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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1880.

[New Series. No. 21.]

Topics of the Week.

—The Rev. J. L. Green, of the London Missionary Society, writes from Tahiti that the restrictions which have contracted the labors of the missionaries ever since the French Protectorate was established there have been nearly all removed, and that he now has virtually the ecclesiastical direction of nearly three thousand natives.

—Arthur Mursell, of Birmingham, has been preaching on "The Church Congress and the Dramatic Stage." He does not like the deliverance of the Congress on the subject of the drama. He claims that dramatic representations are to be approved or condemned according to the moral character and tendency of each case.

—Another wholesale slaughter by whiskey is reported of at least 500 inhabitants of St. Lawrence Island, in the Polar regions, being almost the entire population. Early in the summer a trading ship supplied them with a great quantity of liquor, taking from them in exchange their stock of furs. Instead of preparing for the coming winter the islanders kept up a debauch, and when winter came they perished of famine only two hundred surviving. Perhaps the liquor was not "good."

—The famous "Scotch Sermons" are causing something of a breeze in the Established Church of Scotland. At last accounts the Glasgow Presbytery had the case of Mr. McFarlan, one of the contributors to the volume, before it. After a great deal of discussion a resolution was passed referring the "Sermons" to a committee, with instructions to confer with Mr. McFarlan, and report at an early date. The sentiment in the Presbytery was somewhat against the tenor of the sermons.

—At the present moment, including three ladies, the London Missionary Society has thirty agents in Madagascar, of whom five are absent on furlough. The statistics for the bygone year inform us that the number of church members among the native population is now 70,125; with 253,182 adherents. Exclusive of the Pastors' College and Normal and Central Schools for males and females, there are in all 882 elementary schools, attended by 48,150 pupils. For school purposes £543 had been contributed by the different district churches, and for general church purposes £2,726.

—The Christian queen of Madagascar has taken a strong position on the temperance question. Under a former treaty with France, importations were allowed. This nation brings in rum. She has forbidden her people to drink it, and faithfully warned them of the evil consequences; and, in their presence, she caused the barrels assigned to her as revenue to be broken, and the contents poured out upon the sand. "I can not," she says, "take a revenue from anything that will debase and degrade my people."

—It has a curious smack of ancient history to read that the State of Illinois has been erected, by a Papal decree, into a province of imperial Rome. It sounds much more martial and ruler-like than

the facts warrant, and does not mean the immediate loss of the great Sucker State to the company of sister States. Fortunately the Pope's temporal power is gone altogether, and whether Illinois shall accept the high title of an imperial province of Rome depends upon the unsubjugated people there, and not upon a Papal decree. Bishop Feehan, of Tennessee, has been appointed to the new Arch-episcopate. He is said to be a man of fine abilities, and well qualified to lead in the work of his Church. The one point in which Protestants should imitate the Catholics is in zeal and persistent effort.

—A very effective gospel temperance work is in progress in London, under the direction of Mr. William Noble, who visited this country three years ago. Hoxton Hall, a former noted drinking place, has been she centre of his labor, and a great revolution has been wrought in its character and surroundings. At the recent second anniversary of the movement, conducted by Mr. Noble, it was stated that a total of 1,780 meetings had been held—822 at night, 115 for women, 116 on Sunday mornings, 585 for children, 111 for the Sunday Schools, and 31 in the Standard Theatre. They have enrolled 560 children in the Band of Hope work, with a pledge against both strong drink and tobacco, and have a Sunday School with 198 children. All this has been achieved in one of the most forbidding localities in London. Much credit is due to Mr. Noble and his faithful co-workers.

The completion of the Cathedral of Cologne is an event of unusual significance, from the fact that, though it is a Roman Catholic edifice, it was completed by the German Government, which is hostile to the Papacy. And the high Catholic dignitaries refused to take part in its consecration. In fact, though founded by the Catholics, it has been finished by Protestants, who would gladly extirpate Catholicism from the Empire. The history of this edifice is remarkable; it reflects the vicissitudes of the German people and of Europe. Its foundations were laid in 1249 when Frederic II. was Emperor, and it was doubtless designed to represent the glory of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, during which Germany reached its crowning point in the Middle Ages. It is not known who planned it, and the work went on for centuries, slackening during the periods of war, and stopping altogether in 1509 until 1830, a wooden roof covering the vast interior. The edifice is 511 feet long, and 231 feet wide, and the towers were planned to be 511 feet in height. It has a double range of flying buttresses and intervening piers, and a whole forest of pinnacles. The choir was consecrated in 1322, but the north and south aisles were only carried to the capitals of the column in 1500. Work on the building was resumed in 1832, and has been carried forward under the present Emperor with added zeal. Plans which had been dropped as impracticable or too costly have been taken up, and over four and a half millions of dollars have been spent in finishing it. It is the largest and most imposing cathedral in Europe.

HOME MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS.

Will the pastors, deacons, and members of the Western Missionary District look at this?

For as much as for the last few years, it has been found impossible to make arrangements for Missionary meetings to suit the churches, and some pastors have requested to have their churches left out of the plan. Our meetings if on the right time for the moon, have been on the wrong time for the roads. If the roads and moon have been right, there has been a conflict with local church collections, or somebody's tea meeting, or lecture, or special service of some kind so that the published programme has been set aside, or the meetings have failed. It has been resolved by the committee.

That the pastors, and deacons of the churches in this district be requested to make their own arrangements for collecting funds for Home Missions. Each church to suit itself as to time and method, but we earnestly request that the monies be collected and sent in as far as possible, before the 31st of December, 1880.

The committee also earnestly request, that the churches will make their arrangements in getting help, or exchanges, as far as possible so as to keep down travelling expenses. It is now expected that every church will do its utmost to bring up the funds of the society to the point from which they have fallen, and augment them if possible.

W. H. Allworth, District Sec.

Pro. tem.

HINTS HERE AND THERE FOR TEACHERS.

BY REV. A. J. TITSWORTH.

The inspiration of the Bible is the last thing in the world that one would suppose could become a hindrance to the study of the Bible, and yet it sometimes is so. It is not seldom thought of as giving a fragile sort of sacredness to the book, so that not a word of it can be touched, except in the tenderest manner, without injury to it, or disrespect. "Hands off," says this conception of the revelation God has given us in His Word. "If you shatter my confidence in one thing," the Bible says, "you spoil the whole book for me." Such a watch dog to keep off the critics, attacks fiercely many a reverent and profound student of the Scriptures, and though less so to-day than once, is still a formidable obstacle in the way of thorough examination and explanation of God's Word.

It needs to be distinctly understood that the Bible is not what the English call a "preserve," which a privileged class alone can enter and hunt in it for texts to spread their own doctrinal or practical table with; it is a common, open to everybody, without a fence, or a warning placard, or a prohibition of any sort hindering the freest use of it by anybody who chooses. Its sacredness is not of a sort that fears the commonest use, or the closest scrutiny. Inspiration is not something outside the Bible forbidding disbelief in it; it is something in the Bible, in its character, making final and intelligent disbelief impossible. The inspiration of the book is the shadow of the truth of the book, and much of the argument we hear upon the right of the Bible to our belief and respect needs to be reshaped with this fact in mind. It is not simply true because it is God's book, but it is God's book because it is true. It is of far more consequence to-day that we prove to men's satisfaction first that it is true, and then that it is inspired, than that it is inspired, and is therefore true. We may be never so sure of the inspiration of the Bible, and still our nerves will be sensitive and our tears wakeful lest unhallowed hands should use it roughly; but if our one thought,

deeper than all others about it be, the Bible is true, true in the same natural, simple sense in which other truth is true, we shall gradually learn to welcome the keenest analysis of it, the brightest light possible to be thrown upon it by scholarship, the fullest investigation of contemporary history, the most searching tests of science, and we shall not fear to throw the Word of God out into the seething sea of human thought and controversy, knowing that it will, because it is true, outride every storm of criticism and survive every danger of refutation, and emerge at last acknowledged more and more by all who love truth and are of noble enough nature to feel its power.

This means not simply that the Bible tells the truth; more than that, it means that the Bible is truth. Often the Bible does not tell the truth, *i. e.*, the words are the words of untrue, wicked men, or of good men in unhappy, unworthy moods. In Job xiii., God expressly disclaims what the three friends of Job have said, and yet what they said is incorporated in the narrative, and it is not uncommon to hear the words of these misguided men quoted as "Bible," and therefore sacred truth. Job himself, in his despondency, more than once uttered what he "understood not," as he afterwards confesses, xlii. 3. I think a notable example of this may be found in the fourteenth of Job, where he seems to be quite wrong in his thought about the immortality of man. No end of harm is done by committing the Bible as the Word of God to statements which the Bible makes, if it makes them at all, perhaps to contradict, or in the course of the narrative as the language of some one whom God never meant to endorse. We must learn the difference between the Bible's telling the truth in every word and verse, and the Bible's being a true and honest and reliable book. It is true precisely because it truly reports whatever it reports. It honestly incorporates within itself the language, the actions, the history of men exactly as they were; and this is the ground of its trustworthiness.

I was asked the other day if I did not wish that some things were left out of the Bible. I knew the questioner well enough to see at once the drift of the question. A great many people are dissatisfied with David, and think such a man unworthy the place he occupies in the Bible; they think Samson a queer sort of a saint; they wish, if they love the Bible, that some things had not been told about Abraham. I answered "No" at once, and with as much emphasis as possible. These very things convince me that the Bible is a true book. If it told me that David was a Christian saint, I should suspect it of falsehood. If Samson had been made out to be a St. John, in his sweetness and purity, I should be staggered in my faith by the unnaturalness of the character. If Abraham, living in the times which produced him, betrays unmistakable kinship to the human nature of what he was a specimen, I am glad; not that he equivocated to Pharaoh and Abimelech [Gen. xii: 18-19; xx: 2]; not that this man of faith laughed in God's face at the first mention of a son being born to him in his old age [Gen. xvii: 17], but that these things being facts, the Bible neither hides nor justifies them. It is a true and honest and fearless witness of the times it tells of, and we need not fear any cross-examination of it by any counsel for the other side, who ever he be.

The inspiration of the Bible, therefore, is not a seal put upon every verse it contains, making each verse, no matter what its connection, no matter whose utterance the words may be, God's own truth, to be believed before examination or without examination. It is rather a guarantee of the trustworthiness of the book as a whole, the value and relation of the parts being dependent upon a thousand considerations which it is the student's business to find out, so far as possible, and become an intelligent and true student of the book in proportion as he does find them out. We cannot study the Bible too much, or be too hospitable to whatever helps us to a better understanding of it.

GOD BLESS MY BOY.

When twinkling stars their vigils keep,
And all the world is hushed in sleep,
'Tis then I breathe the prayer so deep—
God bless my boy to-night.

I know not where his head may lie,
Perchance beneath the open sky
But this I ween, God's watchful eye
Can see my boy to-night.

Oh, sweetly comforting the thought,
That each one's life is surely wrought
In God's own plan; thus I am taught
He'll bless my boy to-night

As pass the busy months and years,
With all their changes, hopes and fears,
God make each step of duty clear,
And keep his "honor bright."

Then when the last day's work is o'er,
And earthly duties are no more,
May angels guide him to the shore
Where there shall be no night.

—Exchange.

Our Story.

"NO TRAMPS."

"No tramps here," said I; and I shut the door in his face. The wind blew so strong I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman and I'm afraid of em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked on the door—knocked not half so loud as he did before and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face—pale ghost of a face with yellow brown hair, cropped close, with great staring blue eyes, and he put his hands against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" he asked.

"Three miles or more," said I.

"No," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it's Miss Mitten's, and she's as set agin tramps as I am."

"I do not want drink," said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I have been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and its bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank; where I can rest till I'm better; and all my money was stolen from three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me lie just before your fire, and only give me a crust, the staliest crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it hadn't been I'd seen so much of these imposters. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you."

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door, and motioned with her mouth to me, "Do let him stay, auntie;" and if I hadn't had good sense, I might, but I knew better than a chuck of sixteen.

"Go away with you!" said I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there was once more, hardly a knock at all—a faint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door again, he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all the impudence!" said I.

He looked at me, and said, "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came into my mind that I hoped my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

I have been wounded, as you see, said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin giving anything unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks go."

Drusilla came to the door, and said, "Let him stay, auntie," with her lips agin, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time he didn't come back; I sat down by the fire and smelt the baking cakes and the apple stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something kept tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to my work basket to get a sock that I had been darning for Charlie, and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "From C. F. to R. H.," and inside was a bit of tobacco and a letter, a rumpled old letter, and when I spread it out I saw on the top, "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true, and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again had I to say to myself what I heard our pastor say often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for as I sat there, dash, and crash, and jingle came a sleigh, over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Hallo, mother!" And out I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with pretty shoulder-straps, and as hearty as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son.

Drusilla, who had been up-stairs, and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things smoked on a cloth as white as snow, and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Drusilla said, "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing, but it was this. Kind o' champ, over the frozen snow, kind o' like the ghost of a voice saying, "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give any kind of a crust;" a kind o' like some

one that had a mother down on the frozen road, and freezing and starving to death there. That is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when the tea was done, and he told us things about the war I had never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me how his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and badly wounded, and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow soldier had saved him, fighting his way back to camp.

"I'd never seen you but for him," said my Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hardway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many and many a time, and if I had a brother, I couldn't think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie?" said I. "Why, I'd love him too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, could not be enough. Send for him, Charlie."

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," he said, "I don't know whether Rob Hardway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner; and military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to trace of him. And he has a mother, too, and she is so fond of him. She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life."

And I saw Charlie was nearly crying. Not to let us see the tears he got up and went to the mantel-piece. I did not look around until I heard a cry.

"Great heavens! what is it?"

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the beggar had dropped, in his hand.

"Where did this come from?" he said. "I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hardway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

And I fell back in my chair white and cold, and said:

"A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob. He must have been an imposter. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no, no, it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clenched hands, and he said:

"It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving! my dear old Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother to use Rob so!"

"Condemn me, Charlie," said I, "condemn me if you like; I am afraid God will. Three times he came back; three time he asked only for a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I—I, and he lying in the road now. Oh, if I had known! Oh, if I had known!"

And Charlie caught up his hat.

"I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "Oh, Rob, my dear friend!"

And then I never saw the girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says she:

"Thank God I dared to do it!"

And says she again to me:

"Oh! aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry, and wounded, and I put him in the spare

chamber over the parlor, and I have been so frightened all the while."

"The Lord bless you, Drusilla," said Charlie.

"Amen!" said I.

And she, getting bolder, went on:

"And I took some hot short cakes and apple sass and tea," says she, "and I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat, and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in, and put the key in my pocket, and I told him he should have one night's rest, and no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered, you know—and the girl was sixteen—but always minded me before as if I was her mother.

Never was there any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Rob. And Charlie, who had got so well and had a mother who was not poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got well over his wounds at last, and got as handsome as a picture, and to-day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give anything I have," said I. "And I wouldn't refuse you even Drusilla," when he asked me, telling me that he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm often imposed upon; but this is what I say: "Better be imposed upon always than be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." —S&L

THE CREED OF THE "CHRISTIANS," the sect to which General Garfield belongs, is just now the subject of considerable inquiry. It numbers about half a million communicants in the United States and one of its pastors thus defines the creed and practice of the Church:

1. We call ourselves Christians or Disciples. The term "Campbellite" is a nickname that others have applied to us, as the early Methodists were called "Ranters."
2. We believe in God the Father.
3. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and our only Saviour. We regard the divinity of Christ as the fundamental truth in the Christian system.
4. We believe in the Holy Spirit, both as to its agency in conversion and as an indweller in the heart of the Christian.
5. We accept both the Old and the New Testament Scriptures as the inspired word of God.
6. We believe in the future punishment of the wicked and the future reward of the righteous.
7. We believe that the Deity is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.
8. We observe the institution of the Lord's supper on every Lord's day. To this table it is our practice neither to invite nor debar. We say it is the Lord's supper for all the Lord's children.
9. We plead for the union of all God's people on the Bible and the Bible alone.
10. The Bible is our only creed. We maintain that all the ordinances of the Gospel should be observed as they were in the days of the Apostles.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.—
Sunday, Nov. 28.

JOSEPH AND PHARAOH.—Gen. 47:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Prov. 16:31. *Commit*
 —7-10. *Time*—1706, B.C.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Between the time of our last lesson and the present one, we have the brief narrative of the return of Joseph's brethren to Canaan, laden with the good things of Egypt for their father, and with vehicles for bringing their families and their father down to Egypt. The event of most importance is related in ch. 46:1-4. It seems probable that Jacob had some misgiving in regard to going into Egypt; for he must have been aware that his father, on a similar occasion, (ch. 26:1-3,) had been forbidden to go thither, and warned to remain in Canaan. Accordingly, on reaching Beer-Sheba, he repaired the ancient altar, and offered sacrifices to the God of his father Isaac, in the expectation, undoubtedly, that God would reveal to him His will in regard to his proposed journey. Nor was he disappointed; for God spoke to him in the visions of the night, and said, *I am God—the God of thy father. Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation. I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hands upon thy eyes.* Having thus obtained the divine sanction, the journey was resumed. On reaching the Egyptian frontier, Judah was sent forward to apprise Joseph of their approach, and receive instructions as to their proper route into Goshen. Joseph hastened to meet an welcome his father, and to instruct his brethren in regard to the representations of themselves and their calling which they were to make to Pharaoh on being brought before him.

LESSON NOTES.

(47:1) *Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh.* Everything that Joseph did was noble. Absolute independence in Egypt, and though the king had generously assured him (ch. 45:18-20) *that the fat of the land, and the good (good things) of all the land of Egypt were his, yet he took no advantage of it in regard to his own family; but went directly to the king, and informed him of their arrival, with their flocks and herds, and that they were awaiting his pleasure in regard to their settlement.*

(2) *And he took some of them, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh.* Man's in-born curiosity has been greatly exercised to know who this favored five were. Dr. A. Clarke tells us that the original, literally translated, signifies—from the end, or extremity of his brethren he took five men, and enumerates six different ways that this language has been interpreted—*as, selecting at random; selecting the meanest looking,—the finest looking,—the eldest,—the youngest,—or some of the eldest and some of the youngest.* Dr. Jameson tells us that Jewish traditions say Zebulun, Dan, Naphtali, Gad and Ashur were the men presented. It certainly would furnish a most pleasing suggestion if this were authenticated, since four of these were sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, whose "evil report" Joseph had once borne to his father, and who may, consequently, be supposed to have once been Joseph's bitterest enemies.

(3,4) *And Pharaoh said what is your occupation?* This inquiry had been anticipated by Joseph, and he had instructed his brothers beforehand how to answer—(ch. 46:31-34). This was done, in order that there might be the most perfect agreement between his own statement and theirs; and also, because their occupation would seriously affect the question of their settlement in the country. *Thy servants are shepherds, both we and our fathers.* This announcement, with a less generous king, or one less graciously prepared by God to favor His chosen people, would undoubtedly have been most unfavourably received. However according to Joseph's instructions, (ch. 46:34) they proceeded, with the statement of the failure of the pasturage in their own country and the request that they might dwell (that is, *sojourn*) in the land of Goshen. They had evidently accepted the promise that the land of Canaan should be theirs, and had thought of nothing more than a temporary settlement in Egypt. Thus, there is reason to hope that all the sons of Jacob were men of faith, resting in the promise God had made to their fathers. The above request they had been instructed by Joseph to make, partly because Goshen was adapted for pasturage, and partly, since their occupation would expose them to the contempt of the Egyptians it would be best for them

to be settled by themselves in a region where they would come into contact with comparatively few of them.

(5,6) *Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee—to be near thee,—to dwell beside thee (therefore) the land of Egypt is before thee. In the best of the land (that best suited to their requirements) make thy father and thy brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell, and if thou knowest any men of activity (vigor, force), among them, make them rulers over my cattle.* The King's cattle were probably pastured mostly in Goshen, the placing of them under Hebrew shepherds would therefore be a relief to both Hebrews and Egyptians and prevent disturbances between the two nationalities.

(7) *And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh.* Jacob, as an aged man and a servant of God, proceeded at once to invoke the divine blessing upon the King. He thus virtually assumed a kind of superiority to the king, and Pharaoh evidently admitted the claim, for, as the Apostle says, *without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better.*

(8) *How old art thou?* The people of Egypt did not attain the great age they did in more mountainous and less malarious regions. Jacob, then, who was 130 years old, would seem surprisingly old to Pharaoh.

(9) *The days of the years of my pilgrimage.* Jacob's years, as he looked back upon them, and especially as he compared them with the years of the earlier patriarchs, would seem little more than days. His life had literally been a pilgrimage, a scene of weary wandering from place to place, and even then he was a pilgrim seeking a place to die in. *Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.* The life of Jacob had been singularly full of care, solicitude, and grief. *Have not attained unto the days of the years of my fathers, &c.* Abraham and Isaac were much older when they died than Jacob was when he uttered these words: Yet Jacob, though he lived twenty years longer, evidently supposed (ch. 46:30) that his life was drawing to a close.

(10) *And Jacob blessed (gave a parting benediction to) Pharaoh, and went out.* It is doubtful if he ever again saw the King; yet who shall say that his blessing was lost, or that this amiable and unselfish monarch may not have trusted in the God of Jacob and of Joseph to the saving of his soul?

(11) *And Joseph placed (settled) his father and his brethren . . . in the best of the land.* Certainly not the best for all purposes, but the best for their use, being a pastoral people. In the land of Rameses (the Son of the Sun)—another name for Goshen.

(12) *And Joseph nourished (fed, supplied) his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household with bread according to their families.* Thus were Joseph's long sorrow and trial rewarded, in the sweet consciousness that to those from whom he had suffered much wrong, he had rendered more benefit, and, better still, that from being bitter and relentless enemies they were at last restored to brotherhood and peace.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Joseph is a worthy example of filial reverence.

As soon as he heard that his father was in Egypt he hastened to meet him, embraced him, and wept upon his neck. He was not above showing a child's tenderness to his father.

Joseph brought his father to the palace, and presented him to Pharaoh himself. He was not ashamed to let even the King see that he felt himself honored in showing honor to his father.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(FOR THE CHILDREN.)

(1) What did Joseph go and tell Pharaoh? Where did he say they were? Where was that? It was the first country they would enter when coming into Egypt? Had Joseph, before this, been to meet his father and brothers?—(ch. 46:29). (2) Whom did he bring to speak to the king? (3) What did Pharaoh ask them? (4) What did they say? Had Joseph told them just how to answer the king? (ch. 46:33-34). Where did they ask Pharaoh to let them live? Why did they chose to live in Goshen? Because there was plenty of pasture in Goshen for their flocks; and because the people of Egypt did not like shepherds, so it would be best for them to live by themselves. (5,6) Where did Pharaoh tell Joseph to let his father and brothers live? What did he mean by *the best of the land*? (see note) What then did he give them? Whom was Joseph told to set over Pharaoh's

cattle? Some of his own people—his nephews, I suppose, who were strong and healthy, and able to bear fatigue. (7) What did Jacob do when he came before the king? What does that mean? He asked that God's blessing—God's peace—might be upon the king. (8) What did Pharaoh ask him? (9) How old did he say? Was that as old as his father Isaac, and his grandfather Abraham had been? How old was Abraham? (ch. 25:7). How old was Isaac?—ch. 35:28. (10) What did Jacob then do? (11) Where did Joseph place, or settle his father and brothers? What is Rameses another name for?—(v.6). (12) What did Joseph do for them? What do you mean by *nourished*? Fed them, that is, supplied them with food. How long? Till the end of the famine; after that all of them but Jacob could take care of themselves. Which of God's commandments did Joseph keep very perfectly? Repeat the fifth commandment. What are you told in Col. 3:20?

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.

A party of clergymen were discussing this subject when the case of Rev. Mr. B. was mentioned, a graduate of Andover, of high standing, and for a time very successful. He was made a raving maniac twenty years ago by the use of tobacco! remarked one of the party. Another gave his account of the man, whom he recalled vividly to mind "with his pale face, stamed lips, repulsive breath, and quivering hand." The abject slave of tobacco, he chewed negro-head tobacco, a match for any man who has not the iron nerves of an African goat or horse. He preached about three years with unexampled popularity and success. His health then failed, and no one knew the cause. A few months rolled away, and he utterly broke down, yet still *no one knew the cause.* In a few months more he became a maniac, relinquished his pulpit, and was as wild as the man found 'cutting himself with stones among the tombs,' and no one knew the cause. He was then taken to an asylum for the insane, and remained twenty years! He there breathed a foetid atmosphere, paced the floor of confined halls, stared upon the outside world through iron gates, cursed himself, cursed his wife and children, and in his wild ravings 'dealt damnation round the land.' Thus day and night champing tobacco as a fretted horse champs his bit. He once was pacing his room as he had aforetime, year by year, when a change came over him. He stopped abruptly, and in a sort of soliloquy exclaimed, 'Why am I here? What brought me here? What binds me here? His soul bursting with indignation, he cried aloud, 'Tobacco! Tobacco!' He walked backward and forward, then bursting into tears, he cast the last foul plug through the iron gates, and looking upward to God he said, 'O God, help! Help! I will use no more.'

Now we believe in no miraculous cure in this case. Mr. B.—dropped his tobacco, and the sad and dark eclipse fled from his beautiful mind, and it came out from the horrible storms and tempests of insanity, clear as the sun and fair as the moon. He soon regained his health and vigor, again preached the Gospel of the blessed God, in the Presbyterian connection, and after ten years of arduous service he died, revered and beloved, and passed, as we believe, into the better world. *Prof. Thayer's Facts About Tobacco.*

HE ALSO SERVES WHO WAITS.

I once knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass, indeed any thing that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color to the room. He was a quiet unsentimental Scotchman; but never went home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face

that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real and unobtrusive fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in the corner of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude sbrap book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat where he found them, so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the un-governed ones stopped swearing, as the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to dry, thus he could come later and go earlier. So when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day of time for the privilege of taken off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had even seen with his own eyes. *Methodist Protestant.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Rev. Mr. Christopher once called on an aged class-leader, and after having prayer with the family, said:

"Brother, how is it you have been a church member so long, and yet are not a converted man?"

"Are you my judge?"

"I know you by your fruits. You have no family worship."

"Do you know that I have no family worship?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Well; it is true but I would like to know who told you."

"No one told me, but I know that had you been in the habit of having family worship, that cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did, when we knelt to pray."

The jest was true in that case. The brother confessed that he had omitted family worship because he did not wish to hinder his workmen. He was touched with the reproof and immediately set up an altar, and years afterward testified that he had found it profitable, even financially, to acknowledge God in the house. Since he had made his religion real in his daily life his workmen had become more industrious and faithful.

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"My son," said his mother to a flax-haired boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper: "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

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TORONTO, NOV. 18th, 1880.

THE Church of the Christian Endeavor, in Brooklyn, N. Y., of which Dr. Ed. Eggleston was once pastor is coming into the direct fellowship with sister Congregational Churches. It has called the Rev. W. F. Crafts, until recently a prominent Methodist minister in the West.

WE have received an account of the resignation of the pastorate of the Western Church, Toronto, by the Rev. J. B. Silcox, and also a paper on "Our Work in Manitoba"—both too late for insertion this week—they shall appear in our next. As the two subjects are intimately connected it is fitting that they should be published together.

WE regret that several vexatious errors occurred in the INDEPENDENT last week. On the first page there were two contradictory paragraphs respecting Dr. Thomas of Chicago. Dr. Hannay's speech at Lowell, appeared in a part of the edition as being spoken at Toronto, while in the report of the Toronto meeting Rev. J. Unsworth's name was grievously mangled, with some minor typographical errors. It is useless explaining how these occurred, it is of far more moment to say that we will strive to avoid a repetition.

REV. DR. EVARTS at the last annual meeting of the American Tract Society, spoke with much earnestness of new impressions he had received of the worth of that Society, as supplementing the power of the churches, "I love," said he, "to consider the Church under the figure of that Oriental tree, the banyan, that sends on every side its branches down into the earth, to strike new roots and bear new branches and fruit, until it becomes a forest. I know of no society that so exemplifies this work and extension of the church, reaching as it does thousands of the destitute and lost. The Church in its local organizations does not reach them. The common church ministry cannot reach them. so this Society in every village and in every church should have those who act as colporteurs, doing the work of colporteurs, disseminating the publications of this society. The Church should be an evangelizing society, reaching the masses. The spirit of colportage would make every church a power in evangelization."

These are wise words which the Churches of our own land might ponder with advantage to themselves and the neglected masses around them.

ACCIDENTS, THEIR LESSONS.

Our lakes have lately been the scene of painful disasters, disasters not altogether uncommon, yet sufficiently rare to blanch the cheek when their tale is being read. Last Saturday's daily papers too recorded a disaster belonging to a class with which we happily have not become familiar—a colliery explosion. There was a time when these horrors would have been

viewed as judgments of God, by the religious world, and sinners exhorted, in view thereof, to mend their ways and live. Of course we have outgrown all this, at least we think we have, and only read therein of broken laws and dangers rashly braved. There was an ancient custom whereby disputes were settled, at least legally, by the ordeal of battle, where the victor was adjudged to be in the right and the overthrown in the wrong. Such judgments belong to a bygone age, an age of superstition and weakness. But have we ever stayed to ask what gave strength and vitality to those superstitions? There must be some element or appearance of truth in that which has a hold in any manner permanent upon human life. There was a truth in the wager of battle. Scott has presented it in his "Marmion," who in the death hour is compelled to say

"Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing hand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."

So, too, under that reading of the "judgment of God" in these sad disasters some vital principle may be found. We may discard the old notion that he upon whom apparently the heavy trials come is specially cursed of God, remembering "whom He loveth He chasteneth." Do we reverently listen to the Saviour's words, recounting the accident of Siloam tower, "think ye they were the greater sinners because they suffered such things? I tell you nay, but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Deeming it true that God traces with his finger lessons of import by these casualties as surely as upon the page of Holy Writ, we will endeavour to decipher some of these lines. The line of safety passed, either with the fire damp or the tempest, ruin is pitilessly sure. As Joseph Cook expresses it; God in the execution of His laws is terribly in earnest; be he tender child or wilful giant upon that transgressor, vengeance falls. It must be well that it is so, we have certainty therein, and where we have no fitful but stable laws, common prudence urges—act in conformity therewith, remembering that moral laws are as inflexible as physical. Commenting upon these late wrecks the press has called attention to the wisdom of heeding the weather indications as given in the daily bulletins from the Meteorological bureau. Why should mariners invite wreck by failing to heed storm signals? In connection with our light house system too a life service has been suggested. We might further suggest that in many instances, as in the Tay Bridge and coffin ships, mercenary motives invite death and ruin. Was the Juggernaut we have suppressed in India a whit more relentless in its onward crushing course than our commercial Juggernauts whose names and numbers are legion?

But whilst we are moved to pity and to tears even at these storm ruins, and feel a throb as we read of some chain or spar washed ashore marked "Zealand," what shall we say of those moral wrecks which meet us every day in our town and city streets? Is there not enough in intemperance to compel our earnestness? What as Christians are we doing to save our youth from those paths whose steps lay hold upon hell?

One reason given why storm signals are not more observed by the mariner is that they are not thoroughly reliable; how many moral wrecks have been braved from the unreliable "shining" of professed Christian men! No sudden flashing forth of a signal will do; when we feel like lifting the storm drum eyes may be turned elsewhere. We require to be ever at our post keeping watch. Our care must be constant, feet need not only to be turned unto but also kept in the way of safety, there is call for earnest, constant endeavour to keep from the storms which wreck and the shores which ruin, and to the Christian has been given the duty of caring for the souls of men. Those wrecks and explosions read solemn lessons, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish!" Likewise—not in the same circumstances, but as the law of gravitation did not dally with bad masonry when the tower of Siloam fell because some living souls were under its shadow, nor the fire damp lose its properties because the comfort of many homes and the integrity of many hearts depended upon the lives endangered, so likewise "the soul that sinneth it shall die" must stand irrevocable, let who may loiter around the open saloon or wend his way to that house which inclineth unto death.

Then, too, we have confidence to sow beside all waters and wait, knowing bread thus cast will be found even though it may be after many days. May we quote some pertinent, spirited words of Bonar to conclude? Of course they are addressed to Christian men, women and youth, but why should not all be Christians?

"Go labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights Time's thickest gloom.
Toil on and faint not, watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth unto the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in."

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

We resume our report of the proceedings of the English Union with Wednesday, October 13th.

On the evening of that day a service for the young was held in the Birmingham town hall, under the presidency of Sir Charles Reed. The chairman spoke on "Dissenting Principles," Rev. J. Hirst Hollewell, on "Practical Hints to the Young," and Rev. Dr. McAuslane on "Respect to Parents."

On Thursday morning a conference was held on the state of the country in regard to religion. A very interesting paper on "The Religious Statistics of London" was read by the Rev. A. Mearns, Secretary of the London Congregational Union. In the course of his paper, Mr. Mearns stated that there are now in London twenty-six more Congregational Churches than there were in 1866. He affirmed, however, that, in order to meet the present deficiency in church accommodation, the Congregationalists should provide, as their share, at least one hundred and sixty new places of worship, each capable of holding one thousand people. And to meet the increase in population, they should erect annually six new churches of the same size.

Papers were also read by Revs. E. Armitage and J. Browne on "The Religious Statistics of Lancashire," and "The Religious Condition of Suffolk." A very earnest discussion followed the reading of these papers, after which the Rev. J. C. Gallaway presented a statement respecting the Chapel Building Society and Manse Fund. There are two hundred and twenty manses in connection with the churches. Seventy cases had been up before the Society during the year, and aid to the amount of £950 had been promised to twenty-two. The Committee asked for a preliminary fund of £5,000. £1,500 had been secured; the churches were asked to raise the remaining £3,500. The question of college reform then came up. The Committee having the matter in charge reported through the Rev. J. A. Macfadyen. The report recommended that two general Boards of Education be formed, one in connection with the Northern College and the other in connection with the Southern, for the purpose of furthering the work of the Colleges and stimulating the interest of the Churches in ministerial education, and that these Boards should consist of ten members appointed by the committee of each College, and of ten members appointed by the Congregational Union, and that the Nottingham and Bristol Institutes send five members each. The Union adopted the recommendation. A resolution was then passed accepting an invitation from Manchester and Salford to hold the autumnal meetings of 1881 there. After the usual votes of thanks the Union then adjourned.

On the evening of that day a meeting on Home Mission Work was held in the Town Hall, at which addresses were made by the Rev. C. B. Symes and the Rev. J. G. Rogers. On Friday morning there was a conference in Carr's Lane Chapel on "The Sceptical Tendencies of the Age," at which the Revs. J. Radford Thomson, T. T. Waterman, Edward White, and Dr. John Kennedy spoke. Addresses to young men were also delivered in the evening by the Rev. T. Willis, Dr. Pulsford, of Glasgow, and Dr. Fairbairn, of Airedale College.

This is a brief report of the various sessions and meetings. According to all accounts this autumnal gathering was a successful one, and we hope that the discussions will result in much good to the churches represented. There is a very earnest desire on the part of many of our English brethren to make the jubilee year of their Union, 1881, a memorable one by inaugurating some movement that will help the cause of Congregationalism. We pray that the desire may give birth to some schemes that will be eminently useful.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR INDIAN.

It has often been said, by those from whom we expected better, that "Roman Catholicism has done more than any other missionary agency towards the civilization of the Indian aborigines." To this statement we answer yes and no.

If we are to take those eminent worthies whose hearts were consecrated to the work of spreading the doctrines of the cross, among the Red men of the American forests, and too often laid down their lives in the defence of the truth—if

we take these as the basis of the foregoing remark, we are justified in answering yes.

On the other hand, I am ready to enquire, what is the pivot on which all true civilization revolves? What is the great centre from which it emanates. If we are able to answer either of these questions satisfactorily, (for they mean precisely the same thing) then we have gained a point in the argument.

We hesitate, not for a moment, to affirm that, "The knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified" is the true foundation stone upon which the whole of this stupendous superstructure rests.

No one enjoying the blessings of civilization, who has ever honestly and intelligently enquired into the origin of such blessings will ever dare to question our assertion.

Now "The knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified" does not consist in a church formula or a code of dogmas, and can only be gained by a free and open perusal, and study of the Word of God, and this the Church of Rome refuses to give.

We need hardly refer to the history of nations to confirm our statement, yet this we might do without fear of failure; and here we see that that country or nation that has free access to the Word of God, whose thought and intelligence is moulded and governed by its precepts, and whose laws are all founded upon its teachings, is, and ever will be, the nation or kingdom that reaches and retains the highest standard of civilization. It is true that ancient Egypt, Greece and Imperial Rome attained to positions of greatness, but because their laws were not founded upon the teachings of God's Holy word, the constitution of each was rotten at the core, and consequently each in turn crumbled into decay, while those whose laws are thus founded are the instruments in God's hands of carrying civilization to earth's remotest bounds.

Hence, the answer we give to our starting assertion is most emphatically, no.

To the foregoing statement has been added (as a vindication and consequently a clinching argument). "The Church of Rome provides its members with a ritual of worship some things he can see, or in other words, through the sign they are taught to see the thing signified.

But this also (so far as the Indian is concerned at least) is also a fallacy, from the fact that the Pagan Indian is a spirit worshipper, pure and simple. They have the Great Mun-e-doo-or Manitou, the great Giver of all good. From Him they believe their own spirit came at first, and to Him it returns when they die. They believe also that the spirits of their dead relatives return at stated times to this world, or that they hover around the spot where their mortal remains are buried; hence they not unfrequently assemble in families around the graves of their friends that they may eat any good thing the Great Spirit has sent them, and while they eat they believe that the spirits are present to eat with them.

Their mode of worship is very simple and to the more enlightened may seem absurd. The worship consists of thanksgiving for past favors received, and supplications for the supply of present and future wants, (only for the body). But as their light is only darkness, they know nothing of spiritual blessings. But the sole object of their worship is the Great Manitou. During the repetition of their prayers they keep beating two sticks or else rattling a small box containing a few pebbles, to keep off the Evil One.

There is one feature in their respect for worshippers in which they might make the white man blush, viz., their intense respect for other people's mode of worship.

If a Pagan Indian comes near to a

company of white people at worship he will stand and look on with the utmost respect and seriousness, even though every part of the service be utterly unintelligible to him, and nothing can possibly, induce him to talk or even to smile. So much cannot always be said in behalf of the civilized white man.

From all that we can learn of the worshipping or religious element of the Indian we see that he needs no sign to direct his worship. But often, often, does our heart yearn (like Paul at Athens) to say unto them, "The God whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

But we go a step further, and experience has shown us that in the majority of instances the Catholic religion, so far from promoting civilization among the Indians, is, on the contrary, a retarding influence.

We have yet to be shown where the tribe or band of Catholic Indians are, that are in a healthy social position. There may be, and doubtless are, some solitary instances when one or another Indian rises to a position superior to his surroundings; but such are the exception, not the rule.

The priest of Rome, who is master of the Indian language, tells the poor Pagan that if he is only baptized into the church he has nothing more to fear, or in other words, that he is all right for time and for eternity; and sad, sad are the prevailing consequences of such a system of teaching.

On the other hand where the poor Indian has received "the truth as it is in Jesus," and yielded himself to the converting and sanctifying influence of the Mun-e-doo (Holy spirit) he is even as tractable as a little child. It is true their powers of mind are not very extensive, yet the greediness with which they receive any piece of information upon any subject is truly touching, to any right thinking person; and this very credulous disposition in their nature too often make them the dupes of crafty and designing men. We think this fact of itself enough to stir up the sympathies of all true Christian people every where. We hope that all the readers of "THE INDEPENDENT" will arouse themselves to do their utmost both by their prayers and means, to furnish men whose hearts are burning with holy zeal to tell the poor red man of Jesus and His love.

In these days and in the District of Algoma, the worldly prosperity of most of the poor Indians is held in the hands of the priests; and as the bread-and-cheese argument is always a powerful one, it is little wonder that so many are bound down to poverty and ignorance, vice and superstition.

But wherever the Indian is free to think for himself he is willingly led by those who show him kindness, and I know of none so likely to show him kindness as the man whose heart and soul have been baptized with the Holy Spirit; and who has drunk in the spirit of Him who gave Himself a ransom for all mankind. Well may we adopt His own words and say "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.

JOHN NICOL.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY.

"Your paper in its new form must give increased satisfaction, and should procure a large addition to the subscription list. Enclosed find two dollars for names on other side."

"I trust that your departure may prove successful, and that the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT may weather the storm."

"Your most improved paper."

CENTRAL DISTRICT MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

The following appointments were made at a meeting of the said Committee, held at the house of Rev. H. D. Powis, Nov. 8th, 1880:

STOUFFVILLE, MANILLA, and UNIONVILLE on the 13th, 14th and 15th Dec., respectively. Delegates: Revs. E. D. Silcox, J. Burton, E. Ebbs and D. Mc Kinnon.

WHITBY AND BOWMANVILLE, December 13 and 14. Revs. Wrench, H. D. Hunter, W. H. Warriner and W. H. Hen. De Bourck.

PINE GROVE, HUMBER SUMMIT AND BOLTON VILLAGE, January 12th, 1881. Supplied by Ministerial Association.

GEORGETOWN, CHURCHILL, SOUTH CALEDON, ALFON AND NORTH ERIN, December 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17. Revs. J. Unsworth, R. Hay, F. Wrigley and Wrench.

NIWAMARKET, December 16. Revs. H. D. Powis, H. D. Hunter and W. H. Warriner.

OWEN SOUND AND WIARFON, December 14. Rev. E. D. Silcox.

ORO, RUGBY AND VESPRE. To be arranged by the pastor, Rev. J. I. Hindley.

TORONTO AND YORKVILLE. To be arranged by the pastors.

The Brethren will kindly remember the above appointments, make arrangements accordingly, and each one endeavor to be at his post.

W. HENRY WARRINER, Sec. Sub-Committee.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue, reaching us later than the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

A PRAYER-MEETING IN YORKVILLE.

Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR, -I have such good news to tell you that I hardly feel like squeezing it into a short paragraph, but must beg room for a letter.

You know sir, that the Church in Yorkville has, from its very proximity to Toronto, to fight against peculiar difficulties. Most of the wealthiest families in the village have church connections in the city, and the working classes are constantly coming and going while the Church itself has lost most heavily through removals to other places. Nevertheless we have struggled on and gained some ground. We have, within the last six months, erected a new and (in our eyes) beautiful School-room, and last Wednesday night, at the prayer-meeting, our good friend, Mr. Hague, of Montreal, surprised and gladdened our hearts in a most royal way.

The Church originated in great part through Mr. Hague's munificence and zeal, it has from time to time received generous gifts from him, but now he has crowned all his other kindnesses by handing to the Trustees a Discharge of the Mortgage on the Church property, and so in one act wiping off an indebtedness of Two thousand six hundred dollars.

It was an absolute surprise to us all, and the manner of giving has made the gift more precious, for in his address Mr. Hague spoke of it as "paying a debt"—and "not much after all," he was "the happiest man in the room," he said, and glad we saw in it a token of God's goodness. He wished us to look upon it as such, for it would make him happier and do us more good. Our hearts are filled with gratitude, more than we can express; we see in it a token of God's favor, and would consecrate ourselves afresh to Him who careth for his own.

W. HENRY WARRINER.

Yorkville, Nov. 13, 1880.

Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR.—Please publish the following reply to R. W. Wallace and oblige. To the Rev. R. H. Wallace.

Dear Sir, the Forest Church will sustain the right of judgment in this case to our gentlemen, be they ever so excellent.

We do not wish to set a precedent deviating from the simplicity of Congregationalism, by which each church is held to be the proper and final judge of its own matters.

Besides, sir, whatever your motives were, we consider that you violated the rules of common civility and Christian charity in your mode of procedure against the Rev. Mr. Frazer, and the Forest Church. We here give you our reasons for so thinking, which we calmly submit to your candid consideration:

First, then, notice Mr. Frazer was the chosen pastor of a sister church, during the space of nine months you heard nothing but good reports of him from his field of labor.

These very facts we say entitled him to be treated by you, at least, with common civility.

Supposing that in the meantime you discovered something in his past history which you considered discreditable to his position and injurious to the fair fame of Congregationalism, if you wished to act the part of a gentleman, before you ever hinted the matter to his own congregation, you would make it a point to see Mr. Frazer personally, truthfully tell him all you heard concerning him, hear his explanations, and see his documents, and, if satisfied, go and say no more about it. But if not, if you sincerely believed him to be a bad man, then you would be justified in bringing the matter before his church, give them an opportunity to hear the evidence of your charges, also his explanations in his own defence. If they agreed with you, all right, if not, it would be then time enough for you to let the public know, and the churches generally know, your reasons for differing from them.

Instead, however, of acting thus, without asking any explanation of Mr. Frazer, without giving him a moments warning, as the self-constituted judge and infallible discerner of motives, in the name of Congregational purity, you ruthlessly smote, and attempted to destroy, the character and usefulness of a brother minister, when zealously engaged in the noblest work in which man can be employed, in the very midst of his congregation to whom he had endeared himself by his amiable Christian deportment. The Church of Forest will certainly not encourage such vandalism as this amidst rev. gentlemen, and until you retrace your steps, and make some acknowledgment, we certainly will not be guided by your counsel.

In conclusion, we submit the following questions for your consideration and our information, if you or any other gentleman should think fit to reply: Has a brother layman the right to make charges against a pastor to the deacons and members of his charge, stating that he can prove them true, and, when called upon to give evidence, refuse to do so, and turn round and insult the intelligence and moral sensibilities of that church, by telling them that he has no confidence in their judgment, or in their capacity to judge right from wrong? Would such conduct as this be tolerated in a layman? Have even rev. gentlemen any right whatever to act thus, without violating the fundamental principles of English Congregationalism? Or is the right to act thus, the self-assumed special privilege of R. W. Wallace alone, who, in the splendor of his fame and glory, we fear has somewhat lost his balance, and imagines himself to be above all law civil or ecclesiastical.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, In behalf of the Forest Church. Forest, Nov. 12, 1880.

News of the Churches.

CONCORD.—The Rev. Hugh Pedley, pastor of the Congregational Church, gave an invitation on Sunday, Oct. 31st, to the members of the Young Ladies' and the Young Men's Bible Classes, to spend the following Tuesday evening at his house. They responded heartily, the guests numbering over forty. These, including Mr. Jardine, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, Mr. Lawes, teacher of the young men's class, and four of the lady teachers, who kindly united their efforts to those of others to make a pleasant time, and succeeded so well that mid-night was approaching more quickly than any were aware of. The games, the singing, etc., were all highly enjoyed. Before separating the host, in a few words, expressed his pleasure at being surrounded by such a bright, happy company, the sight of which was encouraging both to him and to the respective teachers of the two classes. He trusted that in the future they might all become members of the church and followers of Christ.

Nov. 12, 1880.

TORONTO.—NORTHERN.—The school of this church had a very pleasant gathering on the evening of the 3rd November. After tea, to which about 270 scholars sat down, a centenary festival was held. The Superintendent, Mr. H. J. Clark, presided, and after the opening services, conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Burton, gave a short address on the occasion, dwelling especially on the work, Sunday Schools had done in the past and what they might become. A responsive Scripture exercise, dwelling specially on the mercies of the past and the promised blessings of the future, was then joined in by all present, about four hundred, a number of their parents and friends having entered after tea. The Rev. Mr. Brealy, from England, then addressed the meeting, after which every scholar and teacher was presented with a centenary medal, to be kept as a memorial of the occasion. The Superintendent expressed a hope that some of the younger scholars might be spared to see the third jubilee of Sunday Schools fifty years hence, and be able then to produce those medals to the scholars of that day. The hymns sung at the great gathering of scholars at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, were given during evening and were admirably rendered. The evening was very pleasant and long to be remembered.

COWANSVILLE.—Rev. George Willett has accepted the call to the pastorate of Cowansville and Brigham Churches, and preaches his inaugural sermon on Sunday, the 28th inst., (D.V.) Mr. Willett's preaching the last few Sabbaths has met with unusual acceptance, and a very marked interest is manifested.

Cowansville, 15th Nov. W. H. M.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A CHINESE INDICTMENT AGAINST DRINKING.

An old Chinese legend tells how in the days of the great Yu, some two thousand two hundred years before Christ, a I Ti made wine and gave some to Yu, who, when he had tasted it, pronounced its flavor to be good, but poured it upon the ground, and ordered I Ti to be banished, forbidding its further manufacture, lest in after ages the kingdom should be lost through wine.

"Then," says the legend, "the heavens rained gold for three days," no doubt in approval of the wise conduct of the old Chinese prohibitionist, Yu. We are reminded of this ancient story on reading some extracts from a Chinese religious book called "Oneness in Virtue." This work is said to be of great age, but the blocks were destroyed during the late rebellion, and the present edition was

printed only thirteen years ago from new blocks. The author is a Mr. Sun Chicehai. We think our readers will be interested in the opinions of this old native writer on wine-drinking. We are indebted for the translation to Rev. Frederick Galpin, of Ningpo.

"Wine confounds the character. Scarcely any man who drinks immoderately can possess self-control. Those whose dispositions naturally are stern, over-bearing or tyrannical are helped to develop such evils by wine, and so with rapidity are thus made angry and mad. How great is the injury caused! For this reason several exhortations have been written. Wine may be used for religious obligations, but not violate propriety by becoming drunk with it. A little may nourish, but a large quantity destroys. Man when drunk will do that which, when sober, he would not dare to do; he will do anything.

"Through wine the scholar loses his good name, the magistrate his office, the merchant his trade, and the artisan his work. Persons, property, friends, family, and life, are all injured. What difference is between it and a venomous serpent?"

"Hence the first of the Buddhist prohibitions is, 'Abstain from wine.' Wine is a cruel axe that cuts down the character. Is it good or evil to give to or press upon a man, as a kindness, that which may injure him?"

"Some may escape the evil, but nine out of every ten are destroyed. Wine may be of excellent flavor, but it is a madman's medicine. Wine is a source of disorder, it bequeathes hosts of hideous things, it spoils longevity, and hands down vicious habits."

We now give the author's thirty-two evils of wine-drinking:

1. It robs the heart of its purity.
2. It exhausts money and property.
3. Door of much sickness and disease.
4. Root of brawls and quarrels.
5. It makes men naked and barefooted as oxen or horses, but (unlike cattle).
6. Reeling and dancing, idling and cursing. They are detested by all men.
7. Through it men never obtain what they should.
8. What they obtain they lose.
9. It causes men to waste deeds and exhaust speech, when they awake it is only to repent.
10. It causes the loss of much, and an awakening only to shame and confusion.
11. It destroys physical force.
12. It spoils countenance and complexion.
13. Heart and mind are led astray.
14. Wisdom and knowledge are beclouded.
15. It destroys the capacity to honor parents.
16. Through it men cannot reverence the Gods;
17. Nor obey the words of good men;
18. Nor laws of empire.
19. It makes friendships with cruel and wicked men.
20. It causes a separation from the virtuous and good.
21. It makes men shameless.
22. It easily incites to ferocious anger.
23. It destroys the power to control the passions.
24. It gives men over to evil without limit.
25. It causes them to resist the devout.
26. Produces a heart without fear.
27. Turns day into night.
28. Makes infamous in crime and teaches iniquity.
29. Rejects virtuous laws.
30. Drives men from the true and happy end of life, Nirvana.
31. Sows the seeds of insanity and madness.
32. Corrupts the body, destroys the life, and causes men to fall into the wicked way.

One name for wine is "fountain of misery."

It is said that the Emperor Yuan Tsung, A. D. 713, refused to drink wine

because of its evil influence, and it is remarked, "If the Son of Heaven was willing to abstain, what must be the disposition of any man who will not follow such an example?"—*Shanghai Temperance Union.*

INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Drunkenness is not exclusively a vice of the so-called "lower classes;" this is a fact to be often over-looked in the current discussion of intemperance and its remedies. We believe as fully as does Dr. Bartol or Dr. Clark, in the principle of substitution, "the New Testament radicalism of overcoming evil with good." We have in these columns made frequent and earnest appeals for such an enlargement of the methods of temperance reforms as should treat the causes as well as the effects of the drinking habit, and seek to diminish the sale by stopping the demand for it. We have no patience with the assumption that society has fulfilled its duty, or that reform has done its work, when the sale or even the manufacture of liquor is legally prohibited. Neither appetite nor native depravity will explain the intemperance of the working and "lower classes." Go to their wretched habitations—learn the poverty of their lives, even greater than the poverty of their purses; see how they work, and eat, and sleep—and you will begin to understand that the delusive glitter of the drinking saloon is an effect rather than the cause of their misery. They should be helped out of this condition, and fortified against such temptations by every appliance that Christianity can suggest or philanthropy devise. Fight the rum-shop with the coffee-house, the tavern with the reading and recreation rooms, homelessness with evening homes, ignorance with education, darkness with light. But this is not enough. Is drunkenness any less terrible when the drunkard falls under a mahogany table than when he tumbles into the gutter?—when he is sent home in a hack instead of being hustled to a station house? Is it more dreadful for a drunken man of the lower class to break his wife's head than for a drunken man of the upper class to break his wife's heart? Is a skeleton in the closet less ghastly than a skeleton in the pitiless glare of the living room light? If you do not from your own observation know the wide-spread and baneful effect of intemperance among the well-to-do and wealthy classes, your experience of life must be very limited. Ask the physicians, ask the ministers of the city, and they will tell you whether the excessive use of strong drink is chiefly the vice of the working people. There is scarcely a family undefiled, in some of its connections, by the demon-touch of intemperance. The saloon is a pitfall; but so is the club. The bar-room is the devil's camp, the sideboard is his ambush. Whiskey is debasing; but French brandy is warmed with the same fire of hell. A "drunk" is not made innocuous because it costs three dollars instead of ten cents. Calling alcohol by fine names, and drinking it with that kind of moderation that stops just short of total intoxication, doesn't change its nature or avert its effect. With all our boasted advance in culture and civilization, drunkenness still remains the monster vice of society. And the unwise methods of any of the advocates of temperance, be they demagogical apostles or sincere fanatics, does not absolve any Christian teacher from the duty of placing the emphasis of his utterance upon the policy of abstinence.

Exchange.

THE USE OF LEMONS.

The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the South of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over 60 feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medi-

cine, though we rarely employ any but its fruit, that is, the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut in slices and let it soak in cold water; or to cut it in slices, and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed, may also be mixed with water and sugar, and may be used as a drink. Lemon juice is the best scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for that purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, and soft by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it, externally and internally, the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids.

REMEMBER what Carey was, remember that he was a shoemaker; remember that he taught himself Latin, Greek and Hebrew when he was making shoes; remember his heart was in the work of the Lord, and he got very little encouragement; for when he was at the Conference of Missionaries, Dr. Ryland in the chair, he suggested it was the duty of Christians to obey the Lord's command to send the gospel to every creature; and Dr. Ryland said, "Sit down, young man; when God is pleased to convert the heathen, he will do it without you or me." Remember that he went to India and acquired the language in such a way that he was made examiner of civil servants, with a salary of \$9,000 a year; he gave every dollar of that to the Baptist Missionary Society, and lived on the pittance they allowed him.

AMID every seduction attendant upon great wealth and high position, the Earl of Shaftsbury has ever remained an earnest, active Christian. The secret of it is found in the fact that until he was seven years old he had a very pious nurse, who trained him for God from his infancy; and the impression was indelible. "Give me the child until eight years old," says the Church of Rome, "and I care not who takes it afterward; it is mine." Remember this, dear mothers, and be not discouraged, even when wearied and well nigh overwhelmed with care. Yours is the glorious opportunity of putting an indelible stamp upon your loved ones. Soon they go from you to take their part in life's battles. Each year the combat thickens. Noble men and women are needed to fill the ranks, trained to integrity, truth and unselfishness from the cradle.—*Congregationalist.*

Suggestive remark by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The simple truth is that religious organizations of all kinds have never been so prosperous as they have been since the progress of certain scientific speculations which were thought to be dangerous or fatal to belief. The religious organization were never better able to afford to practice absolute and unlimited tolerance."

Boys and Girls.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son; I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet here again until the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And taking the boy's hand they took the oath of repentance on it.—*Selected.*

THE FATAL DOOR.

The Chevalier, Gerard De Kampis, was a very rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house warming, and, accordingly, all his great neighbors were invited to a great feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the Chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host.

"Sir Knight, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing; but this is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied his guest.

At this strange rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clue to this enigma, he continued—

"But which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

The words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all earthly things; and from henceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered, and made good use of his riches.

MINDING THE STOPS.

A country schoolmaster, who found it difficult to make his pupils observe the difference, in reading, between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan which he flattered himself would make them proficient in the art of punctuation. It

was this: In reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say tick; when they came to a semicolon, they were to say tick, tick; to a colon, tick, tick, tick; and to a full point, tick, tick, tick, tick. Now, it so happened that the worthy master received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school. As he was, of course, desirous that his pupils should show off to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow you may leave out the ticks, though you must think them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So far, so good. The next day the minister was ushered into the school-room by the master, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the pupils would meet his approval. Now, it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and in the hurry the master had forgotten to give him his instructions how to read. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied, and in his best accent began—"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying tick, speak unto the children of Israel, saying tick, tick, tick; and thus shalt thou say unto them, tick, tick, tick." This unfortunate exhibition acted like a shower-bath on the poor master, while the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.—*Youth's Companion.*

DIED THAT HE MIGHT LIVE.

In a dreadfully cold winter, many years ago, an army was flying from Moscow, a city in Russia. With this army there was a German Prince and some German soldiers. One by one the marching soldiers fell down by the way, and perished of cold and hunger. At length, at the end of one day, when only a mere handful of them were alive, the prince and a few common soldiers, and these were nearly all spent, came up to the remains of a hovel, once built to shelter cattle, now ruined by storms which had blown it all to pieces. But in the wild, snow-covered waste they did not despise it; even a prince was glad of a little shelter from the sleet and wind of the coming night which this tumble-down shed could afford. And there, hungry, cold and weary, he and his men lay down to sleep. The men were rough, stern-looking fellows, yet the sight of one so delicately brought up, used to comforts they never had known, spent heart and body, come to such want, glad to sleep in such a wretched place, touched them. The sight of him asleep, no bed, no covering, probably sleeping his last sleep, was more than they could stand. They took their own cloaks off, and laid them all on him, gently one by one, lest they should awake him. He should be warm with these. Then they threw themselves down to sleep.

The night passed. The prince awoke. "Where am I?" was his first thought. "Am I home in bed? I am so warm!" and he turned over, and raised himself up to look about. He was not at home. All around was snow, and all was silent save the wind, which whistled through the planks of the broken shed. Where were his men? He stood up and looked, when lo! there they lay, huddled together to keep warm, yet not awake. He spoke, but they answered not. He advanced to touch them—they were dead! Without their cloaks too! Where were their cloaks? Another glance toward where he had lain, and all was plain. The prince burst into tears. His men were dead to save him alive. Now, was not the deed, these rough soldiers' deed, a noble deed? Their hearts were gracious hearts: they graciously took upon themselves the peath another should have died.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHOKED LIFE.

"That which fell among thorns are they which, when they have heard, go forth and are choked with cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life."

Notice here, not merely that Christ tells how the soul, like the body, may be choked or suffocated to death, but most of all that those things which are aptest to accomplish this dreary and ruinous result are things in themselves absolutely and unequivocally innocent. Cares, riches, pleasures—there can be no such thing as life without having something to do with each one of them. Every faculty within us pleads trumpet-tongued to ply itself, somehow in connection with either the toil, the treasure, or the enjoyment of life. Nay, more, no healthy career can be lived quite through without needing for its right ripening that at some point or other it bend under cares, or be tested by the stewardship (larger or smaller) of treasure, or quickened by its impulse and refreshed by its experience of enjoyment. To live truly, at all, is to have every one of these things educating us somehow by our daily and familiar contact with them into a larger life and loftier; and to renounce them utterly and run away from them into the pseudo-privacy of any hermit's cave or convent cell, is at once an act of cowardice and a crime!

But because all this is true, is there not, nevertheless, very real danger lest these innocent things, innocent enough in themselves considered, even as a weed is innocent, should domineer so aggressively in a man's heart, as ultimately to smother or stifle its *inmost life* to death?

Take, for instance, what we ordinarily call the cares of life. It would be, verily, a deplorable thing if any one among us were left free to live without cares. And, practically, care of various forms, so absolutely environs every ordinary life that to be free from it is simply impossible. But it, by no means, follows that he who gives the most time and thought and toil to the matter of grappling with these cares is living the highest style of life. On the contrary, it is entirely possible for a man to give himself so absolutely to his daily calling, that every added thoroughness in it is only an added evil, bought at a price so exorbitant that it had better never been bought at all.

I know very well that such a doctrine as this is in direct contravention of all the noisier teachings of our age. I know that its utilitarian spirit clamors that the highest work of a man in this life is to do his work, diligently, thoroughly and well. But I take issue with any such teaching, absolutely. I affirm that the highest aim of man is not to do any work whatsoever, save as it upbuilds and enlarges and ennobles himself! It is not to be wondered at, that when one sets himself to any task in life he should long to perform it completely and symmetrically. That longing is an echo of the divine impulse toward perfectness in every man, which is the signature of the Being who made him. But to be so absorbed in the daily round of business or house-keeping, of traffic or care-taking, that the mind has no strength nor desire to rise above it, this is not manly service, but ignoble slavery.

And yet how many men are galled by its chain! As the world stands apart and watches them, it cries in noisiest enthusiasm, "What splendid devotion to one's business. See how the plans that the man has hatched in his restless brain fly out of them, thought out and articulated in every least detail! See how this schemer knows how to use men and make them supplement himself! What masterly foresight in his calculations; what more than magical swiftness in their realization! Look, ye beginners in life, at the truly successful man and take pattern from his energy and his achievement," Aye, success and achievement, but in what? Come closer to this tireless toiler, this penetrating thinker, and

see how it fares with himself. Verily, the man's work is the very perfection of achievement; but how is it, meanwhile, with the worker? Will he never learn that a man is greater, in God's account, than his work, and that in the final analysis of human achievement the supreme and crucial question will be not "What have you wrought in life?" but "What has life wrought in you?" What matters it if you have originated the cleverest schemes, and conducted the most brilliant perfection? What matters it if a man has planned and engineered and carried to completion some gigantic highway of commerce that binds two hemispheres in one, if, when it is done, we find him chained to one end of his work and revolving there in ceaseless devotion to its drudgery, like any beast of burden in a treadmill?

It is, verily, a brave thing to bend steadfastly and courageously to one's task, but to stoop down till one can no longer stand erect, to let your work drive you as if you were the veriest galley slave; to be so full of the fret and worry and burden of a thousand pestiferous cares that they sting and torture you like gnats; and call this anything less than a despicable and degrading bondage, is a libel on our Maker and ourself! If He has called me to hew wood or to draw water, or to scale the scales that tremble on the humblest counter, or to hold the other scales in which are weighed the conflicting interests of men—whether He has bidden me to be a judge on the bench, in other words, or a clerk in a shop or a journeyman on the wall, I will do what my hands or brain find to do, and as the Apostle bids me, "do it heartily." But to be so eager in one's work as to have no eagerness that rises above it, this no matter what the world may say, or what the work may be, is not success, but failure.

There are men whose career is like a miner's digging and delving in a shaft. Time was when the man felt the sun, and heard the birds, and looked up and saw the stars. But every blow of his pick, and every spadeful of earth that he throws behind him only carries him farther and deeper down, away from light and warmth and life. Time was with many a man when he heard a voice which rang in his ears with the sound of a trumpet, saying, "Son, give *thy* heart!" He hears it still, sometimes. But it is as when one standing at the mouth of a mine calls down into its cavernous depths. Such an one may suddenly have awakened to the peril of the solitary and self-absorbed toiler below. There is water rising in a neighboring shaft. The man alone there may be cut off, and perish without warning. And the thought of all this thrills in his friend's voice as he cries with all his might down the long black-throated abyss which yawns wide open before him. But, when the sound reaches the toiler below, it is only a faint murmur, an indistinguishable sound, and if he hears it at all, he hears it only to disregard it. Just so, to-day, and right here among us are men and women whose whole life has been a process of *digging down*, and now they are so far buried and walled over with their cares that they are in danger of being smothered or stifled to death.—*Henry C. Potter, D. D.*

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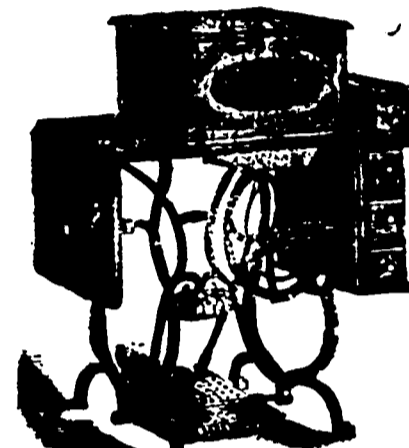
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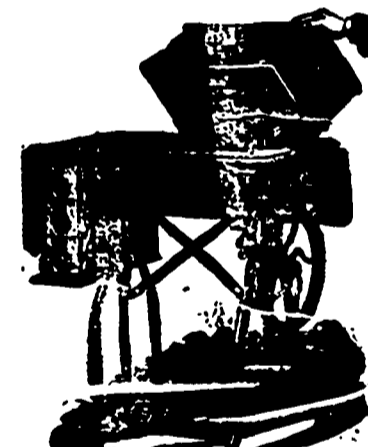
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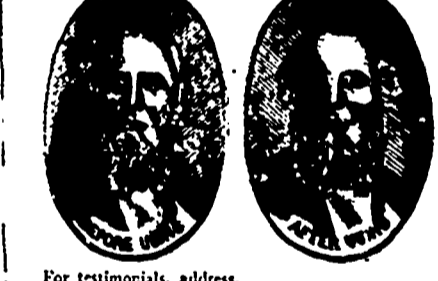
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