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# The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 32.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1881.

[New Series. No 21

## THE CITY BY THE SEA.

BY JULIA M. DUNN.

"And I saw a sea, clear as crystal."

Somewhere an ancient city stands—  
A beautiful city by the sea;  
And moss-grown gables seem to frown  
From the moss-grown roofs of the houses  
brown  
That line the streets of that quaint old town,  
Of this city by the sea.  
Never a sound of clamorous strife  
Is heard in this city by the sea;  
But calm and sweet is the tranquil day,  
And white ships ride on the moonlit bay,  
Or slip their cables and float away  
From this city by the sea.

Sometimes, at eve, when the tide goes out,  
A group of children, glad and free,  
Gambol and shout, a merry band;  
Or, over the shining, sea-wet sand,  
Go two young lovers, hand in hand,  
From this city by the sea.

Often and often I sit and dream  
Of this beautiful city by the sea;  
Till I see the flush in the sunset sky,  
And the happy lovers, fond and shy,  
And the snow-white sails as the ships go by,  
Past this city by the sea.

Is it a picture—or a dream,  
Whose haunting memories come to  
me?

Or did I somewhere, long ago,  
Hear the murmurous sea-waves ebb and  
flow

On the shining sands when the sun was  
low

And watch the white ships come and go  
From this city by the sea?

MOLT, ILL. —Advance.

## MY FAITH AND THE REASONS.

(Concluded from last week.)

Eschatology. There is no reason for supposing that death will produce a change in human character. I think it will continue the same in the great hereafter. It seems contradictory to the "eternal fitness of things," that two natures, differing in the essential elements which constitute morality and spirituality, should enter on the same joy or sorrow. "Whatever a man soweth that shall he reap." True here, true there.

Such are at present the leading articles of my faith, and I trust I have realized their sanctifying power on my life and character. I hold no one responsible for these avowals of my convictions. I affirm belief in the above statements, not because they agree or disagree with the orthodoxy or traditions of the Church, but because they commend themselves to my own reason. To subscribe to a certain class of opinions, because they are held by others, is both subversive of one's independence, and suppressive of the light which shines from the historical development of Christian dogma.

I frankly admit that the substance of truth may be found in the received standards of the various Churches, but I avow loyalty to the "Creed of Protestantism" only, that is, the Bible. And in the light of the nineteen centuries of the past I reject every human formula, ancient or modern, which serves as an iron band on the soul or conscience. Moreover, the testimony of the ages declares that such human formulations are neither "productive of unity or preventive of error." As yet I know little of myself or of the frame in which the intellect acts; less of the planet on which I dwell, (and what is it but a grain of sand on the shores of the universe?) less of the well-

nigh infinite number of almost infinite worlds in infinite space, and still less of Him "who is God over all, blessed for evermore." Are we then to speak as though we comprehended the infinite? To avow allegiance to a theory which one has never thoroughly investigated is at least absurd. Besides, to one who is only partially acquainted with the history of dogmatics from the Apostolic age to the Reformation, the theological thought of Germany, and the evolution of Christian doctrine in England, knows that it has been modified and remodified, and even within the last few months the orthodoxy of theological Scotland has been shaken, convulsed from centre to circumference.

Are we then like a ship at sea, without either chart or compass, or moorings? No. What has the criticism of the age done? Like the ocean on the shores of an iron-bound coast, it rises in liquid mountains as though it would kiss the azure vault; it breaks and dashes on the immovable rocks, and carries away the worthless rubbish, the gauzy cobweb, but, the inexorable cliff remains.

And so it is in the theological world. There is much that is loose, going, and gone, in the constructions of human dogma, many of them are as imperfect as the man who made them, yet there is a principle, a substance of truth which remains immutable, eternal as the throne of God.

What then is to be the position of an inquiring student? Is he to be bound by the theological chain of another? To be held as in a vice by the declarations of the Synod of Dort, the Creed of Savoy, the Westminster Confession, or the Boston platform? I answer for myself, No! The Author of the written Word is also the author of the sanctified human intellect. Hence in the light of the history of the past, the scientific thought of the present, the sound exegesis of the Old and New Testament, and above all, in loyalty to, and fellowship with Him who thought and therefore "spake as never man spake," investigate for himself.

The science of theology is the "queen of all sciences," and of the things which I have spoken this is the sum.

"Let the light of investigation and discovery extend, let mental science pry into the deep recesses of the human soul and moral philosophy unfold the secret springs of motive and duty; let physical science weigh the earth and span the heavens, and the fine arts combine to develop the great human soul," for the more learned, and noble and God-like it becomes, the more likely is it to respond to that love which beats and throbs in the heart of Christ, and then, like Him, it will ACT more than formulate the truth.

I believe that the Church is a company of true believers in the Lord Jesus. Men and women regenerated by the agency of truth and the power of the Divine Spirit. Having "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."

I maintain the Congregational form of Church polity, and therefore dissent from every type and cast of tyranny, ecclesiastical or political. I acknowledge no lord but Jesus, no head but Christ.

What is it? A new sect, a Yankee notion. I don't think so. "Congregational dissent" is to me "apostolic conformity." I believe that Peter and James, that John and Paul were correct in theory and practice. If history be relied on, there were Congregational churches in the second and third centuries. Our principles were enunciated by John

Wicliffe. Even Luther admitted the correctness of the theory, but did not think the age sufficiently advanced for its adoption.

In the sixteenth century the life blood of Puritanism was Congregationalism. Adherents to it were the choice spirits who became the dauntless advocates for the emancipation of the human mind from the thralldom of despotism. They were men who cared more for God and conscience than for party, priest or king, and sealed their convictions with their crimson blood.

Who were they? Many of them were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, men who would rather leave friends and home and country than forsake the faith.

Who were the saintly men "good as gold and true as steel" that crossed the foaming ocean, entered "savage deserts and western wilds." Who were the Pilgrim Fathers? History answers, some of the "best men of the best portion of the best nation on the face of the earth." And to day the pride of fifty-two millions of American people is the Constitution drawn up in the *Mayflower*. Yes, the names of Congregationalists shine not only in ecclesiastical, but also on the page of their national history.

As for England, who has not read of Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, John Owen, Isaac Watts, Phillip Doddridge? In missions to heathen nations who has not heard of John Brainerd, Robert Moffat, Dr. Livingstone, and Griffith John?

As for churches, they are numbered by thousands in England, in America, and in dark barbaric lands.

Our forefathers were men of letters, men of arts, men of morals, and men of religion, and therefore as long as the world stands and planets move in harmony with the revolutions of the spheres, their influence will be felt. Time must be annihilated, the memory of men on earth and saints in heaven must be dethroned, ere the deeds of the saintly and heroic men who were called Congregationalists shall be forgotten.

I am more than a Congregationalist, a member of the catholic Church of Christ, and as such, am prepared to give the right hand of fellowship to all who call themselves Christians.

And with every sincere Christian, I glory in the fact that the Church of which we form a part leads the van in human progress, and bears a standard blazoned with the hopes of a dying world. Unlike the civilization of Greece and of Rome, she contains within herself the elements of perpetuity. Her mission is for all time, old as the everlasting hills, yet just as fresh and new as the last flower which blushed itself into blooming beauty.

Her message is not of dogmas but of persons, not of ethics, but of Jesus, not of Christianity, but of the Christ of Christianity. He is the central figure in all literature, the Head and Lord and King of the Church universal. Our sects and systems may vanish (sooner the better), the laws and customs and institutions of society may change, the glory of nations fade, and the crown of monarchs crumble to their respective elements. But He of whom the Church speaks shall remain the same in His moral grandeur and spiritual glory, changeless as the throne of God.

—The first complete train passed through the St. Gothard Tunnel, Nov. 1. It carried 100 passengers, and made the passage in fifteen minutes.

## News of the Churches.

WINNIPEG.—The building committee are planning to build and dedicate the first Congregational Church free of debt. Several have signified their willingness to double their subscriptions in order to accomplish this. If there are any in Ontario or Quebec who like this plan, will please manifest it by sending subscription to the treasurer, Mr. Pearson, or to the pastor, Rev. Silcox.

STOUFFVILLE.—Sunday, Nov. 28, there were two very interesting services in the Congregational Church, the morning subject being on the Sabbath. The pastor showed in a very telling and effective manner the great advantages that men received from a right observance of the day that God had set apart for Himself, both physically and spiritually. There was a large congregation and listened most attentively to every word as it fell from the lips of the preacher. In the evening there was a children's concert held, the church being filled in every corner, also the aisles. The hymns were chosen from Sabbath-school quarterlies. The Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert and xxiii Psalm, after which most of the leading questions were asked on the last five months' lessons, the scholars answering in turn by verses of Scripture; and when Moses was spoken of as being the deliverer of Israel, and who was the deliverer of us, the whole school rose and repeated Isaiah ix. 6, "unto us a Child was born," etc., where the hymn was sung, "Oh rejoice, be glad, and sing hallelujahs to the King," with great effect; after which a short and telling address was given on the life of Josiah, in which the children and congregation were intensely interested, and we hope that some more of the scholars may be led to Christ through the influences of the last Sunday's service. Some have lately been added to church from school and we hope more will soon follow.

—At the late drawing of the car of Juggernaut at Bullupore, near Serampore, the frantic votaries rushed on with so great speed as to crush shops on the road and to endanger lives, and were only checked by the resistance of European officials with their loaded arms.

—A Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* says that the excavations undertaken for isolating the Pantheon have laid bare, in the Via Della Palombella, the baths of Agrippa. The floor, some six metres below the level of the street, is strewn with fragments of Cipolino marble. The base of a column of the same material, fluted only on one side, and a full metre in diameter, is also visible. An immense fragment of cornice, which probably surmounted it, has just been unearthed.

—Gospel cars are among the latest suggested improvements for railroads. Many Christian business men, it is said, who are in the habit of spending six to twelve hours a week in railroad travelling, would gladly avail themselves of any car which could be set apart either for social worship or for social Bible study. Several railroad men are reported to have declared that the plan only needs inauguration to be a decided success. After all, why should the travelling Christian public have fewer privileges on the railroad than the smoking public?

## IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE?

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

"I tremble at the thought of Heaven,"  
She said. He wondered why.  
At Heaven? whose glories makes us glad,  
And more than glad to die?"  
He asked her, puzzled, half-displeased.  
Her dreamy eyes along  
The distant hills looked forth; "I know,"  
She said, "the raptured song  
That holy souls have tried to make  
Of Heaven; how they say  
'Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,  
Thou hast no time, bright day;  
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays,'—  
I know—

But I, who am no saint inspired,  
But I, who never had  
More than a common life to live,  
Nor much to make me glad,  
Nor grand experiences that dig  
Deep channels in the soul,  
How shall I bear this Heaven's vast  
Ecstatic, perfect whole?  
Perfection? I cannot conceive  
Perfection, and I fear—  
You see, I could not take it in,  
Because I'm so used here  
To tempered pleasures and small flaws  
In all my dearest things,  
That to its full capacity  
Joy in me never swings.  
What if the splendid, perfect Heaven  
Found me thus lacking; such  
I could not comprehend it all,  
And could not bear so much?  
Like this, maybe: a man born deaf  
Hears suddenly; and lo,  
The first breath in the world of sound  
His opened ears shall know,  
Comes thrilling from an orchestra  
Perfect? Oh yes!—and yet,  
The man might swoon beneath the shock  
His startled nerves have met.—  
I am afraid."

"I thank you for that word," he said;  
There is another sense;  
We miss it (so I think) always  
Until we do go hence.  
We know there is another power  
Though not whether its tense  
Is that we might have or shall have  
This unknown sense, from whence  
We hope as great things, surely,  
As the kitten ten-days old,  
When her blind eyes, finding their use,  
To light delayed, unfold.  
And so perhaps this dormant sense,  
Not needed until then,  
May be the very thing vouchsafed  
To bear the glory, when  
The righteous in the kingdom shine,  
And He in garments white  
Sits on the throne whom none can see  
And live to bear the sight.  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Those things he doth prepare,  
Perhaps because, until that sense,  
The look they could not bear.  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard—  
Oh, no! not yet, not yet,—  
But rest; but wait; anticipate;  
And, waiting, do not let  
Thy heart be troubled! Your man, deaf,  
Not at the sound would start  
And marvel, but the new-found sense,  
The faculty, his heart  
Would fill with joy unspeakable.  
And on its own strong wings  
He would be borne above himself,  
Above all lesser things.  
The hospitality of Heaven  
Will not make earth's mistakes.  
When a tired, timid woman, strange,  
Upon that threshold wakes,  
It will not be with blare of full  
Processionals they meet  
And honour her. With tender touch,  
Tones very low and sweet,  
Ways home-like she can understand,  
As there before she'd been;  
I think they will come softly forth  
And silent lead her in,—  
And lead her in, to see the face  
That anywhere would be  
The one thing making Heaven home,  
Heaven to you, to me."

STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN. —Advance

"CRITICISM often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

"God has no self-love, because He is infinite; and we approach to God in proportion as we are dead to self, and alive to others."

## LITTLE CLEMENCE D'LAUNAY.

BY E. H. WHEELER.

Little Clemence d'Launay lived in the beautiful city of Paris.

It was not much comfort to her that it is the gayest city in the world, with elegant palaces, and broad, handsome streets leading out to shady parks where fountains sparkle, and flowers bloom, and birds sing.

She was only a poor little cripple, always too lame and ill to go with the gay ways too lame and ill to go with the gay crowds to see the shops filled with pretty things, or to the parks to hear the music, and play with the happy children.

Her home was, oh! so poor, just one low room, with a window that looked into a narrow court, where there were neither birds, nor flowers, nor anything beautiful, except the sun that on bright afternoons would creep down between the high, damp walls, and make the place seem a bit cheerful.

Inside, too, the little room would have been quite cheerless but for the patient mother, who loved her child very tenderly. Clemence thought the sunlight in the court and her mother's smile were alike.

When she was a very little girl, there came a sad day to gay Paris. A great war began and thousands of men went away to die in the dreadful battles that were fought. Clemence's father was one of these, and she had to be left alone day after day, for her mother must go out to earn their food. Oh! how long the hours seemed and how hard it was to bear the pain without her mother!

She used to sit waiting for the sunbeams to steal down to her window, for she did not feel so lonely and afraid when they were shining about her, and after they had come, and then slipped away again, one by one, she would turn her wistful eyes toward the door and watch for her mother. Often she grew so tired and restless that the tears would come, and she would sob herself to sleep, and may be not wake until she felt her mother's kiss on her thin face.

Outside, in the city, matters grew a great deal worse. The war was soon over, but, in Paris, thousands of bad, angry men were doing dreadful deeds, and for awhile no one could stop them. They burned the beautiful buildings, and robbed and killed people in the streets, and in their homes. It was not safe to go out of doors.

Then Clemence and her mother were often nearly starved, for even in the houses of the rich food was very scarce. All the time Clemence grew weaker until she could sit up but very little.

When the cruel mob was put down and food brought in for the starving people, and they could go out fearless of being shot, Clemence's mother found work again. How thankful they were to have enough to eat once more, though it was little besides black bread and a cup of poor coffee. Clemence did not grow strong, and the chilly winter was coming on; sometimes she was very fretful, poor little thing, and would cry out,

"Dear mother, why must I always be sick and not go out and work with you, nor play with my little neighbours, Marie and Jeanne?"

This made the poor mother sad enough, but she would answer: "Keep a brave heart, my Clemence, when the winter is gone, who knows but you may grow strong enough to play and work too!"

And Clemence would say: "Oh! Winter will be so long, and the pain tires me. If I could only be well to-day!"

Yet, that very Winter, something happened that made Clemence a very happy child. You will surely guess that some physician came and made her well, or that some rich person took her and her mother away to a beautiful home. It was none of these things at

all, but something a good deal better and that would last longer.

It began one day when a lady turned out of the busy street into the dingy court, coming, for love's sake, to see poor, crippled Clemence. Opening the door, she said gently: "May I come in, little Clemence? I have come to see you because some one told me you are ill and lonely."

At first Clemence was too shy to speak, but the lady sat down beside her, and talked so kindly that soon the little girl was not a bit afraid.

"Why are you all alone, dear?" asked the lady.

"Because," said Clemence, "mother must go every day to work or we shall have no bread. You see, mother is the only one now, for poor father did not come back from the war, he was shot."

"But what do you do here all the day alone?"

"Oh! sometimes I count all the things I can see, over and over; and sometimes I make believe I am well and have gone to walk in the streets, and to play with the children under the trees; but then I mostly wait all day for mother, and when she comes I am so glad."

The lady sat a long time talking, and when the sun shone in so that Clemence could see her gentle, loving face more clearly, she seemed to her like one of the angels of whom her mother had told her.

The best of all was that Clemence heard the sweet, true story of Jesus and His love for her; that He was always near by, so that if she spoke to Him either day or night He could hear her; that He would help her to bear all the pain and keep her from feeling lonely and fretted.

"But does He know that I am only a little cripple, of no use to any one, and sometimes very cross and bad, and I cannot go to pray in the church and take an offering like Marie?"

"Yes, dear," the lady answered, "He knows all; and that is just why He is so glad to help you. He is the kind Shepherd who has found one of His little lambs lost and hurt, and He will take you up tenderly and carry you in His arms."

The story was told so simply that Clemence understood it all, and after the lady had gone away and she was left alone she felt happier than in all her life before, though she was the same little cripple in the same dingy room.

The lady came often afterward and brought her little gifts of fruit, and nice food, and now and then a bunch of fragrant flowers, and told her of Heaven, and that Jesus was making ready a place for her there, more beautiful and shining than any palace in all the city, and that He would soon come to take her to live there.

Clemence grew weaker, and weaker, and sometimes suffered greatly, but her pale face always wore a smile that came from her patient, happy heart. Often in the night, when she could not sleep for pain, she would sing softly the hymns the lady had taught her. The one she loved best was:

Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill,  
From His shining home on high,  
Comes to watch me where I lie.

When the Spring came, and everything seemed glad and gay, dear little Clemence was ready to go away to her beautiful home in Heaven. Only one thing gave her pain, and that was leaving her poor mother. Often she would look in her sad face and say: "O, my mother, if you could go too! But I shall ask Him to let you come soon, for you will be lonely, but you must never think you are alone, for Jesus will surely be with you."

One afternoon the lady came to sing, for now the dear child could speak only in a whisper. She clasped her mother's hand in hers, so white and wasted, and while the sweet hymn filled the little

room, and the sunshine she had loved so much streamed in and lay like a glory about her, little Clemence went away from the gay city where she had been only a little cripple to live forever in the palace of the King of kings.

## "WOMANLY."

How often do great issues turn on a word? If the word be apt, they flourish; if inapt, they fail. A word of wide and expressive meaning is selected by a party; it is used by that party in only one of its various senses and that always the most limited, and straightway the wide word in its narrowest meaning becomes a badge, often of reproach, always of limitation. Such a word, and in such a sense is "Womanly." When the enemies of woman's progress have been met by those unanswerable arguments that are inherent in every good cause, they fall back on that weakest of all weapons, vituperation, and tell you they oppose woman's claims to all human privileges, because they are "unwomanly."

And what do they mean by the term? Drive them into a corner so that they are obliged to state their meaning, and they will tell you that whatever takes woman out of her "sphere" is "unwomanly." Press them for something more definite, and they will describe a "woman" as one who has a good husband, a happy home, lovely children, easy circumstances, and is never exposed to rough weather, hard labour, anxiety, or any other of those trials which interfere with a smiling countenance, white hands, elegant dress, and a pleasant evening at home. Tell these wisecracks that such a lot is the lot of but few, and ask them what category is to contain all other women, and they will shrug their shoulders, elevate their eyebrows, and wash their hands of the whole enigma as insoluble except by the Fates. And they have nothing to do with such ugly old women.

They will acknowledge—these objectors—that there is an enormous proportion of women in the world who cannot enjoy the "sphere" which they alone designate "womanly." That most of these women must work for their living, and that not in the way they would choose were the choice afforded them, but in any way that circumstances admit of. They have very divided opinions on the avenues open to women who have to labour, and in naming them it will always be found that such avenues as they approve of are those in which they have always been accustomed to see women employed. The conditions of the tasks thus imposed they do not enquire into for one moment; it is enough for them that they have always seen such occupations filled by women to ensure the propriety of them for women. But let a woman dare to desire liberty to walk in any other avenue, and because men are already walking there, she is set down as "unwomanly" at once. Now what may a woman do and remain "womanly?" She may educate the young at half the price her brother gets for the same work, —she may use her needle and sewing machine on the same terms. She may do at least half of the world's manufacturing—at no better rate. She may do three-fourths, nay, perhaps, five-eighths of the domestic service in civilized countries on a similar scale of pay. But let her ask to enter the professions—and straightway goes up to heaven the protest "unwomanly." She may represent that she has ability—a "call," a high sense of the responsibility of talent; a great need for better remuneration than over-filled avenues of labour are likely to afford, still the cry is "Nay! nay! nay! unwomanly. Go home, and tend thy husband, and mind thy babes."

The true question is, Does labour of any kind make a woman "unwomanly?" We have known of men placed in circum-

stances where help was not to be had, nursing their sick wives, cooking the family meals, washing the dishes, sweeping the house, and doing women's work generally; were these men "unmanly?" Forbid the thought. Then, from the other side of the Rockies comes the news that John Chinaman is the domestic servant there; and a very good servant, too. Is he unmanly? We wouldn't like to tell him so. So we have heard of women who ploughed, sowed, reaped; nay, memory recalls our own old nurse, whose tender hands have bathed our fevered heads, prepared our delicate meals, arranged our sick-room, tended our darling babes, and this woman ploughed, sowed, reaped, threshed, her own little acre lot, tended her cow, pigs and chicken, lectured careless husbands, scolded gossiping wives, mixed medicines, set broken bones, laid out the dead, expressed her opinion at parish meetings, indeed did everything that came in her way to do, and was still as "womanly" a woman as ever we knew.

It is not three months since we were talking to a lady from the banks of the Thames, Ontario, who mentioned in the course of conversation her occupation as a farmer in the absence of her husband, whose profession kept him away from home during most of the summer weather. How she managed the men, saw that the stock were properly cared for, looked after the outbuildings and had new ones erected, rode to market to sell her produce, banked her accounts, in short did all that her husband would have done had he been at home, even to driving the hay-rake when the work was hurried, and she was, nevertheless, a lady who filled all the duties and displayed all the accomplishments of an educated woman.

Taking another view of the matter, how often does Shakespeare show us his heroines in male attire, and do we ever think of calling them "unwomanly?" On the contrary, the great poet uses the "mannishness" so artistically that it becomes a foil to the delicacy of the maidens he depicts for us and makes them more charming than ever. Now we do not admire masculine habiliments for women in any circumstances, but we believe if masculine occupations—if there be such exclusively—in the way of woman's duties she is perfectly "womanly" to perform them; or if there be any employment now in the hands of men solely, which she feels capable of performing, she has a perfect right to do so, despite all prejudice. The advocates of "womanliness" as the only sphere for woman could not admire Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Sargossa, Florence Nightingale, nor our own Canadian Laura—we have lately learned on the best authority, that the heroine's name was not Mary—Laura Secord. For according to their theories no "womanly" woman would endure masculine armour even to save her country, nor mount a gun to defend her native city, nor go amid blood, and fire, and smoke, to heal wounded soldiers, nor walk twenty miles alone through virgin forest tenanted by wolves and rattlesnakes, and with the risk of being discovered by soldier enemies, though it were to save a valuable military post and the lives of thirty lonely men, miles away from any other help. And yet women have done all these things and will do them again, and God bless them for it. And they will heal the sick, as they have done before, and preach salvation and defend the laws, and cast their political votes; perhaps fill places in Parliament. But they will do all these things as "womanly" women, and who shall dare call them "unwomanly?"

This world belongs to the energetic.

LABOUR is the Divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.

THE qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

### SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

There is a form of Sunday dissipation indulged in by people who feel a sincere regard for religion, and who are, at least, uncomfortable if they do not spend a portion of the day in church. It is so common that it excites no particular notice. "I did not see you yesterday—were you ill?" is the inquiry put by one friend to another. "Not at all. I went to hear Mr. So-and-So. He is wonderfully eloquent." will be the reply. The desire "to hear" men of whom the popular voice speaks favourably, is not in itself reprehensible, but when it is yielded to till it becomes the Sunday habit, till it is quite as likely the church member will be absent from his own place, and forming one of the throng of strangers in another place, it is no longer innocent. It is a form of Sunday amusement-taking. The wish to be entertained is with many a far stronger motive than the wish to be instructed. Many have forgotten that the pulpit has a higher mission than merely to charm away an hour with beautiful rhetoric, and though their pastor speak to them of the noblest themes in the simplest way, they ask for something more. They want to be delighted, astonished, and electrified by strains of dulcet or of fiery eloquence. Their unfaithfulness is at this very time rendering it almost an impossibility for their own minister, depressed and grieved by a vista of empty pews, to deliver his own message with life and enthusiasm. The decreased feeling of personal responsibility, on the part of the pews, reacts inevitably on the pulpit.

There are hundreds who appear to attend church, mainly from æsthetic motives. You listen, as they go home after a very moving discourse, and it is not of that they speak. No. It is, "I wonder who that new tenor is. I never heard a finer voice, not even at the opera." "How deliciously sweet was that soprano solo!" "How execrable the rendering of the chants!" "I wish Miss B. would not flat so—I was tortured."

Musical culture is desirable, but musical culture should be subordinate, not superior, to a spirit of worship on the Sabbath. There is nothing praise-worthy in wretched music in church. We ought to have the best to which we can attain. The sweet, well-trained choir and the vast wave of congregational singing, alike should contribute to the service. Yet, if the artistic and critical predominate in thought, we have lost more than we have gained, even in the church where the music is most exquisite.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Do not begin by devoting attention to those who seem to want reformation most; select the best informed and best disposed—improve these, and use them as your instruments in reforming their neighbours. If you had a promiscuous pile of wood to kindle, where would you apply your light—to the green stick or to the dry?—Archbishop Whately to a young clergyman.

### INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

December 11th.

(From Sunday-School World.)

#### LESSON XI.

THE LAST DAYS OF MOSES. Deut. xxxii.

44-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. xc. 12.

This lesson is solemn and impressive in a high degree. Death in any form is touching, but the mode of this departure is without parallel. More striking, however, than the end of this great man and the picturesque accompaniments of it is the display of the "Divine" attributes—the holiness that turns away from sin

in even the most saintly, the tenderness that mingles love with chastisement, and the judicial faithfulness that maintains truth and righteousness in every direction. We are to look with deep interest on departing Moses, but with yet deeper on the unchangeable Jehovah.

V. 44. The Hoshea of this verse is of course the Joshua of the margin and of the next book. He was Moses's minister, attendant, deputy, filling a confidential place higher than that of secretary to a modern ruler, and in constant communication with his chief, so as to know his methods and be prepared, as in this instance, to succeed him. His name is "Jesus" in Greek, meaning "whose help is Jehovah." The revised New Testament properly puts Joshua for this name in Hebrews iv. 8. Oshea, Jehoshua, and Jeshua, are other forms of the name. He was the son of Nun, of the tribe of Ephraim (1 Chron. vii. 27) His name was changed by Moses from Oshea to Joshua (Num. xiii. 16.) (His personal history will be studied at a later time in the lessons.)

Having been invested with authority as Moses's successor (Num. xxvii. 18), and received a charge from God through the lips of Moses (Deut. xxxi. 14-23), he was naturally with his great leader when he uttered his "song" (Deut. xxxi. 30 and xxxii. 1-43) in the ears of the people.

V. 45 simply states that Moses "made an end." His work was now done. Of course the narrative of Moses's death is by a different writer, who here uses the original name Hoshea (help) instead of that which he had come to bear. If Joshua wrote the passage, it was not unnatural for him modestly to call himself by his original name as Moses's "minister." The presence of his successor showed the people the close relation between them, and would prepare them for receiving Joshua as Moses's successor. It was of God's ordering. (See Deut. xxxi. 14.) The all-wise Ruler is not indifferent to details.

In vs. 46, 47 we have the spoken words of the great leader after the "song." He beseeches his people to set their hearts to the truth of what he testifies, or rather with which he closes his testimony. (See Deut. xxxi. 21, 26.) They were to remember and act upon all these words, and to impress them upon all their children. A true Church of God must always feel the need of training the children in God's ways. It is the clear fore-runner of coming ruin when the children are left to themselves, and the only real care is how to secure their "getting on in the world."

No words can too strongly urge this. "It is not a vain thing"—not a thing of passing importance—but "your life." (See this fully stated in Deut. xxx. 20.) God is the life of His people. "God is in Christ," and we have the life in Him. (See John xiv. 6 and 1 John v. 12, 20.) But a true knowledge of God implies respect for His law and the doing of His will. So it is said in our lesson, "it is your life." That is true of the nation. It lived while it obeyed the Lord; died when it apostatized. The loss of the land was the outward sign of God's anger. So it will be with us. It is no less true of the individual. (See Rom. x. 4-9.)

V. 48 shows that this was the last day's work of Moses. "That selfsame day" the final direction was given to him.

V. 49. To "Abarim" (before which the article is always put—the Abarim, as we say "the Highlands"), of which Nebo (in Deut. xxxiv. 1) was a peak, called also Pisgah, a mountain or hilly range (see Num. xxxiii. 44, margin), not yet much explored, on the east of Jordan, in the land of Moab, and over against Jericho, Moses is to go. This range is mentioned in Numbers xvii. 12, and xxxiii. 47, 48. From this height and similar heights a portion of the land could be seen, in-

cluding Jerusalem and Bethlehem, according to Buckingham. Moses had intimation of all this before. (See Deut. iii. 27.) Now God speaks in the form and with the tone of command: "Get thee up;" "die there." He is supreme; the issues of life are with Him; He fixes the time and place of our end.

V. 50. So God says, "die in the mount;" but the brighter aspect of the event is not forgotten: "be gathered unto thy people." They were not in Nebo but in another and higher region. We could not make this word a positive proof of immortality. It was not meant, primarily, to teach it. It is, however, true on the assumption of immortality. (See our Lord's reasoning to the Sadducees in Luke xx. 38.)

The Lord recalls the death of Aaron in Mount Hor (recorded in Num. xx. 25-28) as in part explaining this command, and in part recalling the occasion for it. He is doing with one brother in this regard as He did with the other. The occasion of this line of action was the same to both, and is recalled in

V. 51. The whole transaction is reported in Numbers xx. 7-12, which should be examined. The element of sin in the matter appears to be that the brothers yielded to an impatient temper, used "we" where God's name should have been used, and probably under the influence of the impatience struck the rock twice where God only enjoined speaking. (Compare v. 8 with v. 11.) They did not "sanctify," give the due place to, the Lord. They spoke as if the matter were in their hands. The carrying out of the divine sentence upon Aaron is reported in the same chapter (vs. 22-29).

V. 52 reports the mitigation of the sentence: "Yet thou shalt see the land," etc. Judgment is God's strange work. He delighteth in mercy. It is fit that His glory should be upheld. It is fit that His word should be carried out, and that the faults of even His most eminent servants should be noted and dealt with. It is not fit that any Israelite should feel that he suffered where the leaders escaped. It is fit that men who were to set an example to the children of Israel should be rebuked when they fail to honour God's name among the people. God is just when He judges and clear when He condemns, and not one word of complaint or remonstrance is uttered by Moses. The further details are given in chapter xxxiv.

The following points deserve notice in the summing up of the lesson:

(1) Moses is, like a true servant of God, intent on his work to the very last. It fills his hand, his thoughts, his time, his heart.

(2) There is no weak favouritism in God's dealings with His servants. If Moses, Aaron, David, Peter, sin, there will be suffering—not, indeed, such as comes on the impenitent, but such as will show God's estimate of sin.

(3) All the details of the life and death of God's servants are settled by Him in infinite goodness and wisdom. "He stayeth," etc. (Isa. xxvii. 8).

(4) His people are to accept His appointments in true submission of soul. "Thy will be done." They "see in part" the fulfilment of God's word of promise. They are to expect confidently the fulfilment of the rest.

(5) Where we die and are buried is of little account. The great thing is that we die in the faith, and go to the general assembly and church of the firstborn.

Where we but see the darkness of the mine,  
God sees the diamond shine;  
Where we can only clustering leaves behold,

He sees the bud they fold.  
We only see the rude and outer strife;  
God knows the inner life.  
And those from whom, like Pharisees, we shrink,  
With Christ may eat and drink.

The Canadian Independent

Is published every Thursday, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States, or delivered free in the City of Toronto, for

One Dollar per Year.

HENRY J. CLARK, Managing Editor.  
REV. JOHN BURTON, B. D., Associate Editor.  
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All communications for the paper, items of news, correspondence, etc., to be addressed to the Editors, Box 2648, P. O. Toronto.

All subscriptions, current or back, notices of change of address, and other matters connected with the business of the paper, to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 2648, P. O., Toronto.

All communications should be received not later than Monday. Short items of news may be in time on Tuesday morning.

TORONTO, DEC. 1, 1881.

OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

As missionary meeting in the interest of our C. C. M. S. are beginning to be announced, a few words upon the work may be found in season. Attention should be drawn to the fact our correspondent "Mnason" exhibits in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT of August 4th, last past, that our regular contributions to the mission work at home have steadily decreased since 1875. The decrease is shown to be fully one-third of the entire amount, or about 35 per cent. Let this be noted. Again, as a consequence in part of that decrease, there are places where our churches should continue that have been, or threaten to be, wholly abandoned. Whitby is in that position to-day. Either the Society must have more resources and sympathy, or that Church, with its virtually unencumbered property, must be numbered among the things that were. And the same may be said the entire country through. Where is Brockville, Owen Sound, &c.?

Manitoba calls; if our Churches in the older Provinces die, what assurance can friends in the great North-West have that, even if planted there, we shall not suffer extinction at last and ere the work is done? Whence, too, are to come the sinews of war if the base of supply fails? There are also places where, in Ontario, we ought to plant our feet firmly, yet who can say to an aspirant to ministerial usefulness—enter in and starve. We are too fast losing our eligible men, other fields than ours offer inducements, not merely monetary, but of prospective usefulness apparently denied to them here. These facts should be not only known but pressed, and the resolve invited that this state of things must not continue, otherwise our mission work is a farce, and the sooner it comes to an end the better.

What remedy? Let the trumpet sound to battle, the cry go forth "To your tents, O Israel." "We must be free or die;" free from this incubus of poverty, inaction, free to enter in to new fields, to sustain and re-erectify those wearing out. We must be conscious of a mission, definite and high, and strong in faith, go forward. Let there be earnest giving, not contributions doled out "as one can spare and appear respectable." Kindle afresh the missionary spirit by assuring ourselves that we have a mission; then with intelligence and liberality to the work. May our deputations be met with such receptions that they

may return home baptized with fresh zeal, and the churches be blessed with such a revival as God only can command and bestow. To such a consummation let our attitude be expectant. "According to your faith be it unto you."

SENSATIONAL PREACHING.

Dr. John De Witt, of the Dutch Reformed Church, one of the American Revision Committee, and an earnest, practical man, read a short time since, before a ministerial association in Philadelphia, a paper on the subject which forms the heading of this *resume*. He introduced his subject by the following anecdote: A distinguished and living preacher, warming with his theme, found one Sunday his audience greatly moved. Men and women audibly wept. The full congregation bent forward as one man towards him who seemed to control them at will. The preacher felt the strain, but ere the feeling had reached its height he stopped, and in a tone of calmness suddenly assumed said, "Excitement like this does not become the house of God." He paused, and waited until his audience had regained self-possession ere he finished his subject. Here is presented a strange sight; an orator wielding oratorical power, refusing to use that power as soon as it became plain that he was really wielding it. How many would have had the moral courage our friend possessed and exercised,—an exercise we must respect even should we doubt the wisdom thereof, or think the principle overstrained. Let us comprehend the scene. No pleasure is more enticing than the exercise of power over our fellow men, and of all power that of an orator swaying hundreds at his word seems the least open to objection on the ground of tyranny or self. Yet here is a minister, whose work specially seems to depend upon oratorical power, wielding that power, and just at the moment he finds responsive thereto those whom he is seeking to influence, he stops and dares not go further, virtually saying, "this is not the place for exhibitions." Was he right in his judgment? Dr. De Witt evidently thinks he was. We join him in his estimate, and proceed to epitomize the reasons given for standing firmly by such a judgment.

Our Western Association at its last meeting appears to have discussed "the pulpit and what it should utter," and "severely denounced the conduct of ministers who used their pulpits to utter their doubts, to air their speculation, and to play the mountebank by the display of learned bosh." We agree with the Association thoroughly, but mention its utterance here simply for the purpose of distinguishing between what is there denounced, and "Sensational preaching," which *has* some defence; the others have none. The pulpit is not the place for doubt, nor speculation. Imagine if you can Paul prefacing his Epistles with a "perhaps," or Peter beginning "There may be some doubts as to the positive character of sin; on the whole, however, argument preponderates on the positive side, therefore it is prudent to repent." The preacher is not the apostle of doubt or speculative theology, but of righteousness, God and truth. As for "mountebankism and learned bosh," the blasphemies of Ingersoll

are less demoralizing, inasmuch as the latter are open, frank; the other simply use the temple of God to give an air of respectability to that which in its own proper character would utterly fail, being "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." Such profanities should not call for calm discussion; the Christian instinct, unless perverted, repels at once, and persistently. Our subject is what may be properly called "Sensational preaching," the others, though pulpit guarded, are not preachings.

Dr. De Witt begins with the statement that the preacher as an orator is to be distinguished from the essayist, the poet and the dramatist, though each in his own way is engaged in the exhibition of truth by means of language. The essay and the poem are akin, their province is to unfold truth, the one to the understanding, the other to the imagination, the essay being the philosophic, the poem the imaginative development of truth; neither contemplate an audience, they write in solitude. On the other hand, the drama and the oration contemplate their respective audience, and the effect desired upon each; and this at once brings us to the principle underlying the question of Sensational preaching.

The drama, by representation, excites the feelings for the purpose of promoting enjoyment; the oration by the development of truth moves the will for the purpose of securing action. Thus the purpose of the dramatist in, e.g., dramatising the life of Demosthenes, is by representation to call forth from the audience feelings similar to those called forth from the Athenian people, but with this difference. Demosthenes, in effecting his purpose, roused the Athenian will, "Let us march against Philip," they cried. Suppose one of the audience in the drama, carried away by the power of the actor, should forget himself and cry as the Athenians cried, "Let us march against Philip," the entire current of feeling would change and the audience from being thrilled with emotion would be convulsed with laughter; or supposing the entire audience thus moved, and no Philip to march against, the revulsion of feeling would be so great that again the entire performance would be an exaggerated burlesque or a remembrance of disgust and aversion. Now the character of sensational preaching is that it addresses itself to precisely the same faculties as the drama, and practically tends to exclude the more active principles of the life, hence its popularity, it is in short a Sunday drama, without the steady work of self-sacrifice following; hence too its evil, it makes the pulpit a stage, the preacher an actor, and the congregation simply an audience, which is not the function of a New Testament Church and order. True, such pulpits draw, so do theatres, and draw in proportion to the blood and fire and deluge provided for the harrowing of the feelings and the quiescence of the will. Anything that will stir the good sentiments, thus satisfying in some measure the conscience, and leave the will unmoved, (the vast majority of men justify the definition that man is a lazy animal,) is welcomed and appropriated, but at the price of moral torpor and spiritual death. Our author therefore is fully justified in concluding that "if a minister

finds, however popular he may be, that he has adopted a mode of preaching which while it enkindles the sensibilities of the people leaves them still untouched at the will, he ought to do what the preacher already referred to did—to stop. And he ought to pray for deliverance from that mode of preaching as he would pray for deliverance from the toils of the devil."

Is there then no place in the pulpit for addressing the feelings? Must the sermon be cold, simply expository? There are feelings and feelings. There are those which are instinctive and involuntary; there are those that are called voluntary emotions. The pulpit is to address the latter. "Thou shalt love the Lord—thou shalt love thy neighbour." To these active and voluntary feelings the preacher should address himself, to the sense of right and truth, the emotions of active benevolence and piety. Those sentiments are to be quickened, these sensations aroused, only be it remembered such emotions are emotions of character, not mere feelings of nature.

The subject is worthy of further development. It is further developed in the address referred to, but the editorial pen has reached its limit and we close by a quotation:—

"Sweet are the tears that from a Howard's eye  
Drop on the cheek of one he lifts from earth;  
And he who works me good with unmoved face  
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids.  
But even this, this cold benevolence  
Seems worth, seems manhood, when there rise before me  
The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe,  
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,  
Nursing in some delicious solitude,  
Their dainty loves and slothful sympathies."

"And it is because the great tendency of sensational preaching is to this 'selfish,' 'dainty,' 'delicious' and 'slothful' excitement of the sensibilities that it ought to be regarded as one of the worst evils that can possibly befall the church."

WE regret to learn that on Sunday evening, 20th November, the Rev. Joseph Griffith, of Hamilton, announced to his church that he had accepted a call tendered to him from the church at Sandy Creek, Oswego County, N. Y., and that he would leave at the New Year. We bid our brother farewell with regret,—regret however, that will not prevent our following him with our esteem and prayers for his future usefulness and comfort; may the Church at Hamilton also find the continued guidance of Him who is head over all things to His Church. We trust that it will not be long ere the vacancy thus caused will be filled, and that both Mr. Griffith and the Church he is so soon to leave will have opened up to them a future of increasing prosperity and blessing.

WE cannot allow this reminder to pass without noting the rather startling fact that during the ecclesiastical year reported in our last year book, there have been sixteen pastoral resignations in our denomination in Canada (seventeen if we include Dr. Wilkes' resignation of the honorary pastorate of Zion, Montreal), our settled pastors numbering 61. More than one-fourth of our pastors have in one year changed! This

fact should be pondered, there is a reason somewhere, and the fickleness of pastors, if such there be, cannot altogether account for it. Are churches less stable than formerly? Can any thoughtful correspondent suggest a reason? Do pastors expect too much? or churches? or both? Few changes are made without some irritating cause, and as our attention has been lately directed to certain indications among us that call for earnest and bold effort, let churches and pastors reflect also on this constant change in the pastoral relation, each earnestly seeking to minimise the evil. Changes there ever will be, but these changes are truly out of all proportion.

WE hear from time to time strange reports of the salaries that some of our ministers are promised, and the way the promises are kept. There appears to be an idea in the minds of some church officials that a pastor should be an exception to the general rule of the labourer being worthy of his hire, and that they ought to be content with a pittance such as they would not offer to a farm hand. It is pleasant to find that in England they are making efforts to overcome this evil, only, *O tempora!* it is to be done in an organized manner. So we read:—The average minimum ministerial salary which English Congregationalists aim at is \$750. The "C. C. A. and H. M. S." reports that the average was between \$300 and \$400; in four associations \$400-\$700; in eight associations, \$500-\$600; in twelve, \$600-\$700. In only two of these district bodies did the average rise above \$700; Samuel Morley, M.P., is in earnest in raising the average, through the Church Aid Society, to \$750. Mr. Hannay said in the Congregational Union, "I do know that Congregationalists of England cannot afford to allow the pastorate of the churches to fall into the hands of men who are not worth £150 a year, and I know, moreover, that the present plan of giving them something less is dragging our ministry down, so that it may have become true in some parts that there are men among us who are not worth that amount." Perhaps one reason is that the churches pay a hundred thousand dollars a year interest on church debts.

THERE has been another seizure of impure books at the Toronto Custom House, and we are glad that it is so; there is nothing more polluting and soul-destroying than such literature. Just as there are some foul things which, having touched our garments or our persons, it appears almost impossible to get rid of the offense, so there are some books which, once read, stamp vile images on the mind which can never be torn out. We remember the Rev. J. Angell James once speaking to this same effect, he said that unhappily when a boy he had a bad, filthy book placed in his hands, and that the memory of it would sometimes obtrude itself, even in his most solemn and sacred moments. Need we say that his warning was, never touch a bad book; so say we, and we trust that it will be a long time before there is free trade in impure literature in Canada.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER arrangements for 1882 are as follows, issued

by the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance:—

- "Sunday, Jan. 1st.—Subject for discourse: 'Renewed Consecration.'
- "Monday, Jan. 2nd.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.
- "Tuesday, Jan. 3rd.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social, and national sins.
- "Wednesday, Jan. 4th.—Prayer for the blessing of God on His Church and His Word.
- "Thursday, Jan. 5th.—Prayer for the young and all agencies for Christian training.
- "Friday, Jan. 6th.—Prayer for the universal prevalence of peace and righteousness.
- "Saturday, Jan. 7th.—Prayer for Christian missions, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the world."

THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

Received for current expenses the following subscriptions, viz.,

Colonial Miss. Soc. London, Eng....	\$ 633 94
Mrs. W. Silcox, Frome, Ont.....	5 00
Zion Cong. Church, Toronto, Ont..	50 00
Cong. Churches at Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, Que.....	38 37
Cong. Church at Winnipeg, Man..	66 00
" " at Paris, Ont.....	57 45
" " at Indian Lands.....	28 50
" " at Franklin Centre Que.....	5 25
Cong. Church at Martintown, Ont	12 40
" " at Danville, Que.....	15 00
First Cong. Church, Kingston, Ont.....	296 00
	\$1207 90
Interests from Investments.....	410 00
Total receipts to date.....	\$1617 90
" payments to " .....	1797 49
Due Treasurer.....	\$179 59

R.C. JAMIESON.  
Treasurer.

Montreal, Nov. 22, 1881.

Correspondence.

A SHAREHOLDER SPEAKS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—I was deeply grieved in reading the last issue of the "C. I." to learn that it was necessary to discontinue the weekly issue of said paper and return to the *monthly*, as of old. This is certainly "advancing backward." My grief was increased when I learned that the retrograde movement was the result of non-payment on the part of many subscribers, of their subscriptions.

I know for a fact that the names of many subscribers that had not paid for their paper for five or six years were finally dropped from the list—cut off because the Publishing Company had lost faith in the men, and I further know that some who were in arrears for five and six years, sent back their paper with an order to stop it, without sending the amount they owed.

But what shall I say to those subscribers who are still in arrears? Are they going to allow this backward movement, humiliating as it is to the denomination? I cannot think they will suffer such a thing to take place; if they do, all the odium will fall on their heads, for who else would be to blame?

When a number of us took shares in the Publishing Company it was under a strong conviction that the INDEPENDENT was "worth preserving," and with the hope of making it a success. We have never received, nor did we expect to receive a dividend, but we wanted to put the paper on a sound financial basis. But what has become of our paid up shares? Our money has been used up in paying the printer for the paper set on

delinquent subscribers. I ask, is this thing honest?

Now do not allow this state of things to continue. Look at the label on your paper, then before you forget it, hurry away to the post office and remit the amount of your indebtedness. If every unpaid subscriber would do so, the next issue would contain an editorial headed:

- "Onward and Upward!"
- "\$1,200 received in cash!"
- "Debts all paid!"
- "Weekly issue continued!"

Now this can and ought to be done, and would be if only you would pay up. But as shareholders, we positively refuse to pay for your paper any longer. I am sure you don't want us to do so.

As far as you are concerned, Mr. Editor, I'm sure I am only voicing the people when I say we feel devoutly thankful to you for your excellent services gratuitously rendered. I trust your cherished hopes may yet be realized, and the weekly issue continued.

Yours very truly,  
E. D. SILCOX.

Embryo, Nov. 28th, 1881.

P.S.—Unpaid subscriber! please pay up.—E. D. S.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of \$7.21 from the churches at Athol and Martintown, for the Retiring Ministers' branch of the Society; being the amount of their Thanksgiving collection.

I regret that this is the first occasion since the month of June, that I have had to use your columns to acknowledge receipt of collections or donations for the Provident Fund; but I hope to be able to trouble you more often during the next six months.

Will you kindly insert the accompanying letter, which I have addressed to the churches in the hope that it will yield fruit this winter?

Very truly yours,  
CHAS. R. BLACK.

Montreal, 22nd Nov., 1881.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

MONTREAL, 22nd November, 1881.

DEAR BRETHREN,—A year ago I took the liberty of addressing the Churches by letter on behalf of our Society, and am happy to say that the result was satisfactory, in so far as the number of Churches who responded are concerned. I am encouraged, therefore, and adopt the same course this year, and again respectfully urge upon you the claims of the Provident Fund.

We are still doing a good work for the Widows and Orphans of our deceased Ministers; and as the years roll on, the claims on us are increasing. By the death of one of our Beneficiaries this month we have another widow and several children added to the list of our annuitants, which will increase our annual outlay considerably.

The Directors, therefore, earnestly and confidently appeal to the Churches to help them in this good work.

We suggested last year that this collection should be made at the first Communion Service of the year; and that suggestion was acted on by several of the Churches. We have no desire, however, to dictate as to the time when the collection should be taken, and we leave that matter to your convenience. Will you kindly take the subject into your prayerful consideration at your first Church Meeting? As before, I will thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the collections through the INDEPENDENT. I remain, Dear Brethren

Yours fraternally,  
CHAS. R. BLACK,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

LITERARY NOTES.

Vennor's Weather Almanac for 1882 is to hand. While we do not profess to have much faith in weather predictions as a rule, and as many of Mr. Vennor's forecasts have notably failed, yet there is more than these in the book,—talks about weather storms, drought, laws of rainfalls, etc., all of which are exceedingly interesting, and the strongest anti-Vennorite may add something to his stock of meteorological knowledge, if he does nothing more, by a perusal of this almanac. Price 25 cents. We ought to have said that this is the Canadian edition, specially prepared for this country. There is an American edition. Toronto News Co., and Montreal News Co.

Our Little Ones. A charming Magazine for the young folk, well printed on excellent paper, full of pictures, little stories, little verses, little sketches, all well told. It well fulfils its title. Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

Revised Version of Mark's Gospel, from Teacher's edition, I. K. Funk & Co., New York. As the International Lessons for next year are to be entirely from Mark, a large number of special commentaries on that Gospel will no doubt be issued. For a real student, however, such a work as this is the best. We have the revised text (we only wish that it had given the authorized version also), the suggestions of the American revisers in the centre of the page, as also the references in full, a boon which only those who are constantly turning to references—too often to find them inappropriate—will welcome. There is in addition a portion of the teachers' helps given in the publishers' edition of the Revised New Testament, as a "Harmony of the Gospels," "Supposed Chronology of the Acts and the Epistles," "Our Lord's Miracles" and "Our Lord's Parables." Every teacher should have a copy near by when studying his or her lessons next year. Price 50c. in cloth, 15c. in paper.

SCRIBNER'S for December contains a portrait of the late editor, Dr. Holland, with a short sketch of his life (all too short) by Edward Eggleston; the story of a young man who, surmounting early poverty, and what was in some senses worse, the never do-well sins of his father, rose by pluck and industry to the high position in which he died. Another sketch, with portrait, or rather two portraits, claims attention. It is of President Garfield, and the portraits are of him at the age of sixteen, and one from a photograph taken last year, the most expressive of the many likenesses we have seen. The other illustrated articles are "A Cruise in a Pilot Boat," "The Early Writings of Robert Browning," "A Colonial Monastery," being a description of the Conventual Retreat of Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, "The Lincoln's Life-Mask," "The Hieroglyphics of Central America," and "The American Student at the Beaux Arts." For those who look for fiction, there is the first instalment of W. D. Howell's new tale, "A Modern Instance," and a continuation of Mrs. Burnett's "Through one Administration."

THE HERALD OF PRAISE, by L. O. Emerson. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. The production of music books for choirs and singing classes knows no decline. Steadily and constantly they issue from the press, and so long as they are equal to the one before us we gladly welcome them. The editor is no untried man, but brings to his work ripe experience and a practical knowledge of the musical wants of the people. It is practical, and this will commend it to those who want to learn to sing, and to those who, having learned, want good fresh music that will please as well as instruct. It includes a compact chart of description of musical notation, a number of new and fresh vocal pieces, sacred and secular, for the practice of the notes, constituting an easy glee and chorus book with a collection of new hymn tunes and anthems, and a number of well-chosen pieces for concerts.

—As illustrating uprightness of character on the part of some of the Chinese, Miss Harriet Carter told a story to the effect that one of these men in a laundry in Worcester was advised by a lawyer that he might get rid of paying his exorbitant rent by moving out in the night, but the Chinaman replied: "No, that would be like the 'heathen Chinese' and wouldn't answer. He must move out in the sunlight, and not in the dark."

## MISSIONARY NOTES.

—Oahu College, in the Sandwich Islands, has just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its foundation.

—The report of the Evangelistic work in Spain speaks of the steadfast faith and fervour of the converts from Romanism. Every convert seems to become a propagandist in the best sense of the term.

—A powerful revival is reported in progress in Honolulu, and other places in the Hawaiian Islands, through the labours of Mr. M. I. Hellenbeck. The missionaries say there has been nothing like it there since the great revival among the natives in 1838.

—The last letters from the brethren on the way to Bihe report that Messrs. Sanders and Miller understand already much of the language among the natives. Mr. Sanders has some 1,200 words written out, and is studying the structure of the language preparatory to reducing it to writing.

—The *Hiogo Times*, Japan, gives a report of Japanese books and other publications prepared by missionaries of the American Board, or by native Christians connected with our mission, to the number of fifty, twenty-seven of which are original, the rest are translations. Fifteen are published entirely by native houses. Thus rapidly is a Christian literature increasing among the Japanese.

—The *Missionary Herald* estimates that of the little over fifty millions of population in the United States, one person in 728 is a Protestant evangelical minister; one in 56 is a teacher in an evangelical Sunday-school; one in 5 is a member of an evangelical church. If an even distribution of the Christians through the country were made, there would be one minister, 13 Sunday-school teachers, and 145 professing Christians for each community of 728 souls.

—Hilo, in the Sandwich Islands, has experienced a remarkable deliverance. For eight months, a vast stream of lava, in width from one-half mile to four miles, has been moving towards Hilo, till it came within eight hundred yards of the town, then ceased to flow, and the lava cooled and became as rock, to the great relief of the anxious and prayerful people. Hilo is the scene of the labours of the venerable Rev. Titus Coan, pastor of one of the largest churches in the world.

—The *Monthly Record* of the Free Church, Scotland, says of the progress of the gospel in the New Hebrides during the last decade: Ten years ago Aneityum was the only Christian island in the group; now about one third of the group has been occupied, and all the islands are open for the gospel. About one hundred thousand people still remain in heathenism. Twenty different languages are spoken by them, requiring as many separate translations of the Bible.

—The report of the London Missionary Society for 1881 has many interesting and encouraging facts. Of the work in Madagascar it says: Twelve years ago the burning of the national idols inaugurated a social and religious revolution which has been followed by startling results. The Queen, Prime Minister, and the Court have embraced Christianity sincerely and intelligently, reforms have been instituted on gospel principles. Slaves have been released, justice has been administered by the courts, education has been provided for, and the social life of the people has been greatly elevated. The membership of the churches has increased from 37,113 to 71,585.

—Rev. Dr. N. G. Clark, foreign secretary of the American Board, thinks no such revelation of popular interest in the Gospel was ever before exhibited as was shown in the eager demand for the Re-

vised edition of the New Testament. He also thinks that, so far from the vital force from Christianity being spent, it is unhappily true that it sometimes wastes its surplus energies in denominational rivalries, quite indifferent to the claims of Christian comity, or on the luxurious appointments of church edifices of public worship. Yet, with all our enlarged opportunities, with all our growth in numbers and in power as churches of Christ in this country, it is a painful fact that distinctly missionary effort has not kept pace with other religious activity.

## GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—Newcastle continues to be the centre of the evangelistic work in England of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. Large meetings are held daily, and many of these are for special classes, as for unconverted men, unconverted women, etc. The local Christian workers are fully alive to the importance of the meetings, and give effective aid to the evangelists; and the daily newspapers of Newcastle give each day extended reports of the previous day's meetings. The inquiry meetings are, like all others, well attended, and many persons have professed to have found Christ there.

—Mr. Rassam finds a complete fulfilment of all the inspired men of old foretold respecting the destruction of Babylon. "If any one wants to be convinced how literally and truthfully the different prophecies about the utter destruction of Babylon have been fulfilled, he has only to visit that country and see with his own eyes the complete desolation of what was once upon a time called in Holy Writ 'the glory of kingdoms.' Indeed the destruction of that city was so complete that one wonders whether the accounts given of its greatness and magnificence by different Greek and other historians were not rather exaggerated; but the words of God cannot fall to the ground, as Isaiah predicted that 'the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah,' and again: 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her gods He has broken unto the ground.'"

—We should be sorry if the report is true that the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland is "going to pieces." The abolition of patronage is said to have induced many of its members to return to the Established Church; but as a body, whatever individual members may think and do, it stands firmly opposed to state connections. The U. P. Church has suffered a decrease of 1,084 members in the past two years, but it has gained 12,000 in the decade, and the general depression in industries may account for much of the decrease. We wonder some of the over-orthodox Highlanders do not suggest that the decline is a punishment for meddling with the Confession; for it will be recalled that a few years ago the Church adopted a "Declaratory Statement," giving a liberal interpretation to the Standards. It is by no means a dying Church, for it raises more money for foreign missions than either the Free or the Established Churches.

—The revival of religion in France goes on apace. The death of Pasteur Geo. Fisch, D.D., is a heavy loss. The last number of *The Huguenot* gives clear evidence that the truth is gradually leavening the masses of the French population. A Preparatory Theological School, founded by the *Societe Centrale*, has already sent more than 130 pastors into the field. "At P.," writes Rev. Mr. Veriner, a representative of *La Mission Interieure*, "we had an audience of at least 300. This is the first time the gospel has been preached in P. We remained till nearly midnight, with people who wished to be taught by us." The word of God is glad tidings, indeed,

to these benighted Romish peasantry—hardly less so than to Chinamen or Hindoos. Mrs. V. G. Stone's gift of 70,362 francs has been divided among eight evangelical societies for their work. They speak of it with gratitude as a most efficient help. Would that others, of equal means, might do equally well. The societies are the following and will show how many agencies are at work for the evangelization of France: Societe Protestant d'Evangelique de France; Societe Evangelique de Geneve; Mission Interieure Evangelique; Mission Evangelique McAll; Œuvre de M. Saillens (Marseille); Comite Protestant de Lyon (Cazanova); Societe des Ecoles du Dimaiche.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

—Out of the seven hundred policemen of Birmingham, England, nearly three hundred are total abstainers.

—A semi-centenary festival is shortly to be held by the Preston Temperance Society, which was the first "teetotal" organization in England.

—A "declaration of principles and purposes," for the guidance and instruction of temperance workers, has just been issued by the National Reform Conference of Prohibitionists.

—Sir Edward Baines, when presiding at the banquet recently given at Leeds, England, to Mr. Gladstone, in proposing the toast of the evening, drank to the health of Mr. Gladstone in a glass of water.

—Some time ago a commission was appointed in Russia to consider the best means of diminishing drunkenness. The commission has reported in favour of a great reduction in the number of liquor dealers.

—The Duke of Westminster, at the recent meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, congratulated the meeting that while British trade was rapidly reviving, British intemperance was markedly declining.

—Mr. Samuel Pope, Q. C., the recorder for the borough of Bolton, England, declared at a recent local option meeting, that during the twelve years of his recordership no total abstainer had been brought before him for trial.

—Kansas has a Temperance Mutual Benefit Union which is designed to afford cheap and safe insurance to abstainers. Those desirous of joining, if not already abstainers, must sign the pledge in good faith and keep it.

—We do not know whether it is due to special causes, or represents a real increase of temperance sentiment in the State, but in either case, the rise of the temperance vote in Wisconsin, from less than 1,700 last year to 25,000 this year, is worthy of record and congratulation.

—The Silver Star Brigade is the name of a somewhat peculiar juvenile temperance organization which extends throughout England. It has a membership of 5,750. Each member, on joining, promises to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, gambling, and bad language, and to uniformly strive to be loving, kind and useful.

—Weston, the pedestrian, is now delivering temperance lectures in London. In a recent lecture he said that, after a long experience as a pedestrian, during which he had walked 56,000 miles, he could bear strong testimony to the absolute necessity of temperance to any one who wished to keep his body in good physical condition.

—The Bramo Somaj have recently organized a Children's Band of Hope. A very gay festival was held at Mr. Sen's house, the children being arrayed in gay costumes of vivid green and gold, with purple and silver stars, which were almost

dazzling. A procession of eight boys entered, singing a Bengali song on the evils of drink. Drink was described as "a demon with wide, yawning jaws, devastating our mother country." The demon was also represented by a hideous black figure on one side of the enclosure; gaping jaws, protruding tusks, and a horrid red tongue, a black bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other. The children were regaled on sweetmeats; addresses were given, exhorting the children to destroy the monster. They at last all rose at a signal given, and carrying the hideous monster to another part of the garden where a stake had been put up, they set him on fire. Darkness fell as the last flames shot up, and the bottle fell from his hand.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Bishop Simpson said in the Ecumenical Conference, London, that the loss of children of Methodists in America in favour of other denominations, was one of the most disastrous facts connected with Methodism.

—A Mormon bishop tells us that there are no Irish men or women among the Mormons. Good for the Irish. Perhaps the instruction and authority of the Romish priesthood is not without its redeeming influence upon the social question among them.

—Professor Max Muller has announced a most important discovery in Japan of a Sanscrit manuscript of the "Diamond Knife," which forms part of the sacred canon of the Buddhists, and has been known hitherto only through Tibetan and Mongolian translations. Professor Muller was of the opinion that some such valuable relics must exist in China, but the discovery in Japan was wholly a surprise.

—The Appletons, of New York, have refused to publish longer the *North American Review*. Their reason is that the editor persists in publishing blasphemous articles from Col. Ingersoll. They object, not to religious discussion, but to that impious style in which the champion atheist shocks and outrages the moral sense of the Christian public. And he shall probably have an outcry now against persecution.

—The distinguished French family of Mirabeaus is not extinct, as has frequently been stated. Andre de Mirabeau, who won distinction in the American War of the Revolution, left a son, Victor Riquetti, who succeeded to the marquise and married, in 1816, Mlle. Danthon, by whom he had three children—Gabriel Victor, Armand Joseph, and Edouard Arthur. It was the latter who died, in 1873, in Russia. Armand Joseph died in 1840. It is Gabriel Victor who still lives and bears the title. He was born in 1819.

—It is proposed to abolish the charity known as Watts's Poor Travellers' House, at Rochester, England, made famous by Dickens in his "Seven Poor Travellers," one of the most popular of his Christmas stories. Recently the trustees appointed an inspector to investigate the character of the applicants for and recipients of the charity, and his report has just been presented to the trustees. The meeting was a private one, but it may be stated that the inspector reported that during the ninety-two evenings covered by the investigation 1,258 men applied for admission, and 505 were actually admitted, of whom the great majority were wayfaring mechanics, answering to the description of the founder of the bequest, viz., "Poor travellers." The general feeling of the trustees appears to be in favour of the retention of the charity, the chairman expressing his conviction that the Poor Travellers' House was answering the purpose of its founder.

—Twenty Mormon missionaries, with 367 converts, from Europe, arrived in New York last week, the former in the saloon, the latter in the steerage. Said one of the missionaries to a *Herald* reporter: "It is the custom in some countries to persecute us for making converts, and Elder Ludwig Suhke was arrested in Hamburg the very day we left. The officers were looking for Brother Hammer, too; but he escaped them and is with us. Elder Suhke has been preaching at Kiel and Hamburg with great zeal for two years and during that time has been 114 days in prison for making proselytes to our faith. They sentenced him to seven days' imprisonment in Kiel once, then gave him another week because he sang hymns in prison; but he has a stout heart and suffers manfully in the good cause. He is a powerful preacher and has a mission church, with 150 members, which no persecution of the German Government can put down."

**How an Artist Treated his Visitor.**  
To the Editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register

I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this, had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; always swells and puts on a great many airs and makes himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and staid two months. I then made up my mind that the next time he came I would change his diet, as he has always gobbled down everything set before him. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and I have no doubt he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stay long.  
J. S. LEVYON.

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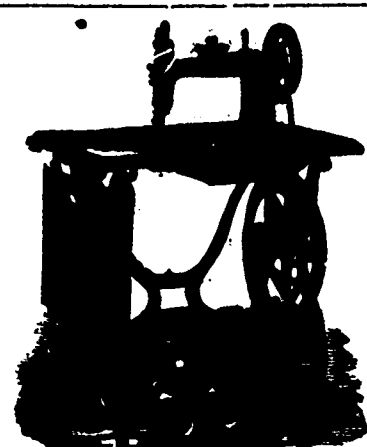
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(Signed)

- H. J. CLARK, Editor *Canadian Independent*.
- J. COOPER ANTLIFF, M.A.,  
Pastor Carlton-st. P. M. Church, Toronto.
- J. A. BOYD, M.A. Chancellor of Ontario.
- ROBERT BOYLE, P. Minister, Brampton.
- GEORGE COCHRAN,  
Pastor Bloor-st. Meth. Church, Yorkville.
- S. GZOWSKI, JR., Toronto.
- M. H. HOWLAND, Toronto.

- H. D. HUNTER, M.A.,  
Congregational Minister, London.
- JOSEPH D. KING, Baptist Minister, Toronto
- H. M. PARSONS,  
Pastor Knox Presby'te'n Church, Toronto
- H. D. POWIS,  
Pastor Zion Congrega'l Church, Toronto.
- J. P. SHERATON, B.A.,  
Editor *Evangelical Churchman*.
- W. J. SMITH, B.A.,  
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Uxbridge.
- J. J. WOODHOUSE, Toronto.
- HON. Wm. McMASTER,  
President Toronto Baptist College.

The publishers have opened a fund for the free distribution of the *British-American Workman* in Steamboats, Railway Cars, Hospitals, Reformatories and Jails, and have pleasure in acknowledging the following letter from a prominent Toronto gentleman:

\* \* \* I enclose you cheque for \$10 to aid in the distribution of the *British-American Workman*, and hope it may prove a useful means of scattering the information so much needed by the masses. \* \* \*

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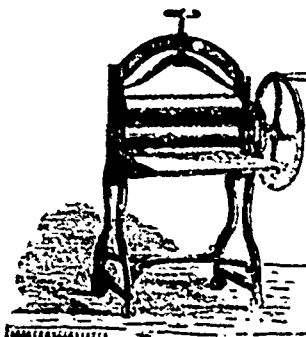
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