise recommendations as to educational institutions of all grades, by its well-studied plans of church extension, and by promoting identity of denominational customs throughout the churches."

The Rev. George H. Hepworth, the champion of the Evangelical wing of the Unitarians in their late conference in Chicago, thus expresses himself in a recent discourse on the person and work of Jesus:—

“Christ came from heaven to deliver the will of the Father, and we believe that Christ knew of what He was speaking, and was conscious of the weight of His words when He claimed for Himself attributes which belong only to God. That He did lay claim to a power equal to that which the Almighty exercises, no one who accepts the record can easily doubt. This is the point of divergence between the denomination to which I belong and myself. My sympathies on this matter, so dear to every Christian, are very much closer with other bodies than with the Unitarians. I have little patience with men who are unwilling to proclaim their faith in Christ as their Saviour. On this day especially do I feel that I am more in concert with the great body of believers who accept Christ as the Anointed, the Messiah and the final Judge of the world. I believe not only in the Book as the great source of spiritual inspiration, but in Jesus as my personal Saviour, the very embodiment of God himself.”

How far Mr. Hepworth may be able to carry his party with him we cannot say, but if we may take him to be the exponent of their views, generally, on this vital subject, it is evident that they are Unitarians only in name. Let us hope that even that may soon be renounced.

Complaints are made that most of the Missionary Boards in the United States are largely in arrears. The receipts of the A. B. C. F. M. for January were \$18,000 less than in the corresponding month in 1870; while those of the Presbyterian Board for November and December last were less by \$27,387.41, than the old Board of Domestic Missions and the Committee of Home Missions received during the corresponding months of last year. Since the union of the Boards, the receipts have been \$50,000 less than they received, when separate, last year during the same time! The Methodists are suffering even to a greater extent. Financial depression is supposed to be the cause.

Correspondence.

PÆDO-BAPTIST IMMERSIONS.

DEAR INDEPENDENT,—Brother Clarke's "Christian Liberty in Baptism," and the address to the young lady received into the Congregational Church at Guelph, by immersion, have led your readers to think as few articles in your paper have done. As one of many who are anxious to see Christian union and Christian liberty promoted in God's way, I felt a desire arising in my heart to know if possible, first, whether that young sister believes in infant baptism; and if so, would she have infants immersed? Second, what meaning she attaches to baptism?—the burial and resurrection theory, held by all our Baptist brethren, or the views held by Congregationalists generally, viz.—that baptism is a symbol of purification, and as applicable to infants as it can be to adult believers? The two views are wide apart; no one can hold both at the same time, and be consistent. I am certain none of our Baptist friends would or could administer the ordinance by pouring or sprinkling, as that would indicate a change of sentiment sufficient to exclude from the Baptist fold. How Henry Ward Beecher and Brother Clarke manage to over-

come this difficulty, one would like to know. The Socinian view that attaches no doctrinal significance to the ordinance at all, but simply that it is a ceremony of initiation into church membership, is not that most surely believed by Congregationalists.

The mode is not the vital question, but the meaning attached to the ordinance, and the proper subjects for Christian Baptism. Until there be oneness of view on these points, the dividing lines will be there in spite of *charity*.

The view held by Mr. Clarke, that "an unconverted man who should in either way, profess a faith to which he was a stranger, would remain unbaptized, because unregenerate, is sure to leave unbaptized ones in all churches, Baptist as well as others. Would a Baptist minister rebaptize one who would say to him, as a member of a Baptist church said to me very lately, "I have been deceiving myself all my days: is it too late, is it too late?" This person found peace in believing. No Baptist church that I know of would have said, "Be baptized, and wash away thy sins." Did I hold the view expressed by Brother Clarke, I never would baptize an infant, neither would I receive a member from the world but by baptism. If some of the confessions made at penitent benches be true, I would have to baptize some once every year. May we expect through your pages to have more light cast on these points?

Your's truly,

AN INQUIRER.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE—A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—DEAR EDITOR,—A few days ago I received a letter from a servant girl, from which, what follows, is an extract;—"It is a long time since I wrote you, and perhaps I would not find time even now to write, only I am about the Master's business. This is the season of the year when your Missionary meetings are usually held. Please then accept a trifle from a servant girl. I send you three dollars. You can give one to the Missionary Society, and two to help to pay off the debt on your new Chapel; or if you like you can reverse the order, and give two to the Missionary Society, and one to the Chapel. I wish you could help me to determine in what way I can do most for God with this money which he has so kindly given me to spend for him. I have had rather bad luck since I came here, but I have good health, and very many comforts and privileges for which, I trust, I am truly thankful. * * * * *

But though men should wrong me, that is no reason why I should wrong God."

Now how does it come that this servant girl has been intrusted with the spending of the Lord's money? The answer is found in a subsequent letter in which she states:—"For years I have given the tenth of all I earn to the cause of God." She having honoured the Lord with her substance, now finds herself exalted to this high office—Master of the Lord's Treasury.

R. BROWN.

GARAFRAXA, February 13th, 1871.

TURNING THE TABLES.—King Charles II. once said to John Milton, "Do you not think that your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defence of my father's murder?" "Sire," answered the poet, "it is true I have lost my eyes, but if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your Majesty must recollect that your royal father *lost his head*."

News of the Churches.

NOTES OF A MISSIONARY TOUR.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

Watford, on the Sarnia branch of the Great Western, is a thriving village that has almost doubled itself within the past year, having now four mills, all driven by steam; upwards of twenty stores, and other branches of industry in proportion. They want only their newspaper, which they are about securing, to bring their village into note. There are four places of worship, either in the village, or in close proximity to it—C. Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Congregational. The last named is a neat frame building finished throughout, erected a little more than a year ago. It was filled at our Missionary Meeting; and the interest manifested reminded one of the good old times when the annual Missionary Meeting was regarded as *the event* of the year. Brother Dickson, of London, for reasons unknown, came not with us "to the work;" but, with George Harrower, Esq., in the chair, addresses were given by Rev. J. Salmon, pastor; Rev. E. Bauld, of the C. P. church, and the members of the deputation on hand—Revs. Wm. Hay and E. Barker. The collections and subscriptions were about \$15—nearly double last year's amount. Prosperity to this growing interest!

Dragged to the *Warwick* brick church next day, through the mud, where was a very good audience, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances without, J. D. Eccles, Esq., in the chair; same deputation as on the evening before. Collections and subscriptions also in advance of last year. Everything looks up here—a beautiful building, a growing church, large congregations, in a fine old settlement.

Assisted on our way by the chairman of last evening, to *Robinson's Settlement*, a few miles further, we had a meeting on Wednesday afternoon, in the new and neat frame Congregational church there. This meeting was not arranged by the District Committee, but should have been, both for the sake of the friends there, and of what they gave us—a collection of \$3 75, besides their subscriptions. Mr. Joseph Little, a Wesleyan local preacher, and a general religious institution of that part of the country, more worthy of the *Rev. or Father* than many who have received the *imposition* of holy hands, presided on the occasion.

Five miles further north-west, and we were at the thriving village of *Forest*, on the Grand Trunk, a worthy rival of Watford, though but yesterday what its name implies—*forest*. As the Congregational church was undergoing a renovation, in the way of painting, &c., the neat C. P. church was loaned to us for our meeting, and a good meeting we had. J. D. Eccles, Esq., whom, for the sake of his conveyance and his services at the meetings, we were happy to constitute a member of the deputation, again presided. Brother Salmon has had a neat frame parsonage, finished without and within, erected for him during the past year. Besides these four stations of his, which the deputation visited, he has another at the Lake Shore, which is worthy of a visit, but for which there was no appointment. District Committee will please take notice. Brother Salmon's field is altogether too large for any one man to attend to, especially with the amount of work that is now-a-days required of pastors. Two men are required; and the slightly increased missionary expenditure, that would be necessary at first, would probably bring a speedy return, with such a blessing as the Lord has bestowed the past year or two.

According to appointment, we found ourselves, on Thursday evening, in *Sarnia*, almost wondering why we were sent to a place that is obliged to lock up its church from one missionary meeting to another. But we began to find

out that it is just such places that have need of a deputation. The house—a good brick building—was unlocked and warmed up. We were agreeably surprised that we should have so good a congregation, though it was not large. Bro. Salmon did double duty as chairman and member of deputation; Bros. Hay, Barker, and McCallum (W. M.) also took part, and we had as happy a meeting as at any other place we visited. We were happy to receive a collection and subscription of over \$18, and we left the next day, regretting deeply that a growing town of 3,000 inhabitants, with only three Protestant ministerial charges, should have an empty Congregational church. We pray the Lord of the harvest to send a labourer into this harvest field, who will go not to seek his own welfare, but the things which are Jesus Christ's.

Here this deputation was re-formed by the dropping of Bros. Hay and Salmon, and the substitution of Bro. Hindley, to meet at *Tilbury*, on the following evening—after a journey of 150 miles on the Great Western. By the way, this excellent road, in granting half-fare tickets to ministers living on the line, has contributed in this way to our Missionary Society this year, in the reduction of the fare of one single member of the deputation, no less an amount than \$5.98. For a fuller description of the locality in which the *Tilbury* church is situated, see *Canadian Independent* of April, 1869, pp. 395-7. From this and other descriptions that we had read and heard of the place, it was almost a disappointment to us that we had not to sail or skate all over the country. It is evident that one's impressions of the place are dependent to a great extent on the weather or season at the time of visiting it. With us, the plains—half marsh and half prairie—were most enjoyable, and the higher, arable land was only a little too dry. The magnificent forests indicate great strength of soil; and if the oak stumps prove an obstacle in clearing, there are no stones to contend with. The great drawback is the almost floor-like flatness of the country, there being a steady decline towards Lake St. Clair of only about six feet to the mile; while this will be favourable to the use of machinery in farming, after the stumps are removed, the disadvantages will be mostly overcome by draining. The land is being speedily occupied and the forests subdued, so that the designation of Bro. Burgess' church, as "the church in the wilderness," is becoming inappropriate. His influence, combined with that of other good people around, is being felt in the reformation of the habits of the people, and especially in *the entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors in the township*. At our Missionary Meeting, in the snug log chapel, there were only about thirty-five present, nearly a third of whom were children; but when the hat was passed around and the contents emptied on the table, there rolled out one five dollar bill after another, with smaller amounts, until the whole summed up no less than \$44! The deputation remained with this little church for five days after the Missionary Meeting, holding two services each day, enjoying intensely the affectionate fellowship of this Christian and intelligent band, and preaching the Gospel to such of the unconverted as were disposed to attend the meetings; while the right royal hospitality of our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. B., with the kindness of their excellent family and of other friends in the neighbourhood, made us feel, in parting, as though we were leaving home. May God bless them abundantly!

February 10, 1869.

COM.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

WESTERN DISTRICT, No. 2.

STRATFORD.—The Meeting here was held in the Church on Monday Evening, January 30th. The attendance was rather poor, but the addresses were heartily enjoyed by those present. The Deputation consisting of Brethren

Allworth, Kribs, Snider, and the Pastor of the Church were all on hand. Besides these, capital addresses were delivered by Rev. C. Carrol, Rev. C. Lavell (Wesleyan,) and Mr. Henderson. The latter gentleman and Mr. Carrol had been holding Evangelistic Services in the town during the previous fortnight, with very cheering results.

LISTOWEL.—Here on Tuesday evening the little Church was well filled. Mr. Harmon was called to the chair which he filled very happily. In addition to the Deputation there was present the Rev. W. Bell, (Canada Presb.,) who gave an instructive and happy address on the large place which Missions, Home and Foreign, should occupy in Church work.

One very pleasing feature of this Meeting was the singing of Anthems by a choir of Indians from Saugeen, under the direction of Miss Preston, who presided at the melodeon. And still further to contribute to the interest, there was an address, in his native language, by Chief Anjecabo, one of Bro. Kribs' Deacons at Colpoys' Bay. We were glad to find that the Bro. who was settled here a year ago is finding much encouragement in his work, and hopes to see the cause prospering steadily. Although our Bro. Smith is in Pine Grove, we found him, (paradoxical isn't it?) carefully and warmly retained in the hearts of the friends here.

MOLESWORTH.—Wednesday evening found us in the Church at this place. The night was a bright moonlight one, but owing to the fact that in one place a protracted meeting and in another a night school, claimed the attendance of many of the people of the locality, the meeting was not very numerously attended. However, the Deputation tried to say the good word to the friends, and at the close of the meeting were compelled to listen to many warm acknowledgments of the encouragement and pleasure which had been derived from it.

Collectors were appointed to see the friends on behalf of our work. We missed from the chair the kindly smile and happy tact of our friend Mr. Peter Moran, who was unable to be present until a somewhat advanced stage of the proceedings.

HOWICK.—During the journey to this place from Listowel on Thursday, we had a capital sample of a Canadian snow storm. Dropping into Lisadel about noon, we found that the friend with whom we expected to dine, was away from home. In this predicament we sought shelter from the storm in the hotel of which Mr. Ketchum is proprietor. Here four hungry men and two famishing horses were dined in fine style, and on the landlord being asked what the reckoning was to be, he generously intimated that we were welcome to what we had received as a favour, and that it was not his habit to charge ministers at all. As you may suppose we thanked him heartily for his hospitality. We arrived at Howick in due course, and found, as was to be expected, from the boisterous character of the night, a somewhat slender meeting. In our meeting we had the assistance of a Baptist brother, the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt. We passed the night with two of the warm-hearted friends here, Mr. Porterfield and Mr. Bowles. Leaving in the morning we wended our way over those notorious "Hills of Howick." And now Mr. Editor what do you think of a horse setting his hind feet pretty well apart; bracing himself well back, and then sliding down a hill several hundred yards long? However that isn't the way our horses went down; but as grave and mannerly horses are wont to do, they carefully picked their way to the bottom. Arrived at Wroxeter, Bro. Snider's good lady anticipating the effects of a long and cold drive upon us, had provided an ample repast to which we sat down with much pleasure. Bro. Snider has made a large addition to his Episcopal residence; and I should have mentioned when speaking of matters in Listowel, that Bro. Kribs having had lumber &c. supplied him by the people, has, with his own hands, erected a neat frame parsonage. If any man deserves to eat, he more.

By invitation of Deacon Gemmill of TURNBERRY, the Deputation took tea together in his house. The night was a magnificent one, and the audience

assembled was pretty fair. Since the last visit of the writer, two years ago, the church has been pewed, the walls decorated &c., making it a most comfortable and attractive place of worship. The chair was occupied by Deacon Gemmill with his usual urbanity. Rev. Mr. McKenzie, (New Con.) was present, and united his voice with that of the brethren, in advocating the cause of the Master, in its Missionary features especially.

On Saturday morning at four o'clock, Bro. Allworth and myself set off by stage to Seaforth, whence by train we reached our homes in safety. We enjoyed with our brethren and the friends in the North much of the most cheering and profitable intercourse, and we have reason to believe that our visit was by the Divine blessing made helpful to some precious souls.

STRATFORD.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

NOTES OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—No. 1.

DEAR BRO.,—Not being quite certain of your otherwise obtaining notes of the first series of meetings mentioned below, I give you a short sketch of them.

Whitby.—The meeting was held in accordance with notice given by posters, and through the pulpit, on Monday evening, 16th January, in the chapel. J. H. Gerrie, Esq., Mayor of the town, occupied the chair. The deputation consisted of Rev. S. T. Gibbs, pastor; Rev. T. M. Reikie, and myself. Addresses were given by the pastor, and by Bros. Smith and Reikie, in the order named, followed by a very full exposition of the missionary theme by Rev. J. Ballantyne, (C. Pres.), and a warm and fraternal address by Rev. K. McLennan (Kirk). The attendance was fair. The house has been much improved since I last saw it. The singing was good, the young people seeming to take much interest in this department. Altogether, the cause wears an encouraging aspect. The subscriptions were all in; which, with the collection at the meeting, amounted to \$61—against \$47 last year.

Bowmanville.—The meeting of the next night, Tuesday, 17th January, was at Bowmanville. The pastor, Rev. T. M. Reikie, had had the meeting announced by posters and otherwise; and, when the hour arrived, we found a good attendance, and the evidence of much interest in the cause we had come with the hope of advancing. Here, too, we found a choir, and had some good singing. If it were always known that there would be as much care in providing good singing, as in getting speakers from a distance, we would have, as a rule, better meetings. The deputation was here re-inforced by the arrival of Bro. Marling, from Toronto. The pastor presided. After a brief statement of the cause by the chairman, speeches on missionary themes were delivered by Messrs. Gibbs, Marling and Smith. The meeting was, in every respect, a pleasant and successful one. The subscriptions (which were all in hand) and collection amounted to \$123 50—against \$106 last year. A very creditable sum indeed, and a healthy spirit of increase in it.

Toronto.—Next day, Wednesday, 18th, we were to be in Toronto, to attend the meeting of the Middle District Association. As the Secretary, Rev. B. W. Day, will furnish you with a report of Association business, as also an account of the public meeting on Wednesday evening, in connection with it, I need only refer to the meeting on Thursday evening, in Bond street church, which was the *Missionary Meeting*. Mr. W. Ashdown, one of the deacons of Zion Church, was asked to preside. The meeting was somewhat thin. Rev. B. W. Day offered prayer. After some remarks from the chair, Revs. Joseph Unsworth, T. M. Reikie, W. F. Clarke, and John Wood severally addressed the meeting. Rev. J. T. Byrne closed with prayer. The other ministers present were the pastor, Rev. F. H. Marling, Revs. J. G. Sanderson, S. T. Gibbs, and W. W. Smith. I find I have no account of the collection or subscriptions. The latter were not completed.

The second series of meetings I have to report were northward, and two weeks later.

Rugby.—Brother Gibbs and myself found ourselves at Barrie, on Tuesday morning, 31st January, where a young friend was waiting for us with a sleigh, to convey us onward. He took us on eleven miles, to the hospitable farmhouse of Joseph Thomas, Esq., where, after dinner, we were furnished with a horse and cutter to proceed the remaining nine miles, to Rugby. This is a hamlet of a few houses, on the road to Orillia, and within six miles of that village. Here we found Bro. Sanderson waiting for us at the parsonage; and, though the members are widely scattered as regards their places of residence, we had a nice meeting. Mrs. Sanderson had her cabinet organ conveyed down; and, with the help of the young folks of the Sunday school, gave some excellent appropriate pieces. Bro. Sanderson had tried to get some hymns printed in Toronto, on very large sheets, with very large type, and found that none of the offices had any single fount of type capable of doing it; so he went to work with a *penknife*, and carved out on blocks of wood, each separate letter of an alphabet of capital and lower-case "*Clarendon*" letters; and then this enterprising firm (the pastor and his wife) printed as many hymns as they wanted—and printed them well! These sheets were hung up, one by one, as the various pieces were to be sung. The chapel, enlarged in 1869, is now a very commodious house. The pastor presided, and, after a short address, called on Bro. Gibbs and myself to speak, which we did with pleasure. An exceedingly pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation, by a little boy, in a neat written speech, of the quarterly contributions of the Sunday School, voted to the Missionary Society, and amounting to \$8 80. The presentation was responded to in suitable terms by Rev. S. T. Gibbs. Collection, \$2 90. Subscriptions yet to come.

Oro.—Next day we went back to Mr. Thomas, and, after tea, found our way to Bethesda Church, near by. The weather, so far, had been very mild, the night was light, and everything being favourable, we had an excellent meeting. We had again a melodeon, and the Rugby hymns, and some good singing; the same deputation, (speeches in reverse order), and everything to cheer and encourage us. The new chapel (built 1869) is as nearly as possible out of debt. It is the best ecclesiastical building north of Barrie, and exceedingly creditable to the congregation. The collection, including the contents of Miss M. A. Thomas' missionary box, \$2 85, amounted to \$9 10. Collectors to be appointed; other collections, especially for the Bible Society, having prevented an earlier gathering of subscriptions.

Vespra.—The next afternoon, Thursday, February 2, we proceeded with Bro. Sanderson to Vespra Union chapel, where the church meet for worship. But we had no such weather as at the previous meetings; a tremendous snow-storm was raging, and the few who came out, came mostly on foot. Mrs. Sanderson, and several members of Mr. Thomas' (her father's) household, were to follow us in a family sleigh, and bring a melodeon with them; but the drifts and storm were such, that, after going a mile or two, they turned back. There were twenty-five present; and we had a pleasant little meeting. The deputation the same. The explanations of the order and working of Churches, formed directly on the New Testament model, were listened to with deep and lively interest. Here we had the gift from Master Harry Locke and his three little brothers, of the contents of their missionary box, \$1 02,—money, not given to them by parents or visitors, but *earned* by raising chickens, and other such independent ways. Collection, in all, \$2 27. As at Bethesda, collectors to be appointed.

These churches form a wide field, and present a growing cause; but, without the fostering help of the Missionary Society, could not do the work they are doing. But there is getting to be a "region" even "beyond" this now, and extension is still wanted. Even now, Bro. Sanderson could find profitable employment for a young man, if one could be sent.

At each of these three meetings it had been intimated that I would remain

over Sabbath and preach missionary sermons; and so, after the Vespra meeting, we separated. Bro. Gibbs staid over night with some friends, who engaged to set him down to Barrie in time for the train next morning; and the others elsewhere.

On Friday, some time through the day, we got back to Rugby, the storm and drifts still continuing. Saturday was a quiet day at the parsonage; and on Sabbath (a bitterly cold day) I preached at each of the three places, to good and interested congregations. Collections at each service for the Society. I followed Bro. Sanderson's usual Sabbath round. It involved thirty miles travel, being a couple of miles extra on account of avoiding a drifted-up piece of road.

On Monday, February 6, we started in a well-built "jumper," for Pine Grove, our meeting here being on the following evening. Forty and some odd miles brought us to Newmarket, where we staid over night, being anxious to know how things were doing there. Next day, twenty-seven more miles in the jumper brought the deputation (Bro. S. and self) to Pine Grove.

Yours,

W. W. SMITH.

PINE GROVE, 10th Feb., 1871.

NOTES OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

MIDDLE DISTRICT, No. 2.

The deputation appointed to visit Bolton Village on Friday, 20th January, consisted of the Rev. M. S. Grey, and the Rev. J. G. Sanderson, who was on hand in good time. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Joseph Wheeler, who opened the meeting in his happy humorous way. The congregation, a very respectable and intelligent one, listened with attention to the remarks of the speakers. The choir had evidently prepared some special pieces for the occasion, which were well sung. Bolton has some sweet voices, in the church, which on this occasion rang out loud and clear, and cheered us with their harmony. The collection was \$7, and collectors were appointed to take up subscriptions.

The next meeting was on the following Monday, at South Caledon. The day was intensely cold, and travellers were in great danger of being frozen. Bro. Sanderson went to the Union Church, but learned that the meeting was to be held in the Hall, and consequently had to continue his drive some three or four miles farther, when he found Father Denny and a few persons gathered together. We kept up good fires—held our meeting, and took up a good collection. The South Caledon people are liberal. At one house where we visited, we were voluntarily presented with four dollars for the cause; at another house we received two, at another the same. These people evidently give from principle, not waiting to be asked, but giving of their own accord. They have no pastor and are much neglected. We trust that some arrangements will be made soon whereby they may have the gospel more regularly preached to them. Our Missionary Society must exercise a more authoritative supervision over these weak churches in the country, if they would have them prosper—must not only send them funds, but also men, and help to govern them until they are able to stand alone. The churches, except in rare cases where they are spoiled, will cheerfully accept care during the time of their minority.

From South Caledon we were about to proceed to Alton, when Bro. Reikie, driven by James Barber, Esq., reached us. Bro. Reikie, was soon transferred to Bro. Sanderson's cutter and Mr. Barber, returned to Georgetown. Then the procession wended its way to Alton, Father Denny taking the lead. We stayed with a worthy member of the Alton church, at Bellfountain for dinner, where we were very kindly entertained. After religious

service with the family, we proceeded on our way, and arrived next at Mr. Lemmon's, where we were hospitably received in his comfortable home. At the hour appointed we proceeded to the church, but alas! it was shut up and no lights visible. After waiting for a short time the chapel keeper arrived, and after feeling in all his pockets for the key, exclaimed, "I hae na got it noo," and started precipitately for his home to see if he could find it there. He soon returned with it, all right this time. The church was warm and comfortable, the fire having been previously made, the lamps were immediately lighted—the people began to gather, and we soon had an excellent congregation. The cause of the delay was on account of Toronto time, being half hour or more in advance of that of Alton. This will probably not be the case another year, as the railway will soon be completed from Toronto to Alton, when it is to be hoped that Toronto will be informed regarding Alton time, and govern itself accordingly.

Rev. M. S. Grey, has accepted a call to Alton, but as South Caledon refuses to act in concert with Alton in this matter, she will require to seek connection with some other station in order to possess and maintain the preached word. The collection and subscriptions amounted to about the same as last year. This field appears promising, the people appear intelligent, and are strongly attached to their principles; we pray that they may be abundantly prospered. Georgetown was the next station to be visited by Bros. Reikie and Sanderson. Here there was a pleasant meeting. There was choice music; and a noble collection. Georgetown is not large but always does nobly in the Mission cause, and this year has surpassed itself, the contributions being over \$114. May all our churches imitate it.

Next morning Bros. Sanderson, started for home; Bro. Sanderson, to drive in his own conveyance about 90 miles and Bro. Reikie, to go nearly the same distance by railway. Bro. Sanderson, started with every probability of reaching home next day, but alas! for Bro. Reikie, it was uncertain at what time he would be likely to reach Bowmanville, for he had to travel by the Grand Trunk.

J. G. S.

Listowel.—DEAR SIR.—As donations and surprise parties are the order of the day, I have the pleasure of both saying and feeling that my friends at Listowel, are not to be left entirely in the shade in the matter of manifesting their sympathy and affection for their Minister and his family.

On Friday evening, the 27th January, all unconscious of what was going on, we were induced to visit a friend, a little way out of the village, and were there purposely detained until about seven o'clock in the evening. Not having the slightest suspicion of any raid, you may judge of our surprise to find on our return, every window in the house illuminated and nearly every room filled with friends. Seeing however some baskets on the table, we began to take the hint as to what was to be the order of the evening.

Well, after having had a good cup of tea and plenty of other good things to eat, we spent a very happy social evening together. Deacon Mortimore read us a very affectionate address, to which I briefly responded, and the company retired about eleven o'clock leaving behind them about forty dollars in cash, and good substantial comforts.

L. KRIBS.

Listowel, February 22nd, 1871.

Eramosa.—Speedside.—On Thursday, 16th ult., solemn and interesting services were held at this place, in connection with the induction of the Rev. M. D. Archer as pastor elect of the Congregational Church meeting there. The Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, who had also officiated at Speedside for the past four years—two years as supply, and two as pastor—tendered his resignation at the close of 1870, as he found the labour too heavy for him; and,

on retiring, introduced Mr. Archer to the notice of the church, who, after probation, was cordially invited to the vacant pastorate. At 11 a.m. on the day mentioned, a conference of ministers, and five of the neighbouring Congregational churches—the latter represented by delegation—was held for the purpose of obtaining a fuller acquaintance with Mr. Archer, who was a comparative stranger to the body, before proceeding to a public recognition of the new relationship between him and the church that had invited him to the pastorate. All being found most satisfactory, the public service commenced at 2 p.m., with a respectable audience in attendance. Rev. R. Brown, of Douglas, and Rev. H. Denny, of Alton, took the devotional exercises between them; after which Mr. Brown proposed to the pastor elect questions pertaining to his christian experience, his views of doctrine and church polity, his call to the ministry, and especially to its exercise in that locality; to all of which Mr. Archer gave very lucid replies. The church then expressed their invitation to Mr. A. as their pastor by rising unanimously, after which the Rev. J. Unsworth, of Georgetown, offered the Installation Prayer, and, in the name of the Speedside church, and the other churches represented there, extended to the new pastor the right hand of fellowship. Rev. W. F. Clarke then delivered a very impressive charge to the pastor, from 1 Tim., iv. 6: "A good minister of Jesus Christ;" followed by Rev. E. Barker, of Fergus, with an address to the people, founded on Rev. xxii, 17: "The bride saith, come."—E. B., *Sec. of Conference*.

Douglas.—On Wednesday evening of last week, the Congregational Church at Douglas celebrated the anniversary of their church opening by a Tea-meeting—combining with it the annual meeting of the church in connection with the Home Missionary Society of their denomination. After a sumptuous tea in the Wesleyan Chapel, the congregation adjourned to the other chapel, which was filled in every part. Rev. R. Brown, the pastor, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Wm. Bradley, E. Barker, J. Salmon and M. D. Archer. The meeting was enlivened by an excellent choir, with Mr. R. S. Armstrong presiding at the cabinet organ. The chairman announced the proceeds of the tea to be \$58 net, to be devoted towards liquidating the debt on the building, amounting still to \$200. At the close of the meeting, a spirited bid was maintained for a beautiful five story cake—or rather for two young ladies and the Sabbath School, as to the ownership of the cake—which resulted in \$16.20. This seems to be a Garafraza fashion for raising religious funds; it is certainly a decided advance on the apostolic method!

On the following evening a social was held for the benefit of the Sabbath School. The Scholars were admitted free. The cake which by "election" the previous evening fell to the lot of Miss Christina Robertson was presented to the School, and, like the rest of the good things provided by the ladies, was at the proper time "dissected and distributed." Mr. James Clyne very efficiently filled the chair. The choir was again on hand in full force, and performed well their part. Brief addresses were made by the Rev. W. Bradley, Rev. R. Brown, Mr. G. E. Lightbody, Robt. Bichau, and Mr. David Brown favoured the meeting by singing a beautiful Temperance Song.—The proceeds, \$9.30 will be devoted to a Library for the School.

Presentation to Rev. R. Brown.—The following short and sweet little note was on Monday last handed to the Rev. R. Brown, Congregational Minister of Douglas, accompanied by the neat sum of \$47—as an acknowledgement for his services in Barnett's School House every alternate Sabbath:—

TO THE REV. R. BROWN,—DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in presenting you with this little offering, the voluntary subscription of a grateful people, as a slight token of the esteem and regard with which your untiring zeal for our eternal welfare is held in this settlement. It is hoped that

you may long be spared to proclaim unto us the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that God may bless your labors to the saving of many souls. We remain, on behalf of your wellwishers,

DAVID NAIRN,
JOHN BLACK.

—*Fergus News Record.*

Belleville.—On Wednesday evening, February 8th, the Congregational Church held their annual Soiree, being the first since the settlement of their new Pastor. The Church is encouraged, and the results of the meeting, with the Divine blessing, cannot be otherwise than beneficial. Though disappointed in obtaining a representative brother from our own Churches, we were well supplied by the attendance and assistance of several of the ministers of the town, whose addresses were not only timely and well put, but were made the more "spicy" by being interspersed with addresses from gentlemen of other professions.

The platform was occupied by Rev. J. C. Smith, M.A., Church of Scotland; Rev. J. Burton, Canada Presbyterian Church; Rev. D. L. Brethour, Wesleyan Methodist Church; Thos. Holden, Esq., Mayor of Belleville; W. J. Palmer, M.D., Principal of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Wm. Johnson, Esq.

The choir of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the management of E. Flint, Esq., rendered good service, and most harmoniously sustained their reputation, and efficiently represented their section of the Church in the unavoidable absence of their Pastor, the Rev. Jas. Wild, M.A.

The attendance was excellent, being considerably over 200. Thanks to the ladies, the refreshments were abundant, well served, and of the choicest kinds. The whole being, by the expressed opinion of all, a decided success.

RICHARD LEWIS, Pastor.

Kingston.—SOCIAL TEA MEETING.—The annual gathering of the church members and congregation took place in the basement of the church in Wellington street on Wednesday evening. There was a fair attendance. Tea was served about 7 o'clock. And, after full justice had been done to the good things provided, the Rev. M. Fenwick, the much esteemed pastor of the church, took the chair, and, in opening the evening's proceedings, observed that the object of these gatherings was more to bring the church members and congregation into closer union, and to participate in social intercourse, than to be entertained by any lengthy prepared programme, for he had none such to offer them; it would, therefore, devolve upon themselves to do their best to entertain each other, after the usual financial statements, showing what had been effected by the church during the past year, had been read. Statements were then made by Messrs. John Robertson, jr., B. Robertson and John Henderson, jr., all of which exhibited the funds of the church in a flourishing condition, with balances in their favour; indeed, the increase had been such as to warrant an addition of \$200 a year being made to the minister's salary. There had also been a most satisfactory increase of church membership. During the evening, Dr. Jarvis and Mr. A. Bonny volunteered a reading each, and Miss F. Savage and Miss Lilly Brown contributed to the evening's amusement by singing. Next came a presentation to Mrs. Fenwick by the ladies of the church. Mr. Clyde, on behalf of the ladies, very briefly presented to Mrs. Fenwick a set of furs and a silver-plated waiter. Mr. Fenwick, in reply, thanked the ladies for this further testimony of their regard. He had not sought any increase of salary, but was well satisfied, for they all knew it gave him more pleasure to see Christ's fold increased. A vote of thanks to the ladies for providing the tea, and the singing of the doxology, terminated a most agreeable social meeting.—*Daily News.*

Ottawa—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, the first anniversary meeting of the Ottawa Congregational Temperance Union was held in the basement of the Congregational Church, when a number of members and friends attended. The chair was occupied by the President, the Rev. E. Ebbs, the pastor of the church. After the reading of an interesting report, the meeting was addressed by the following gentlemen: Rev. E. Ebbs, and Messrs. J. Lamb, J. Jarvis, G. H. Preston, and J. Farquhar. Mr. W. H. Johnson, Secretary, and Mr. W. A. Lamb, favored the company with a temperance song. A very pleasant evening was spent, and two or three friends expressed their conviction that total abstinence was the right principle. If every church in Canada would hold similar gatherings, who can tell what great results might, with God's blessing, follow.

From the report of the Society, which the Secretary has kindly forwarded to us, but which is too lengthy to insert, we learn that the meetings have been held regularly every month throughout the year, and that there have been additions to the Society, by signature of the pledge, at every meeting. The number of names now on the roll is 86, all of whom adhere, as far as is known, earnestly and conscientiously to the pledge they have taken. We wish the Society much success, and would be glad to hear of a similar organization being formed in connection with every church throughout the Dominion.

The Eastern Congregational Church, Montreal.—The Branch of Zion Church worshipping in Amherst Street, Montreal, was organized on Sunday, February 12th, into an independent Church. Dr. Wilkes presided on the occasion, and preached an able and appropriate sermon from Rom. 14, 19. "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." The Rev. John Fraser, who has for some months been preaching at Amherst Street, took the introductory services, and administered the Lord's Supper. The interest of the occasion was increased by the reception of ten members on profession of faith.

The new Church commences with a membership of forty, ten from Zion Church, and the others such as had been gathered into the mission there. Of these, thirteen have recently joined, and as many more are shortly expected, being chiefly heads of families who unite on profession.

The mother Church, besides cordially dismissing its members to form the new enterprise, transfers the Church property on liberal terms, and has generously voted a grant of money for three years. Several of its devoted young members also continue to assist in the Sunday School. The school is quite flourishing, averaging considerably over a hundred scholars. This is also the average of the congregation, which has latterly quite improved.

The Church on being organized, proceeded to elect Deacons and the necessary Committees, and we understand has gone quietly and actively to work. From what we learn of the various organizations, we should suppose they mean work. There are three weekly prayer-meetings, a mother's meeting, the Pastor's two classes, a Dorcas Society, a juvenile "Bee hive," a Church Temperance Society, a Tract Society, and a Committee of Visitors. We hope and pray that the Eastern Congregational Church may prove a permanent blessing to that part of Montreal where it is located.

Cowansville.—The Rev. Chas. P. Watson, pastor of the Congregational church, Cowansville, received at the Annual Donation visit of his church and congregation the very handsome donation of \$197 in cash, besides oats, etc., worth \$27 more. This is the more creditable to pastor and people, inasmuch as an addition was made a few months ago to the pastor's salary.—*Observer.*

Official.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Received since last statement Further from—

Zion Church, Montreal, per H. L.....	\$5 00
Do. do. further collection.....	7 75
From Listowel, I think, a Widow's Mite.....	1 00

J. C. BARTON,

Treasurer Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Montreal, Feb. 20, 1871.

Congregational College of B. N. A.—The following sums have been received during the past month, and are hereby acknowledged :—

Zion Church, Montreal, on account.....	\$152 00
Brantford.....	34 47
Sheffield, N. P.....	29 72
Manilla.....	9 00
Fergus.....	5 00
Garafraxa.....	3 63
Rev. Enoch Barker.....	2 00

\$235 82

For Lillie Memorial Fund :—

Sheffield, N. B. :—

Hon. C. Harrison, M.L.C.....	\$20 00
Collection.....	14 86

\$34 86

GEORGE CORNISH,

Secretary.

Montreal, February 22nd, 1871.

THE CENSUS OF 1871.

To the Pastors, Members and Adherents of the Congregational Churches throughout the Dominion of Canada.

At the last annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, the subject of the forthcoming decennial census was introduced in the report of the committee. That report having been adopted by the Union, it becomes the duty of the undersigned, now that the time for taking the census is so near at hand, to call the attention of all parties concerned to the great "importance of enrolling themselves under their proper denominational name."

"The number of Congregationalists returned at the last census," says the report, "there can be little doubt, was considerably under the actual proportion. Probably some persons were restrained from returning themselves under our name by the fact that they were *not members of a church*. But it is well understood, that those who are *stated attendants* on the worship of any religious body, or who *hold its sentiments*, together with their *families*, are entitled to be returned as belonging to their number. We are 'one of the least of the tribes of Israel,' at the best; but great injustice is done to us in public estimation at home and abroad, by making us appear less than we are."

It is, therefore, suggested that pastors call the attention of their congregations, say by notice from the pulpit on Sabbath, March 26th, or April 2nd,

to the importance of giving in a correct return as to their denominational connection

Heads of families are also earnestly requested to give attention to the above matter in filling up the blanks which will be left at their houses by the enumerators.

Let it be especially remembered, that actual membership in a Congregational Church is not necessary to entitle any one to return himself as a Congregationalist. Those who stately attend the worship of such a church, and look to its pastor for ministerial services, and even those isolated Congregationalists who are deprived of the opportunity of so doing, but have not renounced their denominational principles, though, for the time being, attending elsewhere, are fully authorised to enrol themselves under our name.

The whole family, unless there are special and express exceptions, should be returned under the same denominational heading.

The use of vague titles, which are so general as to mean nothing, should be avoided,—such as “Christian,” “Protestant;” even the time-honoured name of “Independent” will be taken by the officials at head-quarters, as designating a different denomination. Those who are strongly attached to it, should at least say “Congregationalists or Independents.”

In the Province of Quebec, we are advised by a high authority to use the double designation “Congregational Protestants,” inasmuch as some of the Romish Orders have the word, “Congregation,” in their titles. (See C. I., for January, 1871, pp. 272, 3.)

It is hoped that careful attention will be given by all concerned to this matter, which is really one of considerable importance. The figures in the census will be referred to, on innumerable occasions, as evidence of the relative strength of the several denominations. There is not one more likely to suffer from undervaluation than our own, for our principle of Purity of Communion both restricts our membership, and induces scruples on the part of non-members, as to calling themselves Congregationalists.

Although sustaining an official relationship only to Churches in Ontario and Quebec, the undersigned has taken the liberty to include those of the Maritime Provinces in this address, inasmuch as all are alike interested in the subject.

F. H. MARLING,
Secretary, Cong. Union, O. & Q.

Toronto, February 24th, 1871.

Gleanings.

—When Whitefield was asked whether a certain man was a Christian, he answered, “How should I know? I never lived with him.”

Punch suggests to Protestant clergymen going over to Rome to take return tickets, good, as we Americans say, “for thirty days.”

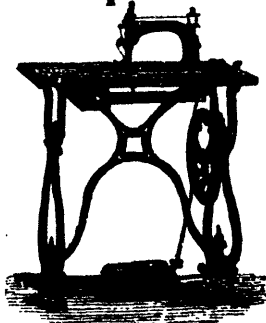
—One hour of love will teach a woman more of her true relations than all your philosophizing.—*Margaret Fuller.*

—It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.—*Beecher.*

—Do not mistake a tendency for a talent; nor conclude that what you dislike to do is not rightfully demanded of you.—*Curlye.*

—To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.—*Anon.*

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2000 FEET OF
LUMBER

IN A
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THAT WILL GRIND
100 BARRELS OF

FLOUR
WHILE USING

1 1/2 CORDS
OF
WOOD.

ENGINES
OF ALL
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UPRIGHT
HORIZONTAL
AND
PORTABLE

ALSO
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AND
STATIONARY
ENGINES

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