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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1887.

[No. 15.]

Editorial Jottings.

THE soul cannot live on "Don't knows." Yet that is the creed of the Broad schools. The existence of a God is probable, very, but "we don't know." Man may find life beyond the grave, but we don't know. Reader, open your Bible to such texts as 2 Tim. i. 12, Rom. viii. 28, 2 Cor. v. 1, Eph. iii. 19, 1 John iii. 2. Knowledge is surely better than Agnosticism. Faith is sight. Ponder the path of thy feet, and answer, Which is the way ye choose?

THERE is considerable comment in English Congregational circles just now on the work done in the schools of theology which professedly train men for the Christian ministry. The *Christian World* has the following—in our opinion—wise hints. What care we about controversies whose very dust is buried. Living issues we desire to meet.

For the ministry of to-day some such theological course as the following would be an admirable preparation:—(1) The actual contents of the Bible. (2) A sound system of Interpretation. (3) The History of Doctrine of relative Philosophy in connection with the History of the Church. (4) The religions of the world. (5) Homiletics, including the formation of a good English style for the Pulpit. This, with the freest and fullest discussion of Present-day Problems on Theology, Philosophy, Sociology and Ethics, under the direction, not of professors, but of men who are in the thick of the fight, and who have made one or other of these subjects their own, would prove a noble preparation for the ministry. Such a course would enable the student to make his own Theology as the honoured Principal of Cheshunt, at his induction to that office, advised his pupils to do.

THE American Home Missionary Society is again borrowing from the banks in order to pay its missionaries promptly. The receipts of the first three months of the financial year were only \$57,000, the demands on the treasury average

about \$1,000 a day—a state of things which fore-shadows another debt of serious magnitude.

Note this postscript:—

As the last line of the above "Treasury Note" was written, a New York business man, who was at the Saratoga meeting, came in with a cheque for \$1,400 to provide for paying the entire grant to two missionaries at the front. Not content with that, the great-hearted man proposes to provide for paying the grants to three more at the same rate. Are there not others, like-minded and able, who would count it a privilege so to be represented in our country's great mission field? Our friend's visit filled the rooms with light and cheer. A few more such calls would almost make us forget the midsummer's drought and shrinkage.

THE case of Dr. McGlynn is attracting some attention, but we feel that his double position is untenable. No man can have his pudding, and eat it too. No man can have the status of a Roman Catholic priest, and have his conscience free. It is perfectly true that the catechisms teach that—

A man is always bound to follow his conscience, even if false and erroneous. . . . Nor can any injunction of any authority, ecclesiastical or civil, make it lawful for a man to do that which his conscience unhesitatingly condemns as certainly wicked. "God Himself," Billuart says, "cannot make it lawful for a man to act against his conscience, because to do so without sin is a contradiction in terms."

It is also true that the Papal priest uses his conscience to accept Rome; and Rome accepted, is Rome infallible. Dr. McGlynn deliberately placed his conscience in the Church's, i.e., the Pope's, hands; and must accept the necessary results.

DR. MCGLYNN tells some wholesome truths in the following extracts from one of his addresses:—

I have no quarrel with the doctrines or the sacraments of the Catholic Church. I regard them as the most precious things in the world, and I would not wish to see you deprived of those sacraments. But if any priest, bishop or Pope makes it a condition of receiving the sacraments that you shall forego the

right to teach or believe any economic truth that you conceive to be for the benefit of humanity, refuse to receive the sacraments. [Wild applause and shouts.] If any ecclesiastical machine interferes with any truth you hold in political economy or astronomy, simply tell the machine to mind its own business. [A voice, 'We will!'] If the pulpits try to keep you away from these meetings do not heed them. If the confessor should say that he cannot give you absolution if you don't keep away, say to him, "Reverend father, keep your absolution."

Remember always that it is the teaching of Catholic theology that absolution to be of any effect must come from God, and if through no fault of your own you are denied absolution from priests, you can go to God and ask for His absolution. Then you can go to communion, and take the sacrament of the eucharist till they excommunicate you *nominatim*. Then, by and by, the list of those excommunicated by name will be as big as the New York City Directory, and communion will be by card only—[laughter]—and all candidates will be examined at the church doors as to whether they are sound on these questions of political economy or not.

The misfortune is that they are not Papal teachings, they are Biblical and Protestant; they are not according to councils and Roman Catholic doctrines, that is all.

WE do not anticipate much from Dr. McGlynn's movement; if he desires liberty, he must come out from Rome. We admire the manliness of the man, we rejoice in his determination to be free; but individual liberty and Rome parted company long ago, and the excommunication is only the consistent outcome of her creed and polity.

WE are a remarkably patient people, sustaining some thirteen houses of legislature, municipal councils almost numberless, law courts, ditto; a Governor-General, eight Lieutenant-Governors to match; with 600 paid law makers. And yet if a poor man's cow is run over by a railway's neglect, or his property damaged by some such powerful corporation, he is not likely to get justice till the Privy Council decides the case after some years of vexatious law suits, by which the legal fraternity alone receive benefit.

WE have in Toronto a Street Railway Company that renders excellent service. There is some dispute with the city authorities as to the repair of the track on two at least of the principal thoroughfares. Few days pass without some innocent vehicle coming to grief, its wheels being broken by the wrench of crossing the track. Any half

dozen sensible men would settle the question as to where the responsibility lies in six hours. But legal questions come in, we are so kept in hand by law, that the millennium is apt to dawn before we know where to find redress, and then we may not need it.

THERE are military authorities, and red-tape prevails where even the red coat has passed away. Then there is an etiquette which specially appertains to the military caste, it is awful in its approaches. Stand in awe, hats off, be silent! The rifle range covers—for awkward and careless marksmen, and there are such even under this dread military etiquette—a part of the lake where small steamers and pleasure boats of right and of necessity frequent. Frequently passengers hear the sweet sound of the rifle ball, and see the water splash with a stray shot. Boats have been struck, and one young lady was struck in the mouth; but law and red-tape say, The Garrison Common is ours, and must remain. A few weeks ago, a bright boy with some friends was passing, and a ball tore through him; in agony he lingered a few hours, and then a home was left desolate, and hearts were broken. And still military etiquette preserves its dignity with the blood of John Perley Macdonald upon its shield. And our worthy Mayor is examining "authorities," to see what can be done. We are well governed—with a curse.

WE are neither alarmists nor pessimists. We draw attention, however, to two incidents that require attention, indicating as they do not a mere drift, but a current fairly set in. The first is the statement of the Superior of the Seminary to which the Oka land is supposed to belong.

Should the Indians agree to conduct themselves as law-abiding people, and desist from attempting to build a Protestant church, they would be left undisturbed, but otherwise the seminary would take measures to have its rights respected.

Which simply means that no Protestantism is to exist even now where Roman Catholicism prevails.

THE other fact is the decision of Judge Routhier in the Charlevoix election case. Canadian law declares that the exercise of undue influence on the part of the priesthood vitiates an election. The decision of the judge is that as this act is contrary to the canon law of the Roman Catholic Church

it is *ultra vires* on the part of the Dominion. Thus Rome is asserting in this Canada of ours the right to rule supreme, and to ride rough shod over all our laws and institutions. Keep these facts in memory.

THE DRINK CURSE IN AFRICA.

O! cursed lust for gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
Harassed in this, then damned in that to come.

No prouder year has British history than 1833, when Parliament voted \$100,000,000 to free her last slaves. No more disgraceful year than 1839, when she declared war upon the virtually helpless Chinese to force upon an unwilling government the impious opium traffic. And to-day, for the sake of £10,000,000 annually, the British Government in India, having the sole monopoly, continues, for purposes of revenue, to trade in the forced degradation of thousands, for the opium curse has only one competitor in working human degradation—the curse of intemperance. And gain is the end to be sought in either case, even as the slave trade was for money. We are just now specially interested in Africa. That dark continent has been by heroic efforts opened up to the civilized world. England looks to it as a future market; the missionary societies are fast girdling it with stations, from which the Gospel shall sound forth. Our missionary has chosen it for his field of labour, and already she who was to have been the partner of his joys and partaker of his labours has filled a silent grave in that lone land. We have a life interest in Africa.

An article by Canon Farrar, in the *Contemporary Review* for July, has suggested these reflections; and here, acknowledging once for all our indebtedness to that article for many of the facts and thoughts we give, we shall speak in our own way of some solemn subjects for humiliation, prayer, honesty and action.

We have little conception of the untold difficulties of missionary work by English-speaking missionaries where the white man has established commercial relations. I say "the white man," because the Anglo-Saxon is not the only guilty party in the nefarious traffic of which we shall speak. Portuguese, Dutch and other European traders are there. Let England did not—because others did—engage in the lucrative slave traffic.

Why should she join in this, whose tale we shall now in part tell?

In Egypt and in the Soudan Mohammedanism prevails. It is well known that the Meccan prophet prohibited strong drink; the true Mohammedan is a total abstainer. Therefore where Mohammedanism prevails, the liquor traffic is not. Not that the country is free from the curse—we are not free from burglaries, though the penitentiary is the penalty—but the traffic is illegal, publicly reprobated. England sent an army there; the British soldier must have his grog; the liquor trade followed the course of the army; the army is withdrawn, the traffic *remains*. That English influence is largely responsible for the increase of the liquor curse in Egypt is shown by the public-house sign-boards, "The Duke of Edinburgh," "The Union Jack," "Queen Victoria," etc. The Khedive, as his religion requires, is against the traffic; but he is bound hand and foot by treaty obligations to protect European trade, and "spirits" form part—alas! the most lucrative part—of European trade. We went to maintain Egyptian rights, and to give to the Copts the blessings of civilization; under the guise of trade we are blighting the land with the rum traffic!

Madagascar has long been considered the crown of the London Missionary Society. Some 500 miles east of Madagascar is a much smaller island, Mauritius. This island was ceded by France to Britain in the treaty of 1814. Its principal product is the sugar cane. Economy (?) takes the refuse of the sugar cane mill, and manufactures rum. This Mauritian rum is not good enough for the European market; it is taken to Madagascar. The results may be imagined; the curse was received in innocence, and crime in one year became a terrible record. Radama I., with patriotic zeal, ordered every cask to be staved in, except such as went to the Government stores, paying the duty himself. His son became a drunkard, a criminal and a maniac; after reigning nine months he was assassinated by his own Privy Council. Madagascar is blighted by rum, because "it pays" the European trader.

Western Africa tells similar tales. A missionary says: "For generations the West Coast negro has been accustomed to see the ocean cast up the powder-keg, the rum cask and the demijohn—these have been the shells of his strand. Borne from

Bristol, Liverpool, Hamburg and Holland, they come rolling through the surf out of steamers and sailing vessels." "Why," passionately inquires a native missionary, "should European nearness to Africa be Africa's ruin? Negroes have proved themselves able to survive all the evils of the slave trade, terrible though they have been and are, but under the blight of rum the extinction of the negro in Africa is but a matter of time."

Remember that the negro, like the Indian, with his superstitious and native ignorance, cannot be expected to exercise the power of self-control an Anglo-Saxon is supposed to possess; hence to them the curse is intensified. The native missionary already quoted said in April last before a committee of the British House of Commons that "though the slave trade had been to Africa a great evil, the evils of the rum trade were far worse." One of the great African explorers, Sir R. Burton, has written, "It is my sincere belief that if the slave trade were revived with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man, with the gunpowder and the rum which he has introduced, Africa would be a gainer in happiness by the exchange." Think of these—for us—humiliating facts. "Souls of men bartered for money, and Africa slowly but surely desolated by the foremost missionary nation in the world."

And, like to the opium traffic which was forced upon the unwilling Chinese at the cannon's mouth, the desolating rum trade is forced upon the Africans against the protests of their own rulers. When Radama I. endeavoured to keep rum from his dominion, as already told, the traders from Mauritius complained; the English officials heard their complaint, interfered, and as a consequence the trade has free course, and the land is cursed with its miseries. When the natives of the diamond fields in 1883 implored the Government at the Cape to have all public-houses removed to a distance of six miles from their region, the petition was heartlessly rejected.

Their kings and chiefs have endeavoured by their own laws to stop the importation of spirits, but they are powerless in the face of European enterprise and the growing habits of the people. Etc., etc., etc., till the head grows sick and the heart is faint.

What are we to do? First, think upon these things. I am not discussing either total abstinence

or prohibition—only stating facts. If the facts demand either or both, the facts are responsible, not I. As the writer said to a representative and respectable hotel-keeper, "If you desire to checkmate the prohibition party, initiate and pass some other measure that will meet the evil and preserve your 'rights.'" It is the evil we are after, and God pity Anglo-Saxon civilization and missionary enterprise if something is not done to clear our skirts of this monster iniquity.

As another writer in the *Contemporary* said some months ago, "For any African who is influenced for good by Christianity, a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade. Mohammedan missionaries are throwing down the gage to Christianity, and declaring war upon our chief contribution to Western Africa—the gin trade."

And there are many to-day who know the bitterness of the curse, that would rather have Mohammedanism with sobriety, than the Anglo-Saxon Gospel with rum.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Four decades have come and gone since the Congregational Union of the Maritime Provinces was organized. Of the six ministerial brethren present at its inauguration, only one remains, Rev. Jacob Whitman, whose genial presence, untiring zeal and much experience cast a halo of sacredness around the recent conference. Pleasant memories exist of the helpful and inspiring meetings that have convened during the past forty years. It is probable that the Union has been entertained on a more princely scale elsewhere, but never in its history did it receive a more cordial reception than was extended to it by the church and congregation in the metropolis by the sea, when it met for its fortieth annual session on the 8th of July, 1887.

The ministerial brethren were present (with one exception) in full force; the number was augmented by three promising students. We missed the familiar faces of some who have attained the good degree of deacon, and were disappointed by the non-attendance of several delegates.

The more picturesque sections of the Queen City of the East and her suburbs were explored by friends of the adventurous type, while those possessing aspirations of an æsthetic character were gratified by a visit to the art galleries. The social element was ministered to by Deacon William Kerr and friends (on his spacious lawn, 'midst fragrant flowers and neath brilliant skies); and the soldier-like qualities.

of our visitors received fresh energy by a tour on board the celebrated warships *Pylades* and *Bellerophon*, the proud members of England's great navy.

The city papers were generous in their gifts of space for reports of the convention, and several editorials appeared on Congregationalism as great in intellect, in scholarship and in missionary enterprise. The democratic religious denomination of the days of Elizabeth and James, the sturdy Independents of the Commonwealth, and the Free Churches of to-day having a great history and the services of brilliant divines.

The subject of the retiring chairman's address was "Congregationalism, Its Supreme Requirements." It was published in the city papers; through the liberality of Mr. Geo. Hague a special edition was issued for distribution among the churches, and by vote of the Union it was resolved that it should appear in THE INDEPENDENT and Year Book.

The Rev. J. B. Hawes, a brother beloved for his abundant labours, was chosen Moderator of the assembly. The efficient minute secretary was the Rev. H. McLeod, with Student Lee, assistant. The statistical secretary's report gave evidence of progress. There are thirty stations, twelve pastors and two students, an average attendance of 2,545. On the church roll, 1,383, and under pastoral care, 4,610. About ninety were added to the membership during the year. There are nineteen Sabbath schools with an average attendance of 850, and about 200 teachers. There are twenty church edifices, representing a money value of about \$80,000.

The treasurer of the Union reported receipts from Contingent Fund, sales of property, mortgage, collections and subscriptions and Ladies Missionary Society, amounting to \$1,407.76. Paid Union Mission Fund, as per detailed account, \$1,377.42, leaving a balance on hand of \$30.34.

The reports from the churches were of an interesting character; specially those from Margaree, Chebogue, Keswick Ridge and Economy.

A racy and interesting paper was read by Rev. Mr. Shipperly on "The Necessity of Insuring Church Property." It abounded in strong and bristling points, and showed the unreasonableness of churches asking aid from the Missionary Society when property is not covered by insurance against fire.

The Rev. W. H. Watson preached the annual sermon—text: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands."—Isa. xlix. 16. It was carefully prepared, abounded in striking illustrations, and delivered in good style.

It was with regret that we learned that Rev. John Burton could not convey in person the greetings from our brethren in the West. The delegates from the Union of Ontario and Quebec, the Missionary So-

ciety and College sustained their reputation, and did honour to the societies they represented.

Our Superintendent, fresh with the inspiration from the Old World, told with pathos and power of the glory and strength of our churches, of edifices cathedral-like in appearance, of institutions that are an ornament to the land, and of preachers who are the strength and saviours of the nation. He spoke of the efforts on our behalf before the Colonial Society and the churches of the East, and pleaded with much earnestness that our missionary collections be doubled during the year.

For various reasons it was a privilege to welcome Mr. Geo. Hague; his addresses on "Mission Work," "Effort from a Common Centre," "Interest in the Denomination at Large," on "Systematic Giving and Church Finances," elicited profound attention. His wise words to the Sabbath school, and the sweetly pathetic and strongly powerful address at the Lord's table, are among the most inspiring reminiscences of the Union.

The Rev. Duncan McGregor is well and favourably known to the churches by the sea. His previous visit to St. John was as chairman of our Convention. For his own sake, as well as the representative of 25,000 Western Congregationalists, he was cordially received. With characteristic eloquence and zeal he presented the position, the prospects and requirements of our college. The best possible comment on his address was a good collection, and a definite promise of more to follow.

Dr. Jackson, the Ralph Wardlaw or Henry Dexter of Canadian Congregationalism, received quite an ovation. The fact that he was visiting historic ground, made sacred by the sacrifices of descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, stirred the depths within. The result was a masterly address on the history, the strength and glory of the churches and polity we represent. Women are the powers behind the thrones in the East; hence the doctor's influence was doubled by the presence of his other half. Mrs. Jackson may ever count on the hospitality of her numerous friends by the sea.

The public meetings of the Union were good. The speakers earnest in manner, strong in thought, and eloquent in expression. These were responded to by liberal collections for college, missions and incidentals.

Only a limited number—and those of the aristocratic type—of the masculine gender were admitted to the Ladies' Missionary meeting. What was done may be known in heaven, but it was too angelic to be reported to the Union. This is women's rights with a vengeance.

Our loyalty was expressed to the Queen, and also our thankfulness for the liberty and progress which are the brilliant expressions of the Victorian era.

An unanimous vote of sympathy was passed with

the Nonconformists of Wales in consequence of the seizure of their property for taxes to support an Established Church.

Much regret was expressed at the constrained absence of our beloved brother, Rev. Jacob W. Cox. Fervent prayer for his speedy restoration and strength to enter on the active service of our common Master was offered.

The Union endorsed by vote and speech, by prayer and sentiment, the effort made by the churches to advance the temperance reform throughout the land.

A resolution was adopted, recommending THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT to the patronage of all, with the suggestion "that more attention be given to the advocacy of Congregational principles and less to Independency."

There was a strong expression of opinion that a correspondent for the Maritime Provinces should be elected. Mr. J. B. Saer was the chosen victim, with James Woodrow, Esq., assistant.

Seldom—if ever—were the pulpits of other denominations in this city supplied by such a large number of Congregational ministers as on Sunday, July 10.

The meetings seemed to accumulate in interest and power, so that with reluctance we adjourned to meet with the church and bishop of the pretty and ambitious town of Yarmouth, N.S., on the first Saturday in July, 1888.

J. B. SAER.

St. John, N.B.

THE New York *Observer* remarks that a morning journal deprecates the epidemic of prize-fighting, suggests that the authorities are not doing their duty, and thinks from the money involved that many business men contribute to help the evil along. But this very journal and many of its contemporaries spare no space and effort to give notoriety to the most brutal prize-fighters. They make elaborate records of their battles and their movements, and do more than all other agencies combined to encourage the degrading occupation of prize-fighting.

It will be startling to most people to learn that Japan possesses 2,000 newspapers—half as many as Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Sell, in his interesting "Directory of the World's Press," says there are known to be 35,000 newspapers in the world, which is one to every 28,000 inhabitants. Europe has 20,000 papers and magazines, Germany being first with 5,500, of which 800 are dailies; France second, with 4,092—England having about 100 less than France. Outside of Japan there are 1,000 newspapers in Asia, most of which appear in India. Africa has 206 journals, and Australia 700. As regards circulation, Paris, with only half the population of London, circulates 1,100,000,000 copies, to London's 1,017,000,000. Unfortunately, it would be better if a great deal of the Parisian periodical literature never saw the light.

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITOR: A. P. SOLANDT, B.A.

Student Watt, who was spending the vacation preaching at Tilbury, Ontario, left on August 1 for Ireland *via* Montreal. Mr. Watt expects to return to Montreal for the college opening in September. We wish him a pleasant trip and a safe return.

A private note from Rev. W. W. Smith, editor of the Year Book, assures us that there will be no disappointment about the issue of it this year. Many copies were circulated by the students last year. Can we not make an effort to surpass our record of last summer?

[*We put in a word for THE INDEPENDENT also.—*ED.]

Students Lee, delegate from Baddeck, and Daley, delegate from Noel, represented the college brotherhood at the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Following the example of the Union of Quebec and Ontario, they were accorded the same privileges, as regards travelling expenses, as ministers enjoy.

The claims of the college were presented in a short address by Rev. D. McGregor, M.A., of Guelph, Ontario. In it he told of its past history, and how necessary it was that it should be well supported by sending students and money. A vote of confidence in the college passed unanimously.

A letter from our missionary, Mr. Currie, dated Bailundu, April 7, acknowledges the receipt of two of the monthly letters sent from the students. Mr. Currie was in good health, and wished all the students a happy, useful vacation, and hoped we will continue to send him a monthly letter.

The following report from Student J. P. Gerrie, college representative, embraces work from July 14 to 31 inclusive:

New Durham.—Here we have another vacant church looking for a pastor, and the same old difficulty standing in the way, viz., the scarcity of men. This demand the college should supply. There is plenty of room for an earnest worker. The village is surrounded by a fine agricultural country, and the general appearance of farms and farm buildings would indicate a thriving and prosperous community. The neat church edifice bears a debt of \$700, but arrangements have been made for the payment of this before the end of the year. Since the removal of Mr. Pedley, the regular church services have been continued, various members preside in turn, and much profit is received by coming together in this way. Two college meetings were held, and notwithstanding the busy harvest season, the attendance was gratifying. A short conference was held with some of the friends in reference to college work. Under present circum-

stances we cannot expect the aid which would otherwise be given, but what is possible will be done.

Brantford.—The starting place of the college! Who would not see it? If once here, the genial face and kind welcome of the pastor will make you wish to come again. Nor are his people behind in their expressions of welcome. Our two industrious, earnest fellow-students, Messrs. F. Davey and W. N. Bessey, hail from this church, so there is just reason for the deep interest manifested in college doings. On Sunday, July 17, Mr. Fuller preached in Zion Church, Toronto. His appointments here were filled by your representative that day. The day was excessively hot, and not a few of the people had left the city to enjoy a short holiday. Yet the college question received the careful attention of those present. The fair amount of \$100 is pledged for the college deficit, and when the full response is received by envelope, this figure is likely to be more than realized. There need be no anxiety about Brantford. The church owes a great deal to the college, and is not forgetful of her obligations.

St. Catharines.—Progress seems to be the motto. The church property has been greatly improved. Nearly \$200 have been expended in carpeting, painting, fencing, etc. The Rev. J. Colclough is gratified with the hearty co-operation given him by his people. Here, as elsewhere, the friends are occupied with the fulfilment of the pledge made at the Union. The \$25 promised then, in addition to the recent subscription of an equal amount, show that considerable interest is taken in college matters. There is now another tie between the college and the church. Mr. W. F. Colclough is our youngest student, but is ready to take and maintain his position as a successful scholar. By consulting the examination lists of McGill University, it will be found that he stands next to the prizeman in both Latin and Greek, a position which reflects credit on our younger brother. Another member of the family, in the course of a few years, is likely to follow his footsteps.

Hamilton.—The visit here was a very enjoyable one, and the kind reception of the Hamilton people was much appreciated. One pleasing feature of church life is seen in the large numbers of young men and women who are engaged in active Christian work. In order that the young talent may be utilized, the advisability of starting a mission has been carefully considered. No definite steps have been taken in this direction, but from present indications of prosperity, such a movement might eventually result in the organizing of a successful church. Should the matter be again considered, and anything practical be the outcome, we will join in prayer that a rich blessing may rest upon the work. The Rev. Mr. Morton being absent on his holidays, your representative preached

morning and evening. The sum of \$50 is promised for the debt. In addition to this we should like to receive the amount which an enthusiastic member says the church is well able to give. From so many earnest young men, surely Hamilton can send us her share of students.

St. Thomas.—Our hale and hearty editor, Mr. A. Solandt, B.A., has in no way suffered from his sojourn in the West. St. Thomas life evidently agrees with him, and his editorial duties under the hot, scorching sun have not yet soured his good-natured disposition. The church has had her struggles, and many more may be encountered before a solid footing is gained. Under Mr. Solandt the past three months show signs of improvement. With careful management for a few years there is no reason why we should not have a strong self-supporting church in this growing city, where it seems highly necessary that we should be well represented. On Wednesday evening upward of thirty were present at the college meeting. Previous to this we have received little aid from St. Thomas, but now the matter is taken in hand, and whatever is contributed will be thankfully acknowledged.

Frome and Shedden.—The first meeting was held at Frome, and considering the busy season, the attendance was all that could be desired. Student Solandt was present and rendered valuable assistance. The congregation thus got a double share of college facts, and no doubt in future will respond accordingly. The Rev. W. H. A. Claris came from this church to college, and is now pastor over the church of his boyhood. Under his faithful ministry steps are being taken in the right direction. Arrangements are being made for the erection of a new church building, and toward this object a considerable sum has already been guaranteed. On Friday a pleasant afternoon was spent with Mr. Claris in visiting some of the friends. The meeting at Shedden on the same evening was encouraging and no doubt will be productive of good. We should soon get a student from this field. One fine young fellow is spoken of. We hope he may come.

London.—A very attentive congregation was present at the morning service, where the college question was discussed. Before being dismissed, the Rev. H. W. Hunter, M.A., expressed a desire that his church would take her place in supporting an institution which so deservedly commends itself to the favour of all. A definite plan is to be adopted for soliciting subscriptions, and we confidently expect that the pastor's word will be borne out in the response that will soon be received. In the afternoon, a Bible class was taught, and a short address made to the Sabbath school on college life, after which the superintendent, Mr. Connom, expressed himself as

much pleased in having the matter brought before the school, trusting that each one present, young and old, would take an interest in the college. In compliance with Mr. Hunter's request, the pulpit was again occupied in the evening. At the close of the evening service the "Gospel Mission Tent," under the management of a committee of this church was visited and a short evangelical address delivered. According to a local paper, the attendance was estimated at 1,200. Might not a similar plan be followed by more of our city churches? Altogether a very enjoyable day was spent in London.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS COLUMN.

OUR MISSIONARY MEETING.

Two o'clock on the first Thursday in July finds a busy group in the vestry spreading a table for tea, for our nearest neighbour in the branch is coming to visit us, and we must give her a good welcome. Soon all is ready, and we obey the call to the meeting in the church, where twenty-five or thirty ladies are gathered to hear the delegates' reports. A hymn is sung, and our president's voice raised in earnest prayer. Then she reads that ever-beautiful description of the golden city and the river of water of life, by whose side shall walk the redeemed from every nation upon earth. After a few words of welcome to our sister society, she calls upon the delegates to tell their story. In their minds are so many pleasant memories that the difficulty is not so much what to say as what to leave unsaid. They speak of the kindness of Toronto friends; of the gathering of earnest women, filled with zeal for the Master's cause; of the leaders whose very faces helped to strengthen our faith; of the hours of steady work in organizing the Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions. They tell of the papers read, the sweet-voiced story of woman's work and the helpful plans for interesting the children; of Mr. Stanley's tale of his work in China, and the opening for Christian women there, and of many other things, and at last sat down, feeling that not a half has been told. Then our leader, having seen all from the president's chair in Toronto, tells of it from her point of view. She urges the cultivation of the missionary spirit in the churches, knowing well that it yields abundant fruit in works and gifts. She asks prayer for both home and foreign missions, and reminds us of our pledge with regard to Miss Leyman, our new missionary.

But time flies, and soon our table is surrounded by a happy company. Then a short time is spent in social intercourse. The young mothers compare babies, and older ones smile at the sight, remembering the time when bearded Duncan or matronly Janet was just such a bonny bairn; while the "missionary

cranks" still talk on that subject to all who will listen. Singing and prayer close the meeting, and we go home, resolving to be more earnest in Christ's service.

We think, with pleasure, too, that the same story is being told in many places in Canada, and that prayers are going up from many hearts for the mission work and the newly formed Woman's Board, upon which may God's blessing ever rest!

H. W.

Maxville, Ont., July 23, 1887.

HOW TO DO IT.

An American periodical, entitled *Woman's Home Missions*, publishes a paper by Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, showing the necessity of systematic and intelligent work if the meetings of women's missionary societies are to be made profitable. It contains many suggestions which our societies can easily turn to advantage in both foreign and home work. It is entitled "The Literary Committee," and reads as follows:

Every auxiliary must have a standing Literary Committee. As well try to keep house without a cook as to carry a society without this most important factor. Usually three will constitute a committee, not too large for united effort, and large enough to guard against the occasional failure of one or another of its members. They ought to be chosen when the officers are elected, if need be from among the officers, and to hold their places for a year. Some auxiliaries change this committee each quarter, but not many are well enough supplied with competent persons for this service to afford to change so frequently. Besides a good committee will do better to lay out its work for a year, planning the lessons as a series naturally following one another. Lack of definite knowledge is the main cause of the dearth of missionary zeal. We can count upon the fingers of one hand the people in an ordinary church who know much about mission fields and workers. Permanent zeal rests upon knowledge. The ladies of this committee have the privilege of making the women of the church intelligent in regard to the needs of the neglected masses who imperil our country. They have also the opportunity of throwing into the homes of the people facts that will bring large sums into the missionary treasury, and enlist the children in the brigades that are to conquer the world for Christ. There are two points for this committee to make: 1st, To find the mines from which the facts are to be quarried; 2nd, To induce every lady in the church to "lend a hand" at the quarrying. The public library and that of the pastor, and the Cyclopedias that are usually found in well-furnished homes, must be carefully searched. From the Contingent Fund let there be a copy of each paper published by our sister societies. There should, by all means, be also a complete file of our own paper at the disposal of the chairman of the literary

committee, with the annual reports of all the Women's Home Missionary Societies. She should also have a copy of every new, live missionary book that is published. Not one of our auxiliaries can afford to be without that wonderful book of Josiah Strong, entitled "Our Country." This material will soon constitute a small missionary library of which the literary committee's chairman should be the custodian. The members of the society should have access to the books, and she must keep track of them, so as to be able always to tell their whereabouts. If every church in the land could have a Home Missionary circulating library there would soon be aroused a sentiment that would evangelize not only the heathen poured over us from the sewers of the Old World, but from the fulness of its zeal there would be an ample supply for the pagans beyond the sea.

To carry the second point, getting every member of the auxiliary to take part in its literary exercises, may be so difficult as to call into use all the "managing sense" in which women usually excel. Each must do what she can. One can sing; another can answer a question; a third can draw a map and give an exercise upon it; while others may be induced to revive their school habits and write short papers. The exercises must be as varied as possible. For instance, one month a series of questions upon our missions and missionaries, each answered by one of the ladies who has prepared herself; another month a map exercise on Utah, followed by a paper on the private life of the Mormons, and a Mormon scrap bag, into which may have been thrust the items of information about that dismal territory that would accumulate in three months' reading. These would make a full and most interesting programme. By this method the women of our church will soon become familiar with every phase of our work, and their interest will be deep and abiding. This grand result can be wrought alone by the faithful effort of a good literary committee.

NOWHERE in Europe have so many ladies crowded into the university lecture rooms as in Russia. This the statistics prove. In 1886 there were 779 women students at the Russian universities. Of these, 243 were in the philosophical department; 500 in the physico-mathematical department; thirty-six studied only mathematics. Of these 779, there were 587 members of the Greek Orthodox Church; 137 were Jewesses, 748 were single and thirty-one were married. The majority were daughters of noble political and military officials, namely, 437; eighty-four were clergymen's daughters; 125 merchants' daughters, etc. Fully eighty-five passed the final examinations at the close of the semester. In addition to these there are several hundred Russian ladies studying at non-Russian universities, principally in Switzerland and in Paris. The majority study medicine.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY REV. WILLIAM SCOTT.

CHAPTER VIII.—SMYRNA.—Continued.

The choice of sites for Eastern towns is, as a rule most happy. As in the case of the town of Syra, on the little island of that name in the Grecian Archipelago, where the white houses are grouped around the base of a steep hill, and creep up to its summit, which is crowned by a cathedral church, so in Smyrna; for the most part it reposes gracefully, as already mentioned, on the slopes of Mount Pagus. Dipping down to the beautiful waters of the gulf, the town creeps midway up the mountain, which is crowned by the extensive ruins of a castle. "Beautiful for situation," its beauty seriously wanes, as in other cases in the Orient on closer acquaintance. The streets are as narrow and ill-kept as those of Constantinople. Strand Street is the principal thoroughfare, running for the most part parallel to the sea front. So narrow is it, that when a camel caravan is passing the passenger has often to take refuge in doorways, to avoid an unpleasant contact with the camels and their burdens.

Smyrna is a confused aggregate of distinct colonies. The followers of each faith have their distinct quarters. You pass from the Frank and Greek quarter, which is the business part of the city, into the more elevated Armenian quarter; thence into the Jewish and Turkish colonies, which occupy the highest positions. Each has its national characteristics, plainly marked, and easily recognized.

It was the fruit season. The neighbourhood of Caravan Bridge was a scene of varied and picturesque bustle as the rendezvous of the camels from the interior *en route* for the Smyrna fruit market. Here is a railway station—a strange interpolation into the sleepy conservatism of Eastern life. The trains run—or, I am inclined to say, creep—from Smyrna to within a short distance of Ephesus. On applying for a ticket, in company with the *locum tenens* of the British consul's chaplain, I was surprised to receive a "child's ticket," for which half-fare was demanded. It was explained that all ecclesiastics had the privilege of travelling at half-fare. Whether the "child's" status for the parson had any occult reference other than the generosity of the railway directors, I could not learn.

In the beautiful suburb of Boudja I had the privilege of much enjoyable fellowship, not only with the acting chaplain of the British consulate—since called to his rest—but with three agents of the Church Missionary Society. Shadowed as we are at home in England by an Established Church, and familiar with the air of assumed superiority of the privileged ecclesiastic, it was indeed gratifying to notice how the clerical hauteur was conspicuous by its absence. Their recognition of Christian brotherhood was in no wise hindered by any notions of ecclesiastical supre-

macy. In that far-off "morning land," surrounded by heathenish darkness and Mohammedan fanaticism it was true rest and stimulating refreshment to commune with Christian workers so single in aim and so earnest in heart. I spent two days among them—Saturday and Sunday—and my memory of our fellowship is an oasis in that desert land. I worshipped on Sunday with these brethren in their own little church in Boudja, a plain and yet neat structure, situated in a most picturesque graveyard, so peaceful and homelike. With the Church of England service, grand in its simplicity, as it appeared to me under the circumstances, and a sermon full of fervour and toned to a beautiful gentleness, I felt it was "none other than the house of God."

I had given to me every opportunity of judging the quality of the work of these missionary brethren, holding forth the Word of Life amid such depressing influences and surroundings, "to the Jew first." I have ever had the conviction that a missionary is the highest order of minister; and with Dr. Chalmers believed that "what the man of liberal philosophy is in sentiment, the missionary is in practice." I came away impressed with the heroism and fidelity of the men who occupy these outposts in Mohammedan lands in the name and service of the Redeemer.

It was while lying at anchor in Smyrna Bay that I witnessed an Eastern storm. I was much interested in the "Imbat"—a daily gale of wind setting in from the Mediterranean, cityward, and rising in force as the day wore on, till it fell with startling suddenness at the setting of the sun. What unsanitary Smyrna would do without this purifying influence, I do not know; it is a veritable saviour for the Smyrniotes. An Eastern storm, however, to me was unique. For days a storm had been predicted. Heavy masses of cloud had been gathering over the mountains, and "the Brothers"—lofty peaks at the bend of the bay—had been crowned with ominous bluey-black masses of cloud. The storm broke at midnight. I was awoke by the strange and violent vibrations of the ship. It trembled from stem to stern as if in a paroxysm of mortal fear, and the storm breath shrieked and whistled through the rigging like so many contending spirits. The night was inky black; the sea, sky, shorelands and rocks were wiped out by the confused and unrelieved darkness. As, half-dressed, I peered into the grim blackness where the wind and sea raged and roared in a horrible dissonance, the heavens suddenly became ablaze with a blinding sheet of fire which shimmered and trembled in the air for seconds. In that lightning flash the whole scene was revealed from end to end. The black, towering hills and the city sleeping in the lower slopes; the sea in broad reaches of wild foam-capped waves; the ships around, straining at their anchors; all, in magic-like distinctness, were revealed, and then the pall of darkness once more fell.

The next morning broke in peace, and found the crew busily preparing for the final phase of our Mediterranean life and work. Pleasant as was my sojourn in Smyrna, and happy as were my memories and associations of that sojourn, it was with no sorrow that I saw the "bluepeter" flying at the fore. It was the welcome signal of "homeward bound."

(To be concluded.)

SUMMER TRAVEL AND SELFISHNESS.

The best of us have a good deal of selfishness to the square inch. Nobody can tell how much until summer travel begins. The very time that people ought to be specially obliging, generous and companionable is the time that all the innate selfishness of our nature seems to come into action; and the action is, not lovely. When the other departments of human nature are having a holiday, the selfishness department does the most lively business.

Mr. and Mrs. Tourist are setting out for their summer trip. They are fairly agreeable people around home. Nobody suspects them of carrying more than the average amount of selfishness about their persons. At home they are quite as generous as the majority of their neighbours, but the moment they set out on their summer tour they want the best of everything and are bound to have it.

As soon as Mrs. Tourist takes her seat in the car the selfishness comes into play. She spreads herself and her belongings over two seats. Her grip sack and band boxes and other traps paid no fare, but they occupy as much room as if they had bought two or three tickets. If Mrs. Tourist can manage to make her little dog occupy another seat, her triumph is complete. While Mrs. Tourist is spreading herself and her goods and chattels over as much of the car as possible, Tourist is performing the same unselfish operation in another part of the coach. He also has two seats. On one he adjusts the trunk of his precious person; on the other he places his elegant No. fourteens to keep company with his overcoat, hat-box, fishing tackle and other holiday arrangements. The only thing that grieves Tourist is that he cannot bring in his boat, and make it occupy three or four seats. Of course there are other people in the car who have paid their fare and expect a seat, but what of that? Mr. and Mrs. Tourist are on their summer trip, and are not bound to respect the rights of anybody.

Having travelled a certain distance by rail, Mr. and Mrs. Tourist take a steamer for the remaining portion of their trip. For illustrations of unalloyed, unrelieved, unmitigated hoggishness always commend us to a crowded steamboat. Mr. and Mrs. Tourist of course want the best state room on the boat. They have no more right to the best room than any other persons on board, but they want it and must have it

or they will make a fuss. They also want the best seat on deck, and if they can manage to spread themselves over four chairs while other people stand, they feel all the happier. They also want the best seat at the table—the seat next the captain if possible. The captain may not hanker after their company to any great extent, but they are bound to force their society upon him if possible.

Once upon a time this contributor happened to be on a steamboat with the Premier of this Province. (We do associate with big people at times—that is to say, we sometimes sail in a steamboat with distinguished people.) At tea time there was a rough and ravenous rush for the table. The customary number of swells and codfish aristocracy made a bolt for the seats near the head of the table. Mr. Mowat took a seat near the foot of the long table, along with this contributor and several other individuals, who thought they could rub through this world without the distinction acquired by eating near the captain. When the passengers were seated and about to make the attack, the captain sent one of the waiters down to the other end of the table to invite Mr. Mowat to come up and sit at his right. With some reluctance the Premier went and took the seat of honour.

But where are Mr. and Mrs. Tourist? By this time they have finished their journey and are putting up at their hotel. Of course they want the best of everything in the house. They must have the best room and the best place at the table and the best attendance—the best of everything. And if they don't get the best of everything they growl and scold and make a fuss generally.

There is no place on earth where you can more easily distinguish between a real gentleman and a vulgar snob than in a crowded hotel or on a crowded steamboat. A real gentleman makes no fuss when he travels. He respects the rights of others, and takes things good naturedly as they come. Having plenty to eat and drink at home he does not feel the necessity of making a hog of himself at every public table. Having a good room at home he does not need to make a fuss over every state room and hotel room in which he happens to stay over night. The selfishness of travel is largely shown by pretentious nobodies who starve eleven months of the year in order that they may gorge and put on style on the twelfth.

Moral: People who travel have equal rights; therefore don't occupy four seats in the car, or trample over people on the way to your victuals.—*Knoxonian, in The Canada Presbyterian.*

THE Presbyterian Church at Parkdale has innovated! It has held a "missionary picnic." The whole programme was in the line of missions. This "missionary picnic" has not been copyrighted. Any church or Sabbath school that has grown tired of the old time "exertions" is at liberty to imitate it.

TO THE READERS OF "THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT."

Having for upwards of forty years been more or less closely connected with our Home Missionary Society serving most of the time on our general or district committees, keeping and diligently comparing the yearly reports, I have felt and still feel deeply interested in its prosperity.

Our early policy in planting churches I have heard unsparingly condemned by young and inexperienced men. I have, however, yet to see a wiser or more aggressive policy than that which was pursued by the fathers, and by which nearly all the churches which we now have in Canada were planted. Since that policy has been abandoned, how much progress has been made? We would advise our readers to spend a day on the Home Missionary reports for the last thirty years, to go back no further. Let them look along the line at the sums raised in the different districts, and by the leading churches in Ontario—Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Paris, Guelph, Kingston and Cobourg.

I am now in Jamestown, Dakota, studying the Home Missionary methods here, and I do not find them much unlike the methods we pursued on a smaller scale in Canada thirty-five years ago. They have more backing than we had, and are thus enabled by able superintendents to pursue a more vigorously aggressive policy. Many persons are utterly ignorant of the cost required efficiently to plant churches in a new country. There is no reason that all the privation and self-denial should be expected from the missionary. Let him be a faithful man, and then let him have confidence and a liberal support.

There is one answer in Canada to all this. We have not the means; and why not? One reason is that nearly all our self-sustaining churches have been building their second permanent churches, and Home Missions have not been given the place in our sermons, in our appeals for money, in our annual gatherings and in our schemes of benevolence, which their importance demands. Here in the United States Home Missions is a prominent theme.

I attended a conference at Cooperstown, North Dakota, seventy-five miles west of Fargo, on the Northern Pacific to Sanborn, then thirty-eight miles north toward Devil's Lake. At Sanborn we were delayed waiting for a train. Over twenty of us walked about a quarter of a mile to the Congregational Church, and had a live prayer meeting. Cooperstown is four years and a half old, and has 400 or 500 inhabitants, is a county town with a magnificent court house, gaol, etc. The first court was then sitting there.

The theme that was the burden of the conference was Home Missions; the attendance was good, and

nearly all took part in it. They have no little team to trot out on all occasions here. The determination seemed to be to evangelize North Dakota. Ministers and Eastern students from Yale and other colleges, who are supplying here, seemed to be alike interested in the matter. Judge Francis left the bench one night, and treated us to an eloquent, earnest missionary speech. The meetings lasted three days. The last evening the beautiful little Congregational Church at Cooperstown was consecrated. The floral decorations and musical programme would have done credit to any Eastern church. It must be remembered that Dakota and nearly all the North-West are settled by people from the Eastern States and Canada—Ontario and Quebec—fully as intelligent and intellectual as the average congregations with you. You do not find any but small children who were born here. The prairie about Cooperstown is rolling, and needed rain. I was told that the widow of the late Rev. J. Climie is a member of this church. I expected her in to the meetings, but she did not come. She lives a few miles out of town. I met here several from Ontario. On our return, we stopped again at Sanborn, walked to the church, and had a most enjoyable fellowship meeting, at which some intelligent ladies took part. I forgot to say that the ladies neither lack the talent or the courage to speak on suitable occasions. Rev. Mr. Frost, of Cooperstown, who has been working hard, had to take a three months' vacation at a sanitarium in the East. His young wife fills his pulpit in his absence. May God bless her, I say.

The advancement of Congregationalism in Dakota is surprising. In South Dakota there is upward of 100 missions, and many points now opening. Most of these have been organized since 1880. In North Dakota the first church of our order was organized at Mandin in August, 1880. Since then they have organized forty-five churches, and have upward of fifty Sunday schools under congregational control. Every church getting aid is understood to be under the missionary superintendent's supervision, and that of the committee. Both in North and South Dakota there is a Sabbath school superintendent, and under these a number of Sunday school missionaries, four or five in South Dakota; these not only help to organize new schools, but improve those already organized, and conduct institutes, and introduce the most improved methods of working.

There is a Congregational college at Yankton, South Dakota, under an able staff of instructors, fostered by a strong church of between 400 and 500 members. There is also a Congregational Academy at Plankinton.

In North Dakota the Congregationalists are locating the site for a college in Fargo, which will, I think, at once go on.

These educational departments, as well as the Sun-

day schools, all work in with the missionary society. Several general missionaries are employed in Dakota to gather congregations, where they can be brought together, in new towns or needy neighbourhoods, and also to supply churches where they have no pastors. The work is taken hold of with a will. Superintendent of missions, general missionary and superintendent of Sunday schools all work in unison, and in constant correspondence with one another, so that each knows what the other is doing, where he is and what fresh openings there are, and where the presence of either is needed. All this means work, travel and incessant planning and pushing. As I am now living with Rev. Mr. Ewing, Sabbath school superintendent for North Dakota, and have many times met with Rev. Mr. Simmons, the efficient missionary superintendent, and Rev. Mr. Wirt, general missionary, I know something of the amount of correspondence constantly going on, and the push and prudence required for success. The measured, penurious policy of the Colonial Society in England can never do much in this new country or Manitoba.

I love and respect the Colonial Society, but their extreme caution and fear of making a mistake retard all aggression. In conversation with an able minister at Cooperstown Conference, I referred to the fact that many churches we had planted in Ontario thirty or forty years ago became defunct, and are now pointed at and referred to as wrecks, the evidence of the folly of the elder brethren. His reply was to the point,—"We do not expect all the churches we plant to live; many changes which no mortal can foresee may change the centres of population and sites of towns. Why you can hardly raise a family but some of them will die, or set out a plot of cabbage plants but more or less of them will fail. We do our best, but cannot be sure in every case of success." This is common-sense, but if no church is to be planted but such as is certain to become in a few years self-sustaining, it is well to leave the mission work to be done by somebody else.

It seems to me a needless circumlocution and waste of money to send men to explore in order to find out a spot where nobody else will go if we do not, and where we shall be certain to have a self-sustaining church in a few years. There are no such places. If we want to do our share of the work we must "pitch in"; if we do not, while we are hesitating, calculating, considering, some other more enterprising body will occupy the place.

The idea held by some of our people, that we must not occupy any ground that others will take if we do not, is not worthy. We ought to be forward to take hold anywhere, without waiting to see what others mean to do. Let the men sent out be solid men, of good common-sense and reliable piety, and love for Christ; then trust them to select a spot

and go to work. Such a man does not need another man to go before him to find him a place, who, perhaps, is not as good a judge as himself of a place for a mission. The drought and gophers have done much to destroy the prospect of a crop about Jamestown this year and last. It will lessen the ability of the missionary churches, but we trust these years are exceptional. I have preached at mission churches every Sabbath since I came here—at Harwood, Mayville and Spiritwood. Many of these churches have no pastors, and are supplied through the summer by students from long distances.

There is an immense work to do for Christ out here; if the Congregationalists refuse to do it, or hesitate and higgler for a cheap field, then God will bring help from another quarter. We shall lose the honour, but Israel will be gathered.

W. H. ALLWORTH.

Jamestown, Dakota, July 12.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—“May the Lord bless to us the reading of His word.”

The most inanimate pulpit reader will thus close his dreadful work, and complacently expect fulfilment. That is the probable result when the Word is read intelligently, feelingly. But, as generally done, what blessing can be expected? Why, the reader performs his work as if the writer's thoughts were a mystery or a blank! The words come languid, tame, monotonous—a dry desert of words. There is no varied, picturesque landscape of thought, with its bright elevations, deep reflections and winding rivers of feeling, such as the Bible is full of, and such as the public reader should portray; but instead a barren level. Where are energy, emphasis and inflection—those qualities that make thoughts breathe and words burn into the heart? Entirely wanting.

I have heard ministers read in this dreary way the thoughts of others, who in expressing their own were lively and vigorous enough. O, for some Philip, caught up by the Spirit of God, to stand beside each of these wretched readers, point to the glorious Word, and put the plain question, “Understandest thou what thou readest?” (for verily some of them seem not to).

If the eyes of those described were once opened to this defect, and a remedy applied, might we not, as a result, have more people charmed with the beauty of the Bible itself, sent to its pages with new zest, more of them drawn to exclaim with the eunuch, “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?”

I am persuaded that there is immense power in the sympathetic reading of the Word alone; but that power is entirely lost when Isaiah's most triumphant and fervid utterances are read in the same key as the

wailings of Jeremiah; or when David's deepest experiences and Christ's most touching appeals are given the same bloodless expression as Paul's directions about his cloak and parchments.

What listener can be aroused and interested by such work?

The old, I suppose, are past reforming; but we may, like our Methodist brethren, recognize the value of elocution, and teach the rising generation of ministers *how to read and speak*.

The time seems opportune for such a suggestion to our college authorities. With new facilities and new prospects, why not have a new aim? If another professor is needed, it is surely a professor of elocution. If the “arts course” must be taken, let it by all means include the art of reading and speaking so the people will understand and enjoy the services of God's house.

It is not enough to simply ground students in doctrines, principles, church history, etc., but they need the power to use their knowledge attractively. Matter is scarcely more essential than manner. Saul's armour and sword were of less use to David than the simple stone from the brook—he could use that, but not the others.

Personal.

Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, has left England for a visit in the interests of Congregationalism to the Australian colony. We wish our friend a happy, prosperous voyage.

A private letter from our old friend Rev. J. Lawson Forster, LL.B., formerly of Montreal, tells us that he will be on a visit to this country in a few days. A Chelsea paper also writes that the pastor of Chelsea Congregational Church, Markham Square, has received a call to the pastorate of Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury, one of the oldest Nonconformist congregations in England, its history going back to the reign of James II. Its recent pastor was the Rev. William Mann Statham, who succeeded the Rev. Dr. Raleigh in 1876. If Mr. Forster should leave Chelsea his absence will be felt as an appreciable loss to the parish. Mr. Forster has not intimated his intention, but we should like some church in Canada—say Zion here—to lay hands on him when over.

PORTUGAL, like Spain, is Roman Catholic, but it is not entirely barred to Gospel influences. In Lisbon four evangelists are labouring under the leadership of Canon Pope, of the Episcopal Church. The Scotch Kirk has in Senor Carvalho an active agent in the capital and neighbourhood. The Methodist evangelist, Ventura, has his headquarters at Oporto. A correspondent from Lisbon writes: “What we need most is native evangelists and preachers.”

Literary Notices.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE still keeps its place as a literary marvel. By the excellency of its selections it commends itself to the best spirit of the age. Two articles on the "Jubilee" and another on "The Royal Castle" in the 23rd July issue are specially noted, as indicating the social drift of European thought.

From the August *Century*, which comes with its usual freight of good things, we clip the following, which *some* will appreciate :

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! nothin' at all to say !—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way !
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to
me—
Vit here I am, and here *you* air ! and yer mother—where is
she ?

You look lots like your mother ; purty much same in size ;
And about the same complected ; and favour about the
eyes.

Like her, too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay ;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her !—but I hain't
got nothin' to say !

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost h
page—

And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but if yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

You don't rikollect her, I reckon ? No ; you wasn't a year
old then !

And *now* yer—how old air you ? Why, child, *not* "twen-
ty !" When ?

And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile ? and you want to git
married that day ?

I wisht yer mother was livin' !—but—I hain't got
nothin' to say !

Twenty year ! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found !
There's a straw ketchd onto yer dress there—*I'll* bresh it
off—turn round.

{Her mother was just twenty when us two ran away !}

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !
—James Whitcomb Riley.

And from wise, funny, sage *St. Nicholas* this little
piece of history :

THE SHOOTING OF STONEWALL JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his
staff to reconnoitre in front of the line he had gained.
It was his idea to stretch completely around in the
rear of Hooker, and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark, and Jackson soon came upon
the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and
as he returned in the darkness his own soldiers began
firing at their commander, of course mistaking his
party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand
and wrist and in the upper arm at the same time. His
horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the
bridle-rein ; his cap was brushed from his head by
the branches ; he reeled, and was caught in the arms
of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dis-

mount, his wound was examined, and a litter was
brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again,
and a murderous fire came down upon the party
through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-
bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were fright-
ened ; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious
storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail.
Jackson attempted to rise, but his *aide-de-camp* held
him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then
the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked
a few steps in the forest ; but he became faint, and
was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the
ground, when an assistant was shot, and the litter fell.
Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates,
passed ; he stopped and said :

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, General. I
fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much
broken."

But Jackson looked up at once, and exclaimed :
"You must hold your ground, General Pender ;
you must hold your ground, sir !"

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne
some distance to the nearest house, and examined by
the surgeon ; and after midnight his left arm was
amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant
had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the
relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I
have lost my right arm."—*From "A Great Battle in
a Forest."*

OUR LITTLE ONES (the Russell Publishing Co.,
Boston) comes fresh as ever ; here is a song some of
our little ones can apply. Little friend, is it you ?

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind ;
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink.
She says her name is Allie,
But, sad to say,
Oft times a day,
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way :
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by and by," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We one and all
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve ;
And then for Dilly Dally
We'd gladly say,
Each well spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW (New York : Funk &
Wagnalls) and the *Pulpit Treasury* (New York : E.
B. Treat) for August are both before us. The dis-
tinctive merit of each is well preserved. Even sum-
mer heat does not affect the solidity of their matter.

Children's Corner.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy?

Only a healthy and rosy face,
Bearing of pain and grief no trace,
Save where at times the shadows play
Like the light clouds on a summer's day.

Only a boy?

Only a loving and trusting heart
That throbs and strains for a long life start.
That yields in love to the gentle touch
Of one who will chide not overmuch.

Only a boy?

Only an earnest and longing soul
Through which wild fancies and wishes roll,
Peering from out those eager eyes
At the untried world that around them lies.

Only a boy?

Only the germ of some unknown gain
To a world that wavers 'twixt joy and pain,
Tell me of better gift who can,
To give to the world, than an honest man?

Only a boy?

Yes, when you see him in after days
Halting and grieving on Life's stern ways,
Will he not look you through and through,
Bitterly questioning you—yes, *you*?

Only a boy?

What did you do with his ardent youth?
What did you do with his love of truth?
What did you do with his tender heart?
Look, if you will, at your own poor part.

Only a boy?

Only a man with a saddened face,
Bearing of grief and sin the trace,
Craving a love that might cleanse the stain
Of the old thoughts that will come again.

Only a boy?

Only a spirit that soars at last
O'er the chains and blinds of a petty past,
Hardened but faithful, saddened but true,
Saved—but the praise is not for you.

WHAT UNMAKES THE MAN.

Boys, did you ever see a drunken man. It is seldom one is seen on the street in the daytime. It is now as it was in the days when the Bible was written. It says: "They that are drunk are drunk in the night." It is a curious sight to see a drunken man. If he can walk, he steps carefully; and every step he takes he steadies himself up. It is difficult to keep his balance. If he loses this he falls immediately. His legs are weak, they totter, and can hardly support him. His head topples as if he had a load in his hat; his arms have lost their strength, but if he can get by a fence he holds on to it.

In the cities, where he can find nothing to hold on to, he usually falls down. Thousands are picked up

in Brooklyn and New York by the police every year. They are called gutter drunkards, because when they fall they usually land in the gutter; this is caused by the slope of the sidewalk in that direction. They stagger that way, and when they come to the curbstone they pitch over it. Sometimes they fall on their faces and are terribly bruised. These are the poor men. If a man is rich, has money, they who sell the liquor order a carriage, and he is taken home instead of being taken by the police to the lock-up. But what a sad sight when he is brought in!

Intoxicating liquors make some men crazy and violent, and when they get home they abuse the family. This is kept secret to avoid disgrace; and as these things happen in the night, other people often know nothing of them. A man who lives near me was sent to gaol for such conduct. Some turn their wives and children out of doors in the night. One I knew did this twice. He is a fine man when sober. Intoxicating liquor is a poison; it makes some men jovial and frolicsome, others angry and violent; they curse and swear and fight. A man near me killed another; he is now in State prison for life. This awful business is carried on almost entirely in the night. At midnight it is generally at its full head.

There are all sorts of things to draw young men into these places; games and bets on games; company and fun, and the fact that they can go there and be there, without its being known, all serve to draw young men in. Remember, boys, this night work is bad work. As you value your character, your respectability, your health, your success in life, keep away from such places; have nothing to do with these poisonous drinks. Do you want to know where the prisoners in our State prisons come from? By far the greater portion got their character, and were led into the crimes they have committed, by the schooling they had in such places. Here you see what unmakes the man.

OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

If there is one part of the blessed Gospel which more than another belongs especially to Our Young Folks it is the first recorded words of the Child Jesus. Those thirty silent, sinless years are to us all a divine mystery. Perhaps we are not allowed to know and follow the unfolding of that one perfect life, because it might draw our attention off from the infinitely important words and deeds and sufferings of its later years, as you have seen a teacher lay her hand over the picture when she would keep some little learner's thoughts from wandering away from his lesson. But this silence is once broken. The curtain is once lifted, and we have a glimpse given us of the sweetest, purest child-life ever known on earth. That we may see into the heart of the Holy Child a single sentence of His—the first for twelve years, the last for eighteen

more put on record—is vouchsafed us. When Mary reproaches the boy Jesus for causing her anxiety and distress by tarrying in Jerusalem; he replies with a gentle warning (lest she forget there were higher claims than hers): “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

What better rule, what better guide, what better test of conduct, could young Christians have than this? Would you adopt an aim in life, something to live for, something to fill your days with an eager, earnest purpose? Then “be about your Father’s business.” Would you decide between two paths, whether to go to your right hand or to your left? Ask yourself which will most further your heavenly Father’s business, and choose and follow that. Would you have a test by which to try your walk and conversation? Lay alongside of your daily doings this rule, to which the child Jesus kept himself with sweet and calm content: “I must be about My Father’s business.” Do you ask what is your heavenly Father’s business for you? You need not have no great trouble now in deciding that question; hereafter, when Life’s tangled lines have crossed and recrossed, you may doubtless halt in perplexity which path to choose, but now, while you are at the outset of life, your path is plain and straight. Your Father’s will for you is that you should steadily, diligently, earnestly, improve all your powers of mind and body. Cultivate every gift and grace, let each sunrise waken you to renewed energy in your training work or study, and each sunset find you with duties well fulfilled, opportunities well met, and some steps of progress made, and when your time of fuller service comes you may be a bright and polished instrument “meet for the Master’s use.”

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

We are all graduates of the university of hard Knocks. Misfortune, Fatigue, Exposure and Disaster are the professors. Kicks, Cuffs and Blows are the curriculum. The day we leave the world is our graduation. Some sit down and cry. Some turn their faces to the wall and pout. Others stand up and conquer. Happy the bee that even under leaden skies looks for blossoming buckwheat; wise the fowl that instead of standing in the snow with the foot drawn up under its wing, ceases not all day to pick.

There are different ways of looking at things. Rain drop the first—“Always chill and wet; tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea.” Rain drop the second—“Ah! the sun kissed me, the flower caught me, the field blessed me.”

Brook the first—“Struck by the rock, dashed off the mill-wheel.” Brook the second—“I sang the miller to sleep. I ground the grist. O! this gay somersault over the wheel.”

Horse the first—“Pull! pull! pull! This tugging in the traces, and lying back in the breechings, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles to my nostrils.” Horse the second gives a horse laugh—“A useful life I have been permitted to lead. See that corn. I helped break the sod, and run out the furrows. On a starlight night I filled the ravine and mountains with the voice of jingling bells, and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then too have the children throw in an extra quart at my call, and have Jane pat me on the nose and say ‘Poor Charlie’ (?). To bound along with an arched neck and flaring eye, and clattering hoof, and hear people say ‘There goes a two-forty.’”

Bird the first—“Wearry of migration. No one to pay me for my song. Only here to be shot at.” Bird the second—“I have the banquet of a thousand wheat fields, cup of the lily to drink out of, isle of the forest to walk in, Mount Washington underfoot and a continent at a glance.”

You see how much depends on the way you look at things.

IS THE MATTER SETTLED?

“Is the matter settled between you and God?” I asked solemnly of one whose declining health warned us to expect her early removal from this world.

“Oh yes, sir!” was her calm reply.

“How did you get it settled?”

“The Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me.”

“And when did He do it for you?” I asked.

“When He died on the cross for my sins.”

“How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?”

The answer was readily given. “About twelve months ago.”

Anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked, “How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?”

She at once replied, “I read in the Bible, and believed what I read.”

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this faithful saying?

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