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# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. V.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1886.

[ P. 3.

## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

READER, is your peace made with God? One month of the New Year has passed, never to return, only its results remain. Has the heart been hardened by delay or moulded by the spirit of the Christ as it yielded to his power? Time is not for ever, its hours will soon have run. Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation. Peace is not to be sought when the door is shut!

OUR Home Missions touch the very life of our work. A few facts for reflection and earnest action we propose to set before our readers. At the late meeting of the executive, just before New Year's, the following facts were elicited; reader, ponder them well.

There has been expended since the annual report in June, \$5,223.25, received \$2,757.93, leaving a deficiency of \$2,465.32. This is not pleasant to contemplate; certainly collections are not by any means in, but why are we thus chronically behind?

Of the \$2,757.93 received, \$500 is from our anonymous friend; \$126 dividend on investments in the Maritime Provinces, and \$964.77 from the Colonial Missionary Society; therefore only \$1,167.16 comes from our churches. This is not encouraging to those upon whom the responsibility of administration has been made to rest. One thing is certain if we are to keep up with our advances, and that is, a more general and determined interest must be manifested by our churches in their home work. Certain it is, we have made encouraging advance since our Superintendent has been on the field, this call, for greater effort if we would "hold the fort" and push forward our lines. We must talk less of "hard times" and feel more for mercies received; thank God, take courage, gird up our loins, and onward; which may God grant, Amen.

Our generous friend who anonymously gave \$2,000 for work in Manitoba, (unless some one has undertaken to speak for him,) has expressed approval of the course taken by the executive in not recklessly using the gift. He requests that part should be used for work in British Columbia, and leaves the rest at the disposal of the committee. Should these lines meet his eye, we would assure him that the committee receive gratefully his expression of confidence in their fidelity and judgment.

A VERY reasonable rule of the Missionary Society requires half yearly reports from churches receiving Missionary aid ere the cheques are forwarded. There are several cheques in our worthy Secretary's desk he would gladly rid himself of, and only waits compliance with the rule ere he posts the same. He can do no otherwise. We would not leave our cheque long in his hands these times, we know.

A VERY suggestive article appears in the editorial columns of our esteemed contemporary the *Christian Guardian* on "Church union as a cure for present divisions." Its first sentence is, "we have no strong faith in the practicality of an organic union of the Protestant Churches." The reason for this appears in the subsequent remarks, and may prove instructive to us. The evils of division are acknowledged, e. g.

"According to the Ontario Directory of 1884-85, of the villages of Ontario containing a population of fifty or less, fifty-seven have two Protestant churches each, seven have three Protestant churches each, three have four Protestant churches each.

"Of places having a population of one hundred or less, one hundred and ninety have two Protestant churches each, forty-five have three Protestant churches each, two have four Protestant churches each.

"Of the villages having a population of five hundred or less, four hundred and fifty-two have two Protestant churches each, two hundred have three Protestant churches each, twenty-five have four Pro-

testant churches each, two have five Protestant churches each.

"Of the towns and villages having a population of one thousand or less, four hundred and eighty-three have two Protestant churches each, two hundred and thirty-five have three Protestant churches each, fifty-four have four Protestant churches each, seven have five Protestant churches each, one had six Protestant churches."

Reference is then made to some articles in the *Century* by Mr. Washington Gladden as to the practicability of doing away with this rivalry and waste, and some comments from the *New York Christian Advocate* are added. These we give:—

"An insuperable difficulty in the way appears to be this: The union of the churches of the different denominations in one Church of Christ in country places would necessitate some kind or form of government. It could not be the Protestant Episcopal form, for that would involve an acceptance of its apostolical succession, its liturgy, and its unwillingness to exchange with or recognize as ministers those not of its own denomination. It could not be the Baptist system, because it would necessitate, as practiced in this country, the refusal of the Holy Communion to all who were not immersed. It could not be the Presbyterian body or system, because the Episcopalians and the Baptists could not conscientiously accept it; nor would they consent to come under the jurisdiction of the Methodist system with its itinerancy and bishops. The practical effect, therefore, of an attempt to promote the Christian League idea would be to build up Congregational churches, governed by Congregational principles, and ignoring the general conscientiously held peculiarities of the various bodies. As a scheme for spreading Congregationalism, the Christian League idea is entitled to great credit." The *Advocate* states that in many places in the west, where such union movements have been tried, the result has been what is here intimated."

Union therefore is, in the eyes of our friends, impracticable, because *only on the Congregational ideal can it be realized!* Denominationalism must prevail because union would destroy it. This is what the confessions of our contemporaries really imply. The Christian world cannot unite on Episcopacy, or on Methodism, or on the Baptist theory; and the endeavor to promote the Christian league idea is practically to give effect to Congregational principles. Certain it is that the Christian world will never unite on authority, nor on organization, but on sympathy and life, with direct responsibility to Christ the Head, which is the Congregational ideal; and they whose special care it is to witness for that ideal will do well to note the fact that they are witnessing to the only possible ground of that Christian unity which is to bring together the scattered Israel of God.

Mark, we do not say that we have ourselves worked out that unity among ourselves; there are with us, alas, the heresy scent and unworthy suspicions; and much lacking, the Christian *esprit de corps*; nevertheless, the truth that church life and unity depends upon Christ's presence and not upon uniformity of creed, ritual or form, is that we specially are called to witness for, on that witnessing only can the fabric of Christian unity securely rest. May God enable us to witness more faithfully, fully, as the days go by.

SOME friend writing to the *Canada Presbyterian* on our new cause in Woodstock, naturally in not the most amiable strain, speaks of our "Congregational Missionary Superintendent" as "a most zealous denominational propagandist." We accept the left handed compliment as a testimony to the zeal of our friend, and to the fact that he is making the society felt in this Dominion. We believe ere long, when the denominational envy has passed, that Woodstock will be grateful for the Providence which led to the establishment of a church of our order there.

IN a private letter from Mr. Gordon-Smith of Stratford, we read that the mortgagees have notified the Trustees of the church that unless all arrears of interest are paid by February 7th, legal steps will be taken to collect. The history of this church immediately prior to its resuscitation under our energetic superintendent and the present pastor is not pleasant to contemplate, and had better not be referred to save as a reason for pressing the church's present need upon the active sympathy of our friends. \$250 is all that is needed to turn the tide for a people that have struggled manfully to overcome their difficulties, and we appeal to friends whom God hath blessed to come to the rescue at once. Is the Stratford church building to be sold? or retained for our use? Prompt action alone will answer. Let Mr. C. E. Gordon-Smith, the pastor, hear at once from friends.

THE faithful teacher will, of course, take an interest in the amusements of his scholars. "How shall the long winter evenings be spent?" is a question of importance. Parents should give some attention to this question, but there is much a teacher can do in aid of social gatherings which otherwise would be neglected,

## WORK.

REV. J. W. PEDLEY, B.A.

John 5, 17.—“My Father worketh hitherto and I work.”—These words are the Saviour's defence against the charge of Sabbath breaking, and the reply only makes the matter worse. For if it was impious to violate the law, much more impious was it to bring forward the law giver in justification. Moreover the emphasis laid upon the term *Father*, indicated that the Lord gave to it a different meaning from that, in which it could be used by all human beings. He implied that in a special and most intimate association he was linked on to the very being of God. There was the assumption of that absolute authority and control over his life and actions which only God could claim. What was right for God was right for him, and for the same reason. If God worked on during that long Sabbath which began when the work of creation was done, so did he work. As the Creator carried on his work of healing, mending, restoring, building up on all days, in all times and in all ages—so would he.

To the Jews, all this was infinite blasphemy, and they fought him more bitterly than ever. Let us leave the controversy and study the great truth in the reply of Christ, and its bearing upon our lives.

Christ says practically that we have reached the utmost limit of perfection when we have become constant and fruitful workers. God himself who is perfection is a worker. He is not an infinite idler, lounging about in a gorgeous palace, keeping royal state, ministered to by angelic hosts that wait upon his bidding and fly to obey his slightest wish. That is not God. He is a busy worker. With a universe of worlds upon his hands to direct and oversee, with the teeming millions of all forms of life to regulate and control, with the immortal interests of all higher intelligences to provide for, *He must work and does.* And he does not work indifferently. He is concerned about it. Infinite intelligence, infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite anxiety and love are all roused and active. But in his nature there is no jarring, no contradiction. All his powers work in perfect harmony. Therefore He needs not to rest. In the heaven of John there is no night, no need of night day: a that never ends—luminous, radiant, resplendent with God's own light, where the work goes on forever without wearying, where no pain, nor sickness, nor age, nor bodily ill can ever come, where clad in the beauty of eternal youth God's children will work with him through eternity.

All work is material and spiritual. I ask your attention first to its material aspect.

By most men work is regarded with aversion, and

this is because it represents to them a life which has in it little of attraction. The name has been so narrowed in its application as to have lost the association of dignity and honor. The term *workmen* has become confined to those classes who engage in manual labor, who work with their hands for a living. To them it signifies a life of toil and drudgery that knows no respite, with little or no culture, education or refinement. It means a treadmill, narrow, self-contained existence with no chance of change. From morn till night, week after week, year after year, earning their bread literally and truly by the sweat of their brow. Where it means that, is it a wonder they view it with dislike.

And sometimes it signifies much more. The sweat of honest labor is not so bad, but sometimes it becomes the sweat of torture. Work, especially in towns and cities, means fighting against fearful odds for every inch along the way of life. It means for thousands of our fellow creatures a struggle for the barest living under conditions so grinding and unfair that they cry out in pain against it. And sometimes they do more than that, they rise in the madness and frenzy and blindness of their despair, and with the mighty strength they have gained in working for society they batter society to the ground and make havoc and ruin and anarchy all about. Before that terrible rage kings have trembled on the throne, governments long established have tottered to their fall, and selfish, heartless aristocracies have been swept away as with a flood. To such toilers there is no music in work, no attraction in labor. The gospel for them is a gospel of rest. Heaven for them is a land “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,” and they will have it—rest full and sweet.

But among these classes we find work carried on under improper conditions. They are workers but they are not the only ones. The name workman should not be so restricted. There goes a man down the street roughly clad, in one hand a pail and in the other a shovel. Who is he? What does he do? Oh! you say he is but a laborer, a common workman. His name is Smith. And who is this strolling through the forest—an old felt hat on his head and wearing a grey tweed suit, looking like an old man hunting for a job? That, sir, is Mr. Gladstone. Oh! Mr. Gladstone, a workman too? A workman! No, a statesman and one of the best. And why do you call that man with a shovel a workman and deny the title to him who works harder and more to the purpose than any man in the British empire? It is all wrong. These distinctions are false. There is no degradation in the name. We are all of us, in shop and home and store and school and pulpit and cabinet, we are all workers. In the great busy hive of the world's life we are working in different

parts and in different ways, but we are laboring all to produce the sweetness, the honey of life, the faith and the hope and the love, of which the greatest is love, and God is the greatest worker of us all.

From this limited application of the term work and from the unequal distribution of the world's labor, the former referring it to those whose life is drudgery and the latter forcing those who do work to work too hard, has grown up in the minds of many the conception of heaven as a place where people do nothing, and of God as one who never need put forth any exertion. A man without being consulted is born into a condition of life against which his nature maintains constant rebellion. From the outset he has to bear a burden too heavy. In a narrow place, shut up, he picks and shovels, and scarce has time to look about him for a moment on the beauties of the world. And he gets sick of it. If he had his will he would go where there was nothing to do, absolute idleness would be perfect happiness. If there is a heaven, it must be such a place, and if there is a God who can do as he likes He must enjoy one long eternal holiday, undisturbed by the discordant sounds of labor. And this thought is not the outcome of laziness. It grows out of a sense of injustice. The man has had too much to do. He has had no chance. He has been cramped. In a dim, half-conscious way he feels that his life has been one-sided. There are powers and aspirations and instincts that have lain dormant and uncultivated. He thinks that to work is to live as he does. He sees those about him who, according to his ideas, don't do anything. He would not call them idle, but he can't see that they put forth effort as he has to do. Professional men, politicians, wealthy people, artists—these don't work. His idea of work is taking off your coat, putting forth physical effort and sweating at your task. But he would soon find that absolute idleness was as unbearable as too much toil.

We cannot pass without uttering our protest against that miserable idea, so prevalent among some people of the world, though as yet it only hangs on the skirts of life in this country—the idea that there is something degrading in being under necessity to work. It is all very well to give one's energies to something as a matter of taste or inclination, but to say that one works for a living is to close the door to the highest (!) society in certain countries. A gentleman does not work. So long as he keeps clear of that stain he is received into society. One of my congregation who was raised in England was bemoaning his hard fortune, apologizing for present circumstances and telling me how the glory had departed from his family. "Why, sir, I never did a hand's turn till I came to

this country. If you'd see me in the old country—I was as well dressed every day as you see me on Sunday. I never worked for my living;" and he was priding himself on it. It was a green spot in the otherwise barren wastes of his memory, and many have this notion. By earthly standards the aristocracy do nothing, but in the spiritual realm the aristocrat is a worker, and because he is a worker. The perfect life here is the do-nothing life; the perfect life there is having all the powers employed to the best advantage, and the God who made us is the hardest worker.

That is a low, view of life to see in it that we work only in order to live; a better statement is that we live in order that we may work. But neither statement is true. Working and living are reciprocal. We live to work and work to live. That is the best living in which we can produce the best work, and that is the best work by which we can produce the noblest living. There is the inward necessity impelling us to activity even if we have no external compulsion in our bodily needs. When our labor is a labor of love, when we engage in tasks that use our energies and excite our enthusiasm, then labor is a joy. Time flies on swift wings then. "I am troubled with the same old complaint," said a great worker, "There are only twenty-four hours in a day and seven days in a week, I can't catch up." The active nature intent on the performance of some great work, feels life too short. There is pathos in the cry that comes from biography, "We are not done yet, We cannot die." Congenial work is not repulsive. "He has no need to work, he can live without working." That is true if we regard life as a gathering together of a heap of food big enough to keep us eating till we die. When we have gathered it we may stop our toiling and sit down and eat it, but that is a poor view, the poorest of life.

In all our life let us keep in mind this, that the highest intelligence is a worker and delights in working, that when in the coming time all the perplexing problems of social and political economy shall be correctly solved, everyone shall do his share of work and do it easily: that when all the parts of this vast and complicated machine we call society shall be properly adjusted there shall be no friction, nor joining of different numbers; that when the millenium dawn appears the strife of contending factions and the clashing of selfish interests will cease, and the work of the world, of the universe, will be done in movement beautiful, regular and musical as the motion of the stars. The drones will be driven from the hive, the idlers will be cast away and in the "new earth" the sluggard will find no place reserved.

Consider briefly the spiritual aspect of work.

While this coarser, material work is being done there is going on at the same time a moral and spiritual work. The distinction I have made in this discourse is merely nominal. It does not really exist. Every act is moral, all work is more or less spiritual. The blacksmith who shapes the heated metal and the preacher who speaks from the pulpit are both of them engaged in work which has a moral element. In the case of the smith the material element is more prominent, in the preacher's work the spiritual. We are all of us working in the spiritual field whatever our occupation be. Some are working to good purpose with sharpened tools, used with skill; others are mere dawdlers, their work does not count for much though it on the right side. Some are a positive hurt and detriment to the world.

God works in the material world. We believe in that religious pantheism which teaches us that God is immanent in nature, that in every physical change which this earth undergoes His power is made manifest; that in the processes of growth and development, in the unfolding of the bud, the painting of the flower, the shaping of the leaf, his hand is seen. There is a Providence in the world and all its forces animate and inanimate are controlled by him. Nations at his bidding arise and fall. The material prosperity of the world is his work and civilization marches at his command.

But it is for spiritual results that God looks. The temporal is good but it is temporal, and when time shall cease it will fade away. It is the fruit that remains and is gathered into the storehouse when the stalk and leaf and wrapping slough off and rot. In all God's working there is this in view—moral perfection and spiritual development. We sometimes lose sight of it—God never does. Some of us never think of it, it is always present to his thought. We become engrossed in the getting of food, He thinks of the life. We are anxious for the raiment, He cares for the body. We minister to the sense, He serves the spirit. With anxious solicitude of love He watches to see the higher and more beautiful qualities evolve from the rougher elements of our life. Not to make men rich but good is His aim. Riches take to themselves wings and flee away, but goodness abides forever. Not that the earth may not be fertile in all her fruits, her surface covered with large and wealthy cities, her marts of commerce thronged with buyers and sellers and all the roads of trade filled with the products of her prosperous sons, while education and comfort and luxury shall be the common enjoyment of all—not for that does God work, but that righteousness may cover the earth even as the waters cover the deep. A great work that of bringing the world to God. Like all work it is unfairly divided.

There are some noble workers tilling the soil, rooting up the weeds and hastening on that time when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. But the number of workers is small, only a fraction of the whole. The work seems to progress slowly. There are giant evils; intemperance and social impurity and public dishonesty and impious blasphemy and poisonous scandal—these and many more like wild beasts are skulking in society to ravage and devour, and sometimes we grow disheartened. The work is too great. These beasts are too strong and savage for us, we cannot beat them down. The harvest is too plenteous and the laborers too few. We cannot reap it, we feel like giving up.

So did Paul, brave spirit though he was. He was "cast down" and "perplexed." He felt like giving up, but he tells us he always kept one thing in mind; Jesus never gave up. His feet faltered not in that awful road that brought him to his doom. His beautiful face blanched not in view of that fearful scene of humiliation and death. Jesus died. The Lord Jesus died. The Prince of Life gave up his life, and so would he "always bearing about in body the dying of Jesus that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body." But with all our despairing and perplexity, comfort ourselves with these words—God is working too. He is with us and behind us. He is pledged to carry on the war till victory come. We are not alone, we are co-workers with Him.

And when the work is done, the pile complete, when in the white light breaking forth from the throne everything will stand forth clearly revealed—then shall we find that our labor has not been in vain. The work we have done in pulpit, in school, at home—anywhere, shall be recognized and honored, and the cup of cold water, even, given in the name of a disciple shall never lose a disciple's reward.

## Correspondence.

### MR. HALL'S LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR.—My letters must necessarily be on different subjects from those I have heretofore written upon, while I am confined to one place. It is difficult to know what to write about, and yet be faithful to my trust to the Missionary Society. Just now something needs to be said, and said very plainly and strongly on the condition and prospects of our society. I am not by any means disposed to take a gloomy view of the situation. In common with other institutions and interests, both secular and religious, we have felt and are feeling the pressure of

HARD TIMES.

There is no evidence of any diminishing zeal in the

cause of missions but quite the contrary. The Foreign Missionary Society is evoking sympathy and help as it never did among us before. This cannot fail to have a good effect upon all christian life and effort in our churches, and it would be an unheard-of thing for zeal in the foreign work to interfere with the home Missionary enterprise. There may here or there be a thoughtful person who imagines that the foreign field has the strongest claim, and who therefore works exclusively for that, but such instances are very rare. The policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg is not likely to be followed by many well-informed Congregationalists. They will understand that if we do not maintain in efficiency our home missionary work, there will soon be no function for our college, and if no home missionary work, no college, no church extensions. There will shortly be no foreign mission either. The home missionary work lies at the root of all our progress. We must have promising fields of labor for our young men when they do give themselves to the work of the christian ministry. We have suffered too much already in the loss of our own trained men. Why have they gone to other lands? Not because there was any lack of love for Canada or for Canadian work, but because there was not any prospect of work or of support in Canadian churches. We do wish to guard against a recurrence of such experience in the future. We can do so only by bringing up our missionary society, by placing it upon a financial basis, that will secure confidence and progress. The past three or four years have witnessed a revival not only of missionary zeal, but of many of our missionary churches, as well as the successful inauguration of several new churches. The missionary zeal had cooled, the income had fallen far behind former years and many churches were vacant for lack of means, and of men. There are very few vacancies to-day, only two or three within the bounds of the society's operations. It is likely we must be satisfied for the present to consolidate our work, and shut our ears to the invitations coming to us from many places. But I cannot for a moment admit that this course will be of long continuance. We must go forward. With an increasing population, and with vigorous and progressive churches all around us, a stand-still policy means stagnation and death. "Forward," must be our motto. We are not sent

#### A WARFARE AT OUR OWN CHARGES.

The work is not ours, but the Lord's. The resources are all in his hands, and will be put into ours if we ask and believe. Perhaps there has not been enough of this kind of effort. We have written and preached, and made appeals to men. It may be we have not been as importunate in our appeals to Him to whom belong the gold and silver. Humble, earnest, believing prayer will bring about marvellous results in this as in all other work we attempt for God. There is power in our churches to give very much more than they have ever done. They will do it when they become fully consecrated to Christ. I never care to solicit funds for God's cause from worldly people, or from cold and formal professors. The best use one can make of his opportunities with such is to lead them to the cross, and if we succeed we secure everything. It is sad to hear people talk of how much they do for the church or for the missionary society. A very poor reward they will

receive from these, not any wonder they complain of ingratitude and disappointment, but when we give and work for the Lord, there is joy, and a blessed reward. I think most of the churches could double their missionary collections, and not injure themselves by so doing. If they did we should be able to maintain our present mission churches, and respond to some urgent calls for help. The Ladies' Auxiliaries should come to our help in this important crisis, and the Sunday school children should lend a helping hand; and they would, if the matter was properly brought before them. It is wonderful what some have done during the past year.

I am carefully considering a policy for our society, perhaps shall have it sufficiently matured to state it in my next, but just now I suppose I will soon reach my limits, and I wish to refer to a few places which I visited during the holidays.

#### TORONTO, YORKVILLE.

Spent the morning of Sunday here. Congregation good, much larger than on my former visit. They appeared to take a very lively interest in our missionary work, promised to assist to the best of their ability. Arrangements are being made to enlarge the church building, just adding a wing equal to that of the present. The Lord has been blessing the work during the year.

#### TORONTO, ZION.

I had only time to look at the Sunday school during opening exercises, but was surprised and gratified to see the large number of young people. The half of the pupils seemed to belong to Bible classes, or at least were big enough to be in such. I judge from appearances of the school there is a promising field, and much encouragement here. Zion in years gone by was one of the best supporters of our missionary society, contributing as much as *four hundred dollars* a year to the funds. Hope she will help us now.

#### TORONTO, WESTERN.

I addressed the Sunday school. The audience room was nearly full. The school is a living institution in this church, and from all I could learn during my short-time visit, the entire work of the church is most encouraging. The school promised to do something for the society and so will the church.

#### PARKDALE.

Here I spent the evening of Sunday, preaching in the beautiful new church. It is situated in a part of the suburbs that is building up fast, and in the near future it will be comprised within the city limits. The sequel I think, clearly justifies the effort to establish a church here, and Mr. Duff deserves much praise for his persevering and self-denying efforts. It has been hard work, is still, but it will be a monument of which he will have no reason to be ashamed in coming years. Early on Monday morning through your kind attentions, Mr. Editor, I found myself "homeward bound," for Christmas holidays. As usual, they were "working holidays." This time in addition to the ordinary work of every day I turned in with my esteemed successor, Mr. McFadyen, and assisted in a series of "children's services." They were well attended, and the word of the Lord took effect on many young hearts. We had just a delightful time, and although I was much more weary leaving home, on New Years night, than when I arrived ten days before, I was profoundly thankful to

God for what I had heard and seen among my old flock. The church grows. Seldom a communion but members are admitted. I have not had many successors, but it has always been my good fortune to have good ones. In this connection I may be permitted to say that I have always rejoiced in the success of those who have followed me, without being troubled with the least feeling of jealousy. Though after thirteen long years, as in Newfoundland, it is not a very easy thing to give place to one who must increase while I must decrease. Yet for him and all his work, I have felt a supreme pleasure in constantly supplicating a throne of grace. These remarks are evoked mainly as the result of a very pleasant surprise given me at New Years, by a few of my old friends in St. John's, who as they nicely expressed it "have me still in grateful remembrance." Most of those who sent the testimonial and a New Year's gift of a little purse of dollars, were brought to the Saviour in those happy years of holy toil which I spent in their midst, and I regard this as a token of their love for Him who has loved them and who gave himself for them. No one can imagine except a pastor who has been in similar circumstances, how much joy it would give me to visit those scenes of labor, and impart some spiritual gift to those whom I love in the Lord. Will all in that dear old church accept my assurances of affection and regard, and may the time soon be favorable for a renewal in person of former friendships.

Here I am again in Sarnia. We have just concluded our anniversary services, they were a great success:

The Rev. Dr. Ross, of Port Huron, exchanged with me on Sunday morning; and gave us also a most useful address on Monday evening. The children of the Sunday school were feasted on the following evening, and gave an entertainment consisting of choruses, duets, solos, readings and recitations. The meeting was well patronized, and the funds of the school have been considerably helped thereby. The library has been increased by the addition of 400 vols. and effort is being made to replace the present seats which are inconvenient for the classes, by chairs. The energetic superintendent, Mr. E. Bassett, spares no labor to make the school a success. The average attendance has increased by two-thirds during the past three months. All the friends both in church and Sunday school appear willing to work. Next week we begin special services, may they be crowned with God's blessing. According to present arrangements I will be in Sarnia till after the first or second Sunday in March. It will save time therefore if correspondents will address P. O. Box 107, Sarnia, Ont.

### OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

#### WORK IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Leaving the city of St. John in the morning of Saturday, Sept. 7th, I sailed over the fickle waters of the Bay of Fundy, to the town of Digby, and from thence by train to Yarmouth, arriving there somewhat late Saturday night.

#### YARMOUTH

is no doubt a goodly town. Its buildings (all of wood) are really neat. Its sidewalks would be pleasant if the weather were always fine, but unfortunately, or other-

wise, it sometimes rains there, as well as elsewhere, and then the walks being of mud are uncommonly slippery, and anything in the world but clean.

The church, in harmony with its surroundings, has been in rather a depressed state for some time past. A decline in business and other causes has led to a removal of a number of its members, and its strength has suffered in consequence, though churches in other places have been benefitted. At present however, we are informed that the congregations are on the increase, and the Sunday school is greatly improving, both in numbers and efficiency, and under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, "a real old war horse," who is never so strong as when there are obstacles to overcome, matters will no doubt continue to improve.

When I arrived at this place it was enveloped in one of its famous fogs, accompanied with showers of rain, and continued so the next day, so that the missionary meeting was not very large, but those present appeared to have a just appreciation of what they heard, and of the need of earnest work in the foreign field, many of them having visited unevangelized countries while pursuing their calling as sailors.

In the afternoon when visiting the Sunday school I was pleased to find some of the scholars already at work for our foreign missions. Some little boys gave me a sum of money which they had earned themselves, and one little girl sent me a sum of money with which to buy a bible for some little girl in Africa, saying that she hoped I would be the means of winning many souls for Christ.

I also delivered an address on Africa and our proposed mission there, on Wednesday evening, in the lecture room of the tabernacle. The meeting was well attended, and at its close I was warmly assured that neither myself nor the work should be forgotten.

#### CHEBOUCHE.

From Yarmouth I was driven on the afternoon of Sunday, the 8th inst., a distance of five miles to the old historical church in the above-named place. In the evening a fairly good congregation assembled, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and listened with great attention to my address.

The following evening a social in the interests of home missions was held in the parsonage, addresses were delivered not on home but foreign missions, and the collection was large, though there were no provisions served and the attendance small. Thus it is that foreign missions often help home, and we are glad of it.

In connection with the church there is a junior foreign missionary society, called the Busy Bee, and a foreign missionary prayer meeting.

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Watson, deserves much credit for the manner in which he is carrying on his work, and also the self-sacrifice he displays in connection with it, and his good wife even more so.

#### TRIP TO LIVERPOOL.

After the close of the meeting held in Yarmouth, on Wednesday night, I started by stage on my way to Liverpool, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. At the outset being rather tired, I fondly hoped to get a few hours sleep by the way, but soon found that such vain hopes were doomed to disappointment. The driver seemed bent on running his coach against every rock in the roadway, just on purpose to shake up the bones of his passengers, until at last finding that he



was unable to do more damage than break his old van, he concluded at once to change the vehicle and his rate of driving, and for the rest of the night travelled at a more moderate rate, if not an easier one. On the way the stage was drawn to a halt at the door of a restaurant, and the passengers went in for refreshment; and what a charming place it was, about as elegant in its outfit and as neat in its surroundings as a native's hut in Africa, as a cow's stable in some other parts. It is however but just to say, that as a rule, the places of entertainment in this section of country are very tidy and home like, and not a trace of intoxicants was seen by me in any of them. Night having thus passed away, I continued all next day through a large tract of country apparently bereft of everything except large rocks and scanty trees, in some places sadly charred by fire, and long after darkness had covered a scene of so little beauty I arrived in the town of Liverpool, and soon found shelter and a much needed rest beneath the hospitable roof of pastor Sykes.

#### MILTON.

From Liverpool I was driven to the village of Milton. The people here are like sheep without a shepherd—they are in need of a pastor. An interesting congregation attended the missionary meeting, Sunday morning the 15th inst. At the close of the meeting a short conference was held with the members of the church, about organizing in the interests of our missions, and some of the ladies assured me that they would do what they could for the maintenance of our work, and afterward sent in a subscription.

#### BROOKLYN.

This place is from Milton about four miles down the river on the opposite side. At half past two in the afternoon I met by special arrangement the scholars of the Sunday school, and delivered them an address, which was listened to with real interest by the children. Already a F. mission band has been organized among them, and will no doubt bear its share of our work in a creditable manner. At three o'clock the church was filled with people, the meeting was opened by pastor Sykes and addressed by myself. I had but one opportunity to interest the people in our work and had to make the best of it, and I think the effort was not in vain.

#### LIVERPOOL.

From Brooklyn I returned to Liverpool. In the evening a specially large congregation assembled in the church. The first seats were occupied by the members of a little F. missionary band to whom I delivered an address (just before preaching,) much to their delight and the pleasure of their friends. After singing a hymn, I then preached to the whole congregation a sermon which took about an hour and a quarter in its delivery, and yet even the children in the front seats were neither restless nor sleepy at its close.

#### BEACH MEADOWS.

This is a small district, situated on the sea shore about ten miles from Brooklyn, and settled principally by people of Dutch descent. The neat little church building in this place was filled with people on Monday, the 16th inst., and nothing could surpass the attention given by them to the missionary address. At the close of the meeting I urged the people to organize,

so that they would be able to help our work in a systematic way, and it is expected that a children's F. missionary band will be organized under the pastor's direction, and that the older people will adopt such methods for assisting our work as are best adapted to their peculiar circumstances. The last three churches are under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Sykes. It was pleasant to hear this brother's praises spoken not only by the people of his charge, but also by many beyond the reach of his ministry. He is interested in our work, and will do what he can among his people to further the object of our society. The ladies of his flock are going to render us their assistance.

#### COMMITTEE MEETING.

Some time ago a F. M. Society in connection with the Cong. Union of N. S. & N. B. was formed. Its object was to undertake some special F. M. work, such as the support of a native teacher. In 1883 a committee was appointed by the Union, with executive power to act for the society, but no meeting was ever held nor business ever transacted by the committee. For the past two years no mention was made of the society at the Union meetings, further than to authorize the treasurer to send the funds on hand to our treasurer in Montreal. Still this society was one of the powers that be—not a very strong one nor very active, yet it could not be overlooked, so a meeting of the executive to take place on Monday, the 16th inst., in the house of Rev. Mr. Sykes was called. A number of the members were present, and appeared to be in hearty sympathy with the new F. M. enterprise of our churches in Canada. An opinion was expressed that my visit was meeting a long felt need of the churches in their provinces. After carefully considering the matter, it was resolved by the committee to aid in connection with the Canadian F. M. society in the prosecution of F. M. work and that funds collected by the society during the year, should be sent to help the work in Africa.

#### ON THE WAY TO CORNWALLIS.

Leaving Liverpool on Tuesday afternoon he travelled by stage a distance of about forty miles, through a barren, rocky, dismal looking country to Caledonia. The people in this place were somewhat troubled with the gold fever. It appears that a short time ago the precious metal was discovered by two Indians about six miles from the village. Claims were immediately taken by miners, professional and amateur, and some of them appear to be rather rich. One company of amateurs secured a claim of twelve acres, and it is alleged that fifteen lodes of quartz have been found in them, and that two hundred ounces have been extracted from one of them in an unscientific way and without much expenditure of time. After waiting a few hours here, I again started on my journey at five o'clock in the morning and continued till noon, making thirty-four miles, seeing nothing on the way more showy than bleak looking hills and nothing so abundant as the hard gray granite rocks. At last and with infinite delight I descended into the beautiful valley of Annapolis and continued along into the Cornwallis valley, famous as the scene of Longfellow's Evangeline, and more beautiful by far than his poetic pen could picture.

W. T. CURRIE.

We have received from an old friend the following. Being private we withhold the name, but the part of the letter we publish is too good to be put aside:—

DEAR BRO.—Please find enclosed one dollar as a renewal for the *Canadian Independent*. Call it by whatever name you will, I as an interested reader will be pleased to have its regular visits, monthly or oftener so long as it continues to manifest the spirit and ability which characterized it during the last year. I need not tell you that I feel a very deep interest in the "News of the Churches," and I note with pleasure many signs of progress. Following the line of work I have been called to do for the Master in this country, I have travelled a great deal in townships 1, 2 and 3 in Southern Manitoba, and I have only met three *bono fide* Congregationalists west of Pilot Mound; one in Tp. 2, Range 24, and two (from Stratford,) in Tp. 3, Range 27. I meet a few Baptists, but Presbyterians, Methodists and Episcopalians are to be found in about equal numbers. There are a good many hindrances to mission work here. The want of railway facilities for taking grain to market makes money scarce, besides mission centres or stations cannot be definitely fixed till the railroad comes. The population is sparse, and will be so till the R. R. land is taken up. My congregations last Sabbath numbered as follows:—At 11 a. m., 16; at 3 p. m., 42; at 6 p. m., 32. That is considered large in this country on the open prairie. I meet many out west here who hold Mr. Silcox in great admiration. He is a favorite with the young people.

Wishing the C. I. a Happy New Year, I remain, yours, etc.

## News of the Churches.

ALTON.—In lieu of an elaborate tea, for which there did not seem to be room in the small hall (an ex-school house,) in which the church worships, the Superintendent, Mr. James McClellan, decided on a simple treat for the scholars. On Friday evening, 8th inst., they all came together, with the teachers and the choir, and spent two hours most delightfully. The choir sang, some of the little girls gave recitations, Rev. Mr. Smith made a little speech, ending with Geo. Macdonald's Scotch version of the man who fell among thieves, and then the paper bags with the "goodies" were sent around. It only cost three or four dollars and made forty children very happy: and they got to their beds at a good hour. A few days ago the choir provided an oyster supper for their friends and themselves, which passed off very pleasantly, with some exceptionally good singing, and the welcome and somewhat unexpected presence of Student Unsworth, who had much endeared himself to the young people when stationed here last summer. If it were not for the horrible incubus of an old debt on the burned church building, we would get on better. But oh, for a breaking up of the fallow ground! Attendance is fair, and attention good; but no forward movement in spiritual things. We labor and pray.

BRANTFORD.—The annual meeting of this church and congregation was held on Wednesday, January 13th; the Treasurer had the pleasure of reporting the church entirely out of debt. During the month of November a special collection was taken up, at which enough was raised to pay off the small balance due and leave a

balance in the treasury, something not reported for a great many years. The membership is gradually increasing, attendance at public services was never so large as at present. The Sabbath School is growing so that room for the classes can scarcely be found. The Bible class meets in the church at which there is a regular attendance of from 28 to 35. The class is led by the pastor, Rev. Geo. Fuller. This church and Sabbath school have great reason to thank and praise God for the blessings enjoyed under the pastorate of Mr. Fuller.

BELLEVILLE.—On Sunday and Monday, Jan. 17th and 18th, the anniversary exercises of the Congregational church of Belleville were held. On Sabbath excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. Mr. Hewitt and Rev. David Mitchell. On Monday evening a bountiful supper was served free to all who came, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in listening to reports of the officers of the church, to good speeches by the visiting pastors, and to fine music furnished by the choir. A little over a year ago the Rev. A. W. Main, of Economy, N. S., came to Belleville. He found the church in almost a dying condition. The members were few and wholly discouraged, the Sabbath school numbered only seven, the credit of the church was exhausted, the most hopeful had lost hope, and seemingly the only thing left to be done was to close the doors and surrender the key to the creditors. Just at this juncture Mr. Main came to the rescue. He had full faith that the material was at hand for the building of a good church. He went to work with a will. With unflagging earnestness he has labored and prayed, and his labor and prayers have not been in vain. The little Sabbath school has grown from seven members to nearly one hundred. The attendants at the church have more than doubled, and in every department there is new activity and life. The church financially has met all its obligations and reestablished its credit. Many new members have been added to the roll, six of whom were converted under Mr. Main. His labors have been blessed to a remarkable degree. His people are very thankful that through God's providence he was sent to them. New hope animates their hearts, and once more they feel that Belleville church will take its place among other churches, and that it is destined to do good work in the Master's cause. The church is about to commence a series of special meetings from which we expect to receive great blessing.

HEPWORTH.—Mr. Bolton, of Warton, has opened a station at this village with most encouraging prospects. In the meantime Colpo's Bay is abandoned. It is believed that this change will materially strengthen our cause in that locality.

MONTREAL.—The visit of Mr. Moody for four days, January 2nd to the 5th, has proved quite noteworthy. It has shown the eagerness of the people to listen to the word of life simply, clearly, and earnestly set forth. Our large Methodist church, holding about 3000, was filled at every service, and at some of them not only crowded to its utmost capacity, but sending an overflow to a neighboring hall of large size. The churches have carried on special services since his departure up to the present time. Our own have been manifestly refreshed. In Emmanuel the meetings have been well attended, and with happy results. Additions to the

church of young men especially are encouraging the pastor, and enlivening the members. Calvary is also blessed. Zion has been holding special services in union with its immediate neighbor the First Baptist Church. They are greatly encouraged by manifest tokens of the Divine presence in the conversion of the wanderers, and in the quickening of the disciples. How much better is all this than an overmastering devotion to winter sports, however good they may be in their proper place, and in such measure as healthful recreation demands.

**MONTREAL, CALVARY.**—There was a large attendance of the members of Calvary church in the building on Guy street., on 20th ult, when the ninth annual meeting was held. The pastor the Rev. E. M. Hill presided, and reviewing the work of the church during its ninth year, showed that much genuine progress had been made. The report of the Board of Deacons and the Treasurer's report were read, and the Treasurer of the Building Fund presented a report which gives assurance that the debt is being rapidly reduced, and that a few years will see its complete extinction. The Sunday-school Secretary reported that there were at present on the roll seven officers, 17 teachers, 230 pupils; the average attendance being 20 officers and teachers, and 143 pupils. One hundred and fifty-one dollars had been collected during the year, the large moiety of which has been expended in missionary work in India and China. The report of the Ladies' Missionary Association showed that over one hundred and thirty dollars had been expended in Labrador, and more collected for the building fund of the church. The Foreign Missionary Society's report showed that one hundred dollars had been raised during the year. The Dorcas Society report having collected \$65. The Missionary Needles report a successful year's work, having held a weekly meeting regularly with a fair attendance at each. A bazaar was held which realized \$70. The Young Men's Literary Society and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor also made satisfactory reports. A summary of the contributions of the church during the year 1885 showed that \$2,349 has been contributed for church purposes; \$169 for denominational objects; \$161 for local benevolent work, and \$304 for foreign missions, or in all \$2,983. After tea had been taken, and the closing services, the meeting was adjourned.

**PLYMPTON.**—A new church has been formed in this place which will be supplied by Mr. Shannon, who hands Ebenezer over to Mr. R. Hay. This rearrangement of the field gives strength to the two pastorates, and adds to us a new and promising church.

**PARKDALE.**—The anniversary services in connexion with the church and Sunday school in this growing locality, under the pastorate of the Rev. C. DuT, M.A., were held during the month of December, two weeks intervening. At the Sunday school anniversary the Rev. R. McKay, (Presbyterian,) and Rev. T. Cullen, (Methodist,) preached morning and evening respectively; the editor addressing the school in the afternoon. Rev. H. D. P.ewis and Rev. T. L. Wilkinson, (Methodist,) preached the church anniversary sermons. At all these services the attendance and financial results were encouraging. Special mention should be made of the service of song, which was conducted solely by the members of the church and congregation, and was ex-

ceptionally good. On the evening of Dec. 29th the annual social was held, and the speeches of Drs. Inocham and Wild, Rev. Messrs. Mutch and Salmon were to the point, and well received. Here again the singing was of a high order. This church is established in a needy and promising locality, and heartily sustained should give a good account of itself. We bespeak for it hearty sympathy.

**SARNIA.**—Mr. Hall suppliet the field in the meantime, and a little later expects to go to the Maritime Provinces, spending a short time in St. John to relieve our friend Mr. Saer, who desires to make some collection for the heavy debt on the church building there. May God bless the earnest efforts to rebuild the walls of our Zion and send Sarnia and St. John prosperity.

**STRATFORD.**—The friends here are struggling manfully to recover themselves. Back arrears of interest are crushing them, but they are slowly recovering themselves. We hope other friends will manifest active sympathy with them. The membership has risen from 22 to 63 during the year, and the attendance is steadily growing. A little aid from friends who have not yet assisted will be gratefully received by the pastor and judiciously spent.

**ST. CATHARINES.**—Mr. W. Wetherald has resigned the pastorate of this church, and his resignation was accepted Dec. 30th last. He supplies however until June. Our excellent brother longs for thorough evangelistic work. May not his talents in this direction find among us suitable fields? The few friends in this church have had many discouragements, but it was our privilege a few weeks ago to meet with them; we were touched by their manifest earnestness and hopefulness.

**SOUTH CALEDON.**—The S. S. anniversary entertainment was held in the Union Chapel on New Year's night. The children were out in full strength, and the "ladder" holding the presents was there in all its attractiveness. Alex. McLaren, Esq., of Rockside Castle, was in the chair, friendly, ready and genial. A good tea, and then an array of "pieces" by the children: wonderfully well done, and appropriate in their sentiment. The choir, considering their small number, did very well. Rev. Messrs. Michel, (Baptist), W. W. Smith, and J. W. Pedley spoke. The pastor, Rev. A. W. Richardson, was necessarily here and there and everywhere in the audience, managing matters; except when he was helping the choir with a good sonorous voice. The reunion was enjoyed by all and the children especially, who had a free ticket on entering, and a nice book from Santa Claus at departing, were delighted. Things seem to be moving on well with brother Richardson and his people. May the Lord's work in church and school prosper with him and them.

**STOUFFVILLE.**—The annual entertainment of the Congregational Sabbath school, Stouffville, was held on New Year's Eve, in the body of the church. The platform was beautifully decorated with evergreens, representing an open door, through which you could look and see the many blessings that were in store for you in the coming year. The attendance of both adults and children was very large, all manifesting great interest in the programme of the evening. The

ercises consisted in a concert by the whole school, entitled "Heaven: Our Father's House," which was beautifully rendered. Then followed recitations, dialogues, solos, by members of the school, interspersed with singing by the choir and school. The report of the school read by the secretary showed the average attendance during the year to have been 106, being an increase upon the previous year, fifteen of whom had attended every Sabbath. Collections taken up in the school amounted to \$65. Prizes to the amount of \$35 were then distributed to the scholars. The pastor received from the teachers an envelope containing a sum of money, and a beautifully worded note expressing their appreciation of his services as their teacher in the weekly meeting for the study of the lesson, requesting that he would apply the money in purchasing a copy of the parallel edition of the revised version of the Bible to suit his own taste. In the distribution of presents from teachers, scholars, parents and friends, the organist of the church, Miss Unsworth, received a well filled purse, and the organist of the school a beautiful plush album, while for one hour love tokens and kind expressions in all forms were scattered through the congregation, to the joy and advantage of many who thought they were forgotten by others.

STRATFORD.—The Ministerial Association of this city resolved upon commencing this year with a series of united evangelistic services which have been held daily in the various churches, all the ministers co-operating together with such help as could be procured to represent the several denominations: the Rev. Geo. Fuller, of Brantford, representing the Congregationalists, and that in a most efficient manner; his genial spirit, thoughtful words, kindly manner and special adaptation for this service, peculiarly fit him for the work of an Evangelist. If any of our churches purpose special efforts and can secure Mr. Fuller's help he will render most acceptable service. The Rev. A. Grant, of London, represented the Baptist friends, and his labours were not without reward. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Galt, represented the Presbyterians, of whose special gift in this work it is needless to speak. While rejoicing in times of refreshing and quickening and the conversion to God of not a few, it is evident that the class of people for whom these special services have been arranged have not been induced largely to attend although efforts have been put forth to reach every householder of the city. We are waiting for the more abundant blessing—"Brethren pray for us."

TORONTO, MR. ZION CHURCH.—This church reports increase all around for 1887. It has two schools every Sabbath in the same building, one union and the other denominational. In the former there are a few teachers from outside the church. There is an aggregate of 319 children under the church's care in these two schools, so that, in this respect, the church stands high in comparison with the schools of other Congregational churches in the Dominion. Out of a church membership of 39, 25 are engaged in the school. The total contributions for last year were \$309.82. The church raised for all purposes \$1453.92, of which \$746.75 were collected especially for the new addition to the building. About \$250 of this latter sum was contributed towards church enlargement by parties in Toronto and elsewhere outside of the church. Both church and congregation have steadily increased, al-

though the pastor could do little more than fill the pulpit, owing to the necessity of other engagements for self support. A good share of pastoral and missionary work is done by a noble band of tract distributors.

TORONTO, WESTERN.—The annual social of this church took place on Wednesday evening, the 13th ult. After tea had been partaken of, the Treasurer's report was read, showing that financially the church has prospered during the year notwithstanding its having dispensed with the Missionary grant heretofore allowed. A few brief and encouraging addresses from the deacons and Mr. Ashdown of Zion church, and the presentation of a purse of \$50 to the pastor, Rev. A. F. McGregor, B. A., as a slight token of the love and esteem in which he is held by the members of the church and congregation, brought the evening's pleasantries to a close. There is in connexion with this church a "society of Christian endeavor," which meets weekly for the threefold purpose of (1) Individual training in the Christian life; (2) Combined Missionary work; (3) Witnessing to Christ. This society, chiefly of young people, has had already one year of successful endeavor.

UNIONVILLE. Tuesday evening, Dec. 22nd, the members of the church being well provided with baskets, paid a surprise visit to their pastor, Rev. W. F. Wilmot. The object of the visit was to make a presentation of a purse containing some twenty-seven dollars to Mrs. Wilmot. This was given by the members to testify the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot are held, and the warm appreciation of their very zealous and successful labors in the cause of Christ. After partaking of tea, the evening was spent in merriment and jollification, and all seemed to cherish the hope that ere long they might spend another such an evening, believing that such gatherings tend to draw the members into fuller sympathy with one another and to establish a closer relationship between pastor and people.

#### ENDOWMENT FUND CONG. COLL. OF B. N. A.

Thanks, Mr. Editor, for the good word concerning this Fund in your New Year's number. My impression of its importance for the present and the future is deep; would that one could sink it into the hearts of the many who are able to give, though the times are hard. I have no little pleasure in stating that the sum of two hundred dollars has just been handed to me by Mrs. McKeand in memory of her late husband, Mr. James McKeand of Hamilton, whose warm interest in all that concerned the college, and indeed the denomination generally, continued to the close of his life. This brings up the amount in the Savings Bank to nearly \$590. An equal amount contributed soon would enable me to hand another thousand to the Trustees for investment, so as to add sixty dollars to our annual income. Let me call special attention to the Year Book 1885-86, pp. 134-161.

HENRY WILKES, Treasurer.

Montreal, 9th Jan., 1886.

AN aged Christian, with the snow of time on his head, may remind us that those points of earth are whitest which are nearest heaven.

## Literary Notices.

THE 'PULPIT TREASURY for February is promptly on our table. Its contents display impartiality to the Evangelical denominations. This Magazine gives honor where honor is due, treads with firm step the good "old paths," touches with clear light many doctrinal and practical themes, and affords by its incomparable articles from many practised pens, the very aid so many pastors and Christian workers need in their different fields and in their multifarious forms of labor.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE of London, commencing Volume XIV. with Jan. 1886, announces that an American Edition, issued simultaneously with the London Edition, will be published from the office of *The Pulpit Treasury*, 771 Broadway, New York. E. B. Treat, Publisher. This arrangement places two first-class Evangelical Magazines—*The Homiletic Magazine* of London and *The Pulpit Treasury* of New York, within easy reach of clergymen and others, as the American publisher offers to send both Magazines to one address for \$4 00, postage prepaid. The Annual Subscription to *The Homiletic Magazine* alone is \$3.00, and to *The Pulpit Treasury*, \$2.50.

### WOMAN'S WORLD.

It is a mistake to think that any young girl can put her hand to house hold work with success when she leaves school. Some who have a decided talent for it, may; others who have some liking for it, lose it if never called to do anything towards making their homes comfortable and pretty.

In Germany there are boarding schools where young girls are taught all the different departments of house-keeping, from the washing of dishes to the mending of fine table linen. One month baking may be taught, another the cooking of meats, another preserving, and so on, not forgetting washing and ironing. Rigid economy is practised throughout the training. Some such practical training is really necessary to the happiness of every woman, rich or poor. Noblemen's daughter's in Germany are sent to such establishments when they leave school. How much more, too, can a woman be a real Samaritan if she can with her own hands cook the necessary delicacies for a sick one and know how to serve it in a tempting way. Every mother owes such a training to a daughter she loves, it is a fortune that will never be lost. The training, though most valuable does not cost anything.

#### SMALL WAISTS.

The frog in the fable while trying to make himself as big as the ox, ignominiously died in the attempt. He alone suffered. There are women now-a-days who try to distort themselves in quite a different way to the frog's, but their pride leads them to the same evil results. They not only are killing themselves by wearing garments inches too small for them, but they become unhappy, and make others so. To make the waist appear still smaller, some have adopted the immense bustle which gives rise to jokes. We give the following which appeared in Harper's *Monthly*, not as a thing for laughter, but to show how ladies thus absurdly dressed will cause disagreeable remarks to be made of them:—

A young lady who recently graced our social festivities was of peculiarly thin figure, and displayed a vory

pretty, but very prominent set of teeth. Being a stranger she excited some comment. Somebody asked Mr. Smith how he liked her. Well enough, was the reply, "but she looks like a comb—all back and teeth."

### LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

Amid the restless thoughts and deeds  
Which fill life's burdened hours,  
I muse on questions suffering breeds  
In her dark lowers.

I close my eyes on things of sense  
And see the world of mind unroll  
Its problems, which like shadows dense  
Oppress my soul.

True friends beloved, who made the world  
A realm of light and happy bliss,  
Have gone: and left no flag unfurled  
For hours like this.

Why do the ships in which we trust  
Life's priceless pearls and golden store,  
When the wild storm breaks sink the first  
To rise no more?

Our children fair, beloved and dear,  
Oft fade and sink into the grave,  
As if there was no ear to hear  
Nor arm to save.

Or else, in spite of prayer and tears,  
They drift away from truth and right,  
Till blighted hopes and boding fears  
Quench Joy's sweet light.

Why are the lures of Wrong and ill  
So mighty to enlist in sin,  
While Truth and Righteousness seem still  
So slow to win?

In the great war of Right with Wrong,  
Why are Christ's hosts so oft dismayed?  
And Truth's triumphant victor song  
So long delayed?

Falsehood still reigns o'er myriads vast,  
And suffering's sway is wide and sore;  
The mournful wail of hearts oppressed  
Sounds evermore.

Or why does selfish passion's power  
Triumph in men o'er love and truth,  
Till doubt distrustful darkens many an hour  
Of Age and Youth?

I cannot solve by skill of mine  
These problems that perplex the soul;  
I trust and wait till light divine  
Illumes the whole.

This is the Spring; in season due  
The harvest shall make known the gain—  
The ripened grain of life which grew  
From seeds of pain.

Our Father God, who reigns above,  
Shall yet evolve from Earth's dark strife  
The music of immortal Love  
And fadeless life.

—*Christian Guardian.*

DALBY.

DON'T FORGET YOUR LANTERN.

"It will be quite dark before you return, Charley: don't forget your lantern," said a mother to her boy, who was going to spend his half-holiday at a farm about two miles distant.

"I'm not afraid of the dark, and I know my way well enough," he muttered. "No, I shan't take the stupid old lantern; it will only be in the way."

Off he went, and spent a merry afternoon with his companion, never thinking of his mother's words, or troubling about his journey home.

It was quite dark when he said good-by to his friends at the farm, and as there was no moon, and the night was very black, they kindly offered to lend him a lantern. But he was too proud to accept it after boasting to his mother that he knew his way well; and declaring more loudly than ever that he knew his way blindfold, and shou'd be half home before the lantern was lighted, he ran down the path, along the road, and across a field.

In the corner of the field was a broken stile, which had to be crossed in order to enter the wood. Part of the stile had rotted away, but the long nail which had fastened it still remained, and catching Charley's jacket as he climbed it, tripped him up, and threw him suddenly into a bed of stinging-nettles in the dry ditch beyond. Bruised and smarting and mortified, he crept out of the ditch and began to make his way through the wood. There were several paths, but the widest and most frequented was his nearest way.

Perhaps it was the pain he was suffering, or the annoyance he felt which caused him to forget to take the turning on the right, for after walking a short distance he found the bushes were close to him on either side, and felt sure that he had strayed into one of the narrow pathways which crossed the wood in every direction.

How he longed for his lantern! He had no idea which way to go, but wandered on and on until he grew tired and footsore. At last he came to a more open space, and thinking he had reached the road he pressed boldly on, but found the ground give way beneath his feet, and in another moment he was struggling in the water. There was a large pool in the midst of the wood, and into this he had fallen. Happily, it was not very deep, and after groping about for something to which he could cling, he seized hold of a tough bough, and by its aid managed to scramble out of the water and into the pathway.

Some minutes later, bruised and bleeding, with clothes torn and stained with mud and weeds, and soaked with water, he reached the gate of his own home, where all the family were assembled, wondering what had become of him.

"Mother," said the miserable but penitent boy, "I've been very foolish, but I'll never go without the lantern again."

Four years passed, and Charley, grown a fine tall lad, stood again by the gate, saying farewell to his mother; not for a few hours; but for months—perhaps years.

"Don't forget your lantern, my boy," she said, as she placed in his hand a small bible. "Let God's Word be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path. Whenever you are in doubt as to the way you should take, let the light of this book shine upon your path,

and the way will be plain."—*Brooklyn Temperance Banner.*

FRANKIE'S DECISION.

A few mornings since a little incident came under my notice and touched me as one of John B. Gough's wonderfully pathetic stories could not.

A little lad of St. Louis, whose mother had been an invalid for months, saw, aye, and felt too, that the little they had left from a once handsome property was melting hopelessly away. Seeing his little sister going out to her daily duties in a Christian publishing house, it occurred to Frankie that he, too, could do something. The mother's heart ached sadly as from her pillow she saw him walk bravely out into the October sunshine to conquer a fortune. Of course no one wanted a boy without experience or prestige: so in a couple of hours his feet began to lag, and his heart sank, when whom should he meet but Mrs. Wilson, a former acquaintance of his mother's who seemed heartily glad to see with what bright-faced bravery the little lad had taken up his burden. So she said: "Yes, Frankie, I want just such a boy as you."

Those who have tried and failed, and with last met with partial success, will understand what eager alacrity his feet flew over the pavement on errands for Mrs. Wilson until near dinner-time, when she said, "Now, Frankie, you may go and get the beer for Mr. Wilson's dinner." Had she presented a pistol at his head he would not have staggered more under this spell than under this mandate; and how easily it would have seemed to some—and to none more so than to the really kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson—to take that five minutes' walk and earn money to buy some luxury for sick mamma. Not so with Frankie. His religious training was pronounced; there were no modern by-ways in it. So there came slowly, and with a little quiver in his boyish voice:

"I cannot go, Mrs. Wilson."

"Tired so soon?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; but I can't buy the beer."

The angry blood rose to her face, and she was about to lecture him on what she thought, at the time, impertinence; but the quick-seeing instinct of childhood saw the storm rising, so he slipped quickly out and home.

It was well that the heavily-shaded room did not allow even a mother's quick eye to see the trace of tears; but the mother's heart always vibrates to the least note of sadness in the voice of her little ones, and she knew he was disappointed. So she drew his head close to hers on the pillow; and said: "Oh my precious boy, you are not the first who has found that the world does not meet you half-way; but be brave, and by-and-by you will succeed."

And he was brave enough to keep his bitter sorrow in the background; and it was only after Mrs. Wilson's anger had cooled she saw his conduct in its real light, that she came to the mother and related the incident, and offered to take him back. But he preferred to make paper boxes at twenty-five cents a day. Being in St. Louis this week, I brought the little temperance lecturer home with me. Now, I would like to know how many lads of Cincinnati—a ye, and men, too—are ready to stand as bravely by their colors as does little Frankie.—*J. R. L., in Journal and Messenger.*

1886.  
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