

The Canadian Independent.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVIL CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BROTHERS."

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1880.

[New Series No. 12

MORE LOVE FOR JESUS.

BY REV. OLIVER CRANE, M. D.

Jesus, I long to be,
In all life's ministry,
More wholly Thine;
To live to Thee alone,
To have my heart Thy Throne,
To be, dear Lord, Thine own,
No longer mine.

On Thee I fain would lean,
In every trying scene,
For Thy support;
O aid me by Thy grace,
Reveal Thy loving face,
Be thou my living place,
My sure resort.

The world is rude and cold,
Its taunts, with pain unold,
My spirit chafe;
Mine is a bitter cup,
But come and I will sup,
Dear Lord, hold Thou me up,
And I am safe.

O may I, day by day,
Walk with Thee on my way,
As Enoch did;
Though many a dark command
I cannot understand,
Yet faith can take Thy hand,
As Thou hast bid.

Jesus on Thee I wait,
I long to have each trait
With Thee accord;
To have Thee mold my will,
Each rising murmur still,
My heart with love to fill
For Thee my Lord.

I long to have my soul
More under Thy control
Than e'er before;
To Thee my spirit turns,
My heart with ardor burns,
My soul within me yearns,
To love Thee more.

Come, Lord, possess this heart,
I would its every part
To Thee resign;
Do Thou with me abide,
Let self be set aside,
And let it be my pride,
That I am Thine.

Then, when my race is run,
When, all my labors done,
I come to Thee;
O, banish every doubt,
Sustain my soul throughout,
Jer death make me to shout
The victory.

Topics of the Week.

—French army chaplains are to be rigidly suppressed. This because, in point of fact, the regimental chaplains have been simply Ultramontane agents, of whom it has been thought needful to purge the barracks.

—The Sandwich Islands are said to have no illiterate children in a population of 58,000. Public instruction is under the supervision of a committee, which serves without remuneration. The Government takes care that every person shall be able to read and write.

—The department of education at Athens, Greece, issued an order recently that all the upper classes in the primary schools shall use the New Testament in the original as a reading book. To this end the American Bible Society will issue at once a cheap edition of the Greek Testament.

The Knock foolery continues. As many as five hundred "pilgrims" left Manchester on the 9th August, to go thither—some being lame, some paralyzed, and all with some disease upon them, expecting cure from bits of mortar from the wall of the chapel, water which has run off its holy roof, and so on. Paganism itself never sank much lower than this.

When Rome was under the rule of the Popes, it had no public schools; it now spends \$200,000, on its public schools.

Recently, King Eyo, of Old Calabar, on the coast of Guinea, West Africa, supplied the pulpit of the United Presbyterian missionary in his absence.

The completion of the New Testament into Japanese was celebrated at Tokio, April 19, by representatives from fourteen of the fifteen missionary societies laboring in the empire.

"Captain Parsons," of the "Salvation Army,"—otherwise known as a bricklayer's laborer, was recently arrested for blocking Walworth Road (London) on a Monday, by a noisy crowd of about two hundred people who followed him and his band. The "Captain," who appeared in court with his bible in his hand, and addressed the constable as "brother," was bound over in \$50 to keep the peace.

It is stated that a great pressure is being put upon the Pope, with the aim of procuring him to reconvoke the Vatican Council next year at Malta. The thing drags, however, through the unwillingness of his holiness to make direct application to the British government for permission thus to use Malta, without which permission the thing cannot be done.

Theological schools for the education of the ministry of the Baptist denomination are to be established in France and Germany. Dr. Mitchell—late of Chicago—is engaged in the practical development of a plan embodying the use of the national colleges for classical and general education. New buildings are to be erected in Germany for this purpose, whose cost is to be borne by American and English Baptists. Dr. Mitchell is an able and useful man, and any plan to which he devotes himself will be pretty sure to be a good one.

—A ruined city of very ancient date has been discovered in Southern Italy, near Mamfredonia. Its location is in a marsh, beneath which it was buried by an earthquake, soon after having been nearly destroyed by the Goths. Among the objects of interest brought to light in the buried city is a magnificent temple of Diana, adorned with a portico over sixty feet long and an immense necropolis. Valuable relics, which have been discovered in the course of the excavations already made, have been placed in the Museum of Naples.

—The Anglo American revision of the English version of the Bible, of which the New Testament portion is to be published soon, has a very decided foe in Bishop Cox, of the diocese of Western New York. He has not seen the revision; knows nothing of its merits or demerits, but because scholars not connected with the Episcopal church have taken part in this work, and so what the Bishop calls *the church* has been put on a level with "the sects," the work must be defiled beyond remedy! So far as the revision is concerned, it will be time enough to form a judgment when it has been fairly examined. Meanwhile the sore distress of Dr. Cox over the fact that the scholarship of "the sects" has been recognized is provocative of a smile at least. We hope the Bishop will live through his troubles, and learn to show some other mark of piety than excessive sensitiveness for the honor of his church.

The New York *Herald* discerns in the deep interest felt in the annual reports of the various religious and benevolent societies a convincing testimony to the unselfishness of our times, and recognizes in the spirit of benevolence which prevails an argument in favor of the organizations which foster it. The point made is this: "The amount of self-denial which the annual income of any of the societies signifies, could it be made known in detail, would startle many a cynic into greater respect for the world which he pronounces utterly selfish, and convince him that, even were all the money wasted, the expense would not be too great for the assurance it gives that there are a great many generous hearts in the work of all."

The famous cathedral of Cologne in Germany which has occupied 630 years in building, was finished on Saturday, 21st, the last stone being inserted in the second tower. This magnificent structure was begun in the year 1250 as a Catholic edifice, and, though many changes have since occurred, a description of the vast building will be interesting. It is the largest example of gothic architecture in the world, and, unlike most of the finest old cathedrals, its plans were designed with mathematical exactness. This has detracted somewhat from its artistic merit, and it is inferior to some of the French cathedrals, such as Rheims, the genius of the architects in the latter cases having had freer scope. The Cologne cathedral is a glorious pile, however, and it towers like a mountain above the city in the plain when seen from a distance. It is 511 feet long and 231 feet in breadth, and its twin towers are 511 feet high, exactly the same as its length. Up to 1830 it remained in the same state as in the middle ages, only the great choir and a portion of the towers having been built, the entire main part of the structure, the nave, transept and the aisles not having been begun. But, fortunately, the original plans had been found in the dusty archives of the cathedral, giving every detail of its construction, so that the work could be carried on exactly as it was intended. In 1830 there was a great enthusiasm for the monuments of the past throughout Germany, and the work of completing the noble pile was taken hold of with energy under King Frederick William III. of Prussia. It has been pushed forward rapidly, and as much has been done in the past fifty years as could have been done in centuries of the middle ages. The greater part of the building is really of modern construction. One of the towers contains the famous Kaiser's Glocke (Emperor's bell), presented by Emperor William in thanksgiving for the victory over France. The work has been done by large government appropriations, private subscriptions, and by the Cologne Cathedral Building Society (Dombauverein), with frequent drawings of a grand lottery. The nave, aisles and the transept were consecrated in 1848, and the whole interior was thrown open in 1763.

—In Dr. Christleib's recently published history of Protestant Foreign Missions, the following interesting statistics of progress are given:—"At the close of the last century there were only seven Protestant missionary societies, properly so-called. To-day the seven have, in Europe and America alone, become seventy. At the beginning of the present century the number of male mission-

aries in the field, supported by those seven societies together, amounted to 170, of whom about 100 were connected with the Moravians alone. To-day there are employed by the seventy societies about 2,400 ordained Europeans and Americans, hundreds of ordained native preachers (in the East Indies alone there are more than 1,600, and about as many in the South Seas), upwards of 23,000 native assistants, catechists, evangelists, teachers—exclusive of the countless female missionary agents, private missionaries, lay-helpers, colporteurs of the Bible societies in heathen lands, and the thousands of voluntary unpaid Sunday school teachers. Eighty years ago, if I may venture an estimate, there were about 50,000 heathen converts under the care of Protestants. To-day the total number of converts from heathenism in our Protestant mission stations may be estimated, certainly, at no less than 1,650,000, and the year 1878 shows an increase of about 60,000 souls, a number greater than the gross total at the beginning of the century. Eighty years ago the total sum contributed for Protestant missions hardly amounted to £50,000, now the amount raised for this object is from £1,200,000 to £1,250,000 (about five times as much as that of the whole Romish propaganda), of which England contributes £700,000, America £300,000, Germany and Switzerland from £100,000 to £150,000. Eight years ago the number of Protestant missionary schools cannot have exceeded seventy; to-day, according to reliable statistics, it amounts to 13,000, with far beyond 400,000 scholars, and among these are hundreds of native candidates for the ministry, receiving instruction in some of the many high schools and theological seminaries. At the beginning of the present century, the Scriptures existed in some fifty translations, and were circulated in certainly not more than five millions of copies. Since 1804—i. e. since the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society—new translations of the Bible, or its more important parts have been accomplished, in at least 226 languages and dialects. There are translations of all the Scriptures into fifty-five, of the New Testament into eighty-four, of particular parts into eighty-seven languages, and now the circulation of the Scriptures, in whole or part, has amounted to 148 millions of copies."

CHRISTIAN HEROISM. A sad interest attaches to the island of Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands midway between Maui and Oahu. It is the leper settlement, and to all the victims of this terrible, loathsome, and incurable disease, unhappily so prevalent in the Hawaiian Archipelago, are sent to prevent the spread of the contagion. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious and secular instruction of the lepers, and up to the present time has enjoyed complete immunity from the disease; but even if he escapes this danger, he can never return to his country and friends. When one thinks what this implies, and to what a death in life he has condemned himself for the sake of others, it seems impossible to doubt that he will indeed reap a rich reward hereafter.—Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam."

Family Reading.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

Tell about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is weary, weary,
And longs, like a child's, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of His earthly obedience sweet;
How he wrought at His father's work-bench,
And washed His disciples' feet,
For my hands are so tired of toiling,
Work seems such a wearisome thing;
Yet, once 'twas enobled and hallowed
By the service of Jesus the King.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hill He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish,
Dropped down on Judea's sod,
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs that He freely forgave;
Of His mercy and tender compassion;
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,
Or pain, or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.
—The Advance.

"CHRIST,

WHO IS OVER ALL, GOD BLESSED FOR EVER."

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

High over all thrones, dominions, and powers among men; high above the angels that excel in strength; high above the crowned seraph that bows in the ineffable brightness of God's countenance nearest the throne; higher, and higher still, towards the infinity of the incomprehensible God. I follow Thee, O Christ, until I see Thee stand coequal, co-eternal with the Father—God.

And as the words, Blessed for ever, tremble upon my lips, I hear ten thousand voices echo and re-echo upon the eternal hills, until the sound becomes as the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings, blending in strong, yet harmonious joy—"God, blessed for ever!"

Oh! wondrous vision of Him whom "man hath not seen nor can see!" How fearlessly my soul climbs "the steep of this infinite"—up, up to where the glory grows "dark with excess of light;" for, 'midst the ineffable splendors I see a human face, the dear outline of a human form, a blessed human hand lifted in divinest benediction, and on those holy human lips the smile of love—not love's semblance, not love's ideal, but LOVE, of which the highest earthly comparison fades into utter inanity.

"God blessed for ever!" Let me repeat those sacred words, as I gaze thus on him, until my soul is filled with a sense of his exalted majesty. Let me repeat them still, as I catch amid the intenseness of his glory the mark of earthly thorns upon his brow, as I discern upon those outspread hands the trace of earthly suffering. Let me repeat them as I look with more transfixed and earnest gaze upon that spear wound in his side, and remember that there, there was opened the fountain of Life to man!

Come hither, redeemed one, and look upon thy Lord. Thou hast been wont to go back to the manger where lay the babe of Bethlehem, and think of the strange revelations which came to those Hebrew shepherds on that eventful night. Often hast thou traced his path of suffering and self-denial, lingered with tearful joy over the recital of his gracious acts of compassion, and bowed with willing obedience to his divine instructions.

Thou hast watched with wonder his patient endurance of that shameful trial, and those cruel indignities of the crown of thorns, the purple robe, and the mock homage of the insulting soldiery. Thou hast, with increasing wonder, followed him through the scoffing crowd to the cross, seen those hands and feet nailed to the wood, and, amidst the awful protest of earth and heaven against man's atrocity, seen him die.

Thou hast followed that bleeding form to the sepulchre; and, with a joy too full for words, hast, in the grey dawn of the third day, seen him rise as from a gentle sleep, lay aside the robes that had bound him, and walk forth from the tomb alive.

Again, thou hast stood with the twelve upon the sacred hill-side, and beheld, as enveloped in a cloud of glory, he ascended up to heaven. But didst thou go any further? or, turning back to earth, didst thou sit down, indulging in vague speculations concerning him who had thus passed from thy human vision, until the mysterious Divinity of thy Lord became a dreamy, half-unreal thing; and his humanity, thus taken from thy sight, at last filled thy highest conception of Christ? But follow on. Look through all the ranks of those holy ones from earth who have entered into rest. Is he there? Is he among those shining ones who bow so near the throne? Nay, higher and higher still ascend, until faith recognizes him upon the right hand of the Father, lifting that glorified humanity to the full heights of Divinity—himself over all—God, blessed for ever!

Gracious Redeemer! and dost thou know how feebly we have traced thee? how dimly we have discerned thy glory? how often our dark souls have degraded their conceptions of thee to the low level of the creature? Dost thou know all this—the impious pride of the weak human intellect, that has stood and cavilled at the mysteries of thy incarnate life: and, failing to grasp the vast idea, has stood with folded arms, and proudly thought to look above and beyond thee into the very face of essential Deity, and thus offer its arrogant worship to him who, out of Christ, "is a consuming fire?"

Yes, thou hast known it all—hast felt it all; and yet thou hast been merciful, long-suffering, and ready to forgive; leading us patiently into truth, unfolding the mysteries of thy word to our dark understandings, and giving us faith to take hold of thee as our Redeemer! Happy he who thus patiently led, thus tenderly borne with, thus pitied, and thus strengthened, comes at last clearly to see in the midst of thy exalted glory the marks of thy earthly abasement, and with unwavering faith, to acknowledge thee as being "over all—God, blessed for ever!"

The truth is, nothing attracts like the pulpit. A rationalist will come in New York and lecture to a full house, and go away carrying his honors; and some people say: "See what a success! what a crowd he draws! if only the ministry drew as well!" But notice that this lecturer, sharp and shrewd as he is, keeps away from New York for a whole year. He knows people will not come to hear him twenty, ten, or even five times a year. Yet the thousands fill the Christian pulpits fifty-two days in the year, and send of their substance to the heathen.—*Christian at Work.*

HOW A CHURCH WAS FILLED SUNDAY EVENINGS.

The evening service on Sunday in a certain congregation was poorly attended. People thought they could not come out twice a Sunday to church.

The council talked the matter over. Their talk resulted in a pledge to each other that they would never absent themselves, willingly, from the evening service, and that they would urge every one they saw to plan for a second attendance.

The parents talked it over. They found that their children were not in the habit of spending the evening religiously or profitably, and they determined to set them an example of an earnest devotion to spiritual concerns. They began going twice a day the Sunday after.

The young men talked it over. They concluded that it was their duty to attend both services, and to bring at least one young man apiece with them.

The young ladies talked it over. They thought that if they could go to a concert or party at night, it could not do them any harm to be at church after sunset. They decided that they would all go regularly, and take each a young man with them.

The minister did not know what to make of it. He began to flatter himself that he was a latent Spurgeon. The attendance was increasing every week. Strangers, seeing the direction of the crowd, followed. It became the most popular church in the city.—*Evangelist.*

A PICTURESQUE PALM.

There are no less than six hundred kinds of palms, and they present in their varied forms some of the most graceful and picturesque, as well as some of the most majestic objects to be found in the vegetable world. They stand out with their light, airy and plume-like foliage, in beautiful contrast with the deep, dark growth of the underwood. Some kinds reach the height of two hundred feet, while others have stems scarcely visible above the ground, and display nothing but a wide-spreading bunch of immense leaves. The trunks of some are smooth, while others are rough with a fibrous covering.

The bold and erect posture of some of them is proverbially emblematic of a perfect righteousness. Thus David says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

The branches of the palm, or rather their long leaves, were also considered as emblems of victory; and were often used as such on occasions of public rejoicing. When our Saviour made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem some of the people "took branches of palm trees, and strewed them in the way." And in the vision of St. John, the multitude, which no man could number, were seen standing before the throne, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands.

TO YOUNG MEN.

"Whoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

A great many hopeful young men reach middle life before they come to realize what life means.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

How much larger would life be if men would start aright and never let go the one purpose of making all they can of themselves in this world.

When a young man sneers at the backwoods town in which he was born, and its old-fashioned ways, he has lost the best part of his manhood.

There are so many men of large promise, who give hope of being truly great, then go out in darkness, it throws a shade of sadness over human life.

The most of men who fail in any undertaking blame the weather, the system of trade, the rascality of other men;

anything but their own stupidity and profligacy.

It is a good sign when a man who by waste or neglect, loses his position or his business, is willing to go down to the root of the matter, and throw the blame on himself, where it belongs.

When a young man away from home cannot find time, at least once a week, to write to his mother, he is cutting loose from the strongest tie that can hold him in the hour of temptation.

There are a great many good, sensible Christian people in every city who would be glad to make the acquaintance of as many young men as they can, coming strangers to the city; but the young men must put themselves in the way of forming such associations.

When a young man goes from the country to the city, he should carry his home with him, in following its teaching, in selecting only such companions as he would invite into his mother's parlour, in spending his Sundays and spare hours in such a way as he would be willing for the folks at home to know how they are spent.—*Golden Rule.*

IS THERE PLENTY OF TIME?

A London City Missionary of the Great Ormond Street District, has had an note from an interesting girl of seventeen, whom, some years before, he had been trying to lead to the Lord Jesus. She says:—

"How well I remember the first night that I was spoken to about my soul. There was a hard struggle within me; the devil kept saying to me, "Put it off—there's plenty of time." But I could not get rid of the thought—If I should die to-night where should I go to?"

"I did, however, put it off that night; when I woke in the morning the devil said to me, "Didn't I tell you that you would live till this morning?" But I could not rest.

"I was spoken to again the next night, and shown those beautiful words in John iii. 15, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Trusting to those words, I found peace, which the world cannot give or take away.

"Often have I been tempted to turn back to the broad road that leadeth to destruction, but Christ has led me through it all. I can say—

"His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand!"

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bed-room, but stepped on the nut, which, in breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

—Mr. Grant Duff, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has promised to lay upon the table of the House of Commons a copy of the Canadian Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Act, passed in 1878.

Temperance.

Over 300 of the boys on board the training-ship *Exmouth* are pledged abstinents.

—At Shanghai two Temperance refreshment houses have just been opened to meet the wants of the numerous seamen visiting that port.

—Eighteen of the soldiers stationed at the Tower recently signed the pledge after an entertainment by the members of Dr. Barnardo's Band of Hope.

—The Earl of Derby has sent a contribution of twenty guineas to the funds of the London Temperance Hospital, to mark his lordship's interest in the object of that institution.

—The Glasgow School Board have asked their head masters to examine the chief physiological works bearing on temperance, with a view to having it taught in the schools under their charge.

—The serious illness from which the Duchess of Westminster is still suffering was caused, it is stated, by a fright received from a tipsy groom who had arrayed himself in white drapery to frighten his fellow-servants.

—The *Lancet*, describing the medical treatment of Mr. Gladstone during his illness, says:—"The treatment has consisted in absolute quietness and judicious support of the system: stimulants were carefully used, but not found helpful."

—A flourishing Band of Hope has been formed at Calcutta, of which Babu Keshub Chunder Sen is president. Among the vice-presidents are the Rev. J. M. Thorburn, D. D., and Dr. M. Rose, and the secretary is Nalin Behari Sircar.

—Petty-officer Hampton, of the Excellent, who last year carried off the Champion Cup at Wimbledon, has now won the Southern District Championship. He is a life abstainer, and has, consequently, a steady eye and steady hand.

—Prizes are offered to students in the Wesleyan Training Institutions for the best essays on the claims of the temperance movement on the Christian Church. The adjudicators are the Rev. G. W. Olver, B. A., the Rev. M. Randles, and the Rev. Charles Garrett.

—A list of 22 coffee-tavern companies has been published, showing their dividends for the year 1879, bearing out the assertion that these associations can be made to pay a good profit. Out of the 25, ten paid 5 per cent., and the rest the large dividend of 10 per cent.

—At the recent meeting at the Duke of Westminster's house in aid of the coffee music halls movement, £1,000 worth of shares was taken. A second meeting for the same object has been held at the residence of Mr. Brassey, M.P., Junior Lord of the Admiralty.

—The United Methodist Free Church, whose annual assembly has been sitting at Leeds, on Saturday last resolved to form a Temperance League, with a view to the employment of an agent whose work would be the promotion of temperance in the circuits of the denomination.

—The Church of England Temperance Society has held a very successful diocesan gathering at Exeter. The Bishop preached in the cathedral, and afterwards presided at a meeting held for the consolidation of all the branches into one diocesan association.

—Earl Shaftesbury opened a new working men's institute, last week, at Parton, near Swinton, which has just been erected by Mr. James Sadler, of Lydiard House, at a cost of nearly £3,000. His Lordship strongly urged that such institutions should be made as much as possible like public-houses in point of accommodation, and that working men should have a large share in their working and general management.

Boys and Girls.

WARNING TO CHILDREN WHO "JUMP ROPE."

Dr. Peck, of the surgical institute, recently performed a surgical operation on the leg of a young girl by the name of Jordan, from Illinois, sent here for treatment. The bones of both her legs will have to be partially removed, and the little sufferer will have to submit to two painful operations. The cause of her affection is from "jumping the rope," a pastime engaged in generally by young girls, resulting in necrosis, or death of the bone. The doctor stated to a reporter, in this connection, that similar cases were constantly occurring from the same cause, but more frequently resulting in necrosis of the spine, and that there has not been a month passed but more or less cases of this character came to the institute for treatment. He says that rope jumping produces continuous concussions on the joints which impinge upon the bone, causing at the first stage periostitis, and finally resulting in the death of the bone. He thinks that parents and teachers should be warned of this dangerous sport and eradicate it entirely from the playground of children, as it is ruinous in its effects, and is the prime cause of more cripples among the female portion of the community than probably any one cause. He also added that, during the practice of his profession, deaths have been occurring, coming under his observation, which were the result of this pernicious pastime. In conclusion he said: "I would warn children against rope jumping, and would advise parents and teachers to prohibit it under all circumstances."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

"DARK HERE, BUT LIGHT THERE."

A boy who was present with other blind boys at the examination of the Training Institution at Beyrout, Syria, replied to the questions of the astonished Turkish officials as follows:

"I am a little blind boy. Once I could see; but then I fell asleep—a long, long sleep. I thought I should never wake. And I slept till a kind gentleman, called Mr. Mott, came and opened my eyes. Not these eyes," pointing to his sightless eyeballs, "but these," lifting up his tiny fingers, "these eyes" (meaning how he could read the embossed Bible with the tips of his fingers.) "and, oh! they see such sweet words of Jesus, and how he loves the blind." Another boy, placing his fingers first on his poor blind eye and then on his heart, said: "It is dark here, but it is light there."

GIVE THE BOYS TOOLS.

Almost all boys are naturally mechanics. The constructive and imitative faculties are developed, in part, at a very early age. All boys are not capable of being developed into good, practical, working mechanics but most of them show their bent that way. There are a few cases in which the boy has no competent idea of the production of a fabricated result from inorganic material, but such cases are rare. Given the proper encouragement and the means, and many boys whose mechanical aptness is allowed to run to waste, or is diverted from its natural course, would become good workmen, useful, producing members of the industrial community.

The mechanical boy ought to have a shop of his own. Let it be the attic, or an unused room, or a place in the barn or the woodshed. Give him a place and the tools. Let him have a good pocket knife, gimlets, chisels, gouges, planes, saws, cutting nippers, a hammer, a foot rule, and material to work. Let the boy have a chance. If he is a mechanic it will come out, and he will do himself credit. If he fails he is to follow some calling that does not demand mechanical skill.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

HELPLESS HANDS.

"I would like to have a new dress, but it is so hard to get a good dressmaker," sighed Priscilla the other day.

"Why not be your own dressmaker?" "We have to eat baker's cake," said Marianne. "Mamma says she has no time to make it for such a family."

"Why not make the cake yourself? Mother's daughters should relieve her of such cares."

O! girls, whatever else you do, don't go through life with helpless hands. Hands should be instruments to serve our needs, not useless ornaments to hang rings upon.

COMMANDER JAMIE.

There lived in a Scotch village a very little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but he showed such an anxiety to go to see the distant countries which he had read about, that she finally consented. As the boy left home the good woman said to him, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me, my dear Jamie, that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon the little Scotch lad was on shipboard, bound to India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

On the return voyage things were not quite so pleasant. Some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, and one of these proved a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, this wicked sailor went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a decided tone, "None of that here, sir."

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the boy should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, my boy, and if he dares to touch you again I will give him another dressing."

The next night the devil tempted Jamie to do a very foolish thing. He does not like to have any one say prayers, or do right in any way; so he put it into the little boy's mind that it was unnecessary for him to be creating such a disturbance in the ship, when it could be easily avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. Now see how little he gained by this cowardly proceeding. The moment the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said—

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think that I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London this reckless, profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and, when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Some years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the *Great Eastern*, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A

very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie, of whom I have been telling you. When the *Great Eastern* returned to England, after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honour of knighthood, and the world now knows him as SIR JAMES ANDERSON.

A SURPRISE OF JOY.

A group of men with faces grave and sad
Wanted to see
If any sign of hope to make them glad
There yet might be.

Outside the city there were flowers in bloom
And earth was fair,
But all their memories clustering round a tomb
Were dark with care.

It was not only that they mourned a friend,
Their eyes grew dim
With tears the while they thought upon the end
That came to him.

But they had wronged their Master; and each
heart

Was filled with shame
How could they e'er have done so base a part
To that dear Name?

Had He not loved them with such tenderness
As mothers feel?
Had He not lived among them but to bless
And save and heal?

And one denied them wholly, and they all
Forsook and fled;
Therefore did sorrow hold their hearts in thrall,
For he was dead.

So, looking at each other as they thought
Upon the past,
They deemed each day would be with trouble
fraught
Until the last

But even while they mourned He caused their
pain

For ay to cease,
For Jesus came among them once again
And whispered Peace.

Lo! He had put the old sad past away;
Freely forgiven,
Their hearts looked forward to a brighter day
With Him in Heaven

O sad ones, fearing half to meet His face,
No more be sad;
Ye cannot comprehend the Saviour's grace,
Be strong, be glad.

Hope in his love once more, let sorrow cease;
Lift up your eyes,
And he will tell you with His wondrous peace
And joy's surprise.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

No one can doubt that the Romanists seek to gain control of our government on earth. They themselves declare it. The fundamental principles of their organization require it. *Watchman*.

"If God ever makes His church better," says one, "He will begin by making His ministers better. We believe that a revival in the pulpit would be the greatest blessing God could bestow on the church. Let the people unite to pray for it.—*Presbyterian*."

A SCOTCHMAN living in Japan, went out to buy a screen. The merchant told him to come next day, for, as it was Sunday, he could not sell them, being a Christian. The Scotchman said: "I felt as if I had seen a ghost. I felt so insignificant and so cheap, that all I could do was to slip out of his shop and start for home." Another Japanese Christian about to sell some articles, asked the customer, as he was about to pay for them, "Have you noticed this defect, and this, and this?" The purchaser had not observed the defects, and decided not to take the articles. This is the sort of Christians converted Japanese make.

The Canadian Independent.

Is published every Thursday, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States, or delivered free in the city of Toronto, for

One Dollar per Year.

Remittances to be addressed to *The Canadian Independent*, Box 248, P.O. Toronto.

All communications for the Editorial, News of Churches and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 248, P.O. Toronto.

TORONTO, SEPT. 16, 1880.

WE thank those friends who have responded to our request for the remittance of their subscriptions. Will those who have not done so kindly put the dollar for the current year into an envelope and send it at once. We should have it now.

HOME AGAIN.

Home from mountain and from river, from sea-side and from lake-side, from camping out and roughing it in true primitive style, and from the luxuries of a fashionable watering place. Home from farm house retreat, from ocean trip, from the bustle of distant cities and from the quiet nook, unbroken by postal or telegraph communications. Home by rail, home by boat, so they come in hundreds day by day. Familiar faces are again on the streets, classes in the Sunday School, long depleted, are being filled up. Pews in churches vacant for many Sabbaths are once more occupied, and pulpits in which strange forms have appeared and from which strange voices have been heard have back again the old familiar face and voice. And now,—

And now, what is to be the result? The idea of yearly outings is not simply and alone pleasure, not that parents and children may have a pleasant time merely, but that they may recruit, grow vigorous and strong again, and be the better prepared for the strain of duty or of trial. The school teacher expects to teach more clearly and vigorously, the scholar to be more apt to learn, the merchant expects that his clerk will be more hearty and earnest in his interests and that he himself will be able to prosecute his enterprises with a fresh spirit. Is this to stop at worldly matters? Is the influence of this earnest power to be felt only in business and the affairs of this life? Certainly not; it must not stop there, but it must be seen and felt in the work of the church, in the fresh interest manifested in the Divine Master's cause.

It is often said that the winter is the harvest-time of the church. Families are home, nights are long, and that season is therefore chosen for the special development of church work. Extra meetings, Bible classes, young people's associations,—mothers' meetings, and such like, in which every church has, we suppose, been more or less, dormant or inactive during the summer—spring into renewed activity during the winter,—for all such work, then, we plead that the new power and health God's

people have gained during their absence from home may be willingly laid upon this altar of God; not to sacrifice it, not to destroy it, but to consecrate it to a lively, a living service.

First of all see that the finances of the church do not suffer from your absence. Where the system of weekly offerings, regular and stated, is adopted, as it should be everywhere, there is less likelihood of loss from this source. But we find that some people have a very convenient objection to going on that plan; it is too formal and open for them. We are not going to argue the matter here, only to say, that upon such people it doubly devolves that they do not allow the work to be the loser in a money point of view because of their absence. Those who give a stated sum, on the envelope system, can be reminded by the Treasurer if there is an accumulation of unpaid contributions, but he who gives irregularly will doubly need to have his conscience tender on this point, for the matter is between himself and his God alone. Let there be no arrears in the Treasurer's or in God's books.

Yet further, during your holidays you have not, perhaps, been able to attend worship more than one or two Lord's days. There was no Sunday School near, so you could not do anything in that, and the same was true of the weekly prayer meeting. We all know how easy it is to glide into a neglect of means, and how the habit, yielded to, grows stronger and stronger until it is almost impossible to break it. Begin with the first Sabbath and the first prayer meeting held in your place, let it be seen that of a truth you have not lost your relish for the sanctuary, but that, like David, a time of deprivation makes you to feel, "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord."

Again, your pastor has been planning work for the season; he thinks that the church should undertake such and such during the winter, and he is looking to you for active support in the undertaking; it may be something for the edification of the people, for the instruction of the young, or for the spread of the Gospel outside; whatever it is, if he thinks you can help him, do so, and, what you do, do heartily as unto the Lord. Sometimes men and woman are asked to do certain duties which they think they cannot accomplish, and they protest that they know what they can do better than any one else. This may sometimes be true, but we think that, as a rule, a wise pastor will be able to judge best what various individuals in his church can do, and he will only ask them to do that for which they are best fitted. It is surprising how, sometimes, experience shows that men are able to do, and do well, work for Christ of which they had not thought themselves capable. We know of more than one man who, to-day, is eminently successful in some line of service, who, when it was first suggested, shrank from it, feeling that he was utterly incapable of its performance.

There is another thought. He must be a poor observer who, away from home for a time, thrown into new associations, coming in contact with fresh ideas does not gather some thoughts that will be interesting and helpful to others. There are "Sermons in stones, books in running

brooks," but it is not sufficient to hear the sermons or read the books; we must carry the contents to those, who have not so heard or read. He who gets experience, knowledge, and makes no use of it, finds a precious jewel and buries it in the earth. An incalculable amount of interest and profit to our people is lost just here.

Finally, let coming home be a re-consecration, a new dedication of self, body, soul and spirit to God's Christ, the building of an Ebenezer, which is not merely a record of past mercies, but a constant incentive to fresh devotedness, not alone a stone to mark the past, but the point for a fresh start, for a more hearty and whole-souled labour for the Master.

ECCLÉSIA

We give a short account of this Greek word as used in the N. T. and by us translated *church*. It may aid in forming and confining the N. T. ideal of what an organized church should be.

Primarily it is the common term for the assembling of the free citizens of a state, summoned together by a herald. Thus used, Acts xix. 32-41, comp. v. 29, 35. "A lawful assembly, *ennomos ecclesia*, implying that that assembly was not in due form convened. It was not therefore an inappropriate word whereby to designate the gathering together in one place of the "called" in Christ Jesus.

The Greek translators of the O. T. (lxx.) not invariably, but generally, use *ecclesia* to signify the congregation of the people of Israel, thus it is used, Acts vii. 38. Another term is used in the O. T., *synagogue*, which also occurs, Acts xiii. 43, James ii. 2; but *ecclesia* evidently became, as Christianity was thrust out from Judaism, the word exclusively applied to the Christian assembly, *synagogue* remaining specifically Jewish.

The whole body of believers are frequently viewed in their entirety as citizens of a free state, heaven, enjoying the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, therefore an *ecclesia*, a church, notably Heb. xii. 22, Eph. i. 22, v. 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32.

The believers assemble in one place, hence a local *ecclesia* or church, e.g., Rom. xvi. 5, Philemon 2. Thus far no controversy obtains. Is there another application of the word? 1 Cor. i. 2, 1 Thess. i. 1, Acts. xiii. 1. Are these single assemblies or a number of single assemblies associated? As we have no direct information regarding the fact, inference only is open to us, and of course inference depends very much upon individual preference. Mosheim declares it to be as clear as daylight that all Christian churches were in primitive times independent and co-equal bodies. Dr. Stoughton, agreeing, evidently inclines to the view that, as the church in a city grew, its assembling together in one place would be an impossibility, therefore a plurality of pastors and assemblies

with one organic church would be the result, though he denies that the Church was ever determined in its boundaries by a state or country in primitive times. Galatia was a *province* of doubtful extent; there we read of churches, Gal. i. 2.

If the view sustained by Dr. Stoughton and others be correct we have the three following meanings of *ecclesia* on N. T. authority; if incorrect, only the two first.

1. The entire body of the redeemed
2. An assembly of believers in one place.
3. The organized church of a city with various places of assembly.

A WORD ABOUT EXAGGERATION.

Here are two incidents: No. 1. A Presbyterian minister of Woodstock (Rev. Mr. Mackay) issued a pamphlet recently, which sought to prove that immersion was commenced in the Roman communion, and never was practised in apostolic days. The little tractate made some stir, especially at Woodstock, which is the Baptist headquarters in Ontario. Whereupon a Baptist professor answered Mr. Mackay by issuing an opposition pamphlet. The "Canadian Baptist" reviews this second pamphlet, and pronounces it "a withering reply to a scurrilous libel."

No. 2. Mr. Beresford-Hope—a member of the British House of Commons—was speaking against the Burials Bill, and, in the course of his remarks, compared "a group of mourners at a grave listening to a Dissenting preacher to a mob crowding round Wombwell's show of wild beasts."

Conclusions. With the truth or falsity of Mr. Mackay's anti-immersion theories, we have nothing to do. Mr. Mackay is well able to take care of himself. But from personal knowledge we deny that his pamphlet is "a scurrilous libel," or that Prof. Goodspeed's brochure is "a withering reply." As to Mr. Beresford-Hope, we deny that a Dissenting preacher is a cage of wild beasts, and that a group of mourners is a gaping mob around such a cage.

Now the editor of the *Baptist* is a religious man. We have no doubts on that point. Mr. Beresford-Hope also is a religious and excellent man. We do not doubt that. And, without maligning the piety of either of these gentlemen, we cannot help concluding that even some religious and excellent men, when their blood is up, try to serve their cause by gross exaggerations which have not the slightest grain of justification in them.

To exaggerate—according to the authorities—is "to amplify or enlarge beyond the truth." And although exaggeration is not used by any good man with the intention of falsifying, yet it does falsify, it does aid the cause of untruth. And if good men would only think of this, they would be more careful in the words which they either spoke or wrote. Exaggeration makes debate fiercer and peace less possible. It sets the matters with which it

deals in a false, strained, unnatural light; and it is one of those things which grow, until they become positive—though possibly unconscious—lying. Exaggeration is the imp from which the demon of untruth develops.

Shakespeare says:

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess."

The cause of God is not so weak or tottering as to need bolstering up by man's exaggerated speech. For the sake of amity, for the sake of truth's modesty, for the sake of Jesus Christ, let us avoid exaggerations of every kind.

In our Centenary jottings we referred to the action of the Church of England in holding aloof from united action with the other denominations, and following their own exclusive course. It appears from the following taken from our contemporary the *Victoria Independent* that the same thing has happened there. It says:—

It seems impossible for the Episcopal Church, any less in Victoria than in England, to refrain from exhibiting its intolerance and bigotry whenever opportunity presents itself. The latest instance brought under our notice is the proposal lately made in the *Church of England Messenger* that the Sunday-schools of the Episcopal denomination shall separate themselves from the schools of other churches at the coming Raikes Centenary celebration, and have a private festival of their own, for the reason that "A celebration by the united denominations will simply throw out of the proceedings all those among our clergy—and they are many—for whom flower services and services of song are unchurchlike innovations, and who feel that they can neither take their Sunday-schools to places of worship outside their own communion nor order the services in their own churches to meet the views of a central combined committee." It is marvellous that *intelligent* adherents fail to see what they call the "One Catholic and Apostolic Church" is very far from being either "catholic" or "apostolic," as also the utter incongruity of the term *dissent* (which they sometimes contemptuously and ignorantly apply to those who are outside the Anglican paddock) in a country where, thank God, no denomination called "*the Church*" exists as by law established. Surely the time has come for members and clergy of the Episcopal body to abandon ostentatious exclusiveness in their intercourse with other Christian denominations; but, from past and present experience, we fear that this consummation will scarcely be attained until the arrival of the millennium.

The *Nonconformist* tells us that the arrangements for the Autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which is this year to be held at Birmingham, are now nearly complete. The annual sermon is to be preached on Monday evening, Oct. 11, by the Rev. E. R. Conder, and on the following morning the Conference will assemble in Carr's-lane Chapel, where, after Dr. Newth's address, papers will be read by Dr. Kennedy on "The Unity of Congregationalism;" by Rev. G. S. Barrett, on "Pastoral Duty;" and by Rev. J. McEwen Stott, on "Systematic Scripture Teaching of the Young" with a view to neutralising injurious tendencies pervading much of the popular literature of the day. At the afternoon Session, the Rev. J. Goodeve Mabbs will initiate a discussion on the best means of promoting lay-preaching in connection with Congregational churches. The forthcoming jubilee of the Congregational Union in 1881 will furnish the leading topic for

consideration at the meeting of the Assembly on Wednesday. Resolutions with a view to securing the attendance of representatives from the United States and the Colonies, and for raising a special jubilee fund available in the first instance for aiding the work of the Church-Aid and Home Missionary Society, are to be submitted to the Assembly by the Revs. J. R. Patton and Dr. Allon. The report of the Committee on College Reforms was to have been read by the Rev. A. Mackennal; but an accident which that esteemed minister sustained, and which resulted in a fracture of his leg will, it is feared, render his attendance on that occasion impracticable, although we rejoice to hear that he is progressing satisfactorily toward recovery. The proceedings on Thursday will commence with a special devotional service; after which a conference will take place on the State of the Country in regard to Religion, and the consequent duty of the churches, in course of which short papers, descriptive and statistical, will be read by Rev. Andrew Mearns, for London; Rev. E. Armitage, for Lancashire, and Rev. J. Browne for the agricultural districts. On Thursday evening there will be a public meeting in the Town Hall in the interests of Home work; and on the following evening a public meeting for young men will complete the programme, which includes, however, a large number of subsidiary meetings in Birmingham and neighbouring towns during the visit of the delegates.

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.—Please ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue reaching us later than the Monday preceding.

THE "CONGREGATIONAL FREE CHURCH" BUSINESS.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest and satisfaction your article on a "Congregational Free Church" with regard to Mr. Hood. Allow me to add that I was informed, when last in Manchester, that one of his deacons had offered to pay the expense of a public hall for him to deliver his political lectures in, on week evenings, instead of using the pulpit on Sabbaths, and he declined; and his headstrong course in this and other matters had so reduced the membership and receipts that they were compelled to tell him that they could not pay his salary. Cavendish Street Chapel has been unfortunate since Dr. Parker left, and it is a coincidence that both Mr. Bray and Mr. Hood, his successors, seem to have come to about the same position. They want more freedom, which means pretty much, as you say,—"to be irresponsible." In this they violate the principles of true liberty and freedom, because, naturally, our individual freedom must be limited by the rights of our fellow-men, if we become irresponsible to others, they have a right to be irresponsible to us, and thus law and order and personal safety and protection vanish, and the end is chaos and licence. LAYMAN.

Toronto, Sept. 13th, 1880.

News of the Churches.

FOREST.—We are glad to learn that, since the Rev. Mr. Fraser has been preaching, the old church building is all too small for those who come to hear him. Our correspondent says "He preaches Christ to the people and leaves unprofitable things alone."

KELVIN AND NEW DURHAM.—Representatives from the churches in Scotland, Kelvin, New Durham and Burford met at the latter place on Tuesday, the 7th of September, to take into consideration the re-organizing of the church at

New Durham, and the settlement of a pastor there. Mr. Pedley, who has been laboring there for some time, expressed his willingness to undertake the pastoral oversight of the Kelvin and New Durham churches for one year. Mr. Pedley enters upon his work at once, with good prospects of success. Both churches seem determined to put forth their best efforts both *financial* and *otherwise*, to aid him in his work. We hope soon to see a new church building in New Durham.

Official Notice.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.—The Autumnal session will be held in Brantford, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 19 and 20. Particulars later. All applications for membership must be in the Secretary's hands one week previously.

R. W. WALLACE, Secretary.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The Central Association will meet in the Congregational Church, Stouffville, on Tuesday, Sept. 14th, 1880. Rev. H. D. Powis will preach at 7.30 in the evening. Ministers and churches will please note this intimation. We trust the latter will take up collections for the Association, and that the former will come prepared to make the season a beneficial one.

J. I. HINDLEY, Secretary.

Edgar, Sept. 5th 1880.

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL, BURFORD.

The following from the *Expositor*, Brantford, is sent to us, and as it will be interesting to all Sabbath School workers we give it a place.

To the Editor of the *Expositor*—

SIR.—As many of your readers are interested in Sabbath School work, a few brief notes of a visit to one of the village schools of this county may not prove uninteresting. The time was Sabbath morning, the 5th inst., and the school was that superintended by H. COV, Esq., Burford. The hour of meeting was 9.30 a.m., and at that hour every teacher was in his or her place. No bell rang, but perfect order prevailed. The Superintendent read the first verse of the lesson: "Lot's escape from Sodom," and the girls joined heartily. The Bible class teacher, Mr. Kennedy, took the next verse, joined by the boys and male teachers.

A blackboard contained the leading lessons of the narrative, and the artistic, coloring and lettering reflected the highest credit on Mr. Kennedy, who prepares it for each Sabbath.

Of the teaching I can only speak of that of the male Bible class. Here the interest was kept unabated by judicious questions and brief comments, in which all took part. The comments by the Superintendent, the music, the perfect order, the prompt answers of the scholars, the full class of young ladies, under Mrs. Chas. De Coverly's instruction, the presence of middle-aged men in the Bible class, and as teachers, and the fact that every teacher is a member of some church, all combined to impress me with the idea that the school is really a model one, and worthy a visit from all who love order and intelligence.

Any notice would be incomplete that failed to mention the faithful efforts of Mr. J. A. Smith, librarian, and Mrs. Ross, the loving and intelligent teacher of the infant class.

The other schools in the village may be equally efficient, but as I had not the pleasure of inspecting them any notice must be deferred to another occasion.

TEACHER.

Literary Notes.

"CONGREGATIONALISM AS SEEN IN ITS LITERARY FORM," is the title of a new work by Henry Martyn Dexter, published by Harper Brothers, New York, and characterized by Dr. Leonard Bacon as "the greatest contribution of the age to Congregationalism."

The work of the publishers deserves a notice. The volume is an example of what bold, clear type, good paper, and general appearance can do. A work of original research and sustained critical thought is read with ease and comfort. The eye is satisfied, not wearied, while the mind is receiving. The book is a fine specimen of what the printer can do to make study easy.

It is intended in these columns to give a series of articles on Congregationalism and its place in history. We shall not scruple to use the work thus opportunely on our table; it will, therefore, be some time before Dr. Dexter and our readers part company; there are, however, a few words due in a short, general review of the work and a nature of its character.

First, Dr. Dexter writes as a Congregationalist, confessedly, and traditionally and with loving conviction, his whole soul in sympathy with the men and movements under review; yet it will be found much easier to assent than to prove that his conclusions are not warranted fully by the facts he produces. The work of Browne, Eury, Barrowe and their coadjutors needs such a loving sympathy as Dr. Dexter manifests, that it may be truly set forth to an age strangely oblivious, in the enjoyment of freedom, of the pioneers who first entered the forest and let in the day.

Secondly, This work is no second-hand gathering. Dr. Dexter's name, to those who know him, is a guarantee thereof. Long and arduous has been the search, among heaps of yellow manuscripts, in forgotten corners of large libraries, through books literally numbered by the thousands. The archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, whose aroma of episcopal sanctity dissenters have not been allowed to enjoy, opened its doors to him, and "out of the eater came forth meat," for many of the books, for the writing of which the authors were "harried and hanged," have been preserved by the very episcopates that thus sought their utter ruin. Neither time nor travel seems to have been spared by the author in his resolve to go to the very root of the matter. In his very numerous extracts from the old authors Dr. Dexter has retained, as far as modern type will permit, the quaintness of the originals. One of his reviewers has gently questioned the wisdom thereof; we confess to a pleasure in the fascination. It brings us more face to face with the works and men, preventing, in great measure, one baneful of general reading, anachronism of thought.

Thirdly, Though an American, Dr. Dexter has commenced his present work with a full account of modern Congregationalism in its cradle—the Father land—avowing that he "can let slip no proper opportunity to urge and further—in however humble a way—the better mutual acquaintance of the good men of the two nations that were one."

It seems pre-umptuous to "review" a teacher, and we question if there is a man living who may not have something to learn of Congregationalism from this book of Dr. Dexter, who may be said to have a Congregational bibliomania, but who cannot be said to have thereby been led into violation of any of the requirements of Christian candour and charity. The more widely circulated Dr. Dexter's book may be, the stronger will be the acknowledged claim of Congregationalism to no secondary place among the great religious forces of the past reformation period. We shall have more to say about this work in a fuller review, and our churches could not do wrong in quietly placing a copy thereof upon the study table of their pastor. They will gain by the outlay.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and what God gives him He gives him for mankind. — *Philips Brooks*.

I MAY faint and be weary, but my God cannot. I may alter and fluctuate, as to my frame; but my Redeemer is unchangeably the same. I might utterly fail and come to nothing if left to myself, but the Spirit of Truth hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

LIFE.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
Twist night and moon upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the oil burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

OUR PATTERN

A weaver sat one day at his loom
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern of his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the wool,
For his thoughts, alas! were not of his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof.

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said
"Oh, woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what shall we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked and saw
His work must be undone:
For the threads were wrong, and the colors
Dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack! alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had been all right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight."

h! said it was for the weaver,
And said for his lackless wife;
And said it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years,
As we wove the tissue wrong and stained
The wool with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above."

Our Story.

"THANKSGIVING ANN."

A STORY OF SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name, a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise—

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, don't play dar in the water, chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Take care that bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him."

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her "Thanksgiving Ann"; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because

an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed, unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no cha- ce. Just's if, 'cause a passon's old an' coloured, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin', an' wouldn't pay it if dey did," she murmured when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

"Well, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a generous jonation—equal to your master's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just of-hand as some other folks can do with no end of pinchin' and scrawin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little beforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in Jer pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does; and with an energetic bob of the head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!' she murmured to herself. "Well, mebber I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I see here all de time, and sees de clo's, an' de can'tages, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, and no preparation at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; and He can send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' and starvin' der own dear soul. Well—'t ain't my soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem too arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn one day: "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye hain't give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when the time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty, and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was,

once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no 'count girl, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my old marse he lef' me to take what happened when the time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin, an' den I went barefoot; an' dat's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought; didn't treat me with no kind of rev'ence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best, and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more for good measure. Talk 'bout it's being like a tax to put away for such things! 'Clare! I get studying what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I most b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go."

"Oh, de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me!"

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over this cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"S'pose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call darselves His neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed on them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartin, I'll give you all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"Oh, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman composedly, never turning to see how often or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when

the dinner hour arrived both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear!" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes either—nor veg' tables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' jist the same wid 'taters; and I thought I give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I didn't happen to have much of nuffin'." "Clare I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn-cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one, 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall render to the Lord for all His benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit-dish.

"Dat's all. The children eat a good many, and dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I've sorry dar ain't more, but I hopes ye'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to the old plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object-lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be journeying towards His royal city; and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own apparelling, entertainment, and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or

the forwarding of his work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally lately, but have been too indolent, careless, or selfish, to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labour in deciding what to bestow here and what there they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan too; and you needn't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear, faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of everything that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old coloured woman that evening, as, with a face of content, she occupied once more her favourite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once:

"An' now I s'pose you're satisfied."

"I 'se 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but satisfied—dat 's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it 'll be when we 'wake in His likeness."

"Wa'll now, I don't perfess none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, and I don't b'lieve no bouy ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause he's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebbe so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridgclaw, dat it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest Friend—a calk'latin' dat He'll pay back more?"

"Wa'll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de houses shall hab 'Holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Don't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carr'ages behind de houses shall be goin' on His arrands, an' carryin' part of de time, 'de least of dese, His brederin.' Guess de lovin' 'll have got so strong den dar'll be no thinkin' 'bout prayin'," said the old woman musingly. "Well, I 'se glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in with her old song upon her lips—

"Thankgivin' an' de voice of melody."

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.

As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. An man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest.—*Admiral Farragut.*

Dean Stanley, on bringing to a close for the season the Westminster Abbey evening services, preached on "The One Thing Needful," and referring incidentally to the prodigious evil of drunkenness, declared that the "one thing needful" in the present distress "is to remove the alcoholic temptations by every means which lie in our power."

—The Rev. Stopford Ram, of Christ Church, Battersea, one of the foremost promoters of the Church of England Temperance Society, having been compelled to resign his living through illness, his parishioners have presented to his wife and daughters some very handsome and costly farewell gifts.

—A parliamentary paper just issued shows that between September 29, 1876, and September 29, 1879, 47,401 persons were convicted in England and Wales for drunkenness on Sundays, and of these 33,289 were residents in the districts in which they were arrested. The total number in England was 46,317; in Wales, 1,084.

—Mr. Robert Graham, of Manchester, who has been for many years identified with the organization of the Church of England Temperance Society in the northern province of York, is about to proceed upon a temperance mission in Canada and the United States. During his visit he will observe and report upon the operation of the laws affecting the liquor traffic, and on the efficiency and organization of the various temperance agencies and institutions in those countries.

—A remarkable gathering took place in London the other day. Mr. H. H. Tipper, a well-known temperance worker in Whitechapel, celebrated the completion of his fortieth year of total abstinence by entertaining about a hundred veteran abstainers, all of whom had been teetotalers for that period or upwards. Several interesting speeches were delivered, and it appeared that there were present several life-abstainers of great age, one 85 years old, another 75, and another 63. The gathering took place at Sion Chapel, Whitechapel-road.

LEARN TO UNTIE STRINGS.

One story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match loaded at both ends, and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-end one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a great part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, O., a day or two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel, "Young man, untie those strings—don't cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employee. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in a business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter he said: "There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and I presume is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save."

"I told the boy just now to untie the string, not so much for the value of the string, as to teach him that everything is to be saved, and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed upon the mind of a beginner in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the foundation of success."

CHRISTIANITY is the true citizenship of the world, and universal peace, and the free exchange of all lands and tributes of their several peculiar goods and gifts, are possible only as all are grouped around, and united by, the cross of a common Redeemer and the hope of a common heaven.—*William R. Williams.*

"DEM SUPPOSES."—Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day one of those anxious Christians who are constantly "taking thought" about the morrow said to her: "Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything else to do, or suppose—" "Stop!" cried Nancy. "I neber suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem *supposes* as is makin' you so mis'ble. You orter give dem all up, an' jes' trust in de Lord."—*Presbyterian.*

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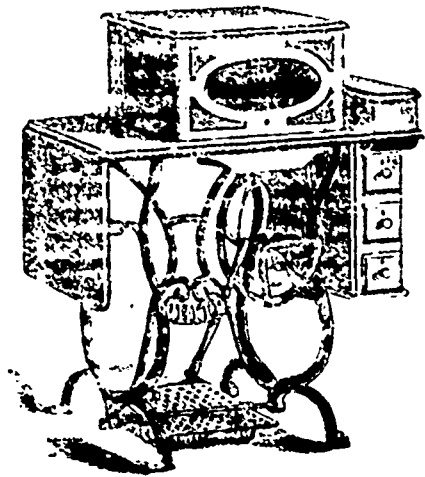
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