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THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY,  
AUGUST, 1874.

BY REV. F. H. MARLING.

Sunday School "Conventions" and "Institutes," for a city, a province, or a nation, are pretty familiar to most of our friends. But what was this "Assembly?" Very much like the others, except that it was meant to be a national mass meeting, held out of doors.

It was called by the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and under the leadership of Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent, "whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches." But every privilege of the Assembly was in the most cordial and hospitable manner thrown freely open to Sunday School Workers of all churches and all countries, and all these felt that they stood upon a perfectly equal footing.

The place of meeting was a camp meeting ground, at Fair Point, on Lake Chautauqua, New York State, some thirty miles south of Lake Erie. The Lake was some twenty miles long, by three to six broad, and eight hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie. The air was of such rare purity that it was a luxury to breathe. At either end of the lake, at Mayville and Jamestown, connection was made by steamers, with railways, in all directions, so that visitors could be back into the busy world again at an hour's notice.

At this quiet and beautiful spot, some fifty acres of well-timbered land had been secured by a Local Camp Meeting Association, by whom it was loaned to the executive of the "Assembly." The entrances, by land and water, were under the entire control of that executive, who admitted visitors at the moderate charge of twenty cents a single day, and one dollar for the whole term. Near the landing place, a beautiful grove was set apart for purposes of recreation and promenade, adorned with statuary, fountains, and rustic seats. Here a path soon led you to "the office," where the "Department of Entertainment" had its head-quarters, and to which every one wanting lodgings was directed to apply. Here all applicants were registered and assigned to quarters in tent or cottage as they might prefer. Whole tents could be rented for \$10, \$14, or \$20, according to size. These had floors, but needed furnishing by the occupant. The cottage accommodation was at various prices. In a room where eighteen gentlemen slept, the charges were fifty cents a night to each. In other cases, where two persons had a room to themselves, the cost might run as high as \$1 per day apiece. In all cases, there was very close packing—no room to spare.

Suppose then, that you have your billet, and the baggage master has delivered your movables, and that you go to look about you. First, you are attracted to the "auditorium," a large open space, shaded by tall trees, on rising ground, with the preachers' stand at the lower end, and rough seats for 3000 or 4000 people.

This is where the "Assembly" holds its meetings. All around are wooden cottages, mostly unpainted, and in every direction along the various "avenues," (full of standing trees, stumps and roots!) are other cottages and tents. Not far away, you come on the "Department of Instruction," Dr. Vincent's head-quarters, in a capacious tent, frequented by many visitors. The buildings are of every shape and size, and it is interesting to notice the variously ingenious arrangements for conducting domestic affairs under extemporaneous circumstances. Yankee inventiveness has full scope here. This remark, of course, applies chiefly to those who "find themselves," but even those who eat and drink at the public have room for the exercise of special tastes and talents in the arrangement and adornment of their sylvan abodes. All sorts of companies are found together under one roof of wood or canvas,—a family, a father, mother and children; under another, a band of "men and brethren;" under another, one of women and "sister-en." But one thing is to be noticed among them all,—a universal spirit of good humour and mutual accommodation, "making the best of it," and observing the behests of the "Department of Order," as proclaimed with great tact by Dr. Vincent, from time to time, with such a measure of exactness as avoided all breaches of the peace. Such was the spirit that prevailed, that I do not recall hearing an angry sentence, or seeing an angry look, between any two persons on the ground during the whole fourteen days! Those who catered for themselves, unless they brought their own provisions, could purchase them,—of good quality and at very reasonable rates too,—at the "Department of Supplies," but no private huckstering was allowed. The public tables were set in rough fashion, in covered or half-open buildings, in an elevated part of the ground. At these, the terms varied, but you could live well for a dollar a day. The tables were served by a band of some eighty young men and women from one Sunday School in Akron, Ohio, the Superintendent of which, Mr. Lewis Miller, was also the chairman of the Assembly's Executive Committee. At these same tables there was a continual feast of hearty fellowship, and I think I remember having heard an occasional laugh!

The "Order of the Day" was somewhat as follows, the hours being indicated by a sonorous church bell: Rise at 6; breakfast, 6-30 to 7-30; Assembly worship at 8; Sectional and Class Meetings, 8-15 to 10; 10 to 12, public lectures: dinner at 12; after 2, one or more lectures or sermons; tea at 6; vesper service, 7-30; followed by lectures, exhibitions, music, &c., till 10 p.m., when the "night bell" sounded, and "all was quiet along the encampment."

The sectional and class meetings were gatherings of those specially interested in one or other department of Sunday School work, such as Institute Conductors, Pastors, and Superintendents, Teachers of intermediate classes, and Primary Teachers. In each of these, the several classes of workers took up, in answer to questions submitted by a leader, the various points in connection with their respective duties, in a conversational style, which was most interesting, suggestive and helpful, yet by no means exhaustive; for, the longer they continued together, and the fuller became the recital of diversified experiences, the more widely did the manifold subject open out on every hand, and though there was not the drive and hurry of a two or three day's Convention, the hour was always too short, and the days were too few, to cover any branch of the work!

Dr. Vincent, with his wide acquaintance among eminent teachers of all denominations, had succeeded in engaging a brilliant array of talented men and women for the occasion. Three bishops of his own church, Janes, Simpson and Peck, gave the prestige of their official dignity to the Assembly. Four Presidents of colleges, Drs. Fowler, Haven, Chapin and Hurst, and several Professors, contributed prelections at once learned and popular, with now and then a dry one by way of variety. Of what may be called almost professional Sunday School men, there were present for a longer or shorter time, such as Henry Clay Trumbull, Ralph Wells, J. Bennet Tyler, W. F. Crafts, G. A. Peltz, J. S. Ostrander, Dr. W. A. Niles, C. P. Hard, M. Worden, Dr. Gillett, Hon. H. P. Haven, E. C. Wilder, J. H. Kellogg, A. O. Van Lennep. "And of honourable women not a few," Mrs.

Willing, a most *womanly* and winning speaker, Mrs. E. H. Miller, and the Primary teachers, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Crafts, and Miss Morris, than whom no gentlemen more interested, instructed, and delighted the assembly.

There had been a "course of study," marked out for the meeting, comprising 1. The Bible; 2. The Interpretation of the Bible; 3. Contents of the Bible; 4. How to teach the Bible; and this course, to a certain extent, and in a somewhat irregular fashion, was followed out. But the experimental nature of the whole proceedings, this being the first gathering of the kind, the failure of some expected helpers, and the necessity of "working in" eminent men who were birds of passage at *their* time, interfered with the *systematicity* of the exercises. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, a great amount of solid work was done. And in another year, everything will be much more ship-shape.

Music played an important part at Chautauqua. Such leaders as Phillips, Sherwin, Bliss, O'Kane and McCabe, successively took charge of this department. An "Itinerant Trio" of young Methodist ministers made beautiful harmony. And the people sang out heartily, the choruses being led by a silver cornet, whose piercing tones compelled every one to keep time and tune.

As to the numbers present, the estimates varied from 3,000 to 5,000 "residents," besides whom a constant stream of day-visitors poured in by every steamer. There were seldom less than 2,000 present at any public service, and from that number up to 5,000 or 6,000 on "great days," as when Talmage preached or Gough lectured. No less than twenty-five States were represented. Pastors and Superintendents were there by the hundred; teachers, innumerable.

The ordering of this great assembly was a master-piece of administrative tact, for which all praise is due to Dr. Vincent. He had able lieutenants in the several "departments," but he was the general-in-chief, and the "Department of Instruction" was wholly in his hands. The result makes us think more than ever of the "one man power"—provided you get the *right man*. But the wisdom, the ease, the wit, the address and the gaiety, with which the exercises were conducted and all crooked things made straight, were charming to behold.

The Doctor was in his glory at the final examination, when some 200 persons prepared answers to fifty printed questions on Biblical and Sunday School topics. Those who were successful will receive a diploma.

The "Park of Palestine" was one of the notable features of Chautauqua—a raised map, constructed out of doors, on a scale of 2 feet to the mile horizontal, 14 feet vertical, with the lake for the Mediterranean, and running water for the Jordan, the cities in plaster models, and Van Lennep in Turkish costume conducting a body of pilgrims through it every day! It was a great help to multitudes in "placing" the Bible stories.

Before rising, the Assembly enthusiastically voted to meet again next year, in the same place. We predict a far greater company,—indeed, we fear its being drowned by the multitude,—and better-ordered classes.

Hundreds have gone home, determined to do what in them lies, each in his own manner, to carry on that great work of TEACHER-TRAINING, which was the underlying idea of the Chautauqua Assembly. The specimens given of Normal Class work, by those who had had experience in the same, showed how easily this could be grafted on to a Teachers' Meeting or a Bible Class, and so a constant succession of young people be thoroughly prepared "how to do it."

The Sabbaths at Fair Point were charmingly Sabbath-like in their stillness. No visitors from outside were admitted at dock or gate. A Mammoth Sunday School was held each day. In honour of his country, the writer was called on to preach on the 9th, and to review the lesson, as Pastor of the School, on the 16th.

Altogether, the occasion was one not to be forgotten, in the beauty of the forest, the lake and the sky, the happy throngs of people, the genial society, the inspiring utterances, the practical instruction, the lifting up of the Bible, Childhood and the School! But in these three little pages, the tithe has not been told!

## THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION IN GERMANY.

## No. 1.

A Canadian friend wrote me the other day,—“It seems as if Germany were again going to take the lead in Reformation.” True enough we can learn much from Germany, but a dweller here, who knows both countries, must say—Would that German Christians would learn more from their English-speaking brethren. It is true the government here took a stern position a year ago this month against the excesses of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and they have sternly carried out the resolutions then made. They are now making stern supplements to these resolutions. But the resolutions were to prevent disobedience of subjects, even of R. C. Bishops, to the civil government, when that government forbade the bishops to injure the character of Roman Catholics who would not teach papal infallibility. This is a grand thing. Hurra for it! But we must not confound such action with a Reformation such as that in the time of Luther, when preachers had their mouths and hearts loosed, and began to proclaim free forgiveness to the trusting repentant. And multitudes opened the doors of their ears and hearts then to hear, for whole regions denied allegiance to the old false preaching, and joined the party of the true. There is now rather a reform in the political affairs. Such may be connected with changes in the spiritual condition of the people. Great changes in the latter are taking place too. We in America notice these less than the political changes. And yet let every true Christian heart pray that in the German hearts there be great changes toward the good, for here as with us there is great need of it. I will try and tell you of some gentle currents in that direction, but first let me give a sketch of the present state of things.

And here, first, of the state of men's hearts as we see this in practices. Let me premise to other remarks this one, that there is a band of devoted servants of the Master here as with us, that holy “rest” or remainder which Isaiah knew would be found in Israel, if all the evil doers were to be cut off. That holy, devoted number here, is of great worth too, as Americans learnt by the sight of some at the Alliance Meeting last fall.

But the mass are careless, pleasure-seeking, seeking gratification of self. So are our masses at home. This sin takes on different forms in different countries. Take church attendance for an example to show the state here. In this city of perhaps 40 to 55 thousand inhabitants there is church accommodation for say 7,000 people (only!) In the largest churches, which might hold 1,000 each, perhaps, I have scarcely ever seen more than 600 or 700, and this on the very special occasions. Usually the number is small even at morning sermon. Late in the day there is but a sprinkling. Now, I have heard it said by good judges in such religious observances, Halle stands much better than the average of cities. I am not altogether ignorant of other places. In Magdeburg the attendances I have seen were small. In the great cathedral, the favourite building, which might hold 5 or 6 thousand, certainly 1,000 would be a large attendance. In another church, large enough for say 1,500, were not 100. Remembering that for that great city of 120,000 people there are some 20 churches of all kinds, an average attendance of even 500 in each would give a small proportion of the whole as church-goers. But such an average attendance would be unusual I am sure. At a service I attended in the Cathedral in Berlin the attendance was small.

But what of small places? One expects the country to be better. Well, I spent a Sabbath a few weeks ago in the middle of the Harz Mountains, in a little town of say 3 to 4 thousand. In the only church in the place, not to reckon a chapel in the castle of the Count, there were at morning service not 200, and in the afternoon scarce 50. They say Leipzig has better church attendance than many places. On a Sabbath spent last summer in a small town near Nurem-

berg, in Bavaria, the attendance was much better, but still small. Nuremberg is in South Germany, about 200 miles from here by rail.

There are masses of people who stay away from church almost entirely. Many respectable people of the highly educated class stay away thus. Many a merchant for example goes some four or five Sundays, once each, in the year. Now, a man with whom one expostulates on such a practice may reply, "I can worship God alone, He is everywhere." But let us suppose that were said by one who really tried thus to worship God alone. Does he not disregard a weighty duty towards his neighbours whose worship would be cheered, encouraged, drawn out into warmer exercise, if they had his company in God's house? The writer to the Hebrews suggests a truth, very important for social christian life. "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together." We are created so that we need company in worship. A neglect to render the duty thus created is a kind of selfishness. Now, do not let us Americans point the finger at our brothers in other lands; but as we see self-seeking to be such a pervading sin, let us look in and see whether it has not laid hold on us.

The manner of observing the Sunday here shows one much of the peculiar character here. It is very important to study the German Sunday customs, for some people in America say the German manner is the better.

In the Sunday forenoon many, perhaps by far the most who have manufacturing trades, work just as on weekdays. Sunday afternoon they make holiday. It must be noted that as at least the half of the church services are in the forenoon, these working people can seldom be found there. Further, the full services with liturgy are held almost exclusively in the morning. The afternoon or evening services have only a sermon, a hymn before it and after it, and a brief prayer with benediction. Thus the hard-workers, especially apprentices and journeymen, can seldom join in the public devotions proper, which are in the liturgy.

Stores are open a great part of Sunday, especially out of church hours. During service the law bids them be closed, but a side-door for service hours is not uncommon.

In the afternoon one sees regularly, crowds of people in holiday attire wending their way out of the town, or to any Restaurant. These Restaurants have for winter a large hall with a great number of little tables, round which the little companies can sit and drink beer and coffee, or smoke, chat, &c.

In summer the same arrangements are furnished by the landlords in gardens attached to their Restaurants. We know these Restaurants by the names of Beer Halls and Beer Gardens. Very often a fine concert is furnished during the afternoon or evening. A family, or a few relations, or a few acquaintances, take possession of a table, and there they sit perhaps for hours.

Let me point out two thoughts suggested by this.

I. A cessation of work by the mass of the people one whole day, or a good part of one whole day in seven, is a German practice, just as it is an American or English practice. That is found here to be a habit conducive to comfort of life. That which the Germans do not have in common with us is, first, the legal obligation to hold the day quiet, and second, the belief among Christian people that it is duty to observe the day as religiously sacred. Now we may say that the Germans themselves teach us the benefit and necessity of laws constraining the whole population to such quiet. The Germans compel every ordinary young man to be under strict command, that is to serve in the army for three years. They say too that this submission of every man in the land to the deprivation of his personal freedom, this enforced obedience to positive regulations is of great value as a moral education of the people. Now, who can estimate the value of *our positive regulation* of compulsory quiet Sunday as an educator of our people. The required submission is healthy. Also the quiet is of value. It suggests even to the careless, thoughts of another world, thoughts that are morally healthy. Now, in Germany there scarcely exists such a solemn day, solemn because quiet. At the Good Friday season there is something of it, but this occurs but once in

a whole year. The other great feast days, Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, are more days of rejoicing and pleasure than solemn days. And accordingly we find a great deal of carelessness, and even indications of much moral rottenness.

But the Sunday is furthermore used by Christians in America and Britain as the especial day for proclaiming the gospel. The whole of it they devote to this and like peculiar ways of building up the Kingdom of Christ. Here Christians do not hold up before all the people a sacred observance of the day. They travel, they amuse themselves. For example a Sunday School excursion with games is held upon Sunday, while we would only hold it on a week-day. The celebration of the King's birthday is held on Sunday exactly as it would be on a week-day. The University in this town has a gala day, the inauguration of Rector for the year, on the 12th of July. This year that day was a Sunday. The celebration took place just as usual. An address on a point in Law was held in the Great Hall of the University by the new Rector, who is a jurist. A torch-light procession was held in the evening by the students. The theological faculty takes part in these festivities just as the others do. Only a few raise an objecting voice in private conversation. I may say in a word, the Christians in this way do not use those silent sermons to the masses which we find so powerful.

2. I have another remark on the Sunday beer and concert gardens. How we notice the natural tendency of men to congregate and talk with one another. But this conversation is by no means a public discussion of questions of public benefit. It is pleasure talk, and it is in small circles. The various circles are almost as completely inattentive to one another as if they were at their separate homes. This is natural of course, but shows how human nature naturally cares not for the public good but for personal pleasure. A Sabbath afternoon in S. School, or a Sabbath evening spent in the meeting for religious conference and prayer, is after all a much more public spirited exercise, and more patriotic, if we look at it only on that side.

Let me close with an earnest wish that this letter may not be regarded as pointing the finger self-righteously at the faults of a brother. No, but it is written to bid my countrymen guard against evil habits and selfishness at home. It is written to call to high estimation of the blessings we have. Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

ADAGE.

Halle, Prussia, 16, 7, 74.

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## THE FORCE OF CONVICTION.

In an article lately appearing in the *Chicago Advance*, styled "A Man of Prayer," there was a biographical sketch of Rev. Louis Harms, pastor of the village church, in Hermansburg in Hanover, Germany.

It gives an account of the disinterested devotedness of this wonderful man, and the self denial and missionary zeal of his Church.

His parish was a rural one comprehending seven distinct villages; after he was with them a little while, the parish became spiritually transformed, the communicants numbered some two thousand. The community were given to farming, they were without educated men, and had but little accumulated wealth among them, yet their hearts went out after Africa, they felt for the East Indies. They determined to begin a missionary enterprise. They called for volunteers, and educated them by the efforts of their own pastor. When the first company were ready to go, they failed to get a ship, and their project was ridiculed. Nothing daunted, though sixty miles from the ocean, they determined themselves to build a brig. They succeeded in meeting every bill as it became due. Now, having their own ship, they sent out again and again, so that within thirteen years, from that one

country parish one hundred persons had gone to Christianize the heathen. The vessel cost 15,000 crowns, and her outfit 4,000 more. The expenses of the African mission were over 20,000 crowns a year. Prayer was the great motive power with them, the direct answers they obtained are simply incredible to an ungodly person, large sums coming in as they were requested at a throne of grace. The work, zeal, devotion of this man and his church are marvellous. To get a complete idea, the article referred to must be read. You would suppose such a man of prayer, living so near to God, doing so much good, who could get almost any thing he asked for, must be near perfection. "He seemed" to use the language of his biographer, "like one of the old prophets returned to earth, but he was a man of like passions as we are, he was an intense Lutheran, hating Calvin and Calvinists, and Congregationalists. Almost a believer in baptismal regeneration, he declared that Baptists who postponed the baptism of their children were murderers of their children's souls. A strict sectarian, a bitter churchman, he was also bigoted and superstitious, with all these imperfections and inconsistencies he dwelt very near to God in his daily life."

I have introduced this subject principally with reference to the amazing influence he exerted in spite of his inconsistencies. He had a defined view of what he believed, he was not ashamed to defend it, though it implied that others were wrong. It is no small matter for a man in these days to believe that something is right, and something is wrong. Spurgeon, speaking of the amazing spread of what to him was nonsense and mummery, says: "The Ritualists believed something, and that fact gave them great influence."

It is precisely the case with other errorists. Their errors do not so much damage their influence when they intensely believe them, and act on that belief. Neither do errors so much damage our interest with God when we have earnest convictions, and act upon them. The most unsuccessful Christians seem to be those who have *no definite belief*. Those who have nothing to work for, whose liberality is so excessive, that they think everybody is right, nobody is wrong. "Every man should enjoy his own opinion." "One man's faith is as good as another's." People of this stripe are unaggressive, they are morbidly charitable. They let others draw away from them, let all their interests yield to other influences, while their power to exert influence in return is completely gone.

Does not this excessive liberality keep down Congregationalism, prevent denominational zeal, and aggression? Let us by all means have liberty in non-essentials within our own body, and then make no apology for our existence to others.

Let us avoid the error of dogmatizing on all minor matters, but holding the Apostolic faith, forms and Church government, let us at least adhere as firmly to these things, as those who advocate errors do to what they hold. Let us show as much zeal in propagating truth—God's own plan, as men do in disseminating human systems.

An excessive liberality which concedes that all forms of religion are alike right, have an equal claim to our respect, has underneath it the semi-infidel doubt that all are alike false. In connexion with it a denominational zeal flags, and religious zeal shares in the decline. Sentiments like the following are entertained: "If we do not send men the Gospel, others will," "Others have the Gospel as well as we." "People won't perish for lack of knowledge, even if we have no Church among them."

I would say to such, by all means join with some denomination that is bent on aggression. Every man should have a hand in somewhere. This liberal talk is, in many cases, a very pious way of shirking our responsibilities, and our duties unto others. Churches with denominational zeal, all work. "They believe something, and that fact gives them influence."

They gather people into their congregations. They are not afraid to invite others to their Church. They look after their own brotherhood. If there are favours to dispense they give them to their own people. They dispense custom to their own dealers, let their contracts, and afford employment in preference



to some of their brotherhood. This is the way with churches and societies who are actuated by the *esprit de corps*.

It is easy to see that churches having no such principle of conservatism, and aggression will not hold their own among the others, but will sacrifice themselves to their own liberality. We have been teaching our people to be catholic, and liberal to others, and they have learned the lesson well, so well that they seem to love their neighbours a little better than themselves. Our liberality is fast relaxing into indifference, as though we held no principle worth contending for, as though all forms of belief were alike good. Can we be aggressive under such circumstances in the midst of others who believe what they hold to be truth? A spurious charity is not good. Let us, while we are liberal, contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

W. H. A.

PARIS, July.

### ON THE SCRIPTURAL TERMS OF ADMISSION TO BAPTISM.

The following is the paper read by the Rev. J. Wood, at the meeting of the Congregational Union in Toronto. It is still incomplete, but it has been thought better to publish it as it was originally presented. [Ed. C. I.]

The compass within which it is desirable to compress this paper, leaves us no room for preface or introduction further than the single remark that Baptists and Pædo-Baptists are at one in regard to the scripturalness of believers' baptism. All hold, that where it is has not been previously received, submission to this initial ordinance of the Christian faith, is the duty and privilege of every disciple of Jesus, when, for the first time, making public profession of faith in Him, and of a desire to follow in His footsteps. The point of divergence between ourselves and our brethren is, as to what constitutes baptism, and who are its proper subjects. Baptism, as we take it, is a *symbol* of the spiritual cleansing, of which every child of Adam stands in need, and which he must experience, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, before he can enter into the kingdom of God. It is also a *seal* of the covenant which God has graciously made in all ages with his people and their children, to be "a God unto them, and to their seed after them," in their generations. And it is to teach us at once our ruin, through the first Adam,

"Whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all,"

and our restoration to the Divine favour again, through the covenant made with "the second Adam—the Lord from heaven," that baptism has been instituted, as circumcision was before it.

The teaching of these fundamental truths, in their relation to our infant race, seems to us especially important and salutary, and constitutes one of the principal "uses" of infant baptism, which we are sometimes challenged to point out. The baptism of an adult, even by what appears to us the unscriptural and ungainly mode of immersion, is a solemn and impressive ceremony; but it teaches us nothing regarding infant ruin and salvation, and thus fails to remind us just when it is most needed, that little children, so innocent and winsome as ours, require the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit, and to assure us, when mourning their loss, of their interest in that covenant of which they have received the sign.

The argument for infant baptism has usually been based chiefly on the Abrahamic covenant—an unfortunate designation, by the way, inasmuch as it conveys the impression that it was a covenant first made with Abraham, and that it is only in a very figurative and qualified sense that a Gentile can claim any interest in it. So far from that being the fact, however, the covenant of which we speak, and which our Saviour says was "not of Moses, but of the fathers," was probably first established with our great progenitor immediately after the fall. We first

read of it as renewed apparently with Noah (Gen. vi., 18), not as a covenant, but "*my covenant*"—a phrase implying even then a previous establishment; and this view is further borne out by the declaration of the Apostles (Gal. iii., 17) that it was "confirmed" with Abraham, and is still in force with all his spiritual seed. It was, therefore, Abrahamic, only in so far as it was made more specific than before, and included certain temporal blessings peculiar to the Hebrew race; its much greater spiritual privileges are the portion of all who believe. The only change that has taken place (with the change of dispensation from the Jewish to the Christian) is the substitution of the seal of baptism for that of circumcision, as more in harmony with the new economy than the bloody and painful rite which it replaced.

Hence, in the absence of command to restrict baptism to adults, it is justly argued that it must be administered to the same parties as before—to children as well as to their parents. The burden of proof, therefore, lies not upon those who baptize infants, but upon those who, without warrant from their King and Lord, have altered the provisions of His covenant, and refuse to baptize them. Had the great commission run—"Go, teach all nations, *circumcising* them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," no one could have doubted for a moment that, although our Lord did not specifically mention children, He intended them to be associated with their parents as formerly. How, then, can we hesitate as to His will, now that the command is to *baptize*, instead of to *circumcise*, the converts to the Christian faith?

With this view, the records of the Christian Church, as contained in the Acts of Apostles, and in the history of early post-apostolic times, entirely harmonize. For example—we have no instance in the New Testament of the baptism of parents alone in the presence of their family. Again, we have no instance of the baptism of any child of Christian parentage, in adult age, on profession of faith, although the inspired record covers a period of over sixty years after the planting of the first Christian church. Still further—out of twenty-eight instances of baptism particularized in the New Testament, four were certainly household, or family baptisms—those, viz., of Cornelius, Lydia, the Jailer at Philippi, and Stephanas, while four other households are mentioned in such a manner as to imply their baptism, viz., those of Crispus, Aristobulus, Narcissus, and Onesiphorus. And, once more, no trace is found of any complaint on the part of Jewish converts or of Judaizing teachers, of the exclusion of their children from the covenant in which formerly they had a part, which were undoubtedly would have been, had baptism been withheld from them. Add, now, to these facts, the further facts that all the early Christian writers confirm the testimony of Augustine, that infant baptism was not instituted by any council, but has always been in use, and that Antipedo-baptism had no existence as the distinct tenet of any Christian sect until the appearance of the Waldenses in the latter part of the twelfth century, and we have an amount of evidence in support of infant baptism that to us, at least, is perfectly overwhelming.

Pædo-Baptists, however, differ as to the proper subjects of infant baptism, some of them holding with the late Dr. Wardlaw, and the late revered Principal Lillie, of our own college, and many others, that the rite is to be administered to the children of believing parents only; while others adopt the view of the Rev. Dr. Halley, and of the English, in distinction from the Scottish churches generally,—that the great commission, "Go ye therefore, and teach (disciple) all nations, baptizing them, &c.," requires us to baptize all who come, or may be brought by their parents, to be instructed in the way of the Lord. To quote from Dr. Halley, (The Sacraments, Part II., page 6:)—"Let it be understood, that in our opinion, the great argument for the baptism of infants, is the plain grammar of the only commission which we have received to baptize at all. If there are any restrictions to this commission, let them be produced, and let the limitation of the word "them," in the phrase "baptizing them," deriving its breadth of meaning from the antecedent, "all the nations," be fairly considered. To any part of the commis-

sion, the discipling, the baptizing, or the teaching, I know only one limitation, and that is, the want of ability to execute it. Until some restriction be produced from the New Testament, I maintain, on the terms of the only command to baptize, that to baptize an infant is just as much the duty of the church, and a duty resting upon just the same authority, as to teach a Hindoo. Infants are, unless cause to the contrary can be shown, just as much included in the baptism, as Hindoos are in the teaching. Every argument against infant baptism is an argument to limit the commission, and therefore, by comparison of the words of the commission, it must be tested, and its value determined."

During the early years of my ministry, I held, and adhered strictly in my practice, to the former of these views, but upon a careful re-examination of the subject, have lately been compelled to adopt Dr. Halley's practice, though not basing it altogether upon Dr. Halley's ground. The interpretation of the great commission for which he pleads, may, or may not be the correct one, for while we are unable to answer his argument, our instincts, or possibly we should call them our prejudices, all rebel against his conclusion, so far, at least, as the baptism of *women-believers* is concerned. We think, however, that we have a safer, and more satisfactory ground for the baptism of infants, irrespective of the faith of their parents, in the teaching of our Blessed Saviour, in regard to their relationship to the Kingdom of God,—“Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” (Matt. xix. 14.)

Put into the form of a syllogism, our argument is this: All who belong to the kingdom of God are proper subjects for baptism: little children belong to the kingdom of God; therefore, little children are proper subjects for baptism. As to our first proposition, there will probably be no dispute. Our Baptist brethren themselves assert that membership in God's spiritual kingdom alone can entitle one to the rite. If therefore, “such” little children belong to His kingdom, as our Lord declares, they are surely entitled to recognition, and enrolment among the subjects of that kingdom, by the ordinance of baptism. The conclusion we reach is founded, not on the fitness of the child, nor yet on the faith of the parent, but on the inalienable right of the King in Zion, who has bought them with His precious blood. “These are *mine*,” he says; “of such is the kingdom of heaven;” and “He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them,”—imparting to them the grace of which water baptism, even from His Divine hands, would have been but a poor symbol!

To reply, therefore, that our Lord did not baptize them, is only to evade our argument, not to answer it, since the question before us at present is, were they proper subjects for that ordinance? Or, to reply again, that the phrase, “of such,” means, “of persons possessing the disposition of little children,” is to do violence to the language itself, and is altogether inconsistent with the use to which our Lord puts the incident in the next verse. (See Mark x. 15.) A moment's reflection, moreover, should convince any one that to suppose Him to make likeness to “little children” the standard of fitness for His kingdom, while *they* whom He makes the standard, are *themselves* unfit for it, is surely too monstrous to believe! A simple illustration may help to show the absurdity of such a theory. A certain standard is set up for matriculants in the University of Toronto: now, all who are as well up to that standard as A. B., are qualified to matriculation. but A. B. himself is *not qualified!* Could puerility farther go?

The adoption of these views in regard to infant baptism has led us also to modify our belief in respect to the condition in which our children are born. The commonly received opinion, among Evangelical Christians, and the one we had long held is, that they are born, not only depraved in nature, but also in a state of condemnation, “children of wrath,” and, spiritually, of “their father the devil.”

Such a view, however, seems to us utterly at variance with the teachings of our blessed Lord in the passage we have been discussing. “Where there is no law there is no transgression,” and without transgression there can be no condemna-

tion. We are "by nature the children of wrath," not because of any actual participation in the guilt of our great progenitors, nor because of our connection with Adam as our federal head; but because, as Doddridge expresses it, of "the original apostacy and corruption, in consequence of which men do, according to the course of nature, fall early into *personal guilt*, and so become obnoxious to the Divine displeasure. "Original sin," in any other sense than that of an innate and universal tendency to sin, is to us, with all due deference to the great masters in theology who have taught otherwise, simply original nonsense—excuse the word—without the shadow of a foundation in any passage of the Word of God rightly understood.

It appears to us, moreover, much more consistent with the tenor of the Holy Scriptures to regard the little "children," whom our Lord declares to belong to His kingdom, as being brought into that relationship, by virtue of His atonement, at the moment of their *birth* than at the moment of their *death*. To suppose them first to be condemned without personal transgression, and then to be justified without personal faith, seems to us a thing to be believed only upon the clearest and most incontestable proof from Holy Scripture, while, on the other hand to regard them as simply saved from all sinful tendency, as all other citizens of God's kingdom are, at death, is at once scriptural and consistent with the necessities of the case.

It will be objected, of course, that such a view of the condition of the race at the period of birth supposes them to "fall from grace," and to become children of wrath and of the wicked one, after having been children of God and heirs of His kingdom. It does. But so did our first parents. Their state of nature was as truly a state of *grace* as that into which we are brought in infancy by virtue of the mediation of Christ, and if they were permitted to fall into condemnation through transgression of the Divine law, why should we think it strange that our infant children, with a nature so depraved and vitiated, should be permitted to do so? The wonder would be if they should *not* fall. In both cases the condition is a probationary one, and in their case is one with the preponderating influence of a corrupt nature, all in the direction of evil, and thus it has come to pass that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Such a view is by no means inconsistent, however, with the view generally held among us, and by none more firmly than myself, of the final perseverance of all true believers unto eternal life. For that we have what we regard as the positive and unmistakable assurance of our blessed Lord Himself—"They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father who gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." They are "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works"—"predestinated to be conformed to the image" of God's son. This Divine change has been wrought in them expressly to defeat the great adversary in his attempt to destroy them; and to permit him to *undo* the work of the Holy Spirit in their conversion appears to us altogether inconsistent with the character and ways of Him who changeth not, and of whom it is said that "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever." But the fall of an infant from a state of grace into a state of condemnation, is essentially different in its nature, and is only such a result as in all probability is possible in the case of every intelligent creature when first brought to realize the fact of its subjection to Divine law, and one without the *possibility* of which, there could be no such thing as either virtue or vice. The cases, therefore, are not parallel, and the objection falls to the ground.

CONSISTENCY.—Let us remember that whatever unfits us for religious duties, cools the fervour of our devotions, or indisposes us to read our Bible or to pray; whatever we could not engage in with a perfectly clear conscience; wherever the thought of a suffering Saviour or a holy God, of the hour of death or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on our enjoyment; the pleasure which we cannot thank God for, and on which we cannot ask His blessing—these are not for us.

# Editorial.

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## The Canadian Independent.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

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### OUR EDITORIAL BOW.

With the present issue of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, the recent arrangements in regard to its editorial management, and the Home Secretaryship of the Missionary Society, take effect. The new editor gratefully acknowledges the kindly greetings which come to him from many quarters, as he again assumes charge of the Magazine, and many warm expressions of interest and hopefulness in the "new departure" respecting our Missionary work. His prayer is, as his effort shall be, that he may realize for the Body that has called him to his new and responsible position all their most sanguine expectations in regard to it.

It has not been easy for him to tear himself away from a place and people endeared to himself and family by many pleasant recollections. A pastorate of nearly twenty-two years could not fail to attach him very strongly to both the Church and the community, and to make him feel deeply the wrench of separation. It is like plucking a tree up by its roots. He has had, moreover, very substantial evidence that the pain at parting was not all on one side. The church is almost wholly a new organization since he went to Brantford, a student fresh from College, to take charge of it. Not a dozen of the members from whom he received the invitation to settle among them, now

remain. Most of them have "entered into rest," and their children, or strangers, fill their places in the sanctuary and the Sabbath-school. Of a large proportion of the present membership, he might say, as Paul did to the Corinthians, "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus, I have begotten you through the Gospel." Such a relationship is a very tender and a very sacred one. The same may be said of the pastoral relationship generally. The scenes of trial and bereavement, on the one hand, and of joy and gladness, on the other, through which they have passed together, crowd thick upon his memory when he thinks of saying "Farewell!" and almost forbid the word. But the claims of Christ, and of the denomination, are superior to those of the local church, and above all personal considerations; and hearing the voice of God in the voice of his brethren, he has felt it to be duty to accede to their wish, and separate himself for the work to which they have called him. May he bespeak for the congregation which he has left, as well as for himself, in his new responsibilities, a large interest in the prayers of the Canadian Churches!

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### SHALL IT SUCCEED?

We have seldom witnessed greater unanimity, not to say enthusiasm, in a quiet way, in the inauguration of any new denominational enterprise, than was manifested in the recent Annual Meeting

of the Missionary Society, in regard to the scheme then laid before it, for the appointment of a General Superintendent of our Canadian Missions. The proposal was by no means a new one; the necessity for a better oversight of our feeble and struggling churches, than it was possible for any Secretary to give them, while himself a pastor, having been long felt. For the want of it, many a faithful Missionary has been compelled to abandon his flock, and seek some greener-looking pasture ground in the neighbouring States of Vermont, or Michigan, or Illinois. The very morning after the proposal was laid before the Society in Toronto, we received a letter from an ex-Canadian Pastor, now settled in one of the Western States, in which he says :—

“My brief sojourn in Michigan, and briefer visit to Illinois, convinces me of the importance of having a Missionary Secretary wholly devoted to the work of watching over our Missionary Churches, both those that have, and those that have not Pastors, who could visit them, and new localities where churches ought to be organized.

“With such an oversight on the part of an Agent of the Missionary Society, many of our brethren might be saved from the tyranny that sometimes exists in our small Missionary Churches, where two or three, or even one or two individuals, take it into their heads that they have not the right man in the pulpit.

“There ought to be a fuller recognition of the right of the Missionary Society to advise and counsel, and I am sure our Congregationalism would not suffer by such a supervision.

“Here there are two Home Secretaries, or as they are sometimes called, “Field Superintendents,” giving their whole time, one in North Western, and the other in Eastern Michigan, to the organizing of new Churches, visiting others, and corresponding with a view to securing pastors for existing churches.

“Throughout this section of the State, the churches are young, and many of them weak; yet there is a feeling of strength and unity among them, owing to this oversight, which I think we have lacked in the Dominion. Do not think that I am dictating. I am not. I want to see our churches gathering strength and increasing in numbers. But my heart has been sorely grieved over the circumstances that have separated me from brethren I loved so well. And I tell you, the pecuniary interests of my family *would not alone* have brought me here. But I cannot separate myself from you in heart and interest in your work.”

The letter from which we have quoted was not sent for publication, and was written, apparently, without any knowledge of what was in contemplation among us. It is all the more valuable, therefore, for the testimony it bears to the existence of this long-felt denominational want. We fear our brother is not the first Canadian Pastor whom we have lost from this cause.

This new movement, however, necessitates a large increase of denominational zeal and liberality, without which it must prove, to a great extent, abortive. Not only does the Missionary Society bear its proportion of the salary of the new Secretary, but one of the very objects for which the office has been created

is the extension of our Missionary work. And, exercising faith in the readiness of the Churches to help forward any really worthy enterprise looking in this direction, the General Missionary Committee appropriated, in June last, considerable sums of money towards the establishing of Congregational Churches in several of our growing towns and villages, hitherto neglected, as soon as suitable men can be found to undertake the work. Other denominations are stretching forth their efforts on the right hand and on the left, often commencing causes and erecting churches where they have scarcely an adherent, while we have been foolishly waiting for congregations to gather, without any prospect of a minister, or any encouragement to build a house of prayer. And if, therefore, we are not to be left altogether behind in the race, we must now bestir ourselves, and act in a way worthy of our principles, and of the times in which we live. We trust that rich and poor alike among us, will lay this matter to heart.

#### PRESBYTERIANS AND CONGREGATIONALISTS.

An article appeared in the "Globe," a few weeks since, headed "Congregationalists and Presbyterians," in which, after referring to the many points of agreement and similarity between these two denominations, the writer says:—

"In these days of Union, and with so much in common, it surely would, at any rate, be worth while to discuss the possibility of effecting an incorporating Union of the Congregationalists and Presbyterians of the Dominion. They agree on far more points, and these of far more importance, than those on which they disagree. The connection

between the Congregationalists of Britain and those in Canada which has hitherto subsisted in the matter of giving and receiving, is now formally at an end, and is finally and absolutely to cease within three years. Will that fact not also do something to pave the way for the result we speak of? As a matter of fact, we know that some of the most thoughtful among the ministers and adherents of both Churches do not at all think the difficulties in the way of such a Union insuperable. At any rate the point is worth discussing, and we shall be happy to open our columns to a reasonable extent for the purpose of having it thoroughly canvassed both *pro* and *con*.

It is quite possible that each of these denominations would be the better of having an infusion of the special characteristics of the other, and that the result of the amalgam would be a Church combining the best features of different nationalities, and many, if not all, of the genuine characteristics of primitive Christianity.

So strongly is the writer impressed with our resemblance to each other, that he thinks "an on-looker would find some difficulty in determining why the late meeting of the Congregational Union should not be called a Synod, or Assembly, quite as correctly as those bodies which met at Ottawa during the previous week."

So far as we have observed, there has been no response to the invitation thus given to discuss the question, partly, perhaps, because the Congregationalists, as the smaller body, are somewhat jealous of "their liberty which they have in Christ Jesus," and partly because it was thought that the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT should be the first to reply.

The proposal has often been discussed privately, but whether the difficulties have been felt to be more serious than they would appear to be on the surface,

or for any other reason, it has never, so far, been seriously entertained. We are not in a position to speak *ex cathedra* on the subject, any more, probably, than the writer to whose article we are advertising. But the tone of the discussion on the general subject of organic Christian union, at our late meetings in Toronto, warrants us in saying, that while Congregationalists have always been forward to co-operate with Christian brethren of every name, in every religious and philanthropic effort, they are not yet prepared—we hope they never will be—to throw away all they have been contending for, during so many generations of the past, for the sake of an ecclesiastical amalgamation that has nothing of union about it but the name!

We are not separatists, who keep apart from other denominations from a love of dissent, or an unreasoning reverence for the names of a great spiritual ancestry. We venerate the memories of the noble and heroic men, who maintained the faith of the gospel, and the principles of Independency, in the face of persecution and hardship of every kind; but we respect and value much more the faith and the liberty for which they so earnestly contended. And while, therefore, we favour, generally, every movement that tends to the fuller manifestation of the unity of the Church of Christ, we think that even that most desirable end is purchased too dearly, if secured by the sacrifice of any of those distinctive denominational principles which we think we find in the Word of God. We care little for names, and still less for mere forms and *isms*;

all such may well be left to “graceless zealots,” who know nothing beyond them. But we dare not be indifferent to anything affecting the life, the purity, or the liberty of the churches. In all such matters, we feel it to be the path of fidelity and safety alike to abide, as closely as possible, by what we consider to be the teaching of the New Testament, even though, in some instances, the inventions of men may seem to meet the requirements of the age better than the commandments of God. And in this stand for truth and duty, we are glad to believe that our Presbyterian brethren, while differing from us in their interpretation of the Divine will, are very much at one with ourselves.

We suppose, therefore, we must class ourselves among the “*sound Congregationalists*,” who, the writer of the article in question thinks, may be able to show “very essential particulars,” in which our Union differs from the Supreme Court of a Presbyterian Church. We certainly do see them, and feel that they offer great difficulties in the way of organic union. Of their nature, we shall speak more particularly in a future issue.

THE SECRETARY of one of the District Missionary Committees writes us, complaining of the non-attendance of members of his Committee, and of the great inconvenience and damage that arise from their absence, when important business has to be transacted, and asking us to give them “a word of exhortation” on the subject. We presume that the evil has only to be pointed out in order to its being remedied, so far at



least as it is a matter of simple *neglect*. For, to say nothing of the disappointment of families who have been asked to entertain them, and of the smoking-hot dinners that go uneaten on account of their non-appearance, it must be manifest that the absence of any member from his place on such occasions, is the loss of so much information and judgment as he might be able to bring to bear on the cases in hand, and that in consequence, the action of the Committee must often be much less satisfactory, to themselves at least, than if there had been a fuller attendance. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." The presence of all the members of Committee, moreover, would have the effect of making them and the churches they represent, better acquainted with the Society's operations, and the thoroughly impartial and brotherly spirit in which the acts of these Committees are inspired; and would do more, perhaps, than anything else, to remove the jealousy and fault-finding of which we occasionally hear, as the cause of this or that church being "behind" in their contributions to the treasury.

There will be instances, of course, in which members of a Committee may be so situated as to be altogether unable to be present. Their absence we can only regret. We speak now, however, of defaulters who simply do not come. To them, we trust, this word may be enough.

A Canadian correspondent of the *Advance* bears the following remarkable testimony to the excellence of the plan of systematic beneficence, and of the

weekly offering adopted by the church of which he is a member:—"As to Christian Finance, our church (of some 90 members or so), raised last year, on the weekly offering plan, &c., more than Eight Hundred Pounds. When our pastor speaks on the subject he is able to say that he acts on the principle himself and trusts to Providence. He has given a tenth for twenty-five years. In that time his salary has been doubled, and last month he received a present of £100 from the church. He, at least, has not lost by weekly storing. I am told that in heathen lands most of the converts give a tenth to Lord. Christians have certainly as much reason for giving as had the Jews. Our obligations are greater, and the Christians have more wealth than the Hebrews had, who might be called comparatively a poor people. My personal testimony is that last year our firm had £80 more to give away (on the proportionate system), than we had the previous year. It is well to have God for your partner in your business." We are well convinced that the above is the Scriptural, and therefore the best, plan of supporting the preaching of the Gospel, and we therefore specially commend it to the attention of all our churches, especially those of our missionary churches who find it so hard to "make ends meet." Let them try it. We are sure it will succeed wherever faithfully worked.

The following extracts from letters from gentlemen residing in one of the largest and most flourishing towns in Ontario, may be taken as specimens of several others recently received, urging upon

the Missionary Society the claims of their respective localities upon its attention, and asking that immediate steps be taken for the establishment of Congregational Churches.

"I have only just noticed that the Congregational Union has been holding its meetings the past week; and if you have not broken up, I should feel very much obliged if you could bring under the notice of the Union, the want of a minister in this town, or of some way of raising a congregation here. Every other Church, both Catholic and Protestant, is extending its borders, and it seems that we have to sit idly by."

Another gentleman urging the same case upon us, says, more recently still:—"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see a Congregational Church established here. Every church-party is enlarging its borders this summer, several enlarging their houses of worship and building new ones. The population increases fast, and I really believe a minister of fair ability, of our denomination, would find a good field of usefulness here. At our meeting on Friday it was felt desirable that I should inform you that we feel sure of the assistance of *eleven families*, and we also think others would be found to join us, who, at present, are in communion with other denominations."

Such appeals ought not to be disregarded, and will not be, if our friends will only so increase the income of the Missionary Society as to enable the Committee promptly and energetically to respond to them. The men can be found if the means can be relied upon as forthcoming. We have promised shortly to

visit the town above referred to, for the purpose of prospecting and conferring with the families friendly to our denominational movements, and shall report the result.

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A correspondent in Michigan, writing of the uncertainty of all earthly relationships, and especially of pastoral charges in the West, says:—"There is a strong feeling obtaining that there should be more *permanency* in the pastorate. Nearly all here are "acting pastors," which is not "a more excellent way." According to the Minutes of the General Association of Michigan, for 1873, I find that 21 churches have been organized since 1870, and I believe in 1873 and 1874, nearly as many more. Of 129 ministers in active service 7 are pastors, and 122 acting pastors. The same minutes, it appears, show that only 7 of the 129 ministers alluded to have been settled for 10 years in their present spheres of labour, while more than one half the number have been labouring with the same churches less than 4 years. Things are better in the East, for in Massachusetts which has 509 Congregational Churches, there are 314 pastors, 110 acting-pastors, and 106 other ministers connected with the denomination.

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THE BEECHER SCANDAL still drags its slow length along. Mr. Beecher has made his statement before the Investigating Committee, and while it strengthens our faith in his innocence of the grave charge preferred against him, it fills us with amazement to think how such a man could have become so entangled in the net that has been woven for him, and

could have submitted to be "black-mailed" to the extent of thousands of dollars, while all the time conscious of his own integrity! How true that, "great men are not always wise." And how needful that they "be clean who bear the vessels of the Lord," and that they should avoid the company of the unclean, except in so far as they have hope of doing them good!

Plymouth Church is naturally overjoyed at Mr. Beecher's vindication of himself, which, it is said, they regard as triumphant and complete. It is evident that if his enemies had any *proof* of their charges, we should have heard of it before now. We fear, however, that there are so many who *wish* to believe him guilty, that the good name and influence of the great preacher will be permanently damaged by the scandal.

THE SANGSTER SCANDAL has, we hope, at last received its *quietus*, by the election of his opponent, Professor Goldwin Smith, to a seat at the Council of Public Instruction, as the representative of the Teachers of Ontario. Viewed simply as Educationists, both candidates were undoubtedly well fitted for the position. Viewed, however, as gentlemen and moralists, there was, in our judgment, no comparison between them, and but for the degrading of the question into the region of politics, no defence of Dr. Sangster's course would have been attempted. To say, as some have done, that *character* has nothing to do with a man's fitness or unfitness for the seat to which he aspired, is surely a most thoughtless and untenable position to take, and we think, therefore, that the

Public School Teachers of Ontario have done themselves great credit in the selection they have made. We are also highly gratified at the election of Dr. Daniel Wilson to the same Council, as the representative of the High School Teachers of the Province.

THE attention of our readers generally and of the deacons and managing committees of our churches in particular, is invited to the letter of Mr. C. R. Black, the Secretary of the Congregational Provident Fund, which will be found among our correspondence. The case, as Mr. Black presents it, is very clear, and the claim a very urgent one, and we are glad that the directors are taking steps to bring it before our congregations individually by means of a collecting agent. We hope he will meet with a generous response. We are aware there is a strong objection in many minds to eleemosynary aid of this kind, and that it is not infrequently urged that if the churches would do their duty to their ministers, and give them a fair remuneration for their services, that there would be no need of it. But in the first place, the "if" stands in the way of this pleasant-looking theory, and not one in ten of our ministers, as now supported, is able to make provision for his old age, or for the wants of his family, in the event of an early death. And, furthermore, the plan of the Provident Fund Society is only partially eleemosynary, each beneficiary member being required to pay into the fund a certain share of the value of his risk, so that he comes to have a *right* to assistance from it in time of need. We hope, therefore, that the acknowledged

necessity of such a provision will overcome all objections, and that a vigorous effort will be made to place the Retiring Ministers Branch of the fund on such a footing, that it may go into operation at once.

POSTSCRIPT.—The new editor being just now in the agonies of removal from his late home to Toronto, and not able to hurry up delinquents as he could

have done had he been in the city, the September number is unavoidably delayed a day or two beyond the usual time of issue. We expect to be in our new home about the 15th inst., when our friends will find us at No. 409, Church Street. For the present we may be addressed by mail, at No. 32, King Street East.

EDITOR,

## News of the Churches.

BRANTFORD.—PRESENTATIONS TO REV. JOHN WOOD.—Last evening Mr. W. E. Welding's handsome residence was filled with visitors. The attraction which drew so many together was the popularly understood fact that it would probably be the last public opportunity people would have of paying their respects to the Rev. John Wood prior to his leaving for Toronto. If Mr. Wood ever entertained a doubt of his popularity among the people of his own or of the other congregations of the town, the hearty expressions of friendship tendered him last night, and the manifest grief of all at parting with him and his estimable family, must have dispelled it. After the visitors—among whom were very many of our principal citizens and their friends—had partaken of refreshments, James Wilkes, Esq., arose and stated that he had been deputed to perform a very pleasing duty, which, if they would give him opportunity, he would at once proceed with. It consisted in the reading of the following address:

*To the Rev. John Wood, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Brantford.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—On the occasion of your resignation as our beloved pastor, and the severing of a tie that has existed nearly a quarter of a century, we desire to give expression to the feelings that now possess our minds.

There are seasons when silence is more eloquent and significant than words; when indeed the emotions are such that language is impossible. To say *Farewell* to friends whose acquaintanceship we have enjoyed for many years, is always attended with more or less genuine sorrow. How much more when a church is called upon to realize the breaking of that sacred bond which should ever unite a pastor and his people.

You came to us, beloved pastor, with the dew of youth upon your brow, to labor in a church comparatively weak in numbers, and to contend against difficulties well fitted to discourage and cool the ardour of the best and bravest spirit. You leave us with a building second to none in our denomination; with a membership, in spite of diminution by deaths and removals, largely increased and thoroughly consolidated; with a society whose members are united to each other by the strongest Christian bonds, and whose deep attachment to your person and family, language is scarcely adequate to express. It is indeed given to but few to serve a church for so long a period, and preserve such harmony as has characterized your ministry.

The record is a most honorable one. Your holy and consistent life, your earnest and persuasive appeals, your unobtrusive but untiring zeal in the Master's work,

your labors in behalf of the young of the flock, your consoling ministrations by the bed-side of the sick and the dying, and the balm which you have so often and so tenderly poured into wounded and stricken hearts, can never be forgotten. We cannot speak our gratitude. The great Searcher of hearts alone knows the intensity and purity of the love we bear you.

We give thanks to God for what He has enabled you to accomplish, and shall never cease to remember your work of faith and labor of love. To Him whom you love to serve, and whose gospel you have so faithfully and uncompromisingly preached, we commend you, looking forward to that great day of the Lord when many of us shall stand near you as seals of your ministry, and jewels in your crown, and hear the Master address you—"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

While deeply regretting your departure, our pain at separation is somewhat lessened when we remember you are called by the unanimous voice of our denomination to a position of great usefulness and importance to the church at large. But for your promotion to such an office, and your desire to accept it, believing it to be the "call of God," no consideration could have moved us to acquiesce in your removal. The call of any other society would have been met with an earnest appeal for the continuation of your pastoral relations with us. We feel it, however, no small honor that the pastor of the Brantford church has been regarded as of all men in the Congregational Union of Canada best fitted to superintend and direct the Missionary operations of our body; while, for the editorial department of our denominational journal, and the superintending of the book room, we recognize your eminent fitness. In your election to such an office we bear testimony to the singular wisdom that has characterized the Union. The prudence, tact, missionary zeal, Catholic spirit, and business talent which you possess, admirably qualify you for the honorable position you are now called to occupy, and it is our sincere prayer that the

Great Head of the Church may continue to prosper you as He has done in the past.

You need no tangible proof of our esteem and confidence, but we cannot separate without asking your acceptance of the accompanying purse as a parting gift to one whose name and memory will ever be fragrant in our homes and hearts.

In the name of the Congregational Church and congregation,

JAS. WILKES, W. E. WELDING, THOS. COWHERD, D. R. BLACKADER,	}	Deacons.
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During the reading of the address very many found it difficult to suppress their emotions, and even the reader of it closed in husky tones. Mr. Wood, in replying, said he could with difficulty adequately express the feelings of his heart. He was surprised in a manner at the hearty manifestations of friendship and good will exhibited towards him, as well as the substantial gift of which he had been made the recipient—and yet it was difficult to be surprised at any good or munificent act on the part of the people of his congregation, who had shown him nothing but kindness since he had known them. He thanked them for the words of kindness contained in the address, and stated that he looked upon the change of sphere and labor he was about to make, as a call from God. He would often have opportunity of seeing his Brantford friends, and of renewing and cementing the intercourse of years.

The Rev. W. Cochrane bore testimony to the uniform Christian character of Mr. Wood, and expressed the deep sorrow he personally felt at parting with him. They were the two oldest members of the Brantford Ministerial Conference, and he had always found Mr. Wood a true friend under every kind of circumstance. He referred to the new field to which Mr. Wood had been appointed, and said he commended the wisdom of the Congregational Union in the choice they had made. He was sure there was not a man in their body better qualified to undertake the duties of the office. After a lengthy and eulogistic

speech Mr. Cochrane closed by presenting Mr. Wood a gold pen as a personal gift, and Mrs. Wood with another. The former, he jocularly remarked, would be found useful by Mr. W. in his editorial labors, and should he be sometime hard put to, he could call on Mrs. Wood to assist him. Mrs. Welding then stepped forward and, on behalf of the ladies of the congregation, presented Mrs. Wood with a beautiful and costly silk dress. This was followed by a gift from Mrs. Day of a handsome piece of framed needle-work, bearing the motto: "Jehovah Jireh—the Lord will provide." At the bottom of this were the words: "Mrs. Day, to her dear Pastor and family; worked in her 75th year." These handsome gifts were duly acknowledged by Mr. Wood on behalf of himself and wife. We may state that the purse contained \$300 in gold—certainly a substantial token of the high opinion entertained of Mr. Wood by his late congregation.

The rest of the evening was spent in the enjoyment of conversation and music. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Welding on the success of this social, and must say that they possess, in an eminent degree, the tact of making such gatherings charmingly enjoyable.—*Condensed from Brantford Expressor.*

GEORGETOWN.—The Georgetown  *Herald* says:—"The Rev. J. Unsworth, pastor of the Congregational Church of this place, on entering his driving house on Saturday morning, the 8th instant, found a valuable new carriage, which had been left therein during the night by some members of his church and congregation, as another token of the esteem and affection in which he is held by them."

YARMOUTH, N.S.—On Tuesday evening of last week, the first of a series of Socials, under the auspices of the ladies of the Tabernacle, was held at the residence of Capt. N. K. Clements, the pastor presiding. As many as two hundred guests were present, for whom a very choice bill of fare was prepared. In the department of "mine host" there was entertainment after "a godly sort," whilst Mrs. Robinson and Miss Churchill

furnished a rare intellectual treat from Tennyson and Longfellow. Both these ladies are professional elocutionists; and appeared to great advantage on this occasion. Music, vocal and instrumental, by the choir and others, did its best to swell the harmony of the hour. A most pleasing feature of the gathering was the presence of so many representatives of the other churches in town, illustrating a spirit of unity and Christian courtesy, which cannot but be productive of the happiest results. Several strangers from a distance represented Savannah, New York, Boston, Saint John, and Halifax, and expressed themselves as highly delighted with our social atmosphere. A fitting close to the meeting was a liberal contribution to the parsonage fund, which the pastor, on behalf of the ladies, acknowledged with thanks.—*Com.*

"THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY at Chautauqua Lake opens in fine style. Over five thousand people are present. On Thursday, Bishop Janes lectured on 'Sympathy,' the Rev. H. C. Trumbull on 'The Supernatural,' and Mrs. Willing on 'Temperance.' A concert under the direction of Philip Phillips, and a display of beautiful stereopticon views, closed the day's proceedings. The Rev. Dr. L. F. Townsend delivered a lecture on 'The Sunday-School and the Scientists.' The audience was enthusiastic, and a repetition of the lecture has been called for. John B. Gough spoke with great power in the afternoon to about three thousand persons. Dr. C. H. Fowler, of Chicago, lectured in the evening on 'Moses.' Saturday was the children's day. The Rev. J. S. Ostrander presided. Mrs. Willing, the Rev. W. F. Crafts, and others, made addresses to the children. Frank Beard gave them a remarkable lecture on pictures and object lessons.

"On Sunday, Professor Gillette, of Illinois, presided at the immense meeting, and sermons were preached during the day by Mr. Marling, of Toronto, and others.

"The topography of Palestine is made a prominent and interesting feature of the assembly. Professor Perrine, of Michigan, gave some exceedingly entertain-

ing expositions of the Holy Land, illustrated both by Dr. Wythe's great 'Palestine Park,' and by his own panorama. The assembly is a complete success, as well as an entirely novel feature in the history of American Sunday-school work."—*Christian at Work*.

this sum, the greater part has been secured already. It is hoped that the remainder will be obtained at once. It was announced that the Rev. R. W. Wallace, B.A., of London, would preach the following Sunday.—*Com.*

**COBOURG.**—On Sunday, August 23rd, the church in this place was re-opened for worship. Rev. F. H. Marling, of Toronto, preached in the morning and afternoon, and Rev. W. Jeffers, D.D., (Wesleyan), of Cobourg, in the evening. Rev. James Howell, of Cold Springs, and the pastor, Rev. Joseph Griffith, conducted the devotional exercises. The congregations were large and attentive throughout the day.

There has been an entire change in the appearance of the building. It looks as if it were altogether new. The expenditure has been about \$2,000. Of

**A NEW EDITION OF HYMNS OF PRAISE.**—The Hymn Book now in use in Zion Church, Montreal, and a number of the other churches in Quebec, is now in the press, and will be issued in a few days. It will be of the same size and type as the former edition, neatly bound in cloth, and will be sold at the low price of 50 cents. The selection has been carefully made, and comprises most of the standard hymns in use, and cannot fail, we think, to meet with a large sale. Churches wishing to examine it, or obtain it for use in public worship, can be supplied on application to the editor of this magazine.

## Official.

**THE E. T. ASSOCIATION** meets at Windsor Mills, Quebec, on Tuesday, September 8th, 1874, at two o'clock, p.m. Association sermon in the Presbyterian Church at 7 p.m. by Rev. D. D. Nighswander, of Granby. Essays on various subjects by Revds. C. P. Watson, G. T. Colwell, L. P. Adams, and A. Duff. Exegesis—Revds. E. J. Sherrill and Wm. McIntosh. N.B.—The churches are expected to send delegates, at least one each.

ARCH. DUFF,  
*Scribe.*

SHERBROOKE, Aug. 20, 1874.

**C. C. MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—NOTICE.—The Rev. Dr. Wilkes having engaged, at the request of the Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales to preach the Annual Sermon, at Huddersfield, on the 12th October, he is not expected to return to Canada until about the 25th of that month. Under these circumstances, he writes, "I do

not very well see how I can send cheques on 1st October. The July ones were all arranged for before I left home. I think the brethren will have to wait till the end of October for their cheques, unless I can devise some method in relation to funds, as well as cheques, to prevent this delay." Those interested will please take notice to avoid disappointment.

JOHN WOOD,  
*Home Secretary.*

BRANTFORD, August 24th, 1874.

**THE MISSIONARY MEETINGS OF 1874-5.**

The time for arranging for our annual Missionary Meetings is drawing nigh, and as there is considerable diversity of opinion as to the best and most efficient mode of raising the funds of the Society, whether by the usual Missionary deputation, by an exchange of pulpits on the Sabbath, or by a visit of the Home Secretary alone, it is earnestly requested

that Pastors of Churches will communicate with the District Secretaries, or with myself, on the subject, as to which of the above methods they would prefer, in their own fields of labour, and also as to the time for holding the meetings. They will please do this *early*, as it is proposed to have a meeting of the Secretaries of the three Ontario Districts, as soon as possible, for conference on the subject, and the drafting of a plan for the whole Province.

JOHN WOOD,  
*Home Sec'y.*

Brantford, August 20, 1874.

**PASTORS' RETIRING FUND.**—Rev. Wm. Clarke has already received the following subscriptions towards a foundation of Five Thousand Dollars for this most important object :

N. Hamilton.....	\$100 00
George Hague .....	100 00
George Robertson & Son. ....	100 00
James Smith.....	100 00
Henry Hart .....	50 00
Henry Wickson.....	50 00
Mrs. M. J. Freeland .....	50 00
Rev. Wm. Clarke.....	25 00
C. Whitlaw .....	25 00
David Higgins .....	25 00
John Wickson .....	25 00

**PROVIDENT FUND.**—Received since last announcement :

Lanark Village.....	\$2 00
Lanark First.....	3 00

J. C. BARTON,  
*Treasurer.*

MONTREAL, August 20th, 1874.

## Correspondence.

### CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

*To the Canadian Congregational Churches.*

DEAR BRETHREN,—The Union at its last meeting, as well as at every meeting held for many years, has recommended to your notice the Provident Fund Society ; so that in addressing you now in regard to its necessities, we feel no hesitation, nor do we doubt the liberality of your response.

Most of you know that the Widows' and Orphans' fund branch has been in operation for some seventeen years, and is providing a cheap and valuable life insurance to a large number of our ministers. But there is a class of cases always arising, which this branch of the Society does not assist, and which, in the interest of the Churches, it is exceedingly desirable it should reach. We refer to those aged ministers who have worn themselves out in the service, and who ought to retire from the regular duties of the pastorate. All honor to those ministers ! they have given the best of

their days, and the vigor of their lives to the Churches, and deserve now to be relieved from such hard work, but we all know how very, very few of our ministers are able after providing for the necessities of their families, to lay anything aside as a provision for old age. Their bodily vigor has been spent, and their mental powers are far from what they once were, but they cannot starve, and so they must continue to preach.

Now, as an illustration, say one of our rural churches has enjoyed the faithful pulpit and pastoral ministrations of a godly minister for a great many years, until he comes to the age of threescore and ten, but at that age his long and arduous pastorate begins to tell on his constitution physically and mentally ; and he is no longer able to accomplish thoroughly the work necessary to the well-being and maintenance of the Church. His failing powers are talked of here and there amongst the friends, but when the question comes up "what shall we do about it?" they are non-plussed. The



Church knows that it has taken all his salary to keep him, and that he has little or nothing laid by for old age, and they have not the heart to say to him "you have outlived your usefulness and we must let you go, and secure the services of a younger man," and so there is nothing done and the Church suffers, because the preaching is not what it was, and the pastoral work is not overtaken. Now it is in cases of this kind that a Retiring fund would be exceedingly advantageous; relieving the Church of a great difficulty, and providing an annual sum towards the support of the retiring minister as long as he lives.

This good work then is what we want to have fairly established, and we appeal confidently to the Churches to enable us to do so. The fund cannot safely commence operations until a sum of at least Two thousand dollars is raised, to be supplemented by annual collections. For this amount we ask you, in the name of the Lord of the Vineyard.

God has wonderfully blessed the Country this year with an abundant harvest, and may we not ask for some of the first fruits for such an object as this?

The Directors have requested the Rev. Wm. Clark to visit the Churches west and north of Bowmanville, and to solicit subscriptions on behalf of the fund, and they beg to bespeak for him a cordial reception.

The Churches east of Bowmanville, will be called upon shortly, of which due notice will be given.

On behalf of the Directors,  
 CHAS. R. BLACK,  
 MONTREAL, Secretary.  
 20th August, 1874.

THE COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Can. Independent.

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me that the

"Conversation between Pastor, Deacon, and Candidate," in the last number of the C. I., will confer incalculable benefit upon our denominational College. Light on this point of preparation for the ministry has long been needed. The light has indeed come, so clear and strong and yet so genial, that no young aspirant need be in doubt as to "prerequisites." Mr. Marling blesses all our churches by that "talk." No doubt many of us wish profoundly that it had been given years ago. Such would have saved much personal anxiety to many of us, and have greatly lessened the burden of College professors and directors.

Will you allow me now to make a suggestion to the pastors of our churches? Is it not possible to turn the attention of younger men to the work of the ministry? I think the average age of candidates will be about 21 years. Now at this time of life, with all the flush of manhood upon them, young men look coldly and grudgingly upon five sessions of study. But were it possible to get young men from 16 to 18 years of age, would not the impetuosity which too frequently ends in impoverished mental equipment, be reduced to its minimum? It has been found to work admirably in Wales; may it not be practicable here?

As one who entered the Institution with the idea of "haste," but who by God's guidance was led to see the poverty of mental furniture I must have, if I continued in the "short course;" as one who will ever be grateful for the severer tests of the university career, I would counsel every young brother intending to study for the joyous work of the ministry, against hasty preparation therefor.

Truly yours,

R. W. WALLACE.

LONDON.

## Obituary.

MR. JOHN NASMITH

It is our melancholy duty this morning to record the death of Mr. John Nasmith, an old and greatly respected

resident of this city. The sad event occurred at the residence of his son-in-law, at Kingston, on Sunday, where the deceased gentleman was visiting. Mr. Nas-

mith was born in Glasgow in 1806, and when yet a young man went to Greenock, and entered extensively into the flour business, which he carried on for several years. He subsequently emigrated to Canada, and, upon his arrival in Toronto in 1844, he started business at the corner of Jarvis and Adelaide streets. Having built up a lucrative trade he remained there until about 4 years ago, when he retired from business on a comfortable income, and settled in St. Catharines, where he remained until the death of Mrs. Nasmith last winter. He then returned to Toronto, and enjoyed the remainder of his days sojourning with his children, by whom he was greatly beloved. Being in feeble health Mr. Nasmith determined, a few weeks ago, to visit his daughter at Kingston, and when about to start he told his son that he intended, if spared, to return to Toronto, as he wished very much to die among his old friends and neighbours here. Providence, however, which doeth all things well, ordered it otherwise. Our deceased friend was a sterling man in every sense of the term. He was always ready and willing to defend what he believed to be right, without fear, favour, or affection. Being an enthusiastic advocate of total abstinence, he took a leading part in the temperance movement, and did much to promote the good cause in this city. In politics he belonged to the Baldwin School of Reformers; and when the question of Confederation was first agitated, Mr. Nasmith was one of its warmest advocates. He supported the government of Sir John Macdonald from the very commencement of his efforts to consolidate the British North American Provinces, and did good service by the liberal and statesmanlike letters which he sent to the press. He was an active and esteemed member of the Congregational Church, and his hand was found in every good work. No man ever doubted honest John Nasmith's loyalty, or his honour; no man ever doubted his word; no man ever doubted his piety, and no man will ever doubt that when the spirit of our departed friend took its flight, it ascended higher and higher until it was lost in the bosom of its God.—*Leader, July 28.*

#### MRS. CATHERINE PEACOCK.

Died on the 15th inst., at her residence in Lanark, Catherine McQueen, the beloved wife of Robert Peacock, aged 64 years.

Deceased was a native of Pollock Shaws, Scotland. At the time of her marriage in 1845 she came to this country—she was then connected with the Free Church; but in the early days of the Rev. R. K. Black's ministry in this place she joined the Lanark First Congregational Church, since which time she has been an active, earnest and consistent member.

For the last nine months she had been in feeble health, yet up till within two weeks of her death she was able to attend the house of God with a good measure of regularity. She was ever a faithful observer of the means of grace. Her piety was rich and pure. Through life she was possessed of the "strong consolation" that flows from an unwavering trust in the "immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie." She was sensible to the last. When her step-son, the Rev. W. M. Peacock, arrived a short time before her death, she was unable to say more than "William;" but to the last she gave unmistakable evidence of her joy and peace in Jesus. In her we have a beautiful example of what religion can do to make life cheerful and useful, and and death happy.

She has left a husband, one son and two daughters, to mourn her loss.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

R. BROWN.

August, 1874.

#### MRS. W. LUCKHAM.

On the 15th of June last, at the residence of her son, in Warwick, Mrs Wm. Luckham, senior, passed to her rest. Mrs. Luckham, was one of the first fruits of the Congregational Church in Warwick, under the labours of the Rev. Leonard McGlashan. She was a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland. She settled with her husband in Warwick, about the year 1833, and endured many of the hardships which fell to the lot of the first settlers in this township. She

survived her husband about 25 years, and leaves behind her three sons and two daughters, who, walking in the faith, rose up and called her blessed. She died at the ripe age of 71 years. Her end was peace. She leaves behind her a memory fragrant with the blessed virtues of the religion of Jesus.

FOREST, August 5th, 1874. R. HAY.

### MR. THOS. J. TELFER.

Thomas J. Telfer, a deacon of the Eastern Congregational Church in Montreal, and the very efficient local agent of the INDEPENDENT, died on the twenty-third day of June, at the age of fifty-nine. It is only proper that some obituary notice of our departed friend should appear in the denominational magazine, whose circulation he laboured unweariedly to extend.

Mr. Telfer was a native of Scotland, and came to this country whilst a young man. Over thirty years ago he connected himself with Zion Church, attracted by the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Wilkes. However when he came to understand, he highly valued our "distinctive principles." Residing in the eastern part of the city, he engaged actively in the "Wolfe Street Mission," and was one of the original members of the eastern church. He had the happiness before his death of seeing his children all giving evidence of piety, and making a public profession of religion. He was highly esteemed by Christians of other denominations for his long-

continued and abundant labours in behalf of general philanthropic and christian enterprises, such as the Temperance cause and Tract distribution, yet he did not fail to devote his chief efforts to the advancement of the denomination to which he belonged, and the church of which he was an office-bearer. Amid many discouraging circumstances and failing health, he did not become weary in "well-doing."

At the beginning of the year he declined in health, and was obliged to give up many of his business engagements. He however continued regularly to attend all the services of the church, and to take part in the prayer meetings till the first Sabbath of May, when he was found in his place at the communion service, which was his last appearance in the house of God.

His disease, which proved to be cancer of the stomach, took soon after an active form. His protracted and excruciating sufferings he bore with christian patience and resignation. Except a passing cloud of doubt, which on a single occasion crossed his horizon, he seemed to have unbroken peace resting on the merits of the Saviour. In a very touching manner he commended his sincere attempts to serve the church, to the kind and charitable construction of his brethren; his memory to the affectionate regards of his family, whom he charged, all of them, to meet him in Heaven; and his departing spirit, to the Redeemer. And so "he fell on sleep."

COM.

## Home and School.

### THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Weep not, O Mother of the dead!  
Weep not those bitter tears of grief,  
For him who on the narrow bed  
Is borne away—his days how brief—  
For he shall be restored to thee,  
And Death shall soon resign his prey.

She saw him fade before her eyes,—  
The death-hue on his throbbing brow;

Had all the world—its highest prize—  
Been hers, to save him from the blow  
It had been freely rendered up,  
Ere he should taste the bitter cup.

His image in her heart was laid—  
He was her solace and her joy;  
For him she wept, for him she prayed,  
And begged of God to spare the boy!  
But darkness o'er the threshold came—  
Darkness that might be felt and seen!

Her words fell heedless on his ear,  
 She grasped a cold hand passively,  
 And o'er her son's untimely bier  
 Hot tears are falling heavily  
 For woman's love is strong and deep,  
 Outliving e'en the last long sleep!

An only son! how sore the blow!  
 Her heart is crushed and desolate;  
 No filial arm to help her now,  
 Or labor for the bread she ate.  
 It was the chastening hand of God;  
 She bowed her head and kissed the rod.

She bowed her to the solemn King  
 Who claimed his subject in that hour;  
 For who may turn aside the sting,  
 Or idly mock the monarch's power!  
 And forth, to lay him with the dead,  
 She tottered with a mourner's tread!

Ah! little thought her lone heart there  
 Amidst those images of pain,  
 That o'er that night of dark despair,  
 The cheerful morn would rise again;  
 But oft from out the cloud appears  
 The sunbeam that dispels our fears.

She knew not then that one stood by,  
 And gazed with pity on the scene,  
 Whose heart o'erflowed with sympathy  
 For all the dying sons of men—  
 Who knew the sorrow and the woe  
 That they must wade thro' here below.

Loud was the wail, but louder still  
 The voice that bade the dead arise;  
 And lo! those accents on him thrill,  
 And ope again the sealed eyes!  
 Now cease, ye weeping minstrels, cease!  
 Let happier songs your tears efface!

T. K. HENDERSON.

TORONTO.

### THE TWO MOTHERS.

A beautiful babe lay in his coffin. Death had come suddenly, and given no opportunity for disease to emaciate that little form. The face was full and fair, with a dimple in the chin, and a smile playing on the lips. As we looked on that sweet countenance we almost expected the little one to open his eyes and begin his childish prattle. But a touch of that cold forehead and a look at the marble-like hands lying upon his breast was enough. We knew he was dead.

Precious words of Scripture were read,

a few comforting thoughts spoken, an earnest prayer offered, and then a slight rustling noise is heard. The mother arises and walks to the coffin. She makes no audible sound, and sheds not a tear. Alas! She is blind. Yet she would see her child before he is carried for ever from her. How often has she folded him fondly to her bosom, and kissed his sweet lips! But she has never seen him. What would she give if she could have just one glimpse of her darling, that she might in the sad years to come be able to remember him! Back from her face she flings her veil, and bends over the beloved dead. But the sightless orbs cannot see him. And so she takes her fingers, which are eyes for the blind, those fingers which had so often and lovingly performed kind offices for her little one—and gently she moves them about all over that face and form. Slowly and tenderly she touches every part,—the mouth, the chin, the cheek, the nose, the eyes, the ears, the neck, the forehead. Not one feature is omitted. Again and again she strokes the hair on each side of the head. The dress is felt, to make sure it is rightly adjusted. The hands are lifted carefully and laid again upon the breast. All this is several times repeated. And then—how can she help it?—she must kiss those cold, cold lips.

We weep in hearty sympathy as we behold that sightless woman leave her dead child. But shall I tell you of a spectacle more sad than this?

Another form lies in a coffin. It is that of a man full forty years of age, who has killed himself with strong drink. By his brutal conduct he long since estranged from him his loving wife and children. His habits have been so gross that his dearest friends could not live with him, or permit him to live with them. For years his life has literally been that of a vagabond. Every effort has been exerted to reclaim him, but in vain, and at length, in a fit of debauchery and despair, he has died. But there is one who has never forgotten him. How could she? Had she not nursed him at her breast? Did she not care for him as no one else could, when, a promising boy, he grew so fast and so fair, and she had bright

visions of his future usefulness and happiness? Does she not remember with what maternal pride she saw him start out in life? And has there been a day or an hour since when she has not thought of him? Alas! It may be she did not warn him in his early life against the destroyer, as she would if she had the opportunity again. But she loved him, watched him, and as a Christian mother prayed for him. In his erring years, when he was loathsome to all others, she never turned from him. It was the dollar she reluctantly and unwisely gave him, which bought the last glass of whiskey that crazed his brain, and the bottle of laudanum which was found empty beside his bloated corpse.

A wretched funeral was that of the drunkard and suicide. But he must not have the burial of an ass. A few friends gather. A few words are spoken. A prayer is offered. And then an aged one totters up to the head of the coffin. It is the mother. She is not blind. Ah! no, it would be a mercy just now if she was. She looks at that disfigured and brutalized face, and tries to distinguish the features of her once innocent and beautiful boy. They are all gone. Yet he is the same being. She knows it and feels it. He is her child. Would God she could persuade herself he was another, for this one is lost not only to her and society, but to himself, to purity, to heaven. How gladly would she, if she could, exchange places with the blind mother! She would rather have felt the face of the sweet babe, and gone all her days groping in the dark, than now to look upon this miserable wreck of humanity, and know that she is bidding her son an eternal farewell.

O ye, who have committed to your care the little ones, whether they are now in their infancy or early childhood, not only rejoice that you can see them, and that they are still spared to you; but be sure you consecrate them fully to God, and train them thoroughly for His service.—*Rev. Dr. Stryker, in S. S. Times.*

Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand.

## “IF WE KNEW!”

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In a recent number we copied a scrap of poetry with this significant title. It struck us very forcibly as containing a profitable lesson, and has haunted us, daily, ever since.

We have been sitting this rich, golden afternoon on our veranda, all alone. Before us stand the grand old hills; on our right lies the beautiful Hudson. The air is laden with rich perfumes from a wilderness of flowers; but no wind disturbs the trees, or makes music in their branches. The bees are so busy with their provident labour that their song is very low and gentle. The humming-bird, darting in and out of the honeysuckle over our head, though equally industrious, is more demonstrative in his wonderful activity. The patient old mother turkey's “*cluck, cluck,*” by which she calls her numerous brood about her and their “*pe-ep pe-ep,*” in reply the self-conceited old gobbler, as he spreads his train and brushes the ground with his wings, in faint imitation of far-off thunder, or his arrogant “*gobble, gobble,*” in defiance of some imagined enemy; the roll of the carriage, and the swift, glad music of the horses' feet on the smooth road below, are almost the only sounds or signs of life we hear. The husband—“*house-bond*”—the most sweetly significant word in the English language, is toiling in the hot and dusty city; the children are all scattered; the grandchildren, mischievous, merry little rogues, are not as they should be, near grandma's chair; and the servants, in the kitchen or laundry to-day, move as quietly as the wind on the tree tops. *It is so still!* We could hardly be more alone if we were on the highest peak of “*Castle Hill,*” and, as we sit in this wonderful quiet, those words, “*If we knew,*” are stirring our heart with a strange and solemn power.

Ah! if in early youth “*we knew!*” If we could look along the map of life clear to the end, and see all the breakers and quicksands which, by patience and self-control we could have avoided, how different would be the view we now take of the “*backward track!*” No doubt, it is well, in many ways, that we cannot

read the future; trials and sorrows that no skill or foresight could have turned aside, would have been doubled by anticipation and fore-knowledge, and yet—we doubt if there are many, who, looking back from the “half way house,” would not willingly endure the double pain and sorrow, if they might have had the power to foresee the inevitable result of certain courses, and, profiting by this fore-knowledge, have avoided the danger or the sin.

*Brother! Sister!* Would you be impatient or cross to your little playmate “if you knew” those little “baby fingers” would “never trouble you again?”

Two little boys were at play—one of three years, the other but eighteen months. Both wanted the rocking-chair. Full of health and animal spirits, the dispute ran high, and, at last, the elder struck the little one. Only a few days and the baby hands were folded in “snowy grace” upon the cold and quiet heart, and laid in the grave. A short time after, hearing bitter sobs in the garden, the mother found the lonely brother—himself but just past babyhood—lying under the peach trees, watching with eager eyes some birds flying over his head, and calling between his sobs, “Oh, birdies! little birdies! Fly up! Fly up higher! and tell Jesus Christ if he will only let Georgie come back to me he may have the rocking-chair all the time, and I never, never will strike him again—never! never!”

*Oh, Father!* Don't be harsh with your son. He disobeyed your commands, and of course he has done wrong; but he is only a little child. It was the overflow of exuberant life, and not wilful disobedience. If you could look forward to what soon *may be*, how leniently would you judge—how gently would you chide; and, by your gentleness secure the obedience much more effectually.

*Ah!* Poor, tired *mother!* You are very weary, and half sick. Your eyes are heavy for want of sleep, and your head throbbing with the noise and shouts, and wild frolics of your little ones. But it is health, and strength, and life. Be patient! If, soon, with hot, and tearless eyes, you watch by the little crib where fever may conquer that life, but late so joyous and full of activity, can

you endure what *may be*, if you have scattered “thorns not roses, for your reaping by and by?”

“I have asked you twenty times to mend that coat, and it's not done yet. ‘No time!’ How long would it have taken! But, well—I can go ragged, I suppose. You take little heed to my wishes or advice. You must take your own way, or you'll not be satisfied.”

*Husband!* you love your wife; you would be indignant if a looker-on should hint that you misjudged or were over-exacting. Why do you say such ugly, biting things? Your heart, or that silent monitor, your conscience, tells you that she did not mean to disregard your wishes or advice. She was tired, or overtaxed with care and frequent interruptions; or perhaps sickness is creeping upon her. Whatever the reason, the offence was but a *little thing*. Even if she was self-willed, or irritable, be patient with her. You know a certain tone of your voice, or a love-look from your eye, would have brought her to your side in an instant—sorry, self-upbraiding—loving and honouring you with her whole heart. Ah! “*If you knew!*” These first morose, fault-finding words, perhaps are “leaving on her heart a shadow—leaving on your heart a stain” which may be the beginning of coldness, mistrust and defiance—or possibly a deeper sin, where, but for them, you could have secured joy and gladness, growing sweeter and purer day by day! Deal gently. *You*, her husband can make her happy, loving and good; or you can make her irritable, unloving and evil.

“John! Why do you always wait and wait, and hinder me so? You can come when I call you, just as well as to keep me waiting, if you only choose to do so. But you are always so obstinately bent on taking your own time, regardless of other people's comfort.”

*Wife!* It is just such little impatient, waspish words, that tempt your husband to seek quiet, comfort and appreciation away from your side. No matter if he speaks “just as impatiently” to you “fifty times a day,” show him a better way. Why retort, or shrink from the “little shadows” which you can, by gentleness, dispel? You have even

more power in your gentleness, than your husband has in his strength. Yield a little. *It is not hard*, and you reap a glorious reward. Is not your husband's love and confidence worth keeping by a little patience and forbearance? But if not for present joy, to ward off future misery at least, "set a guard over the doors of your mouth that you sin not with your lips," and so tread life's pathway with him to whom you have vowed a wife's fealty, that if called to sit in the desolation of widowhood, there shall not be added to that sorrow, the anguish of self-upbraiding, for little services impatiently rendered or love requited by coldness or irritability.

When we have passed through all the labours of earlier life, and in full maturity, or just on the decline, recall the friends of our youth, and the sweeter family ties, how the heart aches with the memory of

"The hasty words or actions,  
Strewn along our backward track."

And vainly yearns for one more opportunity for the better performance of our whole duty in all love, fidelity, and patience. But God

"Pity us all,  
Who vainly the faults of youth recall ;  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen.  
The saddest are these : "*It might have been.*"

—*The Mother of Home.*

#### TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.

There is no warmer Bible phrase than this : "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." We might have never so many mishaps, the Government at Washington would not hear of them ; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows ; but there is a Throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities. What touches us, touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are His members.

He is touched with our *physical* infirmities. I do not mean that he merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of a yellow

fever, or in the anguish of a broken back, but in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life, sound nerves are a scarcity. Human sympathy in the case we mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you, and say that you have "the blues," or "the fidgets," or "the dumps." But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses of the nervously disordered. Chronic complaints—rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia—cease to excite human sympathy, but with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of inflamed muscle, or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. By His own hand He fashioned your every bone, strung every nerve, grew every eyelash, set every tooth in its socket, and your every physical disorder is patent to Him and touches His sympathies.

He is also touched with the infirmities of our *prayers*. Nothing bothers the Christian more than the imperfection of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every-whither. While you are praying your store comes in, your kitchen comes in, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel round the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun, the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer!" or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives towards it! There, I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlour! Wonder if Bridget has got home yet! Wonder if they had thought to take that cake out of the oven!" or "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" and so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen," and

you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian." Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are disordered of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish, and answer it. To the very depth of his nature he sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.

He is touched with the infirmity of our temper. There are some who, notwithstanding all that is said or done to them can smile back. But many of you are so constructed that if a man insults you, you either knock him down or wish you could. While with all resolution and prayer you resist this, remember that Christ knows how much you have been lied about, and misrepresented, and trodden on. He takes into account your explosive temperament. He knows how hard you have put down the "brakes," and is touched with the feeling of your infirmity.

Christ also sympathizes with our poor efforts at doing good. Our work does not amount to much. We teach a class or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted, and say we tried to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why He is nearer than if we had succeeded, for He knows that we need sympathy and is touched with our infirmity.—*Christian at Work.*

#### FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER.

She is a washerwoman, and she lives in one of the northern cross-streets of New York, not far from the Hudson River. You may have met her, sometime, hurrying along after night-fall, carrying in her arms that enormous bag of clothes, and bent under its weight. Week in, week out, she toiled at her tub, at that hardest work that human backs are heir to; every muscle strained and bent, as she soaps and rubs and

wrings. Day in, and day out, she stands at the ironing table, lifting and passing to and fro the eight pounds of solid iron, seven times heated, lifting and pushing it all day long. Standing, mark you, at table or tub, "on her feet," literally sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

She supports by her hard work a husband, now quite an old man, and one child. She rents a small, six-roomed house, two rooms of which she retains for herself, and the remaining four she rents out to labouring men and their families. With the rent of these rooms and the profits of her own hard work, she has managed to "get along" comfortably, and to have a few dollars laid by for a rainy day.

The rainy day came in the autumn. Every man of the four who rent her rooms was turned out of work. Good, honest fellows, sober and industrious, with their little families around them, facing the problem to beg, or steal, or starve! Leaving home early in the morning with basket and shovel, walking the streets all day long in the vain quest for work; and returning at night hopeless. Hopeless? Desperate! save for one ray of light in the darkness: one link that bound them to their kind.

"I forgive them the rent," says Ann the washerwoman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure an they've had but one meal a day the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they make a few pennies, with shovelling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it, and the children starving?"

Through all these five dark months has Ann the washerwoman scrubbed, and soaped, and wrung; has toiled over the hot irons, and carried home the heavy, piled-up basket, rejoicing that it was heavy. Paying the rent for those four families, keeping, who knows from what extremity of crime and reckless despair, those four husbands and fathers. In her magnificent charity—for all greatness is relative—what proud name in New York can rival hers! In what proportion to our income, to our own outlay for luxury in mind or body, does our giving stand to this woman's mite? What man or woman among us, millionaire, banker or merchant, or gay



leader in fashionable charities, has given of his substance, his all, and added to the gift the hard-earned wages of every day, as "this one woman hath done?"—*Christian Union.*

### AUNT NANNY'S WAGES.

Aunt Nanny was carrying home the last basket of clothes on Saturday night. She felt tired out with the week's wash, and the heat of the warm April sun, and a good deal disheartened, besides, for she expected to lose two of her best patrons the following week. She was thinking of the money out of pocket for a week, or, perhaps two or three weeks, before she again made up her complement, for Aunt Nanny, year in and year out, tried to keep fifteen names on her wash list. So she waddled along rather more slowly than usual, under the weight of the great basket—and the weight of the reflection—when, on turning a corner, she came suddenly in contact with a gentleman walking in the opposite direction.

Aunt Nanny set down the basket and they shook hands.

"And how is life going with you, Nanny?" inquired the clergyman, as he looked with an expression of respect into her black face, out of which beamed, through all the perspiration, those graces which the apostle so earnestly commended:—love, peace, temperance, brotherly love, etc.

"All goin' well, minister; de Lord ain't nebber fur off from folks dat believe in him."

"That's true but we musn't stand still when all's well with us," was the reply, with an emphasis upon the last syllable.

"I knows dat, minister, an' I tries ter 'member dem poor folks dat don know notin' 'bout how good de Lord is."

"I know you do, Nanny; I've heard about the conversion of the young lady whom you prayed for, so many months; and about the boy too; who can tell what your reward will be for praying for sinners?"

"Dat's it, praying for sinners; an' I took another one last Sunday!" said Aunt Nanny, with great animation.

"Who is it, Nanny?" inquired the minister.

"Dat han' some young man what sets right in front o' the pulpit, minister. I looks down upon him from de gallery, an' sees him dar reg'lar ebery Sunday, an' payin' 'tention, an' seems like he'd carry out the trufe in his heart, but when he goes out he's smilin' an' bowin' ter this and ter that, an' I knows he's just forgot it all."

"Well, I'm glad, Nanny, you've taken him to pray for; he ought to be a Christian. Now you pray for him, and I preach to him, and we'll trust the Lord won't let him alone. And, Nanny, when you pray, sometimes remember the pastor!"

"I doos minister, I allers doos," replied Aunt Nanny, in a deprecating tone.

The clergyman went on his way, cheered by Aunt Nanny's words, and thinking how he would introduce a point in his "secondly" to-morrow morning that might touch the heart of the young man. But much comfort had Aunt Nanny herself received from the strong words of her pastor; and she forgot all about the two washings she would lose, in remembering the heavenly wages which she was earning.—*Lucy A. Mills, in Advocate and Guardian.*

### DAY BY DAY.

We were much impressed in lately hearing this frank confession from the lips of one, who, after some years of successful striving against a certain temptation, had again suddenly fallen temporarily under its power: "So long as I lived day by day I was safe; but when I got to living a week at a time, I failed." We comprehended his meaning. And we remembered how our Lord commanded us to live from hand to mouth, and to pray, each day, "Give us this day bread sufficient and suitable for the day."

Such is the safe theory of life. The child that can go alone, may stray. The child that is obliged to keep hold of its father's hand in order to walk, is not in danger of wandering. To live day by day upon God is to keep close to Him; is to live in constant thought of

Him, and of our need of Him and of His grace; is to put ourselves in the best possible position, and the likelihood of the best possible mood, to receive His blessing, and secure the benign guardianship of His life.

As a rule, when we are in our best condition spiritually—most contrite, humble, earnest to do good, anxious to grow in grace, and to glorify God—we are living day by day upon Him; feeling every morning that His joy must be our strength and stay; feeling every night that it has been in Him that we have lived and moved and had our being, since the dawn; and so abiding in Him with a constant and habitual reference to Him as the God in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways.

Especially is this day-by-day life in God dear to us in periods of marked temptation, or peculiar trial. As in the dense darkness when we are not familiar with our road, we do not walk boldly and rapidly on, guided by some landmark far-seen in the distance, but rather grope slowly and cautiously step by step, sure that if each footfall be right the end will be secure; so when it is very tempestuous about us, and in the gloom we can feel no certainty what will be duty tomorrow, it is very sweet to leave all to God, and cling to Him and blindly follow His lead, little by little, knowing that if each unit be right, their grand total cannot be wrong.

Conscience always has its best hold upon specific things, and is weak in generals. Taking every little practical question straight to God, we can almost always get ready and trustworthy answers, and feel sure what His will is concerning it. While if we drift off into theories of conduct and philosophies of life, and generalities of behavior, before we know it we may run our ship upon some fatal rock. In general, it is clear that the neighborhood of God is good for man. The nearer he can get to Him, and the closer he can keep to Him, the safer and the happier he will be.

So there is soundest philosophy, as well as tender feeling, in our song.

Nearer my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee:  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me.

Still all my song shall be  
Nearer my God, to thee:  
Nearer to thee!

—*Congregationalist.*

### AIR CASTLES.

"I mean to have a black silk, and pink roses in my bonnet, and a white muslin long-shawl," said Cecy; "and I mean to look exactly like Minerva Clark! I shall be very good, too; as good as Mrs. Bedell, only a great deal prettier. All the young gentlemen will want me to go and ride, but I shan't notice them at all, because you know I shall always be teaching in Sunday school and visiting the poor. And some day when I am bending over an old woman and feeding her with currant jelly, a poet will come along and see me, and h'll go and write a poem about me," concluded Cecy, triumphantly.

"Pooh!" said Clover. "I don't think that would be nice at all. I'm a-going to be a beautiful lady—the most beautiful lady in the world. And I'm going to live in a yellow castle, with yellow pillars to the portico, and a square thing on top, like Mr. Sawyer's. My children are going to have a play-house up there. There's going to be a spy-glass in the window to look out of. I shall wear gold dresses and silver dresses every day, and diamond rings, and have white satin aprons to tie on when I'm dusting, or doing anything dirty. In the middle of my back yard, there will be a pondful of Lubin's extracts, and whenever I want any I shall just go and dip a bottle in. And I shan't teach in Sunday schools, like Cecy, because I don't want to; but every Sunday I shall go and stand by the gate, and when her scholars go by on their way home, I'll put Lubin's extracts on their handkerchiefs."

"I mean to have turkey every day," declared Dorry, "and batter puddings; not boiled ones, you know; but little baked ones, with brown shiny tops, and a great deal of pudding sauce to eat on them. And I shall be so big then that nobody will say, 'Three helps is quite enough for a little boy.'"

"Oh, Dorry, you pig!" cried Katy, while the rest screamed with laughter.

Dorry was quite affronted. Peacemaker Clover soothed him, and called on Katy, in her turn, to tell what she would do.

"I'm not sure about what I'll be," replied Katy; "beautiful, of course, and good if I can, only not so good as you, Cecy, because it would be nice to go and ride with the young gentlemen sometimes. And I'd like to have a large house and a splendiferous garden, and then you could all come in and live with me, and we would play in the garden, and Dorry should have turkey five times a day if he liked. And we'd have a machine to darn the stockings, and another machine to put the bureau drawers in order, and we'd never sew or knit garters, or do anything we didn't want to. That's what I'd like to be. But now I'll tell you what I mean to do."

"Isn't it the same thing?" asked Cecy.

"Oh, no!" replied Katy, "quite different; for you see I mean to *do* something. I don't know what, yet; but when I'm grown up, I'll find out. "Perhaps," she went on, "it will be rowing out in boats saving people's lives, like that girl in the book. Or perhaps I shall go and nurse in the hospital, like Miss Nightingale. Or else I'll head a crusade, and ride on a white horse, with armor and helmet on my head, and carry a sacred flag. Or, if I don't do that, I'll paint pictures, or sing, or sculp—sculp—what is it! you know—make figures in marble. Anyhow it shall be something. And when Aunt Izzie sees it, and reads about me in the newspapers, she will say, 'The dear child! I always knew she would turn out an ornament to the family.'"—"*What Katy did,*" by Susan Coolidge.

#### LOOKING UP AND DOWN.

"If I only lived in that pretty white house up there!"

A very weary, discontented little maiden sat on a shady doorstep, holding a big, hot, worrisome baby-brother on her lap, while her mother, more weary still, was ironing the clothes. Eternal vigilance was the price of that baby's safety, for he experimented on everything his busy fingers could carry to his mouth, and made fearfully perilous

journeys to the water-butt, and the barnyard, where the scythes were ready to cut and grindstones to tip over on his toes, whenever opportunity offered.

Sister Janet was a kind of "deputy mother" in the household, where every other year brought its inevitable baby to be watched and tended. They were fearful little tyrants, too, and not only demanded her instant obedience, but commanded songs of joy and change of scene in the most overbearing manner. Janet loved them all dearly, and kissed and cooed and carried, and sang to them in turn, but to-day—

Well—she did want to run off to the hollyhocks in the back garden to study the morning's lesson, and she did want to put that new stitch in a poor little bit of worsted-work she had rashly undertaken to copy from Sue Linnet's cushion—and here was this busybody to be looked after! He had nearly succeeded in devouring a beetle while she was taking a peep at her book, and had chewed up the cuff of a freshly ironed shirt while she sat thinking of her trials.

That was a bad thing to do, to count up one's trials; but I am afraid we all do it sometimes, instead of remembering our blessings.

Away off, on the crest of the mountain, there glimmered through the great trees the white front of a big house. An opening through the wood below showed its green lawn with its strip of carriage-road winding about, and in very clear days she had seen the glimmer of a snowy dress on the porch, and had seen a carriage before the open door. She loved to watch the sunset lighting up its many windows with a blaze of glory, and dreamed so many day-dreams while she looked, that it seemed almost an enchanted palace where there could be no want nor care nor sorrow.

"No baby Tom," she said to herself, and then was dreadfully remorseful, and hugged him tight in her little motherly arms as though to make amends for her impatient thought. And as Tom did not understand the caress, of course he struck out wildly, and slid off her lap, rolled over toward the hen-coop, frightened the old hen and chickens, and made such a commotion that

mother came to the door in terror, and scolded Janet somewhat sharply for her neglect.

And so it came to pass that Janet, very much aggrieved, sat looking wistfully at the white house that glimmered cool and quiet under its big trees, and fancied it a Palace of Delight.

In the shaded corner of the low white porch of the great house this very afternoon, there sat a fair and graceful lady in a wicker chair.

If little Janet's eyes had not been full of tears she might have seen the flutter of her tinted muslin dress, have seen, too, the little carriage in front of the door, from which a gentleman alighted, and seated himself by the waiting lady.

But could she have guessed that they were speaking of the hopeless disease that was tearing her frame with horrible pain, which the kind doctor could only soothe in part? Could she guess at the words so sadly spoken by the pretty lady "over yonder?"

Pointing with her slender hand down to the little red cottage that glimmered like a great red rose beyond the grain-fields and green meadows, she said softly:

"Do you see that tiny red house yonder, doctor? There are hosts of merry little children there. At night the father comes home so quick of step I am sure he is happy. Through my field-glass I love to watch them. It cheers my loneliness and pain to know there is so much happiness there. A little maiden in a blue frock is the biggest, and a jolly baby like a great snowball is the smallest of the happy family.

"I remember that my Nellie would have been as large as the girl with bright hair who sits in the doorway, wouldn't she?"

And there was another gasp of painful breath, and a tightening of the slender hands together.

So this was the happy mansion little Janet watched so wistfully. Maybe she will never know its real sorrow, while the lovely lady, looking downward fancies happiness is surely in the ruddy cottage with its troops of children, and God alone knows the secret of all hearts in hall or cottage.—*Christian Weekly*.

## PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

It ought never to be left to the choice of a child whether he will go to school or not, or how many years he shall spend in school. The whole question of education should be settled by the parent, and he is under obligation to his child to make his education as thorough and as general as his means will allow. Anything less than this is an injury inflicted upon his own child, for which God will hold him responsible.

Neither should it be left to the choice of the child whether he will attend Sunday-school or church, or where he shall sit when in the house of God. The parent is under solemn obligation to provide for the highest spiritual welfare of his child. To this end he should, from the earliest years of his child, enjoin upon him, *first*, reverence for himself and his will, and *secondly*, reverence for God and His holy religion. If the former is neglected, the latter will be impossible. A pious training on his knee, and by the knee of the mother, will be readily followed by an earnest desire to attend Sunday-school just as soon as the child's age will permit. If, from the Sunday-school, the mother takes her child into the church, and teaches it to take its seat by her side reverently, and perseveres in the exercise of such authority, the boy or girl of seventeen or twenty will always be found in Sunday-school, and in the family pew.—*The Methodist Recorder*.

## ANYBODY GOOD ENOUGH.

For what? Why for a class of very little children to be sure. For the more advanced classes, we want the highest order of ability; but for the little toddlers, it does not make much matter who shall be entrusted with the care of them. In other words, when the nature is yet most tenderly susceptible, anybody may handle it, impress it, give it shape and fashion; when it has become comparatively solidified, then you must begin to be more careful. For incipient consumption, any quack will answer; for confirmed consumption call in the very best physician. For laying the foundation of a house or the keel of a ship, any tyro will do; but for the superstructure and

the fine finishing touches, a master-workman must be employed. May a merciful Providence preserve us from living in that house or sailing in that ship! The absurdity of such a policy in any earthly matter is at once apparent. Shall we longer pursue it in matters of infinitely greater moment?—*Baptist Teacher.*

### WISDOM'S WAYS.

"I am an old man, and have my ways, and one is to take a verse into my mind for thinking over, now and then, through the day; and I took one this morning that speaks of wisdom, the heavenly wisdom in Christ Jesus, of which it says, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness!' That is what ours ought to be, children; ways of pleasantness. There would be fewer grumpy Christians, and cross Christians, and selfish Christians, and disagreeable ones in the world, if every one looked more to see whether his ways are ways of pleasantness; and to get into them, we must find the true wisdom, of which it says, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"—*Stepping Stones.*

### HEALTHY THROATS.

The drug stores are full of troches, lozenges, and compounds for speakers and singers. All these medicines have an important mission, but how much better would it be to avoid the ills than to spend one's time in trying to cure them.

1st. Speak naturally. Let no incompetent elocutionists or the barbarisms of custom give you tones or enunciations at war with those that God implanted. Study the vocal instrument and then play the best tune on it possible, but do not try to make a flute sound like a trumpet, or a bag-pipe to do the work of a violin.

2nd. Remember that the throat and lungs were no more intended to speak with than the whole body. If the vocal organs get red-hot during a religious service, while the rest of the body does not sympathize with them, there will be inflammation, irritation, and decay. But if the man shall, by appreciation of some

great theme of time and eternity, go into it with all his body and soul, there will be an equalization of the whole physical organism, and bronchitis will not know whether to attack the speaker in his throat, right knee, or left ankle, and while it is deciding at what point to make assault the speaker will go scot-free. The man who besieges an audience only with his throat attempts to take a castle with one gun, but he who comes at them with head, eyes, hands, heart, feet, unlimbers against it a whole park of artillery. Then Sebastopol is sure to be taken.—*Christian at Work.*

### KEEP STILL.

We fancy this is what every small boy would like to say if he only knew how:

Keep still! That's what they always say to us boys. Just as if they never had been any noise in the world until we were born. Haven't old folks all been boys and girls once? Didn't some of them get boxed on the ears at school? Didn't some of them drum on the milk pans, or crack nuts with the flatiron, or slam the doors? Everything that is smart goes off with a bang. This would be a dull world if it were not for the racket the boys make. Noisy boys are not always saucy. Some are, but we are not. We belong to the "Boy's Rattle-te-bang Society of Good Manners," and we invite all our young friends to come and join us.—*Advance.*

### A LONG REIGN.

Queen Victoria completed the thirty-seventh year of her reign on Saturday, June 20th, as she came to the British throne on the 20th of June, 1837, four weeks after the completion of her eighteenth year. As reigns stand in history, her reign already can be pronounced a long one. It is the longest reign, with six exceptions, that England has known since the Conquest. Of her five predecessors of her own line (Hanoverian) only one—George III., her grandfather—reigned more than thirty-seven years, George II., the longest of them all but one on the throne, reigning thirty-three years.—*Watchman and Reflector.*