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# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1887.

[No. 14.

## Editorial Jottings.

THE only word we have had thus far from the Union of the Maritime Provinces is the following resolution, which we cheerfully publish:

This Union most heartily recommends to the churches THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, and hopes that no efforts will be spared to introduce it into every family in connection with our congregations. We intend no reflection upon past management of the magazine, but we do most earnestly desire to have the only denominational organ which our churches have in Canada made a medium of instruction and information to our people on the essentials of our faith, polity, history and present operations in the world. We especially wish the magazine to be an exponent and advocate of Congregationalism, as distinguished from Independency, which latter term has been misunderstood and abused.

IT will be remembered that in our report of the Union proceedings in Toronto a doubt was expressed as to the soundness of THE INDEPENDENT on church polity, an expression which found no audible response save from the respected pastor of the First Church, Kingston, who gave a heartily sympathetic "hear, hear!" We are heartily glad that a craving has arisen for instruction in Congregational principles, and we are vain enough to believe that THE INDEPENDENT, even under its present management, has contributed largely to this healthy state of things. A little attention to its files will prove this with reasonable clearness. Moreover, we promise, when these "dog days" are over, to say something more on polity and creed. Meanwhile a few words on our "present operations in the world." It is a healthy desire that seeks information regarding the work of our brethren in other lands. But where have some of our readers' eyes been wandering? Have not Mr. Hall's letters from England been full of informa-

tion regarding churches and friends in the Old Land? Is not the students' department full of church news? Read Mr. Pedley's letter from Winnipeg; and can any news come closer to our hearts than Mr. Currie's letters from his field?

AND still further. Why do not some of our pastors, not one of whom is more busy than the editor, give us some articles, models of brevity, interest and power? An historical article appeared some time ago. One of our pastors spoke of an omission therein. We asked for a line correcting the same. "Oh, no! too busy," was the reply. No one should have time to grumble who has not time to mend.

A WORD as to heavy theology. A respected brother has referred to this criticism as it appeared in our Union report. We premise, however, that our kind critic in this particular would be the last man to advocate shallowness. Yet for very many under the Gospel sound the words of our correspondent (private) are too true:

"Platitudes" for the spiritually indolent, "attitudes" for the formal and ritualistic, and "latitudes" for the loose and bold will always be popular; but altitudes will always be repulsive, and depths will be disagreeable.

Men are too busy to think; the inn of life is too full of business and pleasure for the Saviour to find room except in a stall.

As we go to press we have received a very full account of the Union meetings at St. John, N.B., which is in the printers' hands for an early issue. We have indulged in a seven-days' holiday since the last issue, which must be our excuse for scanty editorial jottings. We promise more next time.

### HOMELY HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

There are two factors in the hot weather problem—the heat and the man who stands it. There is not much use in talking about the heat. If complaining, or making observations about the heat could lower the temperature, it would be down to freezing point in a very short time. Every man you meet grunts and says "it is a hot day." Every woman you meet sighs and observes that the weather is "dreadful," or something of that kind. Neither the grunting of the men nor the sighing of the women seems to lower the temperature to any great extent. Old Sol sends down his piercing rays just the same whether you like it or not.

Seeing, then, that the weather cannot be changed, it may be well to ask, Can anything be done for the man who has to stand it? A good deal depends on what kind of a man he is. If he is a chronic grumbler, determined to grumble at everything on the earth beneath—not to mention the other localities—nothing can be done for him. No human power can do anything for a chronic grumbler. A well-known minister once recommended his Presbytery to put a neighbour into a barrel of alkali to take the acid out of him. If the acid is all there is of a man, there would be no use in putting him into alkali. If the grumble is all there is of a man nothing can be done for him without doing away with him altogether. It is just as well that a chronic grumbler should expend his bad nature on the weather as on anything else. If he were not finding fault with the Almighty, he would be nagging at some of his neighbours. Let him grumble, and perhaps the hot weather may sweat some of the bad nature out of him.

A good hint for hot weather is to *avoid worry*. Heat is trying enough in itself; worry is wearing enough in itself. Either is enough alone. Both at a time are too much. So if we cannot avoid the heat let us avoid, if possible, the worry. We say if possible, because it is not always possible. Sometimes a man's worry is cut out for him and thrust upon him in the hottest weather. In such cases he must just go to the Lord for help, and get through as best he can. A good deal of the ordinary worry of life is avoidable for a season. If a Presbytery is wretchedly tedious and unbusiness-like in its methods and much valuable time is wasted by cranks and conceited bores in useless, endless talk, just stay away until the weather cools and avoid the affliction. We use this merely as an illustration of how worry may be avoided. Of course no Presbytery is afflictive in that way.

*Avoid worry.* How? By getting up early and breaking the back of your day's work early in the forenoon. Men who rise early and put in some good work early in the day are rarely in a hurry.

Hurry at any time is not evidence of work. It is far more frequently evidence of bad management. The men who do the most work in every line seldom seem to be in a hurry. Hurry is often evidence of weakness. It is bad enough at any time, but it is absolutely destructive when the thermometer is over ninety. A man may run a mile to the station in January with his valise in one hand and his wife's band-box in the other, his better half following at her best pace, and the run, however it affects their temper for the time being, may have a good effect upon their health. But a run at this season is a very different thing. Hurry of any kind is not good in very hot weather; therefore, avoid hurry by doing things in time.

*Avoid disagreeable people.* This is a good rule for all kinds of weather, but it cannot be kept all the year round. Intensely disagreeable people must be met, but a little judicious management may enable us to avoid them in July and August. In these months associate with all the genial, breezy, companionable and otherwise pleasant people you can find. Shun the noble army of the disagreeable until the weather cools.

If possible, *shorten up your work*. Let some things go until the hot season is over. Of course there are many who cannot lessen their work. Those who can should do so. A moderate amount of work is not injurious. In fact it is beneficial. Whatever may be the best way to get through a roasting day, out of all sight the worst way is to lie down and think about nothing but yourself and the heat. Isaac meditated at eventide. No doubt he looked after his flocks and herds during the day. Do a moderate amount of work during the day, and meet Rebekah in the evening. No sensible man should, if he can avoid it, work as hard now as he does in the bracing January days.

Above all things *shorten up sermons*. If forty minutes is the proper time in ordinary weather, thirty is quite enough now. If half an hour is long enough at any time, twenty minutes will do very well in July and August. The question now is, How long should the sermon be when the thermometer is above ninety, and the air is not any too pure, and the people are panting and fanning themselves, and some of them, if not actually asleep, are striking a rather suspicious attitude? The correct answer to this question we think is, it should not be long at all. It should be short.

So should contributions to the newspapers.

### A COOL TIME AHEAD.

Looking around for a cool topic for these hot days, we struck one. It is sufficiently cool to suit anybody. In a lecture recently delivered before the Royal In-

stitute of London, by Sir William Thompson, the great scientist stated that a time will come when the sun will not emit enough of heat to maintain life on this globe.

This is a startling announcement. Nobody in this country would have for a moment supposed that the sun was losing its heating power. For the last two months it has heated up this part of the world with all its old-time vigour. Indeed a goodly number of people were beginning to think that the heating power of the furnace was increasing. Men who have to work under the fierce summer rays; ministers who take their holidays at home and recuperate by driving fifteen or twenty miles and preaching three times; congregations that snooze under an hour of the soporific with the mercury above ninety, may find some difficulty in believing that the sun is losing its power. But science is king these days, and if Sir William Thompson says that the sun is going to cool off and go out of the heating business, we are bound to believe it, no matter how hot we feel.

This theory about the sun furnishes a golden opportunity for that numerous class of people who take their troubles in advance. They should sit down at once, and begin to worry over the terrible state of things that will exist when the sun cools off. It is a large subject. It gives great room for the imagination to work. The imagination is a lively faculty. Some people have such a lively imagination that they can work up a calamity at a moment's notice out of nothing at all. They can make a large-sized catastrophe without raw material. We have seen several women who could imagine an earthquake, or a cyclone, or a burglary, or a fire, or anything horrible without the slightest suggestion that anything of the kind was near. We have known some men who could even imagine they were dying when they consumed enough of solid food to sustain a lumberman. The imagination can work successfully with very little capital.

But the most sluggish variety of imagination is equal to the task of working up some misery out of this theory about the sun. It is cold enough in Canada now in winter. What kind of a winter will we have when the sun cools off? Furs are dear enough now, but what man of moderate means can wear a fur coat or buy furs for his wife and daughters when all the people of India and China and Japan and other hot latitudes take to wearing furs? There is room for any amount of imaginative agony here. Where will we get fuel to heat up with as the sun begins to lose its force? What will a cord of wood cost about that time? How high will coal go when the sun ceases to give us heat? A person who cannot put in some lively imaginative work on this fuel question has no imagination worth speaking of.

Other questions force themselves upon our atten-

tion. How can we get on without those tropical productions that add so much to the comfort of life? How are people to live without tea when the sun becomes too cold to ripen the tea plant? How are some men to do without tobacco? Think of that, ye disciples of the briar root, as you sit on the veranda these lovely evenings and enjoy your evening whiff. What on earth will become of you when the sun becomes so cold that the weed will not grow?

Our business people are discussing Commercial Union at the present time. One of the arguments in favour of unrestricted reciprocity is that our vessels will have more stuff to carry, and will of course make more money. But of what use will a vessel be when the lakes and rivers freeze up, as they certainly will do when the sun loses its power?

We may remark incidentally that Sir William Thompson does not expect that the sun will cool off for about ten millions of years. Anywhere between ten and twelve millions of years hence this world may be left out in the cold.

Some cross-grained, disputatious creature may feel inclined to say that if the sun does not cool off for ten or twelve millions of years, we are not likely to be affected by the cooling. Well, what of that? We are just as likely to suffer from the cooling of the sun as from nine-tenths of the imaginary evils we worry about.

Does it seem very absurd to you that any one should worry over the theory that the furnace in the sun will go out in ten millions of years? Probably you do just as absurd worrying every day. It is not any more absurd to anticipate evils that are ten millions of years distant than to anticipate evils that have no existence at all.

Moral: Don't meet your troubles half-way.—*Knoxonian, in The Canada Presbyterian.*

A CONTEMPORARY pertinently remarks that the minister that is constantly on the look out among current events for the topics of sensational sermons on the Sabbath, and uses his Bible mainly for texts on which to hang these sermons, is almost anything but a preacher of the Gospel. He had better read his Bible more and study current events less. He will thereby better edify the Church, and be the means of saving more souls.

THE Parsees of Bombay have long been famous for their charitable munificence, add the example of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, known throughout the civilized world for his liberality, is being emulated at the present day by another Parsee, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Sheriff of Bombay, who has just offered the Government of Bombay one and one-half lakh (\$75,000), for the purpose of establishing a female college in that city.

## OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITOR : A. P. SOLANDT, B.A.

Mr. Alexander McLeod, who finished his course in our college last spring, has returned from his visit to the United States, and is now at his home in Embro, Ontario.

We are pleased to lay before our readers a short sketch of the life of our newly-appointed principal, Dr. Barbour :

William McLeod Barbour, born in Fochabars, Morayshire, Scotland. After the death of his parents he came to the United States, and pursued his studies at Oberlin College, Ohio. Entering Andover Theological Seminary, Mass., he graduated there in 1861 ; and was immediately settled in South Denvers, Mass., now called Peabody, the birthplace of George Peabody, the well-known philanthropist, between whom and Dr. Barbour existed a warm attachment. In 1868, on the death of Dr. George Shephard, Mr. Barbour was prevailed upon to succeed that eminent teacher, as professor of homiletics in Bangor Theological Seminary. In a few years, on the resignation of Dr. Herrick, Professor Barbour was promoted to the chair of theology. After serving nine years at Bangor, Yale laid hands on him, and secured his reluctant consent to take the professorship of divinity in the college, and with it the pastorate of the University. For the last ten years Dr. Barbour has been preacher to the University and pastor of the college church. For six years of the ten he has also had the chair of homiletics in Yale Theological School. Now out of this busy life he comes to the principalship of the Congregational College of British North America and has high hopes of being of some use to the cause of Christ in the giving of his time and strength to the training of the rising ministry of Canada. Dr. Barbour has never hidden his desire to be allowed to remain in the pastoral office, personally preferring the care of a church to the training of church pastors ; but he has yielded in accepting his appointments to the wisdom of his brethren, and to what has seemed the indications of divine Providence.

Though unable to remove his household to Montreal until May, 1888, his letters are to be addressed to Congregational College, McTavish Street, Montreal, until the end of August. Dr. Barbour will then go to New Haven, Conn., and return to Montreal for September 14, when our college will open, and he will be formally welcomed as principal. Dr. Barbour will lecture on theology and homiletics next session.

The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred on Professor Barbour in 1870 by Bowdoin College, Maine. Dr. Barbour is at present filling the pulpit of Emmanuel Church, Montreal.

We as students of the college have great pleasure in extending a cordial welcome to our new principal. Coming as he does, from a great centre of intellectual and denominational life, he will infuse into us some of his lofty ideas regarding the importance and dignity of the pastoral office. We can assure him that all his efforts for the greater usefulness of our college will be heartily recorded by us, his students.

Dr. Barbour's duties as principal begin August 1, so it will be seen that the above article is at this date peculiarly appropriate.

We draw attention to notes from Students Davey, Watt and Gerrie, B.A. :

*Edgar.*—I came here in the latter part of May, and found that Rev. J. C. Wright had removed to Garrafraxa, and that the churches had been left without a pastor for about six weeks, but not without preaching, as Deacon T. S. McLeod had very efficiently supplied the pulpit each Sunday while expecting a student. I was the first to appear, and laboured alone until the Union meetings ; preaching three times on Sunday, in the morning at Rugby, in the afternoon at Edgar, in the evening at Dalston. Vespra Church wished to have some assistance, and communication was entered into with Edgar, which ended in asking the Home Mission Society for the services of another student. This was granted. Mr. F. Macallum is now with me, and we are holding services in the four churches. There are two Sunday schools at present—one started at Rugby, July 3, the other at Edgar is an old established one, and is doing good work. We hope to start a Sunday school at Dalston soon, perhaps before this is in the printer's hands. We have the study of the Sunday school lesson and prayer meeting mid-weekly. The people here are anxiously looking for a pastor, the pastors *ro tem.* will leave early in September, and no time should be lost. There is a good parsonage, a kind people and plenty of work. We pray with the people that a man of God's choice may be sent to break to them the bread of life. The harvest truly is great but the labourers are few, pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.—FRANK DAVEY.

*Tilbury Centre.*—I have been in my field since April 15. Preached first April 17, twenty scholars at Sunday school. In the afternoon I preached at South Church, about thirty present, had also a Sunday school here. In the evening we had a prayer meeting of about thirty-five. Since then the attendance has increased somewhat. The village is growing fast, surrounded as it is by a good country, but our church in the village has only a few members and is not growing. The Salvation Army came into the village, and had the use of our church for a time, damaging the cause very much. Our church was the first church in

the place, and many of other creeds worshipped with us. But first the Presbyterians, and then the Methodists left and built churches of their own, leaving the Congregational Church weak. The building is a neat frame one. The South Church is a log one. Mr. Hart, while a student, did good work here, but the Salvation Army was not present. Since then mistakes have been made and the cause has gone down. However, it is hard to kill a Congregational Church, and we hope for brighter times.—W. J. WATT.

The following is from our college representative, Mr. Gerrie :

*Woodstock.*—The handsome church building has just been opened and now stands as a living monument of what can be done by the united energy and enterprise of a willing people. The seating capacity will accommodate over 500 people, and it is pleasing to note that already the sittings are nearly all taken. The pastor, Mr. Cuthbertson, is well known to our students. We well remember his able and stirring address in the assembly hall at the closing exercises of the past session. On Wednesday evening the college claims were presented. Before the meeting was dismissed a short address was delivered by the pastor, in which he referred to his recent visit to the college, and the pleasure it gave him to meet the students and to hear of their work, at the same time expressing a desire that his church would, before long add one to the number. Contributions are received for all denominational objects by regularly appointed collectors, and we are told that in the future the college will receive more generous aid.

*Embro.*—The eulogies given to the scenery of Embro are not inappropriately applied, for the village and surrounding country present a view worthy of the brush of any artist. The place has additional attractions, since from it hails Mr. A. S. McLeod so well and favourably known in college halls for the past three years. Mr. McLeod has just finished his course and carries with him our highest respect while we all join in wishing him a happy and successful future. The students will be grateful if this church will send us such another man. The pastor, Mr. Silcox, having been called to Toronto to supply Zion Church, his pulpit was occupied by your representative, morning and evening. Large congregations were present at both services, and many indications of a good work are evident. The college question received close attention not only at the morning meeting, but also in the afternoon when a short address was delivered to the Sunday school.

*Paris.*—The visit to Paris was the more agreeable because of the opportunity given of attending the ordination of our fellow student, Mr. J. K. Unsworth, B.A. In the morning the council met in the church

building, when the Rev. W. Hay, of Scotland, was elected Moderator, and Mr. Bail, of Hamilton, secretary. After the usual examination and the statement of doctrinal views by Mr. Unsworth, it was unanimously agreed to proceed with the ordination. In the afternoon these services were held, and proved a source of great help and inspiration to all assembled. The chairman conducted the devotional exercises, after which the Rev. J. Morton, of Hamilton, delivered an able address, eloquently touching on the great principles which govern human life, and concluding with a stirring exposition of the cardinal principles of Congregationalism. The Rev. J. Unsworth, of Stouffville, offered the ordination prayer at the laying on of hands. The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. W. Cuthbertson, B.A., of Woodstock. To review his address would be to spoil it. The chief points touched upon were the great necessity of close fellowship and constant communion with the Master, careful preparation for the work of the pulpit, and the positive demand of the age for a thoroughly cultured, intelligent ministry. The masterly address of the Woodstock pastor was most inspiring, and must be productive of good to the one addressed, and those present who are engaged in the same work. In a few well chosen words the Rev. Mr. Hay extended to the newly-ordained pastor the right-hand of fellowship, expressing great pleasure because of the happy union just consummated. The Rev. G. Fuller, of Brantford, then addressed the people in his usual entertaining and impressive manner, asking them to remember the pastor in prayer, praise and active Christian co-operation, affirming that the doing of this will result in rich blessings to the church, and all who are associated with the pastor in his work. In the evening a bounteous supper was provided by the good ladies of the church, after which a platform meeting was held. Mr. C. Whitlaw occupied the chair. Short addresses were delivered by the visiting clergymen and the resident ministers of the town. Mr. A. S. McLeod, a fellow graduate of Mr. Unsworth, was present, and made an interesting speech on this occasion. The students congratulate pastor and people on the happy settlement, and predict for both a bright and prosperous future. On the following evening the college meeting was held. The large attendance of young people show very clearly the strong grasp which Mr. Unsworth has already secured upon this part of his congregation. The church is now receiving contributions for the college deficit, and will send us their regular subscriptions in October.—J. P. G.

DR. DOLLINGER, who is now eighty-seven, is reported to be dying.

THE choir boys of St. Peter at Rome have struck for an increase of salary for serving mass.

## Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

(FROM ENGLAND.)—NO. 8.

MR. EDITOR,—I have a great aversion to leave my work unfinished, and I would be doing so if I did not send you at least one letter from England, though I now write in Canada.

The next place in order of visitation, as the Colonial Missionary Society's Jubilee Deputation, was Highbury, in the North of London, once the scene of the labours of the late seraphic Dr. Raleigh. The church is now vacant, the congregation much smaller, but those whom I met expressed full sympathy with the work we have in hand.

Sunday school promised to assist.

NOTTING HILL.

The Rev. W. Rodgers is the pastor of this London church. The attendance was small. The evening was very wet.

CAMBRIDGE HEATH

is a large and influential congregation, has been working hard on its debt, and by the indefatigable efforts of its pastor has succeeded in removing this incubus. There was a very cordial welcome given by the deacons (the pastor was preaching elsewhere), and a promise of a collection in due course.

Evening of same day I was in

ANNERLY,

in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, a large congregation, where among the members of the church we have warm friends. A lady volunteered to collect for the society.

STEPNEY MEETING,

where Rev. Dr. Kennedy laboured so long, so faithfully, and so successfully. Rev. Mr. Rainey is his successor—a hard worker. His congregations are large and composed chiefly of the working classes, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Rainey (who preaches to immense congregations on Sunday afternoon) are doing a good work. This church does nothing for the Colonial Society, or next to nothing. Yet from this neighbourhood thousands must find homes in Canada in the near future.

HIGHBURY QUADRANT.

This church is vacant by the removal of Rev. Dr. Bevan to Melbourne, Australia. It is a magnificent building. Connected with it are some able and influential men. The collection for the society had been given some months previously, but, at the suggestion of one of the deacons at the close of my address, they gave an impromptu collection, which amounted to \$85

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND OXFORDSHIRE UNION met in Reading. My very esteemed friend, the friend of my youth, Rev. R. Sewell, of Uxbridge, was chairman. Had the opportunity of presenting the claims of the Society. Received a cordial welcome and a good hearing.

WEST KENSINGTON.

This is a magnificent new church, built mainly through the enterprise of the Rev. Colman B. Symes, pastor of South Kensington Church.

The pastor I found in accord with the work of our society, but the congregation is small as yet. A lady volunteered to collect.

LEYTONSTONE.

In company with the secretary of our society had a week evening meeting in the place. The church is without a pastor. The night of our meeting was the eve of a holiday. Attendance small, but we had nevertheless an enthusiastic meeting.

BRAINTREE

is in Essexshire. There are two churches of our order in the town. The principal one is under the pastoral care of Rev. W. I. Cole. I found this minister very earnest in his advocacy of our society. This is one of the few places where they have three services on the Sabbath. I preached morning and evening, the pastor in the afternoon. Collections at each service for the society. Large congregations.

UXBRIDGE.

There are two Congregational churches in this town, both under the care of Irishmen.

The

"OLD MEETING"

dates back to 1716. The Rev. R. Sewell is the present pastor. Since his settlement in 1882 the building has been enlarged and greatly improved, the congregation nearly doubled.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL

has for its pastor Rev. Joseph Adams, whose ministry began in 1881. He too is making progress in his work. I lectured in both chapels to good congregations. I believe this was the first time for many years that either did anything for the Colonial Society. I hope it will not be the last.

WINDSOR. -

Under the shadow of the Castle there is a Congregational church. Rev. Thomas Orr, a good Scotchman, is the pastor. He has been fifteen years in this important position. I believe he is the only Non-con. in England that her gracious Majesty has deigned (before this year of jubilee) to shake by the hand. Mr. Orr has on three occasions officiated in the palace in the presence of the Queen. There is a good congregation, and I had a most appreciative

audience. Windsor, apart from the Castle and its surroundings, is not a very inviting place. The Court was in France when I was there, so I had to wait till a later date to see her Majesty. I saw her private walks, her farms and stock, her magnificent dairy managed so admirably by a Scotch lassie who most graciously showed us over the imposing apartments.

## CLAPTON PARK.

In company with our indefatigable secretary I had another lecture in this church. The congregation was not as large as we hoped, but we had a thoroughly good meeting, and the secretary made an excellent speech, as he always does.

## WANSTEAD.

This church is on the verge of Epping Forest. Is large and influential. This was Colonial Missionary day. I addressed the Sunday school in the afternoon, as well as the congregation in the morning. Mr. Frelam took the evening service, and they did well for our funds. The Sunday school has promised to give us their contributions during this year.

## WESTMINSTER CHAPEL

is where the late Samuel Martin was the beloved pastor for so many years. The Rev. H. Simon is at present labouring. The edifice is far too large. It is in the heart of the city, and the congregation is far removed. Hence I found a small attendance. Still the church is doing grand missionary work, and may be considered strong. It has not done much for our work in the Colonies, though admitting its importance.

## HERTS UNION.

By special arrangement I addressed the public meeting of this union in the evening in the town of Watford.

## WYCLIFFE CHAPEL

is in London—one of the old-fashioned meeting houses that have been centres of usefulness for so many years. There is a large interest here still—a great seminary school, and a most important work carried on in the populous neighbourhood.

## QUEEN'S PARK, HARRISON ROAD.

This is a new cause. They have built school rooms which they use as a church till their new edifice is finished. We would consider the school room equal to the requirements of any city in the Dominion for church purposes. But this is one of the schemes of the London Union, and shows what can be done by proper organization. The pastor is the Rev. Mr. Leech, a most earnest and able young man. He is likely to have one of the largest congregations in or about London. We had a large audience on a week evening.

## PARK CHAPEL, CAMDEN TOWN.

The Rev. Joshua Harrison, so widely known and universally beloved, is the pastor. This church is a constant and liberal supporter to our society. Has an auxiliary and annual collection. There was no collection on the occasion of my visit, but some of my hearers sent in donations afterward. Mr. Harrison is a warm advocate of our cause, and after my address spoke such words as must have carried conviction to his hearers. It is encouraging to find that it is always the best of our ministers who give their support to our society.

## MARKHAM SQUARE, CHELSEA.

The evening of the Sabbath here. Our esteemed brother, Rev. Lawson Foster, LL.B., is the pastor. The congregation numbers over 1,500. The membership has doubled since his settlement five years ago. Introduced by him, I need not say, I was well received. Had a patient hearing for one hour, and a good collection at the close. Mr. Foster is on the committee of the Colonial Society, and Canada has no more enthusiastic advocate in England or elsewhere. He is coming over to pay us a visit this month. His old friends will give him a most hearty welcome.

## WESTON SUPER MARE.

We have only one church in this fashionable watering place on the west coast, but it is a large one. It has a splendid building and a working membership. The church is vacant at present.

I had three services, the Sunday school giving up its session for the purpose. We had liberal collections for the society.

## FINSBURY PARK.

This cause has run down greatly. At one time it was thought the church would disband, but it is now improving, and doing a good mission work in the heart of the city. Once it was among our largest and richest London churches. Here for many years the late Rev. Dr. Fletcher, the great children's preacher, gathered and held immense congregations, but London has gone far into the country since those days, and even Dr. Fletcher could not bring the people into town on Sunday.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

As the deputation from the Union of Ontario and Quebec and of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I attended this great meeting, and in the limited space of time necessarily given on such occasions, did the best I could for those interests I was proud to represent.

I hurried away from this meeting to address the sons of ministers in Caterham College. A magnificent building filled with hearty, healthy, happy boys and young men, under the best of supervision and



all having the chance of a first-class education. It was a supreme pleasure, a joy, to give them an hour's talk. Future pastors and missionaries, farmers, statesmen, business men in England and her vast colonies.

I was the guest of Mr. James Clark, the estimable proprietor and editor of the *Christian World*, who has been my warm friend for fourteen years. The pleasure of my visit was marred on finding Mr. Clark in very precarious health. From this college for the sons of ministers I hastened away to

MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE,

where the daughters of ministers are equally well cared for.

This noble institution was opened about the time I visited England before, fourteen years ago. It has been ever since under the principalship of Miss Hadland, a highly-accomplished lady, and staff of teachers, most of whom are B.A.'s of Oxford or Cambridge. The pupils graduate in arts, and take the highest rank as scholars. The immense piles of buildings, scattered on most beautiful grounds, are not only an ornament to Gravesend, but an honour to our denomination. Five or six hundred ladies are in attendance. It was a rare good opportunity to give a missionary address when the large convocation hall was crowded with the daughters of pastors, the future wives of ministers and missionaries and other influential men, and I fully appreciated the privilege. Had the honour of receiving a vote of thanks, moved by one of the lady professors and seconded by a pupil, carried by the entire audience, and gracefully presented by the principal, who was in the chair.

What an immense advantage have the ministers' daughters in England, who, for a little over \$100 a year, can have the very best education extending over a period of seven years. They have all the comforts of home, with the advantages of highest culture.

My last Sunday in England was spent in

CROYDON,

East Croydon in the morning and South Croydon in the evening. In the former place we had collections for the society at both services, and they were among the largest we had in England. This congregation is large and wealthy, and withal liberal. It is proposed to organize an auxiliary, embracing all our churches in Croydon. I found both pastors and deacons ready to co-operate in the work.

I will close here. There are many things I would like to say bearing on my experience in England, but I have already trespassed too much on your space. The kindness of the committee of the Colonial Missionary Society was uniform and unremitting, and culminated in their handsome gifts at my farewell

meeting in Memorial Hall. The secretary, Rev. Mr. W. H. Fielding, I found well informed regarding Canada, and most anxious to advance our work. It was a pleasure to work with him, and never for one instant was that pleasure marred by any misunderstanding or disagreement. The more and better I knew him the more I loved and appreciated him. All the officials in Memorial Hall, including Rev. Dr. Hanny, Secretary of the Union, and the Rev. Andrew Mearns, secretary of the "Church Aid," author of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," were kind and sympathetic. I am expecting several brethren from England this fall whom I met while there, who are willing to join us in our work, and with ten or a dozen vacant churches at present we should accord them a cordial welcome. They are the kind of men we need. My next letter will have reference to local matters. Yours truly,

T HALL.

46 William Street, Kingston, Ont.

OUR MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Here is another letter from Mr. Currie that should have been inserted in THE INDEPENDENT perhaps, as it has a request that should be read by all, and also as it has an appeal to the hearts and prayers of our people. Yours truly,

E. M. HILL.

MY DEAR BRO. HILL,—It is Sunday morning. The mail leaves here early in the morning of Monday. I finished my journey to Bihe and back, and reached this place on the 25th inst. Have been very busy ever since, and thus am compelled to write today. The mail for this month was either stolen or lost in the Bailundu River. I am very sorry, as it was the one by which I should hear for the first time from the friends at home concerning the departure of my dear wife, and I expected to hear from brethren who have not previously written to me. Will you request friends kindly to repeat their letters. If they do not, they must bear in mind that I am not to blame if they should not receive answers to their letters posted between Nov. 20 and Dec. 20, 1886.

I cannot write an account of my journey this month but will endeavour to send one by next mail. I visited four kings, and had the honour of entertaining one of them to dinner in my tent. I dined twice in company with the Portugese military ruler of Caconda. I spent a very happy day with the brethren in Bihe. I estimate that the distance travelled could not have been far short of 500 miles, if it was not more than that. Some of the people seem quite different in character and language from the people of Bailundu. In several places I was urged to buy slaves. In Kocingi a boy was offered me as a present from the king.

I was very much cheered and comforted by your

letter of Oct. 25. The Year-Book has come, but I have not yet had time to look into it. If God permits me to have good health, the people at home will never have just reason to say that I was indifferent to the work they have sent me to do for the people of this country and the Lord whom we serve. My health for some time past has been good, and continues the same at present. I am hopeful and happy, confident that the friends at home are following me with their prayers, and just as confident that God is hearing and answering them. I feel deeply the loss I have sustained, but I console myself with the idea that it is but for a time, and that in some way, strange as it may seem to me, all things are working together under the direction of God for a good purpose. I hope the vacant pulpits are by this time filled, or soon to be filled, and that our college is going to be equipped for strong progressive work.

Who is the young man whom you are sending to share with me the work? Mr. Swan is spending a couple of days with me, and leaves next Tuesday for a three months' journey to the interior to join Mr. Arnot, who is at work in Galanganque.

Love to yourself and all the good friends at home.  
Yours sincerely,

W. T. CURRIE.

*Bailundu, February 27, 1887.*

MR. EDITOR,—I take the liberty of sending a few rough notes about my trip to this western land and city. My journey was by rail to Owen Sound, by C.P.R. steamer to Port Arthur, and thence by rail. Among the passengers on the *Alberta* were Judge Armour and two sons, of Cobourg, Rev. Hugh Johnston and Wm. Gooderham, Esq., of Toronto, a good deacon from Turnberry, and an ex-deacon from Cold Springs, the members for Saskatchewan and Alberta on their return from Ottawa, Dr. Willoughby, of Saskatoon, whose name was prominent in rebellion times, and a number of others, making up a very pleasant company indeed. In Port Arthur there were several hours to spare while waiting for the train. In the interval I took a look at the new Presbyterian Church, which is evidently prospering under the pastorate of Rev. John Pringle, formerly of Georgetown. The church cost \$10,000, and lacks but \$1,500 of being paid up. The other churches were all doing well. I should judge the town is very fairly supplied with church privileges.

Between Port Arthur and Winnipeg the country is for the most part an unproductive wilderness of rock and swamp, with but little hope of ever being anything else. The track has many curves, but few gradients, and the train bowled along at a lively rate. At nine o'clock Saturday morning, July 9, we crossed the Red River and steamed into Winnipeg, the one urban community on the line between Ottawa and Victoria.

After five years' absence, I find Winnipeg considerably changed. The notorious mud of Main Street is now held within bounds by a solid block pavement. Many fine brick blocks have taken the place of former temporary structures. The dirty old city hall, in which our people used to worship, has given way to a stately edifice whose cupola is seen from afar on prairie and river. The street cars are running from early morning till late at night. The crowd on the sidewalks is not the same as it was in boom times. It is smaller, more sedate and more evenly divided as regards masculine and feminine. To my mind, the city is in a far better state than it was five years ago. The people seem to have come to the conclusion to build up their city by work rather than by wind, by solid enterprise rather than by wild speculation.

Politically, the cry in this country is "Manitoba First." The ordinary party differences seem for the present quite submerged. The people look upon the C.P.R. as an enemy, and upon the Dominion Government in the same light, so far as it is identified with the C.P.R.. They say that Winnipeg, as a wholesale centre, is being destroyed in order that Montreal may be built up. They say that even in comparison with other places where a railway monopoly exists they are at a disadvantage, while the comparison with parts having railway competition reveals an enormous disparity. They say that the farmers have to fight not only against the natural drawbacks of drought, frost, etc., but against a system of monopoly which practically forces them to sell in the cheapest market and buy in the dearest; and that the discouragement of the farmer means depression to the whole community. And finally, they say that, Disallowance or no Disallowance, the independent line from Winnipeg to the boundary shall be built. Certainly the signs look that way. Last Thursday evening I saw a picturesque sight—a long procession of teams, graders and workmen winding up Main Street, toward the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, and then wheeling off into an open space to camp for the night, the waggons being formed into a circle, the horses tethered near by, and the tents pitched inside. This was the outfit of one of the contractors. On Friday morning another outfit of about fifty teams joined them, and set out for the scene of operations. Nobody seems to know exactly where the money is coming from, but all are sure the road will be built. With this in view, and with an unusually rich harvest in prospect, the people are beginning to be hopeful.

I conclude with a word or two about church work. All the churches are well represented, and the city is characterized by church-going. As a rule, the evening congregations are much larger than the morning. So, at least, I found it in the Congregational Church. The morning congregation was good, but the evening

grand, though, I am told, far short of Mr. Silcox's audiences in the winter time, when aisles and school-room are all in use. But to me it was certainly an inspiring sight to see floor and galleries well filled with an audience, fully one-half of which was composed of young men. The summer temperature, which half empties so many city churches in the East, seems to have but little effect in this city of the West. While Mr. Silcox is not a strong denominationalist, and not perhaps as much in line with purely denominational movements as some would like to see, one thing is sure, that he is exercising a strong and salutary influence upon the young life of this city.

I hope shortly to take a run between Sundays into Southern Manitoba, and may find time on my return to send my impressions of that "Garden of the North-West." Sincerely yours,

HUGH PEDLEY.

Winnipeg, July 19, 1887.

## News of the Churches.

PARIS.—Mr. J. K. Unsworth, B.A., was duly ordained pastor of this church on the 12th ult. by council duly convened. A brief account will be found in Student Gerrie's notes in the College Column. From one present (Mr. Morton, of Hamilton) we learn that the services throughout were of more than ordinary interest and power, and augur well for the future of this now happily settled church and pastor.

SARNIA.—In addition to sums formerly acknowledged, the pastor desires gratefully to mention, through the pages of THE INDEPENDENT, the recent contribution of \$32 from the church in Brantford, and \$20 from the Young People's Christian Association at Speedside in aid of the Sarnia church debt. Manifestly these friends and others who, in the last winter generously responded to our appeal for help, believe not only in church fellowship, but also in the broader principle of the fellowship of the churches, and are mindful of the apostolic injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

TORONTO HAZLETON AVENUE.—On Friday, the 29th ult., a council composed of representatives from the other city churches convened at the instance of this church for the induction of their new pastor, Rev. George Robertson, B.A., late of Melbourne, Quebec. It is needless to say that our young brother was heartily accepted and inducted. Mr. Morton, of Hamilton, was chosen to preside and to address the minister, which he did in his own earnest and thoughtful manner. Mr. Burton offered the induction prayer, and Dr. Wild gave a characteristic address to the people. Mr. C. Duff and Mr. A. F. McGregor also took part in the services; also Rev. John Neil, of the Presbyterian Church. The attendance was large and representative, and our brother enters upon his work under promising skies.

## THE HISTORY OF A CERTAIN STRIKE.

AS TOLD BY "MARY DENSEL."

Raymond Knight was walking rapidly down Main Street. The public library closed at eight o'clock, and Raymond was anxious to find a certain book to read at home that evening. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you it was a book on "Political Economy," by John Stuart Mill.

Mrs. Knight had smiled, almost aloud, when she began to find similar books in her boy's hands.

"Co-operation as a Business," by Barnard; "Socialism," by Crook; "Common Sense in Business," by Freedley.

She was immensely amused, but never a word said she. "Ray has evidently a talent for business;" that is what this wise mother thought, "and my work is to help my son become what he was meant to be."

There had been a time when another sort of book had threatened to steal into Mrs. Knight's house; a certain yellow-covered novel, with wild and worse than wild plot. Upon that she had pounced, as a lioness might spring on some loathsome reptile which attacked her young.

There had been a bonfire in the parlour grate. There had been a blaze in the mother's eyes. The latter had been quenched by two large, mournful tears. Raymond never forgot either the blaze or the tears. There was no more yellow-covered literature in his house.

As for "Political Economy," he delighted in it, strange as it may seem.

He hastened into the library to find his book on its shelf. Near by, he caught sight of a familiar face, and started. At a table, bent almost at right angles over a big volume, his grimy hands propping up his red head, sat Billy O'Shane. Now Billy and Raymond had not been on the best of terms since last winter, when the former had shovelled snow under Master Knight for "20 cents a storm," and had not felt that his wages were paid with proper promptness.

Billy had a sick sister; and, as the 20 cents often went for oranges and pickled cabbage (of which the invalid was especially fond), he had been annoyed at having to wait for his dues.

Raymond eyed him as he sat wrapped in Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent." He had often seen Billy devouring tales of travel and adventure. More than once Raymond had heard a long-drawn sigh when the bell rang for closing the library. To-night it seemed exceedingly hard for O'Shane to tear himself from enchanting Africa. The librarian was forced, at length, to lay a kind but firm hand on Billy's shoulder, and gently mention: "There's the door."

"Why don't you carry the book home?" asked Raymond, laughing; and then he was ashamed of his lack of tact, as the crimson of Billy's face made a distressing combination with the carrotty hue of his hair. Then, quick as a flash, seizing his advantage: "By the way," Raymond went on, "don't you want another job? I mean if you're paid on another basis. Cash down every Saturday night, and no failure. If you had money you could have as many library books as you wanted," he ended, enticingly.

The bait was eagerly snapped at.

"As many books as you want!" What would not Billy do for that?

"Tell us the job," said he.

"Well, you see, it's in the newspaper line. My uncle Raymond has given me \$20, and I've bought out Sydney Thayer's *Press* route. I own a place on the *Advertiser* myself, and I'm ne-go-ci-a-ting for a chance to carry the *Argus*. You're a Democrat, aren't you? Then maybe the *Argus* will be your affair. I'll give you \$1 a week if you'll deliver the *Argus* every morning for a year."

"How much does the editor pay you a week?" asked Billy.

"That's my look out," said Raymond, shortly.

Billy looked hard at his neighbour. One pair of eyes matched the other for keenness. At last said O'Shane:

"Hand over the first two weeks' pay in advance, and I'm your man."

"Very well. Give me your receipt for it," answered Raymond, loftily. "Will you have silver? A bill might be more appropriate," he added, relaxing into a mild joke.

"And the Bland dollar's short weight too," remarked Billy, accepting both pun and money.

"Mind you're at the *Argus* office at five o'clock next Monday morning," said Raymond.

Billy sped home to tell Norah about his new business.

"It's a shawl ye shall have and some peppermints, and a ride on Murphy's donkey," he told her lovingly.

Raymond himself was up betimes on Monday. And at the *Argus* office even before his menial. When he had started Billy on his route, he hurried to the *Press* headquarters, to give a send-off to two smaller boys, who having shorter legs, took shorter routes, also shorter pay.

"Up Main to Park, down Park to Lyman Street, and so on," said Raymond to one. "And you," to the other, "begin at Brackett, and go West, young man."

He spoke quickly, leaving no time to loiter.

The distribution of newspapers in the town was but one thing to Raymond's be. Truly our friend had a business head on his shoulders.

The week before he had "interviewed" the President of the Ogdensburg Railroad. Although this special branch did not come under General Anderson's personal care, yet Raymond enjoyed his call, talking over affairs of the city, state and country, and was told to whom he should apply for permission to sell the daily journals on the train.

Not that he would retail his wares in his own person. Perish the thought! But a certain Tom Bailey had leisure, also desire, to go each morning as far as the junction, for the trifling sum of  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents a week.

"And your salary shall be raised," Raymond answered him, "when I complete my arrangements for peddling candy and pop-corn also."

Tom Bailey had inherited skill in such traffic, being the son of a professional peanut vendor. He made no objection to candy and corn, as a pleasant scheme for his own benefit came into his head. But this he did not divulge.

The summer vacation was not yet at an end. Those in authority had not hired persons to sweep and dust two of the public school rooms.

"And I'm pretty sure to get the charge of them, mother," said Raymond, gleefully. "You see I agree to take certain work at a certain price. Nobody asks or cares if I do or don't do it myself. So I get all these chaps to work under me, while I superintend. Of course I do the brain work, and I pay only for 'manual labour,' which, by all laws of trade, is cheap. So I hope to come out in the end with a very pretty sum in my pocket. Now those newspapers: the editors pay me \$1.50 each for distributing the journals. I pay two boys \$1, and two more 50 cents apiece. I clear 50 cents on each paper. But, mind you, I've had to pay out large sums to get my routes, so I sha'n't do extra well on the papers.

"The Grand Army people are to let me attend to the programmes at their entertainment at \$1 an evening. I'll hire two small boys to hand 'em round, pay them 40 cents apiece, and keep 20 cents myself clear! The little shavers aren't worth high wages, you see, for they can't shoulder responsibility. Besides, there's a crowd of them ready to jump at the chance. I declare I won't give them but 30 cents apiece," meditated Raymond, slowly, nibbling his muffin. "The 'supply' is so much greater than the 'demand.' Lucky I thought of that point. I wonder what Betsy Googin would charge if I bought my molasses wholesale?"

Raymond knit his brows and pondered in silence.

Betsy Googin was what she called "a sweet lady"—

which is perhaps different from a sweet lady. She kept a small store, where less taffy, chocolate-creams and soda-water were sold than Mistress Googin could have wished. She had readily agreed to supply Raymond with fresh molasses candy at 8 cents the pound.

Now, could Raymond buy his "raw material," i.e., the molasses, at wholesale, and so save a few pennies in his bargain with Betsy?

"Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves," quoted Raymond, shrewdly. "Be just before you are generous," he also repeated to himself, but with a faint twinge of conscience when Mrs. Googin looked downcast on being requested to make her candy out of "this jug" and not her own. "And I shall only pay 5 cents a pound since I supply the molasses," said Raymond.

He also suffered a brief pang when he proposed to raise Tom Bailey's wages only 10 cents a day in consideration of the candy he should sell.

"A large profit will accrue to me," thought Raymond, tightening his purse-strings; "and if Tom demands more, why—why?"

But Tom accepted the pittance. He was a simple soul. Besides, as I said, he had a plan of his own.

Billy O'Shane was more worldly-wise. Raymond had had the good luck to add three or four new names to the list of his subscribers to the *Argus*, and had thereby gained a percentage on the sale of that journal. Billy refused, point blank, to "just drop these few extra copies on the way" unless he were paid for his pains. Billy could drive a close bargain as well as "the boss."

"For oh!" thought Irish Billy, longingly, "if I could just git two extry dollars and pay to take home thim library books to read evenin's."

Billy's very soul hankered after the books. But there were many luxuries, besides pickled cabbage, that puny Norah needed.

Of course Billy never breathed a word of this to his employer. Raymond did not, of himself, think anything about it. To be sure, he knew that O'Shane liked books, for he often met him at the library; he also knew that, for some reason, Billy never carried the volumes home. He had heard that Billy had a sick sister. But Raymond did not put two and two together in this case. Such mathematics do not come wholly under the head of "Brain Work."

When Billy refused his request, the young master, much vexed, said merely,

"Very well. I'll carry the extra papers myself."

But, unfortunately, about this time, O'Shane found out that there had been an unusually brisk sale of journals and candy on the Ogdensburg Railroad. Raymond had chuckled over it; it never entering his head that Tom Bailey would confide in O'Shane.

But, such being the case, Billy saw fit to descend suddenly upon his employer, and demand an increase in his own wages.

"You're makin' money hand over fist; and I can tell you it's no fun ploddin' round these dark mornin's leavin' papers to folks' doors what can lie in bed, and chicken every day to dinner, when their books is all on hand an' you gittin' the extry," declared Billy, adding grievance to grievance, with small regard to grammar or justice. "I wisht I'd taken the route on my own hook, and then I'd have piled up money, the way you're a-doin' of," he ended bitterly.

"Where would you have found the money to buy the route? And how do you know how much money I'm making? It's none of your business, anyway," answered Raymond, coldly.

Billy scowled and rumbled his hair. A dogged look came into his eyes.

"Ye can grind down Tommy Bailey and babies like him, but ye'll find I'm another sort of customer," he growled.

Raymond caught Tom Bailey's name, and it took him but very few minutes to reach the Ogdensburg station. There stood the youthful Thomas, waiting for the train to start. His newspapers were in proper order; his candy tray looked tempting; but—

"What are you doing with those peanuts?" cried Raymond Knight, angrily.

Tom, being small and of a gentle disposition, quaked in his shoes,

"Father gave 'em to me to—to to sell along with the candy," he stammered.

"How long have you been having a side-show in my business," demanded Raymond.

"About three days," confessed the culprit.

"That's the reason my gains have fallen short, is it?" said Raymond, growing more and more fierce, as his victim waxed more and more frightened. "Next time I catch you poaching on my grounds I'll dismiss you on the spot. Do you hear? Take this 25 cents; that's every cop per you'll get this week. You've lost me a good round sum. If I did the square thing by you, you'd not get a cent of your wages. There's the bell. Leave the peanuts behind, and jump on the train. Don't let me catch you at this trick again!" he shouted, after the retreating salesman. "And what's more, don't you discuss me or my affairs with O'Shane, or it will be the worse for you both."

#### CHAPTER II.

"What does Billy O'Shane know about my gains or losses, anyway?" thought Raymond Knight.

And, indeed, Billy had heard only one side of the story. He was not aware that Raymond had been obliged to spend much of his extra money in hiring another lad to help sweep his schoolrooms. He had expected two boys to do the work, but had found a third necessary, not only here, but in distributing the Grand Army programmes.

So, if money had flowed in from one quarter, it had leaked out in another.

Raymond would be glad if the snow fell early this year, for he had agreed to take charge of four sidewalks, at \$6 apiece (to be paid in advance), and had engaged four boys to do the shovelling at \$5 each (to be paid at the end of the season).

Now Raymond had not at all liked the look on Billy O'Shane's face, and he told himself it would be wise to keep a sharp eye on that worthy.

Tom Bailey had summoned up pluck to whine a bit at not being allowed to combine his own interests with those of his employer. It was but a mild grumble and had been easily quenched; but Raymond strongly suspected O'Shane's influence in this matter. In other quarters also, when one morning the three programme boys appeared on his doorsteps.

"Say! we'd like to have thirty-five cents, instead of thirty, if you please."

"But I *don't* please!" said Raymond. "And, as for you Johnny Kane, you're not half spry enough. I—discharge you. There are twenty fellows ready to skip into your place. Into all your places for that matter. So no haggling over wages. If you don't get enough, you're welcome to leave any minute."

The three retired crestfallen. As for John, he was disconsolate; he had counted on his winter earnings to buy marbles next spring.

Raymond, however, did not intend the words, "you're welcome to leave any moment," to be taken in the very letter; and he was more than astonished when, the next evening, not a single boy was to be found, in or near the Grand Army Hall. He distributed programmes himself, but it required quick work for one pair of hands.

The following day he met all three rogues jollily feasting on corn balls.

"Other chaps besides you have got money—mister," sang Johnny Kane, insultingly.

"Who gives you money?" demanded Raymond, laying a heavy hand on Master John's shoulder. "Who gives you money?" he repeated, emphasizing the words by a vigorous shake.

The other two boys danced out of reach. "Don't you tell, Johnny!" they shouted. "Don't you tell, and we'll stand by you."

But Raymond suddenly let the prisoner free, as a certain recollection flashed across him.

It was only the evening before that he had heard the same taunt. He had come to the library to pay his yearly subscription. Billy had been there, and Raymond had caught his eye and heard him mutter: "You'll find that other chaps besides you has got money."

There was evidently a plot on foot, and O'Shane was at its core. Raymond grew more and more sure of that; and there was no welcome for Billy when, on New Year's Eve, that person called to him as he was walking home.

"See here!" said Billy.

"Well?" said Raymond.

"Who's to get the benefit of 'The Carrier's New Year's Address' to-morrow, I'd like to know?"

The two boys, employer and employe, stood looking one another squarely in the face, as they had done months ago.

"Who's to get the benefit of 'The Carrier's Address'?" repeated O'Shane.

"I am," said Raymond. "I've had it written, and every cent that it brings belongs to me."

He did not feel called upon to add that his mother had written the pretty verses, that he had printed them on his own hand press, and that, excepting a trifling sum spent for blank paper, the "Address" had cost not a penny.

Billy broke into a howl of rage.

"Your uncle gives you money, and then you grind more out of me, what slaves and does your work!"

"I pay you for your work exactly what you agreed was a fair price. As for my uncle and what he gives me, that's none of your concern."

Raymond spoke quietly, holding a tight rein over himself.

"You have everything in the world you want!" raved Billy. "All your folks are healthy!"

"That's not your concern either."

"Ain't it my 'concern'?" cried Billy hotly. "We'll see about that. You'll give me a chance at that 'Carrier's Address,' and fifty cents a week extra, or I'll never lug another paper for you as long as I live."

"Very well," said Raymond coldly; "your services are no longer required. You've broken your word of honour; but you've hardly enough of that material to make it worth your while to keep it. I release you from your bargain. You may go."

Billy faltered. He thought of Norah, but it was only for a moment.

"All right," said he, as loftily as Raymond's self. But there was a threat in his whole bearing as he turned away.

The mischief soon came to light. The other carriers came that very evening to demand their "Addresses" and the profits thereon.

"You can't have them," said Raymond with decision. "But I'll raise your wages twenty cents a week," he added hastily.

The boys wavered. Evidently they were under instructions. The *Advertiser* carrier was the spokesman.

"We're thinking of forming a club to protect our rights," said he confidentially.

"Knights of Labour, eh? I've heard of them," said Raymond scornfully. "Just let me advise you to keep out of it, for you'll find both money and law against you, if it comes to a rub."

The boy retired, probably to seek further counsel.

"Billy O'Shane!" thought Raymond to himself. "I wonder what will come next."

The snow shovellers came next.

"We made a bargain and we'll hold by it, if you please," said Raymond to them, "If you don't choose to please, remember it was for the season I hired you. I can get others in your places. But every cent of the pay goes, at the end of the winter, to the 'parties' who are at work at that date, whether they have been at it three months or three weeks, or three days, or three hours.

With much head-shaking the snow-shovellers withdrew.

Raymond, the next day, went over to one of his school-houses. It being a holiday he was almost surprised to find his "hands" sweeping cheerfully and well.

"The strike hasn't reached here," thought he; and never in his life had he been so agreeable as he was this day to the faithful three.

The pleasant, friendly glean had not left his face as he entered his own door; but it vanished as he caught sight of a familiar figure. There stood Tom Bailey.

"I've come to say—" began Thomas.

"No, you haven't!" interrupted Raymond. "You'll do your job, young man, and you'll do it well, or you'll suffer for it."

"He won't let me," whimpered Tom.

"Who won't let you?"

"Bill O'Shane. He says if I go on the road for you, he won't let a single fellow buy peanuts of my father; and father makes half his money out of the school-boys."

"I declare upon my soul, it's a *boycott*!" exclaimed Raymond.

"A boycott" it certainly was. Not only did Tom Bailey fear for his father's peanuts, but he feared for his own tender skin if he disobeyed Billy O'Shane. Nor was Billy the only tyrant, and Tom the only victim. The other carriers became leaders among the strikers, and not a small boy could Raymond find who dared to enter his service, or who was not frightened out of it, if by chance he did enter, giving his forcible, if not elegant excuse:

"They'll lick me if I stay."

Matters were very serious. Early, morning after morning, Raymond carried the *Press*, and one of the sweepers, standing staunch, took Billy's place on the *Arpus*. As the enemy were not apt to gather at so early an hour, he was unmolested. A second sweeper filled Tom Bailey's place, dodging into the station at the very last moment, and more than once spilling half his wares as he jumped frantically upon the moving train.

Before long, down came the snow. Raymond shouldered his shovel and sallied forth. For a short time he worked in peace; then, with a hoot, the foe bore down upon him. At first they tried taunts and jeers.

"How do you like it yourself, sonny?"

"Don't work too hard, Boss! Don't now!"

"Why don't you wear a veil to protect your pretty complexion?"

"Say, what wages do you get? Do you work by the day or the job?"

"What's your idea of stealing, eh? Get fellows to work for nothing? B—ah!"

But the tormentors soon used something besides words. Snow-halls began to fly. More than one struck with force. Ah! at once, a sharp bit of ice came stinging against Raymond's cheek. He gave one bound, and grappled with the leader of the gang. The rest drew off and formed a ring.

The two plunged heavily to and fro. They were like two enraged young bulls. Sharper and sharper, fiercer and fiercer grew the fight. Wild beasts could not have tussled more madly. They used fists. They used nails. They bit with their teeth. I do not know how it would have ended, for, in point of physical strength, Raymond and Bill were fairly matched. But a good angel, in the shape of a burly

policeman, appeared at the corner. O'Shane promptly withdrew his forces for rest and refreshment.

But Raymond had hard work before him. Four side-walks must be cleared of snow, and then there was a concert at Grand Army Hall. He must be there to distribute programmes.

Late that evening Raymond crawled home, wet, exhausted, sick at heart; and sick in body too was he. No wonder that fever set in. No wonder that, for weeks, Mrs. Knight held her breath in an agony of fear.

Raymond was too worn with care and overwork to hold his own against disease. He lay at death's door, and it was only a question of at what moment it would open. It was only his mother's unceasing prayer and watching, her courage, which even terror could not conquer, which kept the flicker of life in him.

Then, just as even she was brought to the verge of despair, a gleam of something, which was not death, came into her boy's face. Slowly, slowly, he began to creep upward. The days, the weeks, the months went by, and Raymond was saved. Weak as a baby he lay on his pillows.

The sunshine poured in; the sweet May breezes blew into the chamber; Raymond felt no pain: only a great desire to sleep held him.

"And there's no medicine equal to that," said the doctor.

It was an afternoon near the end of May. Raymond was in the midst of a delicious nap, when suddenly he sprang up on his elbow. The front doorbell had rung so sharply that the sound had pierced into dreamland and wakened the sleeper.

"Please, Mrs. Knight," said the maid, coming to the chamber, "it's a red headed boy, and see Mr. Ray he will, and prevent it I can't."

"Mother," gasped Raymond, "it's Billy O'Shane. Let him come in."

And, sure enough, waiting for no invitation. Billy had followed Jane up the stairs.

He came into the chamber, stopped, gazed at the wan face on the pillow, gave a sort of stifled snort.

"Oh, my jingoes!" said Billy O'Shane.

There was silence after that. No one seemed to be able to speak. An occasional sniff from Billy's uncultured nose told of deep feeling, but no words came. Billy stared at Raymond. Raymond gazed back at Billy.

At last the latter opened his mouth.

"It was a mean trick on my part," said he, huskily. "If I chose to quit work myself, I'd no call to head off others from doin' theirs. It wasn't my concern neither how you got your money, seein' you kep' up to the bargain you made with me."

"I ought to have explained more to you," said the faint voice from the bed.

"I hadn't a-oughter to have been so fierce!"

There was a pause, Raymond was turning matters over in his mind.

"You wanted those library books dreadfully," said he.

"You didn't know that."

"I ought to have known it. I should have known it if I had cared. Some one said you had a sick sister," Raymond went on, still working the problem out. "Maybe she's expensive. It costs lots to be ill."

"I never told you that."

"No; but I should know it without your telling."

He held out a white, thin hand. With something very like a sob, Billy thrust forth his black, stubby fingers.

Employer and employe. Capital and labour. Brothers, the two, since they had one Father.

"I hadn't a-oughter to have b'en so fierce!"

"I ought to have known. I should have known, if I had cared!"

Several puzzling questions were answered by the clasp of those two hands.

THE END.

## Children's Corner.

### A MISSIONARY HYMN.

ST. LUKE x. 1.

As before the Master's face,  
Bade He seventy heralds run,  
Bearing news of heavenly grace,  
Whither He Himself would come.

Healing sickness, easing pain,  
Bidding sin and death begone,  
Opening hearts to Love Divine,  
Whither He Himself would come.

So He calls us, brethren true,  
Though at first we walk alone,  
He will give us work to do,  
Whither He Himself would come.

Work we while the day is here—  
Darkness cometh sure and soon—  
Fill we mournful hearts with love,  
Thither He Himself shall come.

### I HAD MY HANDS IN HIS.

"I made the cathedral clock strike twelve."

"You, my darling?"

"Yes, father."

"But the hands of my tiny daughter could never grasp that thick rope, and her arm could no more weigh down the bell than a little bird."

"Never mind, papa, the bell did move; didn't you hear the twelve strokes? And it was your pet who held the rope."

"There must be some mysterious secret about it. Even if the little hands held the rope, I think it must have been the big bell ringer who pulled."

"Well, yes, papa, you've guessed right. I had my hands in his; but I didn't let go once, and he laughed, quite pleased to ring with me."

That great cathedral bell, thus set in motion, had sent forth its sonorous tones over city and plain, to the Vosges Mountains, to the Rhine, to the Black Forest! And how many doors had burst open, how many households assembled! How many little ones ran home at that familiar sound! It is midday! The table is spread, work and play are laid aside.

Even so, child of God, raise thy feeble hand, pull that bell-rope, prayer, which reaches from earth to heaven, and the mighty hand which moves the world will act for thee.

## THE WIDOW AND THE SOVEREIGN.

At a missionary meeting held soon after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, one of the speakers related the following anecdote:

A lighthouse on a southern coast was kept by a godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid in missionary work, resolved that during the summer season she would place in the box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers received on that particular day was a lady attired as a widow, accompanied by a little girl. The two widows, drawn together, as it were, by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving, the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend.

The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; her own need seemed to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word to place the receipts on that day in the missionary box confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time, she put half a crown in the box; but on retiring to rest, she found conscience sufficiently lively to keep her from sleep. To obtain relief, she rose, took back the silver, and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids. A few days after, the widow received a letter containing £20 from the elder lady, and £5 from the younger, the first the Duchess of Kent, the other the Princess Victoria.

### IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

Say nothing you would not like God to hear—  
Eccles. v. 2.

Do nothing you would not like God to see—  
Titus ii. 7.

Write nothing you would not like God to read—  
Heb. iv. 13.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you—  
Job xxxiv. 21.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it Me"—  
John v. 39.

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to ask, "What art thou doing?"—  
1 Thess. v. 15.

"THE righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way; but the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness."—  
Prov. xi. 5.

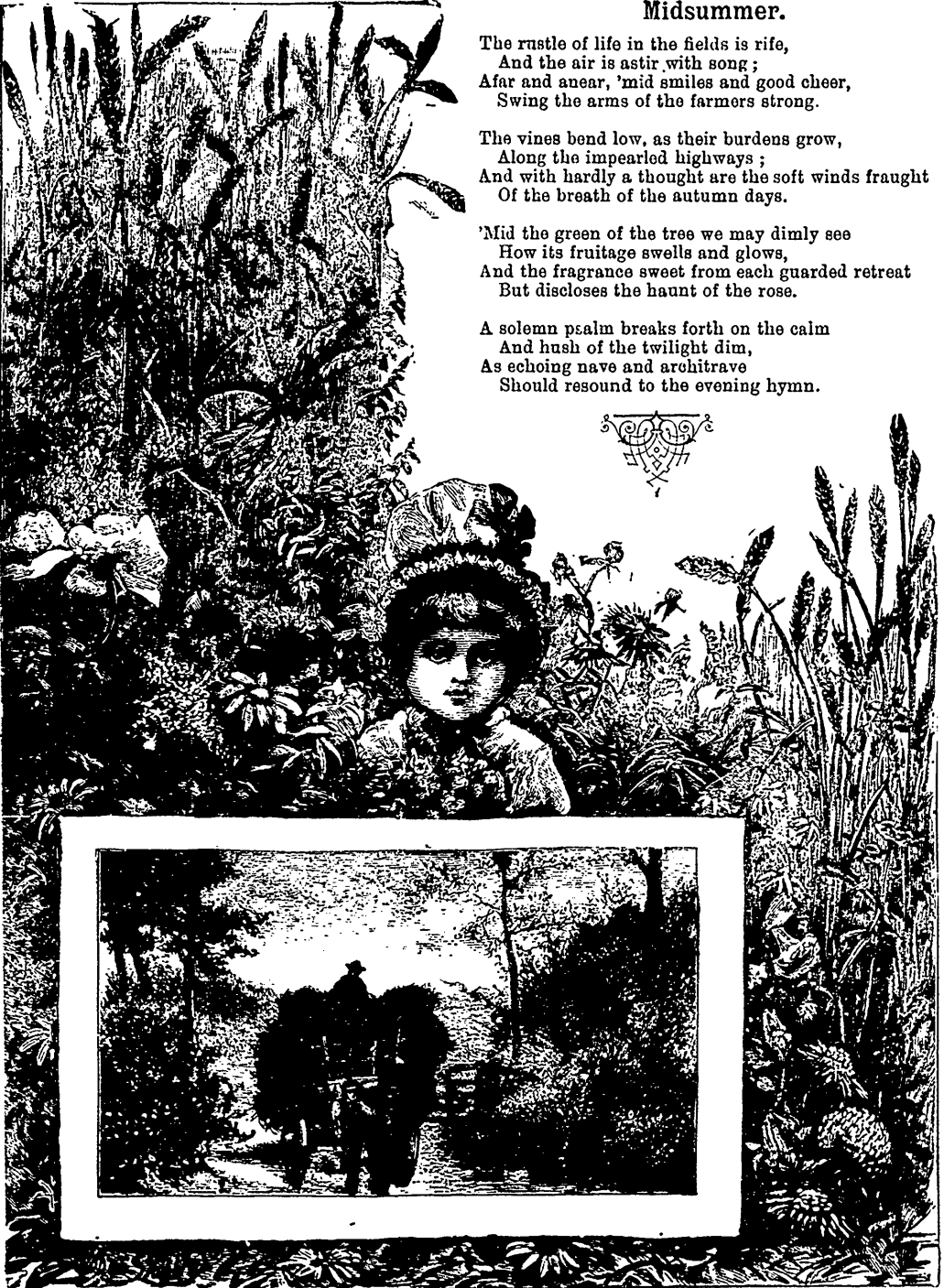
### Midsummer.

The rustle of life in the fields is rife,  
And the air is astir with song ;  
Afar and anear, 'mid smiles and good cheer,  
Swing the arms of the farmers strong.

The vines bend low, as their burdens grow,  
Along the impearled highways ;  
And with hardly a thought are the soft winds fraught  
Of the breath of the autumn days.

'Mid the green of the tree we may dimly see  
How its fruitage swells and glows,  
And the fragrance sweet from each guarded retreat  
But discloses the haunt of the rose.

A solemn psalm breaks forth on the calm  
And hush of the twilight dim,  
As echoing nave and architrave  
Should resound to the evening hymn.





## HOW MONGOLIANS PRAY.

Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers.

*They don't know the meaning of their prayers.*—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in—namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends, not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

*The Hand Praying-wheel.*—But mouth repetition is a slow process, and, to expedite matters, a praying-wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated.

*The Family Praying-wheel.*—In some tents there is a stand on which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank; the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it; and the grandchildren keep a sharp lookout, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly-timed pull sends the cylinder turning backwards, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

*The Roasting-jack Praying-wheel.*—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack!

*The Clockwork Praying-wheel.*—Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying-wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and re-arranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning,

he simply took the key, wound up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

*The Praying-flag.*—He that is too poor to buy a hand-wheel gets a praying-flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole, and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated.

The whole thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The deluded worshippers really believe that this charm-repeating, and wheel-turning, and flag-fluttering makes merit which cancels sin. They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand. This idea, too, is the cause of much sin. Believing, as he does, that this merit cancels sin, a Mongol aims not at leaving sin and being holy, but at providing for plenty of merit to counter-balance his sin, and thinks that the more religious he is, he can afford to sin the more—just as the man who has most money can afford to spend the most!

“When ye pray, ye shall not be as the heathen.” Are we not sometimes a little like them? During prayer do not our thoughts sometimes wander so much that when the prayer is over we could, if asked, hardly tell what we had been praying for? Again, is it not sometimes the case that so-called Christians, when asked what they do for Christ, say they attend church or chapel, and all that; evidently implying that they think such service has in itself a meritorious value—an idea that comes somewhat near the Buddhist's notion of his temple services?

WHAT time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.

IT is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

WHAT the Scripture forbids, avoid; what it affirms, believe; what it commands, do.

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