

THE

Canadian Independent.

VOL. XV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1869.

No. 9.

MORE THINGS WANTED.

The very pertinent question asked by a correspondent as to the fruit borne by our annual resolution on the subject of Temperance, recalls to mind some other documents laid before the Union from time to time, and "adopted" by it in due form. Rowland Hill is said to have declared that the safest place to deposit a five-pound note was in a Missionary report, since no one would ever think of looking into that, and we are beginning to fear that a similar remark will hold good with regard to the Reports of the Committee of the Union annually published in the minutes of that body.

Reference has several times been made, in various ways, to the pressing want felt by many of our churches of better houses of worship, and to the desirableness of some systematic method of assisting them in building; and by what must so far be regarded as a pleasant little popular fiction, the Union, at its last meeting, endorsed the following language of the Union committee in relation to the matter:—"They would further recommend that the Union consider the propriety of the formation of a Church Building Society, such as those which exist in Britain and the United States, to assist feeble churches in such undertakings, and that a special committee be now appointed to report upon the matter during the present session. A trifling contribution from every church member in connection with the denomination, could it be secured, would provide us with an income capable of rendering very efficient aid to churches in such circumstances, and it is known that some of our wealthy and large-hearted lay brethren would subscribe liberally to such an object." A committee was accordingly appointed, but not until we had reached so late a stage in the proceedings that they did not even meet to consider the important question referred to them. The result is that a number of churches whose progress towards the point of self-support absolutely depends upon their being able to offer better accommodation for public worship, feeling unable to build unaided, and yet seeing no way of procuring the necessary help, settle down into the condition of hopeless "annuitants" of the Missionary society.

We remember having seen, some years ago, a homily of the Church of England, upon the duty of "cleaning and repairing churches," which, always excepting its state-churchism, of course, we have often thought might be circulated to advantage in this country. There is a very prevalent notion, in many communities, that any sort of a building, in any sort of condition, will do for a chapel; and it is often this *laissez faire* feeling, more than actual inability, that prevents the people from building. Comfort and cheerfulness reign at home. Their own "ceiled houses" are clean, painted, and carpeted perhaps, but the chapel,—the wind whistles through the chattering window sash, and under the floor, till the worshippers shiver on their seats, and the flow of holy eloquence is frozen upon the preacher's lips; or, the rain has found its way in through the long-neglected roof, and the plastering has taken leave of the ceiling, never to be repaired again; or the congregation try to sing by the aid of a solitary tallow-candle, as we once saw them ludicrously attempting to sing—

"Shall we, whose souls are *lighted*, &c."

All is comfortless and repulsive, and it is not much to be wondered at if those who have no very strong drawings to the sanctuary, should find in this condition of things a reason for spending the Sabbath around their own blazing firesides, or those of their neighbours. The chapel is altogether too mean in their eyes to be regarded as the "House of God;" it is only the "meeting house," and they lose the reverence that ought to be felt for it as the place where, however humble, the Lord has promised to meet with those who gather together in His name. Our Puritan forefathers were wont to declare that a good sermon should be sufficient to keep any one warm; and our Baptist brethren with a similar strength of faith, were accustomed formerly to sing at their mid-winter immersions,

"Brethren, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm."

But many of our hearers have no such spiritual preventives against taking cold, and for their sakes, if not for our own, we ought to see that the Lord's house is attractive and comfortable.

We are far from imagining, however, that the faults are all on one side of the house. An uncomfortable building and an unsociable people will thin a congregation, but so also will poor preaching, or pastoral neglect. That there should be regular visitation, more or less frequently, of every family in the congregation, there can be no doubt, and that it should be more frequent and more faithful than it is, there can be as little doubt, although no one can judge of the amount of time that should be devoted to it as well as the minister himself. But equally important is it that there should be an intelligent and faithful presentation of the gospel in public, and that there cannot be long together without careful study and preparation. Some preachers possess

a "fatal facility" for extempore address which tempts them to rely too much upon impromptu effort. Others are much occupied with public engagements of various kinds, and have often to fall back on "old sermons," which, however good they were when first preached, necessarily lack in the reproduction that freshness to the preacher's own heart which is essential to their awakening interest in the hearts of the hearers. While others, again, try to excuse their indolence by the very shallow pretence of relying upon the Holy Spirit to teach them "in that same hour," in the pulpit, what they ought to have "sought out and set in order" by a diligent and prayerful study of the Scriptures in their closet.

We should be sorry to convey the impression that neglect of the kind referred to was at all common among us, or that the pulpit of the Congregational body, as a whole, was a whit behind that of other denominations, for able and faithful preaching of the gospel. We think it is not. But who can tell how much more we might accomplish, were all our ministers to throw *their whole strength* into their preaching, and to make the winning of souls the great purpose of their lives! How many of us do that?

It is no doubt true that unpremeditated Lecture-room "talks" are often more enjoyed by the people than more elaborate discourses; but an intelligent audience will look for instruction as well as exhortation, and to expect, therefore, to build up a church by means of musty, worn-out sermons, and extempore efforts, is to court failure and disappointment. No preparation can be properly regarded as too elaborate, the aim of which is to present **THE GOSPEL**, "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth;" and no theme will ever sustain the popular interest, even,—certainly none will ever glorify God,—as the gospel presented in that manner.

One thing more we need, and must have, if we are to accomplish anything in the evangelization of this land,—spiritual life and godliness in the churches. John Angell James tells us that while writing his "Earnest Ministry," he was so much impressed with the comparative impotence of the most faithful preaching, unsustained by a living piety among the people, that he felt his work would be incomplete, and liable to misconstruction, without a second volume on "the Church in earnest." The undue reliance often placed upon the preacher, and the habit, so frequently seen, of devolving almost every christian duty upon him, as if he alone bore the responsibility of carrying forward the Lord's work, show that he was right. We must have *both*,—an earnest ministry sustained by the prayers and efforts of a church in earnest. Then, and then only, can we hope to be endued with that power from on high, our need of which has been so graphically portrayed by William Arthur, in his "Tongue of Fire:"—This Divine baptism, he says, "is the one and the only source of our power. Without this, our wealth, influence, facilities, are ships of war and ammunition without guns or men; our order, talent,

truth, are men and guns, without fire. We want in this age, above all wants, fire, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their emotions, thrilling on their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers more than can ever be done by the heats of genius, of argument or of party; and fusing all their knowledge, logic, and rhetoric into a burning stream. Every accessory, every instrument of usefulness, the church has now in such a degree and of such excellence as was never known in any other age; and we want but a supreme and glorious baptism of fire to exhibit to the world such a spectacle as would raise ten thousand hallelujahs to the glory of our King. Let but this baptism descend, and thousands of us who, up to this day, have been but common-place or weak ministers, such as might easily pass from the memory of mankind, would then become mighty. Men would wonder at us, as if we had been made anew; and we should wonder, not at ourselves, but at the grace of God which could thus transform us."

"Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us they intended to batter it down: we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred, weight: if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No; but look at the cannon." Well, there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth; it is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck at it. Yet this powerless powder, and powerless ball, are put into the powerless cannon;—one spark of fire enters it; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that ball a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So is it with our Church machinery at this day: we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O for the baptism of fire!"

REVIVALS.

The best descriptions of battles are from men on the field. Facts there recounted become reliable, and instruction valuable. The work of the Holy Spirit in the Church, over which I am placed, having taken the form of a most precious revival, I thought some of the views which lay so freshly before my mind might be interesting to some ministering brother whose mind is anxious upon the matter of revivals, as mine has been for years. I feel the more inclined also to say a word upon the subject, as it has not been taken up in the *Independent*, at least for some time.

The first great question so often asked is, Are revivals necessary to the highest welfare of a Church? That it were better to have a Church *always in a revival state* cannot be doubted. But, as Rev. Dr. Wallace of Manchester, N. H., once said to me, "when the earth is dry let us have rain in any shape." What pastor who has learned how cold a Church may become in

this wintry world of sin-frozen hearts, does not feel ready to look up and say, Dear Lord, send us heat in any way it may please thee; if not a whole summer of reviving love, then a few days, or weeks. "In the midst of the *years* remember mercy."

The necessity of a revival of the Holy Spirit's work lies in the necessity of special influence to counteract the work of the world. Many are they that be against us. Special and hotly pressed campaigns are necessary when enemies have become numerous, strong and bold. The world sends its cold breath upon the Church. At first the tender plants of its garden seem chilled and then pallor and death spreads over all. Though not the warmest friend of revivals, I am sorry to say, hitherto, yet, I have felt the need of something, —some special rising up to meet the effects of sin thus thrown like winter upon Church life.

The place which revivals hold in the history of the Church is, I think, such as the best estimate of them would give. Their place in Old Testament history was in no small degree supplied by the yearly solemn fasts and feasts. The best illustration we find of formal revival was after the Captivity, where for many days the people remained to hear the law read and explained, to weep and mourn, and to renew their covenant.

But with the hallowed scenes of the day of Pentecost began the special history of revival. And may it not be that in that season God intended to introduce a form of experience about which were to gather the dearest recollections of the coming Church?

That revivals, or special seasons of the Spirit's outpouring, were common in Apostolic times I think cannot be doubted. Paul would go to some new field and there preach and exhort and talk until many were added to the unseen Church, when he would unite them in covenant fellowship, commend them to God, and go still to regions beyond. I see not how it could well be otherwise than that seasons of special effort and refreshing would become the peculiar feature of the rising and spreading Church.

What then could be more natural than that any return to the spirit and efforts of Apostolic days should still be attended with such seasons of refreshing? We cease to wonder therefore that men of such zeal and faith as characterized many of the Reformers, and especially Baxter, Leighton, Whitfield, Wesley, Nettleton and Edwards should walk the path of such glorious manifestations of God's saving Power. The "tongues of fire" in the Church, speak loudest, and hymn their noblest praises through those scenes of revival for which we may well have often wearied. There may be instances where excitement may present galvanized specimens of short-lived profession and self-deception. But when these are all laid aside, there remains *enough*, I think, to excite gratitude and praise to Him who doeth wonders. Who has ever regretted such a work as a calm and earnest revival in his Church?

And is it not what one might expect while reading those prophetic announcements of the pouring out of the Holy Spirit; whose effects should be as the bright "dreams" of the old and the rapt "visions" of the young. And that it is the work of that Spirit of God, cannot be doubted, when Christ's servants are faithful; the results prove it,—*"love, joy, peace,"* and every other Christian grace. How little are we taught to expect these results from any human agency!

If now a Revival of faith and piety, and the conversion of many souls at one season, is both pleasing to our Lord, and the occasion of rejoicing to the Church, what steps are usually found effectual in bringing about such a

work? Revival seasons have followed different forms of effort, but have always had this in common,—some *special* work for that end, more or less extensive. 1st. Very often, a *handful of the Church*—perhaps but two—would agree to meet day after day, at a set hour, and pray till souls began to be troubled and to inquire the way to Christ. 2nd. Men of great power like Wesley, Edwards, Nettleton or Whitfield, have opened the season with some *sermon* which came from a heart fired with the spirit of revival, and the strong would be bowed, and many would tremble, and God would begin a gracious work. 3rd. The Church has often become distressed at the prevailing coldness, apathy and sceptical tendency, and appointed days for fasting and prayer and nightly services. But either of these measures has this in common,—a number of consecutive days—or evenings, as the “week of prayer,”—devoted to humiliation, and pleading for sinners.

Why is it that we shrink from such a special season, while ordinarily, Satan gets six days out of the week, and the Church, but one? I believe the day to be coming when each Church will, annually have a special season for ingathering. At least I should think so did I not know too well that many pastors, and church-members, *fear* a revival.

We talk of revivals coming “*naturally*,” as if “this vile world were a friend to grace,” and neglect God’s chosen method, as the experience of revival seems to have defined it. There is no danger of failure in God’s work while we give him even a small part of what is now devoted to Satan. The leading feature which will bring in the millennial day will be a giving to Christ the amount of time and effort now given to Satan. If you want, my brother, to see a season of “refreshing from the presence of the Lord,” devote the evenings of a week to prayer in your Church, and, as you would in any other work, bring to your aid some earnest brother near by,—better if unknown to fame—and let the brethren look sin in the face, weep for it, seek pardon for *themselves*, and then publicly and privately devote all the week to bringing in the lost. So “bring all the tithes into the storehouse and prove God, and see if he will not pour you out a blessing.”

If a disciple of Christ but runs his eye over the effects of such a special season he cannot but long to hasten in his Church, such a work.

1. Old members are revived. They weep for joy. Their households are brought in, and Christ is made precious to them as never before.

2. New members lift up the name of Christ in an enlarged and strengthened Church.

3. Means of grace, church services, and ordinances are enriched. There is rejoicing in God. Truth seems fresh and new, vital and efficient.

4. Lifeless members, and “*almost Christians*” are taken out of the way. The harbor is cleared of old sunken craft. The distant are brought nigh.

5. The training of children at home is more thought of, and better attended to. The covenant between parent and child is lifted higher, and made a union of spirit and life, of power and eternal joy.

6. Public vice, wrong, and infidelity are reached with an unseen and strong hand. As Christ draws near the powers of evil and darkness flee. When vitality and the bold force of a living faith appears it is easy to suppress wrong.

7. Finally, there is great joy in Heaven. Jesus brings in his ransomed ones. Angels rejoice, and praise goes up as from altars of incense.

While my heart is filled with comfort, as never before, in the work of Christ now with my people, I yet feel a sadness as I think how much I have neglected such plain and manifestly approved agencies for gathering in the lost. These

efforts are born of Faith, and the power of faith unites the Arm of the "Strong One" to the efforts we make in his name. With God all things are possible, and *faith* in Him removes mountains.

Manchester, N. H.

D. C. F.

CONVENT EDUCATION.

BY W. G. B., MONTREAL.

There is perhaps no subject of more vital importance to the future well-being and prosperity of the *Dominion*, and one which deserves more attentive interest than that of Education. Whether considered with regard to the interests of our youth, or the community at large represented in the various departments of trade, commerce, agriculture, and the professions, the question is most momentous; and though we may seem to over-estimate its importance as a primary and absolute need, it will, if examined in relation to its wide spread bearings and connections be admitted to be the virtual mainspring of sound mental, moral and political progress, and the very foundation of all those virtues which ennoble a nation.

Our circumstances in Canada are such as to make secular education a religious question, by reason of the supervision of the Roman Catholic clergy over their flock. Both sexes of Roman Catholics are governed by the authoritative will of the religious powers that be; and while independent schools are unknown among them, for the very good reason that they would have no support, every art and attraction is resorted to, in order to maintain the entire control, and associate secular education, from the first rudiments to the highest branches, with priests and nuns and Popish ceremonies. The masses have nothing to say in the matter; it is entirely out of their hands as much as independency of worship. The subject, therefore, is of imperative concern to the Protestant community. Legislation it is true, has secured for us certain immunities and protection, but there are limits even to legislation, and grievances to which no Act of Parliament can apply.

For mental, moral and physical discipline, properly proportioned and judiciously taught, our Protestant schools and colleges for both sexes are infinitely superior to Roman Catholic institutions. This is admitted by unprejudiced Romanists, who avail themselves of their advantages for their children. The systems of the latter, like Romanism itself, are less adapted to free and intelligent minds, and if the Roman Catholic clergy would leave their *flocks* free to choose, our non-exclusive Protestant schools, would, no doubt, receive a large number of their pupils.

It is important that our schools should lack no advantage in comparison with Roman Catholic institutions, and that there should be no excuse whatever for attendance at schools, colleges and convents where Popish doctrines are instilled with French Grammar or Algebra, and systematic Popish conformity with painting and Berlin-wool work. That the Protestant schools and seminaries in Canada *for girls* are superior to similar Roman Catholic institutions, in so far as imparting a thorough general education is concerned, is self-evident; but it is clear they lack something which Convents supply. We purpose confining the rest of this paper to the question of Convent Education, in the hope that it may help to dissuade Protestant parents from the fashionable folly of educating and "finishing" their daughters at Convents.

The text books used in Protestant schools for girls are superior to those used in Convents;—they are chosen because of their adaptation and real

worth, not because of certain religious tenets contained therein : the instruction is more practical and progressive ; the teachers are more competent. What then do they lack in contrast with the Convent ? Let us examine the attractions of the latter to Protestant girls and parents, and some of the reasons given for preferring it to the excellent boarding schools and seminaries in our towns and cities. It is urged 1st. "*The Convent supplies first class education, and is much cheaper.*" We demur to both of these apologies, and with authority "which nobody can deny." We have been assured by a number of young ladies,—some of whom were Roman Catholics,—who have attended the Convent, that it does not afford a decent general education ; that it is radically defective in means and system of common education, and that in this respect it is a complete failure. We have had the opportunity personally of examining its educational system, and in our humble opinion consider it one that cannot possibly discipline and train the mind to the use of its own powers outside of the school ; that it is superficial in branches most needed for mental drill, and the ordinary uses of life ; that the all-pervading Romish atmosphere which is uppermost in every act from morn to night perverts the mind to the extent of clogging its activity and freedom. We would rather, too, have a child of ours a dunce than that she should have the religion of her fathers undermined ; a thousand times rather that she should be ignorant of the simplest "accomplishment" than that she should come home an apologist for nuns and nunneries. And looking at this first proposition, in a money point of view, and comparing Convent education with that obtained in first class Protestant schools, we honestly believe that six months at the latter is of more value to a girl, and better disciplines the mind than a year and a half at the former. 2nd. "*The seclusion of the Convent and the absence from the attractions of the city, predispose the mind to study.*" We have endeavoured to prove that the Convent is a failure as a secular educational institute, and if anything would strengthen our argument, it would be the very fact of this seclusion. The pale complexions of the teachers have a traditionary reputation, and are sufficient evidence of the effects of long confinement, and of that absence of freedom of action of body and mind, which man and woman must have to be healthy. The simplest laws of physiology condemn such seclusion ; and it is well known that no system of education is now considered commendable, without due regard is paid to systematic physical exercise,—not by sober walks, headed and flanked by nuns, but by a regular system of Gymnastics, and shorter hours of study, or sufficient incentive to the unrestrained exercise of the bodily powers in out door play. For women whose sphere of labor and whose ambition is confined to the walls of a convent, the secluded system may answer. Death to them is often a coveted blessing,—and they take an excellent way of inviting it. The mind of the present age is so enlightened on the subject of education that the old theory of monastic isolation is dissipated ; and it is now felt that the same difference exists between the pupil under the thumb of priest and nun, that there is between the flower growing in the sun exposed to the dews and rains of heaven, and the same flower in the cold shade.

The belief that Christian devotees should be secluded from the world, clustered together in special domiciles, is a superstition of the dark ages ; and however suited to men and women devoted to the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith is rather an arbitrary rule for pupils entrusted to their care. If a girl will be harmed, or her mind made less studious by the attractions of the city, the injury from confinement in a convent will certainly not be less severe, except her spirit be broken, or her mind imbued with a nunnery view of life.

3rd. "*Accomplishments are taught to greater perfection.*" This we must freely acknowledge, and the very fact of it being so is proof that they absorb more time than education proper, and that they are esteemed of more importance. The time for study is monopolized by the chapel, the rug, needle, and pencil; and substantial education is made secondary to prayers and accomplishments. The perfection is only attained by practice, as constant as possible; and the teachers aid their pupils so well, that the numerous works of art brought home are the best advertisements the convent can have. This last apology is a hard one to get over, for the fact is that our Protestant schools are deficient in the means and arrangements for teaching accomplishments; and as they constitute a part of a "finished" education, the convent will always be an attraction to some who cannot master these fine arts as well or as cheaply elsewhere. We cannot see, however, why a girl cannot devote a regular number of hours each day in her own home, to practising these accomplishments; and as competent teachers are not scarce there is no excuse but that of economy for looking to the convent for instruction.

Other apologies occur to us, but such are insignificant and easily demolished. But to our mind no apology can be offered consistent with Protestant principles. While we respect the virtues of the nuns, we must not forget that they directly represent the system of Popery—a sworn and restless enemy to our religion; and that no conquest is sweeter to their souls than the conversion of Protestant girls. The insidious manner in which this is often accomplished shows their diplomacy. It is all very well to say that they do not interfere with the religious convictions of their pupils, and it probably cannot be proved that they attempt any aggressive mode; but, the surroundings of the convent, the religious forms and ceremonies, and other quiet influences are brought to bear directly and indirectly upon the young mind in a manner not unacceptable as a novelty. But novelty often becomes second nature, and the Protestant parent who voluntarily surrenders his child to be trained by nuns, amid the exclusive surroundings of a Romish institute, need not wonder if she should afterwards have repugnance to the simple worship he taught her.

The danger, too, is that the pupils are of the sex most susceptible to sentimental impressions, and generally at an age when the mind is most open to novelty. They witness and participate in the idolatries of the Romish worship; form strong attachments for Roman Catholic girls whose example they respect. They become familiar with Popish prayers and cant, and spend their Sabbaths in a worship contrary to their creed and conscience; and being isolated from the domestic hearth and the influence of home and Protestant worship, cannot but be endangered. "Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?" The religious atmosphere tinges the mind and the heart, and colours the after life. Not only is a favourable opinion of the convent the result, but of the system of Romanism by which it is governed; and years afterwards the pupil may revert to these associations, and be so won by the remembrance as to return and take the veil. That this has often occurred is well known.

By sending their children to Convents to be educated, Protestants make an actual concession to Rome. They complain of the injustice of a tax which demands part of their money for the support of Roman Catholic schools, and yet they voluntarily contribute to Convents, that which should be given to Protestant educational institutes.

We have thus imperfectly tried to arouse attention to a subject of no small importance. The great attraction of the Convent seems to be the instruction in accomplishments which it imparts. How can we meet this demand in Protestant schools? The charges are so exorbitant in some of our first class schools, and accomplishments involve so many "extras" that they are virtually closed to a great many anxious to enter them. And it is a fact that the specimens of fine art there produced, as a rule, cannot bear comparison with those from the Convent. But on the other hand an ordinary pupil is turned out in six months better educated in sound learning than the average pupils of the convent in two years.

How would a Protestant institute similar—less its unobjectionable features—to the convent, work? One that would adopt its attractions, be more practical and systematic in its general education, and rank among its "accomplishments" *the culinary art*? There is no reason why such an institution should not succeed.

PASTORAL VISITING.

Rev. J. F. W. Ware talks in this pungent way about the faults of the people who exact pastoral calls of their minister, and then adopt methods which take heart out of the preacher, cheat his visits of all benefit, and nurture formalism and hypocrisy in their own souls. It is to be presumed that these are exceptional experiences even in his own city parish:

"In the city, more than in the country, but even there too much, clerical calling is too formal. And it is made so by the hostess, for host there is none. It is the minister who has come, and not the man. I remember once to have entered a room, through the windows of which I had seen the members of the family sewing, to find it empty. A glance showed me the work hid under a newspaper, on the piano, and flung under the sofa, the family in due time filing in in good order, and doing penance during my call—made justly brief—with empty hands and formal words. Once I found four people about a table, each pretending to be busy at something. I saw at a glance the truth. I looked about until I discovered the hidden "pack," and then drew it from its hiding place, put it upon the table, and requested them to finish their game; and once I let a man's hot punch gloriously cool because he chose to put it behind him where he couldn't see it, but I could, rather than own up like a man. Once, too, I detected grimaces in a truant glass as I came into the parlor, and I amused myself with the contrast between the truth of the looking-glass and the lie of the lip. I never called again. In the cities, ministers are kept waiting an unconscionable time, for no reason, and with no excuse offered. Instead of being treated with more ceremony, a minister should be treated with less. You say you want him to be your friend. Make some approach toward what you want yourself. You are the hostess. The guest will take his cue from you. Years ago, I went on a cold winter's day to see a good woman, doing her own work, who would persist in taking me into her parlor, in which there had not been a fire for months. A friend she would have welcomed to the kitchen at once, but I was the minister, and the parlor was none too good for me. I pleaded to go where we could be comfortable in each other's society, but she was inexorable. I had heard premonitory sounds from the busy stove, and soon, with a splutter and a sizzle, the house was filled with the smell of apple sauce boiled over, and the supper was spoiled. I always got a seat in the chimney-corner after that. Have less formality with your minister, and his calls will be pleasanter to you, and his coming again a pleasure to him and not a dread.—*Exchange*.

The Home Department.

UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.

It was a delicious autumn afternoon, and all the gay world of New York was abroad, arrayed like lilies of the field, on the promenade or the drive. A richly-attired young lady ran up the steps of an elegant mansion and pulled the bell.

"Miss Alison at home?" she asked of the servant who answered it.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man; "walk into the parlour, if you please, and I will take up your name."

"Oh, no, you need'nt trouble. I know she will see *me*; and I shall just run up to her room," said the young lady, and she tripped past the pompous waiter up the broad staircase, her silken flounces, puffs and sashes, rustling as she went, and knocked at the door of the young lady of the house.

"Come in," said a pleasant voice, and the visitor entered and rushed up to greet her friend with all the *effusiveness* so much in vogue.

"You must excuse my rushing right up to your room," she began at once; "but I positively could not wait another instant to see you after I heard that you had got back to town. It seems an *age* since we parted at Sharon, and I was telling mamma only the other day that I never had met any one whom I fell so in love with at first sight. I met young Cadwallader, your devoted, you know, at a *matinée* on Saturday, and he told me you had got home. This is only Monday, and here I am; is'nt this devotion? For I declined a drive in the Park behind those glorious bays of Colonel Hauton's, on purpose to come early, before you would get out.

"And how well you are looking," she rattled on again after a moment's pause for breath; "and what a lovely room you have. I thought mine was pretty, but yours is a thousand times handsomer. The effect of these rose-coloured hangings is delicious, so becoming to your brunette style. I expect they give me too much color, being a blonde, you know;" and the pretty, giddy young creature glanced coquettishly into the great mirror, and tossed back the long, fair tress which floated half curled over her dainty shoulder.

"But what in this world are you doing, may I ask?" she began again in a tone of consternation, her roving attention having been just arrested by her hostess' occupation. "You don't mean to say that *you*, Miss Alison—the belle, the heiress, the topmost layer of the *crème de la crème*—*alter your own dresses!*"

These last words were brought out in such a low, prolonged tone of horror, that the lady addressed could not refrain from a burst of amused laughter, though there still lingered on her cheek the faint flush of annoyance which had dawned there at the unceremonious intrusion of a mere watering-place acquaintance into her own special apartment.

"I am sorry if you are shocked, Miss Seymour," she replied in a self-possessed and still amused tone, "but I really do, sometimes."

"Oh, please don't call me Miss Seymour; you called me Rose once at Sharon, don't you remember, and it made me so happy. And don't be offended, but I really am overwhelmed. You, who set all the girls nearly mad with envy of your elegant toilettes—you are surely never going to wear this again?" and she took up in her daintily-kidded fingers some breadths of merino, faded in some places, and worn in others, which lay across Miss Alison's lap.

The girl was so young, so sincere in her devotion, and so evidently innocent of any presumption in her childlike persistence, that Miss Alison could not assume with her the stately dignity with which she would have met some people's impertinence. So she answered pleasantly,

"No, I don't think I shall ever wear this dress again, though it was once a favourite wrapper. If you notice, you will see. I could hardly get into it in its present shape." And she held up the waist, which had evidently been made over for a child.

"Oh, I see. You are altering it for a little girl. But you wouldn't let your sister wear second-hand dresses; and besides, you have no little sisters. Ah, I understand—some little cousin—poor relations. They're the torment of *my* life, but I didn't dream *you* had any. I thought the Alisons were blue blood, and rolling in wealth, all the way back as far as any one ever heard of them."

Miss Alison laughed again. "I don't know but that the Alison blood is the same color as other people's; I never noticed any difference," she said; "though we have no relatives who need our assistance that I know of. If we had, I don't think they would be the bane of my life. I think it would be a great interest and occupation to me to help them."

"Would it, really?" said her young visitor in a surprised tone. "I never thought of such a thing. It is always a horrid bore to me when aunt Emily comes to make one of her long visitations. She's a widow with ever so many children, and her husband was a grand scamp, and run through all her property, and papa has to help her, you know; and mamma and I give her our dresses when we have done with them. And that brings me to what we were talking of. Why in the world do you sit here poking over those old-things, when everybody else is out this lovely afternoon."

Miss Alison paused before speaking. "Should she unveil her heart," she thought, "before this thoughtless girl, and shew her the motive principle of her life? Was it worth while? Could she understand—appreciate it? She would risk it. The young creature had taken a strange fancy to her; she was responsible for her influence, and she might win in her another labourer for her Master's work." So she said gravely and softly "Rose!" and the young girl coloured with pleasure at the kindly familiar tone.

"Rose, you know—everybody knows—that there are plenty of poor people in the world; wretched, starving, *wicked*, poor people, some of them, I grant you, though we are none the less bound to help them; for which of us can say *we* should not be wicked too if we had been born and bred as they? But there is another kind of poor people for whom my heart has always gone out in sympathy. Decent mothers of families, who strive to bring up their little ones respectably, and pinch and save and stint to save them from going in indecent rags, and to provide them with clothing fit to wear to church and to Sabbath-school. I know more than one family of this sort through my class in Sabbath-school, and it is for *them* I alter my old dresses. True, I might give them to them just as they are; but think how little time these poor hard-working women have, and how *much* we have. What a world of trouble it saves their poor, botching fingers, roughened by the wash-board, to have a garment brought them all ready fitted to their child, and how it proves to them that we whom God has seen fit to bless with wealth, *really* feel for them and want to help them. Ah, Rose, if you could go with me sometimes, and see what *I* have seen, you would never want to touch a piece of fancy-work again, unless of an evening in the drawing-room. You would find such sweet

reward in those poor creatures' joyful thanks, that it would make you happy to spend your leisure hours as I do, in helping those who try so hard to help themselves."

Miss Alison spoke eagerly, warmly, and her young visitor listened, amazed, admiring, touched to tears.

"And this is Miss Alison, the toast of the season, everywhere," she said drawing a long breath. "I know now why it was I worshipped you so from the first. Others were beautiful and fascinating, but you, you were different. You are like a sermon I heard once, and I did not believe it possible. It was about keeping one's self unspotted from the world. Oh, won't you let me be your friend in real truth, and teach me to grow like you?"

And the gay, giddy girl drew near the beautiful Christian lady, and hid her tears upon her shoulder.

"Nay my child not like *me*, but like Christ. He is the great pattern for us all, rich and poor. Yes, we will be friends together in Him, and *He* will help us, since we must be *in* the world, not to be entirely *of* the world.—*American Messenger.*

WEDDED FOR HEAVEN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Next to choosing the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and guide, the most important choice a young man can make is that of a wife. Yet this most eventful step is too often regarded from first to last in the most trivial aspect. With many it is the merest matter of fancy or boyish caprice.

With what a rash recklessness do millions rush into the momentous engagements that yield their inevitable retribution of domestic misery. How few seek by prayer for Divine guidance when choosing the companion of their heart, their home, their destiny! Far oftener we fear, is it passion than prayer that controls this great decision. The gratification of a fancy, the excitement of a courtship, and the frolic of a wedding are frequently the only preparations for the serious realities of wedded life.

The admirable Philip Henry of Broad Oaks, England, sought the hand of an only daughter in a somewhat prominent family. Her father said to her, "This young man seems to be an excellent preacher, but I do not know whence he came." "True," replied the daughter; "but I know where he is going, and I want to go along with him." The marriage proved eminently happy, and one of their children was the famous commentator. When his own son Matthew, and his daughters, asked his consent to their marriage, he said, "Please God, and please yourselves, and then you will be sure to please me." At their wedding he saluted them with a fatherly kiss, and said, "Other people wish you much happiness, but I wish you much holiness; if you have that you are certain to be happy."

No two steps in a man's life are so solemn as those which join him to a wife. It has often proved a "saving ordinance" to those who had no other tie to Christianity. The men whom a wise marriage has saved (with God's blessing) are innumerable. The men whom a reckless, wretched marriage has ruined—are their histories not written in the "Book of the Chronicles" of prayerless homes and impenitent death-beds?

"Rebekah," said a dying husband to the wife bent over him in remorseful agony, "Rebekah, I am a lost man. You opposed our family worship and my secret prayer—You drew me away into temptation, and to neglect every reli-

gious duty. I believe my fate is sealed. Rebekah, you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." Terrible in eternity will be the ruin of those who helped each other on the downward road, partners in impiety, and wedded for perdition.

On the other hand, many a man has owed his conversion to the steadfast, noble, attractive godliness of a praying wife. "I never doubted the immediate answer of a prayer since the conversion of my husband," said a devoted Christian once to her pastor. He had long been a stranger to God, and bitter in his opposition to the Gospel. During a powerful revival in the church she attended a morning prayer meeting. This annoyed him, and he denounced it as a waste of time and forbade her to go again. Next morning she came down with her bonnet to go to the meeting. He sternly said, "If you dare to go, you will be sorry for it." She could not speak; the rudeness of her husband crushed her into silence. But she determined not to retreat; and when she had reached the meeting she could only bow her face on the desk before her and pour forth her tears and prayers for the obdurate heart she had left behind her; there was certainly one praying woman in that gathering.

When evening came, the kind wife put away the children in the crib, took her needle, and sat by the fire. Presently the husband came in. "Wife, are you going to meeting to-night?" "No," she replied, gently, "I thought I would stay at home with you." He sat awhile in guilty silence; the fire burned brightly in the grate, and a hotter fire burned in the poor fellow's heart. "Wife," he exclaimed, "I can't stand this any longer. The words I spoke this morning to you have tormented me all day. I can't get peace till you have forgiven me and prayed for me. Won't you pray for me? Oh what a life I have led!" They knelt together. That night shall I remember through eternity, said the happy woman afterward. There was no sleep for us that night. Before the dawn of day peace dawned upon his soul, we went to morning meeting together, and he rose and confessed Jesus as his Redeemer. That man walked faithfully with God ever after; from that memorable day they two were wedded for heaven.

Happy are they who, like Aquilla and Priscilla, are united in the Lord! Happy are they who walk the life journey all the safer and happier for walking it hand in hand, keeping step to the voice of duty and of God. Wedded in time, they are wedded for heaven; and will sit down together, with exquisite rapture at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

It is estimated by the most reliable statistical authorities that the population of the earth is 1,300,000,000. Of this number, 965,000,000 are Jews, nominal Christians in Asia, Mohammedans, and Pagans. To enlighten these dark and dying multitudes, there are 48 Protestant missionary societies among American, British, and Continental Christians, who have in the heathen world 9,418 missionary preachers, colporteurs, and assistants, under whose care are 518,000 converted heathen communicants, with 235,000 pupils in school. The annual income of all these societies is only \$4,500,000—but a small fraction of the immense wealth held by those who profess supreme love to Him who died to save the lost world. It is a serious question whether the followers of Christ begin to realize their responsibility in fulfilling the last commission of their Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Some of the bodies of Christians, though comparatively weak and small, are doing much more in proportion to their numbers and ability than are the

larger and more wealthy. The zeal and activity of the Moravians in the work of foreign missions is shown in the fact that their 87 churches, with an aggregate membership of less than 13,000 communicants, sustain 87 stations, with 1,430 laborers, and last year raised, from their own members and from other sources, 320,000 German dollars for their support, or about 18 American dollars a member.

What would be the results, if the members of other churches should show a like liberality? If the Baptists in this country should contribute in equal proportion, they would have to raise \$19,800,000 a year to send the gospel to the heathen. The Congregationalists would have to raise \$4,824,000; the Episcopalians, \$3,204,000; the Methodists, \$20,610,000; the Presbyterians, Old and New School, \$7,578,000; and the Reformed (Dutch) \$1,044,000. This would secure an annual aggregate of over *fifty-seven million dollars* contributed by professing Christians in this country for the spread of the gospel over the world. Who can say that this would be more than their share? And who can estimate the vast results that, without doubt, would flow from the annual devotion of these millions to the extension of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world.—*American Messenger*.

BAPTIST CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

"The English *Spectator* recently asked the question: "Is it or is it not true that, while Mr. Spurgeon could ask the Dean of Canterbury to preach in his tabernacle, he could not give him the sacrament under pain of instant expulsion?" In reply, a Baptist thus instructs the ignorance of the *Spectator*: "I am happy in being able to reply, in terms of your question, 'that it is not true.' The communion-table at the Tabernacle, and in a multitude of Baptist churches besides, would be as open to the dean as the pulpit; and there is no authority, either secular or sacred, that would dream of visiting with 'expulsion' the Baptist minister who might so construe the rule of christian brotherhood. It is not to be denied, of course, that many Baptists still hold the ritualistic theory of the necessity of baptism by immersion, on a profession of faith, as a preliminary to communion at the Lord's table. But the chief culture, intelligence, and influence of the body—probably also the numerical superiority—are on the other side; the belief being constantly avowed and acted upon that nothing should be imposed as a term of communion which is not also a term of salvation, and that the man who is good enough for Christ is good enough for Christ's church."

SARAH, AND THE PIECE OF CALICO.

"I shall never forget," said a lady one day to me, "my first, and I think I may justly say, my last theft." I entreated her to tell me the circumstances, which she did, and I will try to tell them to you as nearly in her own language as my memory will allow.

When I was between seven and eight years old, I went to a day-school in the neighborhood; and nearly every morning, on my way there, I used to step in at Mrs. Bennett's, to see her little girl, Lizzie, a darling child, about three years old.

One morning, I found Mrs. Bennett making a dress for Lizzie, of the most beautiful calico. I thought it the prettiest I had ever seen. I had read about fairies, princes, and genii, and I thought it must have taken many of

those fabulous beings to have composed and created such a lovely fabric. I wished I had a piece of it to put in a patch work quilt which I was making; but did not like to ask for any.

Oh, how pretty it was! the longing grew intense. Mrs. Bennett's back was turned. I picked up a three cornered piece from the floor, and hid it in my bosom.

In two or three minutes I was on my way to school, every now and then looking at my beautiful calico, and thinking how cleverly I had managed to get it. But all at once it struck me that I had stolen it! and I began to feel very badly. At school I couldn't attend to my lessons; there seemed to be great lumps in my throat, and the tri-cornered piece of calico, in my bosom, felt as if it were piercing me with every point.

My teacher asked me if I felt sick. I was going to reply "Yes," but fortunately I thought in time: "No, I will not tell a lie, besides stealing." So I answered that I felt badly.

She very kindly told me to go out in the play-ground for a little while. Oh, how I wished she had not been so kind. I said to myself, "If she only knew what a wicked girl I was, would she speak to me again?"

I went out, and determined to get rid of the calico; but where to put it! Everybody would be sure to see it, and know I stole it. I spied a hole in a post, and thought that would do for a hiding-place. I squeezed it in, and fancied that I felt happier; but the bright and beautiful colors haunted me yet. The children would see it. I must find some more secure place. I got it again, and tried to chew and swallow it. But it would not do. Oh, how wretched I was beginning to feel!

On my way from school, I had to cross a bridge over a running stream of water, and there I thought I could get rid of it. I threw it over, and watched it slowly floating along. Now it whirled in a little eddy; and now came swimming back again.

Would it never float out of sight? and if it did, where would it go?

Wouldn't it be sure to float right in front of some one who would know that it was Mrs. Bennett's calico, and that I had stole it?

While I leaned over the bridge, and watched it with all the agony of childish remorse, it caught against the root of a bush which grew upon the bank. Yes, there it stuck, where every one would see it. I was sure they couldn't and wouldn't see anything else. I heard waggon wheels coming—coming towards the bridge.

I felt certain that Mrs. Bennett was in that waggon, and all my uncles and aunts, and playmates, and every one that knew me. They would all see the calico, and know I had been stealing. I climbed over the bridge at the risk of breaking my neck, crept down the bank, and hid until the waggon had passed.

When all was quiet, I came out of my lurking place and tried to reach the calico; but my arm was too short. I took off my shoes and stockings. Oh, if any one should see me now! With a desperate effort I reached the calico. But what should I do with it now I had got it! While putting on my shoes and stockings I determined what to do. I ran along towards home. I reached Mrs. Bennett's. She was sitting near the open window. I opened the gate, went up to the window, threw in the piece of calico, and was running away when she called after me.

"Sarah, my dear child, what ails you?" I hardly dared to turn back; but she called again. I went in slowly.

"Why, Sarah, what is the matter with you? You look quite pale. What did you throw the piece of calico in the window for?"

"I stole it!" said I desperately, expecting that she would tell me never to come into her house any more; that she couldn't have such a wicked girl play with her dear Lizzie. She put down her work, laid hold of my hand, drew me towards her, put her arm around me, and said pitying, "*My poor child!*" I had not shed a tear all the day; but my head felt as if it would split, and my throat ached. Those three words opened the flood gates of my poor little heart. I leaned my head on her bosom, and burst into tears. "Sarah, dear," she said, as she held me close to her, "tell me all about it."

I did tell her, and my heart grew lighter and lighter. When I had finished she said, "I am sure I need not say a word to add to your sorrow; you have suffered enough to-day, and I don't think you will ever be tempted to be dishonest again. Take some of these pieces of calico and put them in your patch-work, and whenever you see them remember this day." My own children now sleep under the bed quilt which I was then making. And the brilliant pieces of calico *given* me that day by Mrs. Bennett, and which I placed conspicuously in it, are to them and me silent but unfailing monitors.

Quick as the apple of mine eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

O may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

FOR THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

FOR-EVER.

For-ever and forever, I have sought to sound thy depth
By seeking kindred mysteries o'er all the spacious earth;
And dreaming till my dizzy brain grew sick with wond'ring pain,
Yet coming back for ever unsatisfied again.

I have thought if all the sunbeams imprisoned in the sun
Were taken from his quiver, and scattered one by one;
Or every grain of shining sand, by every sounding sea,
Were gathered up and reckoned, had we not fathomed thee?
Then I have paused and pondered, and lingered o'er thy name,
And found thee fathomless, for ever still the same.

I have watched the heavens stretching, so blue, so wide, so deep,
With all the myriad glittering gems that in their bosom sleep;
A myriad piled on myriads clustering, as thickly strown
As sparkling sands that thirsty winds in shining heaps have blown;
I have thought if each were named, and numbered one by one,
When each was called and added forever must be run.
No! infinite for-ever, thou wouldst be but begun!

For-ever and for ever! I cannot sound thy depth;
I have no line to measure thee in this short changing earth,
No words to speak thy meaning, to grasp thy mystery,
No thought so deep as fathom thee, mist of eternity!

Yet at times in thoughts like these, I have seemed to catch a gleam
 Of the awful depth of mystery the wondrous words might mean ;
 In the starry heavens at mid-night, or the boundless surging sea,
 I have caught a glance, a trembling glance, of something like to thee.
 But ever when I sought to catch a clearer brighter ray,
 Thy swelling billows rose and swept the likeness clean away.

For earth has no forever ; all have an ending here ;
 Seasons and scenes must ever change with every passing year.
 There is no resting peacefully, no lasting sure repose ;
 The sweetest things we ever dream come swiftest to a close.
 How could I think to fathom thee, to estimate thy worth,
 Whilst thou art of the infinite, and I upon the earth ?

Forever and forever ! None but God truly knows
 What essence of eternity in thy deep ocean flows.
 Backwards through dim dark ages, ere first creation leapt
 Up-lifted from the mystic gates that night and chaos kept ;
 Or ever angel choirs had learned their sinless ceaseless song,
 Thou, God, from everlasting, in silence dwelt alone :—

In silence dwelt alone, yet never didst Thou feel
 Shadow of lonely longing over thy brightness steal,
 Yearning for other blessedness, having in thy sole self
 All boundless magnitude of living wealth.

And when at first the human soul its wondrous being knew,
 T'was a breath from everlasting that on the spirit blew ;
 T'was water from the living fount that mingled with the clay,
 And where it fell the flood of life hath never ebbed away ;
 Nor ever shall, forever and for-ever still the same,
 Yet none but Thou, O God, doth know the fulness of the name.

Hamilton, Feb. 4th, 1869.

KATE PULLAR.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be ;
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea ?

If we knew the baby fingers
 Pressed against the window-pane
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow,
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now ?

Ah, these little ice cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair
 As when Winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
 Never blossomed in such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to day;
 And sweet words that freight our memory
 With their beautiful perfume,
 Come to us in sweeter accents
 Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.

Literary Notices.

The *Evangelical Magazine* is now conducted by Rev. J. Spence D. D., in succession to Rev. Dr. Stoughton. His graceful, scholarly pen will be well suited to the task.

Every recent collection of hymns contains some written by Rev. J. S. Moncell, LL.D. He is a very High Churchman, but this has not prevented his production of sacred lyrics which all Christians can sing with pleasure and profit. A collection of these has been published under the title of *Spiritual Songs* for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the year. (Longmans, Revised Edition, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.)

Rev. J. C. Ryle has written a new book,—*The Christian Leaders of the last Century*:—or England a hundred years ago. (London: T. Nelson and Sons, Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.) It contains, besides a sketch of the condition of England at the time, accounts of the lives and labours of Whitfield, Wesley,

Grimshaw, Romaine, Rowlands and others. A capital subject in the hands of a sympathetic and graphic writer. The same ground has been recently traversed in some of the lifelike stories of Mrs. Charles, (authoress of *The "Schomberg-Cotta Family,"*) and in separate memoirs. But we do not know of any publication which treats of the whole subject in one volume. Dr. Abel Stevens' *History of Methodism* is comprehensive in its spirit, but is of course specially devoted to teaching the origin of his own denomination. We hope that Mr. Ryle has kept clear of the too common sectarian ignoring of Dissenting evangelists.

Of late years, when the materials at the command of scholars have been so much more ample than formerly, and the work of authorship has needed to be more thoroughly done, the old fashion of writing a commentary on the whole Bible or a Universal History has given place to the better one of taking one or a few books of Scripture in the one case, and a limited period or even a salient personage in the other. The latter plan—dealing with the "Life and Times" of a celebrated character—gives opportunity for a certain dramatic unity of representation, while it also allows a pretty wide sweep of view over the period. This method of treatment is adopted in *The Life and Times of St. Bernard*, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1109,—1153, by Jas. Cotter Morison, M.A., (London: Macmillan,) of which a new edition has recently been published. He has an admirable subject, and has treated it with much ability.

The Inquisition of the Church of Rome has a name of most dismal but perhaps of as dim suggestiveness to Protestant ears. How many of our readers, whom it makes to shudder with the remembrance of secret tribunals, unseen witnesses, tortures, imprisonments and cruel murders, could answer such questions as, When was it established? How was it conducted? and, How has it been gradually suppressed? For the benefit of those who wish to inform themselves on these points, we refer to a *History of the Inquisition*, from the Twelfth Century to the present time, written by the Rev. Dr. Rule, and published at the Wesleyan Book Room, England. Some writer speaks of a "soul of goodness in things evil;" but we doubt greatly that the author has been able to find such a soul in that "infernal machine" of persecution.

Many of our readers in the Eastern Townships and Montreal will remember the visit paid them, not long since, by Rev. M. A. Sherring, of the London Missionary Society, a kinsman of Rev. D. Dunkerley. Mr. S. has just returned to India, but before doing so published (London: Trubner & Co.) *The Sacred City of the Hindus*: an account of Benares in Ancient and Modern Times, with an Introduction by Dr. Fitzedward Hall of Oxford. We well remember hearing Dr. Duff's brilliant description of Benares, the very focus of Hindu idolatry, of the gorgeousness and wealth of its temples, and the delirious fanaticism of their votaries. The present volume is evidently not the production of a well-meaning yet ill-instructed missionary,—but a specimen of the higher class of the literature of missions; embodying the results of the researches of a scholarly resident on the spot for many years into the ancient faiths of the people, with the conflicts between Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mahomedanism.

We always want to read anything that comes from the pen of Rev. B. F. Wescott, B.D. He is a worthy member of that succession of Christian scholars who have been the glory of the Church of England. Fulness and accuracy

of knowledge, courageous truthfulness and candour, exquisite finish of style, and manly devoutness of tone, characterise this school of authors. Mr. Westcott, for fifteen years a Master at Harrow School, now fitly promoted to a canonry, has already written an "Introduction to the Gospels," a "History of the Canon," and "The Gospel of the Resurrection," besides a number of valuable contributions to Biblical Cyclopedias, &c. His latest work is *A General View of the History of the English Bible*, (Macmillan,) which will be found a valuable addition to the standard work of Dr. Christopher Anderson—"Annals of the English Bible." In these days of clamour for a revision, it is well to know what good reason we have to trust our Old English Bible, on the whole, while quite prepared to accept any *real* improvements in the authorised version.

Our old friend, Rev. J. Cunningham Geikie, (as he now styles himself,) has issued another book, *Life : a book for a Quiet Hour*, (London : Stevens & Haynes,) of which the *British Quarterly Review* speaks very warmly and the *Saturday Review* very bitterly. Pretty good proof, both these, that there is something in it.

Children in the Temple is the title of a book by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, of Connecticut, a man in the front rank of Sunday School workers. (Springfield, Mass. : Holland. \$1.50.) It is a Hand-Book for the Sunday School Concert and Guide for the Children's Preacher, and contains examples of all the public services of the School, plans of sermons to children, and other matter of the same kind, selected from various sources as well as original.

A man now-a-days, who wishes to furnish himself with a Biblical Dictionary of the fullest kind, has some difficulty in choosing from a "wilderness of sweets." Alexander's Kitto, Smith, and Fairbairn, among British publications, have their special excellences. An American edition of Smith, by Rev. S. W. Barnum, (unfortunate name!) claims some improvements. And the Harpers are now publishing a *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature*, edited, from the Methodist point of view, but fairly, by Drs. McClintock and Strong. The plan of this work is more comprehensive than that of the others. Only two volumes have yet appeared. The work will be large and costly.

While some persons are always glad to have a fling at the New England Puritans, there are others—and we confess ourselves among them—who are jealous of their fame. The genius and popularity of Longfellow have lately called the attention of many to the sad episode of the execution of the Witches at Salem. In vindication of those who were active in their prosecution, Mr. Rowland H. Allen has issued *The New England Tragedies in Prose*, (Boston : Nichols & Noyes, \$1.25,) which also shows how the early Quakers rendered themselves justly obnoxious to the founders of the Colonies.

Any of our readers who wish to see how the Ritualists "run down" the Reformation and the Reformers, may gratify their curiosity by perusing *The Reformation of the Church of England; its History, Principles and Results*. (A.D. 1514–1547.) By Rev. J. H. Blunt. (London : Rivingtons.)—Of course the Reformers were but mortal men; and many a base element—personal and political—mingled in the strife. But look on the other side! This idol of a

one continuous Church, in unbroken succession of orders, requires costly sacrifices of the truth of history as well as of Scripture doctrine.

The seventh edition of Winer's *Grammar of the Idiom of the New Testament* (Andover: Draper) embodies the last improvements from the lamented author's hand. We need not say that this is *the* book on its subject.

A new book on Metaphysics—*The Human Intellect*, by Professor Porter of Yule College, has attracted much attention. Dr. McCush has reviewed it favourably in the N. Y. *Independent*.

Aspiring authors, beware! "It is said that out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show substantial gains."

Some of the titles of sermons in the 17th and 18th centuries surpass those of the present sensational period. For instance, "Some fine Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation;" "The Church's Bowel Complaint;" "The Snuffers of Divine Love;" "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Church sneeze with Devotion;" "The Nail hit on the Head;" "The Wheel Turned;" "The Divine Lanthorne;" "The Best Fee Simple;" "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace;" "A Divine Balance to weigh Religious Fasts in;" "A Cluster of Grapes taken out of the Basket of the Canaanitish Woman;" "Matches lighted at the Divine Fire;" "The Gun of Penitence."

The Christian at Work is the taking title of a new monthly periodical, to be published by H. W. Adams, 735 Broadway, New York, and edited by Dr. Waterbury. Price 60c. a year, 10 copies for \$5, and so on to 100 for \$35. The departments are, "Mission Schools and Institutions," "Evangelization of Masses," "Y. M. C. A.," "Parish Work," "Sunday Schools," "The American Christian Commission," "Woman's Work," "Neglected Children," "The Outcast and Fallen," "Prayer Meetings," "Temperance." Dr. Duryea, Dr. Budington, Rev. S. H. Tyng, jun., and other eminent men of different bodies, are announced as "editorial contributors."

The lovers of good men, of biographies, and of the Olney Hymns—and are they not a numerous host?—will be pleased to hear of a new life of Rev. John Newton, published by the London Tract Society, under the editorship of Rev. Joseph Bull. A recent discovered Diary, kept by Mr. Newton for fifty-seven years, with other valuable documents, has led to the preparation of this new memoir. He was a man whose name should be had in everlasting remembrance; in his youth a prodigal and slave-trader, yet carrying about with him a sharply accusing conscience; converted to God after a hard struggle; devoting himself to the ministry in the Church of England, (though at first, it seems, having offered himself to the Dissenters,) and preaching the Gospel purely when there were few to do so; a skilful dealer with perplexed consciences, by tongue and pen; the pastor and friend of William Cowper; and the writer, with him, of the Olney Hymns, many of which are found in every modern collection; he had many titles to the fuller commemoration he has now received.

British and Foreign Record.

The leaven of church freedom is working very powerfully in the "lump" of the English Establishment. The Ritualists writhe in their chains, but the excesses to which they may still go, within the letter of the law, shock not only sound Protestant feeling but the sense of honesty in even untheological men. To deny and spit upon the name Protestant, while retaining English benefices, is too much for minds unwarped by Jesuitical sophistries. All parties are now talking about the contingency of disestablishment, the first step towards the realisation of the thing itself; and it is surprising with what rapidity one after another of the clearest thinkers comes to look the matter in the face, and having done so, to say, "Why, it wouldn't be such a terrible thing, after all!"

Religious liberty in Spain, is not to be achieved without a contest, it seems. Where has it been? and how could it be in that last strong hold of tyranny? The Spanish *ladies* (!) under the instigation of the priests, have sent in a petition to the Cortes. In the end, however, Spain must follow the example of France, Italy and Austria.

Trite as the theme has now become, we cannot refrain from uttering one word of lamentation and warning over the terrible developments in the case of Overend, Gurney, & Co. But how can we do it in words more fitting than those of inspiration? "They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

The Irish bishops have been refused the permission of the Crown, to hold meetings of convocation, in which merely themselves and the clergy are represented. Now they declare themselves ready to consult with their clergy *and the laity*, as soon as the latter can devise in each diocese a mode in which they can best be heard by their representatives. How slowly, stiffly and timidly do the long manacled limbs of these bondsmen move. But the first step taken, all the rest will be easy. It has to be done, and it will be done; and we shall see the aforetime lame man who was asking an alms, walking and leaping and praising God.

The local money-bags—unknown abroad—who defeated Mr. Miall at Bradford, has been unseated, and there is a prospect that the editor of the *Nonconformist* will assist in the Irish church debates, after all. No man in the kingdom has a better right to be there than he.

Sir J. D. Coleridge, now Solicitor-General, has again brought forward his Bill for abolishing University Tests. The last Cambridge examinations furnish another argument for the measure. The senior wrangler is a Jew, and there are other nonconformists high on the list.

DEATH OF MR. R. G. PARDEE.—We regret exceedingly to have to announce the death of Mr Pardee, the renowned, and eminently useful labourer in the cause of Sabbath Schools. Mr. Pardee, as most of our readers probably know, was formerly a country merchant, but many years ago gave up business and devoted his time and energies to Sunday-school work. With this object he visited all parts of the United States, and several times, at the solicitation of the friends of the cause, attended our Provincial Sabbath School Conventions, and contributed much to their success by his wise counsels and eloquent addresses. The funeral of Mr. Pardee took place at the Broadway Tabernacle on Saturday, February 13, with impressive and solemn services, in the presence of a large assembly of friends, to whom he was endeared by his many virtues and estimable qualities.

COVENANT BAND.—The young men of the congregation of the First Baptist Church, Troy, N. Y., have a "Covenant Band," which was organized in 1863, and originated in the conviction that the ordinary measures adopted for cultivating the piety and usefulness of the younger members of the church and congregation are inefficient. The members pledge themselves to form personal acquaintance and promote mutual confidence, to sustain the regular meetings of the church, co-operate with its plan of systematic benevolence, and in all its religious activities, and especially to labor for the interests of the young men of the church and congregation; to sustain a religious meeting weekly; to attend on members when sick, etc.

We commend the foregoing item to the attention of the young men in all our churches, with the desire, not of encouraging the formation of such "Bands," but rather to ask the question what *church membership* means, if it does not involve the very obligations and duties assumed by the young men who have thus organized themselves? Are we henceforth to have "active" and "sleeping" partnership in the Kingdom of Christ?

CONVENT EDUCATION.—One of the Roman Catholic priests has recently stated in public that of the children of Protestants educated in Roman Catholic schools in the country seven out of every ten become Roman Catholics.—*Am. Paper.*

SISTERHOODS AND GUILDS.—The Sisterhood of St. Mary is an Episcopal High Church organization, which has been in existence in this city for four years. It consists of three orders of sisters, living in community and rigidly observing the rules of their order; associate sisters who are unable to live in community, but who do so whenever they have the opportunity, and who are bound by less strict rules than the sisters; and associates who, having domestic ties, are nevertheless desirous of labouring among the poor, and gladly avail themselves of the advantages and assistance to be derived from working in connection with, and under the guidance of, the Sisters. The Sisterhood, which now comprises twenty sisters of the first order, is entirely directed and governed by a Mother Superior. Bishop Potter is the visitor, and Rev. Morgan Dix is the chaplain. The Bishops of Florida, Tennessee, and one of our missionary Bishops, are said to be desirous to introduce this Sisterhood as soon as possible into their dioceses.—*N. Y. Paper.*

MARIOLATRY.—The unmoving and stolid conservatism of Romanism, and its thorough cherishing, in the light of this nineteenth century, of its old medieval nonsense, is strikingly evinced by a fact which Rev. Dr. Trumbull writes from Valparaiso. It seems they have just been electing a "Patron" for that city. The candidates nominated were Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary. Popular suffrage was called for, with the result of about 19,000 votes for the Saviour, and about 4,000 for the Virgin, with about 400 "scattering." This result of the people's election requires, first the sanction of the Prelate of that jurisdiction, and finally that of the Pope. Conceive of people's busying themselves—as a

serious matter involving time, toil and trouble—with such an affair; while a world of stern realities presses itself upon them, to demand every waiting thought?—*Congregationalist.*

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION is in trouble. That Society, now twenty years old, and charged with a work as important as any in the world, has all its life been languishing for lack of public interest and confidence. Within a year or two, great efforts have been made, and not in vain, to revive and invigorate it. But just now, a member of the Board of Directors (Dr. Bacon, pastor of the New England Church in Brooklyn, and a most convenient person to have in such a corporation) comes out in an article in *Putnam*, and charges the Society with having published certain falsehoods, forgeries and other scandals, in their anti-popery zeal, which he calls on them publicly to retract and repudiate. The Board has adopted resolutions appointing a Committee of six to deal with the matter.

Correspondence.

THE REVIVAL IN GALT.

DEAR INDEPENDENT,—Having been intimately acquainted with the religious awakening in the Town of Galt, that has continued from last September and is still in progress, a few remarks may interest your readers, and in the hands of Him who evidently presides here directing this work, become the means of kindling the flame in other localities.

ITS COMMENCEMENT.

So far as man can judge, it originated as follows. Some time during last September, a young Scotchman, Mr. Douglas Russell, but a few months out from Scotland, and on his way to Chicago, called at Galt. He visited the Y. M. C. Association, addressed the meeting, and announced that he would preach on the next Sabbath afternoon in the square. It was announced in the churches in the morning, and three or four hundred people gathered to hear him. The audience was made up principally of church-going people, not the outcasts of back lanes and alleys, for of such there are but few in Galt, but hearers of the Word. There Christ was held up, and some men drawn towards Him, if not unto Him. The following evening Mr. Russell addressed a meeting at the Association Rooms, and was prevailed upon to waive his departure next morning, and to preach the following evening in the New Connexion Methodist Chapel where more could be accommodated than at the above named place. Again he was prevailed upon to stay for another night, and another, until speaker and hearers were engaged in a work, the result of which were neither seen nor conjectured even. The attendance gradually increased, and as the interest deepened, the ordinary services of preaching, praise, and prayer, were supplemented by an "enquiry meeting," which was opened immediately after the preaching closed, and to which all wishing conversation on religious subjects were invited. The "enquiry meeting" was a new feature to most people here, and rather cautiously approached. But a few who had become sufficiently sensible of their need of Christ, to be willing to meet Him any where, braved the prospect of "telling their religious experience" and other imaginary difficulties, and found Him their souls yearned after, and others followed their example, and soon the invitation became gene-

rally accepted. After the meetings had continued about two weeks, Mr. Carroll, also of Scotland, a Christian brother and companion of Mr. Russell, came to his aid. Both were anxious to reach Chicago during the autumn to secure business employments, but their services were needed here. The meetings grew beyond the capacity of the chapel. The Rev. J. K. Smith of Knox's Church, having attended the meetings, and being persuaded of the character of the work, his church was offered, being the largest in Galt, and more easily ventilated than the M.N.C. chapel. The Rev. Mr. Grandy, pastor of the congregation worshipping in the chapel, and who had been identified with the movement from the beginning, together with his people, heartily concurred in the proposal to change the place of meeting, and free from sectional jealousy, assembled with these gentlemen in Knox's Church. Services were held in the church every evening, and in the Town Hall on Sabbath afternoons. The Hall accommodates at least eight hundred people, and was filled from the first with earnest and interested hearers.

The evening meeting in Knox's Church rapidly increased in interest, the Rev. Messrs. Smith and Grandy uniting heartily with the two evangelists, in exhorting the people, and conversing with the enquirers whose number increased every night. The services of these gentlemen, were supplemented also by an army of young believers, who having tasted the heavenly gift of the grace of God, began preaching Christ to their companions.

After several weeks of severe toil Mr. Carroll left us, and proceeded to London, leaving his co-labourer Mr. Russell, together with the above named ministers, to prosecute the work. And the work was prosecuted, and prospered mightily, and still prospers. Mr. Russell continued his labours until December, then left for London, where his brother had been preaching one week. To leave these young brethren was a very sore trial to those whom, in the hands of God, they had been the means of awakening to a sense of their spiritual condition, and many of whom, not knowing God's plans, and being weak in the faith, feared for the work's sake. But furnished workmen were already in the field, and the work has gone on uninterrupted.

ITS EXTENT.

For eight or ten weeks Knox's Church has been filled every evening, and on many occasions crowded to its utmost capacity, the vestry, aisles, doorways, and windows having been occupied, and even then, numbers unable to gain admission. But the work did not stop here within such limits. The Rev. Mr. Smith received earnest solicitations to go out into the "regions round about" Galt, and preach the Gospel, and hold enquiry meetings, in school houses on week day afternoons, when these buildings were available. And in all cases, the houses have been filled by people eager to hear the truth, many of whom gave evidence of the deepest anxiety for their spiritual state. Not a few found relief through believing in Christ, at these casual gatherings. Ministers at a distance hearing of the remarkable manner in which God was moving in Galt, began to visit the meetings to see and hear for themselves; and these, having addressed the meeting, talked with the young believers, and breathed the delightful religious atmosphere, have returned to tell the glad news to their people. In this way the movement began in Puslinch, Ayr, and Glenmorris; and lately the most cheering news has been received from Paris and Dundas. Indeed, in no place where Christ has been lifted up before the people have there been wanting cases of awakening and conversion. This

whole vicinity, for the distance of ten or twelve miles round, is ready for the work. Galt was the starting point, and has been the nucleus of the movement, people driving to it from localities twelve and fifteen miles distant in every direction. And further yet the work has gone. Mr. Carroll on leaving, spent a week in London and not without effect. By the time Mr. Russell left, London had heard of Galt, and a cordial reception was given to Mr. Russell in that city. The Spirit of God was with him, and much good has been done.

During the progress of the work here, two converted Jews, driven by persecution from among their kindred and former co-religionists, came to Galt, attended the meetings, and found themselves greatly strengthened in their new faith, and began preaching the word, one of them with great effect. Although a novice at public speaking many will remember his first address.

He was subsequently taken to Inverhuron by a gentleman who after visiting the meeting at London, and having had his soul refreshed, came to Galt, laid hands on him, and, took him to that place, where he is preaching to crowded houses, unable to meet the requests for preaching that are presented. One thing has been avoided, and with good taste, the numbering of those believed to have been brought to Christ, and your correspondent will not violate this rule when he says that hundreds have felt their need of Christ, and put their trust in Him. Men that have been Elders and office bearers in the Church for years, have at these meetings experienced the efficacy of Christ's blood in the remission of sin. And Church members, some of many years standing, who have grown gray headed as professed followers of Christ, and others but recently admitted to church fellowship, who have discovered that they had been engaged in a round of religious duty while unbelievers, and had put on the name of Christ while they were strangers and enemies to Him, are now rejoicing in Christ, and holding Him up to their friends and neighbours.

Ontario has heard more or less of this movement, and is ready for the work. People are ready to receive the word; who will preach it? Dear reader, are you a believer in Christ? Have you accepted Him as your substitute? Have you realised, on the testimony of God's own word, that your condemnation was laid on Him, and that if you will accept Him as your Sinbearer, that that condemnation will not fall on you? If so, to you Christ says, "he that believeth on ME hath everlasting life." And are you holding up Christ? If he has saved *you*, washed *you* in His blood, taken *you* to His loving embrace, and blessed *you*,—if *you* have become a son of God, and a joint heir with Christ, do *you* know your exalted station, and your duty? How far must *you* go in order to find those who are strangers to Him; those who, if God were to snap the thread of life, would drop from *your* neighbourhood, from *your* circle of friends, from *your* own congregation, yes from *your* own family circle perhaps, *your very embrace, into everlasting damnation!!* Can you not tell them how Christ loved *you*, and saved *you*, and how he loves them, and anxiously waits to save them,? Or do they not know that you are a believer in Christ? Ah, my friend, beware, if this is the case. If *your* light does not shine, is there not reason to fear that "the light that is in you is darkness?"

If worthy of space, I may furnish some jottings respecting the preaching, and some of the principal features of this religious work, for your next number.

Galt, Jan. 18th, 1869.

W. C.

RELIGIOUS TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

DEAR SIR,—Having long taken a warm interest in the progress of temperance, especially in connection with the churches, it gave me great pleasure to read in your July number, 1868, the resolution on temperance adopted at the Union Meeting, at Hamilton.

This resolution seemed to point to a way by which each church, *as a church* might actively engage in temperance work. The society named in that resolution (the Christian Total Abstinence Society in connection with the Berkeley St. W. M. Church, Toronto), is still pursuing its good work. We have not heard of any trouble or division being brought into that church through the supposed unreasonableness of temperance men in pushing their favourite ideas beyond what some suppose their legitimate sphere; and yet the managers of that society have not laid idly on their oars, for it now numbers 571 members,—a noble testimony as to what even *one* church can accomplish in the good work. My principal object in addressing you at this time is to enquire (as editors are popularly supposed to know everything), what fruits have resulted from the adoption of that resolution; for it cannot surely be that the passing of a temperance resolution at each Union Meeting is a mere matter of form, to be left quietly to die out without any result. Far better that it should never be named than that! How many of our ministry preached temperance sermons on the Sunday preceding Christmas? How many of our churches have established similar societies to the one named in the resolution? How many of them have “Bands of Hope” in connection with their schools? How many superintendents have introduced the pledge? How many of our Sunday school scholars are pledged abstainers from all that can intoxicate?

I will not, Mr. Editor, take up your valuable space by speaking of the *duty* of the church and sabbath school to help forward, by every means in their power, the cause of temperance. I trust that the importance of this subject will be felt to be a sufficient warrant for my thus calling attention to it. It may be there are many in our churches who would rejoice to lend a helping hand in any such movement as that indicated in the resolution, but they say “a lion is in the way.” Who is to make the first move? It may be that there are many in this wait. Would you, Mr. Editor, in your well known zeal for temperance, and in the exercise of your editorial wisdom, very kindly point the way, and stir up the pure minds of the brethren by way of remembrance. Hoping that great success may attend the effort,

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

Toronto, January, 1869.

J. T.

Official.

Congregational College of B. N. A.—The remittances for this object are again behind, doubtless snowed up somewhere. I have only to acknowledge

Lanark \$6 65, and Brockville \$20 00

making only three remittances received since December.

JAMES P. CLARK,

Treasurer C. C., B. N. A.

Montreal, 20th Feb., 1869.

WHICH IS LOST?—“Two things a master commits to his servant’s care,” saith one,—“the child and the child’s clothes. It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master’s return,—‘Sir, here are all the child’s clothes, neat, clean; but the child is lost!’ Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day: ‘Lord, here is my body. I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and cast away for ever.’”

News of the Churches.

MISSIONARY TOUR—WESTERN DISTRICT. No. 3.

Having exchanged pulpits with the Rev. W. H. Allworth of Paris, who preached two excellent sermons which were highly appreciated by all who heard them—I spoke to the church assembling in Paris. The day was one of driving storm, hail and rain and snow mixed, deterring the delicate from venturing out, and affording an excellent excuse for fair weather worshippers, so that the congregation were in both places much below the average attendance. However, it is a consolation to know that the *worthing* tread the court of the Lord's house at such times.

Brantford—On Monday evening Bro. Allworth and myself took train to Brantford, to attend the Annual Missionary Meeting. This was a large assembly of all sects drawn together in the Congregational Church, through the name and fame of Mr. Charles Carroll, companion of Mr. Douglas Russell in evangelistic labours. Bro. Allworth and I felt ourselves out of place as a missionary deputation in such a gathering; however, we adapted ourselves to the circumstances as well as we could; Rev. John Wood occupied the chair. After the opening exercises, he announced that he would give us, *carte blanche*, so that we might speak on what lay nearest our hearts. Rev. W. H. Allworth spoke on the importance of missionary work and its grand achievements. The writer spoke of the work of revival in London and its vicinity. Mr. Charles Carroll expatiated on individual responsibility in the Lord's service. The meeting was an interesting one; everybody seemed pleased and interested, and we are sure must have been profited. Collection amounted to about \$17.

Paris—At the meeting held in this place there was a good attendance. The pastor occupied the chair, and filled it with his usual ability, narrating telling stories in the intervals, which rivetted the thoughts that had just been presented, firmly upon the mind. Rev. Wm. Clarke read the report. Rev. Thos. Pullar gave an interesting address on the religious history of Scotland, from the time of the Erskines until now. Rev. J. Wood, spoke of the grandeur of the missionary work and its practicability. Rev. John James (C. P.), made a few remarks in a witty strain on the oneness of the missionary work, adverting playfully to our many likenesses. The collections are we believe, equal to those of last year, and that is saying that they are large and liberal.

London.—The assembly was not so large as on former years, not that this church takes less interest in missionary operations, but because the weather was bad, other meetings drew away many, and the night previous a full church welcomed James Young, Esq., M.P., to London, to listen to his excellent lecture on the Footmarks of the Creator, add to these drawbacks, this one too, sufficient notice was not given of it. Notwithstanding, the brethren nobly acquitted themselves. Rev. J. Salmon gave a thrilling account of the work of God in Warwick. Rev. W. H. Allworth spoke of the influence of missionary meetings on the church. Rev. J. Wood spoke of our work in Canada. The pastor filled the chair. The meeting was one of the best held in London for many a year. Those who were not there certainly lost a great treat. The collections will equal, if not exceed last year's.

Southwold.—What a blessing it is to poor churches, as Mrs. Mary Winslow observes, "that although the under-shepherd is away, the chief shepherd never leaves his flock." The assembly here is under the chief shepherd, being without a pastor. Nevertheless, the brethren meet for worship regularly every Lord's day; not forgetting the assembling of themselves together as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another, and so much the more as they see the day approaching. Rev. W. H. Allworth took the chair. Rev. J. Wood, J. Salmon and the writer spoke on subjects of interest to such an audience as was at this time convened. Father Silcox closed with prayer. *N.B.*—By the way, this is the jubilee year of the church. It was organized in 1819, and is therefore the oldest in our Dominion. Cannot arrangements be made for a grand summer celebration, out under the

forest and sky roof somewhere in the woods? We hope the year will not slip by unimproved.

Westminster.—Having left Bro. Allworth at Southwold, and Bro. Wood having gone home—Bro. Salmon and myself were the deputation for this part of my diocese. We had a fair attendance and a capital collection. Bro. Salmon spoke on the work of the Lord among his people, and I gave an address on Congregationalism, its history, its doctrines, its polity. 'This is new ground broken up since my settlement in London. The Lord has blessed the work in this locality very much.

Having fulfilled one week's work, we felt glad, although wearied, yet we took courage and hope to do equally good service (D.V.) next week in the bishoprick of Warwick, where a truly *Episcopal* brother works.

J. A. R. DICKSON.

Ontario Middle District—No. 2.—Brethren Gibbs and Reikie, after attending the Bowmanville meeting, which realised \$100, left at an early hour on Wednesday, the 20th inst., to proceed to *Markham*. There the missionary meeting was not so well attended as usual, owing to local circumstances. Rev. D. Macallum presided. Revs. B. W. Day, S. T. Gibbs, and T. M. Reikie, gave suitable and impressive addresses. An interesting feature here was the presentation, by the infant class, of a small sum to the funds, accompanied with an earnest expression of desire that God's blessing would attend it. Financial results higher than last year.

Unionville next evening, same speakers, full house, deeply solemn feeling, and forty per cent. increase on subscriptions and collection. Altogether a capital missionary meeting.

Stouffville, 22nd. Again a good report to give. Bro. Day presided; the deputation was in full strength; a protracted meeting held by the Wesleyan Methodists did not prevent a large attendance; and notwithstanding the liberality of this church during the year, for pastor's salary and building a parsonage, the missionary funds raised were above those of 1867-8.

During this tour the kindness and interest of the friends in each locality were shown in many ways, but especially in meeting the deputation at the Sarboro' station, G. T. R. conveying them from place to place, and returning them to Duffins' Creek, all free of charge.

Feb. 8th, 1869.

T. M. R.

Osprey.—In the interest of the cause at Osprey, I was led to visit that place on Christmas week, and remained over Sabbath. My son John is labouring there since June last; as he can speak the Gaelic language which the aged members of the Church, and many others need, services are held regularly in both *English* and *Galic*.

As the result of visiting the people at their homes during the week, the attendance is encouraging.

Three sermons are preached every *Lord's day*, and two or three meetings held on week-day evenings. By means of tea-meetings, one in each end of the field, they procured libraries for their two Sunday Schools. A more devoted little band, could scarcely be found than that composing the church. Wedded to their distinctive principles they support them liberally in proportion to their means, and are steadfast,—come what may.

As the farmers had not then sold their grain, it was thought best to defer collecting for the Missionary Society until the last week in January. Brother McKinnon of *Kincardine* was invited to visit the place, and with my son hold a meeting on behalf of the Missionary Society, which was done. Collection amounted to upwards of \$12.

My expense was paid by the friends. Bro. McKinnon is labouring hopefully

in his field. I am told the contributions of his people will be in advance of last year's, which was very good.

The day will declare that those *small* but *faithful* Country Churches are doing the Lord's work.—May they be greatly blessed.

Yours sincerely,

DUGALD MCGREGOR.

NOTES OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS—ONTARIO EASTERN DISTRICT.

Lanark Village, Dec. 29—At this place the public meeting, owing to the peculiar position of the church, was somewhat of a "composite" character. Arrangements were being made for two meetings, one exclusively missionary, and the other of a social and anniversary character.

The objects specially before the church being to make good use of the esteemed brethren of the deputation, to increase the interest in our mission work, to welcome one of the brethren on his visit to his old home, and further to aid the building committee in their laudable effort to erect the new parsonage. But owing to the very limited time of the deputation only one meeting was held, and at which but one member of the regular deputation was able to be present; the place, however, of the absent brother was supplied, not by another speaker, but (we were almost wicked enough to say what is better) a singer, Mr. Chas. Sinclair, of Indian Lands, who aided us, with Mr. Murdoch, of Playfairville, very materially. We thank them both.

The ladies had made every effort to please with their usual good taste and success. A small choir of Sabbath School scholars alternated with a choir of adults, both accompanied with the cabinet organ, and gave evident satisfaction, and we trust edification in the gladdening strains of this service of *sacred song*.

Deacon W. Robertson presided with efficiency. The first speaker was the Rev. J. D. McLean (Church of Scotland), who gave an earnest and manly address on the progress of the age, as compared with former ages. Also referring in kindly terms to the progress made by this church to provide a suitable residence for its pastor.

Rev. James Douglas, gave a solid and thoughtful speech on the Divine goodness as demonstrated by the well authenticated facts of geology.

Rev. A. Lester (W. M.), gave a capital missionary address, dwelling largely on the obligations of Christians to devote *themselves* as well as their means to the furthering of Christ's cause among men.

Rev. A. McGregor, being the only member of the deputation present, a double allowance of time was granted for his address, especially as some were present who came, it is said, specially to hear him,—which we account for on the principle that "blood is thicker than water." This we will say, they were not disappointed; for they got "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

Altogether it was a very successful meeting, and we expect a good list of subscriptions to our missionary society, notwithstanding the heavy claims now pressing on the church.

Rosetta, Dec. 30, 3 p.m.—To meet the convenience of this locality, we met in the afternoon, in the neat church where our brother Douglas ministers. It is a principal station of the Lanark 1st Church. Bro. Douglas presided; the attendance small, though the attention was exceedingly gratifying. The lumbering interests take many from their homes, hence the gatherings are smaller than they otherwise would be, yet we shall look for larger gatherings in the future—but it is worth while to encourage the faithful few. At 7 p.m., after a comfortable tea at the parsonage, we were found in the "place where prayer is wont to be made" at *Middleville*, brother Douglas' principal station. The day had been stormy, and the roads badly drifted; but not so much as to prevent the deputation from arriving in time, and to return 7 miles to Lanark Village, after the meeting which was not so large as it might have been.

The pastor presided. Rev. J. D. McLean of Middleville again did us good service by an admirable address on the necessity of individual exertion in the cause of Christ. Brother McGregor followed, he spoke of the claims of the mission cause upon Christians, but reminded the people especially of what great things the Lord had done for them; of His tender regard for His people who were dear to Him as "the apple of the eye." The writer gave the closing address. All seemed actuated by the same spirit, to awaken deeper interest in the heart of Christians in the work of saving souls.

We pray that words spoken at these meetings may be heard of again, though it should be "after many days."

Jan. 18, 1869.—Before daylight, Monday morning, we were ready for a start to complete the work mapped out in the eastern section of the Eastern District. Arriving at *Brockville* about 1 o'clock we found the *other half* of the deputation to the platform (i.e. railway platform) waiting to convey us to his own *hired house*, where we were entertained after a godly sort. Our brother then informed us that we were to abide with him all night, and on the morrow we would proceed on our journey. This was good news to a weary pilgrim; specially as it gave an opportunity to attend a union prayer meeting in the evening, which proved truly a means of grace to our soul. On Tuesday the 17th we started per G. T. R., after some delay, arrived at *Cornwall* just in time to reach our destination, take tea, (dinner was unavoidably missed) and reach the place of meeting at the appointed hour. This, through the indefatigable perseverance of Mr. Peter Christie was accomplished. At *Martintown* we found a capital congregation, Mr. Christie in the chair. The presence of a good choir added much to the interest of the occasion. Rev. R. Lewis spoke of the importance of seeking an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our churches and work. Rev. N. Patterson (C. P.), followed in a most cordial strain on the missionary work at large; he earnestly wished us God speed. Rev. A. McGregor gave the concluding address. It was full of heart-felt utterances; it was not his aim to "please the ear and leave the heart hard." He spoke of our mission work and made an earnest appeal to the many young persons present for immediate consecration of themselves to the Lord.

The meeting was truly a refreshing one. At its close we were driven by our worthy chairman to his home, but found that another friend had claimed one-half of the deputation as his guest, so we were taken a little further, but did not fare worse. Early next day we set out to join brother McGregor, but found at Mr. Christie's that two Christian households had arrived to consecrate their latest born to the Lord in baptism; a solemn and precious season it was. God bless the parents and the *little lambs*.

11 a.m. 20th—found us at *Roxburgh*. The day being very unfavourable we had but a small gathering, yet the interest was pleasing. The writer and brother McGregor divided the work like true yoke-fellows, speaking to attentive listeners. Our prayer is that this field may now be occupied. It is whitening to the harvest. After partaking of the hospitality of old friends, and recommending them to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, we again set out, stopping here and there on our way, while in every place on this part of our journey we were reminded by the "vacant chairs" that we were only pilgrims here.

At 7 p.m. we found ourselves in the old church of so many precious memories at the 19th concession *Indian Lands*, where, as aforetime, we were cheered with a full house, and most devout and earnest listeners. The deputation were the only speakers. The addresses were quite long enough, but as One was with us, felt but unseen, we feign hope for a further blessing on the word spoken.

The singing was decidedly on the voluntary principle, and was rendered, as usual here, with earnestness and expression. Would that all our churches sang with the same spirit.

At the close of the meeting the deputation parted company. Bro. McGregor to return home to preside at special Union services and the writer to pursue his journey to *Vankleek Hill*. Sojourning, however, for the night with old friends, who kindly took us next day as far as *Kenyon*, where Mr. Wells of Vankleek Hill was awaiting to convey us the rest of the way: for nearly eighteen miles we faced an old-fashioned easterly snow storm, but arrived at "the Hill" in time

for dinner. Here we were in the midst of friends, and we found it pleasant to renew old friendships. At

7 p. m.—The neat church, notwithstanding the storm which had continued all day was filled. Rev. W. Lumsden occupied the chair, and gave an excellent and suggestive missionary address. A good choir gave valuable assistance. The writer addressed the meeting at considerable length, presuming, for several reasons, to say many things that might, or might not be considered by some, as coming within the scope of a missionary address: but which spoken for Christ's sake shall not be as "water spilled upon the ground." Rev. W. K. Anderson (Baptist), spoke briefly in a truly Christian and brotherly manner. We were glad to meet this excellent brother again.

Thus closed the series of meetings in which we took part, and we can truly say, that they were refreshing to our own soul, and we hope that they will prove a blessing also to the churches: they are alike profitable to the deputation and to the churches.

Lanark, February 10th, 1869.

R. L.

P. S.—But be it remarked, when personal enjoyment becomes eliminated from these so called "evangelistic excursions," and such a tax is imposed on physical and mental endurance, as the one under report imposed, the benefit to all and especially to the deputation becomes very questionable indeed. "Take heed unto thyself," is what such an one, as Paul the aged, would say to his son Timothy, and may, where the often infirmities are, be well set over against, the "better wear out than rust out," of exacting churches. As the names of brothers Fenwick, Ebbs and Hay, to whom a share of missionary work was allotted, do not appear in the above notes, it may be well to explain, that Mr. Fenwick at the time was unable to do duty, as he was just recovering from a severe illness: that Mr. Ebbs yielded to the more imperative duty at home: and that Mr. Hay, unfortunately, had the prognostications of an approaching flight in the winter, which, as a matter of course, made his appearance in the Lanark region impracticable; notwithstanding, in company with brother Douglas, he did good service at *Coldsprings* and *Cobourg*, where, we are informed, the meetings were well sustained.

At *Belleville*, the writer joined the deputation, which was laid under speaking orders for two consecutive nights. On the first of these, the Annual Soiree of the Church took place, and proved a season of social enjoyment. On the platform, besides the deputation, were the pastors, the representatives of the Church of England, Episcopal Methodist, and C. P. Church. Speeches were made by these brethren, which were characterized by thoughtfulness, adaptation and a spirit of fraternization, truly refreshing. On the following evening, the missionary meeting was held and proved successful, the contributions footing up to \$70, or so, and will likely be brought up to \$100.

The meetings at *Kingston*, *Brockville* and *Ottawa*, being contingent upon the convenience and strength of brothers Ebbs and Fenwick, have not yet taken place. It is pleasing, however, to note that in *Ottawa* and *Brockville* the past month has been marked by a special interest in religious matters. The last *Independent* reveals the shape this has taken in the *Ottawa* church; in the *Brockville* church three now stand proposed for membership, and yet others have their faces Zionward. Would God, that it might be said, "Lo, the winter (of this church) is past. . . . The fig tree putteth forth her green figs and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

The result financially, as far as statements have been furnished of the above "excursion," is as follows:—

Belleville collection	\$13 60
Lanark First "	3 10
Martintown " and subscriptions	17 00
Roxborough " "	6 64
Indian Lands " "	34 84
Vankleek Hill " "	17 25

Brockville, 15th February, 1869.

A. McG.

Canada Indian Missionary Society.—The adjourned meeting of the Canada Indian Mission was held in the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto, on Tuesday evening the 2nd inst. Considering the inclemency of the weather the attendance was very favourable and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. George Hague, Esq., having been requested to take the chair delivered the opening address, and then called upon the Secretary Rev. R. Robinson to read the Annual Report. During the evening animated and interesting speeches were delivered by Rev. Wm. Clarke, F. H. Marling, J. G. Manly and W. F. Clarke, and although a fierce storm was raging without, we trust that many within experienced the vital warmth of love for Jesus, and a burning desire to see His cause extending far and wide throughout the world, the desert, the wild waste places blooming like the rose.

Our agent and superintendent, Rev. Wm. Clarke, remained for a short time in Toronto soliciting subscriptions, and thus far has had reason to "thank God and take courage." And as our brother will shortly begin his annual tour throughout the Province collecting on behalf of the mission, it is earnestly hoped that he will meet both with a kind reception and with a liberal response to his appeal for help to send the gospel to the aborigines of our land.

Toronto, February 19th, 1869.

R. T. T.

Opening of Zion Congregational Church, Warwick, Ont.—This new church, according to previous intimation in the "C. I." was opened on Sabbath 31st. January. Rev. J. Wood of Brantford preached in the morning, Rev. Mr. Bauld, C. P., in the afternoon, and the pastor, Rev. J. Salmon, in the evening. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, a number having to leave owing to their not being able to obtain even standing room. The services were highly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of attending them, and their influence we trust will be permanent and salutary. The collections were but moderate, amounting only to \$37. 57. On Monday evening Bro. Wood again addressed a full house. On Tuesday, the 2nd inst., it was arranged to have two tea-meetings, one at noon and the other at 7 p.m. Both meetings were very successful, for though the evening was stormy there were more out than could be comfortably accommodated. A. McKenzie, Esq., M.P.P., presided at both meetings, and contributed very largely to the enjoyment of those present by the happy and able manner in which he discharged the duties of the chair. The meetings were addressed by Rev. Messrs. Broley and Feather (Wesleyans), Fencher (Ep. M.), Mr. J. Little and Revds. J. A. R. Dickson, T. Puliar, J. Wood and D. Macallum. Abundant provision was made by the ladies for physical necessities. The result of these meetings was \$100. The cost of the building, so far, amounted to \$1150, of which \$381 was unprovided for, but the proceeds of the tea-meetings, together with a subscription taken up at them, left a debt of only \$18. We heartily congratulate them on this result, and hope that now as they have the material building completed they may be successful in building up the spiritual house. We consider this church an illustration of what people may do when they heartily undertake it. How difficult it is sometimes to bring a people up to the point of action. A work very desirable may appear impossible, fear is in the way,—faith is weak,—and power is paralysed,—but when the effort is really made difficulties vanish, and they find themselves strengthened by the endeavour to do what they can. The enterprise was hastened by one of the members making an offer of 30,000 brick if the building were begun last fall. The ladies used their potent influence to urge it on, and the pastor did what he could to accomplish the desired end, and now they have it complete and almost free of debt. The building which is situated in a pleasant and accessible position, a mile and a half north of the old one, is of white brick with gothic windows, its size is 28 X 40; ceiling partly arched; it has a neat porch at the entrance, and is comfortable both for speaking and hearing.

The writer was pleased to visit his former field and to find such indications of prosperity, and his hope and prayer is that both pastor and people may be abundantly blessed.

Unionville, February 6, 1869.

D. M.

Zion Church, Toronto.—A social meeting, in connection with the improvements recently made on the Lecture Room, was held on Wednesday, Feb. 17th when about four hundred were present. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Manly, the pastor, and there were on the platform the Rev. Messrs Hunter, (Wesleyan), Hay, of Pine Grove, Clarke, of Guelph, and Marling. After a substantial tea, provided by the ladies of the Congregation, had been partaken of, interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by the Chairman and his reverend brethren, touching principally on Sunday School efforts; and a variety of hymns were sung in excellent style by the Sunday School Choir, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Freeland, Barrister. An interesting part of the evening's proceedings, was the presentation of a purse, containing \$40, to Mr. John Lawson, who, for a considerable period, has gratuitously conducted the music of the Congregation. In making the presentation, Mr. Freeland spoke highly of Mr. Lawson's skill and enthusiasm as a musician, and his unselfish character. The Lecture Room, which has been beautifully oil-painted at a cost of \$250, has an extremely pleasing aspect, and the substitution of neat iron columns for the clumsy wooden pillars, which formerly supported the ceiling, have not only materially strengthened the building, but have added much to its general appearance.

The Apocalypse.—The Rev. J. G. Manly is at present delivering a course of lectures, on Sunday evenings, on the Apocalypse, of which the following is a programme:—

PLAN OF THE APOCALYPSE: A Seven-fold Picture of the Gospel Age:
Prologue or Preface. i. 1-8.—1. The *Ecclesiastical* picture. i. 9;—iii. 22. Christ among the Churches. "The things which thou hast seen, and the things which are."—2. The *General* picture. iv. 1;—xi. 18. God on his throne, disclosing the future by a book to his Son. The seventh seal-opening disparts into seven trumpets. General view of "the things which shall be hereafter."—3. The *War* picture. xi. 19—xiv. 20. The Dragon, the ten-horned Beast, and the two-horned Beast against the mystic Mother and her Child and Michael—4. The *Punitive* picture. xv. 1—xix. 10. Seven vials or bowls of the wrath of God. Babylon destroyed.—5. The *Triumphal* picture. xix. 11-21. The many-crowned King capturing and punishing the Beast and the false Prophet.—6. The *Intermediate* picture. xx. 1-15. The invisible Millennial reign, and the punishment of the invisible Dragon.—7. The *Renewal* picture. xxi. 1—xxii. 5. A new heaven and a new earth. The New Jerusalem described. *Epilogue or Conclusion.* xxii. 6-21.

We give below a synopsis of the second lecture of the course, condensed from the *Globe*:—"The second Apocalyptic lecture on 'Christ among the Churches,' was delivered last evening by the Pastor, the Rev. J. G. Manly. The introduction was occupied with the circumstances of the Apocalyptic Visions, their place, time and medium, and with their relation to Christ. The lecturer then proceeded to show that the first after the seven great Apocalyptic pictures, namely, the ecclesiastical picture, contained in the first three chapters, denotes seven things:—First, that the Gospel age is the age of the church, while the age from Adam to Moses was the age of the family, and from Moses to Christ was the age of the nation. Secondly, that a church is a society of Christians, not a mere congregation, and not an indiscriminate society, but *golden*, like the candlesticks. Thirdly, that a church is an organized society, with divine laws and proper officers, like the skilfully framed candlesticks, with its presiding star. Fourthly, that a church is an illuminating society, like a light-giving candlestick, and a light-giving star. Fifthly, that a church is an unattached society, like each unattached and separate candlestick; not like the seven-branched national candlestick of the Jewish temple. Sixthly, that the seven churches are representative, in character and condition, of Christ's churches generally. And, seventhly, that all the churches belong to Christ. He grasps their pastoral stars, and walks king-like among them, dictating His will to them in authoritative epistles. The lecturer expounded the symbolical signification of Christ's appearance, as described in the first chapter."

Bond Street Church, Toronto.—In the December Magazine, a notice appeared of the services on the Anniversary of the opening of the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto. The following outline of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the church are now given, as having an interest for many readers of the *Independent*. It may be premised that the church has for some years past held a special meeting at the beginning of the year, at which reports have been presented from every department of its work, vacancies among the officers filled up, and so forth. On this occasion (13th January), the reports were of an encouraging character, as will be seen from the following figures:—Members received in 1868: by profession, 14; by letter, 16; total, 30; less, 12 removed; net increase, 18. In the Sabbath Schools there were about 300 scholars, with 34 teachers. For the support of the schools \$125 had been given; and the scholars had raised \$80 for missionary purposes. Clothing had been provided for many of the children by the Dorcas Society, which had expended some \$80 on the work. For the Building Fund, over \$900 had been raised. The amount of debt now remaining was only £150 sterling, which was expected to be paid next summer. The Current Expenses Fund shewed receipts amounting to nearly \$2,000, all liabilities being paid up. At a subsequent meeting, it was resolved to add \$300 to the pastor's salary. For missions and other benevolent objects, there had been given nearly \$300, through the church itself, besides what had been paid to collecting agents.

Brantford.—On Friday evening, January 29th, the Rev. J. Wood, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Brantford, was the recipient of a very handsome donation, amounting to \$75, from the members of his church and congregation. The donors visited the pastor at his house, and a very pleasant evening was spent. This mark of esteem shows the estimation in which Mr. Wood is held by his flock. We hope the Rev. gentleman will long be spared to his people, and be the recipient of many more such favors. Mr. Wood desires us to thank his friends for their interest in his welfare.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Brockville.—The Rev. A. McGregor and lady, were presented with New Year's gifts, by the ladies, and young men of the Congregation respectively, to the value of \$60, which our brother gratefully acknowledged.

Rev. D. Macallum sends us the following account of a very agreeable "surprise:—" "As I was leaving Toronto by the Northern Railroad on Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Nasmith and Mr. Robinson came to the station, and calling me aside, unexpectedly presented me with one of the Russel patent lever watches, with a jet chain. You may imagine my surprise at this. Mr. N. during our missionary tour several times asked me the time, but found that I did not carry a watch, and thought I should have one. Mr. Robinson who presented it said it was Mr. N's gift, and Mr. N. said it was also Mr. R's." He says further:

"Yesterday, February 8th, the friends here made me a donation visit—spent a pleasant evening and took tea with us, and left in cash and other articles upwards of \$40. They did not take any account of what was brought, so that I do not know how to make an estimate of the things."

Manilla.—On the evening of the 28th ultimo. Rev. D. McGregor, pastor of the Congregational church, Manilla, Ontario, was "surprised" by 58 of the young people of his congregation. After filling the larder with many of the good things of this life, the party presented their pastor with a well filled purse, accompanying it with an address—read by John Wylie, junior—which conveyed expressions of their warmest attachment to him, who for nearly eleven years, so faithfully ministered unto them, and who always manifested the deepest interest, both in the temporal and eternal welfare of the young and rising generation. A suitable and feeling reply being made—the evening was very pleasantly spent in singing and social conversation, when the party broke up more than ever convinced, that, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Revival Intelligence.—We are continually receiving most cheering intelligence from different parts of the country, of the progress of the work of God in the conversion of sinners, and the quickening of believers to a higher spiritual life. The great religious awakening in Galt, of which a correspondent furnishes us so interesting an account in this number, has undoubtedly been instrumental in the salvation of many precious souls. We have heard several widely differing estimates of the number which we need not repeat, but we have reason to believe that they amount to several hundreds. The nightly special services are now at an end, although extra meetings are held in two or three of the churches every week.

As in all such cases, the enemy has been busy "sowing tares," and exciting his servants to bitter opposition. The newspapers have been freely employed (and we fear only too readily lent) in the stirring up of prejudice, and the circulation of falsehood regarding both the workmen and the work. A letter of this character, in the *Toronto Telegraph*, signed, "A Presbyterian," has attracted considerable attention, and might have done much damage in this way but for the *animus* by which it was evidently inspired, and the manifest self-contradictions it contained, as for example, in charging Mr. Russell with preaching *Universalism*, and at the same time with having declared that some ministers were leading their people down to *hell*. Whether the gentleman just named ever used such an expression or not we cannot say. If he did, it was certainly unguarded enough, if nothing more, inasmuch as it could not fail to excite ill-feeling and opposition among the very class whom it was his most anxious desire to reach. We hope, however, it has been greatly exaggerated.

We regret to learn while we write, that the Rev. J. K. Smith, pastor of Knox church, in *Galt*, in whose house of worship most of the meetings have been held, is cited before the Guelph Presbytery, by several of his members unfavourable to the movement, on an indictment for heresy and irregularity.

The Congregational church in London has also enjoyed a very precious season of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," along with a number of the other churches of the city. The labours of the three evangelists, Messrs. Russell, Carroll and Needham, have undoubtedly contributed largely to the general awakening. Mr. Dickson, the pastor, informs us that they have had but few extra services, but that there has been manifest for a long time much earnestness in prayer and effort among them, and to that chiefly, under the Divine blessing, he attributes the ingathering of souls with which they have been favoured. Nearly thirty have already been received into the church, and others are making application for admission.

Similar intelligence reaches us from the Northern Congregational church in Toronto, and from the "Lake Shore" station in connection with Forest. Mr. Carroll has been preaching, by invitation of the Ministerial Conference, for a week past in Brantford, to crowded audiences, and with very marked results. God has blessed his own truth to the awakening of many, in our own, and in other congregations, of whom some are already rejoicing in the evidence of pardon through the blood of Christ. The clouds "are big with mercy." May the Lord pour us out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it!

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." We hope, therefore, that as Barnabas and Paul declared what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them, our brethren will keep the readers of the *Canadian Independent* informed of the progress of the Lord's work among them.

Rev. H. Lancashire.—On Wednesday evening the friends of Rev. Mr. Lancashire, Pastor of the Congregational church at East Whitehall, formerly of Russettown, Q. tendered him a donation visit at the residence of S. G. Skeels, through whose courtesy the pastor and his guests were made to enjoy a pleasant evening. The party was large, and we learn that the receipts of the evening amounted to something over \$150.

The Rev. C. Spettigue writes us from Lexington, Mich., to say that he has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Congregational Church in that place, and has already entered upon his duties there.

Obituary.

MRS. JOSEPH T. W. WALLIS.

Extract of a Sermon Preached in the Congregational Church, Thistleton, Ont., by the Pastor, Rev. R. Hay.

Mrs. Wallis was born in the Town of Bow, near London, England, on the 12th of December, 1821.

She was the subject of deep religious feelings at a very early age. She became a Missionary collector at the age of nine or ten years. When but thirteen or fourteen years of age, she, in connexion with another young lady, formed a small Dorcas Society, which rendered considerable aid to many of the poor in the town in which she lived. At this age she had a great desire to connect herself with the Church of Christ, and would have done so if she had been encouraged to take such a step. The idea which largely prevailed at that time amongst many good Christian people, and still too largely prevails, that it was not wise to encourage such a step in one so young, prevented her from doing so. Between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, she had a great longing to become a Missionary to carry the Gospel to foreign lands; but no opportunity presented itself for engaging in this department of Christian labour. When seventeen years of age she became a member of the Congregational Church in Salisbury, Wiltshire, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Slay. From this date until her father, the late James Ashdown, removed his family to Canada, in 1840, she was a teacher in the Sabbath School, a work in which she was engaged in this Province for more than twenty-eight years, first in Pine Grove, and then, shortly after marriage, in 1844, in this place.

Thus in a short life of forty-seven years she had spent about thirty-one years as a Sabbath School teacher. I need scarcely, in this presence, say with what whole-souled earnestness she gave herself to this work, when I remember that this Village has for so many years witnessed her zeal in this good work. I do not say that she made great self-sacrifices in connexion with the Sabbath School, for I do not believe that she felt her labours to be such; and yet when we remember the large share of domestic labour which fell to her lot, we cannot but feel that had she given less time and toil to things beyond the home circle no Christian would have blamed her. We make this remark especially in view of the last two years during which she suffered so much from that terrible disease, cancer, which brought her to her end. But her sufferings, though severe and protracted, did not long keep her from her class in the Sabbath School and her place in the Church.

It was thought best to seek relief by amputating the breast, the seat of the disease, and at the same time removing a gland from under the arm; but twenty days after this operation was performed she was again with her class in the Sabbath School, though she lived two miles and a half distant, having been absent but two Sabbath days. She was last in the Sabbath School and the Church on the 6th of September. From this time until she passed away, November 30th, her mind was constantly occupied with prayer for those to whom she had spoken the good word of the Lord. She sent for many of them, and addressed them individually, urging them to embrace the truths of Christianity. Our late friend had a large acquaintance with the Word of God, and with hymns, chiefly those which express most fully the preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. From those two sources she drew a great deal of comfort during the whole period of her illness. Her faith laid hold on the Lord Jesus. He was her only trust. And though she had many seasons of great heart searching, and many anxious hours

of waiting, yet she could say through all, "It will soon all be well." About half an hour before she died she attempted to sing a verse of the hymn beginning, "In the Christian's home in glory."

Thus she entered the dark valley of the shadow of death, feeling that the Lord's rod and staff were with her. We may say of her in life, in the words of Holy writ, "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the way of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her." But she is with us now no more. Her labours and her sufferings are past. She has gone home to mingle with the blessed, to walk in the fields of bright glory, and to be for ever with the Lord.

Gleanings.

A LOVE SONG—BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Recently addressed to his wife, from Hull.)

Over the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O, joy of my life!
On its arch, unseen but strong.

E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee,
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar,
But, dwelling at home with thee, I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear,
Engraved on a precious stone,
But in my heart thine image I wear,
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou needest not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed in grain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dew-drops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old,
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun,
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
 To its native dust return:
 What God hath kindled shall death out-beave,
 And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock-tie,
 Our union to Christ we feel;
 Uniting bonds which are made on high,
 Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us, all worlds before,
 Must reign in our hearts alone,
 We fondly believe that we shall adore
 Together before his throne.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE—"The minister's wife' of the olden time, where is *she*? The ubiquitous 'minister's wife,' who must make and mend and bake and brew and churn, and have children, and nurse and educate them, and receive calls at all hours, with a sweet smile on her face, and thank everybody for reminding her of what they consider her shortcomings; who must attend funerals, and weddings, and births and social prayer-meetings, and 'neighborhood-meetings,' and 'maternal meetings'; and contribute calico aprons for the Fejee Islanders, and sew flannel night-caps for the Choctaw infants, and cut and make her husband's trowsers; and call as often on Mrs. Deacon Smith, and stay as long to the minute, as she did on Mrs. Deacon Jones; and who must call a parish meeting to sit on her new bonnet, if so be that the old one was pronounced by all the Grundys unfit for further service. The minister's wife, who was hunted through the weeks, and months, and years, by a carping, stingy parish, till she looked like a worn-out old piece of fur; behold her now!"—*Funny Fern*.

WHAT BROUGHT THE BLESSING.—An American pastor saw his preaching extraordinarily blessed. For twelve years he had a revival in his church every year. He was himself surprised at such success, until one evening, in a prayer-meeting, one of the brethren stated that for some years he had been in the habit of praying every Saturday until midnight, that on the morrow the preaching of his pastor might find its way to people's hearts.

SOWING WILD OATS.—In all the range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again to your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold*.

LEAKY VESSELS.—Some hearers have bad memories. Their memories are leaky vessels: all the precious wine of holy doctrine that is poured in runs out presently. Ministers cannot study to find a path as fast as others lose it. If a truth delivered doth not stay in the memory, we can never be "nourished up to the word of truth." If thieves steal away people's money, they tell everyone, and make their complaints that they have been robbed; but there is a worse thief they are not aware of. How many sermons hath the devil stolen from them! How many truths have they been robbed of, which might have been so many death-bed cordials!—*Thomas Wilson*.—1660.