

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT

(NEW SERIES.)

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

No. 19

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THE evil to which the following paragraph from the *Montreal Witness* refers is unfortunately not confined to Montreal. It is rampant in Toronto and other cities and large towns. Some gardens are so systematically stripped of fruit that the owners have concluded it is not worth while to have the labor and expense of raising fruit to fill the pockets and stomachs of the hoodlums. Every Sunday going and returning from school in the afternoon we do not fail to meet gangs of boys making for the suburbs with just one idea, to rob any garden or orchard that they find unwatched. It is but just to say that the large majority of them have stamped on their features as it also comes out in their talk, that they are of one nationality, and there is little doubt claimed by one church:—

“This is the season when small boys may be seen, at any time of day, making their way down all the streets which lead to the mountain with noticeable artificial paunches, the result of shirts loaded with apples. Some substitute sacks which they carry home in open daylight. Our lower classes seem to be without any feeling that it is wrong to steal apples. They will indulge in it before any one’s eyes, and though orchard property is heavily taxed we do not seem to have any police to protect it. Possibly the policemen themselves think stealing apples rather a pastime than a sin. The result is that Montreal, which might be the greatest fruit-growing city in the world, finds that it is not worth while to cultivate a fine fruit tree for a year only to see its burden removed in a single night, and that before it is fit eating for anybody.”

We trust that all the teachers in our Sunday schools will strive to impress on the minds of their scholars that stealing is stealing, whether it be an apple or a dollar bill. The average boy, who would scorn to take a cent improperly, has a difficulty in understanding that it is equally wrong to steal fruit or a ride on a street car, but it is quite possible to make it

clear. When the lesson was on the Ten Commandments some time ago, a teacher who would make it plain said to his boys, “If you came into my house and took money from my table what would that be?” “Stealing,” was the prompt reply. “But if instead of money apples were taken, would that be stealing?” “Yes.” “But suppose again that the apples instead of being on my table, were in a tree in my garden, would that be stealing?” “Yes,” again promptly. Whatever was the effect upon them, those boys touched bottom as to right and wrong in the matter.

BUT the Eighth Commandment is not the only one that requires specially impressing upon the minds of our young people. The state of society in which we are living, the precocity of independence, the rapid development of secular education, alike help to beget a forgetfulness of the command “Honour thy Father and thy Mother.” It is distressing, it is offensive, to hear the way in which some young Misses and Masters speak to and of their parents—the superciliousness, the insolence, the scarcely covered contempt are unpardonable. No doubt parents themselves are often to blame for permitting the growth of such a habit, for a growth it is, and in its earlier stages might with little difficulty be checked and uprooted. None the less is it the duty of the Christian teacher to insist that no one who despises this divine law can be a follower of Jesus. It is a command transferred to the new covenant, and no grace sits more beautifully upon a young disciple than a loving honoring of parents.

THREE years ago, at least, we cut the following from the *Toronto Globe* intending to publish it in the next INDEPENDENT, but it got laid aside and has only just been uncovered. If it

is true, our good brother J. B. Silcox would enjoy the inevitable laugh as much as any one:

"A Winnipeg paper tells the following incident:— Rev. J. B. Silcox visited Rat Portage recently and spent a Sunday there. He was naturally invited to address the Sunday school, and he did so. The lesson for the day led him to make some observation respecting the fourth commandment, and, in order to make his teachings the more impressive he asked the children several questions. One of these was something like the following:—"Who are the people who break the Sabbath day?" The little innocents, thinking that they knew all about the matter, answered, "The people of Winnipeg, when they come to visit Rat Portage."

It is to be regretted that the managers of our annual Exhibitions have not sufficient faith in the attractiveness of what is legitimate to such an occasion to enable them to dispense with "side shows," some of them of a very questionable character. When games, racing of horses or of men and such things are added, there is the peril of bringing in practices surrounded with evil-betting, trickery, roguery of various kinds. That we are not imagining evils may be seen by a perusal of our daily papers. These annual gatherings to show off art and science in their various departments, should be kept as free as possible from the defiling pitch of gambling.

The Mail (Toronto,) has come boldly out on the side of prohibition. Is this a case of genuine conversion? At any rate it has more political courage than the *Globe*.

THE following is from *The Home Missionary*, for October, the organ of the American Home Missionary Society. It is so like our own case, only "bigger," that we transcribe it for our readers' meditation:

TO THE FRIENDS OF HOME MISSIONS.

"The managers of the American Home Missionary Society met around their business board yesterday, with grave and perplexed faces. There was reason. They had to face a debt of \$26,980.33, and not a dollar of unappropriated funds in the treasury with which to meet it. Our missionaries have not been regularly paid since the quarter ending July 1st. To them and to them alone this debt is due, and growing rapidly larger. The contributions of individuals have steadily declined since the opening of summer, and no large legacies have come in to meet the consequent emergency. The home missionaries are patient men. Not a complaint has been heard. But most distressing letters have been received by every mail. Some of these men have sickness in their families. It is hard to see our sick suffer for the want of comforts. Some of them are borrowing money at the banks at high rates of in-

terest. They have no other way. All of them are living on credit, which weakens the influence as ministers, and casts a heavy shadow upon their own spirits. Most of them, it is true, depend only in part on the Society, and can look to their people for the balance of their salaries. But even this relief has failed. The season in many parts of the field has been a hard one for the churches. They are unusually behind in their payments, and the poor missionary is thus doubly perplexed for his living. It should also be remembered that our superintendents, and many of the men in our foreign departments, depend for their whole support on the treasury of the Society, and are left by the present exigency without any source of relief whatever. This failure of home missionary funds so soon after the Saratoga Meeting and its enthusiastic pledges, fills them with amazement and with doubts. What can we do in this grave crisis, but send a cry of distress to the friends of our cause through the land? City churches are closed or their membership widely scattered. We cannot ask these churches to gather special collections at this unfavorable season. But we believe that hundreds of the scattered members, reading the story of our needs, will respond by the earliest mail with individual help. Many of the country churches, on the other hand, are in a favorable condition to make a united response, and we believe will take pity on the suffering men and women who are fighting their battle without supplies at the far west and south. The managers of the Society take no blame for this exigency. They have obeyed the call of the churches in the scale of the work now laid out. Sudden contraction on account of short funds is impossible. Pledges have to be made, as a rule, twelve months in advance. They have to be made on faith. There is no other way. And because this faith, though often tried, has never been disappointed in sixty years, therefore they send out again their confident appeal for help. *We must save our country.*

THE Editor has been on the wing again and would record some of his impressions and experiences. Taking advantage of the presence in the city of so many Methodist brethren we resolved to leave our pulpit for one day to their tender mercies; receiving notice of meeting both of College Board and of Missionary Executive, determined our direction Montrealward, though as the first meeting was not till Tuesday and we were free from Saturday, we had two clear days to spare. Having offered our services for Sunday to two of our vacant churches, and they being declined with thanks, we departed in uncertain selfishness to make our way as circumstances indicated. Our first point was Bowmanville to our printer, whom we found coat off, at work over the Year Book and grumbling lustily at the delay caused by some proof being kept unnecessarily long. As Editors are of the *genus homo* and not at all open to the woe of having all men speak well

of them, and inasmuch as we, in accord with time honored custom, have been faulted, even threatened, (not with loss of life but of office and emoluments!)—by the way, gentle reader, lest you should suppose our Sunday services to be entirely unappreciated, we hasten to say that these services were declined on the Sunday we have spoken of because we only offered them on the previous Wednesday, and other arrangements had been made—do not let this parenthesis break the continuity of our jottings,—well, having been found fault with, and so forth, we revenged ourselves by berating our publisher for his shortcomings, he took it in good nature, and in a few days brought out the next number. The genial face of the Bowmanville pastor broke in upon our interview with some Year Book instructions, so between the two Editors friend Climie has his hands full. So mote it be, but where is the fortune to be made out of these important publications?

Lake Ontario gently swelling under a cloudless sky as the sun was sinking in the heavens tempted us to leave the fair town by boat, so having finished in the meantime with our publisher we were driven down to the wharf, at Port Darlington. We have not been there for thirty years. Then, a lad, after two years sojourn in Oshawa, we were returning to Brockville our home. Thirty years! what changes. Grand Trunk there was not, and we had come down to Bowmanville by the good old stage. And the friends of those days, where are they now? Scattered, changed, dead, and we no longer a youth looking on to life with exultation and ambitious hopes, but expecting the evening, solaced, yet trustful as the golden gates begin to gleam. To this day, throughout those thirty years, one step then already taken, we have never regretted, we have found our fellowship with the people of God.

"All the loving links that bind us,

While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,

While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,

While the days are going by."

Fortunately for us the S. S. "Corinthian" was not crowded, hence we saw no ground for the complaints we have so often heard and read of the management and attention on this

once popular line of steamers, we readily secured a state room, had every courtesy paid to us, enjoyed the steaming along the shore, saw soon in the distance the electric lights of Port Hope gleam like stars on the "dusky brow of night," looked down upon the Col'ourg wharf at the many young people enjoying the lake breeze and the steamer's arrival, gave another look over the wide waters, up at the full orb moon, down again at the silver way across the lake leading seemingly on to the horizon stars, then turned in to rest, to be awakened occasionally by the dashing of the waves, for the wind had risen with the setting sun, and finally by the quiet of the Kingston harbor which we reached ere break of day.

But we must not weary the reader with more personalities, suffice it to say that we reached Montreal by rail, having left the boat at Prescott, on Monday evening, to find our home with Dr. Cornish, who has just returned from his summer rest recruited for the fall and winter work. At Prescott we joined Dr. Jackson and the ubiquitous Missionary Superintendent Mr. Hall, both looking contented and happy. Of course we conned over the news. We learned that the building in which we first worshipped God publicly on Canadian soil, the Brockville church, had been sold for \$5500, the money deposited under trustees in the bank, and a new building with site looked forward to in the near future as present clouds pass away from our cause in that town, where we have certainly not made progress the past thirty-five years.

Our first call Tuesday morning was upon Dr. Stevenson, where we soon learned that his departure for England is fixed for November 4th from Quebec, much to the regret of every loyal Congregational heart. His resignation as Principal was received by the College Board on that same evening with sorrow; yet every heart said God bless him and his, and may grace, mercy, peace, be with them evermore. We sadly say good-bye.

While on College matters we may say that four new students are reported, men of whom we need not be ashamed, thus bringing the number up to seventeen. It is a matter for thankfulness that labourers are coming in to the harvest field. The Board has been able to make arrangements—temporary, but under the circumstances satisfactory—for keeping up the classes, notwithstanding the sudden loss of the

Principal, and Dr. Cornish will in the meantime attend to such correspondence and duties other than teaching which obtain to the Principal's oversight. In addition to Mr. W. H. Warriner's lectures on O. T. Exegesis now arranged for, Mr. John Wood, of Ottawa, has agreed to give a course on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. This, with some lengthening of other courses, will give plenty of work and profitable for this winter. A committee, also, consisting of the Chairman, Secretary, Mr. E. H. Hill and Henry Lyman, Esq., have been appointed to correspond and to enquire regarding a permanent professor.

One word regarding College finances. They are not satisfactory. We begin with a debt of seventeen hundred dollars. Expenses will not decrease this year, the travelling and other expenses of the lecturers will be heavy as they must not forsake their pulpits, and the increase in the number of students means increase in expenditure. There is poor prospect of overtaking work if our churches do not more liberally support, and unless contributions are in excess of last year our deficit will grow. As we write we remember how many important charges are vacant: Paris, Barrie, Toronto Zion, Forest, Montreal Emmanuel, Sherbrooke, besides places such as Alton, Franklin Centre, Keswick Ridge, and others. Only four students graduate next spring, what are we to do? There is evidently room for all our College can do at present. God grant us increase.

OUR Mission field came under review at the meeting of the Executive. And here the question of finance is serious also. The debt subscriptions are not all in, indeed very little is in, the fall payments are becoming due, and the appropriations made with the utmost regard to economy exceed by one thousand dollars the entire income of last year. This is not healthy, and should call for earnest self-denial. The work is going on, are we to stop because of the lack of funds? Who is on the Lord's side, who will serve the king? In all probability Mr. Hall will visit the old land this winter, our collections must be made without him, hence individual faithfulness and activity are prime necessities; we have now a golden opportunity to prove that Congregationalism means individual consecration, and that churches are composed of living men. Up and be doing, forward into light!

OUR friend from Yarmouth, Mr. Wm. McIntosh, was present at our meetings to aid with his counsel. Nova Scotia air seems to agree with him, and his manly presence did much to encourage us as we sat together at the committee table. Yarmouth is holding well up our banner in that Province. The news from St. John, N. B., is not without its discouragement. Our estimable friend, Mr. J. B. Saer, is working like a hero as he is, and gaining the loving esteem of all, his purity of life and singleness of heart are felt; but the long arrearages of the past in St. John seem at times insurmountable: we trust with the help this one year to be afforded by our society that the past will be a thing of the past, and that our church there may regain its old position of influence and usefulness.

AN unpleasant correspondence has appeared in the Montreal papers regarding the sale of the building in which Zion Church has for some time worshipped. Our readers know that the building has been for some time in the market, and has been secured by the St. Gabriel street Presbyterian church, thus leaving Zion homeless. Disappointment, bitter, has no doubt been felt, but the alienation evident between Christian teachers and brethren of different names is to be very much deplored. On the justness of complaint or the fulness of justification we can say nothing; there are two sides evidently, and they are not before the editorial chair. We shall regret the extinction of the historic Zion, should it disband, but often, to the trusting, at eventide there is light.

THE great Methodist Church has gone in favour of University Federation. Under existing circumstances we believe this to be the wiser course. Much theological narrowness will be avoided by a free intercourse of all classes at a provincial university. Means will be economized thereby, and the efficiency of the teaching staff rendered more sure. Of course the vote has not removed Victoria to Toronto, means must be forthcoming, and years may be consumed ere the resolution becomes a *fait accompli*; yet the discussion, which was very able, and the vote, which was decisive, will largely influence future educational legislation, and tend to render Toronto the great educational centre of Ontario if not of the entire Dominion.

WE dislike toadyism of all kinds, we therefore admire the staunch principles of the heroine of the following story, for which Rev. J. Robertson, the Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West, is responsible:

"In olden times when settlement was sparse in Western Manitoba, the Bishop of Saskatchewan stayed all night at the house of an old school Presbyterian. Finding that the children had not been baptized, the Bishop kindly offered to baptize them, having informed the family, of course, that he was a Bishop of the Church of England. "Thank ye, sir," said the wife, "but the pair bairns hae gane sae lang without being bapteezed that I think we shall wait noo till a *regularly ordained minister* comes."

Certainly, no Episcopal ordination can equal "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

THE A. B. C. F. M. is just now in the throes of theological controversy. A new theology has started, largely under the influence of Andover Seminary, whose plank is the possibility of a probation after death for those who have an imperfect chance, or none at all, here. Some missionaries have been rejected because of sympathy with this theory, for it is nothing more. A powerful minority however, upheld the applicants in the holding of this view. What a pity men do not keep within the bounds of plain gospel teaching. Who knows anything of an after death probation? The only being we know of who can testify to what he has seen and knows of "after death" is Jesus, and confessedly he says nothing of probation there. The gospel men need is that given in the New Testament, and the missionary's business is to expound it, not to speculate *a la* Andover. If men would take the gospel as they find it, we should be spared many heart burnings, and we can but deplore the intrusion of such disputations into the work of the great society which is doing so much to evangelize the world. Preach the word, let deductions go.

WHILE deprecating the action of those who have intruded this question upon the A. B. C. of Foreign Missions, we deprecate as thoroughly the heresy hunt. Some small souls can scent heresy further than a vulture can carion, and, creedless as we boast ourselves to be, such friends are to be found among us. We trust they are *rara avis*. Given the root of

the matter, faith in Christ, all opinions will be righted ere long. We sometimes think that the prevailing conception of liberty is very imperfect. What would we say if some brother expounding Galatians should say as Luther did of the rabbonical arguments of his favorite apostle, "My dear brother Paul, this argument will not stick!" Yet who dare challenge the orthodoxy of him who dragged God's word from out the monastery dust and gave it to his countrymen in their mother tongue? Let the christian teacher know he has a sure word of prophecy, to that he is to take heed; let us all know that the sure way of reading its mysteries is not by exercising lordship over another man's conscience, but by mutual confidence and conference, ministering each as the spirit giveth utterance. No one head or heart contains all the truth of the universe.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER of the City Temple, London, thus writes of Henry Ward Beecher—"He calls himself seventy-three, and probably is that across the shoulders, but in eye, voice, mental force, and general energy he is not unlike Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Beecher is my guest, and such a guest never before slept under this tranquil roof. I can just manage to get him to bed at night by putting out the gas and getting him to feel that I am overpowered by sleep; but no force can keep him in bed in the morning. Long before the servants are astir, he is up and out, buying newspapers, talking to working men, tasting coffee at the early stalls, and sneering at the sluggards whose window blinds are down. If this is the kind of old age you produce in America, I desire you to invite several of us to settle in your life-sustaining country."

OUR fair correspondent "One who has pondered" has mistaken Mr. Allworth's position as commended by us in our issue of Aug. 15. Our eyes have met frequently of late appeals to the churches to make "Prohibition" a test of church fellowship. These appeals have been too frequent for us to view them as mere outbursts of rhetoric. A *Christian* church has no right to demand other conditions of fellowship than those required by Christ, and we demur to those conditions being amended by the wisdom of the closing years of the nineteenth century even by the noble band of workers in the cause of prohibition. There

fore we recognize the fact that "there are good and bad men on both sides of the Scott Act." In other words, a man may oppose the Scott Act and be a Christian, whether a wise one is another question. Then as to "the Church." What Christian individuals may do as members of the body politic is one thing, but for the Church in its mission of love, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," they are none the less "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." In this connexion friend Allworth speaks, and we do agree with him, that the Christian church is a spiritual force, that when she seeks other means of teaching and witnessing, she steps down from her high calling to the level of the world again. In our eagerness as citizens to have our laws make vice difficult rather than easy, we are in danger of forgetting the still more urgent need of bringing the gospel in its persuasive and quickening power to bear on the heart and conscience of men.

ON the shores of the Mediterranean south of France lies Monaco, the smallest of the independent principalities of Europe. Within its bounds is one of Europe's fashionable watering places and gambling hells. The inhabitants of the principality are not allowed access to the gambling tables, and the public taxes are virtually paid by the license fees of this monster establishment for luring foreign loungers to ruin. Here are a few statistics that invite reflection:

"According to a newspaper account, sixty-five of the victims of this infernal gambling hell have committed suicide in a single season. To the company owning it several million dollars profit each month is netted. There are sixteen tables running night and day, with an average of twenty gamblers constantly seated or standing at each, making 320 gambling every hour the year round. The playing is done very rapidly, and it is fair to say that each of the players stakes on an average a thousand francs, or \$200 an hour, making \$64,000 an hour for the 320 gamblers around these tables, a total for twenty-four hours of about \$1,500,000, or \$45,000,000 every thirty days? The number of players during thirty days runs up from 10,000 to 20,000. These figures will show how the small percentage in favor of the bank counts up into millions every month.

We should not be surprised that scandalously bad people occasionally get into the Church, for the money they can make out of it. We can only wonder there are not more scandals from this cause. "Si Slocum" writes to *The Truth Seeker*: "I wish I had the gift of gab, I would get onto the 'revival' racket at once. There are thousands, if not millions, in it."

JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

We read in the gospels, especially in Matthew and Mark, of our Saviour's prayer and agony in the garden; and by Luke—who had a peculiarity of noting particulars—we are told that the sweat forced from his body was like great drops of blood. Why this agony? he had no sin, and could have no remorse of conscience. Ah friend! did you ever see, or could you fittingly imagine, the feelings of a godly father, whose son had become a criminal? How easy to say to him, "My dear friend, you are an honorable man; we all love and admire you; we know there is no stain upon your character. Why should you hang your head, and pine away, as if the crime and disgrace were yours instead of his, to whom they properly belong?" "But," he would say, "it is my son! and I feel the sin and the disgrace, as if they were my own!" So Jesus bore the sins of men, and felt them as if they had been his own. He carried our sins, and the load was very heavy at this hour!

We are given Christ's prayer, but we are not given the explanation. The Scriptures are not given to formal explanations. In our general life we often have hints, and suggestions, and analogies, and the like, instead of direct teachings; and our best wisdom comes on those lines. And he who gives us the Scriptures gives us also the surroundings of our general life. Now, pondering on the Scriptures, I have come to this conclusion: (1) That unfulfilled Scripture cannot be understood till the event comes; it was not intended as a chief object to inform us beforehand, but to *strengthen our faith*, when the fulfilment comes: "And now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe." (2) That with respect to all fulfilled Scripture, we ought to try and understand all about it. It is past and gone; it has become history; and we have a right to understand it, and to encourage us in our praiseworthy researches there is always more and more light thrown upon it, as years and centuries pass on.

Has there been any light thrown on Christ's agony in the garden, and his prayer? Let us see. There have been three theories, as to what Christ pleaded for in the garden. It is not long since there existed only one. The Reformers held that Christ's human nature shrank from the dreadful ordeal of suffering, and pain, and death—a very natural conclusion, judging from ourselves—and that the blessed Father, though he did not see fit to grant the prayer, sent an angel to strengthen him; and Christ sunk back into perfect obedience and uncomplaining. Nobody seemed to think this view

could be questioned, and for generations it seemed to be accepted. For myself, even as a little boy, I did not like this theory. I trembled to think what might have been the consequences of Christ's abandoning the great work, before its complete accomplishment, and many must have felt that they would like to at least have the *choice* of a better theory. (2) That he was afraid he might die in the garden. We cannot say that our atonement could not have been wrought out as well the one way as the other, but then where would have been the fulfilment of the particular prophecies, that spoke of the manner of his death, and the matter of his burial? He did not want to die in the garden; he wanted to fulfil the Scriptures, and to the very letter. Besides, what slanders might not have arisen! "He poisoned himself! His dead body was found in the garden, by those who went to arrest him. He had come to his end, in the dark, in some unknown and suspicious way—suicide, or assassination by his followers—one or the other!" So the slanders might have run, and been embellished and enlarged upon from age to age. So there was good reason for his not dying in the garden; and there seems some weight in the belief that his prayer ran in that direction, and it has apparently a strong support (which the other theory has not) from Heb. 5-7, "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." He had before him, even as the spirit of God had set before the prophets, the public execution, the cross and the shame, the being "lifted up from the earth," and the (probably thousands of) witnesses to the sad, wondrous and portentous transactions of the day. And, fainting beneath his agony, he prayed that he might not die there in the dark! "And he was heard in that he feared;" and an angel was sent to strengthen him; and he did not die!

(3) That he did not want to die by the hand of man. Like David, he was willing to fall into the hand of God, but not of man; and that he prayed against the latter. But was he heard? Again, let us see. It was God's wrath against sin that Christ was bearing. Man's wrath might add to the poignancy of his sufferings, but it did not add to the efficacy of his atonement. We could imagine him dying beneath his Father's hand, gradually wasting away to his end from the grief he bore—and his dying bed surrounded by weeping disciples, and our salvation secured all the same: [Only that it was prophesied it should be otherwise.] And how dreadful, how almost incredible, that the very men he was dying for, should frantically endeavor to have *their* hands in his blood! At least let *them* keep away, and not interfere in this transaction between the righteous son and Father! And his prayer therefore was, "Into Thy hands

I commit my spirit, my body, my life! But oh, let not *men* take my life away!" And he was heard in that he feared. An angel strengthened him and assured him that although man should nail him to the cross, the crucifixion should not be the cause of his death—that he should die, as he had wished, beneath his Father's hand! And he did die, as modern science assures us, literally—most literally—of a broken heart; and not of the wounds and exhaustion of the cross.

Dr. Stroud, in his "Physical causes of Christ's death," makes this very clear. And his arguments are strongly supported by such men as Rev. Dr. Hanna, in his work on "Christ's sufferings and death." Dr. Stroud's position is, with great brevity, this: (1) Victims of crucifixion die from fainting and exhaustion. Christ showed himself to be a strong man, only a moment before his death, when he cried with a loud voice, and the centurion wondered at this conjunction of bodily strength with death. (2) Persons crucified do not commonly die for two, three, four and five days. Christ died in six hours. (3) The piercing of his side (we are not told which but it must have been the left,) produced "blood and water," which a death by ordinary crucifixion would not have exhibited. (4) In case of a "broken heart"—a literally ruptured heart—the blood escapes in the sac surrounding the organ, called the pericardium, and lodges there; and, with great pain to the sufferer, gorges and chokes the heart and causes death. All these things took place in Christ's case. (5) The blood, thus lodging in the pericardium, being out of the heart, veins and arteries, is to all scientific intents and purposes, *outside the body*, and immediately begins to separate into "blood and water," clot and serum, and this never takes place in the veins and arteries, till a considerable number of hours after death; could not, by any means, have taken place in the body of Christ, before pierced by the spear. (6) On any other theory there would have been *no water at all*, and but a very small quantity, if any, of blood. Dr. Stroud's conclusion therefore is, that he has proved his case, that the physical cause of Christ's death was a ruptured heart; and that it took place, or at least the crisis arrived, when he "cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost," Mark 15:37.

But do mental sufferings bring on heart-rupture? Sometimes it seems constitutional, as in the case of the late Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod. In other cases directly attributable to grief. Dr. Livingston tells about the slave gangs he met, and how the poor fellows, torn from their homes, would often die in a few days, of what Mr. Walker, the Editor of Livingston's last journals, with a touch of genius, calls "The Strange Disease." Livingston says, "They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot; though

many think that the organ stands high up under the breast bone. Some slaves expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat, and no work. One fine boy of about twelve years was carried, and when about to expire, was kindly laid down on the side of the path. . . . He too said he had nothing the matter with him except pain in his heart. As it attacks only the free who are captured, and never slaves, it seems to be really *broken hearts of which they die*. (Last Journals, chap. xvii.) Mr. Walker gained more information from Livingstone's servants about "The Strange Disease," and among other things says, "Children for a time would keep up with wonderful endurance; but it happened sometimes that the sound of dancing, and the merry tinkle of the small drums, would fall on their ears in passing near to a village; then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them, they cried and sobbed, the *broken heart* came on, and they rapidly sank."

So Jesus had his prayer! The rulers and priests had him nailed to the tree; but his Father snatched him out of their hands before the crucifixion could have its fatal effect. He died beneath God's hand, his heart broken for our sins. Oh loving Saviour! may we follow thee closer, and love thee better, for all that thou hast done for us!

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR. -My brief season of rest in Kingston was most thoroughly enjoyed, and has given fresh vigor for the work that lies before me.

FRANKLIN CENTRE

was the first appointment. Here Student Mason has been in labours more abundant during College vacation. The Lord has blessed his work, and fourteen persons were received into the church and took their places at the Lord's table for the first time; others have professed their faith in Christ, and probably will be received in due course. The congregations were large on the occasion of my visit, and the spiritual atmosphere of the place was most delightful. It was very evident that the Spirit of God was present in power. I think if the work is wisely carried on many more will soon decide to serve God. I was glad to hear that most of those whom I had the joy of admitting some three years ago, as the fruits of missionary Currie's labours, were walking in the truth, and especially to learn that one of the young men received then, has this summer had his love and zeal revived, and has decided to serve God in the ministry of the Word. He expects to enter our College next fall. More fruit of our missionary churches.

I made an honest effort to reach

COWANSVILLE

in time for the missionary meeting. With that object in view I left Franklin at five o'clock in the morning, and drove ten miles to take the cars, but a sad accident on the line, by which one person lost his life, delayed our train, and I got to the church as they were about to lock the door. Mr. Willett did not dismiss the congregation without giving them a good missionary speech, notwithstanding that he had preached two missionary sermons on the previous day. I was the loser, for I get inspiration by coming in contact with a people whose interest in missions is kept alive by the pastor as is the case in Cowansville. Would that all christian ministers preached and talked and prayed about missions as Mr. Willett does. There would be more liberal giving.

GRANBY

was the meeting place of the Quebec Association and the occasion was utilised by the Church to install the newly-elected pastor, Mr. Hindley. The members of Association were present in full force, a few being unavoidably detained. The Association discussed home and foreign missions, college and CANADIAN INDEPENDENT and church work generally. The annual missionary meeting was held on the first evening, at which addresses full of power and information were given by various speakers. Granby church has the ability and I think the inclination is to assist largely in our important work. The installation service you have heard of. The council was duly organized, and proceeded in the usual way. The *pastor elect* gave the utmost satisfaction and the people evinced more than ordinary interest in the service. It was my privilege to give the address on "Congregationalism," a duty assigned to another who could not be present. Mr. Willett addressed the pastor in fitting words, and our esteemed brother Brainard from Sherbrooke gave the charge to the people. We all deeply regret that Mr. Brainard owing to domestic affliction is obliged to leave Canada. He was just about fairly enlisted in our various denominational objects and we had learned to love him, when he must go to far off California. May the Divine blessing be with him in his new sphere, as it has been in the past.

STANSTEAD, NORTH,

has been the scene of the earnest labours of the Rev. P. Adams for over thirty years. He resides at Ayers Flats on the shores of lake Massawippa, and on the line of the Passumpic R.R. I found him in the best of health, full of zeal and good works. His labours extend over a wide range of country. He has five congregations, preaches three times every Sunday, in as many different places. I noticed considerable improvement in some of the congregations, and I have

no doubt would in all had not the Sunday been so very stormy and wet. There are few fields more discouraging than this, overrun with millarism, universalism, seventhdayism, and rank infidelity, the favorite resort of all religious cranks. Yet our missionary has held on the even tenor of his way. He preaches the old gospel with confidence that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes. He never fights the numerous tramps that invade his field of labour, but simply declares the truth in love. He is never without some fruit, and large numbers of those converted to Christ by his instrumentality are in the United States and other parts. He has had revivals on different parts of his field last year.

AYER'S FLATS

is a small village, there is a very fine church building and the only one in this place. At a week evening meeting we had a large congregation. The choir would be considered good in most of your city churches. In all this district they have the unreasonably custom of delegating all the singing to the choir, hence the choirs are generally well trained, but I like the congregation to unite in the service of song.

BROWN'S HILL.

The service is conducted in a school house. On a Saturday evening we had a good congregation and most appreciative hearers. Every second Sunday in the month our brother preaches here.

On Sunday morning we had our missionary service in

FITCH BAY.

It is on the shores of lake Memphremagog. There is an advent church, which has occasional services. We had a good congregation which came out through a downpour of rain, many coming from long distances. Here too there is a good choir, and as in Ayer's flats, a well-conducted Sunday school.

TYCE'S SCHOOL

was our afternoon appointment, where the audience is generally good, but owing to the state of the weather was small to-day. In this neighborhood live the descendants of the first Congregational settlers, Brainards and others, Browns who came from New England early in the century, bringing with them their faith in Christ and Congregational church polity. They have left a goodly race behind them. "The seed of the righteous shall be blessed." I met one of the Brainard family who I think has subscribed for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT ever since it was published in its first form. He is indeed a "grand old man."

LIBBEY'S MILL

was our evening appointment. But the storm and darkness seriously interfered with the congregation, yet we had a good time. There are some devoted

children of God in this neighborhood, and like the former place has fortnightly service. They gave collections in each of the places mentioned, amounting to nearly thirty dollars, which doubtless would have been much larger if the friends could have come out. In addition they will forward annual subscriptions in due course.

STANSTEAD.

I drove over to this place in company with Mr. Adams, but found that through some postal mishap I was not expected. Hence, no meeting. Early in the present year the Rev. Mr. Dunlap, from N. H., entered upon his labors here. The church had been for some time vacant. The new pastor seems to fit in well; from what we saw and heard of him at Granby and in his own home, I would judge the church has obtained the right man, if they can retain him. In his spirit and methods he is like Mr. Hill, of Calvary, Montreal. This is enough to secure our confidence, and excite hopes of cordial co-operation in all our work. He has promised to look after the interests of the missionary society, and he will do so not merely as a duty, but from love for the cause. The Stanstead church stands almost on the line. You could fling a stone from the church door into the state of Vermont, and the parsonage is in the state, and perhaps fully one-half of the congregation; yet for years it was connected with our missionary society, and is still among our Quebec churches. We earnestly desire to have it come into closer fellowship, and encourage and help us in missions and college and every other good work.

WATERVILLE.

The Rev. G. Purkis has patiently plodded along here for about twenty years. His labors have been largely blessed; not only in building the material church but in erecting the spiritual edifice. The village of Waterville has grown considerably of late, and is still growing, and our church keeps pace with the requirements of the place. There is a good congregation and Sabbath school, "Women's missionary society" and other institutions gathered round the church, encouraged and inspired not only by the pastor, but by his excellent daughter, Mrs. R. Freeland. We had a most interesting missionary meeting, at which the choir sang some suitable pieces. There are two other preaching places, in one of which we had a meeting.

EUSTUS

is a mining neighborhood. The services are held in a hall, where large congregations, composed of the miners and their families, attend. We had a missionary meeting here, and found a small but most attentive audience. Our brother is much esteemed in this place. Of course there is no certainty about the congregation, as the only industry to retain the population is mining

business, which may at any time be suspended as it has been in the past, but while there are souls to save, it is our duty to go and labor, though there is no prospect of a permanent organization.

LENNOXVILLE.

This cause was until recently a part of Sherbrooke church, and was supplied by that pastor, but the mother church has decided that the daughter must set up house-keeping on her own account. During the summer student H. Pedley supplied, giving the utmost satisfaction, indeed his name is a household word all round. The congregation is not large in Lennoxville, but it is select, and the friends are strongly attached to their principles. They have no building but rent the Methodist church one part of the Sabbath. They intend to "arise and build." For the present perhaps the wisest course will be to bring supplies from the college. I spent some time with the friends, giving the best counsel in my power. Here I must close.

By the time this is in the hands of your readers, I expect to be on the

BRINY DEEP

on my way to old England. I must transfer my labors to that country for some six months. Need I say that my heart will be in Canada, and that I will gladly return to my work when I have fulfilled my mission beyond the sea. It is not without deep regret that I drop my work just now; but I believe the call is from God, and I most willingly respond. I know I shall be remembered before the throne of grace by many, and in answer to prayer I expect to be preserved by sea and land, as I have been for so many years. I hope to be successful in the work to which I am called, and to be restored to family, friends and labors in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

I purpose sending you a monthly letter for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. Will you forward the magazine to "Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., London." my head quarters while I am in England. I trust the missionary efforts will be vigorously pushed during the winter. The secretaries of associations and the district representatives or executive will be charged with the duty of arranging for missionary meetings, etc., and the Rev. J. Wood, Ottawa, secretary, will conduct all correspondence, and do whatever of my work is consistent with his own duties as pastor of a city church. Farewell. I remain, ever truly yours,

TROS. HALL.

Eastern Townships, Sept. 23rd, 1886.

The *Morning Star* tells us that the sweetest and richest oranges are the black and rusty-coated fruit. Pick out the dingiest oranges in the box, and you will get the best.

Correspondence.

THE CHURCH AND THE KINGDOM.

Under the above heading, Rev. Dr. Goodwin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chicago, has published a third article in advocacy of pre-millennial views, which will be found in *The Advance* of Sept. 2nd, 1886. Nor is this to be the last. Still another article is foreshadowed, and it is questionable if that will exhaust the long pent-up fountain which now, at length, has found an outlet through the columns of the leading denominational organ in the Great West.

If there was cause to complain of unfairness in the articles already reviewed in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, there is yet greater ground for similar complaint in the article now under consideration. Dr. Goodwin literally manufactures a man of straw which he proceeds to demolish. Referring to the "Kingdom" which is to be "established over all the earth" at the Lord's coming, he asks: "Is this Kingdom the church?" He then coolly assumes without shadow of evidence, that those who hold the post-millennium view of the second advent interpret the Scriptures as "making the kingdom and the church identical." This done, he strings together a lot of passages in which the words "kingdom" and "church" are used as synonymous: e. g. "Repent, for the church is at hand." "If he neglect to hear them, tell it to the kingdom," &c., &c. Most of the article is taken up with an effort to show in this and various ways the absurdity of supposing that the church and the kingdom are one and the same.

The Dr. might have spared himself all this trouble, for no writer of any note on this controversial subject has ever maintained that the church and the kingdom are synonymous. When it is contended that the kingdom is a spiritual one, a very different idea is put forth from that which Dr. Goodwin takes so much needless pains to combat. It is the same idea which our Lord expressed when he made the declaration, "My kingdom is not of this world." The kingdom of heaven is the reign of heaven's principles in the hearts of men. Dr. Goodwin contends for the literal, objective, visible character of Christ's kingdom, and expects a sudden manifestation and triumph of it by an exercise of omnipotent power in the subjugation of its enemies.— This is the unanimous pre-millennial view. It is analogous to the expectation of an earthly kingdom which was cherished by the Jews at the time of Christ's advent. It is, like that conception, founded on a misunderstanding of the nature and design of Christ's kingdom. Like that too, it is doomed to utter and bitter disappointment.

The church and the kingdom are not synonymous, be-

cause the church is only one department of the kingdom. The whole includes any and all of the parts, but no one part can stand for the whole. Those who hold the views for which Dr. Goodwin contends, make, among others, these two serious mistakes: 1, That of supposing that Christ's reign is yet to begin; and 2, that of limiting Christ's present sphere of influence to the church. On the contrary, the New Testament teaches that our Lord began to reign when he ascended on high. "Him hath God exalted as a PRINCE and a Saviour." Jesus reigns *now*. He is not yet "Lord of all," in actual sovereignty, though he is in right, and he is ordering all the events of providence with a view of bringing about this ultimate and glad consummation. Christ reigns now in the kingdom of grace, which has ramifications and territories outside the church, and operates in all the forms of moral influence on the consciences and hearts of men. Under the rule and governance of the Lord Jesus, preparations are being made on a vast scale for the final and complete conversion of the world; a result not to be brought about by physical omnipotence or a display of visible glory, but by a series of mighty outpourings of the Holy Ghost such as characterized the day of Pentecost, and will become simultaneous and world-wide at the ushering in of the millenium.

Dr. Goodwin distinctly denies that the Lord Jesus is exercising kingly prerogatives now. At present, he tells us Christ is at the right hand of the Father as our "High Priest and Advocate." "But," he adds, "when the end of this ministry is come, THEN he will assume his full kingly prerogatives, which, as concerning this world, may now be said to be held in abeyance, and in literal fulfilment of prophecy will come in glory and power, set up his own throne in this world, and with his church associated with him as his bride, reign forever King of Kings and Lord of Lords." "This" visible, future, earthly kingdom,—"this" affirms Dr. Goodwin is what our Lord meant his disciples to pray for when he taught them to say, "Thy Kingdom Come."

Now we take exception to this whole paragraph. In the first place Christ is more than High Priest and advocate in his relations to his people now. He is "Prophet, Priest and KING." There is not a truly converted heart that does not recognize his regal relation and sing right loyally:—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

The saints recognize this regal character of Christ, not only in regard to themselves but the world at large. If Christ were not actually reigning, how could sinners

be in rebellion against him? Christ's "kingly prerogatives are" not "held in abeyance *now*" either by himself or his people. "His own throne is not to be set up in this world at some future time." "Thy throne oh! God is for ever and ever." It stretches through all eternity, past as well as future. That this kingdom may come to every human heart, and be set up there, in harmony with the great truth "The kingdom of God is within you," is what we are taught to pray for in the Lord's prayer, and not the setting up at some indefinitely distant day of a visible earthly kingdom with all the paraphernalia of court and government after the manner of worldly kingdoms. It is not the least of the practically bad influences of the pre-millennial theory that it eviscerates the deep and precious meaning of the most important petition in the Lord's prayer, and sets people thinking, not of a present loyal doing of the will of God, as angels do it in heaven, but of being exalted on visible thrones, wielding golden sceptres, and revelling in all the magnificence of a carnal kingdom. It was the aim of Christ in all his teaching to draw away the mind from the carnal and visible to the spiritual and the unseen. The apostles of pre-millennialism evidently are not working along the same lines as the Master.

C.

Guelph.

PROHIBITION *VERSUS* MORAL SUASION.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly insert in the next number of CANADIAN INDEPENDENT the enclosed quotation from an address, delivered by Mrs. Lathrap, before the Michigan W.C.T.U., May, 1885, as a reply to the ground taken by Rev. W. Allworth in your issue of Aug. 15th, on the question of Prohibition *versus* Moral Suasion, and commended by yourself. I live in a village of about 1000 inhabitants where prohibition has been enforced for the past seven years, "not by proxy", but by persistent self-denying effort on the part of a few "practical Christians, who *rote*, and *work*, as they *pray*. The result has been most gratifying, and those who at first opposed prohibition are now heartily in favor of it. Christian temperance women have no doubt where the true remedy for the evils of intemperance lie, viz: in prohibition, and as a result, protection for innocent children, also for those husbands, grown up sons and brothers, who morally are unable to protect themselves from the allurements of drink. I know of one christian mother, loving, tender, true, who, while her heart was breaking with anguish at the death of her beautiful little boy, said, as she closed his eyes, "thank God he will never die a drunkard." She knew by sad experience, as thousands of other mothers know, of how little value are "loving persuasions" to

"win men to sobriety," while rumsellers are legalized to ply their unholy traffic.

"ONE WHO HAS PONDERED."

"The first years of our more than a decade of organized effort was spent for the drinker. Pledges, prayers, songs, appeals and gospel meetings all rounded up with one invitation: "Come to the pledge and to Christ." And they did come by hundreds throughout the land; eighty thousand drinking men signed the pledge during Dr. Reynold's first visit to the State. But the years went by, and the percentage that went back to their cups was appalling. The church stirred into interest by the first wave of this new revival, grew dispirited and impatient with the many failures, and faith in the final perseverance of reformed men died out about her altars—these same Christians who were thus disgusted voting meanwhile to keep open the dram-shop that tempted them. We temperance women saw these failures and felt them keenly. Why should we not? Every fallen man was the wreck of our hope and our endeavor. Then, with sorrow for them, we turned to the youth and children with the cry, 'It is easier to prevent the evil than to save the lost ones.' We organized young people's societies, Bands of Hope, and temperance schools. We knocked at the door of the Sunday school and asked for definite work in the nursery of the church. We finally asked the State to provide for scientific temperance instruction in the schools of the people. We had victories that looked like real success; but in the face of our efforts drunken children were being arrested in Chicago at the rate of a thousand a month. The quantity of liquor consumed was on the increase much faster than the increase of population, and our prisons were full of young men. City councils were lenient, police power was intimidated or traitorous. Laws made for the protection of the young and tempted were disregarded. The very hand of empire, State and National, seemed palsied before the legalized traffic. What destroyed our reformed men, honest in a weak intention? What tempted the children and filled the saloon ranks from the home and Sunday-school? Only the dram-shop did it. This was its legitimate work. And yet the institution was permitted by public opinion, and licensed by a majority vote in both political parties dominant in the States. These facts, hard, stern, and undeniable, brought us face to face with our third aim: The destruction of the dram-shop by law. Our work was well nigh futile while the dram-shop stood in every town to destroy. What enginery should we turn against this fountain of all evils we had sought to destroy? The Gospel methods, Bible, song, and pledge would not do here. What touched the drunkard did not reach the drunkard-maker. Our educational methods did not avail. What cared the saloon power about the action of alcohol—except upon their coffers filled with the price of blood? Where was the saloon that we might reach it?

My friends, it was not in morals, not in the educational realm. The saloon was in government, solidly settled upon State and National law; also it came into the realm Government by the path of party politics, as all things must in a government by the people. Finding these things so, we followed our question where it led us. Just as at first, we said, "We will go after the drinker to his temptation, after the outcast

child to his danger;" so, said we, "We will follow our principle to the end of our duty—God helping us."

In 1883, at the National Convention in Detroit, these women "*Resolved*, That we will lend our influence to that party, by whatever name called, that will furnish the best embodiment of prohibition principles, and will most surely protect our homes." In 1884 the test had been applied, and in the full knowledge this gave them they passed the following resolution as the expression of sentiment burned into the conscience by the Divine fire of the Crusade, and growing more impressive amid the long, steady strain of organized work where they studied the tactics of the enemy and learned wisdom by many defeats.

To have done less than this at such an hour would have been to turn our back upon the result of our own endeavor and refuse to accept the answer to our own prayers.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A., }
MONTREAL, September 21st, 1886. }

It is requested that applications for pulpit supplies, and all other correspondence relating to the educational work of the College, be, until further notice, addressed to the undersigned, 177 Drummond Street, Montreal.

GEORGE CORNISH,
Secretary.

News of the Churches.

GRANBY.—Four churches were invited by the church at Granby to meet in council to review the action of that church in calling Rev. J. I. Hindley, M.A., to be its pastor, and as interested sister churches to express their opinion as to the advisability of installing the candidate. At one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, September 8th, the delegates met. The call to the council was read by the clerk of the church, and the council was organized with Rev. George Willett, of Cowansville, as Moderator, and Rev. E. M. Hill, of Montreal, as Scribe. There being so small a delegation present it was decided to break over the organized principle that no one shall be added to the council after it has convened. The members of the council present granted the church the privilege of inviting the churches and ministers attending the Quebec Association to take part in the deliberation. The clerk of the church read the call that was sent to Mr. Hindley, and his acceptance. The candidate told of his ordination seventeen years ago, of his present church membership in regular standing and his membership in the Central Association of Ontario. At the request of the Moderator the brother read a statement of belief which was clear, frank and above suspicion. After a few questions the council voted to be by itself, and then a unanimous expression of approval was expressed and the church ad-

vised to proceed to installation. At the installation services the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants. The choir furnished beautiful music and the Sunday school came to sing a song as an expression of regard for the new pastor. The Scribe read the minutes of the council's session. Rev. Geo. Purkis read the Scripture; Rev. L. P. Adams offered the installing prayer; Rev. Edward M. Hill gave the right hand of fellowship; Rev. George Willett gave a charge to the pastor; and Rev. E. R. Brainard a charge to the people. The pastor then pronounced the benediction. And so a new pastorate is started with good hopes and happy prospects. May the great Head of the church fulfil all the desires of pastor and

MILTON, N. S.—On the first instant the Rev. Henry Goddard was installed by a council as pastor of the church in Milton. Mr. Goddard came from England in May last, and since then supplying the church with a view to settlement. The churches in Yarmouth, Liverpool and Pleasant River were invited to take part in the council. Rev. S. Sykes, of Liverpool, and Rev. W. McIntosh, of Yarmouth, with deacons Freeman, Whitman and Tupper, of Milton, composed the council. Mr. Sykes was chosen Moderator and deacon Whitman Secretary. A conference was held in the afternoon with Mr. Goddard which gave much satisfaction, and arrangements were made for the public services in the evening. At 7:30 p.m. the church was filled with an interested and attentive congregation. The Moderator opened the meeting. Rev. Mr. McIntosh read Scripture and the pastor of the Baptist church led in prayer. Deacon Freeman in a few appropriate words gave the circumstances leading to the call extended by the church to Mr. Goddard. Mr. Goddard replied, accepting the same, stating his plans and purposes in regard to the work in Milton. Mr. McIntosh offered the installation prayer, and gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor. Mr. Sykes gave the address to the pastor and Mr. McIntosh to the people. The circumstances in which this settlement is made are very happy, and the prospects of a successful pastorate are good. Milton is a promising field, not large but has room for earnest and solid work for the Master. A marked feature, affording encouragement, is the intelligence and culture of the young people. Few village churches can produce such singing as enlivened the installation services. It is always a pleasure to visit Milton; and the desire of the brethren is that the union formed may be lasting and prosperous.

MONTREAL, ZION.—Since our jotting was penned with its ending in the minor key regarding this church we rejoice to learn that the friends have again gathered for

service in the Hall, 1350 St. Catherine street. The building has been leased until the first of May and has been nicely fitted up; and, as the expenses of the new church home are but slight, it is expected that a building fund will soon be found. At the first service, held 19th ult., student McCallum preached at 11 and Mr. Unsworth at 7. The Sunday school and Bible classes meet at 3 p.m. God bless old Zion and send prosperity with peace

SHERBROOKE.—We learn that Mr. Brainard has resigned the pastorate of this church, that his resignation has been accepted, and that he has already removed therefrom. The church has also extended a call to Mr. George Willett, of Cowansville, which at the time of our writing this note had not been accepted, though we have heard many earnest hopes expressed to the end that Mr. Willett would see his way clear to accept. We know nothing of the circumstances of Mr. Brainard's removal, but we are assured of this, that should Mr. Willett accept the pastorate there we should become much better acquainted with the Sherbrooke brethren.

SPEEDSIDE.—We have had Rev. A. McCleod (student) supplying for us since College closed in the spring, and by his courteous and agreeable manner he has won for himself a warm place in the hearts of the people of Speedside, and all feel sorry that he has left for he has been instrumental in doing a good work among us. The last Sabbath he was with us 9 were received into the church on profession of faith; quite a number more have found peace through believing and trusting Christ as their only hope of salvation, and many more are anxious. Sabbath evening, September 4th, he chose for his text, Hebrews ix. 27: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." He seemed more earnest than ever before, he pleaded with those who had not decided for Christ not to put it off any longer, but to decide now; he asked all to stand who would decide now; just one stood up, but after service 5 more yielded to the spirit's pleadings and gave themselves to Christ. The wish of all was that he would stay with us and carry on the good work. There has not been such an awakening among us for a number of years, especially among the young people. Although many of the congregation live a distance from the church, we had large congregations both morning and evening, principally young people in the evening. Rev. Chas. Pedley is supplying us for two weeks, but we have no further supply. Our earnest prayer to God is, that he will send us a suitable pastor, to "break unto us the bread of life."

WOODSTOCK.—A very successful Bazaar has been held here by the ladies of the church, in aid of the building fund. We hope to give some details in our next issue.

PERSONAL.

We congratulate our friend Dr. Dowart on his well earned re-election as Editor of the *Guardian*. As all outspoken editors he has been grumbled at, but manliness tells.

The only daughter of our staunch friend, Mr. Henry Cox, of Burford, was, on the 15th ult., married in the Congregational church there to Mr. James Russell, of Odgen, Utah. Mr. Wm. Hay tied the happy knot. Our congratulations to the late Miss Grace, may she with her husband enjoy long years of prosperity and of blessing.

Dr. J. L. Withrow has finally decided not to accept the call to the Third Presbyterian Church of this city. He will remain in Boston, the honored pastor of Park Street Church and the center of the influence which has been exerted by that institution for the last century.

We have received a kind letter from Rev. H. Hughes, late of Paris, from England, in which he kindly expresses remembrance of the brotherhood here. He has not yet found a sphere of labor.

The Family Circle.

ROBBY'S NIGHT LODGING.

BY MISS SARAH COAN.

"I don't care! I'll go to Mrs. Hendrickson! She hasn't got any little boy, and she'll be glad to have one; and then mamma won't have any!" and Robby tossed his curly head proudly, and tried to look brave—much braver than his heart prompted.

Robby Knox was not by any means a bad boy, but he had one fault which his parents had tried in vain to correct—that of running away. Although but seven years old, he had found his way to the lake, two miles distant, and was often missing for hours. Every punishment seemed useless. To-day it had been another trip to the lake, and a new punishment was in store. Robby came in at four o'clock, hot and tired, and found his bed covered with his possessions, a most unusual array; but his mother soon appeared carrying a satchel and seated herself by the bed.

"Since my little boy," she said, "is so dissatisfied with his home he may go away and find a better one."

"I don't want to go," he remonstrated.

"Mamma will not keep a little boy who is not happy at home," Mrs. Knox replied, which made Robby utter the hasty words given above.

It was a hot, hot August day, and Robby was so tired, and the satchel was so heavy. Nevertheless he thought Mrs. Hendrickson, who lived directly opposite, would be glad to keep him one night, and that his mother would soon relent and come after him.

"I hope you'll be happy, my dear," Mrs. Knox said, as she put the satchel into Robby's hand and led the way to the front door.

At that moment his father came in, and surprised at the strange tableau, exclaimed,

"Hallo! What does this mean, my curly-headed little man?"

Robby hung his head, and Mrs. Knox answered, "Oh, nothing, James—Robby stays away from home so much that I have given him leave to find a better one."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Knox: "papa is verry sorry to lose his only boy, but he doesn't want to keep him where he cannot be happy. Good-bye. How we shall miss our boy."

"Good-bye, my darling," said his mother, and the door closed behind him.

For a moment he stood hesitating; then, thinking he might be watched through the window-blinds, tripped courageously across the street, and rang Mrs. Hendrickson's bell.

Ah! could he have looked behind the door of his own home he would have seen his mother sobbing, and his father, heavy-hearted too, trying to comfort her with the hope that this punishment would prove effectual.

Bridget—who adored Robby—came to the door. "Shure, Misther Robby, and what be you afther this time o' day with a bag? for all the world like a real trav'lin gintlemin!"

"I want to see Mrs. Hendrickson," said Robby, straightening up, and thinking how glad Mrs. Hendrickson would be to have a boy, and how he was going to punish his mother.

Bridget's disappearance was soon followed by the appearance of her mistress.

"Can I do anything for you, my child?" said the lady. You look tired, Robby."

"I've come to stay all night," said Robby, "and to live with you, if my mother doesn't come after me. She sent me to find a new home, because I runned away to-day. I couldn't help it. The boys sailed boats and asked me to go."

"I'm sorry to refuse you, but we're going out to-night, and much as I should like a little boy, I think I don't care for one who runs away."

This was a complete surprise. Robby had expected a cordial welcome from her who had often petted him and coaxed him to be "her little boy—her little curly-locks." Piqued, however, he said nothing and left. To get out of sight of both houses he turned the street corner, and sat down upon a doorstep to consider what to do next.

Then he ran until breathless, he stopped finally at the town pump to drink from the tin cup, and thought of his pretty silver cup at home which no one now used. As he drank the sound of a low, sweet voice caught his ear. A mother was rocking her babe to sleep, singing the same song his mother sang to Rose.

The tears filled his eyes as he thought of Rose and his mother. He did not know that Rose had cried herself to sleep asking for "obby" to "tome and tiss" her.

But the low singing had quieted his sudden fear, and he next mounted the steps of Mr. Austin's handsome house. "They have lots of room," he thought, "and the children will be rejoiced to have me."

Black Jacob came to the door. He loved Robby, but he too had his cue.

"I've come to stay all night," said Robby.

"All night! Mighty fine gen'leman you must be, to hab all dat luggage foh one night; mebbe yer movin'."

"Will you tell Mrs. Austin I've come to stay all night?"

Oh, yes, sah! I'll tell her anytings you hab to say," and Jacob disappeared.

He soon returned. "Missis' compliments to de young p'destrian, and she isn't well, and can't do nuffin' for nobody to-night. In my 'pinion, gen'lemen ob quality as is lookin' for a night's lodgin' can be 'commodated at de 'otel. Night, sah."

Poor Robby! Tears ran down his cheeks as the door closed in his face. Fear took the place of courage as the daylight died gradually. From door to door he ran; everywhere a refusal; nobody wanted a runaway.

He saw the cattle go sauntering by to their homes; the hens had clucked all their chicks home and stowed them away in their feather beds. Everybody and everything had a home but himself.

Crying bitterly at last, and digging his dirty fists into his pretty brown eyes, now swollen and red and stained, he dragged his aching little legs up Farmer Nash's steps. When Miss Clara heard the gate shut and saw her pet Robby, sobbing as though his heart would break, and lugging a satchel that seemed more than he could carry, she flew to the door. She knew Robby was to be sent away, and she determined to prevent it.

Oh Cla-a-ra," sobbed Robby, "please le-et mes-stay. I'm so tired and hungry. And I havn't any papa and mamma, and I'm afraid of the dark.

Mrs. Nash at first refused, but Clara began to cry, and to hug and kiss Robby, and plead, too; and there was such a duet of misery that consent came at last. Robby had his face washed, but he was too tired and nervous to eat the supper he had everywhere hoped to get. His tears still flowed as he lay in bed thinking of papa, who came every night to his bed to tell him a story, and of mamma, who always sang him a song, and of Rose, who always prayed, "Dod b'less dear 'obby."

Happy childhood, that cannot long remember a sorrow. Robby soon fell asleep and dreamed of all at home, and that he was no longer called a runaway, nor wandered about homeless.

Not so his mother. All the long hours of that night she wept, though she knew her darling boy was safe and sleeping at last. She longed for her little truant as only a mother can long for a child in spite of its naughtiness. When the morning came Robby opened his eyes, and seeing a strange room could not tell where he was. Before he had time to recall yesterday Clara came bounding in.

"Oh, Robby, here's an invitation for you!" which read:

HEAR 'OBBY: Will oo tom to 'cakfast! Oo tan do away aden, if oo want.

HOME.
Oo tan do
'OOSEY.

No boy ever woke up more effectually than Robby, nor got into his clothes more quickly. He forgot to thank Farmer Nash's family.

Jacob, opening the front door, saw the little fellow going by like a meteor, and muttered: "Dat fellah's come to his oats. It's allers de way; people neber knows when dey's well off till de're worsen."

Bridget, sweeping the side-walk, called out, when

she saw a pair of little legs flying up the steps of the opposite house, "Ye'll be wakin' up all the familiee. Shure, it's a bad penny returns before ye're expectin' it!"

But the family needed no "wakin'." Robby's mother opened the front door, and caught her little boy in her arms.

"O mamma! mamma!" he cried, covering her face with kisses, "I've come home to eat *all* my breakfasts with you. I'll never run away again if you'll let me stay."

And he never did. — *Christian Weekly.*

IMPORTANT PERIOD OF A MAN'S LIFE.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man may be considered in the prime of life. His mature strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the highest attacks of disease, however, he arrives at the critical point of existence. The river of death flows before him, and he remains at a standstill. But athwart this river stands a viaduct called the "turn of life," which if passed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," around which the river winds and then flows without a causeway of doubt to affect its passage. The bridge however is constructed of fragile materials and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bends or breaks. Gout, apoplexy, and other maladies are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller and thrust him from the pass, but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor the "turn of life" has a turn either to a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having their utmost expansion now begin either to close like the flowers at sunset, or break down at once.

One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in its beauty until night has nearly set in.

A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked: "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" "I know where they are not," was his reply—which is a most important thing. Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God, and your heart is wedded to his service, you will know where the dangers and difficulties, and miseries and contradictions are not. Riding peacefully upon the great depths of his love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.

The following anecdote shows that, if the guidwife lacked grace, her husband certainly did not make up the deficiency. "A minister of the 'Kirk' of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbat. So pausing in the steady and possibly monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate,—"Susan!" Susan woke up with a start, and opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake. "Susan" he continued, "I didna marry ye for yer wealth sin' ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And, if ye hae not grace, I hae made but a sair bargain wi' ye!"

THE LITTLE GIRL AT NYE'S.

"There's a little girl at Nye's,"
So the neighbors said with sighs ;
"She has lost her way, we fear,
Poor, lone birdie, nesting here
In a home so dark and dreary,
With a mother pale and weary,
With a father who is wasting
His strong life to ruin hastening;
Yes, she's surely gone astray,
God ne'er sent her here," said they.

Ah ! we've eyes, but cannot see;
Deaf, uncertain ears have we;
God is still a mystery.

For the "little girl at Nye's,"
With her sweet and sunny eyes,
In her home a very beam
Of the cheery sun did seem.

Till the mother half forgot
Of the hardships of her lot;
And the father with a smile,
Thought of each bewitching wile,
Toiling all the harder now,
And, as oft he wiped his brow,
Whispering softly, "I must go
Ere 'tis late, she loves me so.
Quickly must the work be done,
I must go at set of sun,
Or she grieves—my little one."

Drawn toward home by cords so slender,
Baby lips and cooings tender,—
Cords so slender, yet so strong,
Sure must keep his feet from wrong.

And his lawless friends of old
Succered, then coaxed, and then grew cold.

But, alas, one wintry day
Mournfully the neighbors say,
"Baby's dead !"
And they lightly tread, and low

Whisper of the parents' woe,
And sweet flowers they softly strew,
Wet with tears, as once with dew,
Round her head.

And the mother, day by day,
Folds so carefully away
Baby's things,
Thinking with a happy smile,
"Angels cannot stay below;
Heaven wanteth thee, and so
God sent wings.

But he'll take good care of thee,
He will keep thee still for me."

Paler grows the father's brow,
And the comrades whisper, "Now,
When his heart is crushed and sore,
He will come to us once more.
Let the foaming, sparkling glasses
Tempt him daily, as he passes?"

Tempt him ! Yes; but he is strong,
Hear his answer to the throng:

"I will give you this to ponder:
I've an angel waiting yonder,
Waiting, aye, though time be slow,
And years pass before I go.
Surely, surely, then 'tis meet
That my lips be pure and sweet
For her greeting
At the meeting.

Think you, comrades, that for this
I'd give up my baby's kiss?"

So the "little girl at Nye's"
Was an angel from the skies,
Was a bit of God's own smile
Shining on them for awhile,—
For awhile ! It shineth ever;
God's own smile is darkened never.

—*Christian Register.*

THE MONK.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent-cell in days by gone,
Pictures of maytyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs ! not fit to be a chapel's treasure !
Full many a taunting word upon them fell,
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,
Were but my skill as great as the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view !

"But no—'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still less can He admire,
My life's work is all valueless—to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes, within his cell—oh, wonder !
There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—
"I scorn no work that's done for love of Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or meed;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed."

—*Home Journal.*

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B. D., Editor, will be published (D. V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Published solely in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2618, Toronto, Ont.

All correspondence regarding subscriptions, advertisements and general business to be directed to MR. W. R. CLARK, Bowmanville, Ont.