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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

NEW SERIES.)

VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1885.

[No. 1.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THIS number will come into the hands of most of our readers during the merry Christmas days, to a few with the dawning of the "glad New Year." Let the bells ring out their merriest, and the heart beat joyously in tune, as we gather up the memories and hold them all in the bright light of the Christmas fire. The year's night has reached its deepest, the day begins to dawn and the shadows flee. Draw closer round the old hearth-stone, and let the gloom feel the advancing march of the day's great king. It was a true instinct which placed the Christ's birth mid-winter, as the days begin to advance and darkness relax its hold.

"When the night is darkest, He sends the morn,
"When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn."

THE past year has not been without its interest to us. The event of the year to us denominationally has been the new and happy auspices under which our College opened. This really begins our new departure at the right spot. Four students will be ready, D. V., in the spring for settlement, fourteen for summer work. The labourers are gathering, let the churches upgather to the end that they may be sustained.

WE recall our sentence "The Event of the Year." There has been another. The brethren of the Lower Provinces have again united with the brethren of the Upper Provinces in organized missionary work. Our Missionary Society embraces from the Atlantic sea-board on to the practically boundless west, and thus together we advance to possess the land. Distance does not tend to strengthen bonds, nevertheless with the columns of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT and the cheery letters of our nearly ubiquitous superintendent (why not call him *Bishop*?). We do not intend to be strangers, but one host of God's Canadian

army. Already we begin to feel the quickening of this union impact, and still we look with confidence for more.

THE year has had its death roll, what year has not? and the Christmas remembrance will note its vacant seats; but over these vacant chairs the Christmas fact wreathes its aureole, "Christ was born in Bethlehem," and while that fact remains, the resurrection and the life are there also. There *was* a vacant chair in heaven, now filled; we will rejoice and be glad therein.

OUR editorial New Year would be very much brighter were a more lively interest taken in the Magazine, which, though free from present debt, would rejoice in a margin for some improvements. Every family should have a copy. No one dollar would be denominationally better spent. We are glad to believe, as we have been assured, that among the elements of a returning vigour to our different enterprises the columns of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT have had a directing share. Only a conviction that we were in the path of duty has kept us the past three years at our post, and we remain there only till some stronger and better hand will take from our fingers the editorial pen. We have not pleased everybody, sometimes our best friends have not agreed with us; we counted the cost in every instance, and conscious of many shortcomings, with no idea of editorial infallibility, we have kept on our way endeavouring to do our duty. We continue as we began, craving sympathy and co-operation from all, conscious of no enmity, with increasing regard for all, praying that upon the various interests we seek to represent, forward and guard, God may pour the blessings of a truly "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

AN old and long-tried friend of our cause, whose partner in life, now in the presence of

the Lord, spent long and faithful years of service in our churches, thus writes, regarding "our increasingly valuable magazine" and the general outlook: "I am glad to observe that our good old English Independency is going back to Pauline days, and its roots are being strengthened in this difficult soil."

MR. MOODY has been in Toronto conducting a three days' conference, with marked success. Earnest, straightforward, plain-spoken, with nothing of the rhetorician, one is at first astonished at his power; but he surrounds himself with workers, keeps under his own inimitable control all the movements, guides firmly, speaks the right word at the right time, touches the deepest feeling by his homelike sincerity, and abounds in common-sense. The one man he most reminds us of is Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, though we question whether Mr. Moody could sustain himself in one locality as Mr. Spurgeon has done, to say nothing of the immense literary labours of the latter. Yet in their unconventional, direct, unaffected, earnest manner of preaching the gospel, they are certainly not unlike.

WE were much interested in noting Mr. Moody's quiet manner in passing by that class who, ever ready to talk, spoil when such can be spoiled, any meeting left open for all. Men always jumping up to say "ditto, just what I (put emphasis on the pronoun, kind reader,) do." At a ministerial conference just such an one edged in to relate *his* experience, with the gratuitous information of the number of souls converted under his ministry. Mr. Moody listened without a sign, the tale was told, then pointing to a friend who had been edged out by the persistence of the bore, Mr. Moody simply said, "Umph! What were you going to say, brother?" The eloquence of silence is oftentimes sublime.

A YOUNG man, awaiting ordination, ministering meanwhile to the church which had called him, advertised a sermon on "Hell, a Place for Dirty Rags," which, as the sermon proved were the symbolic rags with which Joshua the High priest was clothed in one of the visions of Zechariah. Serious objection was taken by more than one of the leading ministers of the sister churches in the neighbourhood to his ordination, which was, in fact,

indefinitely postponed, because of the means thus used to catch the multitude. Were the objections well founded? Was the advertisement to be excused or justified? Without pretending to speak, *ex cathedra*, we purpose a few thoughts, suggestive, rather than dogmatic thereon. One can readily turn to the old divines and find quaint touches of coarse humour. We have before us while writing an old heading and division of an eminently practical sermon by the saintly J. Burgess. *Beelzebub, driving and drowning his hogs*, where the herd of swine is made to verify three old English proverbs, that "The devil will play at small game, rather than none at all," "They run fast whom the devil drives," and "The devil brings his hogs to a fine market." We can readily understand how thoroughly gospel truths were applied thereby. The method, however, is open to question. A respected correspondent in our last entered a mild protest against "slang," certainly the title of our young friend's sermon and that of Mr. Burgess, border on, if they are not altogether, slang. But they have a purpose, we suppose; they fulfil at any rate one of the general orders of the Salvation Army, "attract attention," and they speak to certain classes in their own language. But to what element in our nature do these methods appeal? To such as we desire to see cultivated? It may be necessary to soil one's hand in extending help to the needy, it is certainly not desirable that they should remain soiled. Our correspondent on *slang* says that the minister who uses it "offers but a doubtful compliment to his audience," which is undoubtedly true, yet immense audiences seem pleased, if not flattered, by the doubtful compliment. Still, notwithstanding the apparent success, we are persuaded that whatever benefit may appear from an exceptional departure from the normal method, the habitual use of such means of drawing, pandering as it does to the lower tastes, in the end debases; as with stimulants, the desire for the time satisfied, awakes with intenser appetite crying ever, more, more! We have had a "boy preacher" in this city, whose mad antics have certainly created intense excitement, which even Mr. Moody's advent did not abate. Converts have been counted by hundreds, and we see our friend the *Guardian* hail the movement as a genuine old Methodist revival

Good authority as our contemporary is on Methodist themes, we must beg to differ; we doubt whether it really is a good old-fashioned Methodist revival in any sense, except the noise; and as for its influence upon the general community for good, we believe it to be thoroughly misleading. What we really want in this restless, feverish age is, not excitement, but stability, not the showy exterior, but reality. We want an intelligent, manly, thoughtful and honest type of Christianity; not an exhibition, shop fashion, of our wares to draw the passer-by into our doors rather than into those of our neighbours. That there is a legitimate advertising we readily acknowledge, especially in our larger towns where strangers are, but that which is designed merely to draw "must be successful only so long as another does not out bid for the public ear," and then, "having no root," the quick growth "withers away." As Mr. Moody said, "Don't count converts, you don't know how many may stay converted," and we have learnt in the experience of years to distrust all efforts that do not begin, continue and end in the straightforward presentation of the grand old Gospel.

WHICH of the present forms of Church polity approaches that of the primitive Church most closely?

Mosheim, the ecclesiastical historian of the early part of this century, and a member of the German Lutheran Church, says: "All the churches in those primitive times (century first) were *independent* bodies, none of them subject to the jurisdiction of any other. For though the churches the apostles founded frequently had the honour showed them to be consulted in difficult and doubtful cases, yet they had no judicial authority, no control, no power of giving laws. On the contrary, *it is clear as noonday*, that all Christian churches had equal rights, and were in all respects on a footing of equality.

Neander, a converted Jew, confessedly the prince of ecclesiastical historians, than whom none stand higher for breadth of Christian sympathy and depth of philosophical thought, impartial, thorough, gives the same testimony. The entire section is too long for insertion, we give some typical sentences: "The monarchical principle in spiritual things accords ill with the spirit of Christianity, which con-

stantly points to the feelings of mutual need, and the necessity and blessing of common deliberation, as well as of common prayer. Where two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, there also, He promises, will He be among them. As regards the relation of the bishops or presbyters to the churches, they were destined to be not unlimited monarchs, but rulers and guides in an ecclesiastical republic, and to conduct every thing in conjunction with the church assembled together, as the servants, not the masters of which they were to act. Irenæus is quoted as expressly disapproving of the attempts being made to bring all the churches under one form of church life, declaring "that nothing was needed but agreement in faith and love, and that this, so far from being injured by differences in outward things, would only shine forth more clearly through these very differences, and he recognizes the right of all churches fully and independently to follow their ancient customs in such matters."

The Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, are publishing a series of Text Books for Bible Classes. One on "The Church," by Professor Binnie, of Glasgow, and written from the Presbyterian standpoint says: "Putting ourselves under the guidance of the Divine Word, and forgetting for the present the controversies which have been raised, we find that the Church, or company of the faithful, is in Scripture presented to our faith in three phases, or at three different stages. It comes into view as the Local Church; as the entire community of Christians dispersed throughout the world; and as the Bride of Christ, the total company of the redeemed. In other words, the church to which we are to join ourselves in loving fellowship is, in the first instance, the company of Christ's professing people in our own neighbourhood, associated for his worship and service; this is the Local Church. In the second instance, it is the company of these throughout the world who profess the Christian religion. This is the Catholic, Visible Church. In the third instance, it is the entire innumerable company of those who have been, or shall yet be brought unto God by Christ, the congregation of the saved. This is the Catholic Invisible Church."

Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire in its decline, has occasion to speak of the

early church, and writes thus: "Every society formed within itself a separate and independent republic, and, although the most distant of these little states maintained a mutual as well as friendly intercourse of letters and deputations, the Christian world was not yet connected by any supreme authority or legislative assembly."

These testimonies to the Congregational character of the Primitive Church are from the confessedly foremost historians, and leaders of thought. They are not new, but in danger of being forgotten, and the testimony has never been successfully challenged. Let the fact confessed be pondered, the early church was Congregationally Independent.

The testimony of Prof. Binnie is specially important, as indicating the position to which impartial writers even on Presbyterian polity have been driven; and confirming in a marked manner our late chairman's much misunderstood address that the churches "are growing nearer—views have become modified," and there is a drawing nearer to each other. The old orthodox division of the meaning of the New Testament word *ecclesia* was the local church—the local churches associated—the entire body of the faithful. We have still the old threefold division, but made on true Congregational principles. We shall have something to say next on the officers of the N. T. Church.

Our contemporary, the *Canadian Baptist*, is growing hysterical, or something worse. A few weeks ago one of its correspondents, with editorial commendation, denounced almost savagely all Sunday-School literature for Baptists, other than that of its own peculiar type, and now in a more recent issue we have the following:—

"If one is conscientiously a Baptist, then the same sense of duty which leads him to hold Baptist views should impel him to teach these views to those committed to his care," says the *Central Baptist*, and we commend the sentence. We fear the revulsion from exclusiveness has gone too far in the opposite direction. For some time the idea of Christian union has been the prevalent one, and has led to the emphasis of such truths only as the Christian denominations hold, in common, to the neglect of efficient teaching upon those matters where we as Baptists stand alone. In household instruction, in Sunday-School instruction, and in the ministry of the pulpit there should be no uncertain sound. If our views are worth anything, they are worth teaching.

All right, brother, water refracts the beam of

light which passes through it, as many simple experiments make plain, and as the quantity of that medium is one of the two things where our friend, as a Baptist, desires to stand alone, we cannot hope from him straight vision through a water medium.

WE give for the benefit of our friends an order of service selected for—well, we will not take the responsibility of saying where. We found it in an exchange. (Old country. Any such here?)

Order.—Evening Service.

- I.—Ballooning by the choir.
- II.—Scriptures read reverentially by the clergyman.
- III.—Hymn. (Congregational.)
- IV.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, and congregation meanwhile wool-gathering.)
- V.—Gloria. (Further ballooning by the choir all alone among clerestory windows, painted roof, etc., etc.)
- VI.—Sermon.
- VII.—Hymn. (Congregational.)
- VIII.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, congregation wool-gathering, putting on gloves, getting *couchant*, ready to spring.)
- IX.—Benediction. (Violent stampede while organ moves off, sky-rocketing and handsprings like a drunken Bacchante.)
- X.—Silence and darkness, and *the restored presence of God.*

THE LAND QUESTION.

The tenure by which land is held constitutes one of the most perplexing problems of the day, and is likely to be still moreso if the wrongs of society are pitted violently against vested rights; in other words, if men are compelled to rectify by force what it is given a Christian people to set or keep right by brotherly counsel and Christian charity.

A living writer and lecturer puts a case thus: "To drop a man in the middle of the Atlantic ocean and tell him that he is at liberty to walk ashore would not be more bitter irony than to place a man where all the land is appropriated as the property of other people and tell him that he is a free man, at liberty to work for himself and to enjoy his own earnings." Yet that is the situation of every man in the British Isles not born a landowner, and I suspect of ninety-nine out of every hundred, *e. g.* in Toronto. Every settled country must be in that position, ever has been; is the land millennium to have it so that every child shall be born, if not with a silver spoon, with a title deed in his hand. In the wilds one might possess this privilege, certainly not in civilized life, nor would any save the wildest communist venture any such statement regarding any such possession but land—why with regard to it?

An essential difference in the possession of land and of personal property exists. Personal property is accumulated labour, at least is supposed to represent the same with its interest ; land in some sense is required as the heritage of all and comes direct as birth from God. For why ? Land like air is a condition of life ; cut man off from his acre of ground and he dies, surely as though he were placed under the exhausted receiver of an air pump. It is not necessary that a man should have wealth. An invalid, he may be deprived of the privilege of personal labour ; Governments may fail, the Bank of England break, man still may live ; but deprive him of the produce of the land and he starves. No earthly power can give sustenance to man, save as derived from the earth. Enslaved or free, beggar or lord, peasant or king, the soil is a necessary condition of man's existence here. Conceivably man may live in a balloon, on a ship, or as in crowded China on floating islands, still from the land his sustenance must be drawn, must ; and the inference seems, therefore, inevitable, that every man has an inalienable right (necessity gives right,) to some share of earth as he has of air. The share may come indirectly through others. No surveyor's chain may be stretched over it, but from some portion of earth's surface must come each and every man's means of keeping alive. This holds true of no other possession acknowledged as such by social life, and, therefore, the tenure of land differs essentially from all other tenures whatsoever. Bank deposits may be locked up in a treasure tomb with key lost ; securities be committed to some irrevocable trust, wealth be annihilated, yet could men live ; as matter of fact men do thus live on the wilds of Terre del Fuego—in the ice huts of the Esquimaux, but cut men off from the soil or its products and in a few hours he is dead. Thus vital becomes the land question to all.

Can, then, each man lay just claim to an equal share of land with his neighbour ? Is communism in land the *ne plus ultra* of social justice ? Without expressly thus claiming, the question has been presented in this form : Your free-born Englishman who must find some bit of earth's surface on which to rest and from which to draw his bit of bread, save the high road, cannot find so much as one square foot for use unless he seeks and pays for permission from the owner, and on the high road should he tarry he is speedily arrested as a vagrant

Let it be here said that when these problems are thus presented, the hard facts of life, a policy of hush is worse than useless, equally so violently clamouring down. These questions will not down in days when might is not acknowledged as right. Even the boy at school discusses in his own way the problem why some have gardens fair, and others live in pent-up homes, unenlivened by the living green, as Spinoza

has it, " Human things are neither to be laughed at nor wept over ; our duty is to understand them."

In the limited space at disposal no attempt can be made beyond suggesting some principles, which, well understood may aid in forming intelligent views on this momentous question.

Apart from its worth as a divine revelation the Bible affords the most ancient record of land tenure. In Gen. xxiii. we have the earliest account of land transfer. It is a chapter in Bible history, and on that account is worth studying. Two principles are at once discovered. Private (or perhaps family—the father representing the family patriarch) propriety in an estate ; this tenure held subject to national right. The children of Heth or the Hittites were a race whose history is only now being slowly recovered from the fragments of the East, and who once were sufficiently powerful to contend for supremacy with the Egyptians themselves. A powerful people in those patriarchal days, for centuries, save upon these pages of Holy Writ, their name even had passed from remembrance. Abraham, as a sojourner, desired a plot in which to bury his dead, a place he could call his own and hand down to his children after him until they came, centuries after, into possession of the land of promise. In reality we have, divested of legal technicalities, the principles of our own land tenure when all freehold is traced through varied proprietors to the original grant from the crown. Ephron sitting (not dwelling) among his brethren (ver. 10) in the assembly, at the gate, representing what modern society would call the "law of the land," directs us to other interests than those of Ephron. Abraham was an alien, and an alien with following. A friendly stranger it is true, but still a stranger, who in time of war might prove an internal enemy, therefore, the interests of the nation were involved. When it is remembered that until the Naturalization Act of 1870, aliens in England could not hold and transmit the freehold of land unless by some acute legal fiction, we need not be surprised at the entire community being assembled in the case of Abraham desiring to acquire land from the Hittites. The stranger within the gate has not been even in civilized and enlightened England so very long at home.

We detect, therefore, in this earliest recorded land transfer, two very essential principles which are wisely embodied in our present land law, and being just, ought to be kept perpetual. Whether by occupation, (or as we would say squatter's rights) or by due allotment, Ephron the Hittite possessed a tract of land, from which, his labour spent, he could justly gather the fruit thereof. Yet the right to do as he liked with his own was bounded by a tribal right. He could not dispose of his property to the hurt of his nation, nor give the stranger an inheritance without the consent of his

people. In other words, absolute propriety was not, and in truth never can be, nor does it obtain with us, and these two principles in definite relation must stand, the individual right maintained subordinate to the people's natural wants.

The next record of land tenure in Bible history is that whereby Joseph, taking advantage of the famine, secured a change amounting to a social revolution in the land tenure in Egypt. From the general statement, Gen. xlvii. 19, 20, it might be held that individual ownership of land obtained. A closer attention to xli. 48, where it is said that Joseph gathered "the food of the field which was round about every city," suggests a communal tenure similar to that which obtains in England in regard to the village common, on which all have common rights of pasturage or of sport. Besides, the annual inundation of the Nile would make frequent changes, which under a communal system, or want of system, would engender confusion. Such confusion and conflicting claims would introduce a state of things which a wise statesman would endeavour to simplify. This we suspect Joseph did. Remembering that in Egypt the Pharaoh was the state, the authorized embodiment of the legislative power which we place in the Government, when Joseph bought the land of the Egyptians for Pharaoh, it was simply the state assuming all titles to land, and then parcelling it out again to the people with seed in their hands, so that they held it as land is here held, originally from the crown, which derived henceforth the revenue from a direct land tax, valued according to the producing power of the soil. There can be little doubt but that Joseph swept away a host of long existing abuses by this policy, and Ireland might gain by the principles here unfolded. The Government really bought up the land, quieting conflicting claims, and equitably redistributing on the land the burden of the Government expenses. Joseph's land system may be summed up as follows: *a.* Provision for educational and religious purposes in the allotment to the priests. *b.* The absolute propriety of land vested in the state. *c.* Under the state a direct holding of the land by the cultivators without any intermediate class of feudal barons or landed aristocracy. *d.* A taxation, which rested upon the annual produce of the land and which, therefore, was made to correspond with the abundance or scarcity of the year. Thus Joseph appears as a wise and humane and just ruler, and a true statesman.

Mosaic legislation gives very definite land laws. Its chief points we note. *a.* God was more to the true Israelite than a mere abstraction, He was a present personality, whose favour was to be sought and commands obeyed. There was to be practical force in the declaration,—the land is mine, ye are strangers and sojourners with Me.—Luke xxv. 23, or Psalm cxv. 16. "The heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath He

given to the children of men." No truer principles for life's guidance. No motive more powerful for good in any man's life can be than that possessions are held in trust from God, the Supreme Sovereign over all. Ye are not your own. Happy they who can render a just account of their stewardship! Thus Israel was taught, and thus all obligations were made to rest, the very land was theirs only in trust as God gave unto them. Thus may we be taught and live.

b. The land was divided directly among the families of the nation. They that used the land enjoyed the same. As in Egypt, the land was brought directly to the people. Thus the "three profits" did not waste its product, and the evils under which the old lands of Europe groan were not felt. The fact may here be noted that in Canada we largely enjoy the blessing of this provision. Compare for a moment our state where, on settlement, lots were apportioned to the emigrants, with the state of things the heritage of years has gendered in the father land. Great Britain has a population of twenty-seven millions. One-half of England and three-fourths of Scotland is owned by less than one hundred and sixty individuals. One hundred and sixty individuals own thirty-three million acres out of fifty-seven million. The remaining twenty-four is distributed among about a third of a million. About one in every twenty-five in the island of Great Britain owns land.

In Canada, with a population of four million and a third, nearly half a million own land, or one out of every ten, and we have no estates such as that of the Earl of Breadalbane, who can ride one hundred miles on his own property in a single direction, or of the Duke of Sutherland, who owns the county called by his name. Let us be truly thankful that we are not called to settle a perplexing land question here, and let us so observe the laws of right that we shall not bequeath to our children any heritage of land woe.

7. A third feature of the Mosaic System was as that of Joseph, the land's produce was taxed one-fifth for the purposes of administration, religion and education. The subject of tithing, as we find it in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, is too complicated to be entered upon here, but a careful analysis will disclose the fact that one-fifth was required from the land by the theocratic government.

8. The Jubilee forbid perpetual alienation. The land could not be sold for ever. The market value of all mortgages or alienations must have regard to the Jubilee year, and thus was avoided that collection of the land into the hands of the few which detaches the population from the soil, and introduces that system of landlordship which is the great bugbear of the Irish peasantry, the Highland crofter, and the English agricultural labourer.

Legal ingenuity, however, then as now could and

did find means of evasion, thus causing those evils which Nehemiah by a patriotic appeal and example caused for a time to cease, Neh. v. 1-13. But the principal was established, which legislation in emergencies feels impelled to make, viz., *that the present generation has no right to tie up the land from the free and legitimate requirements of the generations yet unborn.*

It remains to note that property in land in the walled city was not subject to the law of Jubilee: Lev. xxv. 29-30. Here land would be held as a property rather than as a necessity, and as all property honestly obtained is to be peaceably enjoyed, the rights of property are in Scripture universally respected. The villages, however, vs. 31, were as the fields of the country, and they being necessities of life were not subject to perpetual alienation.

The Mosaic legislation made no provision for the disposal of property in land by will, the land was the Lord's—and thus an element in our more modern life, and in many respects a disturbing one, was utterly unknown. The law of inheritance was general and readily understood, and no dead hand controlled the living.

This very rapid survey of the land tenures of the Bible may lead to some practical results, one or two of which we indicate.

You search the Scriptures in vain for any endorsement of that lawless spirit, which largely from ignorance is permeating many minds, and which is not caricatured by an old ditty of the Cobden times:—

“What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
 “For equal division of unequal earnings.
 “Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
 “To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.”

On the other hand, no countenance is given to those vested rights in land, which, lasting through the centuries, keep the labourer from earning directly from the soil the wage of his industry. The land is the Lord's and the people are His sojourners. Not until the land kept not her Sabbaths and man forgot the claims of his brother, came in those days of sadness and oppression which made the land to mourn.

A careful comparison, made with all due allowance for the social changes time and country must ever bring, will show that as a whole we enjoy in this Canada very much, if not all, the blessings of the land tenure divine wisdom designed for Israel when Canaan by lot was parcelled out to the children of Abraham. We have already noted the large proportion of our people who possess land—about one in every ten. To speak more exactly, there are in the Dominion 464,000 occupying land in a population of 4,325,000, of which only 57,000 are tenants. So that if eleven per cent. represent occupiers of house and land, ten per cent. are owners, one per cent. tenants: whilst in Great Britain about four per cent. own land

out of twelve per cent. that occupy as tenants. Very few of our farms are rented, and no hundred miles, no nor ten, can be traversed by any one man laying exclusive claim to all. Free from the remains of the feudal times, with no hereditary titled aristocracy, nor law of primogeniture, we have little to amend in our land tenure, though much to guard against. Our first trouble is likely to arise from “Corporations,” and especially in another Province from religious (?) corporations, that hold and enlarge, for purely sectarian purposes, some of the most valuable spots in the Dominion. It may be that another secularization is in that direction to come.

When vested rights become so overgrown as to unduly press the liberties of the people, as in France and Italy the so-called rights of the Jesuits and Church really did, the state asserts its supreme rights, and, respecting all individual claims, takes from the “Corporation” the land kept from its required use, secularizing the same, as our own Clergy Reserves were secularized, and Canada saved from much future vexation and bitterness. It may not be altogether useless to indicate as an example a case which is not likely, save as an illustration, to cause onlookers just now more than a passing thought: the Rectory lands of this city, Toronto, about which an unseemly squabble is still in progress. One party speaks very plausibly of these funds being “*in trust*”—for what. For the Christian instruction of the city? It will be added, “according to the tenets of the Anglican Church.” Yes, when a certain exclusive claim was conceded to that body as the duly credited instructor. But times have changed. That exclusive claim has been disavowed—but, waving this question (which eventually, however, may yet be raised) how has that trust been kept? By first augmenting private fortunes, and now by perpetuating a suit in the law courts. Days have been when those corporate trusts have come under special and subversive legislation, and that day may come again. That tenure is still open to debate when emergencies call.

Otherwise we rejoice in a present state which invites gratitude and calls for earnest Christian life. Let us hold our land from God and all will be well. It is well if we remember the commandments of our God to do them and to walk in His ways.

Of course we cannot be uninterested spectators of the question in its relation to the old land. Still we are not *in* that struggle, nor likely to be, in the absence of primogeniture and hereditary aristocracy. Only let us not add bitterness to their struggles, nor insinuate that bitterness or class spirit which is social war in germ. Let us the rather, by a Christian use of our liberties, show forth the more excellent way.

We press into this question the brotherhood, by union, living, conscious, with Christ the blessed one, as *the* means of keeping right and prosperous the re-

lations we assuredly enjoy as dwellers in Canadian lands. God keep all mindful of the truth that the land is His, and we sojourners and strangers with Him. A truth nations, coporations, individuals are so prone to forget. God give us the wisdom of showing constant mercy to the poor and unfortunate, and preserve us from the folly of endless monopolies, and undue measure of wealth. When avarice and pride, with power, use the forms of justice—the technicalities of law—to oppress the poor, the weak and the humble, when monopolies tax the people; the few own the soil; the rich grow richer by the poor becoming poorer—then social wreckage begins. There are laws of divine justice which rise and assert their majesty, sometimes in French revolutions, agrarian wars, if men will not stay and listen to mercy.

There are three dangers which a recent writer observes confront us, against which these old Hebrew records testify: The growth of monopolies, the organized conflict of labour and capital; legislation in favour of wealth. Recognize the fact that God is—that from Him we inherit as sojourners the land; that we are our brother's keeper—that poor and rich are alike precious in His sight. And we escape them all. Give us wisdom, Lord! Amen.

Finally.—Let us revert to the possessions of the father of the faithful, the friend of God.

“By faith Abraham became a sojourner in the land of promise as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise, for he looked for a city which hath the foundation, whose builder and maker is God.” So dwell we, for there is no abiding city here—positively none! Ah, those constant mementoes of the past—gone—gone, helplessly gone! But yonder, there are the foundations—abiding—eternal. Those stars shall fade; this earth be shrivelled in the judgment fires; but the tenure given on that inheritance holds—holds ever. Whatever possessions here or nowhere, let our hearts make sure of that hope, that confidence which never aileth—never. I am not going to say, cease your endeavours for better heritages here; or say, evils must be endured with the brighter hope beyond. No; but let this truth remove all bitterness, and stimulate all earnest endeavours. We toil for eternity as we seek to make the most of time, and yonder there is an inheritance, a tenure, ratified, sealed eternally; an inheritance of the saints in light, incorruptible, undefiled, unfading.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth—
That fair home is ours!

Flash those streets with jasper;
Shine those gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.

Thither, onward, thither,
In the spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

BIG WAVES AND LITTLE MEN.

BY KONOXIAN.

The Scott Act wave struck the town of Whiskeyville. There were a few good temperance men in Whiskeyville. Some of them had fought against the liquor traffic for many years. They were earnest, consistent temperance men when prohibition was not as popular as it is now. Some of them spent time and money and lost business in trying to keep the liquor traffic within bounds. They were often called very ugly names and treated with contempt; but they worked on because they thought they were right. Little Mr. Emptyhead lived in Whiskeyville. He was not a temperance man. In fact he was not a man of any kind. He had no convictions on any question. He was too small to have strong convictions. He never spent an hour in working for God or humanity. He never gave a dollar for any good purpose. He never thought a good thing or said a good thing or did a good thing. One morning Emptyhead saw the Scott Act wave coming. He ran to meet it, and greatly aided by his own lightness, he mounted the wave at a single bound. He got on that wave on exactly the same principle that a blown bladder goes up. As he straddled the crest he looked down contemptuously at the veteran temperance men who had been working for twenty or thirty years and asked them why they were so slow. He denounced everybody who would not support the Act and consigned them to the bad place. Emptyhead rode that wave as long as it lasted but when it passed over he came down to his natural level. When last heard from he was anxiously waiting for another wave of some kind. You never see the little man until he straddles a wave. A wave of religious interest struck the village of Steady-go. There were several churches and some good men in Steady-go. Not being quite satisfied with the amount of religious life in the village, some of the people of Steady-go arranged for special union services. Among those who were much delighted to hear of this movement was Mr. Talkative Featherhead Rounder. Rounder did not belong to any particular denomination. He said they were all good. He never took a seat in any church. He was conscientiously opposed to pew rents and the envelope system and every other system that made it necessary for a man to pay money. No missionary collector ever got anything from him. When the collector called he always said he belonged to the other denomination. Rounder never went to an ordinary prayer meeting unless he felt sure the minister would ask him to take part. He would not

teach in a Sabbath school but he was often known to drop in with the expectation that the Superintendent would ask him to address the school. The best people in Steady-go had no confidence in Mr Talkative Featherhead Rounder. When the union services began Rounder was on hand, of course. He did not enjoy it at first. The meetings were not large and there was no excitement. Bye-and-bye the interest increased, large numbers attended, and there was considerable excitement. Rounder watched the gathering wave and when it got high he straddled it at a single bound. Perched on the crest of that wave, like a small statue on a high pedestal, Rounder soon became very insolent and abusive. He denounced all the ministers for miles around that did not take part in the meetings. He abused some of the oldest and best Christians in the village because they did not attend every night. He said that ministers were sending souls to hell and that the churches were responsible for all the sin. For two or three weeks Rounder rode that wave in triumph. During the day he picked up all the scraps of gossip he could gather about the meetings and in the evening denounced the parties. He was a great man while the wave lasted. After a time the meetings stopped. The people who had any religion went back to their own churches. The people who had none went nowhere as usual. Rounder has never been at a prayer meeting since the wave passed over. He is waiting for another wave.

A few days ago a minister called at Rounder's house to visit the family. When the good man and Mrs. Rounder knelt for prayer the children did not kneel. During prayer two of them got up a fight. It would seem as though Mr. Talkative Featherhead Rounder does not have worship in the family. He does not attach much importance to family religion. Religion on a big wave is the kind he likes.

The election in the County of Burke was very close. Burke was always a close constituency and had returned members belonging to both parties. At this particular election the contest was very keen. Both parties were straining every nerve and the result was very doubtful. A very high and rather angry political wave was rolling over the constituency. Little Mr. Windbag got right up on the wave and made a blustering speech about the throne and the constitution and several other things and closed with an allusion to "my friend, Sir John." Then he wrote a letter to Sir John and told him that *he* would carry the county for the Conservative party, provided he got an office. Little Mr. Fussy also climbed up the Grit side of the wave and from the crest made a speech about freedom, and liberty and patriotism and purity and other good things. He said he was ready to die for his country, etc. Then he wrote a letter to Mr. Blake and said *he* had made the constituency safe for the Liberal party. Nobody in the County of Burke knew Windbag

or Fussy until they got on the political wave. The wave passed over and no one knows them now. Moral: Permanent places of honour and trust in the Church and the world can be won only by a life of earnest, conscientious, persevering effort. The kind of prominence a man gets by straddling a wave is not worth a straw. The wave breaks and the little man is buried in the spray.

Mission Notes.

MR. EDITOR,—It is long since I wrote to our Canadian Churches through your Magazine, yet not so long I trust as to require that I introduce myself afresh to them. Very much more demands being done here than being talked about; we can get on without writing,—fairly well at least,—we can't get on at all, however, without labouring in season and out of season; so while you hear little, trust at least that much is being attempted. Just now I want to tell you of the latest addition to our agencies,—a Boys' Boarding School; it has long been needed, and we have long desired and prayed for it, now, at length, with God's good help it is. Of it, emphatically, we can say: God gave it; it is from Him alone, and may it ever be wholly for Him. Not a dollar has been given directly by any man for it; not even a word of encouragement or advice; yet here it exists, as the sights and sounds about me fully testify. Our Mission, a year ago last spring, asked of the Board \$440, for the starting of such a school, but, so far as I know, not a cent has ever been contributed for this end, certainly no word of answer has ever come to us. In like manner repeated appeals to friends in England for a master brought no response. Friends of this work seem to have that confidence in us which they have in the spider, that if only not meddled with we will spin all necessary webs out of ourselves; perhaps the very story I am telling may tend to confirm in their minds this to them very comfortable conviction. But, good friends, don't be too hard on us and so very easy towards yourselves because we do accomplish something without you; only consider how much more of that which presses to be done we could and would do with your co-operation. The problem of a Girls' School a few years ago was an easy one compared with this new one; we could part with a servant and so employ a teacher; we could put the girls in one room and seat them at one table, etc.; that kind of thing, however, cannot be repeated indefinitely. The problem this summer has been: *Without* home, seats, or tables; *without* a teacher and without money, to create a Boys' High School, with, if possible, a limited boarding department. Why not give up the thing as impossible? But many things pressed us on to it; not to act was to beat a retreat, suffer shame and for-

feit, in a measure, the confidence of those who were looking to us as leaders in a reformatory movement. Some words of the *Times* came to me as exactly expressing the case: "The difficulties of action are outweighed by the dangers of inaction." The school must be established, and now; but how? As to the master, if I couldn't get one, I could be one, could give perhaps my mornings to teaching. We had no housekeeper, I could be my own. My family being absent in England for a year or more, I needed a home, the school would be it, and I could take in as boarders with me a dozen or so boys if I could find them. Still, the greatest difficulty, the want of money for necessary furnishing, rent of a new house, and aid towards teachers' salaries was not met. Light came late; at last, however, came the thought, why not use for establishing this new school some money that had been contributed by a few friends towards housing the existing school some day. The leave of the chief contributors being obtained—those here much preferred this use of their gifts, and from others at home came in time their cordial assent—a rather small, but convenient house was found near the old place, and taken at a moderate rent, \$226, some furniture was bought and some begged from the other house, so that the whole expense of furnishing there and here this year has scarcely exceeded \$300. Of course we do without a good many things that it might be better to have, and then a part of our own furniture still does service; the boys too as well as the girls in the other school provide their own bedsteads and bedding. We began here on the 15th September, with, I think, from ten to twelve pupils in all; we had last week, the sixth week of the school's existence, thirteen boarders and nine day pupils, all of whom pay in full. The tuition of these amounts to \$451 the year, whereas the salaries being paid are but \$400, leaving a margin for fuel, scrubbing, chalk, etc. This is surely not a bad showing for a country so thoroughly impoverished as this. The boarding department also promises to pay its own way; thus far it has a slight surplus. Besides the boys and myself there are in the house a woman servant, who cooks, washes dishes and sweeps, and one of our young men who spends his mornings purchasing supplies for both schools, and his afternoons teaching the less advanced Greek classes; he also takes the boys out for a walk when I cannot go with them myself. The boys and we take care of our own rooms and they do not look over ill, as our Montreal visitors of last week could testify to you. Of course my hands are pretty full, but better so than that I should mope out a long year in some cheerless boarding-house. For religious instruction and spiritual impression—without which we count all else of little moment—we have a quarter hour worship at the opening of the school; I have the boys in turn an-

nounce and read a portion of Scripture and a hymn and before we have prayer question them on the former. The first hour every day is given to two Bible-classes, one in English and one in Greek; while there are school lessons, I do not hesitate to address the boys just as plainly and as personally as I would in a Sunday-School class. I am sure this is something very new to most of them,—hitherto unheard of by them and taking them at once into a new world of heart-searching. With the boarders we have our evening worship and talks upon the Scripture read. Sundays I preach to them in the Dutch Chapel in the morning, and take them there again in the afternoon to the English service; I examine them in the evenings on the sermons, etc., and besides reading aloud or having them read singly we have Bible lessons and singing. A small organ with some one able to play on it would be a great help to us. I see already changes in these boys, but I hope yet to see a new creation in them, and you will pray with us that this be and that speedily. Of course this close personal relation of mine to the school cannot last long; as before, I am starting a work for some one else to take up and carry forward, while I pass on to fresh undertakings. Will it be out of the way if I ask our Canadian Congregational Churches if they, perhaps through their Foreign Mission Society, cannot furnish us from among themselves the right young man to take charge of this school and develop it for a time at least; he need not be officially appointed as a Missionary and that for life, but might come out as do the American tutors at Robert College, for a term of three to five years. A salary of £100 would keep a single man comfortably, besides which there would remain only his travelling expenses. This might be a small and tentative beginning of direct foreign work by your new Society. I think it not improbable that if you so preferred it the Turkish Mission Aid Society of England would share equally with you the necessary expense; at any rate I want you both to have a hand in this work here. The man needed should be a well qualified Grammar School master at home; if tested in such a position there for a year or so and approved, so much the better; one competent as an instructor, competent as a disciplinarian, an earnest Christian gentleman, such a one as would win to himself and so to his Saviour a class of boys in a Sunday-School at home; if besides, a musician, so much the better; the sooner, too, on the ground the better. On the return of my family, and as church work enlarges, some one else must take the chief charge of the school, we rendering him such help as he may desire. It will not do at all to give up a work so needful and so promising as this. May the Lord of the harvest present with constraining power His call to the man of His choice!

Your countryman and fellow-labourer,

CHARLES H. BROOKS.

Constantinople, Oct. 27th, 1884.

THERE is an agricultural colony of Jewish refugees in the village of Artuf, near Jerusalem, managed by a London society. A German traveller recently made it an object to investigate the origin and status of this somewhat remarkable movement, and of his interesting report, just published, we produce the substance. The affair began in May, 1882. A large number of Russian and Roumanian refugees came to Jerusalem with the hope that their brethren in the sacred city, who now number 18,000, would welcome them as a desirable addition to their forces. In this they were bitterly disappointed. They were denied all sympathy and aid, as they came with little or no money. The refugees were in a terrible plight, as there were many families among them with eight or ten children, and scarcely a penny in their pockets. Finally, when almost at the verge of starvation, they appealed to the Protestant missionaries, who, in their great surprise at an appeal from such a source, scarcely knew what to do, but found the unfortunates willing to listen to the truth of the Gospel. The missionaries endeavoured to secure work for them, so that they would not lose their self-respect, as they had not been beggars, but generally farmers of some possessions. The mission had a piece of property, the so-called *sana-tarium*, a short distance from the Northern or Damascus gate. The land was in a bad condition, but soon a few sheds were put up, that offered shelter. These were made as habitable as possible, and the strangers asked to come and work. They complied, in most cases, quite willingly, much to the surprise of the missionaries, who were not accustomed to see Jews willing to engage in field labour. But still this arrangement could be only a temporary one. In 1883, the Rev. H. Friedlader, one of the missionaries, hastened to England and managed to effect the organization of a special committee for the Artuf movement, and organized also a local committee at Jerusalem. Artuf lies among the hills of Jordan, some twelve or fifteen miles west of Jerusalem, on an elevation between two wadis, and is probably the place where Samson was born, and is one of the oldest villages in Palestine. The inhabitants are mostly Mohammedan fellahs, who became so poor that, a few years ago, the dragoman of one of the Consuls in Jerusalem bought the whole village, and from him the missionaries have just bought it. The people of Artuf subsist mostly on their herds, and live in twenty-four miserable huts. The mission thus bought the land, and erected some temporary sheds, in which the refugee Jews reside; but the object is, as soon as possible, to secure a home for each family, and also a separate section of land. At present they all work together. The overseer is a converted Jew, who has some subordinates, to whom he assigns the work for each day. Work begins at 7 a.m., preceded each morning by a Jewish service.

The evangelical service takes place in the evening. Some of the men watch the fields during the day to protect them from the devastation of robbers and wild beasts; others watch the herds, others work in the fields, others engage in other work for the common good. No wages are paid for this work; and the results of the labour are afterwards divided among them. The whole colony is regarded as one large family, engaged in one work and enjoying the fruits of their labour together. The head steward is also a proselyte; his daughter has commenced an evangelical school. The mission compels these people to send their children to school, but does not force them to take part in the religious instruction. But one father has refused to permit his children to attend their instruction. These people speak mostly a corrupt German, the Jewish jargon; two of the emigrants speak Arabic, one being from Mosal, the other from Egypt. According to the present plan, it is the endeavour of those who have the matter in hand to have it develop itself and soon to put it upon an independent footing. A Jewish missionary is soon to be sent there. The present overseer was formerly engaged in mission work in Abyssinia, and is a friend of Missionary Flad. The new colony consists, for the most part, of peaceable men, and Christians have no trouble in dealing with them. These Jews no longer look upon the Gospel as something that pollutes them, but as a means of instruction. In Palestine they feel themselves more as being in their fatherland; and for this reason the missionaries lay more stress upon their nationality. They hope that, in the future, a national Jewish-Christian Church will be organized in the Holy Land. The Jewish-Christian questions of the apostolic days are also again appearing, and the Jews of Jerusalem cannot help but see in this movement a wedge driven into their traditionalism. The Hebrew papers are warning against it. They maintain that the Jews at Artuf have been made tame through hunger, and that these do not think of becoming Christians. "Christians they will not be; Jews they are no longer; they are really nothing at all any more; they will be lost and ruined when Friedlader no longer gives them any money," is the sentiment of the Jews.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A PREACHER not far from Boston found himself at one time in a sad dilemma. He stopped in his sermon and said: "If I speak softly, those of you who are in the rear cannot hear me; if I speak loud, I shall certainly wake up those who are close to me."

MINISTER: "Well, John, I've nae doot, frae your long experience, ye cood occupy the poopit for an afternune yoursel' should an emergency occur." BEADLE: "Hoots, aye sir, there's nae difficulty in that; but then, where in the hael parish wad we get onybody qualified to act as beadle?"

SPECIAL SERVICES: THEIR PLACE, AND HOW BEST TO CONDUCT THEM.

By special services, we mean a gospel revival under the grace of God.

WHAT THEN IS A TRUE GOSPEL REVIVAL?

First and Negatively.—It is not a mechanical and continued series of extra meetings commenced with will, worship, and ending with a churchly banquet in company with whosoever will buy a ticket in aid of the funds. Such special savour of religious dissipation, and remind devout Christians of those "revellings and such like," censured in Gal. iv. 21, and condemned in 1. Peter iv. 3, 5. See also 1. Cor. xi. 32. Special services to promote a gospel revival, are not the patent right of any particular denomination, because ecclesiastical authority, education and organizing skill, cannot command the birth, nor control the sovereign progress of the reign of grace.—Isa. lv. 8-11, Zec. iv. 6. The special of the divine grace is not distinguished by scenic parades and animated excesses, as are certain modern and popular methods of evangelizing that makes appeal to the public eye, and proceed in ways unseemly—contrary to gospel decency, and to order and reverence for the things of Christ.—1. Cor. xv. 32, 33.

We readily concede that special services have quite often and legitimately, been accompanied with strange spiritual phenomena, intense soul agony, and with emotional excesses, but the studied and systematic imitations of the extravagances of this evil world we think, are not gospel methods, nor desirable accessories to the solemn assembly, John iv. 24, Matt. xv. 8, 9, and hence though the new evangelizing depatures *a la militaire*, may wear all the appearances of a popular success, they are non-essentials in acceptable worship, and are divisive gleaners, rather than loving auxiliaries, and their methods should not be adopted by the ordained ministry, as an improved means for effecting permanent conversions to Christ—Coloss. ii. 20, 23. Can worldly rudiments convict of sin, or mature the Christian life? Do not those who begin in the spirit and end in the flesh, declare by the fruits, the work is not of God, but of the wisdom of man? "Let all things be done decently and in order," is the Pauline counsel to gospel workers, and the consecrated ministry of Christ, will study and practice in accord with 1 Cor. xiv. 32, 40, 2 Cor. x. 3, 4. Special revival services should not be made subservient to the will-power of some popular star, whose personal influence and forensic eloquence can sway the admiration of the novelty-seeking crowd; for a gospel revival cannot transpire by the will of man, nor by the laws of nature in the ordinary course of cause and effect, from the fact that our Divine Teacher affirms, "Without Me, ye can do nothing," nothing of spiri-

tual permanence.—John xv. 5. Ministers and churches who value in their members, moral character before numbers, will I take it, proceed with caution, before granting to applicants the public recognition of the ordinances of the Lord's house. Is not conversion to Christ the true fence of separation between revealed wrath and divine grace? Is not moral character the true standard of qualification for visible church membership? Secure these, and the love of the spirit will witness to the grace of adoption, by constraining the soul into obedience to Christ.—Rom. viii. 9, 14, John iii. 23, 24, Eph. v. 9-12.

Second and Positively.—

WHAT IS A TRUE GOSPEL REVIVAL?

Is it not a special gift of divine grace—a series of hallowed Christian services inaugurated under the direct presidency of the Holy spirit—a fruitful season, when the appointed means of grace are put into more active operation, to reap the results promised of God as his attesting seal? Matt. xxviii. 18, 20. Pentecost, to the sons of ancient Israel, was a true revival under the grace of Christ our Saviour. The sermon of Peter was a special inspiration—a plain and direct application of the truth in Christ to the conscience of his hearers, then assembled in Jerusalem out of every nation under heaven; the spirit of God descended in plentitude, and with saving power He sent home the truth of the new covenant grace to some 3,000 glad recipients. Special services were then held daily, and with gladness and singleness of heart, the apostles praised God, having favour with all the people. Mark the result: "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." So Acts, Chap. ii. in loc. Special services also followed the divinely commanded interview between Peter and Cornelius at Cæsarea on the Mediterranean Sea, when the door of faith was most graciously opened of God, towards the wide, wide Gentile world. In those times, and by direct interposition of the spirit, the model foundations of our holy Christianity were inaugurated, for the working base and example of the Christian church in all ages of the gospel. "The hand of the Lord was then with the apostles of Christ, and a great number believed, and they turned to the Lord," Acts ii. 38, 47, and hence we conclude that the true gospel revival is emphatically the supernatural work of the Holy Ghost.—Acts i. 8, James i. 18, Rom. ix. 15, 16.

Close observers in church work have remarked, "that those persons who attend 'special services' with design of seeking 'more religion' never get any more." Said an aged servant of God—"I have noticed that persons who are determined to live near to God, somehow never get any nearer, except at a protracted meeting. I have also noticed that those who are 'prone to wander,' don't get out of the wilderness by their waderings; but somehow, they are 'so glad

that Jesus loves them wherever they stray'—that they keep on wandering and straying and singing about it year in and year out, without seeming to get anywhere in particular. I have also noticed, that holiness of heart is attained, not by getting a little more religion; not by drawing a little nearer to God; nor by having their spiritual strength renewed; but by seeking it by faith, as a definite experience." Those persons are never long without the full grace of Christ, whose personal consecration is complete and entire under his intercessory prayer, "Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth," John xvii. 17. Here now we have the means of special favour, divinely set forth to the desired end. The Word of God is the sword of the spirit—the only soul seed that is incorruptible—and the best means of ministering the grace of Christ to the cure of fallen men.—1 Peter i. 23, 25. And he that winneth souls is wise. And where is the place of special services in gospel work?

First and Locally.—The special of Pentecost was holden in an upper room, an apostolic *sanctum sanctorum*—Acts i. 13. St Peter held his special to the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius.—Acts x. 22. Our blessed Saviour sent forth His disciples two and two, with assurance that where two or three gathered in His name, there in the midst He would be, Matt. xviii. 20. We thus learn that special services are to hold their place and sphere of usefulness and of dignity, in our Lord's communicable presence amid His worshipping assembly, and among all nations to the end of the gospel dispensation.—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. And inasmuch as the visible church of Christ is the pillar and ground of the truth, then every good and perfect gift as it comes down from above, will surely find its base in Zion, and will receive its practical encouragement and development, from within the divinely regulated courts of the Lord—

To God's temple we repair,
We love to meet and worship there.

Second and Officially.—Special services rank in importance, second only to the stated ministry of the gospel, for most obviously, the true special is a spiritual adjunct to the associate life, and regular ministrations of the working church.

The object of special services I take to be fourfold.

1. To glorify God by the more full and free iteration of His redeeming love through the atonement of the cross of Christ towards all men.
2. To quicken and confirm believers in the Christian life, and in the witness of the Holy Spirit, and in the practical needs of home and foreign missions.—Mal. iii. 16, 18, Rev. xiv. 6, 7.
3. To counsel the unsaved to flee to Christ for refuge, and so to escape the wrath to come.—John iii. 14, 17.
4. To advance the sons of faith, in scriptural knowledge concerning the coming millennial age, when our

Lord shall reign with His church triumphant in the new heaven and new earth of the world to come.—2 Peter iii. 11, 15, Rev. xxi. 1, 5.—xxii. 20, 21.

The clear apprehension of the true object of a revival is an important element in success, and special services when devoid of the crown that is prospectively promised to the finally glorified, seem to resemble some extensive building foundation, that is destitute of floors, rooms, roof, fields and gardens.—John xvi. 12, 13, Rev. iii. 11, 13. The best time for holding special services is when the Holy Spirit indicates His will by having quickened the spiritual consciousness of the Lord's people, and inspired some marked awakening in affairs of the soul.

When earnest desire for the reign of righteousness prevails, then action should implead the Holy Spirit to convince men of sin, righteousness and of judgment to come.—John xvi. 8, 14. Dear brethren—"The Lord is at hand, and the people perish for lack of gospel knowledge." Let us then pray for qualifying favour and divine power to co-work with God, for lo, "the day goeth away, and the shadows of the (gospel) evening are even now lengthened out," Jer. vi. 4, Mark xiii. 34, 37. Is it not high time to awake from comatose dreams? Oh, what is the new covenant measure of our personal and denominational zeal, in the all-important work of human redemption? Are we zealously affected towards God and mankind? Are we observant of the great need of special services in every branch of our Congregational order. Are we all aglow with the redeeming spirit of Christ? Is it not our special work to invite and win souls to the divine Son of God? Think and sound the solemn warning!—"Except ye believe I am He," said Jesus, "ye shall all likewise perish in your sins!"—Luke xiii. 3 Ezekiel xxxiii. 1, 7.

HOW MAY WE BEST CONDUCT SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICES?

With permission, I will speak from observation of over forty years, during which period I have been privileged of God to participate in some 125 seasons of special services—many of them notable visitations of divine grace—and none were devoid of memorable tokens of the redeeming power of Christ. To my view, brethren, the best conducted specials have been scriptural, simple and direct efforts, to bring enquirers under the power of the Holy Spirit, who is the one author and director of all acceptable worship. Am I asked—how may we assure the presidency of the Holy Spirit? The officiating minister and his co-workers will need with single eye and prayerful heart, to watch the spirit of each special session, with ready intent to counsel and consecrate its nearer approach towards the Divine Mediator upon His upper sanctuary throne.—Luke xi. 13, Heb. ix. 14, 15. "Quench not the spirit." Promote with gentleness the unity of

the spirit in the co-workers, for in the sphere of Christianity, we are to receive the elements and reward of success.—Matt. xviii. 19, Rom. xii. 15, 16. It is wise to refrain from the ruling of workers in whom is excess: Clerical stiffness should not have place before the free and unfettered gospel, which is the redeeming hope of the world! "God is my witness," writes Paul in Rom. i. 9 "whom I serve with my spirit, in the gospel of His Son." "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Christian liberty," and excitement will be regulated and sanctified. Those workers do best who wait upon enquirers, with mind, heart, faith and love, primed for action, for where special services are conducted, cheerfully and scripturally, the gospel will supply subject—matter—the Holy Spirit will confer unction—and new and glowing experiences of the coming crown of heaven, will with power, make manifest, that the new covenant rainbow of Him who sitteth enthroned on high, overarches the waiting assembly with favour to ensweep its members to Himself, as in Rev. iv. and v.

Special services demand brief and helpful prayers, burdened with the solemn object of the hour, for prayer is the key of spiritual power.—Luke xviii. 1, John v. 14-15. The preaching as a rule, should be topical and short, with aim to boldly announce the sovereignty of God—to show the nature of sin—curse, and the eternal consequences; and to exhibit Christ Jesus the Lord, to be the living centre of hope and promise to the sin-condemned soul.—John iv. 10, 14, John ii. 1, 6. And t'will chase the midnight from the heart when Jesus smiles. Give honour to the divine condemnation of sin.—1 John v. 1, 11. Unmask the weird falacies of a visciated and churchly, but a Christless profession—lay open without hesitation the inborn deceit of the natural heart. Give full force to the just anathema of the divine law and its thunders against all world-lovers, who walk in the broad boulevard of sin, sense and final destruction, and continually exalt the Saviour, in His one and only atonement—"Behold the Lamb of God who beareth away the sin of the world." Encourage gospel singing, but the service of song is best, when prayer and praise are blended with spiritual melody in the heart unto God; extra musical effects, duets and solos, must not be exalted into office as the stars of special attraction. Let us beware for Satan is found also among the singers. He may attract and charm the crowd with operatic strains, and add in numbers to the church roll, but that minister who permits external means to invade the efficient province of the Holy Ghost, abandons his high calling in Christ, and will surely miss that divine mark to be aimed at in special religious services. To win the blessing of God, we need to strive lawfully under grace, as well as lawfully under the good "Scott Act" of our Dominion.

Would you win a soul to God,
Tell him of the Saviour's blood;

and forget not that "the gospel of Christ is the accredited power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Rom. i. 16. The king's business requires regulated zeal in the use of appointed weapons, as well as haste in the moral warfare, for the exact need of special revival seasons, can be apparent only to the eye omniscient. The Good Shepherd knoweth all His folds, as well as the one grand flock of His sheep. An occasional Bible reading may also serve well the cause of Christ, as that service aims to instruct the young people and we should remember, that comparatively few persons after forty ever decide for Christ. Special services may be wisely promoted by a series of scripture rehearsals, when believers may quote or read aloud a passage intimating personal experience, or having a direct bearing upon a pre-announced topic.—John v. 39. I also recommend still another method of quickening influence; 1st, let the minister or evangelist leader himself, draw near to God in full assurance of faith; then counsel the office-bearers to get more than half-way up the mount of the divine presence; then exhort the believing members to earnestly follow in the forward march; and then, all obey the Divine Captain of salvation in His victorious charge upon the wickedness of our fallen world.—2 Tim. iv. 1-5, Rev. vi. 1, 2.

The after-meeting is also of much practical value, as it will furnish opportunity to many workers for direct personal conversation with those who remain for the half-hour extra; we can now enquire first, "Are you a Christian?" If no, then ask, "Are you moved with desire to be saved from sin and judgment?" If yes, then, "Do you wish and consent to be saved in the appointed way of God? If yes, read and apply.—John iii. 16, 17. Next enquire, "Do you wish and consent to be saved by faith in Christ's atonement now? If yes, read and apply.—John vi. 37, 40, and 2 Cor. vi. 1, 2. Seriously emphasize, and cheerfully ask the enquirer, "Do you then now receive the grace of God here offered to you from His divine word, that assures you that Jesus, the Son of God, died as your substitute upon the cross of Calvary? If yes, then read and apply.—Rom. viii. 1, 2, to the believer.

Then show God's way of peace, in Acts x. 36, 43, and at once pray our exalted Redeemer to confirm His grace to each receptive soul in accord with Rom. v. 1, 2. The results of the after-meeting are most precious, and richly repay the labour of love for Christ. Finally—whether men hear or forbear, sow the seed of the divine word with diligence, faith prayer, hope and thanksgiving; and the results of such special efforts will ultimate in a seven-fold spiritual harvest. God will be glorified in His attributes and in the word and way of His redemptive grace. The Holy Spirit will quicken Christian workers with

qualifying power from the altar of Christ within the veil. The Lord Jesus will be exalted vicariously, before the smitten heart and dying eye of our fallen race. His saving love will shine in upon the special assembly, and His sunbeams of vivifying grace, will penetrate and open receptive hearts, who like Lydia of Thyatira, give earnest attention to the gospel of God. Some persons will mock at those who preach "Jesus and the Resurrection," Others will rush along and say, "We will hear thee at a more convenient season." Sin will be exposed and condemned in the fleshly heart. Satan and his devices will be resisted, and successfully overcome. The spiritual atmosphere of the visible church will be renovated and refreshed with showers of holy blessing, the typic mounts of Sinai, Horeb, Ebal, Gerizim, Nebo, Pisgah, Hermon, Tabor, Zion, Olivet, Calvary, and the royal mountain of the Revelation, will become all aglow, with the majestic justice of God, and with His free grace and glory everlasting; and in the coming day of the Great King, what think you, oh men of God, will be the value and the joy of the "well done," pronounced by the Divine Head of the church universal, that shall then crown the harvest-home of all the faithful who have laboured in love for the name of "the Lord Jesus Christ," and the salvation of mankind?

"Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
Bye-and-bye the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."—
1 Cor. xv. 37, 38.

Respectfully submitted—F. GUNNER, pastor of Lis-
towel Cong. Church.

Western Cong. Association, Oct. 22, 1884.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In time of service seal up both mine eyes,
And send them to thine heart, that spying sin
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
These doors being shut, all by the arm comes in.
Who marks at church time others' symmetry
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures hither,
Christ purged His temple; so must thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee; look to thine actions well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot,
The worst speaks something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text and preaches patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine.
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.
—George Herbert. (Born 1592, died 1634.)

A FRIENDLY LETTER ADDRESSED TO PRINTERS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will not, I think, contradict a well-known author, who says printing is the greatest of all the arts. However this may be, it is certain that not only those who write books, but all who read them, owe a vast debt of gratitude to your skill and labour. When William Caxton erected the first English printing press, A.D. 1471, in Westminster Abbey, and produced from it "The Game and Play of Chesse,"—the first book ever printed in these kingdoms—how little he thought what a mighty engine the printing press would become! For to this is chiefly owing our deliverance from ignorance and error, the progress of religion and learning, the spread of the Bible in 250 different languages, the revival of the sciences, many of the modern inventions and discoveries, and numberless improvements in comfort and art, which without this noble invention would have been either lost or confined to the knowledge of a few.

Then with regard to printing itself, what vast improvements have taken place, even since the time when the reader of the *Times* newspaper was told (November 28th, 1814) that he held in his hand a newspaper printed by machinery and by the power of steam!

Now may I give you a few hints—first, from an author's; and, secondly, from your own point of view?

1. As an Author. The *compositor*, placing the copy of the work before him, picks up letter by letter, and arranges them in order to form words and sentences, till he has composed a page, or column, and so on for the whole work, with a degree of quickness and accuracy not easily to be conceived, though he is frequently ignorant of the subject on which he is engaged. But not so the *composer*, or author of the work itself. You do not know what sleepless nights, what painful effort, and what prayers and tears it may have cost him! Therefore, deal gently with your author. For books are like children, and the feeling of pride and sense of possession over the first published volume are very much akin to the joy of a parent over a first-born child; whilst many a book, has like a prodigal son, brought down the gray hairs of its author with sorrow to the grave! I know your patience is often sorely tried with badly written and sometimes almost illegible MSS. The *compositor* especially, being usually paid by piece work, thus loses both time and money in trying to decipher them. But remember that the Christian grace of *patience* is spoken of in the Holy Book, as "perfect work," and, as the most learned author is often the worst writer—when he "comes again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him," will not you, who have helped him to garner

them in with so much labour and toil, "divide the spoil?"

The printer's name was required by an Act of Parliament (July, 1799) to be placed on the first and last pages of a book.

May I not mention here that drinking and smoking both injure the eye-sight, and as you need good sight for your work, would you not do well to be an Abstainer?

And one question more. When I send my "Letter" to the Press, I pray, "Lord, bless these thoughts first of all to those who print them." *Do you pray?*

II. As a Printer. I speak to you as a thoughtful, intelligent man, and not as a mere machine for printing and composing. The thoughts of many minds are brought before you. Let yours be like a sieve, through which the light and frivolous, like the chaff, shall fall, but the solid truth, like wholesome grain, remain in store. We hear a good deal about "strikes" now-a-days, but I should be very glad if every printer would strike work when an immoral or infidel MS. is offered to him to print. You have a mighty power entrusted to you, and if only the *imprimatur*, "let it be printed," much used on the title-pages of books printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, could be changed into "let it not be printed" for every bad book, what a blessing it would be! You know the celebrated toast, first given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, at the Whig dinner in 1795, "The Liberty of the Press; it is like the air we breathe—if we have it not we die!" Do not say that such a strike as I have proposed would infringe this liberty, for, as has been truly said, "a free press is a great blessing to a free people, but a licentious, infidel press is the greatest curse."

Lastly. You know that Cowper and Applegarth's rollers for distributing the ink upon the types were first brought into use in 1817. Whilst watching this or a similar machine, the following lines on the "love of God" would be a suitable subject for your meditation:

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from shore to shore."

Let me give you one practical illustration. A young man, employed by a printer in the Town of Bath, attended my Sunday afternoon class, and used to come up to me about once a week for reading and prayer. After some time I missed him. Then the message came, "H. B. is dying, and says he must see you once more—go at once." When I went, I found consumption—that fatal disease, to which from the very nature of your work, printers are so liable—had in-

deed fulfilled its dread commission, and the poor young man was fast hastening away. Interrupted every minute by his hacking cough, he told me what a great blessing the class had been to him, especially one Sunday when I had been led to speak about prayer—"Lord, show me *myself*, Lord, show me *Thyself*!"

"I have said those two prayers ever since," he said; "but I am so very weak, so weary, and so very ill, I cannot make a long prayer; do you think that Jesus will accept the wish of my heart instead? Tell me what you really think. I only wish I had thought of these things years ago! Will you pray that Jesus may manifest Himself to me more fully? I am trusting in Him, but I want more light. I know I cannot live, but I am not afraid to die but do you think that Jesus will be with me when I am *really dying*? Will you give me your word for it? and would you trust *Him yourself if you were in my place*?"

Dear friend, it is a solemn thing to be thus appealed to by a fellow-creature, standing on the brink of eternity, and I felt it so, but gladly and thankfully I pointed him to the one hope of the sinner, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and assured him that the wish of the heart lifted up to God is *real prayer*, even though never put into words, and that for Christ's sake the Lord would deal lovingly with him.

"Thank God!" he murmured, and sank back on his pillow satisfied.

Prayer for him was blessedly answered. The next day, though still conscious, he was scarcely able to speak, but his last night was spent in prayer, and early in the morning his spirit passed away "rejoicing in Christ his Saviour."

Will you too pray, as you read this story of the printer's dying bed, "Lord, show me *myself*—Lord, show me *Thyself*!"

Believe me,
Your faithful friend,
V. M. S.

NOTHING FOR BREAKFAST.

The morning slumbers of the Rev. Samuel Gallatin were disturbed by a light in his room; then, as the mental cobwebs vanished, he became conscious that the two years' partner of his joys and sorrows (so far there had been only joys) was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. To his bewildered, "What's the matter?" she replied dolefully, "Nothing for breakfast!" Then remembering her self-imposed vow as a bride never to trouble her husband with domestic cares, she added cheerfully, "It's Friday, baking day, consequently there's an uncommon dearth in the pantry of the good things of this life, and I'm up early so as to fix up something nice for breakfast in

honour of your friend. That's all, my dear. You can have another nap!" Instantly the blue wrapper and lamp vanished, and the next minute, with a man's serene indifference to the whys and wherefores of "something nice for breakfast," he fell asleep.

Mrs. Gallatin found a brisk fire in the kitchen, and the oatmeal already cooking. Nora greeted her with, "Shure, mum, it's a great pity he's here this mornin'. Friday's a dry mornin' anyhow, mum!" The "he" to whom Nora referred was Dr. Kendall, a classmate of Dr. Gallatin's, who had come unexpectedly the night before, and was snugly ensconced in the "blue chamber," oblivious of the stir he caused in the kitchen. Her guest was pastor of a large church in Boston, lived in a fashionable street, and like so many of the clergy, was "providentially" married to a rich wife. Mrs. Gallatin wanted to offer a choice hospitality for her husband's sake. Unfortunately, the small manufacturing village afforded neither the advantage of a city market, nor the resources of a farm, for an emergency. Opening the refrigerator, she found the remains of yesterday's roast lamb, a dish of gravy, a cup of cold boiled rice, and a pint of cream, rich and yellow, which they had regularly for oatmeal and coffee, the one extravagance of their *cuisine*. "Now, Nora, wash a half-dozen of the nicest potatoes, and have them baking at once." The pantry afforded only some dried apples, which she stewed, "as a relish with the muffins." When the apples were well sweetened and quite soft, she beat them up till smooth like jam, and then added the juice of a lemon and the rind grated fine, to give it a bright flavour.

She cut off all the meat from the lamb bones, careful to save every bit of fat, and told Nora to chop it, while she prepared a cup of bread crumbs. When this meat was thoroughly seasoned with pepper and salt, she put a layer of it into a deep buttered dish, then a few spoonfuls of the jellied gravy, then a layer of crumbs, repeating the process till the dish was full with a thick layer of crumbs on the top. "Now, Nora, put this into the oven at twenty-five minutes to eight, for a good bake."

The cup of rice had suggested the possibilities of muffins to help out the scanty supply of bread. Into a pint of flour she put one teaspoonful of sugar, and one of cream of tartar, with half a teaspoon of soda, and half a teaspoon of salt, and rubbed it through a sieve. Two well-beaten eggs were added to a cup of milk, and stirred slowly into the flour. When this made a smooth light paste, the rice was put in. Nora's strong arms gave it a thorough beating, and put it into the little muffin pans, allowing a half hour to bake them.

While Nora rolled the butter into shapely pats, Mrs. Gallatin put on the yellow damask cloth with red border, and napkins to match. Her housewifely

pride rejoiced in her silver, mellow with the vicissitudes of a century. Her delicate china was figured with an antique pattern in blue. A modern copy of old Wedgewood held the cream and sugar for the oatmeal. A small monthly rosebush, with its brilliant blossoms, made a pretty centre-piece. The ugly pot was hidden with a cover crocheted of cotton yarn, stiffened and coloured prettily by several coats of shellac. Mrs. Gallatin found she had only three oranges for her first course of fruit. These she peeled and divided into eighths, laid in a circle on a sauce dish at each plate; so her necessity really added a grace to her table. The coffee was filtered in a biggin to keep the aroma so dear to lovers of the berry.

She gave Nora some sprays of parsley to garnish the escalloped meat. This she raised herself by having rows of large holes bored in the sides of two good-sized kegs. She filled them up to the first row of holes with rich soil, then put in healthy roots through the holes, leaving the leaves outside. Then she filled up with soil to the second row of holes, and so on till nearly full, then planted the tops with roots. This was done in the fall. Nora kept them in a sunny kitchen window, and the supply of parsley never failed. At precisely eight o'clock she sat behind the tray, serene and smiling in a dainty breakfast cap. Oranges, oatmeal and cream, escalloped meat and baked potatoes, rice muffins, with apple sauce and cheese and the richest of coffee. Mr. Gallatin remembered the remark, "nothing for breakfast" The clerical mind failed to fathom the depth of ingenuity and resolution in his little wife.

That night the Rev. Dr. Kendall's wife said to her mother, "John says Mrs. Gallatin had a very elegantly served breakfast this morning. One wouldn't expect elegance anywhere in that little factory village! The only thing he remembered that they had to eat was red roses and dried apple sauce! Dried apples indeed!"—*Christian-at-Work*.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Accept my very hearty thanks for your encouraging words in last month's CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. I often meet with trials and difficulties in my work, but with the divine blessing I am not going to be discouraged. Not one of us is sent a warfare at his own charges. This is not *our* work, but the Lord's. He will carry us through. To be remembered by the household of faith at the throne of grace is my most ardent desire, and I am often cheered by the thought that such is the case. I will make a short digression here to ask your attention and that of your readers to a matter that very many of my brethren have spoken about recently, namely the establishment of a

WEEKLY PAPER.

I send you by this mail a new weekly published by the Congregationalists of the State of Michigan. They ask for 1,800 subscribers at one dollar per annum, and from conversation I have had with some of our Michigan brethren, they expect with this number to make it pay. I have been told by several of our own ministers that they could more than double the present subscribers if we had a weekly instead of a monthly. Give us a paper something like the one I send you, four pages or perhaps a little smaller, or about the size of the *Christian Union*, and I have not the least doubt of its success. I think the mistake made when a weekly was tried before was that it was eight pages instead of four, thus almost doubling the expense of publication. The sample I send you is \$1.25 to single subscribers, but it is supplied to clubs of ten at \$1 each. Say 100 of our churches take twenty copies each, you have two thousand subscribers, you can soon find the cost of production. Then a weekly with 2,000 subscribers should command a respectable advertising list. The editorial work would be a little harder, but you should and would have more help. Many would write for a weekly who do not get either inspiration or encouragement to do so for a monthly. You know news is often very stale when it lies over so long. I think we are the only denomination in Canada that is depending on a monthly. I do not press for immediate action in this matter, but I do earnestly ask that it may have the prayerful consideration of all who are interested in the progress of our cause in this country. I am persuaded this is the missing link in our work at present, and I am just as certain that it can be supplied if we will. Let us discuss the matter. Then when we get our weekly we must work for a

BOOK ROOM.

I see no reason why the beginning made in this, by Mr. Warriner, of Bowmanville should not develop into a

CONGREGATIONAL BOOK ROOM

in which all the literature required for our Sunday schools, libraries and homes could be had on as good terms as we get it now, and with considerable profit to the company. Because somebody moved too fast fifty years ago, that is no reason why we should stand still now. I will continue brief notes of my visits to the churches.

I spent two very pleasant and profitable days with our devoted Brother Allworth. He is hale, hearty, and full of good hopes for the future. To all appearance there are many years of usefulness before him. His work at present is too laborious even for a much younger man. Three sermons on Sunday with Bible class, and all the rest. But already his faithful efforts are telling on his congregation.

We held a missionary meeting in

SHEDDEN.

Attendance not large but the collection was over that of last year. The same is true of

FROM.

A new church is a necessity here, and unless the people wish to run the risk of discouraging and consequently losing their good pastor they must rise and build. It would be a proper thing to erect a memorial church on the splendid site of the first Congregational meeting house in Ontario. Begin friends, begin at once, these delays are dangerous.

WATFORD.

Very good attendance at the missionary meeting here. Mr. Hay is receiving much encouragement in his work of late. After sore trials in the loss of members by death and removals, quite a large number are now coming forward to fill their places. There is great financial depression in this town, and the church finds it hard, if not impossible, to meet its obligations. But the darkest hour precedes the dawn. "Have faith in God."

WARWICK, (ZION.)

The meeting was small in this place, owing it was said to special services being in progress in some neighbouring church. But though small it was good. There are a great many promising young people in this congregation, many of whom have given themselves to the service of God. We were joined and helped by the pastor, Mr. Hay, and Mr. Shannon from Forest.

WARWICK, (EBENEZER.)

Fair congregations here, and much interest manifested in Christian work, especially in our Missionary Society.

FOREST.

Large congregations both on Sunday and at the missionary meeting. A new church has been purchased since I was last here, and was opened early in the summer. It is in some respects the most comfortable church building in the town. The congregation is much improved. A Sunday school has been organized and is making good progress. On the Sunday I spent on this field, I preached the dedicatory sermon of the newly purchased church at

LAKE SHORE.

It is a very handsome little building, will seat about 300. It was the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as was also the one in Forest, and was not required after the union. This is the only place I have met with where they have taken possession of two new churches in one year; and the full amount of the purchase money has been subscribed, or nearly so. The Forest friends have done nobly. Besides, there have been spiritual results of a very encouraging nature during the year, and the prospects for still

more abundant blessing are manifest. Mr. Shannon is comparatively new among us, but he has already proved himself worthy of our esteem and confidence. He is a hard and faithful worker, and has strong good men to help him. May the Lord give us more such.

SARNIA.

I spent an evening with this church. Special services were in progress, the pastor being assisted by Mrs. J. Templeton-Armstrong. There was a good and earnest meeting, and much hopefulness among the people. Brother Clairs plods away, and amid many trials, keeps his faith active. Those of the members whom I met, appear to be fully consecrated to their great work. I was sorry that engagements ahead prevented me from remaining over to help in their meetings, and that distance will hinder me preaching their anniversary sermons. We should help one another.

LISTOWEL.

I had good congregations. The missionary spirit is kept alive by a large Ladies' Missionary Society. Being in town on the occasion of their regular monthly meeting, I had the pleasure of being present and giving them a short address. Churches do not know how much they are losing by not having such a society, besides they could render most important service to the missionary cause. Listowel is suffering greatly from the commercial depression, yet the church has managed to keep afloat, and though Brother Gunner is a new man among us, he has maintained an interest in Union College Missions and all other denominational affairs. A goodly number have recently united with the Church on profession of faith. Rev. W. Watt assisted in the missionary meeting.

SPEEDSIDE.

There was a good attendance at the missionary service, and the pastor Rev. W. F. Clarke, strongly urged uncommon liberality, setting the example himself.

GARAFRAXA, FIRST.

Found Brother Black comfortably settled in the beautiful new parsonage. A very wet, cold Sunday thinned the congregations all day.

DOUGLAS.

The friends here, believe that their congregation would be permanently benefited by a morning service as well as an evening, which they have at present. Had an evangelistic service on Monday evening, at which the power of the Divine Spirit was graciously felt by many. This place is ripe for evangelistic effort.

FERGUS.

The best congregation of the day was here. This field has been worked by Mr. Black since May last, and the prospects are very encouraging. But the

work is heavy for one man, and he should have help, at least during the summer.

ALTON.

The Rev. James Hay supplies with great acceptance. The congregations are good, but nothing has yet been done to restore the burned church. Had a good missionary meeting, and met the friends in conference in reference to building, urged effort, and they seem disposed to try, though the present depression in business is discouraging. I know of no other place in the country where there is greater need of earnest labour. Infidelity is rampant. The only infidel hall I have seen or heard of in Canada is here. In the most open and persistent manner Christianity is opposed. Balls and public amusements are carried on upon the Lord's Day. Blaspheming infidels from Toronto visit here, and under the patronage of a few families of means and influence find a congenial atmosphere in which to undermine the faith of the young, and to sow the poison of unbelief. Ours is the only resident minister in the village. If the church was rebuilt I have no fear for the success of the cause. Truth is mighty and will overcome. Something should be done, and done at once.

NORTH ERIN

is supplied from Alton, but the congregation has become small owing principally to removals. Those who remain are true. A mean attempt at proselyting has been made, but it will not prosper. Rev. A. Richardson, of Caledon, assisted at both meetings, as well as the acting pastor.

CALEDON SOUTH.

There was a good live missionary meeting, and they had their annual subscriptions ready. Mr. Richardson began his work here and in Churchill in May last. There were many difficulties to contend with, owing chiefly to the long vacancy, but he is bravely meeting and overcoming them.

CHURCHILL.

Attendance small. They have the reputation of taking no interest in missions or in missionary meetings. I imagine this is the most discouraging part of the field. I purpose to spend part of a Sunday with them, that I may judge of the congregation, and give counsel as to what is best to be done. The distance from Caledon South is eleven miles over very bad roads. Some more convenient plan may be devised.

In concluding this letter I wish to send a cordial New Years' greeting to every one of your readers, and tender my most sincere thanks to all the families and friends who have cared for me, and helped me during the year, Mr. Editor, yourself and family included.

Yours truly,

Kingston, Dec. 1884.

T. HALL.

News of the Churches.

BADDECK, C. B.—The most eastern Congregational body in the Dominion of Canada, and but for the narrow waters of Canso we might say on the continent of North America, is the infant church at Baddeck. It is not only an infant as to age, fourteen months, but also in respect to its numerical strength, only about a dozen persons now remaining on the field to do the church work, though several other names are on the church book, but engaged elsewhere. Only four members are heads of families and neither of these are at all rich, but all are struggling, working people. Yet Congregational principles, the free expression of Christian manhood, live and work in them. As soon as those denominationally isolated people had a Missionary come to labour part of his time and live among them, they desired to band themselves together as a Christian Church, and thus receive mutual strength and encouragement for the worship of God in their own way. The use of a hall was secured, in which they held their meetings, and where a very lively spiritual interest soon manifested itself, and this religious activity was soon generally felt in the neighbourhood. In a short time several members were added to the churches, more, we were informed, than had made a Christian profession for twenty years previously. Congregational Christian effort was blessed by bringing souls to Christ. This is ever its main object. Although comparatively few converts joined the Congregational ranks, yet the main purpose of the Gospel was answered, and the deeper sympathy of true Christians was won. The seed has been and is being cast; the quickening is going on either above or beneath the surface, and the future "finding" is promised. Two or three members of the church were not satisfied with merely having the use of a building for worship when not otherwise occupied, and which was not in all respects convenient, and therefore resolved to "arise and build." Some, outside the Church, who had seemed warm-hearted and helpful now felt that the weak few inside were too hasty in the matter of church erection, and saying they had but little money and small faith, withdrew their sympathy, as far at least as building action was concerned. This withdrawal, however, did not discourage the "faithful few," for they felt that a hindrance had been removed and they became more determined to begin and carry on the work, though no funds were on hand and no promises were then made; believing that the work was the Lord's and that He would help on and bless whatever was done purely for His glory and kingdom in simple faith. A most desirable site, central in the village, was obtained, valued at \$250, and paid for; and on it now stands an apparently finished and painted structure, thirty-eight by

twenty five feet, with the addition of a porch and belfry capped by a spire, which adds twenty-two feet to its height. The frame of the building was cut, hewn and hauled to the spot, ready for the builder, free of cost. Eight large arched window-frames and sashes were presented by a prominent Provincial official and a member of another church. The bricks for the flue were given by two persons, one of whom is a working lad, recently received into the church, and thus have also come materials and labour from whence least expected. Our lamps are promised by another honoured resident, and we can indeed say: "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and, therefore, we "thank God and take courage." Yet not one dollar's worth of sympathy in our building effort outside our own neighbourhood has been received; but we need it, as we want money to pay our contractor and also to pay for material. Yet we think about \$250 would put us and our building into a tolerably good position, and very much encourage the little struggling band of Christians in this remote Mission field. Our efforts here would be increased by the knowledge that Christians and churches in the west really did think of and care for us in this corner of Canada. Yet we believe the Lord will continue to bless His work here, for here are men of prayer, faith and works.

J. SHIPPERLEY.

N. E. Margaree, C. B., Dec. 9th, 1884.

BRANTFORD.—Our Y. L. F. M. S. held its last quarterly at the residence of Mr. Hollinrake. Everything was done to make the meeting a success, and to this amiable family the thanks of the society are due for one of its most agreeable meetings. The church has held two "Parlour Socials." The first at the residence of Mr. E. Gould. The second on Friday last at the residence of Mr. C. Whitney. Both were very enjoyable affairs. We have to record the death of Miss M. H. Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cluff, members of our church. The young lady had always been delicate, and suffered great pain for some time prior to her death which took place on the 8th inst. She desired a deeper sense of God's presence; who does not? She did not like leaving her mother of whom she was very fond; but she was content to depart and be with Christ, in whom she trusted. Her end was peace. Our work is progressing satisfactorily. The fervently expressed desire is for progress.

TORONTO, WESTERN.—Sabbath school anniversary services were held in this church, Spadina avenue, Dec. 14th. Rev. Dr. Wild officiated in the morning, Rev. E. H. Starr in the afternoon, and the pastor, Rev. A. F. McGregor, in the evening. The services were all very well attended, and it was shown that satisfactory progress is being made in the school.

WATFORD.—On Sunday the 14th December, a most refreshing and encouraging service was held in the

church here, it being the occasion of the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Two persons were baptised, and sixteen were received into membership on profession of faith, making an addition of twenty-two names to the church roll during the quarter. The pastor, Rev. R. Hay, has been prevented from performing his regular duties by illness but has recovered, and was able to lead and enjoy the blessed meeting of last Sunday. In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not, were the appropriate words upon which he based his sermon at the service we here refer to.

ZION, TORONTO.—Sunday, the 23rd of November, being the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of this church, the semi-centennial was observed by special services. The pastor, Rev. H. D. Powis, preached in the forenoon, and the Rev. Dr. B. D. Thomas, of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, in the evening; the special services were continued on the following Sunday, when the Rev. C. B. Webb, of Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston, preached morning and evening, and the Sunday school held an open session in the afternoon, at which addresses were delivered by Dr. Webb and others. On the following Tuesday the ladies gave a social in the lecture hall, and after tea a public meeting was organized in the church, the pastor presiding. The choir rendered some choice musical selections. Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, late pastor of Zion Church, brought out some interesting points in its history. Rev. Principal Sheraton, of Wycliffe College, congratulated the church on their new and elegant place of worship. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., St. Andrew's, Presbyterian, said the church should keep young and deal with the living issues of to-day. Mr. H. J. Clark, of the Northern Congregational Church, compared the past fifty years to a volume bound up and put away; the Church is now beginning a *new series*. Rev. S. J. Hunter, of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, expressed the pleasure he felt at being in the new church for the first time. Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., of the Western Congregational Church, and Rev. Wm. Briggs also addressed the meeting. The pastor stated that \$1000 had been subscribed towards reducing the debt on the building, and that he felt much encouraged by the marked improvement in the attendance on the Sunday services. On the following Friday the Sunday school manifested their interest in this, their own as well as the Church's semi-centennial, by giving a concert, at which the *cantata*, "David, the Shepherd Boy," was admirably rendered by the school children, assisted by the church choir, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Lawson, organist of the church. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreen wreaths and mottoes, conspicuous among the ornamentation being a beautiful banner of crimson silk worked with appropriate texts by Mrs. Ashdown, wife of the superintendent.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The following subscriptions have been received for current expenses during the present session, and are hereby thankfully acknowledged:—

Rev. J. McKillican	\$10 00
Mrs. Borden, Montreal	25
“ McGregor, Listowel	1 00
Northern Congregational Church, Toronto	175 00
Congregational Church at Stouffville	12 00
Rev. J. Whitman	5 00
“ C. Pedley	1 00
“ E. D. Silcox	5 00
Mrs. Brigham	50 00
Estate late N. Hamilton, Paris	25 00
Mrs. Telfer, Montreal	5 00
Zion Congregational Church, Toronto	70 25
First do do Kingston	102 45
Congregational Church at Brantford	15 05
do do Danville	40 00
do do Milton, U. S.	36 00
do do Burford	10 00
do do Scotland	10 00
do do Martintown	10 45
do do New Durham	5 00
do do Wroxeter	3 50
do do Cowansville & Brigham	37 75
do do Eaton	5 00
Emmanuel Church, Montreal	60 00
Rev. T. Baker, Hamilton	25 00
James Woodrow, Esq.	4 00
Congregational Church at Middleville	6 00
do do Lanark	30 80
	\$848 50
Received from Colonial Missionary Society	601 39
Received from all other sources	1,550 12
	\$3,000 01
Payments to date	3,690 97
	\$690 96

Montreal, Dec. 13th, 1884.

R. C. JAMESON.

Treasurer.

THE following additional amounts have been received on furnishing account, to which we append a letter from Mr. McLachlan to ourselves, which must speak for itself. The furnishing account must be made square. Churches, try:—

E. Beckett	\$70 00
G. Hague	70 00
H. Lyman	70 00
Paris Church	70 00
Granby Church	75 00
C. Alexander	50 00
Guelph, (additional)	10 00
	\$415 00

J. S. McLACHLAN,

Treasurer.

SIR,—The name of Mr. E. Beckett was inadvertently left out of the list of contributors to the Congregational College Furnishing Funds, owing to his having paid his subscription early in June. You will find enclosed a further list of contributors, leaving only

two churches (who promised to furnish rooms at the Union meeting) to hear from. When their subscriptions are received the total amount will be about \$1,400, while the cost of furnishing kitchen, dining-room, library, lecture-halls and bed-rooms will be about \$2,500. Kindly urge in your next issue friends of the College to meet this amount.

I am yours,
J. S. McLAHLAN.

A VISIT TO THE LABRADOR MISSION.

MR. EDITOR.—The writer was off on a holiday tour, and visited your Mission at Bonne Esperance. Tuesday, the 29th July, we landed at Criquet, on the French shore. Here we went to work visiting, and then at the request of the people we preached in the Methodist chapel to about fifty-seven fishermen. Then, on Thursday forenoon, we started for Quirpon, and after visiting the different families held service to a goodly number of hungry souls. Saturday the 2nd August we came to Brandy Harbour. Then on going ashore we were pleased to find that there was a good old Congregationalist who had been living here for about twenty-three years. This good brother said that the third Sabbath in August of 1861 he worshipped in the Chard Fore Street Congregational Church, and at the same time produced a photograph of the church and cemetery, pointing out the spot where his mother and other members of the family reposed. Then as arranged, on Sabbath morning the "Old flag of England" from Mr. Brewer's store floated on the breeze, and seemed to say in its invitation to the sailors and others to worship (as it did in times of old):

"Let those who bear our country ill,
Defame her as they may,
But Britons, then are Britons still,
And shall be so for aye."

Some fifty souls, together with Mr. Brewer and family came to hear the Word. Then, again in the afternoon and evening, we also tried to lift up a "bleeding Saviour" to large congregations. On Tuesday, Aug. 5th, we arrived at Flower's Cove, and received a kind invitation from W. L. Taylor, Esq., magistrate, to stay at the court house. The next day after visiting, we preached when the magistrate and other officials were present. We were then invited to tell of the Saviour's love in the new Methodist Church, which we were pleased to do on the following day. A family of Sheppards who were old Congregationalists, and worshipped in Queen's Road Chapel. This family was strongly attached to your superintendent of Missions, the Rev. Thos. Hall. The aged and infirm father of the family, who was supposed to be nearing his end, desired to be spoken to of "Christ, the friend of sinners;" and in confessing Him his mind and thoughts

went back to the happy moments in Queen's Road Chapel and with tears in those dim eyes of his he spoke very lovingly of his dear old friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hall, and affectingly said, "oh! I shall see him no more on earth but in heaven." The following Saturday I was landed across the Straits, and found that I was then on the Canadian Congregational Labrador Mission's territory. Mr. James Homans at Little Fishery, gave me a cordial welcome, and insisted on my staying all night. During the evening hours Mr. Homans interested us in reciting the labours of those Christ-like workers, Miss Brodie, Mr. Carpenter, Miss Warriner, and Mr. Buttler. But we noticed on one occasion in our conversation when Miss Brodie's name was mentioned, that Mrs. Homans' eyes sparkled, and in her intelligent way of speaking said, "Mr. Squires, that dear lady educated me." Mrs. Homan's education is an unspeakable blessing to her husband and the children. The next morning being Sabbath, we were very thankful to be landed on Bonne Island, and just in time to have the pleasure of hearing a suitable and earnest discourse to a good congregation from the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Rodger, who together with his lady and Miss Corrie, and helped with the never failing sympathy of Mrs. Whitely, is doing "a work"—"a noble noble work" to the Glory of God—a work that is sure to follow with a blessing, and return to those little Canadian Congregational Sabbath school pupils, and the Ladies' Committee, who are subscribing and maintaining this Mission, a hundred fold. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of addressing the children and friends of this Labrador Sabbath school, to the number of forty-five. It was indeed a happy time to hear those little Labrador children singing so nicely of "Him who came to save." It would, we are sure, delight those youthful workers for the Lord Jesus, belonging to our churches in Canada, subscribing to this Mission were they present to hear the "lamb of the fold," on 'desolate Labrador testify for Christ. In the evening we again had the pleasure of telling of "a dying Saviour's love" to about eighty sailors and thirty natives. Then, on the following Monday we lectured to a gathering of about ninety people. The subject was "Heroism of Female Missionaries." At the conclusion the Chairman, W. H. Whiteley, Esq., said "that he felt pleased to have this opportunity of speaking of the 'true heroism' displayed by the founders of this mission, and referred to Miss Brodie, Miss Macfarland, and Miss Warriner, who as Mr. Whiteley believed were 'true heroines,' and did a blessed work for the cause of the Lord in establishing this Mission." A collection was then made for the delivery of the lecture which amounted to \$8.50, to be devoted toward the erection of a Mission house in Fortune Bay for which object we were travelling. On Wednesday the

18th August, being desirous of working back to Red Bay to meet the steamer, W. H. Whiteley, Esq., sent us in the mission boat to Salmon Bay; here we met a Mr. Timothy Reid from Bonne Bay, who offered us his house to preach in, and at the conclusion he gave sixty-five cents as he said, "for the sake of Miss Brodie and Miss Margaret Macfarland," and at the same time referred to his sons who learned the art of reading and writing from them many years ago. We also lectured at Forteau where we baptized a child whose parents were somewhat attached to our cause. But it was indeed a great pleasure to us on Wednesday, August the 20th, to spend a night with Mr. Frederick Davis and family, at Lance-a-Moir. Mrs. Davis desired us very earnestly to write to Canada and remember her (Mrs. Frederick Davis) to, as she said, "dear Miss Brodie," and before I left she went to her room and produced a little book (well thumbed) called "Daily supply," and said "dear Miss Brodie gave me this eighteen years ago." Miss Macfarland was also remembered in love. Mr. Buttler's and Miss Warriner's labours were much esteemed by the family, and Mr. Buttler's photograph was faithfully preserved. While visiting at Red Bay, a Mrs. Ambrose Camings produced an old Bible (much prized) and said, "Sir—that good man, Mr. Carpenter, sent me, this (meaning the Bible) twenty-three years ago." We were pleased to find that the present missionary, Mr. Rogers' labours from Bonne Esperance to Red Bay were acceptable to the people generally. The visit of our much esteemed Superintendent in the summer of 1883 delighted the friends of the Mission, and the people themselves entertain kindly remembrance of that visit.

On our way home we visited and lectured at Twillingate, Herring Neck, Change Islands and Fogo, and returned with \$102 for the Fortune Bay mission house, having preached and lectured to about 3,111 people and visited something like 284 families.

JOHN SQUIRE,

Congregational Parsonage, Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, Oct. 15, 1884.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN BENNETT.

In the death of Mrs. Bennett, the wife of one of our deacons, the Pine Grove Church loses one of its best friends and faithful workers. She passed away to her rest after only a week's sickness, on Tuesday, the 2nd December. She and her husband were led to the Saviour at the same time, during some special services which were held here about nine years ago. They then united with the above church, and have ever since worked together for its welfare. She loved the church of her adoption, and was seldom ever ab-

sent from both services on the Lord's day. A large number of friends both in and outside of the church, lament her loss and she will be very much missed in the various branches of church life and work in which she always took an active part. Her last hours on earth were cheered and made happy by the conversion of her only son, the son of many prayers, who arrived home from Toronto in time to tell her the good news.

The Master has called her away in the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness, both in the home and the church. May He console the bereaved family and raise up many more to carry on the work which He hath called her to lay down. "Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, saith the Spirit; yea, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13. W. H. W.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. — For the Congregational Church, St. Thomas. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of five dollars for the above church from J. R., of Clinton. W. GLASS.

St. Thomas, Dec. 14, 1884.

Literary Notices.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By T. Nelson Dale, Toronto. This little book of about 180 pages has been to us a pleasant surprise. It was placed in our hands by the author, on whom in the casual round of pastoral city duties we had called. Must we confess that we took it home very much as we would take a circular, and opened it out of simple courtesy. The table of contents was brief, four items, the third of which was, "on the interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis." We turned thereto with the mental exclamation, "Another fanciful harmony of things never out of tune." The first sentence woke us up, "The Book of Genesis is now generally supposed to be the work of at least two, if not three separate authors, neither of whom probably was the compiler of the whole book." An entire chapter of criticism in a single sentence. We read on. Four causes of interpretation are laid down. Firstly. Written language must be understood as meaning primarily what it meant to the person for whom it was first written. Secondly. Granting, therefore, that the language of Scripture in regard to nature is both oriental and phenomenal, it must not be overlooked that phenomenal language is only phenomenally correct. Thirdly. We must be in sympathy with the general object of Scripture. Fourthly. We must have some doctrinal and philosophical basis, which shall be hard enough and strong enough, to support the whole structure of religious and scientific truth, as well as anchor our

own faith and reason." We at once felt the atmosphere of free, honest, vigorous enquiry, and we read with pleasure. A student of nature is also a student of revelation, and as such our author writes plainly, tersely, well. Here is a definition. "Avoiding theological language, by Christian faith is to be understood simply that filial attitude of the soul towards its Creator, which is made possible by the living sacrifice and mediation of Jesus Christ, and is brought about in various ways by the gracious influence of the divine Spirit." We like that sentence, and the closing one of the book indicates the goal of this very readable and instructive work. "We conclude that physical science does afford some rational ground for a belief in the existence of God, and for a recognition of the actual and potential moral dignity, and the immutability of man. Then both religious and physical science minister to the one faith, and the law of nature but re-echoes the law of the Lord." The writer is a Congregationalist, and we hope that we may hear more of him in the lines of our denominational work. At present he is acting Principal of Norwood College, instituted for the university education of women.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY for December closes another volume of this progressive magazine. It is a number of unusual interest. With the New Year the work will be enlarged one half. A wide range of topics is announced. Without infringing on the sermonic element, it will henceforth devote large space to brief, condensed and timely articles of a review character. The name will be modified to meet this change. *The Homiletic Review*, we believe, will not only retain the high reputation it has achieved in the field of homiletics, but will also take high rank as a Biblical and theological Review. Price \$2.50 a year; 25 cents a single number. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York. Wm. Briggs, King street, Toronto, agent for the Dominion.

RED CROSS KNIGHTS OF THE SALVATION ARMY: by Fidelis. Reprinted from the *Andover Review*, Toronto; Williamson & Co. A little tract of thirty-eight pages, giving a sympathetic *resume* of this remarkable movement. The closing sentence indicates the spirit of the article which is one of the very best we have seen upon the subject. "Meantime the Salvation Army stands before us a living witness to truths to which our age needed witness. It testifies to the power of that unknown quantity," the "inscrutable something which influences the souls of men" which we call the Holy Spirit; to the fact that despite all positivism and materialism can say, the religious instinct is still the strongest of all, and that thousands of plain, unsentimental men and women are still willing to live and die for Jesus of Nazareth, and to the truth, that under all misery and degradation

and brutality, the heart of man still yearns, with an unquenchable yearning, for the love and the smile of the forgiving Father.

We have received from the Congregational Publishing Company of Boston, copies of Lesson Helps for 1885. The Pilgrim Teacher for Pastors, Superintendents and Teachers. The Pilgrim Quarterly for senior classes, the same for younger scholars and the Little Pilgrim lesson papers. The first is a monthly, the quarterlies are as their name implies issued every three months. The series afford for our Sunday school all they need in their various departments for the study of the International Lessons and being written in the truly Catholic spirit of the denomination have special claims upon our churches. We are not sectaries, but other papers, published under denominational auspices, do not aid us in maintaining our own platform, and frequently insinuate the contrary. These papers are Congregational and, therefore, unsectarian, denominational yet free. As indicated in our last issue, Rev. W. H. Warriner, B.A. of Bowmanville has been specially asked to act as an agent for the same. James Bain & Son, of Toronto, and W. Drysdale & Company, Montreal, have also sent us copies indicating their readiness to supply the same. In our truly Christian endeavour to maintain our distinct testimony as a denomination we trust that our churches will supply their schools from this source only. We say *only*, because intrinsically these helps are second to none.

JOSH BILLINGS ON INFIDELITY.

Impudence, ingratitude, ignorance, and cowardice make the creed of infidelity.

Did you ever hear of a man's renouncing Christianity on his death-bed and turning infidel?

Gamblers and freethinkers haven't faith enough in their profession to teach it to their children.

No atheist, with all his boasted bravery, has ever dared to advertise his unbelief on his tomb-stone.

It is a statistical fact that the wicked work harder to reach hell than the righteous to reach heaven.

I notice one thing when a man gets into a tight spot he don't never send for his friend, the Devil to help him out.

I'd rather be an idiot than an infidel; if I am an infidel I have made myself one; if an idiot, I was made so.

I never saw a freethinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more nonsense than he can find in the Bible anywhere.

It is always safe to follow the religious belief that our mother taught us—there never was a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.

If an infidel comprehends that he can prove more by his faith than he can by his reason, his impudence would be much less offensive.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Beautiful autumn leaves, stained with crimson and gold;
 Gleaming through the purple mist, like fairy gems of old.
 Holding the golden light, by spells of mystic power;
 Tinting the landscape o'er, with beauty's magic dower.

On gently rippling streams, through dusky forest glades,
 Reflecting sunlit hues, in ten-fold brighter shades.
 Far off, on hill-side slopes, where royal maples burn,
 The quivering aspen leaves, to daintiest amber turn.

Over the old, gray wall, a crimson glory creeps;
 Out from thick, tangled, brake a blaze of sumach leaps;
 Through gloomy hemlock swamp, fair, treacherous
 ivy glows,
 And o'er the fallen pines, its scarlet drapery throws.

Along the lowly sward, a bright mosaic lies,
 Of myriad tinted leaves, whose gracious beauty vies
 With tarnished gold of fern, or pale, brown withered
 grass,
 Touched to sudden splendour, as shining sunbeams
 pass.

Beautiful autumn leaves. The Master all divine,
 Who made the flowers to bloom, and taught the stars to
 shine,
 To us who dwell below, hath in His bounty given
 Symbols of loveliness, to win our thoughts to heaven.
 EMILY A. SYKES

THE FIVE FLOWERS.

Look, love, on your bosom
 Are flowers five:
 But one has drooped its head—
 Four only live.
 So, late, in our nursery
 There were children five:
 One rests in grassy darkness—
 Four only live.

Your four flowers bloom freshly, love;
 The fifth, not as they—
 Its colour, and form, and odour,
 Have passed away.
 Take, then, from your bosom
 The withered one:
 Can the air now nourish it?
 Can it feel the sun?

I have bound the two together
 With a fresh willow leaf,
 That grew large by a river,
 As by flowing love, grief;
 And they all will fall asunder
 If I loose the tie;
 So a love clasp for living babes
 Is a dead one's memory.

Let the five flowers on your bosom, love,
 Its sweet shelter share;
 As bound in one within your heart
 Our five darlings are.
 The dead make the living dearer;
 And we will joy the more,
 That the Giver, Who has taken one,
 Has left us four.

—Selected.

WISDOM'S CALL.

"I, Wisdom, lift my voice and cry
 In places low, and places high,
 At city gates, at palace doors,
 On mansion and on cottage floors,
 To you, oh, men, I call and say,
 Harken unto my voice to-day!

"Oh, simple ones, oh, learned fools
 Who seek for wisdom but in schools,
 In nature's temple vast and high,
 Throughout the earth, athwart the sky,
 In every human breast, my call
 Is echoed loud addressed to all.

"Hear, for I speak of things sublime,
 Eternal truths, not born of time,
 I speak of righteousness divine
 Make light 'mid moral darkness shine,
 And shed on life's perplexing way
 Heaven's own refulgent blessed ray.

"Plain are my words to him who bends
 A listening ear, whose heart attends,
 Earnest to drink at truth's pure spring,
 And mounting upon faith's bold wing,
 To those celestial heights, where light
 Cloudless and pure, greets the keen sight.

"My counsels are worth more than gold,
 They dower the mind with wealth untold,
 They bring a solid peace and joy,
 Pleasures that never fail nor cloy;
 Rubies are toys compared with what
 By hearkening to my voice is got.

"I bring the fear and love of God,
 With, when required, a father's rod,
 Schooling the soul to real worth,
 Saving it from the snares of earth,
 Drawing the hearts most eager love
 From things beneath to things above.

"I cure the blind idolatry
 Of those who crave but what they see,
 I open faith's interior eye
 To view the treasure stored on high,
 I give access to life's fair tree
 That blooms and fruits eternally!

"I love all mortals that love me,
 Such the dear face of God shall see,
 Seeking, shall find perennial bliss.
 (Rare portion in a world like this,)
 And gain, on life's top altitude,
 The true, the beautiful, the good!"

Speedside, Ont.

—W. F. C.

SUNDAY SICKNESS.

Dr.—, among other valuable papers, a few years ago published one describing this remarkable disease, which has not yet been treated in books of pathology.

1. This disease is of the intermitting kind, attacking the patient by violent paroxysms, which return every seventh day. These paroxysms return only on the Lord's Day, and hence it is called Sunday sick-

ness, but by the faculty it is technically known by no other name than "*Diei Domini Morbus.*"

2. It partakes somewhat of the nature of ague, especially as it is attended with a great degree of coldness. This coldness is first apparent early in the morning of the Lord's day; in many cases seizing the patient before he has left his bed. But it begins in the region of the heart, and is attended with dullness of the head, followed by yawning and lethargy.

3. The patient is sometimes deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and feet, so that he is indisposed to walk to the house of God.

4. In some cases, this attack has come upon them after they have gone to the house of God, and has been attended with yawning and slumber.

5. In other cases there has been great uneasiness in the house of God, and a disposition to complain of the length of the sermon, though they have been known to sit very contentedly in a playhouse several hours at a time.

6. Persons affected with this disease never mourn on account of their confinement from public worship, as many afflicted with other diseases often do.

7. These persons often surprise their neighbours with their great activity and health on Monday, however unfavourable the weather may be.

8. Most of the faculty agree that there is a low, feverish heat, technically called *febris mundi*, or fever of the world, which may be detected in these patients during the intervening days of the week.

9. There also seems to be a loss of appetite for savoury food, and a want of relish for *panis vite*, bread of life, which in this case is the indispensable remedy for the disease.

10. Persons affected with the disease generally have a disrelish for private religious exercise of the closet and the reading of the Scriptures.

11. This disease is also contagious; neighbours receive it from neighbours, and children from parents.—*Examiner.*

OUR PRAYER MEETINGS.

From the unspoken speech of a deacon, inspired by the last meeting of the Ministers and Deacons' Association (which we have not room to publish in full) we cull the following:—"I remember hearing a sermon by the Rev. Thomas Binney on the lxxiii. Psalm. It was delivered in the old church which stood on the very ground where our meeting was held. In the course of his remarks he drew a contrast between the life of the past and that of the present day. He said that some of our forefathers were like some of Gideon's men, who could lie full length and take huge draughts of the living stream; but in these days we were like those of Gideon's men who could not afford the time to lie down, but merely to stoop and dip up some of the

waters in the palm of their hand as they passed along." And the following—"You remember the anecdote of the missionaries on board a sinking ship. The sailors and others were at the pumps, working their utmost to save the ship, when some one said 'Where are the missionaries?' 'Oh! they are below praying for us,' was the reply. 'Can't they pray and pump too?' the interrogator asked. I never learned what became of the ship, or whether the missionaries came on deck; but certain it is that some of us now-a-days are compelled to pray and pump too." And another passage—"For my own part, while I think that public prayer meetings, properly conducted, are good things, still, I prefer the prayer meeting in the family night and morning. And there is another kind of prayer meeting. In the office or the street, when there are none but a few of the 'spirits that walk the earth unseen' to surround one, a cry for help, for light, for mercy, may go up without audible sound. What we want in these days of shams and forms is not so much the outward display as the inward life. Let religion and the spirit of prayer be a principle of life to guide in every transaction, and to give strength to stand when others fall."—*E. C. in Victorian Independent.*

RUSKIN ON PREACHING.

There are two ways of regarding a sermon, either as a human composition or a divine message. . . . If once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge of many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavour to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God after His flock has been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptation, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hand and no man regarded—thirty minutes to raise the dead in—let us but once understand and feel this, and . . . we shall wish that his words may be simple even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.—*Selected.*

THERE never was a day that did not bring its opportunity for doing good, that never could have been done before, and never can be again.

Children's Corner.

GOD'S TREASURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

News for little children!
Hark! how sweet the sound,
Rolling in its fullness,
To earth's furthest bound
News of God's salvation—
News with blessings rife—
Saving, helping, cheering—
Wondrous words of life.

Love for little children,
Sent from God's own throne;
Love—how sweet the tidings—
Each can make his own;
Love that maketh happy,
Love that maketh blest;
Love that gives the weary
Full and perfect rest.

Peace for little children,
Peace from God on high,
Brought by Christ, the Saviour,
When he came to die;
Made in Calvary's darkness,
Sealed with Jesus' blood,
To the world proclaimed—
Perfect peace with God.

Joy for little children,
Oh, such perfect joy,
Not like earth's enchantments,
Full of earth's alloy;
But a joy that resteth
On foundations sure,
Joy—for God hath said it—
Which must e'er endure.

Strength for little children,
Leading each along;
'Tis the weak and helpless
Jesus maketh strong,
On they journey singing—
Strong in Christ alone;
His right hand sustaining—
Every moment known.

Rest for little children,
Rest as passing on,
While the "rest remaining"
Beckons them along;
There the peace is perfect,
There the rest endures:
Hear it! All these treasures
Faith in Christ secures!

OLD SANDY'S STORY.

"I'd take it very kind, Miss, if you would give me a drink of water; I've travelled from Branton this morning—"

"Oh, yes, I'll bring you a drink this moment," cried little Amy, first looking at the old man who sat opposite the garden gate, and then running off to the house to get what he wanted.

Poor old Sandy sighed and leaned wearily against the trunk of the great beech tree under which he sat. He had trudged thirteen miles that morning along the hot, dusty road, with the July sunshine beating down on him all the way, and then, faint and parched, sat down under the first shade he came to, too tired even to pursue his usual trade and offer his buttons and lace at the cottage opposite.

In a minute the little girl came quickly down the garden again with a tumbler of whiskey and water in her hand.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him. "Mamma thought you'd like this better when you were so tired. Here!" she said again as the old man did not take it.

"No, no, thank you, little Miss, and thank your mother all the same; but if she had come through what I have, all owing to that stuff, she'd never offer it to any one again. But 'd take some water, and be thankful to you, Miss.

"Oh, very well," said Amy good naturedly, once more running off to the cottage, and coming back this time with a glass in one hand and a big jug of water in the other. Then, as she watched him drink, and again filled the tumbler, she said rather shyly, "What did you mean a little while ago, about coming through? Would mind telling me?"

The old man looked up sadly at the bright little face before him. "Ah! Miss, tales like these isn't for the like of you. But if you like, I'll tell you why I can't bear the sight of that stuff. I had a bounny, bonny boy once, just about five years old he was; he and his mother were as like as could be. Well, one night I stepped into the 'Raven,' just to hear the news like, for I never were bad for the drink, and while I were chattin' in the parlour, some fellows came into the bar. In a little bit there was such a roarin' and laughin' I went to see what was up. My little Jim had followed me, Miss, and they'd caught him, and given him the cussed stuff till he could hardly stand. I knocked two of 'em down, and took my boy home, but they'd poisoned him, Miss. He always were a delicate little chap, and had been aillin', and that finished him. He never were no better after that. Poor little Jim."

Amy waited, her eyes filled with tears, and presently the old man went on. "My wife weren't strong, and she couldn't bear it, and now I'm a lonesome old man with little cheer, but if ever I take that to try and forget things, I'll deserve all I've borne twice over! Don't you touch it, little Miss. I'm not the first by many a one as could tell you of the pain and sorrow it brings them as meddle with it. Good day, Missy, and thank you."

The old man rose and trudged wearily away, and Amy ran in to tell her mother about the queer old man's story and his advice. "And I never shall touch it, mother," said Amy stoutly, "never."

JACKO AND POLLY.

The great fun was to watch her and Jacko in their contests for the upper perch. Polly, having taken her tiffin, was disposed for an afternoon nap, and she accordingly commenced to mount the rope ladder, but Jacko immediately set up a chatter, savagely showing his teeth meanwhile, and shaking the rope violently to impede the movements of Poll. In spite of this, up she goes steadily, hand over hand, nearer to the coveted perch, on which sits the monkey in a boiling passion, and trembling with excitement. Holding on by his tail and hind legs, he now attempts to get hold of Poll, but she snaps at his hands right and left, with a rapidity that is perfectly astounding, and presently a shriek of pain announces that her beak has drawn blood, and down drops poor Jacko like a stone, while Poll takes quiet possession of the perch, when, after repeating a few self-congratulatory notes, she dozes off as if nothing had happened. Jacko, meanwhile, sits upon his haunches examining his bite with a very rueful countenance; but a little petting from me sets him right, and a thorough examination of everything eatable and drinkable having been made, he goes regularly to work to "blow the steam off." Making the rope ladder his centre, he performs a series of splendid jumps to it from all the articles of furniture in the room, much to the disgust of Polly, and then, after a headlong rush round the apartment, he bounds up the ladder like a flash of lightning and makes

a grab at Polly's tail, dropping at once to the ground, to escape the consequences of this daring act. The bird, however, was never injured by him in this way, for she watched his every movement. The only time that he ever stole a march upon her was once when she happened to be feeding in the sand tray immediately beneath the rope ladder, down which her stealthy enemy slipped like a serpent, and making a snatch, caught her by the base of her tail. At that moment a well-directed branch of bananas from me hit him in the chest, and down he came, whereupon Poll seized him by the fleshy part of the lower arm, and bit it through. This was a lesson which he never forgot, and although his mischief compelled him to annoy Poll as a source of fun, still he grew to respect if he did not love her.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Miss Louise M. Alcott says: I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. Respect shown to the aged, modesty, simple-dress, home-keeping, daughters learning from good mothers the domestic arts, are so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls now enjoy. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society they are to enter by and by. Health comes first, and early knowledge of truth, obedience, and self control; then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire,—a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles, and a good education, any girl can make her own way, and be the braver and better for the exertion and discipline. No late hours, unwholesome pleasures and dress, no mixing of school and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep them girls at heart even while preparing for the work and happiness of women.