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"One is Your Master, even Christ, and all Ye are Brethren."

THE
CANADIAN 
INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 5.

MARCH 1, 1887.

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TORONTO:

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1887.

NOTICE.

THE following is an extract from the letter of one of our ministers when sending his subscription :—

The paper is capital, and demands infinitely larger patronage than our people are giving it. I am trying to draw attention to it, and awaken an appetite for it, by reading from its columns at our weekly meetings its Mission News and other good things.

Very good, brother; you are doing well. Who will be the next to stand up and bear testimony? If our churches would give us a thousand new subscribers (as they could easily do) we would make THE INDEPENDENT still more attractive and worthy of support.

We have to thank our subscribers for the response made to our appeal for the payment of subscriptions. A number have been received and placed to credit. Will the friends kindly look to their labels, and see that the date is changed correctly. The mailing list is made up to the 24th February, but it is quite possible that some mailed before that date may not yet have reached us; it will therefore be on the next number that the corrected date will appear. There are still some hundreds who have not paid their subscriptions for the current year now due. Kindly send us your dollar at once. There are also some who owe two, three, four and even five years. If your label shows "1 Jany, '87," you are due one dollar for 1887; if it shows "1 Jany, '86," you owe two dollars—one for 1886 and one for 1887; and so on, in like order. Address all letters, editorial or business alike, to

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1887.

[No. 5.]

Editorial Jottings.

WE have not been teaching the lesson that our scholars have had to-day (February 20), but we have been studying it, and what a striking lesson it is—"Abraham pleading for Sodom!" The picture of the grand old patriarch, the father of the faithful and the friend of God, standing there and pleading for the doomed city with such wonderful earnestness and pathos, and at the same time with such deep humility, stands out unique on the pages of holy writ. We think of Moses pleading for idolatrous Israel, content, if the people are spared, that he himself should be blotted out of God's Book; but here it is the sublimity of unselfish faith. The prayer was not in vain; for when the Lord poured out His judgments upon the wicked cities he remembered Abraham, and saved Lot in the overthrow. We have the great Intercessor—greater than Abraham—and He is able to save to the uttermost. Not the intercessor for a few, nor for an hour, but for all men and all time; *yours*.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead.

TALKING about apostasy, and going back from Christ, is it not possible that there may be some of those whose apostasy we mourn who have never had anything from which to apostatize? We believe that Demas had, but not all who are supposed to have followed his example.

SODOM and prosperity, a good business, riches and position, or the rough mountain side, with peace, quiet, poverty it may be, but the worship and the blessing of God, communion with Him, assurance of His favour and exemption from the contaminating influences and constant perils of a

wicked neighbourhood. Which pays in the long run?

A PASTOR'S wife from the country—you know God makes the country, which man spoils by the town,—writes touching Mrs. Currie's death, and says: "Our mission band will have \$15 to expend, and they wish it to go to a memorial fund, to be expended in erecting a school room, church or mission house in memory of our first missionary's wife." An excellent suggestion, which our Foreign Missionary Society can use, and profit thereby.

THIS same earnest worker invites through our columns answers to the following inquiries. The autocrat in the editor's chair requires the same to be brief and pointed. *Such* answers will be more than cheerfully inserted. 1. Accounts of the missionary meetings held by our Church Missionary associations. Would they not prove useful in these columns? 2. How are public missionary meetings to be managed? Could not Sunday evenings be profitably spent, at intervals, in such meetings, several taking part? 3. How may mission bands be best worked, and the members best interested? An interchange of thought on these subjects, in modern tongue a *symposium*, will be very useful.

A LETTER from Mr. G. Hague, criticising our comments on the Andover case, together with our comments, and some intended jottings on our last visit to Montreal, are crowded out by matter already in type, the more urgent account of our Missionary's journey and church news.

ON Thursday, January 20, Dr. J. F. Stevenson was publicly recognized as the pastor of the Brixton Independent Chapel. The meeting was large, hearty and representative. Dr. A. Hannay presided, and spoke feelingly of the loss Canada has

sustained by the gain made to English Independence. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the evening was a letter from Mr. J. Hunter, now of Glasgow, who had been the choice of many of the Brixton friends. As a sample of Christian generosity we print it.

23, University Gardens, Glasgow.
January 18, 1887.

Dear Dr. Stevenson,—I am sorry that I cannot be present at your public recognition on Thursday evening, but let me say to yourself what I have said to others—how sincerely and heartily glad I am that you have been called to succeed our revered and beloved Baldwin Brown. The friends at Brixton have been wisely guided—more wisely, perhaps, than some of them knew, or know. Under your ministry the old and noble traditions of freedom and breadth will remain and form part of the continuous life of the church. While I have little sympathy with the religious liberalism that exists chiefly to fight what is called “orthodoxy”—for it is as narrow and one-sided as any other sectarianism—I am more and more convinced that the most comprehensive form of Christianity is ever the truest, and I rejoice that of this comprehensive Christianity, Brixton Church will remain the witness and the working place. May the blessing of God abide with you, and to your people may there be given grace to fulfil their new duties, and serve this new time according to the will of God.

I am, my dear Dr. Stevenson,
Faithfully yours,

JOHN HUNTER.

Mr. C. E. Escreet, vicar of St. Mary's, Battersea, was also present, and gave an address full of Christian warmth and catholicity. We congratulate our friend on his present happy position, and may the blessing of God continue to follow him and his until the journey ends.

OUR readers will note that we have added materially to our editorial staff on the page devoted to College items. We shall be glad of still further strength in other directions also.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY THE REV. W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHURCH IN THE FO'C'STLE.

The experience of “my first Sunday at sea” opened up new possibilities. On Monday morning we rounded Tarifa Point, and entered the Bay of Gibraltar.

As we were gazing on the giant rock before us, and steaming slowly up to our anchorage, a seaman passed me in the discharge of some duty; and as he passed whispered a word of thanks for what he was pleased to call “kind words to poor Jack yesterday.”

This unexpected recognition led to reflection. “We have a short meeting for prayer in the saloon for the passengers; why not have something like this for the men ‘for’ard’?” This was the thought which pressed itself upon me, and to which I determined, if possible, to give practical effect. Tuesday found us skirting the Spanish coast toward Cape de Gatta. We had hurriedly “done” Gibraltar, penetrating its wonderful “galleries,” gazing with wonderment at the picturesque Moorish and Spanish costumes which filled its streets, and were now *en route* for Malta. I had come to the resolution to try the experiment of a service with the men that very night.

Between the hours of six and eight in the evening was what was called the “dog watch,” that is a time of leisure for all but the few on that watch.

I laid my plans before the captain, and asked permission to put them into practice. He gave me *carte blanche* to do what I liked, cautioning me, however, that I might not receive as friendly a reception as I should like. I laid the matter before the Lord, and prayed for courage and wisdom in what was manifestly a difficult task. I had experience enough to know that if I won the confidence of the men, good might be done; if I made a false step, harm might be the issue. Very fearfully, I must confess it, did I venture to go “for’ard.” Lounging around the “for’ard hatch” were thirty or forty men—seamen and firemen—engaged either in a variety of games, or watching the fortunes of the players. There were cards, dice and draughts. For some time I stood a spectator of their enjoyment, hazarding a word ever and anon to some player who was garnishing a brilliant move of his opponent by an ugly oath. “Swearing won’t help you to win the game.” “No, no, sir” was the only response I could get.

After seeing several games concluded, I ventured to interpose, and said: “Now, men, suppose you and I have a chat together,” pulling out a pocket-Bible as I spoke. Instantly the hatch was cleared, and to a man they scampered off to the starboard bulwark, as though a special interest had been suddenly born in a Peninsular and Oriental steamship which had been slowly making upon us all the day. I was left alone, the interest of the men being apparently riveted on a ship which they had seen many times during the day. The situation was not assuring; I felt dreadfully embarrassed and disheartened. Sitting down, however, on a camp-stool, and opening my Bible, I waited. By and by the *bo’s’n’s* mate, by nickname, “Sandy”—a young fellow always the leader in anything daring or mischievous, and yet withal an honest, manly fellow—came, or rather “sidled” toward me, as though rather ashamed of himself. His example was quickly followed by two or three others. Noticing that those who came had put out their pipes, and fancying that this might be a

hindrance to the others, I said: "I don't want to interfere with any man's pleasures; you can smoke and listen too." Thus reassured, the bulk of them came near, and lay on the deck or sat on the hatch around me. I reminded them that we were to be in the same ship for many weeks together, and, as we should always be ready to help one another, I was anxious to do them what little good I could. We were all away from home; our dear ones were far away from us; we were in common conditions of danger; brought hourly face to face with solemn evidences of the Creator; we might surely spend a few moments together in talking about God, and in talking with God for those we had left behind. "Are you willing," I asked, "that I take up a quarter of an hour of your leisure to read God's Word to you?" "Aye, aye, sir," was the fairly-general response. I read the story of the Prodigal Son, and applied it in the simplest and most practical way. On concluding my address, I asked permission to pray. The same ready response came. Smoking ceased, and caps were doffed as I rose to pray. As I commended the ship and its living freight to God, our wives and children and friends to the care of our faithful Father, there was solemn silence, broken only by the noise of the engines, and the splash of the waves.

The night, the sudden Mediterranean night, had stolen upon us before our little service was done. The crimson horizon cast a weird light upon the scene, and added to its solemnity. Before we separated, I made the proposition to come every evening, if they would consent to forfeit a quarter of an hour of their evening's leisure. To this they readily, and with acclamation, agreed. Their hearty "Good-night, sir," assured me, that some little progress had been made in reaching the susceptible heart of "poor Jack"; and as I heard the shrill whistle of the bo's'n arranging the watches for the night, I felt that they would not be less faithful to their trust because of the little service which had preceded work.

The "dog watch services" became, henceforward, an institution of the ship. The second night opened up a pleasant surprise for me. On reaching the forward hatch, I found that sundry preparations had been made for the service. Seats had been improvised out of planks, and formed three sides of a square—my camp-stool being placed in the centre. Sandy, whose good-will I had evidently secured, announced to the occupants of the fo'c'stle the commencement of our service. Out they came, and, occupying the seats provided, formed a most respectful congregation. Distributing hymn-books among the men, we commenced our services with singing. It was singing! The deep bass from those broad-chested sailors rolled through the ship from fo'c'stle to the saloon. It brought the officers in a body to the

bridge, and the passengers from their state-rooms, forming a large and most respectable auditory.

This order of things continued as long as the weather permitted. After a hot day, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, it was pleasant in the cool of the evening, before the copious dews began to fall, to meet thus, and offer our evening sacrifice. But calm gave place to storm, and our conditions of worship became impossible. With a ship plunging, rolling in a stormy sea, and taking in tons of water almost at every pitch, the open deck was no place for a service. But the earnestness of the seamen was tested by the determination not (as they said) "to be done out of their service by a breeze of wind." By dint of no inconsiderable labour in removing of spare stores in chain and cable from the fo'c'stle, they fitted up what they called "the church in the fo'c'stle." The arrangements were of a rather precarious character, as they often proved. A heavier lurch than usual would overturn their improvised forms, and roll a dozen men occasionally on the floor. It was often precarious for me. With all the sea legs possible for a landsman, in time of prayer I would be rolled over in a most undignified manner. It was all taken as a matter of course, and nothing like a jest found its place in our worship. "The church in the fo'c'stle!"—it was a holy place. The sound of many waters—now loud as a thunder-peal, drowning all other sounds, now hushed into a moment's calm—impressed each meeting with a deep solemnity. How near one felt to God in these wild nights! How grand it seemed as human voices and the storm's hoarse roar mingled in one song of praise! It gave the old words a new form:

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

During a fortnight's anchorage in Smyrna Bay, with the city before us, nestling on the slope of Mount Pagus, and with the sites of the churches in Asia sufficiently near for purposes of reference, I gave the crew short lectures on the "Seven Churches." At the close of the course I was told that it was incomplete, for there were eight churches in Asia—the eighth being "the church in the fo'c'stle." The "eighth," to them, was of more importance than all the others—it was their own.

Many a letter from distant seas have I received from these men, full of tender mention of that rough church and simple service—not a few of them dating their change of life from the fo'c'stle service, and all expressing deep longings for some kindred privilege in their present spheres.

(To be continued.)

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF :

J. K. Unsworth, B.A., A. McLeod, A. P. Solandt.

The students have launched out as editors. For some time they have felt that the interests of our college would be furthered if more were known about it by our people in Canada. They therefore requested the editor to give them for this purpose a column or two in THE INDEPENDENT. This request was pleasantly and willingly granted, and an editorial staff was appointed by the students to take charge of this department. It is this staff which would now make its editorial bow, and would ask your kindly indulgence as we appear before you from time to time. We are students of your college; we have come from your churches, and our only desire in thus obtruding ourselves upon your notice is to more closely unite our churches and our college. When we reach out hands of friendship our thoughts and hearts and prayers go out to you; may your thoughts and hearts and prayers go out to us.

The college circular is now scattered from Baddeck to Sarnia. About 5,000 have been sent out, so that in almost every Congregational family will be found a picture of our Montreal home. We wish you could see something more than the picture. If you should come to Montreal, make your way toward the Mountain, to 58 McFavish Street.

If it be any time between September and April, walk in, and we will be glad to welcome you. On the first floor we will show you the lecture room, convocation hall and library. On the second and third floors our common room (that is, our parlour) and the rooms in which we study and sleep.

If it be near meal time, wait till the bell rings from the basement. Come down, and sit with us at our long table, and join us in social intercourse while partaking of our college fare. Those of us who have had experience tell us that in comparison to the old-time boarding house this is a great improvement. But if it be not your good fortune to come yourself, come by proxy in the shape of such a gift as will be your share toward helping on the good work which the building represents.

Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, lectured to us on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology for two weeks, beginning January 17. An examination was held at the end of the course. We are delighted to welcome any of our ministers who can speak to us from the riches of a long experience in the ministry.

The College Board have invited the Rev. Dr. Barbour, of Yale College, Conn., U. S., to become Principal of the college. Dr. Barbour preached in Emmanuel Church during Christmas vacation with very great acceptance. He is a man of about fifty-five years of age,

was formerly a professor in Bangor Theological Seminary, and for the last ten years has held the position of preacher in Yale College. His reputation as a scholar, teacher and preacher has made him widely and favourably known. We sincerely hope that Dr. Barbour will accept the position, as he seems to be the man that is needed.

Besides taking a lively interest in all affairs connected with our college and denomination, some of our students do good work in other matters. In the McGill University Y. M. C. A. for instance, we all take a deep interest. Mr. Unsworth, B.A., of our college, is president of the above society, and as such he gives much time and thought to its interests. The students of McGill hope soon to have a Y. M. C. A. building near the University. The governors have given the site, and are lending their moral support to the scheme. The students now in McGill soon will be occupying important and responsible positions in the world. Now is the time to bring them together as Christian fellow-workers. Our university will then become a centre of Christian influence, as it is now of sound learning.

Ed. E. Braithwaite, B.A., of Unionville, has decided to remain out of college this term, but expects to resume work again next fall. We need not say that Ed. is greatly missed.

Our number still remains the same, as a new student entered last month, Mr. E. H. Black, who came from Bond Street Church, Toronto. Coming from the Queen City to the commercial capital, we gave him a hearty welcome, and hope he will enjoy his stay with us.

We have recently organized what we call "The Congregational College Monday Club," which meets for an hour after dinner every Monday for the discussion of current religious, social and political questions. The subjects on which ideas have been exchanged so far are the College Question, Salvation and Saved Armies, and the Bible in Schools.

The college library has been enriched by the addition of the valuable library of the late Dr. Wilkes. Mrs. Wilkes very kindly presented each student with a book bearing the autograph of the Doctor.

Rev. E. M. Hill, of Calvary Church, librarian of the college, has been very busy in rearranging the books, and providing more space. He certainly deserves praise for giving so much of his valuable time as a busy pastor.

We were glad to welcome to our circle, for a few days, Mr. Frank Martin, of the Toronto School of Science. Mr. Martin represented Toronto University at the annual dinner of the undergraduates of McGill Science Faculty.

Preparations which have been going on here for some time are now almost completed. The Ice Palace, Maze and other attractions are on a grand scale.

The Governor-General of Canada is to be our next-door neighbour during carnival week. Visitors are daily pouring into the city. This will likely be the grandest of Montreal's far-famed carnivals.

A letter from our missionary, Mr. Currie, kindly handed to us by Rev. Mr. Hall, and read in our "common room" when all were present, brought back very vividly to our minds the time when Mr. Currie was one of our number here. We still think of him as one of us. The brave, cheerful tone of the letter was inspiring; we see that the grand old promise is being once more fulfilled, and that even in the midst of terrible bereavement and loneliness God gives sustaining grace. Don't forget Mr. Currie or his great work.

Examinations are looming ominously up.

Student H. E. C. Mason assisted at the ordination of Mr. Dixon, of Franklin Centre, on 18th ult.

Rev. J. Burton, B.D., has completed his course for the session, having been lecturing the past two weeks on "The Parables," and "Farrar's History of Biblical Interpretation." We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Burton during carnival week.

Student J. K. Unsworth attended the convention at Kingston of the Young Men's Christian Associations, as one of the delegates from the McGill Association, and took part in one of the Sunday services in Dr. Jackson's church.

Two of our visitors during the carnival week were the Rev. A. W. Richardson, B.A., of South Caledon, and Rev. Geo. Skinner, of Eaton, Que., both of them alumni of the Congregational College of British North America.

The churches are beginning to respond to the call of the circulars. One church which has given nothing the last two years has remitted \$40. Another which has given \$3 during the last five years, has sent in \$10. We hope this is only the dropping before the shower.

Mission Notes.

MR. EDITOR,—Would you and your readers like to hear some thing about the church in Smyrna? But first I should like to tell you what a very welcome visitor THE INDEPENDENT is, and how eagerly I search its columns for the news of the churches.

Before telling about the work in the Greek Evangelical Church, which I particularly wish to describe, perhaps it would be better to tell you that there is a Scotch mission to the Jews, where every Sunday there is preaching in English; there is also an Episcopal service at the English Consulate, and preaching in both French and German at the Dutch chapel. Then in our own mission there is the Armenian Church, which has services in Armenian and Turkish. There

has been so much trouble among its members, however, that there is but little life; though, this winter, we are thankful to notice that things are looking brighter than they have done for years.

The Greek Church, under the care of Rev. Dr. Constantine, is, however, the one which I always attend, and I never knew such an active, "live" church. Dr. Constantine is a fine preacher, intensely practical, and not sparing of the faults or sins of his hearers. Of course, being a Greek, he can speak in a way which would be impossible for a foreigner. I admire very much the tender, fatherly interest which he takes in each one of his flock; and it is good to notice how they love and reverence him. On Sunday morning at half-past nine we have our Sunday school. Dr. Constantine has a large class of young men; there are seven other classes, the attendance, perhaps, about seventy-five. At half-past ten we go into the church, and have our preaching service; then in the afternoon at half-past four Dr. Constantine preaches again at the Evangelical Hall, a large hall opening on the quay where people are continually passing to and fro, so that many strangers come in, some only stand for a few moments, others stay through. When the strangers first come in they seem to be rather afraid, and don't dare to sit or even to stay long; but it is interesting to notice the change in those who continue to come, how they gradually lose their fear, and come nearer and nearer the front, and listen more and more eagerly; the next step is for them to come to the Tuesday evening prayer meetings. These meetings are almost like revival meetings at home, only they last all through the year; the interest is constant, and the meetings always good. There is scarcely ever one in which some one does not rise for prayers, or some one decide to be a Christian. I have been here almost two years, and in all that time there has been only one communion service when there were no additions to the church. There seems a greater interest just now than ever before, and we are hoping to see much fruit. The meetings of the Week of Prayer were very well attended. It is strange that as the interest increases the opposition should become more violent. Last Thursday, as Mr. Constantine was preaching the Christmas sermon, he said,—speaking of Christ's birth, "Mary, whom God honoured"—when a voice called out, "Whom you do not honour; you are a false prophet," after which the man walked very noisily out, followed by several others. Soon after a head was thrust in at the side door, and we heard a cry of "Lies, lies." Dr. Constantine kept on quietly, however, and we had no more interruptions that day, but on Sunday there was so much disturbance that the police had to be sent for. We are all saluted in the streets by all sorts of names. We teachers are called Sisters of Charity, Freemasons, etc., while Dr. Constantine is called a

jackal, a wolf in sheep's clothing, a traitor and many other bad names.

One of our church members recently died. She had been a teacher in Constantinople, and I knew her very well indeed. She had been in Athens completing her studies, and came home in September, only to die. She was ill for three months, and suffered a great deal, but she was always patient and cheerful. Before she died she called her friends around her and said, "I see the Father; He calls me; I must go; you must all believe in the same Lord and Saviour in whom I have believed, and then we shall spend our eternity together." Then she asked them to sing: "My days are gliding swiftly by," though the Greek translation or, rather, adaptation is much more beautiful and appropriate than our English words are; then she exclaimed: "The shadow of death, how beautiful, how beautiful," and so saying she "fell on sleep." She was such a good girl, so true and faithful, so anxious to work for the Master. I remember how her face used to shine as we talked together about heaven. Now her eyes have seen the King in His beauty, and she is satisfied.

Before closing I should like to ask prayer for the work here. There is so much to be done and the labourers are few. Pray for us then, dear friends, that we may have the joy of seeing the Lord's work prosper. Very sincerely yours,

EMILY MCCALLUM.

American School, Smyrna, Turkey, Jan. 14, 1887.

OUR MISSIONARIES' LETTER.

FROM BENGUELLA TO BAILUNDU.

Benguella is perhaps the largest ivory port, at present, along the West Coast. It has been noted for its connection with the foreign slave trade, and up to the present time there are numbers shipped from there, to all practical purposes slaves, let the fact be glossed by whatever term it may. The present population consists for the most part of Portuguese, and an African race called Mondombies, both classes of whom are sadly in need of missionary effort.

During our stay of six weeks in the above-named place, we were very busily engaged packing and preparing for our journey inland. Mrs. Currie suffered from an attack of bronchitis, and I from two of fever, otherwise we spent a very happy time. The kindness we received from Bro. Walter was such that we shall remember it throughout our life with gratitude.

The first complement of carriers from the interior arrived at the coast on Wednesday, the 7th of July. Mrs. Currie was confined to her bed at the time, and I was just able to move about. We arranged our affairs, however, in the hope of being able to begin our journey inland on the following Saturday. When the

day arrived this was found to be impossible, as my wife had taken a change for the worse on the night previous; so Bro. Fay and party had to take tepora men, and go on with our goods which had previously been given out to our carriers, while we remained to accompany the second caravan.

At length the doctor pronounced my wife to be in a fit condition to travel, and it was felt that further delay would be unwise. Mrs. Sanders was in poor health. Many of our men were suffering with fever or dysentery. All were calling for their loads, and some had actually started inland empty-handed rather than wait longer, and we were assured that the health of the whole party would improve as soon as we got upon the mountains, so we resolved to start next morning.

A full complement of sturdy carriers who had previously been tried and found good, were selected for Mrs. Currie's tepora, and every man was cautioned to carry her with the utmost care. Mrs. Sanders also had her six, and I had the same number appointed me.

July 14.—It is mid-day. The men have received their rations for their journey, and are on ahead with their loads. The teporas stand at Bro. Walter's door ready to start. For a moment we linger there to say the parting word. Our hearts are full, but our tongues refuse to express our feelings, and so far as they are unconveyed by the warm pressure of the hand, the expression of the eye, they must remain unknown.

We turn our backs on the last traces of civilization, and our faces toward the centre of the Dark Continent, leaving behind us old friends and newly found ones, who had been very kind to us when weary and sick in a strange land. Let him who can judge what our feelings are.

The first few miles of our journey led along a flat sandy road so destitute and bereft of every attractive feature, that scarce an African could regard it with pleasure, until we approach the Catumbella River. Our men forded it with their loads upon their shoulders. We were ferried over in a small and clumsy boat and found Mr. Camowel, of the Dutch Home, waiting to receive and entertain us, which he did in fine style, sparing himself no pains to make us comfortable. On this first march, three men broke down beneath their loads, and refused to carry them further.

July 15.—I was out early to visit the men in their quarters. Two more declared they could not carry their loads. All of these loads were bales of cloth, that had been hastily made up the previous night without being weighed. On being placed upon the scales, they were so heavy that I did not blame the men for refusing to carry them, simply because they were men, and not horses. We began our march about mid-day, climbing by a snake path the Catumbella

Mountains, and making our way by a narrow road through a desert country called the "Ekango." Little was to be seen but sand and rock, with here and there some cacti or a few small shrubs; but the country rose and fell in such a way as to break the monotony of the country. About dusk we came to a halt; pitched our tents; arranged our beds, and partook of some hastily prepared food with no small relish. During the day I gave medicine to three people who were troubled with dysentery, and our head man, having fallen upon the rocks, and hurt his knee badly, came to me in the evening to have it dressed.

July 16.—We were astir at break of day and began our march without waiting to breakfast, expecting to dine about eleven at the Upper Erupwa. When we halted at the place, it was our fortune to be put down in a very unpleasant spot. Mrs. Sanders requested the men to take us to a better ground a little further on, and they consented to do it; but, being anxious to finish their march for the day, they took us round by an usual path past the place, and did not stop until we had reached the camping ground in the Erupwa Valley, after twelve miles' march. We were hungry and tired, and though not a little amused at the trick that had been played us, we cautioned the men not to repeat that game. In the evening I had a number of bruised limbs to dress, and several cases of sickness to attend to.

July 17.—We rose at five, but did not set forth on our journey without first taking something to eat. As we were at the mouth of the canyon, and were to spend the whole day in travelling through it, we expected a treat, but were utterly unprepared for what we saw. Our path was a circuitous one; sunken beneath the level of the ground, and often not more than six inches wide; sometimes it led over jagged rocks, and sometimes up places so steep that I looked in wonder at the men climbing up with their loads of sixty pounds upon their shoulders. From one side of our path the land sloped quickly into a thickly wooded valley far below us, and which grew deeper as we rose higher, and yet the mountains on the right hand and on the left seemed to rise higher above us with each step we took upward; while the huge granite rocks, all gnarled and cracked, projected outward, and in the fissures of the rocks small shrubs had become rooted, and were sending forth an abundant green foliage as their tribute to the beauty of the place. Nor could we overlook the great baabo tree, with its thick trunk tapering quickly to a sharp point, giving it the appearance of an enormous parsnip turned upside down. In one place we passed through a natural gate, formed by two great stones standing in close proximity, and opening into a narrow stony path. In another section the vines and creeping cacti had firmly bound the unwilling trees together so as to form a living arch, under which we passed, a picturesque procession, en-

joying to the full the cooling shade. As we toiled up the narrow path, Mrs. Sanders pointed to a spot where it was especially precipitous and said, "There is where Mr. Ariott fell over." How they ever escaped without broken necks is a mystery which Providence alone can explain.

As I had to walk the greater part of the day, it was a matter of deep regret to me that the boy with my camera had gone ahead, and I was unable to take a photo of some wild and very grand scenery, as I might have done without causing any delay.

July 18.—This being Sunday, it was our rule to rest, but as the men were without food, and could secure none in the place, we thought it best to go on. The scenery continued almost as beautiful as on the previous day. As we drew near to Cisange we met women by the road with corn, bananas, pumpkins, chickens and native beer (*ochimbombi*), for sale. We camped in a valley between the mountains Vasongo and U'lomba. Our camping ground soon became a market place. Females representing almost every stage in life were there with goods to sell. Seeing that we would not buy, they gathered round the door of our tent, and watched with curious eyes our every movement, often laughing outright at actions of ours that to them were strange. It was not pleasant to be stared at so, but we bore it patiently, and in return for our forbearance we were given a splendid opportunity of studying them. Without exception they were very meagrely clad. The women were diminutive in size and homely in personal appearance; while the girls had lost the bloom of youth, and assumed the cast of mature and unchaste womanhood.

One of the boys in our caravan was brought to us in a very critical state. He had a very severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia. At first I was afraid to treat him, lest he should die, and I be charged with causing his death; but when his friends said that if he died it would be no crime of mine, I went to work with a will. No sooner had the little lad become easier than some men brought up a poor fellow who had been afflicted with the same disease seven days. He had been in a caravan going along to the coast when he took sick, and having felt too weak to continue his journey, he had dropped out and tried to return home, but could get no farther than this place. I told his friends that I would do what I could for him, but it was not at all likely that he would recover. Next morning there was a marked improvement in both patients. The latter I gave medicine, and left him; I could do no more, though I felt he must soon die; the former seemed so well that his guardian forced him to carry a board, and walk twenty miles—a very sick boy carrying a board and walking that distance, and that without any breakfast—what do you think of it?

July 19.—We were on the road before six a.m. Soon we passed a caravan bearing, among other articles, a

number of ivory tusks to the coast. A part of our journey was through a very tropical stretch of country. In places the grass was taller than my stalwart carriers, and in others vines and creepers over-arched the path in a beautiful manner. The season was said to be a very poor one for flowers, but I was charmed with the number to be seen, with their rich and varied colours. The mountains in the distance, in some cases, looked very grand.

At the end of our twenty miles' walk we were ready for a rest, but the sick at once began to come; one had two cuts caused by a tree springing back, and striking him on the forehead. Another had neuralgia in his face; a third had strained himself, and was spitting blood; while a fourth had a severe attack of dysentery, and others, a goodly number, had various complaints. Before the night passed away, my wife, who had all along felt rather weak, was on the sick list.

July 20.—The morning was chilly, and the air damp, the dew heavy, and my wife not very well. Our way led through a tract of bush-land, where most of the trees had been cut down and the grass recently burned, so that travelling was dirty and rough. We camped in Ngala at the base of a bleak and barren-looking mountain.

July 21.—The night had been so cold that three thick woollen blankets were not enough to keep us warm in our tents. In the morning we were ready to start, and most of the carriers had actually begun the journey; but our tepora men did not appear. We called to them, "Nana wanda," bring the teporas; but echo only answered. Mrs. Sanders went to bring them out, but they said it was cold, and she could not get them to move from their camp-fire. All this time my wife, in ill-health, had to stand about in the cold. I went into their enclosure, seized a tepora, carried it off, and asked Mrs. Sanders to tell them that a yard would be taken from the pay of every one of them. This had the desired effect, and before the tepora was half ready, the other two were in place, and the men at their posts. Soon after we started, one of my men struck a load carrier who would not get out of his way, with a stick. The young man, Conjoli by name (son of a leading chief, and descendant of a former king of Bailundu), threw down his load, and, raising his flint-lock musket, brought it down in anything but a gentle manner upon my man's shoulders. In a moment a large part of our caravan was in an uproar; sticks, clubs and musket-barrels were swinging through the air. I jumped from my tepora, or rather rolled out of it as best as I could, for one end was already on the ground, leaving me head downward, and, rushing into the midst of the crowd, I pushed several men back, and stretched my arms out before others, scolded them in a tongue to them unknown, and told them to go back and stop their

fighting. But in the midst of it all, I could scarcely help smiling to see my little boy, Kaliawali, about thirteen years old, brandishing a long stick, eyes wide open, and tongue going with the noisest of them. At length a pause came in the excitement; I seized the opportunity, told my men to take their teporas; jumped in and ordered them to go on, which they did, and soon all was quiet again.

We camped about mid-day near the village of the "Epilage of Chivula." As in the case of several other villages in the neighbourhood, it was built on a very rocky hill. A number of women were out preparing corn by beating it with wooden mallets on flat rocks, while chickens and pigs kept them company in their labours, and cleared the rocks when the women had finished, of all stray corn. Some of the females came to our camp; they were small in stature, and wore their hair in long twisted braids, besmeared with a mixture of palm-oil and some kind of red earth, until it ran down their cheeks and over their shoulders. Some of them wore on their ankles about a dozen twisted wooden rings.

July 22.—This morning the men had to wait for us, and did not like it, but they took it good-naturedly and said: "We told you yesterday you would have to wait." On the road we passed a good many ant-hills, which in form looked like the huge icicles that hang from eave-troughs in America. At intervals on the road women were out to sell *achimombi* (native beer), which is made of corn, and resembles both in appearance and odour, the swill from a Canadian distillery. Our camp was pitched in the most picturesque place of any on our journey, but the mountains were so enveloped in smoke from the burning grass that no good photo could be taken.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me through your pages in the name of the church in Sarnia, and in my own name, to thank the many kind friends in Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Danville and elsewhere for the liberal aid given in my late collecting tour for the debt on the church in this place. The amount then contributed was \$300, a sum which though small as compared with our great indebtedness, was still sufficient to relieve the church in a very pressing present emergency, and to stimulate them to take hold and place the consolidated debt upon a more satisfactory basis, and cause it to be less of a burden in the future. Though I regret to find since my return that the debt is somewhat greater than I thought it was, yet again I am encouraged by the promises of various brethren whom I met at the executive committee at Ottawa to be allowed to present the claims of Sarnia before their churches at a future time, the present being not quite opportune.

We are still in hope to be able by the month of April to be able to reduce the amount of debt held on mortgage by \$1,000. It is well known to the readers of THE INDEPENDENT how feeble the church in Sarnia has become, both numerically and financially. Indeed, by some it has been deemed "a forlorn hope," and one brother of experience who spent a month with the church last autumn, and who assisted in my introduction to this field, wrote me to the effect that "if I succeeded in building up the cause in Sarnia, I would deserve the thanks of the denomination."

This I do not desire, and shall not therefore anticipate, but for the information of my many friends among your readers, I may say, after four months of earnest labour, during which I have been pleased to witness the growing affection of the people, the slow but steady increase of the congregation, the very encouraging attendance on the Sabbath school and prayer meetings, I have at length accepted the unanimous call of the church to the pastorate given me about a month ago. There are two ways in which my friends may help me in this very arduous undertaking. First, and best of all, by their earnest prayers to God on my behalf, and second, by their promising aid to our heavy church debt—an opportunity to collect at a convenient time; a church social held for our church benefit; an opportunity to lecture on some interesting theme on behalf of the cause. We would most gladly reciprocate were the distance not too far away. With grateful remembrance of your own kindness and that of your family when last your guest in Toronto, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

ROBERT K. BLACK.

Sarnia, February 12, 1886.

News of the Churches.

GEORGETOWN.—The annual meeting of the Congregational Church in Georgetown was held in the school room, on February 3, when it was shown that the past year has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the church. The congregations have been steadily increasing and a greater interest has been manifested in all the meetings. This has been the case in a very marked degree in connection with the weekly prayer meetings. During the year, twelve names were added to the membership. At the annual meeting in 1886, there was a new plan adopted in the financial management of the church, which has given great satisfaction, the reports of the treasurers of the different departments almost invariably showing a surplus, and when all demands were settled, a handsome surplus was on hand to be divided among those institutions that are dependent on the churches. During the year the church building had been painted and otherwise improved at an expense of over \$200 ;

the amount raised for all purposes during the year was about \$1,300. One of the most pleasing features of the meeting was the address from the pastor, Mr. J. W. Pedley, in which he expressed himself as highly pleased with the uniform kindness and co-operation with which his labours in our midst have been received, and the church expressed its appreciation of those labours in the tangible way of raising his salary \$100. The meeting was characterized throughout by the utmost harmony and unanimity, and the people separated after partaking of an excellent tea, happy and thankful for past mercies, and very hopeful for the future success of the church.—COM.

HOWICK NINTH, WROXETER.—On New Year's Day the residence of the Rev. M. J. Totten, at Wroxeter, was visited by about thirty of the friends and supporters of the Congregational Church, Howick, ninth concession, when a pleasant evening was spent, and "a substantial present of some seven sacks of wheat, two sacks of oats, together with other valuable edibles," were presented with an address expressing confidence and esteem. This is the second occasion of such a visit within the past few weeks.

KINGSTON FIRST.—The annual meeting of this church was held on the 9th ult., at which there was a large attendance. After tea in the parlour, the company assembled in the hall. The chair was taken by the Rev. S. N. Jackson, M.D., who, after opening the meeting with singing and prayer, delivered his annual reports on church progress. This, he said, was the tenth anniversary of his pastorate amongst them. Since his assuming the pastorate, every pastor who was then in charge of a church in this city, had, with one exception gone, some to the better country, and others to other spheres of usefulness. The changes in the church have been equally marked. The condition of the church during the past year has been one of harmony and prosperity. There had been more accessions than removals, and the number of adherents had never been so large as now. The attendance upon the services of the sanctuary, especially in the morning, had been excellent. The week night devotional meetings had been well sustained, and had proved a blessing to many. During the latter part of the year, they were all delighted at the return of Mr. Thos. Hendry, after a prolonged absence in Southern California. One of the results of his return had been the organization of the young people of the congregation into a Society of Christian Endeavour, with a devotional meeting held each Sunday morning, and a literary meeting each fortnight. Much benefit, socially, intellectually and spiritually had been derived from this society. At the last annual meeting, they had kindly voted to give him (Dr. Jackson) leave of absence to visit Great Britain, but being taken sick in March, he had availed himself of a generous invita-

tion from a brother to make a trip with him to California, and he had secured Mr. J. K. Unsworth, the senior student in the Congregational College, to supply his place, which he did most efficiently, and the tokens of grateful appreciation he received from the church and congregation had been very gratifying to him. He had relinquished the secretaryship of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society and other denominational work in order that he might devote his time and energies exclusively to his church and congregation. He also briefly referred to the death of two members, Mr. Haywood and Mrs. Tillinghart, and concluded by giving a comparison between the decades ending 1876 and 1886, from which it appeared that the total membership at the close of the first decade was 100, and at the second 126. Financially, the total receipts from weekly offerings for the first ten years were \$11,874, and for the second \$15,300, an increase of \$3,425; for current expenses, \$2,969, against \$6,219, an increase of \$3,249; for church property fund, \$6,195, against \$6,731, an increase of \$535; and for the fellowship fund, \$561, against \$850, an increase of \$289. The total of church funds was \$21,600, against \$28,114, an increase of \$7,513. The collections for denominational objects were \$6,034, against \$7,863, an increase of \$1,829. The grand total of collections for the decade ending 1876 was \$28,312, for the decade ending 1886, \$41,224, giving an increase of \$12,912—making an average yearly increase of nearly \$1,300. The treasurer's statement showed that for all purposes the sum of \$3,577.22 had been collected, and that the expenditure had been fully met. The report of the Ladies' Association was of a very satisfactory nature. Their efforts had resulted in raising \$402.14. The debt on the hall had been reduced by \$300, leaving \$400 to be raised to wipe out all claims on the hall building. From the report of the Sabbath school, it appeared that there was a deficit, owing to the increased expenditure in the furnishing department. The institution had hitherto been self-supporting, and in order that it might continue to be so, a collection was taken up for that purpose at the children's anniversary meeting the evening following. The choir contributed much to the pleasure of the evening, as they had continuously to the services of the church. On the following evening the children connected with the Sabbath school held their annual meeting, when a happy time was spent. We must congratulate the church and its esteemed pastor upon the indications given of prosperity and peace.

PARIS.—Mr. W. H. Warriner, B.D., of Bowmanville, has felt it his duty, after much earnest consideration, to remain in Bowmanville. The very hearty call extended by this church is therefore declined.

SCOTLAND.—A letter from our brother, Mr. Wm. Hay, says: "After a three months' illness I com-

menced my services last Sabbath, both in Scotland and Burford, weak both in lungs and logic; yet richer in experience and sympathy with suffering, and better able to say a word in season to weary souls. My congregations were fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. W. W. Smith, whose preaching, I am told, was much appreciated, and no doubt will be fruitful of good results. We held our annual church meeting on the 18th ult., the deacons presenting a very encouraging report of the finances. Our membership is depleted every year by removals; we send more active workers into the Brantford and other churches than we retain at home. We hope during the summer to put the church building and surroundings into a good state of repair, and have appointed a committee to carry out that improvement." We are thankful to find our brother at his work again, and pray that his bow may long abide in strength, the strength of the Mighty God of Jacob.

STOUFFVILLE.—On New Year's Eve the annual entertainment of the Sabbath school of this church was held. The weather was boisterous and cold, but the attendance of adults and children was fair. The programme consisted of a very beautiful and instructive missionary concert and responsive exercise, entitled "The Desire of all Nations," which was well rendered, the exercises being followed by recitations and solos. On the platform evergreens were arranged on framework, so that they represented an open door looking into 1887, over which was hung, in raised letters in white, "Happy New Year." The evergreens as well as tables were loaded with prizes for the scholars, and presents from friends to one another. The hour employed in their distribution was pleasant to both givers and receivers. The report showed an average attendance of 107 for the year. The amount raised by collections, besides donations for missionary purposes, was \$92.82, being an increase on the preceding year. On the Tuesday evening following, the superintendent and his bride (the organist of the school), at a social held in the school room, were presented with a beautiful eight-day clock, silver spoons and other articles, from the school, church and congregation, as an expression of their affection and appreciation of their services, trusting their lives may be long spared to do service for Christ. On the afternoon of the 4th ult., the annual business meeting of the church was held, the attendance good. A better spirit could not possibly prevail. The reports were prepared and presented by the different officers of the church, showing raised by collections, \$719; by Ladies' Aid, \$62.23; by missionary collection, \$82.99; by college collection, \$17; for other purposes, \$22.75, leaving after all liabilities were met, in the hands of the treasurer, a balance of \$14. In the evening a social was held, when a very pleasant time was experi-

enced. Music, and addresses from local ministers, and a sumptuous tea served by the ladies. During the year God has removed by death our oldest deacon, who at a ripe age was taken to the service above. The congregations have continued good, and the spiritual interest encouraging; but the conversions have not been as many as we could have desired. Our duty is to work—it is the Lord's to save. One circumstance has occurred, we might name, that may encourage others. A man over seventy years of age, for many years an avowed sceptic, for whom much prayer has been offered to God, has openly confessed that through the simple preaching of the Gospel of God's love in Christ, he has renounced his errors and accepted Jesus as his personal Saviour, and feels his mission now is to tell of God's love to his former associates.

TORONTO MOUNT ZION.—At the first quarterly Sabbath school teachers' meeting this year the secretary presented a report, comprising the seven years of his stewardship, which shows the progress the Sabbath school has made during that period. The school is on the eve of celebrating its tenth anniversary. The records of the first three years were unfortunately lost, so that we have no record from the commencement, but the progress of the Sabbath school during the remaining years shows that the hand of God has been leading and blessing them. The average attendance in 1880 was 186; in 1886, 313. The number attending regularly was, in 1880, 311; in 1886, 414. The finances of the school were in 1880, \$86.44; in 1886, \$256.91. The work here has been truly blessed.

YORKVILLE.—The Hazleton Avenue Sunday school held their annual festival on Tuesday, February 15, 1887. About 230 scholars and teachers sat down to tea; in the evening a public service was held in the church, which was packed by parents and friends. A pleasant evening was spent; the children fairly delighted all by their singing, recitations, etc. The superintendent, Mr. Geo. Scott, made a few short remarks, showing that the school increases both in numbers and loving work, and a happy year is looked forward to by all. The school is also making arrangements for the annual meeting of the Sunday school teachers of Toronto, of which due notice will be given, it being decided at the last meeting in Zion Church, 1886, that the next meeting be in this church.

OBITUARY.

On January 10 there passed away, after a short illness only, Mary Jane Burnham, wife of Mr. William Toms, jun., accountant, Cobourg. Mrs. Toms was born in the township of Hamilton, Ont., on February 4, 1847, and was the only daughter of the late

Andrew Jackson Burnham. She was blessed with a good home, and was always a great favourite with her father. When a child she attended Sabbath school at the court house, conducted by the late Mrs. Rutan, of whose class she was a member. To the time of her decease she constantly referred to her teacher's kindness and earnestness. About 1871 she was laid aside on her couch for some months with congestion of the spine, from which she recovered. About this time her father was stricken down with a paralytic stroke, and the two invalids became closer companions. Mr. Burnham died in the summer of 1872. Miss Burnham had by this time become nearly restored to her usual health. Her long sickness and severe suffering developed her naturally sympathetic and kind disposition. She was a woman of strong nerve, of a quiet and gentle disposition, always ready to do a kind act, especially to the suffering. In May, 1876, Miss Burnham was married to Mr Toms, and her married life was a very happy one. She was always ready to assist in advancing the cause of Christ in every department of His work, was active in all her duties, and often performed them at great sacrifice. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 12th Jan. After a short service at her late residence, the body was taken to the Congregational Church, where a very impressive service was held, conducted by the Rev. Messrs Pedley and McCrae. The church was appropriately draped, and the large congregation and funeral cortege testified their sympathy with the bereaved ones. Mrs. Toms was the active secretary of the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church. The members of this society promptly forwarded to Mr. Toms a memorial, condoling with him in his irreparable loss. A beautiful floral wreath accompanied the same.

Literary Notices.

QUEEN VICTORIA. Her Life and Reign. (Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.)—This is a well printed volume with more than average illustrations, and a pretty cover. Published as a jubilee volume, it is not so much a biography as a series of chapters on characteristic incidents in her Majesty's life, and presents to our view a much more charming picture of the Queen, the woman and the mother than any formal history could present. The likenesses and views profusely scattered throughout the volume of 244 pp. give a pleasing variety to the whole. It is sold for \$1. This house has also issued a cabinet sized jubilee photograph, with miniature likenesses and views. We learn too that at the recent semi-annual meeting of the directors of this depository, the following resolution was adopted: "Realizing the vast importance to be attached to the dissemination of pure literature, and desiring that every possible incentive be given to the work of tract distribution, the depository shall hereafter supply tracts at an advance on cost, simply sufficient to cover expenses

of handling." Send \$1 for sample package, and state whether for Christians, unconverted or street distribution.

AN ALCONQUIN MAIDEN. (Toronto: Williamson & Co.)— Since we noticed the prospectus, we have received and read over this tale. There is, perhaps, a little too much of moonlight walks and such enchantments as lovers are wont to use; but the descriptions of life in the early days of settlement in these parts are charmingly natural, and we hail this venture in the yet virgin field of Canadian literature. We are pleased to notice that another tale of the "United Empire Loyalists" is promised by the same authors—Mr. G. Mercer Adam and Miss A. Ethelwyn Wetherald—for which in anticipation we bespeak a hearty patronage.

WE have also received, and note with approbation, each in its sphere:

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (Littell & Co., Boston), February 5, 12, 19. Each full of choice selections.

THE CENTURY for February (the Century Company, New York,) with its continuation of Abraham Lincoln's biography and a truly interesting article on the stars, according to the latest discoveries by the spectroscope.

ST. NICHOLAS also, with its Brownies, and its marvellous articles on curiosities both in the vegetable and animal world.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York, who, by the way, have removed from Day Street to 18 and 20 Astor Place.)—This firm by publishing, to advance subscribers, standard works at greatly reduced prices confer a boon on all classes of theological students.

THE PULPIT TREASURY (E. B. Treat, New York) has also its usual complement of biographical and homiletic matter.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust. —Alice Cary.

THE Judiciary Committee of one House of the Pennsylvania Legislature has adopted a report providing that absolute unanimity of the twelve jurymen shall no longer be necessary to secure a verdict, but that two-thirds shall be sufficient to acquit or convict; and it is thought that a bill to that effect will pass. It has long been the impression that to require complete unanimity was to obstruct justice, and a change in the law in the direction proposed will put it out of the power of one or two cranks or corrupt men to interrupt the course of justice.

A GREAT MODERN HYMN.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Among all the hymns used in recent revivals of religion, none has been more honoured and owned by God than this—none so often called for, none so inspiring, none bearing so many seals of the divine approval. This is the testimony of the great evangelist of these days, and this testimony will surprise no one who has ever heard it sung by his companion in the ministry, Mr. Sankey, who, under God, has done so much to send forth light and truth into dark minds, and break up the fountains of the great deep, amid the masses of godless men. The writer can never forget the scene he once beheld in Glasgow, in 1873, in one of the largest churches there, when this hymn was sung, and how the great assembly was moved by the ringing tones of that great master of sacred song, supported too, by over one hundred voices, chosen from the best choirs in the city. No wonder the chorus, taken up by the great congregation, was so enthusiastic; I never expect to hear the like again in this world. The remarkable thing, as it seemed to me, about the rendering of the hymn in this instance was not simply the enthusiasm of the minstrels, their culture, or their delightfully clear enunciation, great as the rendering was in all these respects, but their power of interpretation—giving due expression to the thought of the writer, and bringing out the otherwise hidden meanings in all their tenderness and grace. It does not lie with the mere musician to deal so successfully in a matter of this kind. Mr. Sankey must be a Christian as well as a musician, or he could never sing as he does. His own heart must have been thrilled with the breath of the Spirit, and tasted that God is gracious, or he could never dwell with such pathos on particular words, and lend to them that strange, sweet charm that finds its way to the fountains of thought and stirs dead souls to their lowest depths.

Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by!

How can we ever forget those tones—the latent wail that for the moment rose to the surface—the revelation of possible despair at the gates of that strange other world to which we are hastening on? We can hear great preachers, and go away without emotion; we can listen, it may be, to Mr. Moody himself, with cold hearts and critical dispositions, but who could listen to such song and remain unmoved? In strange ways, and ways past finding out, they make their way to the heart, or rather the truth which they bear; and often in this way the truth finds an entrance that would not be otherwise received. Thus, often it becomes mighty through God, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.

On the occasion referred to, there was a great assembly, some 3,000 souls, and yet the meeting was at noon—the busiest time of the day. There might be seen the prosperous merchant, the owner of tens of thousands, seeking the unsearchable riches, as if conscious of the utter worthlessness of all his worldly possessions in the hour of sorrow; and there the pale-faced student, that had bounced his classes for the day, that he might learn the higher wisdom; and

there too might be seen the soldier, high in rank, wearing the honours of his country, medals won on the bloody fields of the Crimea, hitherto, a stranger to God, but now no longer a stranger; and there too, many a Martha and Mary, cumbered indeed with many things, but in this grand hour seeking the one thing needful. And what shall we say of the sneering infidel almost persuaded and the fastidious littérateur, with notebook in hand, and shade of disapproval on his brow? And what of the superstitious Pharisee, the proud Churchman, faithful descendant of the class so severely condemned by the Master in his day? Very heterogenous was that assembly, so far as the exterior was concerned; but under the unifying afflatus of the Divine Spirit, nearly all, for the time, fused into one body and animated with one soul.

What was it that made the meetings of those distinguished evangelists such a success? The preaching of Moody? No. The singing of Sankey? No. Neither the truth as preached by the one, nor the truth as sung by the other, but the truth as taken by the Divine Spirit, and presented to the souls of men; and forasmuch as the truth is often more clearly revealed in song than in speech, we can easily understand how this hymn came to be such a power in the hands of those servants of God. The hymn is a paraphrase of one of the most stirring incidents of Bible story: the restoring of sight to the two blind men of Jericho, that could not be restrained from crying out for mercy when Christ passed by. It was their golden hour. It was not to be lost for want of importunity, and the story presented to us in the striking lights of the preacher, and revealed to us in the finer interpretations of song, kindles human sympathy, and when the hidden fire of sympathy is kindled in the heart towards the human actor presented to us in the sacred page, we come very near being caught up by the mightier power that lies back of the revelation.

"Brethren, I beseech you by the mercies of God." In this appeal we can all see how deeply the apostle is moved. He himself is a revelation, or rather part of the revelation, and the words he speaks the remaining part. In Paul himself we have the human element; in the words he speaks, the divine. So also in the case of the two blind men under consideration. They themselves, and the way they act in view of blessings brought to their door, are a revelation—a part of a revelation, and the words they speak the remaining part. In one sense both elements are divine, for both are under divine guidance, and become matters of divine record; but it is first with the human speaker that the soul takes to do, and then with the divine worker. First the mind moves along on the lower level of human sympathy, and then this human sympathy is taken up by the divine worker, and that mysterious blending takes place, which issues in whatsoever things are honest and lovely and of good report. Now it is this human element in the Bible that lends to all its narratives, its histories and psalms and songs, such a fascination, and it is just here where we find our explanation of the power of this wonderful hymn. It is not in its poetry, its rhythm, or in its rhetoric. In all these respects it is nothing beside Moore's Irish songs, or Campbell's polished lines. It is not in such things that its power lies, but in this: it is a translation of one of the most touching incidents of Bible story, and as such it is

fitted to lift our sympathy heavenward, and bring us into communion with that good Spirit that leads unto all truth. The charm of song, the power of numbers, the novel scenes, the excitement and the crowd may count for something; but the great factor is He who often chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and base things and things despised, that no flesh should glory in His presence.

As to the origin of the hymn—the circumstances of its birth—we have to invite the reader to go back some twenty-three years—to the spring of 1864—to a great season of religious awakening in the city of Newark, N. J. The streets were crowded from day to day, and the largest churches were too small to contain the growing numbers. Among those most deeply moved by the impressive scenes and services of that time was a young Scotch girl, a Sabbath school teacher, one who, for the first time realized the powers of the world to come, and the grandness of the great salvation. As descriptive of what was passing around her, but with no desire for publicity, still, with the great desire of reaching some soul unsaved, especially among her youthful charge, she wrote the lines, beginning with "What means this eager," etc. Sensitive and retiring in an unusual degree, anything like the fame of authorship was far from her thoughts—anything like writing a hymn for general use in the Church never entered her mind; but the hymn having been published in a local paper, the Rev. E. P. Hammond, the chief actor in those interesting scenes, seized upon it, and added it to a collection of hymns he was then compiling, and soon after published it under the title of the "New Praises of Jesus."

It is a strange providence that watches over the birth of the great hymns of the Church. How obscure the fountains, how wonderful the stream. How little did young R. Heber know what he was doing when hastily writing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in the vicarage of St. Asaph, to be sung a few hours afterward on a missionary occasion; or Isaac Watts, when he wrote "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," as a fitting peroration to a sermon on that subject which he was to deliver next day to a handful of worshippers in a small Congregational Church in London. Long since the sermon has been forgotten, and the worshippers gathered to their fathers; but this great hymn, like a crystal stream from the hills, goes singing along the ages,—a means of light and cheer to thousands. In such cases man is utterly unconscious of the mighty power that has taken hold of him. At such times he builds better than he knows, sets in motion powers of which he has no conception—powers that God will own and bless—that He will take up amid the redeeming agencies of the cross, and carry forward through all time. What an illustration of this unconsciousness on the part of the writer of the hymn under consideration! With no idea of doing a fine thing, or writing a hymn to which a high place would be assigned by hymnologists, she takes her yet unpractised pen in her hand, and writes, anonymously, from the fulness of a heart that the Lord had blessed—writes simply what her eyes had seen and her ears had heard, in the hope that some that were dear to her might become sharers in her joy, and behold what God has wrought.

It was first sung to the tune of "Sweet Hour of Prayer," then to one composed by P. P. Bliss, and

finally to one by Mr. Perkins, the one to which it is now set in "Gospel Hymns"—Moody and Sankey collection. It was first published under the signature, "Eta," then Miss Eta Campbell, then Miss Helen Campbell. None of these is the name of the authoress, but Emma F. R. Campbell. Still, though she saw those different names appended to the hymn in various collections, she never cared to correct this mistake, feeling that it mattered little whose name was appended to the hymn, or who wielded the pen, since the impulse was divine, and its mission was accomplished.

It is still a mystery, and perhaps will be always a mystery, to her why the Master chose to give her such honour and joy. She is touched with this consideration, and when she thinks of the obscure origin of this hymn,—and how soon it rose into popularity,—and how it is spreading still, not only in the English language, but in other languages—even the languages of India—[think of a recent account of an assembly of 500 Hindus enthusiastically using this hymn in the Marathi, and the Syrian children singing it in their own vernacular]—as she thinks of all these things, she can only say with a thankful and an adoring heart: It is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in mine eyes!

Now let us see how this hymn—which is passing into other languages—would look in that of the old hymnologists:

Quid sit hæc appetens turma,
Tam circumfusa, anxia—
Istæ mirabiles turbe
In dies viis et urbe?
Suppressa voce plebs spondet:
Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.

Quis este Jesus? Is quare
Perturbat urbem tam mire?
An advena possit imo
Volente cire eam quando?
Deinde vox iursum spondet:
Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.

Jesus! qui semel habitans
Nobiscum, morbos et ferens
Sanavit agros populi,
Peccatum abtulit mundi;
Deinde vox cæci spondet:
Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.

Is rursus venit! Et passim
Discernimus vestigium;
Stat ad limen; intrat immo
Ut habitet nobis—templo!
Hinc lætus populus spondet:
Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.

O onerati et fessi,
Hic domus, quies, lux cordi;
Errantes omnes ab Patre
Infirmi omnes fugite
Asylum; usque vox spondet:
Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.

Sin ista res inutilis
Habetur, amor et talis;
Abvertet cito; tum magni
Plorates omnes irriti;
Oh nimis serum, vox erit,
JESUS NAZ'RENUS TRANSIT.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips.
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.

PRAYER MEETING RESOLUTIONS.

1. I will make it a matter of conscience to attend—"Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together."
2. I will endeavour to bring others—"Come thou with me, and we will do thee good."
3. As I enter the room I will ask the Saviour's presence—"We would see Jesus."
4. I will not choose a back seat—"How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."
5. I will not so seat myself as to keep others from the same pew—"Be courteous."
6. I will fix my attention upon worship and the Word—"This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, but their hearts are far from Me."
7. I will lead in prayer—"Ye also helping together by prayer for us."
8. I will otherwise take part—"Teaching and admonishing one another;" "Confess your faults one to another."
9. My prayers and my remarks shall be brief—"For God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."
10. I will avoid critical thoughts of others who take part—"Judge not."
11. After the meeting I will greet as many as I courteously can—"Salute one another;" "Be kindly affectionate."

Children's Corner.

THE SWALLOW.

The bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men at least, these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth and the threshold; companion only endeared by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence the cowardice or the wrath of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom—and yet, so little have we regarded her, that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life—nothing of her journeying. I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return. Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we, in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion, and shade of the bird's plume—and after all it is well for us if, when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, "with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name"—well for us, if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise, of "the swallow, twittering from her straw-built shed."

I never watch the bird for a moment without finding myself in some fresh puzzle out of which there is no clue in the scientific books. I want to know, for instance, how the bird turns. What does it do with one wing, what with the other? Fancy the pace that has to be stopped; the force of bridle-hand put out in an instant. Fancy how the wings must bend with the strain; what need there must be for the perfect aid and work of every feature in them. There is a problem for you, students of mechanics—How does a swallow turn? . . . Given the various proportions of weight and wing; the condition of possible increase of muscular force and quill strength in proportion to size; and the different objects and circumstances of flight—you have a series of exquisitely complex problems and exquisitely perfect solutions,

which the life of the youngest among you cannot be long enough to read through so much as once, and of which the future infinitudes of human life, however granted or extended, never will be fatigued in admiration. . . . The mystery of its dart remains always inexplicable to me; no eye can trace the bending of how that sends that living arrow.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

- "So you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday you say;
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page.
- "And the finger-prints call back my wee ones
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again in the twilight their faces
Look up to me eagerly sweet.
It has pencil marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.
- "Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold,
Put it carefully into that drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY.

The older members of the family had gathered in the kitchen to help the children with their molasses candy. The candy was poured on plates to cool, and the children were trying to get it up to pull.

"Why, Uncle Fred, where are you going?" cried Minnie.

Aunt Jennie, who was overseeing the candy-making, turned to see her husband just retreating to the drawing room.

"Auntie, don't let him go;" "I think he is real naughty;" "He is going in there to read his old paper," were some of the exclamations that sounded in Aunt Jennie's ears before she could remonstrate.

"You know, Jennie, my hands are so sore I can't pull candy," said Uncle Fred, apologetically.

"Well, he can stay here and see us do it," said his little daughter, Laura; as though that were a privilege, indeed.

"Of course he can," said Aunt Jennie. "You just come here now, and help these little folks get the candy off the plates," and as Uncle Fred came, she continued: "Do something for somebody. I have always tried to take that for my motto, and I don't think I have found more things to grieve over than most people." And as I heard her I wondered if

this was the secret of her happiness. She was such a bright, cheery little woman; so full of fun and life that she carried sunshine wherever she went, and every one loved her. Here she was in the kitchen, helping the children to make candy. No wonder the children loved to have her there, for she did not make them feel as if it was too much trouble to help them.

If "doing something for somebody" was the secret of her cheery disposition, why are there not more such people in the world?

There are people on every side who need to be helped, and whoever you may be who reads this, try to make the world brighter by "doing something for somebody."

THE SUNSHINE OVERHEAD.

Little Alice lay curled up in a heap under the peach tree in the orchard, with her head buried in her sleeve.

"What are the clouds in my little girl's sky to-day?" asked Aunt Sue, coming up behind her, and stroking her curly head.

"I know I am very foolish, Aunt Sue," sobbed Alice; "but I never saw any peaches growing in my life before I came here, and I've been watching them all summer. There were only six on the tree, and grandpa said I might have half of them when they were ripe. I thought it would be such fun to pick them all myself; and I was going to have a dolls' tea-party this afternoon, and had asked some of the girls to come."

"Well, and what is there in all this to cry about?"

"Why, grandpa forgot he promised me half, and has gone and given them all to Cousin Maude. I met her just as I was coming in, and she had a big basket full, and was eating one of the peaches; and I heard her tell some one she got them in grandpa's orchard. I was so disappointed I just had to sit right down and cry. I wouldn't care so much, only Cousin Maude gets *all* the good things.

"Well, and what is Alice going to do about it—sit here and cry under her little cloud, or look up and see if she can't see some sunshine somewhere? How would some big rosy apples do for the tea-party?"

"They would be nice—wouldn't they?" and Alice dried her eyes. "And I could have lots of them."

"And what do you think Maude's little sick sister will say when she sees the basket of peaches?"

"O, she'll be delighted! I'm glad to have Louise have some, she has so little to make her happy. I didn't think of that?"

"Now the sun is beginning to come out. Did you know, my dear, that young people often hide their faces in the shadows and think 'tis raining, when there's plenty of sunshine overhead? Just look up, and see."

Alice raised her eyes involuntarily, and there, just over her head, hung three great glorious peaches.

"Why, Aunt Sue!" she cried. "How did they get there?"

"They have been there all the time, my dear, only you wouldn't look up to see them. Grandpa told Maude to leave half of them for you, and her basket was filled with apples, not peaches. I didn't tell you before, because I wanted you to learn a little lesson. You will remember it some time, when everything seems to be dark—that there may be some golden blessings hanging like the three peaches just over your head. But you never will see them until you look up into the sunshine."

THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, his industrious habits and faithful deeds won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man; and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a brier," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes—

One step and then another,

until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitfield.

GIRLS THAT ARE LOVABLE.

Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided; girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority makes life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are.

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