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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT

(NEW SERIES.)

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 18

ONCE again we urge upon our readers the necessity of energetically endeavouring to add to our subscription list. We must make ourselves felt as a whole,—one powerful means to this end is an earnest support of the denominational paper. Let each subscriber find another Try, and try again.

WE want news. Tell us what you are doing in brief pointed words. You like to read "News of Churches" and "Personals;" what is your church doing? Be true Congregationalists by doing your part in making this paper instructive and interesting.

WHEN you have done all you can to help us in this enterprise you can find fault. "You find fault now"—no doubt, but without any right to do so. Help us and then grumble away. It may do you good, that is, the helping.

REMEMBER this is no money-making enterprise, we are working for the cause, for you: stand by and lend a hand, we shall all be happier thereby.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THE goodly city of Charleston, S. C., has been sadly shaken by an earthquake. Terrible must have been the experience of those who felt the foundations shake and earth's strong pillars bend. When the only world we know gives way, whither can we flee? Yet this earth will give way, from us it will depart, we and it must be rent asunder, ten thousand voices say "this earth is no abiding place," and through the valley of the shadow each must go:—

"Ah! the cloud is dark, and day by day I am moving
thither,

"I must pass beneath it on my way—God pity me!
whither?"

Yes, gentle reader, whither? In the Father's house are many mansions, one has gone thither to prepare a place—for you? That depends on your relation to Him now. Have you found the rock beneath?

"BABES IN CHRIST" blessed are they, when first born into the kingdom, with all the beauty, simplicity and love associated with the thoughts of little children. But babes they

must not remain, there is a law of growth in the spiritual as in the natural world, and not to obey that law produces abortions in either state. The new born babe surrounded by loving ones and pressed to its mother's breast with unutterable gladness is indeed a thing of joy, but let it continue a babe puny and dwarfed, as the year pass on, then the gladness it brought is turned to anxiety and sorrow, the joy of the mother to inexpressible fear. But babes in Christ appear sometimes to think it a good thing so to remain, they would be fed with infant food to the end of life, they forget that the apostle Paul speaks of that as a "carnal" in contrast to a spiritual state and it often brings the same results, "envying, strife, divisions." Men and women, old believers, who ought to look for the meat of the gospel cry for its milk; when they should be walking on the heights of Christian experience, taking the life of Jesus for their study and model, with all the duties and grand possibilities of their calling constantly in view, want first principles constantly set before them, and complain that their Pastor is not preaching the gospel if he does not give these. Arise, friends, be men and women in Christ Jesus, leave milk for

babes, and rejoice to anticipate the work of heaven by study of the heights and depths, the length and breadth of the love of Christ.

"JESUS teaching humility" was the type of one of our late Sunday school lessons, and it is a lesson we should all learn; the New Testament is full of teaching to that end; the incarnation, life and death of the Master, have written upon them in letters of light "he humbled himself." But there is a mock humility as well as a true one, a spurious coin of the kingdom often passed for the sterling. Those who remember Dickens' portraiture of Uriah Heep, who was so very 'umble, will admit that if a caricature there is a reality behind it. There are Uriah Heeps in our churches, so 'umble you know, so very 'umble: beware of them—there is a proper, a wholesome pride that every Christian should have in what Christ has done for him, in the dignity conferred upon him and in the glorious future awaiting him, and although we constantly cry "not unto us, not unto us O Lord be the glory," yet can we lift our heads to heaven assured that our brother and father are there, and exclaim "Now are we the Sons of God, * * and we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." Honor and humility.

There are two favorite phrases employed by unbelievers with reference to the belief and practice of Christians, these are "cant" and "fanaticism," speak to one of these men of the vital truths of religion and their personal application, and the likelihood is that you will be met by these phrases. What is cant? if it be whining, unmanly, professional talk, nothing but talk, then we declare unhesitatingly, as the result of many years' reading, that there is more "cant" by far in the deification and worship of humanity with the lesser gods of nature, evolution and development, than in the exposition and enforcement of revealed truth. We dislike cant wherever found, but for its rankest development commend us to the prophets of secularism.

As to "fanaticism," interpreting it as wild, extravagant, baseless notions, can anything be more so than the theory that gives to reason, differing as it does in every man, an authority final and decisive? Such authority can only belong to a revealed will of God. Reason alone

is, ever has been, a blind leader of the blind, but where reason sits at the feet of revelation and rises up to walk in its light, there is soberness and sense. Unbelief in God with belief in self is the wildest of all fanaticism.

WE are told sometimes of the vast power unutilised as the waters leap over the Falls of Niagara, in fact statisticians have given us calculations of the marvellous saving of steam, which means coal, which means money, that might thus be saved. We are not sure but that it has been proved that there is power enough, if it could be communicated, to give electric light to the whole continent,—and any one who has walked along the banks of the Niagara river for two or three miles above the Falls, and studied the tremendous force of the current, will hesitate to doubt such statements. Is there not in this a parable? There is a whole Niagara of Christian power running to waste in our land; power that if utilised would flash the light of salvation over the world, and bring in the perfect day of Christ's kingdom on earth. Take any of our churches, what are a large portion of the members doing? absolutely nothing—they are in their places on the Sabbath, and just possibly at the weekly prayer meeting, beyond that what? But "I can do so little." O my friend, put your little and a thousand littles of your brethren together, and it would make a power that by the grace of God would be irresistible. Niagara is but the united power of a thousand streams far, far away.

THE same lesson is taught in many things, take the suspension bridge at Niagara. One strand of the wire cable, what would it carry? how little, but add strand to strand, hundreds of wires, and it supports not only the bridge itself, but the heaviest train that can pass over: so if I gather the scarcely felt rays of the sun into a focus, it will make a heat that will blister my hand, that will burn and consume all within its radius. Let us take note and act upon our knowledge.

WE would direct the attention of our churches again to the little "Church Manual for Congregationalists," by G. B. Johnson, of Torquay, Devon, Eng. We have met with nothing better to be placed in the hands of our young people than this, we do not expect to find anything

better. It is devotional, spiritual, doctrinal in the best sense, presents the true reason for Congregational Independency, has no fault about the very pattern given in the mount, and yet supplies an answer to the oft asked question—what distinctive principles do Congregationalists hold? It can be laid down here for not more than twenty cents, and we intend henceforth to use it in every case where young friends—or old—are looking towards our fellowship. It is not a book of forms it is something far better, it is a treatise on living principles which will soon find forms of manifestation, and even the chapters—purely English—on Dissent and Nonconformity have their interest for our churches. The edition now before us is the sixth, and appears to have undergone improvement since the copy was before us which we reviewed some time ago. Its main divisions are I. Theology, II. Polity, III. Worship, IV. Life. We thus commend it because we are convinced that our people need more and more to be instructed in "our principles." We have done enough of giving up to others of our means and of our strength, it is time that we made the principles for which our fathers suffered felt more widely in this Dominion of Canada.

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THERE seems reason to believe that we are in an earthquake era. The commotion in Japan two years ago, lately in New Zealand, and now in America, whereby Charleston, S. C., has been pretty well shaken, crowd upon us, and seem to mark this period as exceptional. Yet earthquakes are not by any means a rare phenomenon, the world is comparatively large, we are far away both as regards space and time from the most disastrous shocks, but history records many, and the surface of the earth points to convulsions far exceeding in magnitude any of our own day. Earthquake power and volcanic activity we should judge to be decreasing rather than otherwise. The city of Antioch was destroyed A. D. 115, in 742 five hundred towns in Syria were ruined with an incalculable loss of life; in 1137 Catania in Sicily was overturned and fifteen thousand people buried in the ruins. Twenty years after Syria was again visited and twenty thousand perished. Sixty thousand lives were lost by ruin in Cilicie, A. D. 1268. Along the Adriatic and the Asiatic coast commotions lasting three months ruined many cities and eighty-five

thousand are said to have perished, in 1703 Jeddo, Japan, was overturned and two hundred thousand lives were lost. These are but some of the more marked visitations, and are noted for the simple purpose of preventing false conclusions being drawn from what are not exceptional occurrences.

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THERE seems to be a general impression in England in the month of August and year of grace one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, that Nonconformists are not permitted by law the use of church bells. This delusion is fostered by the Episcopalians, A new Congregational church at West Croydon was opened last month, chimes and bells formed part of the new structure, and were very highly spoken of. High church neighbors objected to their use, and, because they were not instantly silenced, the Congregational minister and his friends were threatened with a suit at law. It was found, however, that the bells were not illegal, therefore a threat of indictment as a nuisance was resorted to. The "Dissenters" naturally resented this, because Congregational bells were certainly no greater nuisance than those of the State Church, but, in order to prevent any sort of just complaint, the chimes were discontinued during the night, and bells were only rung at service time. Correspondence continued for some time till, at length, it was found there was no case against the hated "Dissenters," and the threatened action has been silently abandoned. We are reminded of Bunyan's Giant Pope, who sits biting his nails at the pilgrims passing by, with the pious ejaculation "You will never mend till more of you be burned."

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A suggestive but sad event occurred in Detroit a few days ago. A bricklayer did not see fit to enter any of the labour unions. He was scoffed at, waylaid, mobbed by union men. In sheer desperation he procured a revolver, and ultimately shot an assailant. Why should any man be forced into an union? The non-union man has ever borne the character of an industrious, kind, peaceable citizen, respectable and firm. Why should he be mobbed until in self defence he is compelled to use a deadly weapon? This tyranny of labour unions must bring a swift Nemesis upon the entire system.

Per Contra. There is a huge coal combination. They who control the mines compel dealers to adhere strictly to arbitrary rules as to delivery, price, and method of payment. Unless dealers come under these regulations they are shut out from the coal market. We live undoubtedly in a free country, where the right of labour is denied to a man unless he consents to bind himself by the doings of a society ruled too frequently by passion and prejudice, and the very necessities of life are under the control of rings and stock jobbers. And the cure for all this? As Mr. Arthur, the Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers wisely says, "St. Paul's method, consider one another."

WE may be pardoned inserting the following from our lively friend the Brantford *Congregationalist*, reciprocating the kindly feeling expressed:—"The contents of the August number of INDEPENDENT were very interesting. This publication should receive the hearty support of all Congregationalists. A live paper is a power for good in any denomination, and such cannot be produced without good financial backing. Canadian Congregationalists have been very short-sighted in this matter in the past, and we trust that the present efforts to make the INDEPENDENT more useful and powerful will result in an enlarged subscription list.

BY REQUEST, and in fairness, we cheerfully publish "The other side" on the faith cure, sent by Mr. J. Salmon, submitting the following remarks. We cannot discuss medical questions in these columns; but the following comments have been submitted to a Christian Toronto physician, and by him heartily endorsed so far as the medical references are concerned. Case one. Physicians are familiar with instances of hysteric in which all the symptoms here mentioned are present, but no cancer, and when a shock to the nervous system does all claimed for the faith cure. As to the second case the wonder is that men print such symptoms and call the disease cancer. There certainly was a tumor, and it burst: the crisis had come, and the trouble ceased. As to the third case, we would desire fair medical testimony that the seventeen cancers which disappeared in one night were cancers at all. It will occur also to any who have had even a limited experience that all the cases are of

women and in close connexion with the "troubles they are most subject to."

ANOTHER class of considerations arise. Let any one read the wonderful accounts given in regard to "Holloway's Ointment" and all such nostrums, St. Jacob's Oil for example; the cures effected at the shrines of saints. Papal and Buddhist; the witch doctors of the "Dark Continent," and many other instrumentalities we might name, equally well authenticated, and he will seek some other explanation of the phenomena than "faith cure," which certainly has not any rightly understood scripture teaching to justify its pretensions. Nor can the miracles of Christ be compared with faith-cure wonders. He healed the congenital blind and crippled, gave back a smitten off ear, and raised the dead to life: cured leprosy with a word, and calmed the mighty waters. He held nature in his hand, but to say that "Bethshan" can turn the course of nature, we simply do not believe. Knowing the tendency of the day to belittle the efficacy of prayer, we desire to emphatically state that the foregoing strictures are made by one who thoroughly believes that it is the Christian's privilege "In nothing to be anxious, but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let his requests be made known unto God." It is the child's privilege, and a blessed one it is, to ask; it is for the father to answer in the manner what his wisdom and love know to be best. And we still sing intelligently and unreservedly of prayer that it

soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand that moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

TO PREVENT all misunderstanding as to the Editor's position in the matter, let us say that the insertion merely of an article by no means carries with it the Editor's endorsement. In accord with the spirit of true Congregational liberty we welcome honestly expressed views on Christian subjects: we do not fear diversity where the love of God reigns supreme, and thoroughly repudiate that spirit which can only be satisfied by "ditto" being said to all its own private views and hobbies. We gain by conference, and conference means diversity, else we have the dead uniformity of the shingly shore. Speak out, brethren, as in your hearts you think.

Correspondence.

DR. GOODWIN ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

Two articles on the above subject have recently appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, from the pen of Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city. Coming from such a source they would naturally be read with interest. In the case of many, interest will have shaded off into disappointment in view of the line of thought and mode of argument pursued. I frankly confess to this.

There is a lack of candor about the articles in question which I did not expect. The views held by Dr. Goodwin on the second coming of Christ are those known as pre-millennial. All familiar with the controversies which have been had on this point in past years and ages, will read between the lines and readily trace the presence and influence of the theory which the Dr. is well known to hold. It is the question whether Christ will come prior to or after the millennium, which is the main issue in this discussion. Instead of fairly raising it, and squarely meeting it, the Dr. conveys the impression that the pivot of the controversy is whether Christ will or will not come the second time in a personal and visible manner. He is very well aware that the great bulk of the Christian world hold to a personal and visible coming, that it is to them "a blessed hope," and a "glorious appearing." Why then argue as if this were doubted or denied? The "literal personal return" of the Lord Jesus has been the common belief of the church in all its sections, from the days of the apostles down to our own time.

Fairness as well as candor is deficient in the articles under consideration. The ordinary reader, not familiar with theological controversy, will infer that there is a considerable number of Christian people who do not believe in Christ's personal second coming. Not a few will suppose this to be the case with all those who differ from Dr. Goodwin on this subject. Such are charged with going to the Bible under the influence of "preconceived opinions,"—put on a par with the unbelieving Jew who rejects Christ's first coming, and charged with making "utter nonsense" of the Scriptures.

How is it that, while the Dr. combats at length the views of those who think the passages of scripture which refer to the second advent, are exhausted in their meaning by his coming for believers at death, or by the descent of the Holy Spirit, he does not make the remotest allusion to those who, believing as firmly as himself that Christ will personally come again, maintain that this event will not occur until the Kingdom of Grace has run its course, and the Kingdom of Glory

takes its place? He is apparently presenting the views that prevail in the church on the subject of Christ's second coming, yet this, the most widely prevalent of them all, is completely ignored. The fact is that most of the first article is taken up with fighting a man of straw, while, here and there, a shot is furtively aimed at the non-believer in pre-millennialism, who is really in the mind and eye of the writer.

In the second article the enquiry is raised, "when is this return to occur?" Surely, now, we shall have a square issue in regard to the two theories, pre-millennial and post-millennial. But no, the article is occupied, first, by exposing the folly of those who fix precise dates, a task very easily performed; secondly, by an effort to prove that the Bible is apt to jumble up events in prophetic announcements, a favorite libel on the scriptures among pre-millennarians; and finally, by a labored argument to show that the second advent is imminent." In the course of this article, the Dr.'s peculiar theory comes out more distinctly, especially where, after quoting several texts he says:—"The one thought foremost in them all is, that it is the Lord's coming upon which the exaltation of believers and peace depends." That mass of christian ministers and christian people, upon whom Dr. Goodwin has opened his masked battery of two great guns, do not accept this interpretation, but believe that the triumph of the church in the prevalence of righteousness and peace throughout the earth will be accomplished by the preaching of the gospel, through the power of the Holy Spirit, and will precede the personal coming of the Lord Jesus.

In this connection the passage of Scripture is quoted which declares that "the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." The use made of this proof-text by the pre-millennarians is well-known to all who are familiar with the controversy. The gospel is to be preached everywhere as a witness against unbelievers, and when there has been this world-wide proclamation of it, the present dispensation will be wound up, and the "Lord's coming" do the work the gospel has failed to do. Dr. Goodwin conveys the same idea when he tells us that "the object of this witnessing of the gospel is the gathering out of all the nations God's elect." &c.

Under the sub-head "THE RETURN IMMINENT," we are told that "it may occur at any day or hour," that therefore the church should be in an attitude of constant expectancy," that this was the state of mind in which the early believers lived and died, that the Holy Spirit set everywhere the seal of his endorsement upon it as the attitude which especially honored the Lord, bore fruit of highest christian experiences of consecra-

tion, faith, prayer, benevolence, and efforts to save souls," also, "just in so far as it is the attitude of believers, it yields the same fruits now."

On this passage I would remark:

1. That for 1800 years, as a matter of fact, Christ's personal second coming was not "imminent" in any proper sense of the term.

2. If the early Christians believed it to be "imminent," they were under the influence of a delusion.

3. Dr. Bushnell held that a pictorial, but unreal atonement, had moral power to make mankind holy; and Dr. Goodwin here asserts that an erroneous and mistaken view of Christ's personal coming has been for at least 1800 years a marvellously sanctifying influence.

4. "Imminence" is a vague term, but it has hardly been applicable to the major portion of the 86 years of the present century. For example, you can hardly say an event is "imminent," which will not actually happen for fifty years.

5. The Christian world at large while believing that its Lord will ultimately come in person, does not accept the position that "the return is imminent, and may occur at any day or hour." Was Christ's first advent "imminent" in the days of Abraham, Moses, Job, David, Isaiah? Might that event have occurred "at any day or hour?" No, it must await "the fullness of the times." Many preliminary events took precedence of Christ's birth in Bethlehem, and were plainly predicted in that relation to it. So there are many things yet to happen before Christ's second advent. They will take time, we know not how much, but though every revolution of the earth on its axis brings the glad event nearer, and the whole church wistfully sings:

"How long dear Saviour, oh! how long
Shall that bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day,"

evidently "the end is not yet."

6. Dr. Goodwin would not teach the "imminence" of Christ's second coming, did he not hold the theory that it is to precede the millennium. Suppose he is right. It still follows that if the early Christians held his view, they were wrong. Did error exert a sanctifying power over them, or was there some other sense in which the phrase the "coming of the Lord" was used by them, a sense in which the phrase was true then, and thereafter; is true now, and always? The *onus probandi* rests on Dr. Goodwin. It is truth that sanctifies. Now what truth was it in regard to Christ's coming that had the seal of the Holy Spirit in ancient days and has it yet? It could not be that the coming was "imminent" for that was not truth, nor has it

been, until a very recent period, even if we grant the Dr. all that he can rightfully claim on the subject.

7. Finally, let it not be supposed that the main difference between Dr. Goodwin and the *consensus* of Christians generally is about the *nearness* or *distance* of Christ's second coming. It is not. It is a question of the nature of his coming: whether he is to set up a visible material kingdom with a royal court at Jerusalem, to supercede the spiritual and inward, by the externally marvellous: to reign personally here on the earth a thousand years; or whether the gospel is to go on gradually subduing mankind to its sway, until "the people shall be all righteous." Let it not be supposed that the difference between these theories is unimportant and trivial. Pre-millennianism is a school of Scripture interpretation; it affects some of the most vital articles of the Christian faith, tinges the entire theology of those who hold it, pervades the whole religious character and experience, and exerts a mighty influence on the various forms of Church work. It develops, to a large extent, the feeling "we are the people." It re-acts unfavorably on the missionary enterprise, for why spend time and means on what must prove an ultimate failure. That all who hold this view are not thus affected by it, is only one of many illustrations of such well-known and pleasing facts as that good people often ignore their creeds, that their hearts are better than their heads, and that they are sometimes blessedly inconsistent.

GUELPH.

C.

OUR OLD COUNTRY LETTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND. A burden has been on my soul for months, until I could almost plead guilty of negligence. A long season of necessary restraint from all extra toil has I hope been ended; and beautiful has been its ending amid some scenes that you would have gladly shared. I owe you a tale of Colonial Missionary doings in the Home Land; and although the dates go back to May, yet you will forgive me; for in the first place I have not seen in your pages, or have overlooked, any account of those May events, and in the second place the pleasant and promising sequel of the May events runs on unfolding in interest even to this hour. May it long unfold more blessing for the Canadian churches. For, in brief, Dr. Wilkes' jubilee visit to the Colonial society's meeting may prove a golden epoch to the Society and to those Colonial churches which rightly cry for aid.

Now, not every Congregational pastor or teacher finds his way to the May Union meetings. No, indeed, for many are so independent in their theory and practice that the world-famed Congregational Union of

England and Wales is to them a very minor matter, while not a few others eye with jealous vigilance from afar, the few functionaries, and the few knots that inhabit or frequent the Memorial Hall in Farringdon street. Still secretaries are necessities, and knots are blessed if they be true love-knots.

By such a blessed love-knot was your loving correspondent drawn, for the various teachers of Old Testament theology in our colleges here have been weaving themselves into a loving brotherhood of late years in spite of the strange liking they show for the older, colder and sterner dispensation. To meet in that fraternity and to confer on the now intensely stirring questions of the Hebrew religion and the Christian use of the Old Testament, with Old Testament professors from Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian colleges, among others your old honored friend, Principal Chapman, was the prime motive and delight in that May week for me. And here let me interpose the remark that it was a bright sign of living strength that shone in your pages a few months since, when from students and from pastors came a yearning for deeper search and vision of the long story of life that the Bible tells.

But that task of Old Testament conference accomplished the first, next duty was to hasten away to Hampstead and greet your Grand Old Canadian Independent. What a vigour, and a sturdy will that crosses the Atlantic at 80, albeit leaning heavily on the staff! Do you wonder that on the great day of assembly after all had listened to good Edward White's Presidential call for less Law and more Grace, and after honest, kindly Dr. MacFadyen had kept us a good while with a motion of welcome to the Colonial delegates I only wish Dr. Wilkes had had that "lion's share" of time—then when the Veteran arose, white, dark, firm-set as ever, the whole great gathering rose too and cheered both long and loud. Then came the old style, colloquial, racy, business-like: first a greeting; then the strong claim that the Colonial Missionary work was begun and for many a day dom, by no separate society, by none other than the Congregational Union itself; then finally a few minutes of rise to a noble climax, when the aged man asked the hearing of every younger soul there that day to his solemn and glad confession of faith in Jesus, and devotion to His great purposes. It was a moving sound, that ended in the great doxology, "Now unto the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, amen.

The Congregational Union has too much to do to let missions of any kind come before it for thorough handling. But some folks would say so much the better, for divisions of labor among different societies is

introduced. Certainly division of labor is well, but not so division of interest, and a sign of the awakening sense of this is the promised devotion of a whole day of next autumn's Union meetings, at Norwich, to Home missions including Colonial, Irish and British missionary churches in the consideration. Evidently a mere official left without the spur of great discussion, in great assembly, cannot be a great success. The concentration of the eyes of all the churches on the mission tasks will undoubtedly procure far greater, worthy results.

The evidence of need for this lay, we may fairly say, in the relegation of the Jubilee meeting of the Colonial society not even to a side chamber in the Memorial hall, but to a rather one-sided suburb of the city, in a church once very honorable indeed, but no longer now that most glorious tabernacle of a congregation worthy of the Empire society which our Congregational churches must surely delight to honor. It is said "we cannot ensure a fair audience unless we meet in some church and so enlist the sympathy and attendance of the one particular congregation." But the day is dawning again, and it is strikingly significant that it is the cry of "England for Christ" sounded by Mr. Mearns that seems to have compelled the truer cry, "The Empire for Christ."

It was at Camden Town that the Jubilee meeting gathered, and there was plenty of room and to spare. But the audience were well honored, for Dr. Wilkes brought the inspiration with him from afar, and no one missed the numbers. For much over an hour the old man stood eloquent, and the ear was hungry when he sat down. The simple and grand story of the foundation of all those missions was like a romance of young love, and old adventure. The ocean-crossings, the perils in St. Lawrence winters, the sacrifice of Scotland's capital—so far—for Quebec's!—aye but who that knows them would not count them rivals fair!—the sacred words Roaf and Lillie, Miles and Dunkerly. Oh, many more passed before the soul! To more than me these provinces 'neath glow of brilliant summer sun or amid gleam of dazzling winter, seemed set in halo of heaven, hallowed as an abode of God.

We heard how the churches had grown; how they had matured into care of their own home missions, while ever rightly claiming wealthy gifts from the churches abiding here; how they had held up the noblest standard and the true for individual character; how they had striven to exalt the standard of the spiritual teacher's equipment; how they had fought in the vanguard victorious for freest and finest culture of children, youths, and all men; how they had stemmed the tide of impurity, pointing out ever the refuge of total abstinence. And all along played the merry glad-

ness that did not fail to tell of the make-shifts in omni-grant life which a Colonial minister had often made himself and often taught to faint-hearted others.

Such was the feast of the Jubilee meeting, although not a few spoke besides, notably the venerable and unchanging friend of the Colonial churches, Mr. Spicer; also the dearly loved of all who draw near him, Dr. John Kennedy, who told how he had been long ago one of the two church members sent by an Edinburgh church to see Henry Wilkes, student of Edinburgh University, when he was seeking admission to that fellowship. Can I help loving John Kennedy? He ordained my Father, and spoke the tenderest love for him, as 43 years after that he buried him.

Dr. Wilkes has not been idle since May. He told the Union and the Colonial Society's audience that, while he never begged, he would be glad to carry home a few hundred pounds, or a few thousand dollars, for theological education in Montreal, and I half think he will do so. But he has also been down in Yorkshire, where one of England's biggest nerve centres throbs. He preached to the church worshipping in our Aire Dale College hall in Bradford, filling thus the pulpit of our pastor, whom many of you know, Rev. Hugh Elder, now taking a happy rest in Salem, Mass. To hear the aged preacher there, gathered some who heard him 50 years ago, when, with Thomas Binney he went up and down the land telling of Canada's need and securing help for the missions there. — Now, for some reason, those subscriptions have been let largely lapse. This lapsing must cease. On the Wednesday after preaching Dr. Wilkes addressed a large united gathering of friends from many Bradford churches in the large hall of Horton Lane chapel. — The pastor presided, and let me say that he, the brother of the revered first pastor of Calvary church in Montreal, Rev. K. C. Anderson, D. D., is proving himself one of the ablest preachers, and one of the profoundest thinkers, and truest leaders in all our country side. He comes to us from the first Presbyterian church in Troy, N. Y.; he had previously been pastor of a Congregational church in Wisconsin; before that he had studied at Edinburgh University, at Middlebury college, Vt., and at New Haven Theological seminary, and before that he had been a pupil and a teacher in the Huntingdon academy in Canada east. Of course he urged his people warmly to do their duty to Canada.

Dr. Wilkes told the old story well. You know it, and his manner of word. At the close the venerable senior deacon rose, and lamenting the lapse of the old subscription lists, challenged young men to see them renewed. The challenge was heard, an excellent man volunteered to be collector, and already a good earnest

of handsome gifts has been gathered. Its reception in London may be followed by similar new work over the land. I think it will.

Forgive my gossipy length. I think you will follow me thus far. For I write in love as of old.

ADAGE.

DEAR MR. BURTON.

Will you kindly publish the following extract from a letter read at the International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness, held at the Agricultural Hall, London, England, in June, 1885, and oblige.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN SALMON.

TORONTO, Sept. 7, 1886.

"Organic diseases, such as cancer, have been healed as instantaneously and perfectly as disease of a functional character; but as Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, U. S., has especially called for cases of the first named class, I will therefore specify several which are beyond all question. The persons named have, I may say, repeatedly testified before more than a thousand persons in the tabernacle, to their perfect healing, and their testimonies have been published throughout Australia and never once challenged.

Case I., Mrs. Coates; *internal bleeding cancer*. — This lady lives at No. 42 West Garth Street, Fitzroy. In March, 1883, she lay at the point of death, the cancer having almost destroyed the organ wherein it had formed. For days she had been losing blood "literally in bucket fulls," as she expressed it. The medical men in attendance gave no hope of restoration, operation was out of the question, and a speedy death was expected by all, herself included. At this crisis I was sent for simply to pray with her as a dying woman who had been blessed, although I knew it not, by hearing the Word of Life from my lips. She was an entire stranger to me. I found her calmly trusting in Jesus for salvation, and waiting without fear for her departure. Finding her husband and family were unsaved, I exhorted her to 'look and live.' Up to that moment, she had never once thought of looking to God for physical life, and thought it was His will she should die of that terrible cancer. But in that hour she received His word, realized His healing power, and, after I had prayed and laid hands on her in the name of Jesus, she declared that she felt that the bleeding had stopped. So it proved, for not a drop came that day. It was Thursday. The next day she opened the door when I visited her, and on the Sabbath she walked more than a mile and a half (there and back that is,) to attend divine worship, and hear me preach, and she remains healed to this day. All glory to Jesus be given; for all power in heaven and on earth is His.

Case II., Mrs. Parker: *Cancer in left eye, blindness and internal cancer.* This lady lives at 94 Moc Street, Fitzroy. In July, 1883, she came to see me, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Powell, senr., of St. George Road, North Fitzroy, and my dear wife. For two years and nine months she had been under the care of some of the ablest surgeons in Melbourne, of whom she specially named Dr. George Feague and Drs. Ray, senr. and junior. The cancer in the eye had totally destroyed sight and for many months the left eye was totally blind. No hopes of her recovery were held out. Operation in the eye was both impossible and useless, and, in her then condition, operation would have been fatal; and Dr. Ray said to her husband that she must die when her child was born, if not before. The agony she suffered was extreme, and, being comparatively young, with a large family and a delicate husband, she had a natural desire to live. Moreover, being an active Christian worker, she desired to be useful in God's service here. She was then, and is, a fully consecrated believer, enjoying the blessing of holiness of spirit and desiring purity also of body.

Hearing the case of Mrs. Coates, already referred to, she came expecting immediate healing. After prayer, I laid hands upon her left eye, in the right corner of which there was a large swelling, with a small opening, through which an offensive cancerous discharge was always oozing, the principle tumour being in the cavity behind the eye, extending towards the brain. Then happened in a few minutes a miracle of healing. The cancer burst, and poured out at the small opening, in a stream of cancerous matter, quickly filling two large pocket handkerchiefs. Then the swelling disappeared, the opening closed, and, after anointing the eye, I asked her, did she expect to see clearly when she opened her eye? She replied, "yes." In the name of the Lord Jesus I then bade her to open her left eye, whilst I covered her right with a handkerchief. She did so, and could see perfectly, looking at once out of the window into the bright sunlight, and reading a small type Bible, and even its marginal references. The restoration of sight was immediate, perfect and remains until this day. On the anniversary of her healing she quilted with that one eye—bandaging up the other—the outline of a sprig of leaves in black thread, on a piece of black linen and wadding, by a kerosene lamp at night, on her sewing machine, with which she earns her living as a tailoress. The internal cancer disappeared from that day, and a few months later she became the happy mother of a healthy child. This lady has frequently testified in public, and her case has been published far and wide, in many newspapers, and never once challenged.

Case III., Mrs. A. Kerr: *Removal of seventeen can-*

cers. This lady lives at 92 George Street, Fitzroy, and her case is a most remarkable one. She is over 50 years of age and had suffered for many years. In October, 1883, she came to see me for healing, and was in a most deplorable condition. Sometime before that she had undergone a severe operation, performed by an eminent surgeon, Dr. James, in Melbourne hospital, in which her right breast was entirely removed, and as she was told, the cancer eradicated. But alas! it was a vain supposition; for instead of one cancer, *seventeen* now grew—*fourteen* on various parts of the chest and body, *one* on the right side of the neck, *one* on the top of her head, and *one* inside of her mouth grew so large that a number of teeth in the left lower jaw were extracted to give it room; and, when she partook of food, she was compelled to put into her mouth her left finger, so as to press it aside sufficiently to introduce her food with the right. She was faithful and had witnessed a number of persons healed while she waited in our crowded rooms, especially one whose left eye was totally blind, and instantly restored. After prayer I laid hands upon her in Jesus' name, and instantly all pain departed; that same night the cancers wholly disappeared and have never been seen since. On the top of her head there is a slight depression and red mark, indicating where the cancer was. She is an active member of this church, and is well known to hundreds of persons in this city. Like the two foregoing cases to which I have referred, she has testified from the platform of our tabernacle, her testimony has been printed in many newspapers and it has never once been publicly challenged. Other members of her family have also been healed, as is also the case with the others.

Now these are *three* thoroughly established cases, fully tested by time, proving that Jesus does immediately heal in this most terrible of organic diseases—cancer; and I trust they will meet the eye of Mr. Joseph Cook, and all Christian sceptics.

And as in cancer, of which we have, let me say, many other cases—several this week—so, in all other infirmities and diseases, wheresoever there is faith there is healing. In many cases, too, persons have been healed in direct answer to prayer, hundreds of miles away, whom I have never seen.

It would take volumes to tell the story of even one year's work; and so continuously am I occupied in this, and the care of a large and growing church, that I almost despair of preserving any adequate literary record of it. But if the Lord grant us a printing plant, such as we could print a weekly paper with, it is our purpose to present our teaching and experiences, as fully as we can, before the church and the world. I may say, as a peculiar fact, that in a fellowship of some hundreds we have not a single member, or a member of any

family of such, laid aside by sickness at this time. Almost to a unit, we are total abstainers from intoxicating liquors, and nearly all the male members eschew that filthy poison, tobacco. Over our front porch we have inscribed, in golden letters, "Have faith in God." Over our platform we have "Christ is all;" and from our flag staff we float a pennant with the same motto, "Christ is all," and beneath it we have a red flag, on which is inscribed, "Salvation;" a white flag on which is "Healing and Holiness;" and a blue flag on which is "Temperance." The pennant always flies, and the subordinate flag denotes the kind of meeting about to be held within, except on the Lord's day, when all are unfurled. I am fully convinced that Christians must be faithful all round, to be used by God in this Ministry of Healing; and their consecration, and consequently sanctification, must be continuous and complete.

Kindly excuse a hurried closing; but I must do so to save the mail. May I ask an interest in the united prayers of the Conference, for whom we over here shall be praying too? With most earnest wishes for its success, and warmest fraternal love, I am,

Faithfully yours in Jesus,

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

P. S.—The letter is printed in the Report of the Conference. As Mr. Dowie was not able to be present in person his letter was read at the time and headed,

"Free Christian Tabernacle,
Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria,
16th April, 1885."

GRIMSBY PARK.

I have been, Mr. Editor, as you know, with my family, resting in this beautiful place for a few weeks. There are several Congregational cottages on the grounds, and the visits of friends from various parts have made the time pass very pleasantly. We have enjoyed the daily services, and have had the privilege of hearing many distinguished speakers, both Canadian and American, on subjects of science, art, temperance, and religion, among them Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn; Dr. McCabe, of New York; Dr. Withrow, of Toronto; and Rev. John Burto, Editor of THE INDEPENDENT. On the 19th I went home for a day to attend our annual garden party at the beautiful residence of Mrs. R. Eadie, in Oakland. The attendance, the music and speaking were all that could be desired. The Arion club, led by Mr. Sager and composed of twelve musicians and vocalists from Brantford, helped us greatly, as well as the Scotland Brass Band. My ministerial brethren of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist churches spoke in the kindest way of the great work done for the Master and for humanity by the ministers and churches of the Congregational body.

The Sunday schools in both my congregations of Burford and Scotland are carried on in a very efficient way, and we hope to make up our part of missionary deficit before the 1st of October.

(One of my deacons at Burford helps me to extend my vacation by taking some of my Sabbath work.

W. HAY.

QUEBEC ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS AND DELEGATES.

The members of the above Association met in Granby on Tuesday, September 7th, 1886. After the usual formalities of opening had been observed, our missionary Superintendent delivered an energetic and practical address on "Home Missions." The need of men and money was emphasised, and the ministers present were urged to create a deeper interest amongst the different churches on this question. After some discussion on this subject amongst the members present, the question of Foreign Missions was taken up and introduced by Rev. Geo. Willet, of Cowansville. He spoke with such effect about the necessity of pastors and people interesting themselves in our own foreign missionary through the columns of the INDEPENDENT, that several delinquent members subscribed for the magazine on the spot.

Rev. Mr. Purkis also read a paper on "The Christian's duty in regard to politics," in which he took the ground that the dirt which had accumulated in political regions was to be swept away by the good influence of Christian men. Mr. Purkis was requested by the Association to send his paper to the INDEPENDENT for publication. After some remarks by Rev. Mr. Hindley and others, on this subject, the meeting adjourned to meet on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. On Tuesday evening a rousing missionary meeting was held, at which Revs. Messrs. Hall, Dunlap, of Rock Island, and Hill, of Calvary, gave interesting addresses. The people seemed much interested, there being quite a number out and the result will likely be favorable to the funds of our Missionary Society.

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning the members of the Association met as appointed, and after a pleasant and profitable hour spent in devotional exercises, the regular business of the Association was taken up. Resolutions of sympathy with the relatives of John Dougall, of the New York Witness, and Thos. Pritchard, of our College, who have lately passed away, were passed and a committee appointed to put them in regular form and send them to the bereaved. Rev. E. R. Brainard was also granted a letter of dismissal from the Association as he is about to leave for California. Quite a discussion arose over a question asked by Rev. Mr. Skinner, of Eaton, in regard to a matter of church discipline, the matter being made a little more misty by

the discussion than it was before. Rev. Mr. Hill then read a paper on "The church's duty to the churchless classes," in which he presented very clearly some methods by which the church could get hold of these people. The paper was listened to very attentively, and at the close the feelings of the members vented themselves in a hearty clap of the hands. The Association then adjourned to meet again in Montreal, on the 1st Tuesday in March, with Rev. Geo. Willet as moderator and Rev. Mr. Hill as scribe.

INSTALLATION SERVICE.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the 8th instant a council was convened by the Granby church at one o'clock, for the purpose of installing the Rev. J. I. Hindley, late of Barrie, Ont., as their pastor. After the candidate had given satisfactory proofs of his orthodoxy and general fitness, the council adjourned to the church assembly room, where the public installation took place. The service throughout was very beautiful. The installation prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Ayer's Flat; the right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Hill, and the charges to pastor and people were given by Rev. Mr. Willet and E. R. Brainard respectively. The choir furnished some choice music, and altogether things seemed to augur well for Granby and its new pastor.

In the evening a social was held, at which your correspondent was not present, but a little bird informed him that a happy time was spent. The church was grandly decorated with flowers, and the ladies, both by their presence and their cakes, made things very pleasant, and we understand that the speakers were in no wise behind the mark. Those who were present at Granby for the Association meetings and installation service, will not soon forget the kindness of the members of the church there.

News of the Churches.

FRANKLIN CENTRE.—Although isolated from other churches, we still hold our place in the brotherhood. There is no church that has made a braver fight against odds than this one during the last few years. And it is receiving the blessing of patient toil now. During the past summer the congregations have been large and steady: an active Sunday school has been in operation; two prayer meetings in the week have been sustained and fairly well attended. The church has raised more for denominational purposes than for years previous, and a new roof is being put on the building at a probable cost of about eighty dollars, a repair which was becoming very necessary. It is no exaggeration to say that Franklin Centre possesses one of the best choirs to

be found in any country church. Two new sets of books have been procured and practice has been fairly regular. To the splendid singing a large portion of the good done is due. Two garden parties were held during the summer, affording very enjoyable times, and netting about forty-five dollars. The church members are showing renewed activity and hopefulness, and much prayer is being offered to the good Father. The church has given a call to Mr. Dixon, of Hawkesbury, to supply the pulpit for one month with a view to a settlement as pastor, and he has accepted. One young member of the church, Mr. Galen Craik, a friend of the late Mr. Pritchard, has given himself to the ministry, resigning very hopeful prospects in another profession in order to do so. Last Sunday was a time of deep joy to the church, fifteen young souls gave themselves openly to the Lord, five receiving the right of baptism. A large congregation assembled to hear the missionary Superintendent, Mr. Hall, preach, and the divine spirit seemed to rest upon all. After a very impressive service, about fifty around the table of the Lord gathered and together *remembered Him*.

WINGHAM. We deeply regret to chronicle the resignation of the pastoral charge of this church by our esteemed friend, Mr. R. K. Black. Did the Wingham friends know the excellencies of our brother's character, as most of us do, this separation had not been; may the church and its late pastor soon find other settlements, that may prove more permanent and be fraught with rich blessings to all.

GRANBY.—We give an account of the installation of Mr. J. I. Hindley into the pastorate of this church, on 8th inst. We desire for pastor and people every blessing.

PINE GROVE.—The family of Mr. John Hodges, one of the members of this church, has been sadly afflicted. of late. About the beginning of August, Sidney, the younger son, a fine, manly little fellow, of nearly fourteen summers, was taken down with fever. Inflammation followed and after a week of extreme suffering and delirium he died on August 13th. Clara, the only daughter, a bright intelligent girl of seventeen years, was called home from a holiday visit on account of her brother's sickness. Symptoms of fever began to appear in her case and developed so rapidly that she was soon beyond all earthly hope. On the 6th of September we laid her body to rest beside that of her brother. Both we trust are with Jesus. May this thought console and comfort a broken-hearted mother and sorrowing father in this most bitter experience. The elder son—now the only child—is slowly recovering from an attack of the fever which proved so fatal in the case of his brother and sister. May the God of all grace, the Saviour who wept at Bethany and the comforting spirit, bring quiet

peace and hallowed joy, even amidst sorrow and tears, to the lonely hearts and home of our friends. An added element of sadness is found in the fact that Mr. Hedges was on the eve of removing his family from Pine Grove to the neighborhood of Woodstock. Our prayer will ever be that the Lord who knows all our sorrows and trials may sanctify this affliction and make it a great blessing not only to them but to us. Our thoughts follow those who have crossed the river, and our prayers and sympathy shall go with those who leave us to make a home elsewhere, knowing that wherever the earthly home of our friends in future may be, sad yet tender memories will gather round the Pine Grove church and the little cemetery on the hill by the Hamber.

GEORGETOWN. The pretty stone church here has lately had its interior thoroughly renovated and beautified. The walls are painted a shade of terra cotta and the ceiling a pale pigeon-egg-green. The chandeliers have been re-bronzed and everything has been done to make the improvements complete. The expense was about \$230. The committee discharged the whole of this debt having half the amount already to hand and the balance is to be raised as soon as possible by a series of entertainments. The Rev. J. W. Pedley has returned from a six weeks' holiday in Winnipeg, and pastor and people are looking hopefully and earnestly toward the future work and prosperity of their church.

E. S.

PERSONALS.

Rev. W. H. Warriner, B. D., has been invited by the College Board to give a course of lectures this winter to the students.

Dr. Stevenson, of Emmanuel church, Montreal, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the Brixton Road Chapel, vacant since the death of Mr. J. Baldwin Brown. The friends of that London suburb have shown, as was to be expected, their appreciation of talent combined with holiness of life: we however start back from the very thought of losing our estimable friend, but we understand the call is accepted.

We have to chronicle the death of Mr. Samuel Morley, at midnight, Saturday, August 4th, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. A shock of corn fully ripe, gathered into the garner. Princely in his givings, simple hearted in his manner, manly in his convictions. He leaves a blank in English Congregationalism not readily filled, indeed his loss is irreplaceable.

Our brother, Mr. George Fuller, has arrived in England, having enjoyed the voyage. We trust an early return with recruited health will be among the glad items of the near future.

Mr. John Wood and Mrs. Wood have returned from their visit to the old lands. Having visited England, Scotland, Ireland and France, Mr. Wood was able to give a vivid account of what was seen, to the friends of the Ottawa church, who gave their pastor and his wife a hearty welcome home on the evening of Friday, 3rd inst. We congratulate our brother on his happy return, and the church on the blessings that will doubtless be their's as a result of the pastor's well earned vacation.

Mr. J. B. Sileox has returned to Winnipeg, and Mr. Pedley has returned, both the better for the change.

The Family Circle.

JOSIAH REDBUSH'S MORTGAGE

Josiah Redbush was not a bad man, as men go. He had many admirable qualities, and he never suspected himself that he was not a pattern member of society. He had been brought up in a hard school, that New England university of adversity which has graduated such sturdy scholars. His mother, early left a widow with a large family, he was "bound out" at nine years of age, and had the usual experience, perhaps, of this class; at least, it was severe enough it toughened his fibre, and he early learned what a hard thing is life to the poor.

A New England town ten miles from the railroad, entirely rural in its surroundings, has not many suggestions to fire the ambitions of a poor boy engaged in the dull round of the farm. David Lawton, Josiah's employer, was a good farmer. He mixed his soil with his brains, and the result was a surprise to his neighbors. With his Yankee faculty he joined a keen sagacity that was ready to improve every hint of modern suggestion. Agricultural chemistry became more than a theory to him, and while his neighbors turned up their noses at "book farming," he harvested double their crops, and smiled at their ignorance.

Thus Josiah had a chance to learn something every day. Most boys would never have cared, but Redbush secretly determined to know as much about farming as David Lawton, and what little he said was questioning as to the why and wherefore of every process of farm life. He had a slow mind. His mother had thought him a trifle dull. He certainly was not quick-witted, but when he saw through a subject, no boy of his age could surpass him in resource or ability.

Thus, although Josiah started in life hampered by circumstances—for a "bound boy" must exercise many self-denials—yet at twenty-one he was well able to grapple with life as any boy of his region. He had been at it for years, and he had got the under hold more than once.

At the time of our sketch, Josiah was forty years old; nineteen years had made him a rich man, the richest in all that region. He was strictly honest, as he understood honesty, always did as he agreed, but was particularly careful how he accepted of terms, usually dictating them himself; his terms were always profitable to himself; those dealing with him must look out for themselves. People said Josiah Redbush was

a hard man; that he had little mercy; that he always had his pound of flesh, if it was in the bond. He never went to church; he was not religious; he hid up his treasures here, where they paid good interest, as he believed; he pulled down his barns and built greater, not once thinking that his soul would be required of him some day. He paid a little toward the minister's salary, and thought his duty done; he was a moral man.

Yet Josiah Redbush was a heathen; the Gospel of gracione living he knew nothing about; his name was good for a hundred thousand at any bank; he carried weight with him into business circles; he was sharp, sagacious, keen; his judgment was esteemed above others, but he was not wise in heavenly things; he was a fool after all; he had no acquaintance with Christ, no treasure in heaven. Like many another, his calculations had concerned but *one* world; he had never lent to the Lord by giving to the poor.

It came about that among Josiah Redbush's debtors was a poor widow, poor from the fact that she had lost a most excellent husband, but having a fine farm. Josiah held the mortgage; he had looked with envious eye on the goodly acres for some years; indeed, he had proffered money when Hanson was sick, with the hope that some time he might add this valuable property to his scores of homesteads acquired in a similar way. His offer had been accepted, with the expectation that health would return and the claim might be met. But alas! death came, and Alice Hanson found herself at the mercy of a rich land-holder.

But there was one element in this problem that even Josiah Redbush had not regarded with his sharp vision, the Divine. There is a God in heaven! Alice Hanson was "acquainted" with Him. She knew there was mercy with Him; and often she cried for deliverance, asking that He who turneth the heart of man, as the rivets of water are turned, would move the heart of an obdurate soul.

One summer evening in the early harvest, Josiah was wending his way toward Alice Hanson's home. He had been thinking of his past life; how he left his mother's roof at nine years of age to battle with fate, and the success he had; the hard blows he received, and the lessons he had taught fate. His heart swelled with pride as his bank account, his real estate, his influence, were presented to his mind. But his errand to-night did not please him altogether. The widow's face as he last saw it haunted him, and her words:—"Josiah Redbush, your mother was a widow; have you no mercy on us who are left, like her, alone?" He remembered it to-night, and he wished the business settled. The farm was just what he wanted; he had a customer for it; he could make a number of thousands on the operation.

As he approached the house—having fastened his horse to the post beyond the white gate—passing up the trimly kept path, he heard a voice; and as he listened he heard the words of prayer. It was a long time since he had heard anyone pray. Away back in his boyhood, his mother—and she a widow—had taken him with the other children into the bedroom, before he left home, and prayed. It was strange, but he remembered some of the words, and it was thirty-one years ago: "Oh, Father, keep my boy as he goes forth into the great world to-day. Make him successful; but, above all, make him thy child." The years of struggle,

success, accomplishment, faded, and he was a little boy again, with his mother's hand on his head. She was under the grasses now. But he raised his hand to knock, when the words came to his ear, and his arm dropped again: "Oh, Father, thou hast brought me into sore straits. Thou dost take my husband, and now my home is threatened. I appeal to Thee, the widow's God, and the orphan's Father." Josiah started; strange emotions tugged at his heart-strings. "Wilt Thou deliver us now; wilt Thou save; wilt Thou show to our oppressor what he owes to the God of the widow and the orphan?" Josiah could catch the sobs behind the words; his own eyes were wet, and he looked about to see if anyone was in sight. But the words were growing calmer, and thanksgiving was succeeding petition. "Even before they call I will answer." "Verify to us thy promise," cried Widow Hanson.

Redbush waited to hear no more. He found his horse, but he was a long time unhitching him, and he allowed him to walk all the way home. The Lord had appeared in his life, and he was before the judgment-seat. He slept little; his big face hid him, and he was speechless. Scores of people seemed to pass by him; the widow and the fatherless he had robbed; and the Judge put down the items until the page was covered. No one appeared for him, until a woman, but carefully, approached the Justice. It was Widow Hanson. "Give him one more chance," she cried; "he had a praying mother." But as the Judge was about to speak, he awoke. The sun was pouring its rays into his window; another day had begun.

It is probable Josiah Redbush never spent a more profitable day, although his bank account was not increased. It had been said Josiah could make more rubbing his nose, a habit he had when working out some financial problem, than other men in exhausting toil. But to-day he was puzzled with the hardest sum of all his life. The Almighty called for his soul. He found there was little of it. All that day he sat alone and thought, and the hosts of eternity seemed watching him. But at sunset he could endure it no longer, and he fell on his knees and cried, "God be merciful unto me, a sinner!" But mercy seemed denied him for many days, until in his agony he said, "Pardon me, and I will pay Thee all."

And then the change came. He began to make restitution. He became a poorer man, but he was rich toward God. The treasure increased beyond. Alice Hanson's prayer was heard, the mortgage cancelled, the heart of stone melted. The mother's petition had been kept in one of the "golden vials," and now its fragrance blessed many lives.—*New York Observer.*

WAS IT INSTINCT?

A western lawyer, whom we will call Mr. Lawrence, recently related the following, which is true in every particular:

"I rode lately some thirty or forty miles out of the city with my friend Mr. G—— in order to help him in opening the summer cottage, which had been closed during the winter. We had a delightful drive and found things looking all right about the cottage. Mr. G—— unlocked the door of the barn and led his horse in to stable him while we should examine the premises more fully. On closing the barn the fall be-

fore he had placed a quantity of oats in a hammock suspended from the beams which supported the floor above.

"You know," said Mr. G——, "that rats and mice won't get into grain when it is kept this way." He took a small measure and dipped his hand into the hammock of oats. "Good gracious!" he cried. "Don't you ever believe that story again. The inside of this heap of oats is entirely eaten out. I shall have to go over to my neighbor's and borrow some feed for my horse."

"He started at once to negotiate the loan," and I idly thrust my hand into the heap of grain lying in the hammock, with a vague idea of starting any rats or mice which might lurk there. There was indeed a mouse's nest in the grain, and my hand came into contact with some of its inmates. I withdrew it with great celerity. As I did so, the mother mouse appeared on top of the grain, running for dear life. A little mouse followed her, and catching on to its mother's long tail, clung to it with a grip like death. A second mouse followed his brother, and caught on to his tail just as the first one had caught on to his mother's: a third one followed and did the same; and before the mother in her wild flight had reached the rope by which the hammock was suspended, a fourth little one was clinging to the tail of the third.

"Incredible as it may seem, the mother mouse with four little ones, each hanging to the tail of the one in front of him, ran nimbly up the suspension rope of the hammock, made her way on the face of a beam to the side wall of the barn and disappeared, leaving me overcome with wonder and admiration.

"Now," asked Mr. Lawrence, in conclusion, "was this instinct on the part of the little mice? Would all mice have done in just this way? Or was this an uncommonly smart mother?" — *Harper's Young People*.

A DEAF EDITOR.

The editor of the Santa Clara (Cal.) *Echo* is happily deaf, and thus tells of his adventures with a female book agent.

We thought everybody in the State knew we were deaf, but once in a while we find one that is not aware of the fact. A female book-peddler came to the office the other day: she wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in the world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings, therefore, we ought to buy a book. She had received a liberal education, and we could not, in consequence, pay less than \$2 for a book. We had listened attentively and here broke out with: "What did you say? We're deaf."

She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper, and making it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to our ear, and told her to proceed.— She nearly broke a blood-vessel in her efforts to make herself heard. She commenced:

"I am alone in this world——"

"It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."

"Oh, what a fool the man is!" she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you; I want to sell a book!"

The last sentence was howled.

"We don't want a cook," we remarked, blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous."

She looked at us in despair. (Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt she exclaimed:

"I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think that somebody was knocking at the door."

You should have heard her slam the door when she went. We heard that.

THE PARABLE OF THE HEARTLESS BROTHER.

BY NORMAN FOX.

As Jesus was teaching, there drew near a great number of rapacious tax-gatherers and other sinful men to hear him. The Master received them most cordially, rejoicing that erring ones were led to think of duty and holiness. But the Pharisees and Scribes took offense, and said that this young rabbi made himself altogether too familiar with bad men.

Jesus declared it proper that he should extend them a friendly welcome; for the angels in Heaven rejoice over a sinner reclaimed as does a shepherd over a straying sheep recovered, or a housekeeper over a lost coin found again. And then begins a more extended parable. A wandering son returned in penitence. The father gave him a joyful welcome. But his elder brother felt no pleasure at his return, refused to unite in the thanksgiving festivities, and even "was angry" at the rejoicings.

The purpose of the parable is to illustrate the difference between God's disposition and man's disposition in regard to the erring. It was the father, not the brother, whom the prodigal had wronged; but while the former received him with love, the latter turned from him with heartless disdain. There was a deep reproach in father's words: "Son, all that I have is thine; not merely a kid, but all my wealth, making thee rich beyond want; and yet thou wouldst grudge the slight cost of this feast to celebrate that poor boy's return."

This parable is a missionary sermon, reproving us for our unconcern regarding a world lost in sin. We may not, as did the Pharisees and Scribes, actually murmur when the erring are brought in; but how little do we share God's anxiety for their recovery. Day after day the father sits looking to see if the lost one will not return; but we are "in the field, busy with our gains. The father kissed the wanderer while still in rags. It was on the neck of a filthy tramp that he fell, with loving embrace. But we shrug our shoulders when asked to make the least exertion to bring back the wanderer, and we grudge the price of a calf as the cost of a brother's salvation. That elder son was not a true son; for he did not inherit the father's heart of love. No more can we claim to be true sons of God if we show not the missionary spirit, the impulse to seek and to save the lost.—*N. Y. Independent*.

TO KEEP SALT PORK FROM SPOILING.

Farmers often wonder why their pork spoils in summer when there is so much salt in the brine. It makes no difference how much extra salt there may be in the brine, nor how strong the brine is, if the grease and impurities in it, which always rise to the surface, are allowed to remain there for any length of time, the pork will be injured. The grease and other impurities on the surface come in contact with the air, they decay, which produces putrefaction, and this in turn taints the brine, which of course effects the pork. It is plain, then, that no amount of salt or strength of brine will prevent this result, unless the grease and other impurities mingled with the brine are removed.

The most effectual preventive is to boil the brine before warm weather sets in and skim off the oil and impurities which will rise to the top. The salt in the brine may be cleansed in the same way by boiling it with the brine and stirring it frequently, which will cause all foreign substances to rise to the top. If the brine on the top of the meat should be frequently stirred, every two or three days, so as to mingle the oil with it, thus taking it away from the air, it would not probably become tainted. For the above reason, where pork is taken out of the brine every day or two, thus stirring it, it rarely spoils, unless the brine is very dirty. Another preventive is to put such an amount of salt on top of the meat that the brine will not come to the surface but be covered by the salt. This prevents contact with the air and keeps it from becoming tainted. — *F. D. Curtis in New York Tribune.*

Flowers to be sent by mail should be cut in the morning before the sun has had much effect on them. The best packing material is their own foliage. The best package is a tin box or case. Place a bit of moist brown paper at the bottom, lay in the flowers so that they will snugly fill the box, put another piece of damp paper over all and enclose with the cover. If oiled paper is at hand, the box can be lined with it, and no damp paper will then be needed. A paper wrapper about the box, securely tied, completes the package. Damp cotton is often tied about the stems of the flowers, but usually this supply of moisture is too great for them when closed from the air and causes decay. It is unnecessary when packed as before described. Dry cotton is often used to protect the flowers, but it is useless for this purpose, and it absorbs the moisture from the flowers and leaves, and they reach their destination quite wilted. — *Vick's Magazine.*

MILK AND COFFEE STAINS. — In woolen and mixed fabrics these stains may be thus removed: Moisten the spots with a brush dipped in a mixture of one part glycerine, nine parts water, and one-half part aqua ammonia. Let it remain twelve hours, occasionally renewing the moistening. Then press between cloth and rub with a clean rag. (Try the mixture on a piece of garment first, and if it hurts the color, omit the ammonia.) Silk garments should be thus moistened six or eight hours only. Then rub with a clean cloth and remove the remaining substance with a knife. — Brush with clean water and dry between cloths. A thin solution of gum arabic and a warm iron applied on the wrong side will restore finish.

HOW TO FORETELL WEATHER.

The farmers' club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather. If farmers and others whose business is out of doors and depends upon the weather will study them closely they will be able to guess the weather more accurately than Wiggins or Vennor.

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is forming.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.
6. Where cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or north-east, there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or south-east there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow, if it be summer, and if it be in winter there will be a snow-storm.
8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south, if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless snow is falling within 1,000 miles of you.
10. Whenever heavy white frost occurs, a storm is forming within 1,000 miles north or north-west of you.

PLAIN STEAMED PUDDING. — (One egg, one large teacupful of buttermilk, two spoonfuls of sugar, two spoonfuls of melted butter, flour to make a tolerably stiff batter, one small half teacupful of dried cherries or common currants dried in sugar, one teaspoonful of soda. Beat the egg and sugar together, add buttermilk and flour and butter, and lastly the fruit well rubbed in flour. Steam one hour. Eat with cream and sugar, or liquid sauce.

ESCALOPED FISH. — Two pounds of cold boiled fish picked into small pieces, one-half pound butter, two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, the yolks of four eggs. Scald one pint of milk over boiling water, add the flour mixed with the remainder, cook until thicker than custard, take from the fire and whip in the beaten yolks, etc.; butter a baking dish, put a layer of dressing, then of fish, last, the dressing, then cover with rolled cracker and bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

"I TELL you," said a rabid Free Thinker, "The idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog, but he doesn't go howling about it."

"PA," said a young hopeful, "I know what a man who has been better days is." "Well, my son, what is he?" "He is a man who makes you tired talking about himself."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
 A little girl one day,
 And by a chair she knelt,
 And thus began to pray:
 "Jesus, my eyes I close;
 Thy form I cannot see;
 If thou art near me, Lord,
 I pray Thee, speak to me.

A still, small voice she heard within her soul—
 "What is it child? I hear thee; tell the whole."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
 "That Thou wilt condescend
 To tarry in my heart,
 And ever be my friend
 The path of life is dark,
 I would not go astray;
 O let me have thy hand
 To lead me in the way."

"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."
 She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
 The living pass away;
 The aged soon must die,
 And even children may.
 O let my parents live
 Till I a woman grow;
 For if they die, what can
 A little orphan do?"

"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,
 I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
 And from her chamber now
 She passed forth with the light
 Of heaven upon her brow.
 "Mother, I've seen the Lord,
 His hand in mine I felt;
 And O, I heard Him say,
 As by my chair I knelt:

"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,
 I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

—Evangelist.

PUFF PUDDING—One pint of boiling milk and nine tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed first with a little cold milk. When cold add a little salt and four well-beaten eggs and bake in a buttered dish. Serve as soon as it is done.

SOUR-CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup of sour cream made sweet with soda, and three small cups of flour, one cup of currants and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in cups or little pans.

GERMAN CAKES.—One egg, seven ounces of butter, four ounces of powdered sugar, ten and a half ounces of flour, one tablespoonful of molasses. Mix without adding other wetting and roll out; sprinkle cinnamon and sugar on top, roll again thinner, and cut out into little cakes.

Official Notices.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The above Association will meet with the church at Stratford on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5th and 6th. Organization meeting on Tuesday at 3 p. m.—Pastors and church secretaries please take notice. Names of intending delegates to be sent to Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith, Stratford, not later than September 25th. Arrangements will be made looking to reduced fares. Programme in next issue.

C. S. PEDLEY,
 Secretary.

Literary Notices.

THE ENGLISH PULPIT OF TO-DAY (Westfield, N. Y.) for August contains some fine sermons, notably one on "Rest" by Dr. R. W. Dale, and another on "The paradox of love's measure," by Dr. A. MacLaren.

THE PULPIT TREASURY for September (E. B. Treat, New York.) is full of suggestive matter. Sermons, sermon outlines, and exegetical helps. We notice especially the first of a series of articles on Protestant missions in Japan by an old and esteemed Torontonian, Rev. Geo. Cochran, D. D., of the Methodist Church, now engaged in the missions of which he writes.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW (Funk & Wagnell's, New York,) for the current month is full as ever. There now lie on our desk from this house two volumes of the series issued at greatly reduced prices to subscribers to the Review. Vol. VII of Spurgeon's "Treasury of David," which completes the work, and Vol. II of "Godet on St. John." We are inclined, from a very hasty glance, to say that Vol. VII of Spurgeon's work on the Psalms is the most mature of the whole, the earnest author looks upon the series as the crowning work of his life, the compilation having engaged the spared hours of twenty years. Meyer is *facile princeps* among exegetes, but there is a rich unction in Godet's John, the only work of his that we have read, which would lead us to say that if time and means only allow of one of these commentaries on the fourth gospel being obtained, by all means take Godet's. Meyer is thorough, impassionately wise; Godet is not wanting in breadth of learning and thoroughness of exegetical skill, there is added a warmth of feeling which makes him specially fitted for unfolding the writings of the loved disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B. D., Editor, will be published (D. V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Published solely in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto, Ont.

All correspondence regarding subscriptions, advertisements and general business to be directed to Mr. W. R. CLIMIE, Bowmanville, Ont.