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# The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1881.

[New Series. No. 28

## Topics of the Week.

—Unexpectedly, the parish of Starrkirch, in the Canton of Salothurn, Switzerland, has fallen to the Old Catholics by election. The Old Catholic candidate received 109 votes and the Roman Catholic only 11, the bulk of the Roman Catholic voters holding an election of their own and casting 104 votes for the candidate who received 11 votes in the public election. When the parish was given to the Old Catholics, the Roman Catholics appealed; but the appeal has been decided against them. The state declares that it knows no parties in these elections.

—The anti-Jewish agitation in Germany does not abate. Two teachers in the Berlin public schools have been dismissed for publicly insulting Jews. Students of the University of Berlin have prepared a protest for presentation to the rector against students circulating Count Chaplain Sfoecker's Anti-Jewish pamphlet. A meeting, attended by two thousand persons, was held last week in Berlin, at which the Jews were denounced, anti-Jewish laws were called for, and it was resolved not to patronize Jewish shops or to support Liberals who would not pledge themselves to vote against the Jews in the Diet.

—The English Church Union, in a council on the Burials Act, resolved to advise against consecrating future additions to churchyards or public cemeteries; and that all the churchyards be closed where practicable, and new burying-places be created and vested in private trusts, so that the Church of England service could be exclusively used. It was admitted, however, that it is not desirable to mark off invidiously the graves of those buried under the Act. Nevertheless, the procuring of orders in every diocese for blessing particular graves was favored. The clergyman at Harper Town recently refused to allow the body of a child of Wesleyan parents to be taken into the church, giving as a reason to the astonished and grieved mourners that he had been provoked to this action by the passage of the Burials Act.

—At the Consistory held in the middle of the month the Pope delivered an allocution, in which he deplored, so the cable dispatch says, "the position of the Church, which was compelled incessantly to fight for liberty against the audacity with which religion and Catholic institutions are attacked, and against the iniquitous laws imposed upon the faithful, to the injury of the faith and the salvation of souls." He referred distinctly to the troubles in France. It is said that the question whether the French ambassador to the Vatican will return to his post depends upon the language of the Pope concerning the breaking up of the religious establishments in France. The dispatch we have referred to says the Pope's language was prudently chosen. It is intimated that a new policy will be entered upon under the new secretary, Cardinal Jacobini.

—We disagree with our daily contemporary that the plan of small savings by means of penny stamps does not tend to encourage petty speculation. In large establishments stamps can easily be purloined without risk of detection, and such a temptation should not, for their own sakes, be offered to employees of very

limited means. This might be obviated by the adoption of a special stamp for savings-bank purposes. Mr. Fawcett had also a good report to make relative to the plan of receiving sums of £10 and upwards, £30 being the limit for one year—for investment in the national securities. Though barely a month since it came into operation, the right hon. gentleman states that in different parts of the country "many hundreds of people have already made investments through this agency, and in no single instance has there been the slightest hitch or difficulty." Nor is this all. In his speech to his Hackney constituents he held out the promise at no distant date of sixpenny telegrams, and an improved system of parcels post. —*Nonconformist.*

—The Bread Reform League, of London, England, was the other day successfully launched at the Mansion House. Its chief representative was a lady, Miss Yates, who stated that the fine white bread that looked so nice, is deprived of a large proportion of the nutritive qualities supplied by wheat. To the poor especially this is a great calamity, for it is declared to be impossible to grow up strong and healthy if one lives entirely on white bread. Wheat-meal bread, says Miss Yates, cannot be too strongly recommended for growing children, for Nature has stored in the grain of wheat everything necessary for healthy nourishment. The Bread Reform League, therefore, purpose to bring this bread into general use, and already it is sold in some 140 shops, and, moreover, the League intend to have a staff of inspectors whose duty it will be to see that bakers who profess to sell wheat-meal bread really do sell it. No doubt, it will require much patience and instruction to bring about this reform, and to persuade the public to discard the nice-looking, but less nutritive, preparations of "the staff of life."

—To say that Mr. Fawcett is the right man in the right place, expresses a truth, though in the form of a truism. The Postmaster-General is indeed making beneficial use of his great opportunities. Relative to his latest enterprise, which inaugurates a new and fruitful system of national thrift, we quote the following weighty opinion from the *Times*:

In time to come the Penny Savings Bank may easily prove to be as great a boon as the Penny Post itself. Every man, even the poorest, every boy or girl, even the most thoughtless, may save a penny at times. It is nothing new, of course, to say that a penny saved is a penny got, but it is something new to translate the maxim, as Mr. Fawcett has done, into an organized mechanism of national economy, and to demonstrate by actual experiment its beneficial results. During the seven weeks that the scheme was in partial operation, it resulted in the deposit at the Post Office of 14,000 forms duly filled up with a dozen stamps, and in the opening of 7,000 new savings-bank accounts. Mr. Fawcett gives the result of the application of the system to the entire country. The 14,000 forms have expanded to 83,000 in a few weeks, representing a deposit of more than 1,000,000 stamps, and the increase of savings-bank accounts now amounts to more than 58,000. Mr. Fawcett calculates that in a year's time the net increase in the number of savings-bank accounts, after deducting the accounts closed by death and all other causes, will be not

less than half a million, and we cannot doubt that the estimate is a very moderate one.

—During his short respite from official work the English Home Secretary has been usefully engaged in opening a coffee tavern at Derby, which borough, thanks to Mr. Plimsoll's disinterestedness, he represents in Parliament. Sir. W. Harcourt had nothing to say as to legislation on the Liquor Question, but he testified to the serious nature of the social problem. "Nobody, especially anyone who in a public situation was connected with the control in any way of the police or crime of this country could, he said, be otherwise than most deeply impressed more deeply day by day with the immense and intolerable evils of intemperance. The character of those evils was, unfortunately, of a sort that increased rather than diminished with the prosperity of the people. Education was not altogether a cure for it. He was sorry to say he knew a great many educated men who were much addicted to intemperance. He went on Monday last with his friend Alderman Longdon, to see the new china works at Derby. The manager told him that they had been getting very 'bad ovens' lately in consequence of one or two men getting drunk and neglecting their work. In other words, one man, by getting drunk, destroying the industry of hundreds of persons." The right hon. gentleman added that while the cures for intemperance were attracting the attention and enlisting the sympathies of both parties in the State, people out of doors could not be more usefully occupied than in those tentative efforts to do something in the direction in which they desired society should be guided. This is valuable testimony coming from so influential a personage as the Secretary for the Home Department, who indicates what is known to be the fact, that with increasing prosperity the revenue from intoxicating drinks has lately shown a marked increase.

—In the report by Mr. Consul Chr. T. Gardner upon the trade of Chefoo in 1879, there is a paragraph headed "Effect of Evangelisation on Trade." Mr. Gardner says, "The remarkable progress the spirit of Christianity has lately been making in this province will, I think, in future years have a most beneficial effect on trade." He explains that that he does not allude to the number of converts, so much "as to the change that has come over the attitude with which educated and uneducated classes here regard the doctrines of the New Testament." Indifference and hostility are giving way to respectful attention, and Mr. Gardner attributes this "to the generosity of Christian Europeans towards the starving multitude during the recent famine," and to the devotion of Christian missionaries who administered the relief. Although the memory of famine may pass away, he does not think "the progress of Christianity will be much checked." He is "struck with the vast strides Christianity has made, and that in spite of the very few missionaries there are in the land." Enthusiasm in the native forms of faith has become extinct, and "whether we are inclined to rejoice at or deplore the fact, I think the spread of Christianity is inevitable." The mode in which this will operate to extend trade is curious. The mass of the lower orders in China are very adverse to any mental exertion, and "the mere fact of having any of the

doctrines of Christianity forced on their notice will rouse the Chinese to the unwonted exercise of thought." Once thought is roused they will doubtless evolve for themselves many truths in economical science which, "universally admitted in civilized lands, have hardly in this Empire arrived at the stage of being even problems." The class of outcasts is very large in China, and they are peculiarly amenable to the influence of Christianity, through which alone can they obtain a new start in life. In one province a benevolent Viceroy has established thousands of schools, designedly formed on the model of a school of a German missionary, except that the Christian dogmas are not taught. A Chinese general, who found himself with the power of life or death over 80,000 youths in five years, sent them to Singapore for periods ranging from five to ten years. Many of these men have returned, and have become persons marked by their intelligence and industry.

—The Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed has issued a circular to ministers of the Unitarian body in England, urging a plan of simultaneous sermons on the second Sunday in April next against the "opium traffic at present carried on between India and China under the protection and to the profit of the British Government." The object is to "set the matter plainly before the people." Amongst those who have already consented are Revs. H. E. Dowson, H. W. Crosskey, and C. T. Poynting.

—What is probably the strictest vegetarian community in existence is that which is flourishing at Fraternia, near Anaheim, in California. Its members not merely abjure "every species of slain viand," and abstain from every article "derived from an animal organism," such as eggs, butter, and milk, but they refuse even to cook their vegetables. Their theory is that cooking "bedevils" the vegetables and dissipates the finer volatile principles necessary to perfect the human being. "Bedevilled" vegetables animalise a man, therefore the vegetarians of Anaheim eschew bread and porridge, and subsist entirely on "live or sun-dried fruits, nuts, and grains." Their diet chiefly consists of water-melon, sweet-corn, peaches, apricots, apples, grapes, pears, rye-meal, and washed raisins. For the weaker brethren, whose teeth are decayed, grain is ground before meals; but this is the utmost indulgence that is allowed to any one in the preparation of food. They have been living in that style for two years, and declare that they are not only healthier and happier for it, but they have solved the problem of the emancipation of woman by destroying the slavery of the kitchen. Fraternia is not founded, as might be imagined, by a band of refugees fleeing from the tyranny of the modern cook, neither is it the produce of American fanaticism. It was founded by an Englishman, and its members have reasoned themselves into the belief that vegetarianism is indispensable for the attainment of the highest health.—

## REHOBOTH.

A PARABLE FROM THE LIFE OF ISAAC.

GENESIS XXXI 19-23

"I am not afraid to labour,"  
I said, "I will dig for my well,  
And the music of gushing waters  
Shall sound like the silver bell  
That tings for the mirth and joyance  
Of a festival glad and gay;  
I will drink of my well's clear water  
Till all thirst shall have passed away.

And lo! in the earth's cool bosom  
A life-giving spring was found.  
I blessed my God for the fountain,  
And carefully hedged it round;  
I sang my psalms where it sparkled,  
And knelt by its side to pray.  
'Twas a source of delight to my spirit  
Through the whole of the happy day.

But then there were sounds of discord  
Marring my pleasant life;  
I might not keep what I digged for,  
My well was a source of strife.  
Others would drink of its waters,  
And a right to the fountain claim.  
So I passed away in my sorrow,  
Leaving the well but a name.

But the world is large, and I wandered,  
And came to another place,  
And toiled for the cooling water,  
And found it by God's good grace.  
Yet again was it wrested from me  
This also might not be mine.  
So I yielded to man's contention  
This well that in light did shine.

Another, and yet another:—  
What then? Shall I dig no more,  
For the treasure and joy and comfort,  
I vain would have for my store?  
Is the world indeed so crowded,  
That there cannot be room for me?  
Are the wells of delight all taken,  
Nor any left glad and free?

Nay, to-day I will sing with gladness,  
That has not a touch of gloom;  
I stand by a well of water,  
For the Lord hath for me made room.  
I joy in my Father's blessing,  
And discord can never be.  
With work or place or possession,  
Which the Lord has given to me."

Oh, brothers, grown often weary  
Of toil that is all in vain,  
Learn how the bright day cometh  
After the night of pain:—  
Work on, for God some time setteth  
His own in a large, free place;  
Wait on, for the well ne'er faileth  
In the land where we see His face.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Our Story.

## RUTH HALLEY'S THANK OFFERING.

Allow me to introduce myself, Ruth Halley, almost ten when my story begins. My sister Kate was eight years my senior. She was beautiful, talented, and lovely in character, and all the warm, strong affections of my young heart were entwined around her. In short, she was the family idol. She had hardly entered her teens, when her charming bits of poetry and thrilling sketches appeared in our town paper, the *Argus*, which were pronounced by good critics to be of a superior order, and she evinced an equal ability for music. Our parents were proud of their gifted daughter, and nothing gratified them more than to hear her called "a genius, who would make her mark in the world and become a celebrated woman.

Four years Kate had occupied the foremost place in every class of which she was a member in the Hazeltine Young Ladies Seminary, and now the day for the examination, and the graduation of the seniors, had come. The hall was early filled with the patrons and friends of the school. The young ladies, dressed in white muslin, with long pink sashes, carrying bouquets of flowers, made a fine appearance as they came in and took the reserved seats. Then the programme, printed on nicely tinted paper, was circulated among the

visitors, and it filled my heart with childish delight to see the name of Kate Halley conspicuously upon it.

The exercises were listened to with absorbing interest, and though each acquitted herself creditably, not one could equal my peerless sister Kate. She read a brilliant poem in a loud, rich voice, executed a difficult piece of music upon the piano, and gave the valedictory, which was pronounced a masterpiece of composition. This was one of the happiest days of my life, and when Kate took her diploma and left the platform followed by a score of admiring eyes, I could have knelt before her and worshipped her.

"Miss Kate Halley is a very remarkable girl," I heard Judge Rice say to Deacon Flint.

"Yes, she is a shining intellect, but the physical is frail," was the earnest answer. "Such rare precocity should be restrained, not stimulated. This high-pressure system of education is wrong. It kills and ruins the health of thousands."

That evening after Kate had retired to our bedroom, I said:

"Oh Kate! you've had lots of praise to-day. Ever so many have said you'll make your mark as a poetess. Does mark mean famous?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Kate, wearily.

"And famous people's names are in all the papers, and their photographs are shown in all the shop windows, and their lives are written. You are so pretty; your picture will look real well in front of a book; yes, it will."

Kate laughed merrily.

"And great authors get great prices," I continued emphatically. "You'll have all the money you want. Well, I can never be pretty, or make verses as you do, but it will be kind o' nice to be called the sister of Miss Kate Halley the poetess."

"Ruth, you are one of the dearest, best little girls in the world. If success lies before me you shall share it with me," and she kissed me fondly.

That night Kate tossed restlessly on her bed. The exciting events of the day banished all sleep from her eyes, and when morning came she arose pale and exhausted. A few hours later she complained of a severe headache. It grew rapidly worse. Her cheeks were red, and her forehead was hot. Her eyes were wild and bright, and she said strange things in a loud, unnatural voice. Dr. Hartwell was called. He examined the case thoroughly and then asked:

"Mrs. Halley, has anything unusual occurred to excite or overtax your daughter?"

"The examination of her school was held yesterday. She graduated and gave the valedictory; but I never saw her seem brighter or better."

"Her nervous system has had a heavy strain. It is a misdirected ambition which leads parents and teachers to force the mind of the young. Another victim of mental abuse," said the doctor, impatiently.

He then gave directions about the medicine and went away.

The hours passed one after another. Kate's delirium and fever continued to increase, and her pulse grew feebler and quicker.

Upon Dr. Hartwell's third visit he shook his head seriously.

Mother followed him into the parlor with a white anxious face, and seized his arm.

"Is there still hope?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The Great Physician alone can save her."

A cry of agony burst from mother's lips.

"She must not, shall not die. I could bear it, if it were Ruth; but I can-

not part with Kate. Oh, I cannot let her die."

I was sitting on a low chair in the corner during this conversation. A shiver ran over my frame. The thought that Kate was going to die almost paralyzed me. No wonder, she was the best loved daughter. I was plain-featured and uncomely in form, and could never expect to be poetical—so very different from Kate.

Soon I arose and went to my room, and kneeling, I poured my great grief into the pitying ear of the loving Heavenly Father. I earnestly entreated him to spare the life of my dear sister; and peace and strength came over my soul. I was sure my petition would be granted.

Another day wore away. In the meantime Kate had become more quiet and her incoherent ravings had subsided into low moans.

When the doctor came, he placed his fingers upon her wrist, and then said hopefully:

"The pulse is slower. There is an improvement."

Very gradually Kate began to recover. It was many weeks before she could leave her room, and not till Winter came was she able to be around as before. My joy at her convalescence had no limits, and I fervently thanked God for the continuance of her life.

One bright Sunday morning I dressed for church. I knew after the services a collection was to be taken for the poor, and a purpose was in my heart. In a little rosewood box I had a sum of money which I had carefully saved.

There was a half dollar which father gave me after my big back tooth was pulled. Another half-dollar Aunt Sallie gave for getting so many "credits" at school, to "encourage me." Then there was a tiny gold piece Uncle Peter sent me, just after Rover died, "to help lighten the blow," and it did. Besides, there were several small silver pieces of less value, and a few pennies, amounting in all to nearly four dollars.

The clasp to my pocket-book was broken, so I tied the money into one corner of my handkerchief, and put it into my pocket, and then walked with my parents to church. When the sermon was over, Rev. Mr. Brooks announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor, and earnestly urged liberal contributions. Then Mr. Peters and Deacon Holbrook took long-handled boxes, and proceeded to pass them around to the people.

As Mr. Peters approached our pew, I pulled out my handkerchief, and with quick, nervous fingers tried to untie the knot; but it would not yield. Mr. Peters held the box before father, who put in a bill, and was going on.

"Stop, stop! I've something to put in," I whispered in a flurry of excitement, loud enough to be heard by the occupants of a dozen pews.

Mr. Peters took a step back, and held the box out to me. The knot slipped and untied, and in an instant the entire contents of my handkerchief, gold, silver pieces, and pennies, were emptied into it—as much as my chubby hand could hold. Father saw this unexpected act with a surprised, puzzled eye, and a partial smile flitted over his lips as he looked upon my satisfied face. That evening, when the family were sitting in the parlor at twilight, father inquired, smilingly:

"Ruth, how did it happen you put so much money in the contribution box? You gave almost as much as I did."

"I gave it to please God. It was my thank-offering for sparing Kate's life," I answered quietly.

"Dear child; you have taught me a lesson," and he drew me fondly to him and kissed me.

Kate's eyes were moist, and mother said, looking tenderly toward me:

"Husband, let us follow Ruth's ex-

ample, and show our gratitude to the Lord for restoring our daughter, by giving with a free hand to the needy out of our abundance."

The following week a score of destitute struggling families were made richer and happier by the supply of clothes, provisions and fuel which my parents generously distributed among them according to their necessities.

Many years have come and gone since then. Kate's girlhood dream of fame has not been realized. She was never able to endure severe mental labor after that dreadful illness, and it cost her many bitter tears to be forced to abandon all thought of authorship.

Then God gave her a different mission in life. She is the wife of a Western clergyman, occupying a high social position, and the influence of her many gifts and graces is widely felt. Strangely our lives are revolutionized.

I, Ruth Halley, neither brilliant nor poetical, and dull of learning in childhood, now write simple, practical pieces for magazines and papers. My parents have become reduced in property, and it is my highest pleasure to help them with my earnings; and I am sure they now love me as well as my more gifted sister Kate.

My story is told. Parents and teachers, heed its warning. Overtaxation of mind has ruined the health and caused the death of thousands. Restrain, and not stimulate, the young who manifest precocity of intellect.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

## POST-MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, helpful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Every body believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a pleasant or kindly thing about him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burden, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denials—of his work among the poor, and of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in his coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the black coffin and dark grave to have made his whole life-path bright as clearest day; but his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late; the kindness came when the life could not receive its blessing.

But meantime there is a great host of

weary men and women toiling through life toward the grave, who need cheering words and helpful ministries. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins, but why should it not be scattered in their paths to-day? The kind words are lying in men's hearts and trembling on their tongues, which will be spoken by and by, when these weary ones are sleeping. But why should they not be spoken now, when they need them so much, and when their accents would be so pleasing and grateful?

It costs but little to give men a great deal of joy and help. One brought a bunch of flowers to my table, and for a whole week filled my room with fragrance. One wrote me a cheering letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude and love. It came when I was weary and depressed, and was like the meal prepared by the angel for the old prophet. I went on in its blessed strength for many days.—One met me on the street and spoke an encouraging word and grasped me warmly by the hand, and for hours I felt that warm grasp and heard that word echoing through my brain.

A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up hands that hang down, to comfort those that mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil a man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If an editor writes an article that does you good, he can write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgment? If you know a weary or neglected one, would it not be such work as angels do, would it not be Christ-like work, to seek every opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and heart stilled. Do it now. Post mortem kindnesses do not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days. — J. D. MILLER in *Canada Christian Advocate*.

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON,

Sunday, Jan. 23.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.— Luke 2:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

### INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Our last lesson closed with the prophetic words of Zacharias, uttered on the occasion of the naming of his son; this brings us to the birth of Him whose coming and kingdom were the burden of that prophecy. In conformity with an Imperial order that a general tax should be levied throughout "all the world," that is, the Roman Empire, the inhabitants of Judea went each to his own city, "to be taxed," or, more probably, to be "enrolled," or "registered," in order to facilitate the taxing which was about to be made. Among those who went up from Nazareth of Galilee to Bethlehem, the city of David, were Joseph and Mary. Their home was Nazareth, but our Lord was to be born in Bethlehem, according to the sure word of prophecy (Micah 5:2); therefore at the appointed time and in the appointed place he was born; and, probably by the mother's own hand, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger—the place from which the cattle fed. Thus, "because there was no room for them in the inn," the Saviour of men, the Creator of the world, found no resting-place in the homes of those He came to save, but only in such a place as might be sought by the poorest and most abject of mankind. (2 Cor. 8:9.)

### LESSON NOTES.

(8) In the same country—in the mountain region of Judea and in the neighborhood of Bethlehem. *Shepherds abiding in the field—remaining day and night, proba-*

bly in tents, for the purpose of watching over their flocks. It was usual in that country for shepherds to follow their flocks, and remain with them constantly during the warm season, or from April till the autumn set in. This makes it almost certain that our Lord's birth was not in December, but later in the year. *Keeping watch, or keeping "the night watches" over their flocks.*

(9) *The angel (messenger) of the Lord came upon them.* These shepherds were, undoubtedly, devout men; for we find that such gracious revelations as this were given to no others. Even the "wise men from the East" seem to have been of that class. *The glory of the Lord shone, &c.* It is reasonable to suppose that it was in the midst of devout and serious conversation—possibly of worship—that this burst of glory fell upon the shepherds, and yet, when it came, they were sore afraid. We naturally fear to come in contact with the unseen world. It is mysterious, and mystery itself is a source of fear.

(10) *The angel said.....fear not.* There was no just cause for fear. It is true, God had come very near them, but it was in mercy and not in wrath. *Behold—look, consider—I bring you good tidings (news, information of something not previously known) of great joy.* They were more than good tidings in the ordinary sense; they were good tidings of GREAT JOY. For them the world had been waiting for four thousand years, and at last they had come; and they were to be of great joy to all people, not to themselves, the Jews, alone, but to all people, Gentiles and Jews alike.

(11) *Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.* He is born unto you, that is, of your own nation, of the Jews. In this sense he was peculiarly their own. "He came to His own (possession, rights) "and his own" (nation) "received Him not." In the city of David (1 Sam. 16:1, 10-13). *A Saviour.* It is likely those Jewish shepherds understood this word chiefly, if not exclusively, in a national sense. *Which is Christ (the anointed One) the Lord, or Jehovah.*

(12) *A sign unto you.* The sign appears to have consisted in the two facts of this Saviour, Christ, being an infant in swaddling clothes, and His lying in a manger; both circumstances being in striking contrast to the dignity and glory the angels' words had implied.

(13, 14) *And suddenly there was with the angel, &c.* They were not seen to come, but suddenly they were there. *A multitude.* Probably the multitude remained invisible for a time, lest a full view of their presence and glory should be too much for the shepherds to endure. *Praising God.* The angels felt a lively interest in the work of redemption, although they do not seem to have understood it except in its gradual unfolding (1 Pet. 1:12); yet they understood enough to elicit their most rapturous praises. *Glory to God in the highest.* The highest glory of God of which we can form a conception flows from the plan, the work, and the results of redemption. *On earth peace, not of nations, of communities, or even of families as such (Matt. 10:34-36), but the individual, conscious peace of regenerated souls (John 16:33; Rom. 5:1).*

(15, 16) *Let us go, &c.* The shepherds hastened, not to certify themselves of the truth of what they had heard, but to see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. This simplicity and confidence on the part of the shepherds reveal their character as men of simple and unquestioning faith, they did not hesitate, and query, and doubt, but went straight, with haste, to see for themselves, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. Doubtless these men were guided by the Spirit, or they could not easily have found the child they sought, in the intricacies of the city and the darkness of the night. It was not the "wise men from the east," nor yet the great and noble of Judea, who first looked upon Christ in human flesh; but humble, unlettered shepherds, whose only learning was drawn from God's word, and whose only riches was their faith. Such was God's plan—for the reason that it is so (see 1 Cor. 1:26-29).

(17) *Made known abroad—probably that very night, in the city of Bethlehem.* These shepherds, then, were Christ's first witnesses, publishers of the gospel of peace while yet the world's Redeemer was only a babe in the manger of Bethlehem.

(18) *All they that heard it wondered—* (Lk. 9: 6).

(19) *But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart—* that is, hid them away—not as material for conversation, but to be pondered—weighed, considered—in her thoughts. She knew no human mother had ever before been blessed with such a Son; but even to her He was a mystery. *How He was to be a Saviour, how He was to restore the ancient honors to the house of David, and be exalted to "reign over the house of Jacob forever," were as great mysteries to her as to any one.* But that mystery was too precious, too sacred for wordy talk; so she kept the various hints she gained of the exalted glory that awaited her babe, and turned them over in her mind in blessed ignorance of the gulf of immeasurable anguish that lay between that helpless infancy and the glory of His promised exaltation.

(20) *Returned—to their flocks and their task—glorifying and praising God for the things which they had heard and seen as it was told unto them,—* that is, for having been permitted to see and hear for themselves the full confirmation of the angelic vision.

### QUESTION SUMMARY.

(FOR THE CHILDREN.)

8). What country is meant? What are shepherds? What were those shepherds doing? 9). Who came suddenly where they were? How could they see him, if it was night? How did they feel? Why were they sore afraid? 10). What did the angel say to them? Why not fear? For whom were those to be good tidings of great joy? Then they were for you, were they not? Why should they make all people so glad? Because they tell of One who came to seek and save those who are lost. Are you lost? Then did Jesus come to save you? Yes; if you believe and trust in Him? 11). Where was Jesus born? Who was David? Was Jesus born in the same city that David was? Can you tell how many years there were between David and Jesus? What is the meaning of Christ? Why is He called Lord? Because He was truly God in the form of a little child? 12). What was the sign by which they were to know He was Christ? Were those circumstances what they would naturally look for? Why? Whom did they suddenly see with the angel? What were they doing? 14). What did they say? How had God shown good-will to men? Why did God send Jesus into the world? Repeat John 3: 16. 15). What did the shepherds do as soon as the angels were gone? 16). Why did they make haste? Did they find it just as the angels had said? 17). What did they do just at once? 18). Why did the people wonder? Did Mary say much about what was said of her child? What is meant by *pondered*? What were the shepherds doing as they returned to their flocks? Should we praise and bless God for sending us Jesus? Why?

### THE FIRST DOLLAR.

The following story is true, and must please as well as counsel our young readers.

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first he could think of none, he knew that only a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant; at last, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but he feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and request him to send the lad to the city, and if on a personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents and, stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh! there will be so much to see, and it will be such a nice ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare." Not so with this boy.

Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself, "This is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his father and mother at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant, who sternly asked: "Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago."

The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and trembling tone, he answered:

"I did not come by the stage, sir."

"Did not come on the stage? What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him, sure. Through the gathering tears he managed to reply, "I am very sorry, sir. I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you're exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper." Then, turning to a bystander, he remarked, "I would not take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day."

The boy has grown up to manhood and since become widely known in business circles. He is now the owner of an extensive mill at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.

The master of a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and said "Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?" when the boy innocently answered, "No, sir; the baker sells them two for three-half-pence, when they are stale."

Said a young man to a professor of chemistry, at the same time holding up a fungus-looking plant, "Is there anything by which I can tell whether this is a mushroom, or a toadstool?" "Yes," answered the professor, "eat it; if it's a mushroom, you'll live; if it's a toadstool you'll die."

The following curious directions to worshippers in the Church of St. Michael's and All Angels at Chiswick, require some explanation.—During prayers, all are requested to kneel. The kneelers should be hung on the hooks provided for the purpose by those who have used them.

The *Calcutta Star of the East* says that there are one hundred and fifty students in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, who are in training for the ministry. Some of the students are married, and their wives are obliged to spend a part of their time in study, and some of them keep up with their husbands in the full course.

Prof. Robertson Smith, in reply to an invitation, numerously signed, asking him to deliver a series of lectures this winter in Glasgow, on "Biblical Criticism," says he feels that he ought not decline without "cogent reasons." As he understands there are members of the Free Church in Glasgow who believe such "cogent reasons" exist, and as he desires to do nothing liable to misconception, he proposes to delay his answer until he can communicate with those who object.

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TORONTO, JAN 13th, 1881.

### OUR PRESBYTERIANISM.

We are in receipt of a couple of letters, which may possibly to some extent be representative, and because of which, as well as out of regard to the writers, we propose to say a few words. The principal letter, enclosing the other is marked "private," but the writer gives us liberty to make what use we think proper of its contents, so that we break no confidence by making quotations. The burden of both writers is what they denominate the "Presbyterianism" of the INDEPENDENT, that it is not, in fact, true to its name, but is promulgating another and a less Scriptural system.

The writer whose letter is enclosed with the principal one, says: "I am not at all in sympathy with the semi-Presbyterianism of the INDEPENDENT. It does not read like our paper. When it professes to take up our views I fancy it seems to be done in the interest of Presbyterianism. I should be sorry if I thought our people were being moulded by it. . . . I have no patience with these distinctions about Congregationalism and Independency. I wish the Presbyterians would go home to the body they admire. . . . If our people sympathize with the C. I., we shall soon make ourselves laughing-stocks to the intelligent world by having church courts and trials for heresy. If the C. I. continues in the strain it is in, it will weaken us and prepare those who endorse it to go into Presbyterian Churches." The other writer in a similar manner says: "For some time past I have watched the course of the C. I. with much anxiety and dissatisfaction. . . . The feelings I have confessed have been especially awakened by the articles that have appeared in eulogy of the recent National Council at St. Louis. . . . Until now the C. I. has been in sympathy with the British type of Congregationalism, which I do not hesitate to say is incomparably the best."

The above is about all referring specially to the C. I., as the letter is principally filled with the tendencies of the National Council and the attitude, *pro* and *con*, of Congregationalists in the United States.

While feeling much respect for the writers of these letters, we really feel almost ashamed to say a word in reply. It is the old *odium ecclesiasticum*, and shows how good men can suffer a name to become a *bete noir*, and be frightened by a vision purely of their own conjuring. Just as in Presbyterianism and Methodism those who would give freedom of action are met with the cry of "Congregationalism," so among ourselves "Presbyterianism" is the bugaboo to oppose a needed good.

What is Presbyterianism? If it is anything at all it is a system of ecclesiastical machinery to mould all the churches under its control to one pattern, a Procrustean bed

on which the rack or the axe are to be applied to procure the desired uniformity. That it has failed in this object in the past, that it is still more notably failing to-day, does not alter the fact; power, authority, are the essence of its existence. By its theory the will of an individual church must bend to the will of the united churches as represented in their courts. This machinery, these courts, are permanent, as we noticed in our article of last week—"The Right of Reproof"—not called into existence temporarily to meet a special case as Congregational Councils. Such being the facts as to the system of Presbyterianism, it is evident that those who guard as a sacred right the independence of each particular church cannot move one step towards Presbyterianism. That can only be reached over the slain body of independence. Now with that fact as a starting-point, let us ask when and where has the INDEPENDENT uttered one disloyal word to this regnant principle of our existence as churches? On the contrary, we have not once or twice, but repeatedly spoken of this as a point beyond question or discussion. We have made the fact prominent again and again, and have regarded it as the underlying truth of our congregationalism. But what have we done, then? Why, we have been true to the motto of our paper: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." True to it in its fulness and completeness. Some of our friends will take the first half, but they object to the second; or, rather, perhaps they do not object to the privileges, but they very much object to the duties and responsibilities it involves. [We are not now speaking of the writers of the letters.] If I am a member of a family, I must care for the welfare and good name of all my brethren. The head of the family may give me the fullest liberty of action, but it is always implied that my actions shall not harm or disgrace the rest. How many families are groaning to-day under the disgrace brought upon them by individual members; and are there not churches and communities of churches suffering in like manner?

Here, if we mistake not, is the head and front of our offending, that we have insisted that churches calling themselves Congregational, although no other church or churches can claim any authority over them, owe an allegiance of love to other churches of the same faith and order, all the more imperative because of the lack of that authority. We have said, and say again, that they have no moral right to imperil the good name of their brethren, to gratify a fancy or liking of their own, and that if they do this they virtually withdraw themselves from their brethren. Ecclesiastically there is nothing to prevent an Independent church placing whom it will in its pulpit, or adopting any heresy it pleases, but if it persists in its own course, unheeding the remonstrances of sister churches, it must not be surprised to find that it has lost their sympathy, and that they decline to be associated with it.

As to the distinction between Independency and Congregationalism with which our friend has "no pa-

tiency," we say they are one, joined together by God, two truths blended into one—allegiance only to Christ; love and sympathy to brethren, but it is ultra-Independency, that with rude and violent hands would divide them, casting aside that portion of the truth that is most irksome to it, forgetting that in doing this it is denying all, for He who spoke the part spoke the whole.

The friends who talk of English Congregationalism do not appreciate its positions and surroundings. Under the shadow of a dominant State-Church, having to struggle and to suffer therefor, it is not matter for surprise that the aspect of their principles brought most to the front has been the right of Independency, none the less, however, when they have been setting forth their system in its rounded fulness, have they given the social inter-dependent aspect. No exponent of our principles is entitled to such a respectful hearing as Dr. Wardlaw; he is *par excellence* their champion, and we would commend to all who would place English Congregationalism in opposition to our utterances, to read the following short extract from his great work. He is speaking of the fellowship of the churches.

Did our space permit we could make the writer's object still more clear by fuller quotation, but these must suffice. We advise all who can to read the book.

It has been often said to Congregationalists, "You have no visible union; your system is a rope of sand; it has no cohesion. . . . Were it true that our system is incompatible with union, I at once admit that the objection would be a serious, and even a fatal one; fatal, because showing it to be destitute of an essential feature of resemblance to the constitution of the churches of the New Testament. There is union. The churches are distinct, yet one. Ours is a union of *fellowship* and *co-operation*, but not a union of *jurisdiction* or *authority*. . . . Of this kind of union we are fondly tenacious. So tenacious of it, indeed, have some Congregationalists been, that they have even rejected the designation of *independents*, solely on the ground of its being apt to be misunderstood as if it disclaimed such union. . . . Nothing can be more revolting, because nothing more unlike the Bible, than the idea of churches all in a state of insulation as that, instead of the lovely harmony of reciprocal confidence and friendly intercourse, each should appear like a separate fortress, surrounded by its walls and ramparts, with spies on the battlements, and sentinels at the gates, watching with anxious jealousy, to prevent the entrance of intruders from the rest. . . . That would be a state of things as opposite to the condition of the apostolic churches as division is to unity, enmity to love, darkness to light. . . . Allied to the free right of soliciting advice in difficulty, is the right of one church to remonstrate with another that has embraced serious and soul-endangering error. This, indeed, is not only a right, but a duty, not competent only, but incumbent. Although independents disown the right of any one church to interfere authoritatively in the concerns of another, — as well as that of any number of churches, or any court of the representatives of such churches, to take upon them such authoritative interference; yet when among churches of the same order, professing to walk in fellowship with each other, one is discovered to have "departed from the faith," whether in regard to truths of which the belief is essential to the soul's salvation, or to articles of doctrine akin to these, and by which their divine integrity is endangered, — other churches — those more especially in the same neighbourhood . . . are called upon to deal, in faithfulness and love, with their erring brethren; . . . and should they fail of success, to "shake off the dust of their feet against them," and renounce their fellowship, till the Lord may Himself be pleased to bring them to a right mind. — To require the production of an express precept or example for such dealing

of church with church is an unreasonable requisition. The necessity and the duty of it are involved in every precept, every example, and every principle by which the obligation to purity of communion is enforced upon the churches.

A word or two as to our attitude towards Presbyterianism. We very heartily wish it success as an agency for doing Christ's work, but we have no sympathy whatever with its system; as we view it, it is man-made, cumbrous, and withal fails to attain the ends for which it exists. The churches of that body are becoming more Congregational year by year. Presbyteries may resolve and make rules, but they are impotent to enforce. This fact must be recognized, sooner or later; the sooner the better for the peace of that body. Just as it is unable to enforce the laws of its courts on the churches, so it is helpless to keep improper men out of its ministry; indeed in some cases, there is not the pretence of trying; men have been admitted without a single enquiry as to antecedents in quarters where alone truth could be learned. The looseness of some of our churches has been paralleled by the looseness of Presbyteries. Congregationalism embodies, we firmly believe, the principle of the New Testament *Ecclesia* and just as men emerge from the mists of old prejudices, and the traditions of hierarchial usurpations, will they recognize this, but to be Congregationalists men must be educated, intelligent, baptized into the spirit of their Master.

Here we leave the subject. Its importance must be our apology for the length of this article, and when at our next Union meeting, we step down and out of what has been anything but an "Editor's Easy Chair" for the last year, we shall hope to see it occupied by some one who will be loyal to our principles in their completeness.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS.\*

We take the opportunity, reviewing the work of Dr. Christlieb, of drawing the attention of our churches to the world-field of missions, an interest in which will do much to stimulate our faith, and lift us out from the thick darkness of the selfish church and individual. Unless our Indian missions, to which individuals of other denominations largely contribute, we have no active, united interest in a foreign field; though we know, or should know, that our sister churches at home and across the border are large shareholders in the work of Protestant Foreign Missions; witness the London Missionary Society and the American Board of Foreign Missions. Our home work, no doubt, must absorb for some time the greater part of our energies. Nevertheless, there are thoughtful men among us who believe that a little manifested interest in the great world-work of missions would elevate our piety and encourage our zeal. This little manual of Dr. Christlieb's is not a *history* of missions, but a bird's-eye view of the work of to-day, drawn from official reports and Missionary Conferences. A few of its facts, with comments, we give, assuring

\*Protestant Foreign Missions: their present state. A Universal Survey, by Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn University, Boston. Congregational Publishing Company.

friends that the work itself will form a useful manual for reference and a stimulating book for frequent perusal.

This century, in future ecclesiastical history, must ever be marked as the great era of missionary awakening and activity. We have still remaining traces of the spirit which uttered against foreign missionary operation such sentences as these:—"Why should we scatter our forces and spread our strength on foreign service, when our utmost vigilance, our unbroken strength, is required at home. While there remains at home a single individual without the means of religious knowledge, to propagate it abroad would be improper and absurd." The work, however, goes on.

First, as to the Bible, the ground of all Protestant missions, as the crucifix was the centre of the Jesuits'. A.D. 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was established. At that time the number of translations in the vulgar tongue of different peoples, of the Bible, was about fifty; it is now translated, wholly or in part, into two hundred and twenty-six, very largely through the instrumentality of that Society. Thus the foundation-work is being laid.

At the beginning of this century there were but seven societies among Protestants for foreign mission work, with one hundred and seventy male missionaries, of which the Moravians sent forth one hundred. There are now eighty societies, exclusive of self-supporting missions and small societies in such places as Cape Colony and Australia, employing not less than two thousand four hundred ordained missionaries. These societies are distributed thus:—

In Great Britain.....	27
" United States.....	18
" Germany.....	9
" Holland.....	19
" Scandinavia.....	5
" France.....	1
" Switzerland.....	1

There are over a thousand native missionaries, to say nothing of workers, male and female, in the more ordinary lines of settled church work. 50,000 converts were counted three score and ten years ago, now we can reckon 2,000,000, without including the self-sustaining churches won for Christianity in Madagascar, South Africa, and South Sea Islands, and although the amount of money expended in the sustaining of missions compared, e.g., with that expended in the luxury of intoxicating drinks is a sad comment on Christian consistency, yet compared with that raised by the R. C. Propaganda, it is encouraging. The yearly income for Protestant missions is about six millions and a-half dollars, that of the Propaganda one and a-quarter millions.

There are few lands where the missionary is not. China has been entered; India rejoices in large mission centres; Japan enquires for spiritual food; lands once lost under the conquering sword of Islam are being won for the cross; "the dark continent" is being opened up by missionary zeal, and already along the Congo and up to the sources of the Nile, a chain of mission stations

is being formed: slavery is fast disappearing from its last stronghold; Madagascar has received the light nationally, never to be quenched; along the South American coast ever to Terre del Fuego, British missions are travelling. Even the impenetrable forests of the Amazon are beginning to hear the refrain of the Song of Moses and the Lamb. If it was a soldier-boast that the sun in its daily course rose in all lands to the drum-beat of a British regiment, much more may it be a Christian missionary's rejoicing that the sun ever shines upon some one or other centre and outpost of the great mission army of the Protestant Church. Geographically the gospel is being proclaimed in all lands and in the islands of the sea.

Perhaps the most crushing argument against the theory that man is but an evolved animal is yet to be drawn from our foreign mission field. The Papuans, among the most debased of human kind, are yielding to gospel truth, and the native Australians, left to mission influences alone, are settling down to quiet and orderly lives. They can be evolved religiously. Some stretch of imagination would be required to conceive of a pious orang-outang, or of a Sunday School gathered from among his progeny.

Perhaps the results in the South Sea Islands are the most astonishing. This century has witnessed there, purely through mission effort, the entire suppression of idolatry, human sacrifices, cannibalism, infanticide and the unmitigated cruelties of war. In May, 1879, it was reported regarding Fiji, with its black, curly-headed inhabitants, that out of a population of 120,000, one hundred thousand are church-going people. 42,000 children attend Christian schools. Even the poor Indian, *Christianized*, does not die out, but improves. In 1867 the American Indians occupied but 7,500 houses, in ten years those houses had increased three-fold. In 1868, 168,000 bushels of grain were harvested, in 1877, 4,657,000. The missionary is a better civilizer than the most approved tulle.

Missions pay commercially. A motive we by no means force upon a Christian people, but a fact political economists do well to consider. It has been estimated that every missionary in the South Sea has created an average annual trade of \$50,000. Such men as Darwin and Max Muller bear unhesitating testimony to the great change for the better wrought by Christian Missions.

We seek not to convey the idea that the work, as at present carried on, is at all commensurate with the great need. Far from it; but the progress made bids us hope and go on. Are our churches in Canada to have neither part nor lot in this matter? Experience teaches that those churches who have most earnestly engaged in the great mission work of the world have been at home the most truly blessed. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than it meet, and it tendeth to poverty." In principle the work of missions is one, whether raising the standard of the cross on the steppes of Tartary, or wiping the tear from a little child's eye along the streets of home; only let not our sympathies be narrowed.

The flower of earth's nobility seek glory on the tented field, here in a still nobler campaign, let us each do our share "Thy kingdom come" we pray, let us also work, even suffer. Then shall the wilderness bloom and paradise be regained.

God hasten the day!

[We commend to our readers the manual of Dr. Chrestlich, from which most of these facts have been drawn.]

THE irrepressible organ question is now upon the Scottish Free Church, a congregation of the Dundee Presbytery—Free St. Luke's, Broughton Ferry—having introduced an harmonium into the public worship of the Sunday. At a private meeting of the Presbytery, the pastor was implored "for God's sake, not to introduce another element of discord at this time." the Robertson-Smith case being alone a weight sufficient for the Church to carry, but the congregation decided otherwise, and the "kist of whistles" is in. This, the first case of "instrumental music" in the Free Church of Scotland, will be watched with interest. It will end, some time or other, without doubt, as it is ending here, by the virtual adoption of "Congregational principles," viz, each individual congregation settling the matter for itself, free from all external ecclesiastical control. Of course Presbyteries will be "enjoined to take order, etc," which, in these instances simply means do as you like or as best you can.

At the other extreme we note a communication from one of our Congregational brethren in England, taking notice of "The Server's Mass Book," being designed for the use of boys who are requested to take part in the flummeries of ritualism. We clip the following precious stuff, simply saying that these things are for use in the Protestant Church of England as "by law established," whose clergy denied the simple courtesy of "Rev." to a worthy Wesleyan minister, and some of whom even in this city, have occasionally forgot the same when having occasion to write to some "preacher" whose highest claim to courtesy is implemented by being tolerated; here are the extracts:—

"Consecration Prayer—kneel a little behind the priest, having the bell near your right hand. With your left hand slightly raise the priest's chasuble. Be very reverent. Our dear Lord is about to descend to His altar throne. At the words, 'This is My Body,' ring once; at 'Do this in remembrance of Me,' ring again, ring a third time when the priest genuflects. At the words, 'This is My Blood,' ring once; at 'In remembrance of Me,' ring a second time; ring a third time when the priest genuflects."

The boy is informed that "the priest" having "communicated," he (the boy) is to return to "the altar" and "on the Epistle side," and as he passes the front of the same he is "to genuflect, that is, kneel, for a moment" on his "right knee." Then on page 21 occurs the following:—

"Communion of the People.—Go to centre of altar, genuflect; then go to credence, and kneel there, facing the side of the altar..... Our Father. Hail Mary. Think of Jesus on the cross dying for you. Think of His coming down upon our altars, under the forms of bread and wine. Every crumb on the paten, every drop in the chalice, has now become the whole Body, Blood, Soul, Spirit, and Divinity of Jesus! Now is the time for you to worship Him, and to pray to Him in your own words for yourself, your priest, your relations, and friends. Do not look about you, nor allow your thoughts to wander. Jesus is here! After Communion of people, priest returns to altar. Go to centre, genuflect, then kneel on your step at the Epistle side."

And the Churches mourn ritualism and scepticism whilst such subjects engage the attention of earnest men, whilst intemperance and vice, and wretchedness and want, stalk grimly round on every hand.

"Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,  
Forgive the blindness that denies."

"Forgive thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart."

It must not be thought from the prominence we give to the letters of two friends who are dissatisfied with the course of the INDEPENDENT, that we have any idea of their feelings being widespread. On the contrary, almost every mail bringing with it a renewal of subscriptions, brings with it also words of approval and kindly cheer. If we were to cull from them there would be seen a consensus of support of which any Editor might be proud, in addition to which we have had verbal assurances to the same effect from several of our leading men, ministerial and lay. That the paper is not what we should like it to be, we freely confess; the very limited time we can give to its affairs prevents us doing some things in it and for it, we should like to do, and it often goes forth without the strict supervision that it should have. We thank our friends for their forbearance and kind words.

#### CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following sums for the Provident Fund Retiring Ministers' branch:

Western Church, Toronto.....	\$6 00
Yorkville Church.....	4 10
Paris Church.....	8 00
Lanark Village Church.....	9 93

Also on account of previous personal subscriptions:

Geo. Hague, Esq., Montreal...	\$33 33
Jas. Smith, Esq., Toronto ..	33 33

Being, in both cases, balance of subscription of \$100.

The church collections come in answer to the appeal in my circular of 25 Nov., and I hope they will be followed by a large number of additional collections from churches who have not yet remitted. It will be quite an encouragement to those of us who are giving our time and thought for the benefit of the churches in this matter to find that our services are thus recognized—the only way we ask for a recompense.

I beg to remind the ministers connected with the Fund that their half-yearly subscriptions are due.

Very truly yours,  
CHAS. R. BLACK,  
Sec. Treas.

Montreal, 8th January, 1881.

LETTERS from the missionaries of the Church Society at Mpwapwa, Africa, state that the people are much annoyed by incursions of the Masai and other tribes, who carry off their oxen and other property. Dr. Baxter writes favorably of his experiment with ostriches. The birds are thriving, and in another year he hopes to have an income of \$150 or more from each bird. He thinks that all the stations in Central Africa could be supported by one or two large ostrich farms, for which suitable land could be got in the neighborhood of Mpwapwa. Mr. Last has established a station at Mamboia, which is about 40 miles east of Mpwapwa. The local Sultan is very friendly and the people are attentive, anxious to learn to read and write, and, more wonderful, are not afraid to work. Mr. Last is very much encouraged. Dr. Baxter says that he has not had a single case of malaria at Mpwapwa, which is a very healthy place, indeed. The chief ailments are ophthalmia, diarrhoea, and skin diseases.

PASTORAL VISITING AN AID TO  
SERMONIZING.

BY REV. JAMES DAVIES.

(Read before the Cheboygan Conference,  
Dec. 22nd, 1880.)

Pastoral visitation is one of the most important duties connected with the Christian ministry. It is a most powerful medium through which a pastor may bring himself in true loving sympathy with his people. If we must touch the secret springs of everyday life by our preaching we should know where, when, and how to do it.

Whatever may be the topic of our discourse, it may be so utilized in order to be made profitable to the hearts of our hearers. The wants of each are distinct, yet there should be a constant sympathy between the pulpit and the pew. As ministers of the Gospel we may know the wants of the souls of men, yet we may be in ignorance in regard to their struggles, trials, and temptations. The duty involved upon the pastor is to bring himself into contact with his flock in their everyday life.

What secret springs are hidden within the sacred enclosure of the family circle? What crosses, what cares, what disappointments and responsibilities? We should be able to see the traces of all these in the faces of our flock from Sabbath to Sabbath. Yet how can they be seen except they be known.

We are ambassadors for Christ, sent forth to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

There is about as much dead formality in pastoral visitation, as in preaching. A specimen will not be out of place.

Some few years ago I was invited by a brother minister to spend an afternoon with him in pastoral visitation. I was delighted, hoping that I might gain something that might prove useful to me in my ministry. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we started on what I supposed to be an errand of mercy. The first call made was at the residence of Dr. W. We were ushered into the drawing room. After a few moments the lady of the house entered, when the following conversation took place during the interview:

Pastor—How are you to-day, Mrs. W.?

Ans.—I am quite well, thank you.

Pastor—We are getting beautiful weather now.

Ans.—Yes, it is delightful.

Pastor—We have had quite an exciting time over the election.

Ans.—Quite so.

Pastor—Did you go on the excursion the other day?

Ans.—No, I did not.

Pastor—I see that you have got a new tenant.

Ans.—Yes, I am glad the house is occupied.

Pastor—Well, I must be going. I have a few more calls to make this afternoon. Good-bye.

Out once more into the street. We made our way to the residence of Mr. B. We found Mrs. B. seated at a work-table in the sitting-room.

Pastor—Well, Mrs. B., I am glad to find you at home this afternoon.

Ans.—I was not feeling very well to-day, so I thought I would remain indoors.

Pastor—Do you feel yourself getting any stronger?

Ans.—Very little.

Pastor—Have you much of an appetite?

Ans.—No, I have not.

Pastor—Do you rest well at nights?

Ans.—My rest is very much broken.

Pastor—You have no servant girl now?

Ans.—Well, no. I am trying to do my own work.

Pastor—How is business with Mr. B.?

Ans.—Well, not very good. Its rather a slack time just now.

Pastor—[Pulls out his watch. Expresses a desire to go, having another call to make upon—st.] I'll bid you good afternoon.

Once more into the street making our way to another member of his flock. The would-be pastor saying, "This pastoral visitation is a great tax upon one's time." After a brisk walk we came to a gate-way, which led to a neat little cottage. We soon found ourselves by the bed-side of an afflicted one.

Pastor—How are you to-day Mr. S.?

Ans.—Very little better.

Pastor—I am very sorry to learn that, as you sit up any at all?

Ans.—Very little.

Pastor—How long is it since you were first confined to your bed?

Ans.—Six weeks ago yesterday.

Pastor—That is a long time, but I hope you may soon recover.

Ans.—I hope so.

Pastor—[Takes out his watch, seems somewhat confused, at last expressed his sympathy for the afflicted in the following words:]—Well, Mrs. S., I will not weary you by reading the Bible, but will have a few words of prayer.

Dead formality was the sum and substance of it. His words were cold and lifeless, not adapted to the occasion.

Thus ended the pastoral visitation.

No wonder the pastor felt it to be a task. It was something more. It was a burden. Dead formality is a great oppressor; to all who are servants thereto. We must not forget that

"His love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move"

We will now lift the veil and see the golden opportunities that lay in the path of his pastoral visitation. The first visit with Mrs. Dr. W. She was an earnest Christian, faithfully devoted to her husband and her God, but alas! the former was a drunkard. Her cross was heavy; her cup was bitter. *How she needed sympathy!* She was ready to sink, and needed support. The pastor might have led that weary one in those few moments (wasted) to the Saviour's breast might have taken a different theme, which would have comforted and cheered her afflicted soul.

The second visit with Mrs. B. who had within the past few weeks taken up her cross to follow Christ. She needed all the sympathy that a pastor could bestow. She was sorely tried with an ungodly husband—weak in body by reason of infirmity. She was left to the rude blast, and exposed to the scorching heat of severe temptation, whilst the pastor went on his way, instead of sheltering her beneath the Eternal Throne in prayer to God on her behalf.

The third visit was to Mr. S., a man who had professed to serve Christ for many years. He had a name to live, but was dead. God in his mercy laid him on a bed of affliction. Alas! I was afraid unprofitable thereby.

There was sufficient material in each of these cases (if sought out) to have stored the mind of the pastor. Such material that would have been profitable, and that would have enabled him to clothe a few sermons with precious gems drawn forth from life's conflict.

Blessed be the Lord God Almighty who hath in His mercy given us a Gospel that can be adapted to any circumstance in life. *It never fails*, when wisely applied. Its adaptation will be made manifest, if we seek guidance from Him who readeth all hearts.

(To be Continued.)

## News of the Churches.

WHITBY.—A very successful "Oyster Social" was held on Tuesday evening, the 21st December, at the house of Mr. Wm. Johnston, in aid of Church funds.

About 100 persons were present, representing all the current denominations, including Roman Catholic. Quite a number of prominent citizens put in an appearance, and all seemed highly pleased with the entertainment, which consisted (in addition to the oysters and other edibles) of readings, recitations, and vocal and instrumental music. The evening's proceedings were conducted by the Pastor, Rev. Prof. Wrench, who took occasion to give a religious tone to the meeting, and gave as a scripture reading, the parable of the prodigal son. The sum of \$25 was realized over and above all expenses.

FRANKLIN CENTRE.—I have much pleasure in telling you that at our S. S. Annual Entertainment, held on New Year's eve, my congregation kindly presented me with a fine fur coat, worth between twenty and thirty dollars; also a purse to Mrs. Wright, containing \$10. Our meeting otherwise was both pleasant and helpful.

JAMES C. WRIGHT.

OTLAWA.—Last night brought together a large number of the parents and children of the above church, to join in the enjoyments of the annual Christmas tree. Through the kindness of Mr. Topley, some very interesting stereopticon views were exhibited, accompanied by explanations and music in harmony with the scenes. This was followed by some selections of vocal music by the choir, and recitations and dialogues by the children. A piece of poetry, composed for the occasion, in which was blended the names of the officers of the church, was recited by Miss Edith Rice. At this stage some very interesting presentations took place. The first was a handsome large quarto volume of "Tennyson's Poems," to Miss Gallagher, organist. The second was to Mr. T. Mingard, consisting of an unabridged edition of "Worcester's Dictionary," by the members of the Bible Class. Miss Underwood's class presented their teacher with their photographs in a group, handsomely framed. The Rev. Mr. Wood was then presented by the church with an elegant library lamp and a three light chandelier, Mrs. Wood receiving a handsome worked table cover and a harmonium cover. The following address accompanied the present to the Rev. Mr. Wood.

CHRISTMAS, 1880

To Rev. John Wood

DEAR SIR, We feel that we cannot allow this joyous season this time of giving and receiving of gifts to pass by without in some way acknowledging with gratitude to God and to yourself your earnest and patient labors among us during the past year.

And while begging your acceptance of certain small tokens of our esteem, we would ask that these be valued, not for their intrinsic worth, but for the spirit of love and good will that has prompted the offerings.

We trust that God may spare you in bodily and mental health for many years to come, that you may continue the same interest in the spiritual welfare of your people that has been evidenced by the work of the past.

We ask all God's good gifts for yourself and for your family, and pray that He who rewards the faithful may bless and keep you

"Till the 'well done' of the Master  
Welcomes to eternal day."

On behalf of the Church and Congregation,

JOHN LAMB,  
JAMES JARVIS,  
A. J. STEPHENS,  
CHAS. MUMFORD.

The rev. gentleman was taken completely by surprise, and was quite overcome by the unexpected expression of regard. He made a very feeling speech in acknowledgment of the same.

The children were all well supplied

with presents from the Christmas tree, and the entertainment closed with the usual services, the general verdict being that it had been one of the happiest occasions that has ever occurred in the church.—*Citizen*, Dec. 29th.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.—The choir of the Congregational Church gave a delightful musical entertainment at the Protestant Hospital last night. The choir was composed of Messrs. Mingard, Moody, P. Rice, A. J. Stephens, H. Wood, Georges, E. Rice; Mesdames Mingard Stephens and Swaffield, and Misses Leggo, E. Gallagher and Fisher. Miss Hattie Gallagher presided at the organ. Rev. Mr. Wood was present and made a few remarks. The following is a list of the pieces rendered by the choir:—"Cry out and shout;" chorus, "Glory to God;" solo by Miss Wood, "Silent Night;" chorus, "Merry Christmas Night;" quartette, "Lo Descending," Messrs. Mingard, Moody, and H. I. Wood, and Miss Wood: solo, Mr. Stephens, "While the days are going by;" chorus, "The little folks are dreaming;" duet and chorus, "What mean these bells," by Misses Gallagher and Wood; chorus, "Good night." The inmates of the institution expressed themselves highly pleased at the unexpected kindness of the choir and Rev. Mr. Wood, through whose efforts an agreeable evening had been spent.—*Free Press*, Dec. 28.

## PLAZA OF ST. MARK'S.

MR. RUSKIN'S BEAUTIFUL WORD-PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CHURCH.

Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together in an endless net-work of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, scintured and robed by the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the wall of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted, with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss" the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross, and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field, covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

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- \*CHRISTIAN WORK IN ENGLAND. Hon. Vice-Chancellor Blake. Address, relating incidents in connection with the Bunker Centenary Celebration, &c.
\*UNCLE JO LITTLE. (Illustrated) The Story of an eccentric Pioneer Preacher, who labored in Canada, with Portrait of "Uncle Jo"
\*SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY. A sermon on an important theme, by Rev. H. M. Parsons, Pastor of Knox Church
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\*HOW CAN WE FAMILIARIZE OUR YOUTH WITH THE WORD OF GOD? A Practical Paper by Rev. W. F. CRAIG, the well known Sunday School Worker.
\*A PEEP INTO THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY. A sketch by Miss MacPherson of this Christian Work in London, E. Lond.
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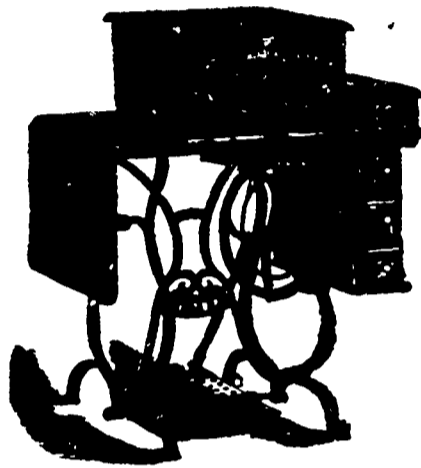
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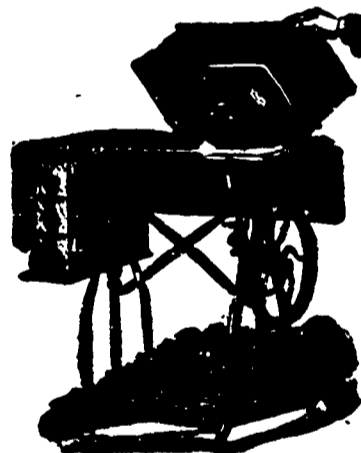
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