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The Canadian Independent.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

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MR. IRA D. SANKEY is resting at Llandudno, Wales. He will assist Mr. Moody in a campaign of six months in St. Louis next winter.

DR. ROBERT MOFFATT says that "mission work all over South Africa has been thrown back fifty years by the present war with the Zulus."

T. M. HARVEY, an English merchant of Natal, Africa, has given \$100,000 to the English Wesleyan Missionary Society for foreign missions.

OUR theological seminary in Chicago seems to be prospering. It has just added a sixth professor to its teaching staff. The man chosen is Rev. G. B. Willcox, D.D., of Stamford, Conn., and he takes the chair of pastoral theology and special studies.

A YOUNG gentleman of Brixton, England, two years ago started a Sabbath afternoon service for children, which is now attended by from 500 to 600 children. Within the last year he formed a "Waste Not Society" among them, the members of which collect waste paper, from the sale of which they have supported a little girl in the Orphanage.

The numbers of the "Living Age" for the weeks ending June 14th and 21st respectively contain many interesting and important articles from the leading English periodicals, among which the curious will find "The Secret Correspondence of Louis XV.," which throws considerable light on the history of an important period.

SIX teachers of the London Missionary Society, landing recently on an island near New Guinea, were poisoned by the natives, who placed upas wood in their drinking water. Of twenty men landed in this district, only five remain, the rest having died of poison and fever. These teachers were converted Polynesians.

THE stage has been turned into the service of temperance in one case, at least. At the Princess' Theatre, London, a drama under the title of "Drink," written by Charles Reade, was produced recently. One of the characters is a man who has gone mad by brandy-drinking, and it is said that a more fearful representation was never witnessed on any boards.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury sees in the younger clergy "a growing feeling of the great importance of setting a good example" in the matter of temperance, "to those whom they are called upon to teach. The number of young men who abstain altogether" from intoxicating beverages, "without any pledge, because they think that thereby they are doing good to those whom they can influence, is yearly increasing."

THE Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga took strong ground against theatres and operas. It formally condemned attendance on them as inconsistent with Christian duty, "since it not only gives countenance and support to an institution justly described by a former Assembly as a school of immorality, but is in itself spiritually hurtful, and tends to obliterate the line which should always be plainly visible between the followers of Christ and the world."

THE "Christian Union" wants a change in the International Series of Sunday School Lessons. It declares in favour of a study of the Bible framed on a system that shall be moral and spiritual, a study of its doctrines and duties in a connected way. We also think that such a study is needed. We have long feared that the present method of teaching in the Sunday schools has not been favourable to indoctrination in great Bible truths and precepts. It seems to us to be very "scrappy."

INTOXICATED rats are a novelty in the list of the victims of alcohol; but a gentleman engaged in the business of distilling at Cincinnati states that the rats in his distillery are in the habit of drinking any spirits spilled on the ground or left in open vessels, and that they often become, in consequence, so tipsy that they cannot run, and are easily taken by hand. They pay with their lives the penalty of indulging in the inebriating fluid. The rum consumed by the rats is a very small proportion of that produced in that and other distilleries, but the bulk of the stuff operates in the same way. Helplessness, ruin, death, are its usual effects; but the victims are not rats; they are men and women endowed with reason and possessing immortal souls.

THE N.Y. "Independent" says: "Rev. Dr. Shedd writes from Hamadan, Persia, a very interesting letter about a movement among the Jews of that place. One of the oldest colonies of Jews in the world is found at Hamadan. Their ancestors were carried captive by the Assyrian king twenty-five centuries ago. For months past the colony has been agitated by the question: 'Is not Jesus the Messiah?' Four of the chief men, the heads of one thousand houses (about five thousand people), have, after long trial, been publicly baptized, and many others are asking to confess Christ. As in the days of the apostles, all the city is moved, and one Nestorian helper is day and night beset with Jews seeking instruction in the New Testament."

THE "Missionary Herald" for July showing how missions promote commerce says. "A few years ago no artificial light was used in Syria save that afforded by the little wick floating in a cup of olive oil. The people then seemed to have little need for lamps, but now that schools have been multiplied, and the people have learned to read, they desire to use their evenings for study. The result has been, according to Dr. H. H. Jessup, that there has been a great demand for oil for illuminating purposes, so that there is not a village or nook about Mt. Lebanon in which empty boxes, marked "astral oil," may not be seen. The first shipment of American oil to Syria was made by a Boston merchant in 1866, and last year the imports at Beirut alone amounted to 1,500,000 gallons. In more senses than one is America giving light to Syria."

DR. JOSEPH PARKER of London is out with "An Explanation and a Manifesto." He writes in "The Fountain" of May 29th and June 12th, and wages a fierce battle against what he terms "organized independence" in the mother country. Probably there is some ground for some of the hard things which he

says. We have sometimes thought that it looked as if all the affairs of the Congregational Union of England and Wales were managed by a clique. At all its gatherings the same names appear until their repetition becomes wearisome. The same men do the same things for ever and ever. It seems to us that the programmes of the Union are too much of the cut-and-dried order. There is no room for free, independent action. And it is quite possible also that officialism should frown on everything that does not fall in with its recommendations. Officialism is apt to do that. But, no doubt, we shall hear more of this subject.

FACTS brought to light by the Vermont "Chronicle" upon the facility with which divorces are procured in New England reveal a humiliating chapter of domestic discord sadly inappropriate to that enlightened district. The ratio of divorces to marriage in Massachusetts is 1 to 23, in Vermont 1 to 16, in Rhode Island 1 to 13, and in Connecticut 1 to 10! In 1877 there were 1,331 divorces in these four states. These startling figures show the necessity of prompt and vigorous efforts to correct the evil that is sapping the foundations of the divinely-appointed institution of the family. Preachers and parents and legislators have a duty before them that must be faithfully discharged or society will be wrecked. There is little hazard in saying that the rapid growth of this mischievous disregard of the sanctity of marriage is largely due to the flashy, skeptical, and infidel literature of the day.

"SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR OF FLORENCE," was the title of a lecture delivered in the Bond street Congregational Church on Tuesday evening, 10th ult., by Rev. R. W. Wallace, B.D., of London, under the auspices of the Fraternal Society of the Church. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. T. W. Handford. The audience appeared to be a very appreciative one, as was testified by the frequent bursts of applause which greeted the lecturer when delivering the more eloquent passages. The subject was treated in a masterly and interesting manner, the life and times of the heroic preacher-monk being vividly described, while the salient points of his character were clearly and ably set forth. Of course from the story of the life of such a man there can be many instructive lessons drawn, and the lecturer did not fail to press these upon his hearers' attention. The lecture closed with an eloquent and impressive peroration, in which was shown the lasting influence exerted by a man who will suffer death rather than give up his principles.—*Globe.*

THE Congregational Union of England and Wales has made arrangements for the delivery of a series of lectures during the year 188: by way of celebrating its jubilee. The programme is as follows: "Independents before the Commonwealth," by Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., D.D.; "Archbishop Laud and the Puritans," by Rev. H. Allen, D.D.; "The Westminster Assembly," by Rev. J. Stoughton, D.D.; "The Commonwealth Period," by Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A.; "The Policy of the Restoration," by Rev. J. Kennedy, D.D.; "Schemes of Comprehension," by Rev. S. Pearson, M.A.; "Struggle for Civil Liberty in the Georgian Era—Abolition of Test and Corporation Acts," by Rev. J. B. Brown, B.A.; "Religious Revival in the Georgian Era and its Effects on the Development of the Free Church Principle," by Rev. A. Raleigh, D.D.; "Tractarianism and Congregationalism," by Rev. E. Mellor, D.D.; "Broad Church Doctrine and Congregationalism," by Rev. E. White; "The Struggle for Religious Equality," by Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A.; "The Free Churches in America and the British Colonies," by Rev. W. Cutlbertson.

SILENT FORCES.

Workmen in stone quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then, with great sledge-hammers, drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in a while they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledges prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock.

But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges of a very hard fibre, are selected. Now you begin to shake your heads and think, "Well, if iron wedges will not do, how is it possible for wooden wedges to be used successfully?" Just wait until we explain. The sharp, well-made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted in the grooves tightly, while wet, and water is kept in the grooves, and no sledge is needed to drive them. They would break under the severe blows of the ponderous hammer. But the workmen just let the wet wedges alone. They will do what the driven iron failed to do. How so? The damp wood swells. The particles must have room to enlarge. And the granite heart of the rock cannot withstand this silent influence. In a little while the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the workman's will is accomplished.

It is so, often, in other things. What noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power, when applied will surely achieve. Teachers may remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some very stubborn natures by the application of the silent forces. The iron and the sledge-hammers often fail; but tears, prayers and a patient example never fail.

"KEPT"

It was one of those days when rain and snow and wind seemed each to be striving for the supremacy, and winter and spring took part in the contest; when the smoke and everything else would go the wrong way; when even the furnace-fire, if it condescended to burn, persisted in sending all its heat into the cellar, instead of, as was right and proper, into the parlour and my own special "snuggery." In short, it was just the kind of day when, if one's temper does not give way, one's spirits do, and poor weak human nature feels hopeless and forsaken by both God and man; murmurs that prayers remain unanswered, and is tempted to doubt that there is a superintending Providence either in the natural or the moral world.

Effort after effort I had made to accomplish something, but all in vain. I could neither sew, nor read, nor write, for it was too cold to sit by the window, and too dark to sit anywhere else. I threw down everything and commenced thinking or rather grumbling over the existing state of affairs. "Why must we have such horrid weather? Why did the sunshine and a warm day flatter us, and then snow and ice fall on everything and keep it back? Keep back the horse-chestnut in front of my window, whose great buds had been swelling for the past few days under the influence of soft showers and sunshine, and seemed ready to burst and disclose their hidden treasures.—Why did they not burst? And that fine large chrysalis, given to me in the autumn, and which I had kept in a warm place all winter, why did it not burst through its brown covering and come forth, a beautiful winged thing, to gladden my eyes and speak of a better resurrection—*now*, when everything seemed dead?

Why did not hopes and well-formed plans and earnest work bring greater results? Why did everything stand still? Why is everything kept back? Kept? Who keeps it?

Almost like the whisper of a voice in my ear came the answer, "Kept by the power of God." It comes to me with added meaning now, not only as applying to our heavenly inheritance, we kept for it and it reserved for us, but all creation kept—kept safe from winter winds and storms, and kept from development too soon. The bud kept back for the fruit-blossom to form beneath, the chrysalis for its wings to grow, and both kept back till winter winds and storms have given place to the balmy air and warm sunshine, in

which flowers fear no blight and butterflies sport joyously and securely.

And for us—God's children—is not *kept back* part of the promise, part of the keeping? Hopes unfilled, plans thwarted, answers to prayer kept back that the wings of faith may grow and the fruit-blossom develop beneath the bud. And not that alone. Not only are we kept back till fit to receive the blessing, but till the blessing is ready for us. Such as will not blight us, such as we shall enjoy securely, which will not injure us here nor peril our happiness hereafter.—Shall we then murmur as I did, at dark days and winds and ice and snow, for which there is a "need be," when amidst it all there comes to us, sweeter than "joy bells," brighter than sunshine, more restful than a mother's lullaby, this promise of promises, "*Kept by the power of God.*"

LIFE'S SLUGGARDS AND TRIFLERS.

No sensible person can fancy that race of beings known as *sluggards*, whether male or female, old or young, in high life or low life. They have come to the wrong world; and the sooner they get out of it the sooner society will be relieved of a burdensome and expensive nuisance. Eating and drinking and sleeping are their chief employment. Give them their provender, and they are quite satisfied. Habits of industry they have not; business in the useful sense they have not; and, moreover, they never expect to do anything that is of practical value for either world. Fortunately for themselves, breathing is spontaneous and animal nutrition goes forward by a self-impelling law of Nature. Were it otherwise, they would either die for the want of breath or speedily become ghastly skeletons. Occasionally they relieve the *ennui* of doing nothing by making a business in the shape of hunting, fishing, playing cards, going to the theatre, whiling away their hours at the grog-shop, attending a horse-race, and perhaps visiting the dens of nocturnal infamy. Such men are the sluggards of human society, having no purpose in their heads or practice in their lives that lifts them above the low level of the animal.

Woman, in her way, generally more delicate and less offensive, is sometimes amenable to the same charge. There are too many women—far too many for the credit of the sex—whose lives are practically as useless as they are aimless. They can manipulate the little punctillios of what they regard as elegant life; they understand the fashions and know how to spend money; no one can beat them in using an opera-glass or laying plans for empty and profitless amusement. In the matter of mere *show* they are finished experts; and this is about all that they are good for—indeed, all that they propose. To life they productively contribute nothing. They never did anything, and they never expect to do anything that has the value of a dollar to humanity. The world is in no sense richer, or wiser, or better for their presence in it. They were born with a free ticket of exemption from all the practical responsibilities of an earthly existence. Splendid *receivers* they are, and just as poor producers.

Such persons are not really worth the garments they wear or the bread that it takes to feed them. The wonder is that the sun will consent to shine upon them. They are mere mockeries of a rational human life—guilty abusers of their own powers and as guilty misusers and wasters of time, as indifferent about its value, its improvement, its duties, the claims of the world present and the world future, as they could be if no such ideas had ever been heard of on the globe. Their violation of the two great principles of *utility* and *moral obligation* they seem to regard as one of the fine arts. Their idleness they present as their letter of credit to the first class of human society. They do not belong to the vulgar crowd that must practically work in order to live. When one of these profligates of time dies, society loses nothing by burying them, since it has just one pauper the less to support.

God never made any man or any woman thus to spend the hours of his or her sojourn on earth. It is

a false and abnormal mode of life. The very least that one can consistently think of doing is to return to the world as much as it takes to carry him through it. He ought to pay the expenses of his passage through life. If he does less than this, he will then die an insolvent debtor to mankind by all the difference between his consumption and his production. Children falling victims in their early years, congenital imbeciles, and persons without the ordinary normal abilities of our nature are the only ones excusable from the obligation. Society is really a compact of mutual dependences and services; it lives and thrives upon the toil of its members. From it all receive something; and, hence, all are bound to give back to it at least as much as they take from it. The law of useful labour binds all, and condemns the system of helplessness in all, whether it be genteel or vulgar.

The *triflers* with time form a class of beings not far removed in moral estimate from the sluggard. The first thing is to identify them. Here is one of them; and as we look at him we see a light, frivolous, empty-headed specimen of humanity, just skimming along the surface of existence and generally running upon the errands of a *fool*. He has no solid thoughts and no solid enjoyments. The books that he reads, if he reads at all, are, like himself, sensational, superficial, and trashy: quite often worse than this—indeed, not worth the paper on which they are printed. His pleasures have his own specific gravity. To banish care; to work but little and play a great deal; to drive away all serious meditation and keep life on a sportive jump: to flit about hither and thither, and chase all the amusements and perhaps dissipations that can be found: to have a gay time in the winter and, if possible, a gayer one in the summer; to make and receive fashionable calls and always talk nonsense; to think and chat about fine feathers, beautiful colours, graceful attitudes, the newest fashion, and the latest opera; to spend one's midnight hours in revelry, at the theatre or in parties of pleasure, jading his powers with the fatigues of nocturnal diversion and perhaps crime—these and the like things are the well-known characteristics of the trifter. They form the staple articles of his existence, and with them he manages to keep life in a meaningless buzz.

Now, to a sensible eye such a character appears positively ridiculous, and to a Christian eye appalling. Is this, indeed, the life of a *man*, a moral being, whose mission on earth is the grandest imaginable and on whose every breath the mighty future is waiting with its solemn warning? Is this all that the man has to show? Is life in reality nothing but a joke, that this jester laughs so loudly? God is serious, if he is not. That which so infatuates him now will ere long more afflict him than it ever pleased him. In death it will appear to him as a miserable farce, having no dignity and no utility here and certainly none hereafter.

Life, yes the *moral* life appointed to man as a denizen of earth is always an intense and exciting emergency, full of interest, full of duty, full of opportunity, ringing with the call to action, brief in its period yet everlasting in its results. It is a succession of emphatic words, every one of which should impress the heart. The things that are to be done in life, that *may* be done and *should* be done, with the consequences ensuing for both worlds, from providential oratory by which God loudest calls and which earth should be most anxious to hear. Life morally photographs eternity upon time. In productive power time is eternity. It is really a more solemn thing to live than to die. Some people reserve their anxieties and tears for death. It would be wiser to spend them on life, and then they would have less occasion for them in death.

A moment's glance at these views of life rebukes time's sluggards and trifles with a withering frown, which even they would not be able to bear. As compared with the men of diligent and earnest action connected with high and noble aims—the men who see what life is and for what it was given, and who load its fleeting hours with the strongest and purest displays of human vigour, and then retire to sing its triumphant psalm in other and brighter

realms—these sluggards and triflers really seem to belong to another race, untouched by the inspirations that make life sublime. They have so little in common with true men, think so little and feel so little as true men think and feel, and that one almost hesitates to call them men. They burlesque the idea of a man, and whether most to pity or despise them it is difficult to determine.—*Dr. S. T. Spear in N. Y. Independent.*

AGREEING WITH EVERYBODY.

It is a source of pride to many people to feel that they "have not an enemy in the world;" and to the utterance of this bit of praise after their death, they look forward as to their noblest monument. An editor of an inoffensive American newspaper is said to have remarked: "I'm sure we ought to make money, for we never said anything against anybody." Mere amiability seemed to him the surest method of money-making; and to others it has seemed as certain a key to popularity, personal advancement, or even moral triumph. Even in school-day years one is sure to see some scholar striving to be liked by everybody, in consequence of a uniform treatment of all, good and bad alike; and all through the various stages of life the same unruffled, nerveless, sycophantic creature is ever to be found, in society, in politics, in business, in literature, in professional life.

In point of fact, it is utterly impossible for a man to agree with everybody, or to avoid making enemies, in some sense. If he has no opponents, it necessarily follows that he is either a hypocrite or a cipher. Some persons are so destitute of any real strength of character that no one cares what they think, and so no one takes the trouble to disagree with them. A person of strong convictions and sound moral sense must arouse opposition in a world not yet in a millennial condition. Such is the variety of tastes and opinions; such is the sincere difference of belief, even on the most fundamental subjects, such as the nature of God and the distinctions between right and wrong; such is the heterogeneous character of even the smallest social world, that no sincere person can avoid disagreement with a large number of those with whom he associates. If he seems always to agree with all, he is in the nature of things guilty of falsehood toward some. That constant courtesy which is always a duty need never be hypocritical. Servility and deceit are not courteous; they are in reality gross insults. He who professes agreement with opinions utterly divergent, practises deceit, throws a large share of his influence on the side of error, and weakens his own character. As George Eliot says, "his mind is furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional and transient use."

It is evident that such a man must become more and more incapacitated for the performance of any sound reformatory work in the world. His moral force, and even his intellectual ability, becomes hopelessly weakened. He must be measured rather by the lowest level to which he sinks, than by the highest summit to which some more powerful spirit occasionally drags him. He is merely a member of society, which, according to the author just quoted, is "chiefly made up of human beings whose daily acts are all performed either in unreflecting obedience to custom and routine, or from immediate promptings of thought or feeling to execute an immediate purpose." Their immediate purpose is simply to be thought agreeable by the person with whom they have to do at the moment; and hence they have no kinship with the real helpers of the world, by whom every separate act is subordinated to a deliberate plan and a sound moral method.

Because we must deplorably fail if we attempt to agree with everybody, it by no means follows that we ought to show our independence by disagreeing with everybody. The perpetual cynic is as repulsive and injurious as the perpetual sycophant; for if the latter flatters the bad, the former denounces the good. The right method is to pursue a course of personal independence, remembering the old maxim which reminds us that Christ's service is true liberty. His is the only approbation we need. If we agree with him and

his laws, we must agree or disagree with men and measures just as they seem to us right or wrong. We should praise what we can, and blame what we must. If we are honest men, those who disagree with us will give us their respect, which is better than their liking. If we are dishonest, in order that we may say we have not an enemy in the world, we shall be likely to make good men our enemies, and to cause bad men to despise us.—*S. S. Times.*

"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE."

Such is the title of a painting by the late E. M. Ward, R.A. The subject is taken from the following anecdote of the Marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded on the 27th of May, 1661. A few hours before his execution, an intimate acquaintance who, from fear, had gone over to the persecuting party, called at the prison to see him. The jailer said that he could not admit him as the Marquis was then asleep. "He cannot be asleep so near his last hour," said the other. "Come, and see for yourself, then," answered the jailer, and taking him to his cell, he opened the door, and ushered him in. There—like Peter the night before his intended execution—Argyle, so soon to fall asleep in Jesus, lay sleeping as sweetly as ever babe slept in its mother's bosom. In great anguish of mind, the visitor went home and said to his family, "I have just seen a strange sight—Argyle sound asleep within a few hours of eternity. How different it is with me! From fear of man I have denied my Lord."

The painting referred to, is—excepting one or two slight defects—a very excellent one. It represents the Marquis asleep in a rude bed. Light comes in through a window at the head. The visitor stands at the foot gazing on him. Behind him is the jailer. The last named is in the shadow of the massy door. The light thus—according to a rule in historical painting—falls on the principal figures. In the background, through an open door, we see a table prepared for a meal. I may here remark that when Argyle's body was opened after death, it was found that the food which he had taken shortly before he suffered, was quite digested—a clear proof that the calmness which he showed in the closing scene was not merely outward.

"The Last Sleep of Argyle" is interesting on several accounts, apart from its merits as a work of art. It is so to Canadians. He, whose last sleep on earth it represents, was one of the ancestors of our Governor-General. Truly, it is a high honour to the Marquis of Lorne that on the roll of "the noble army of martyrs"—among whom are so many of Scotia's sons and daughters—the name of Argyle is found more than once. May he walk in the footsteps of his martyred ancestors, in so far as they walked in those of Christ. Most appropriate to him is the counsel in Voltaire's tragedy of *Zaire*:

"— songe du sang qui coule dans tes veines,
C'est le sang de martyrs."

("Think on the blood that flows in thy veins,
'Tis martyrs' blood.")

It is interesting to Presbyterians, yea to every lover of civil and religious liberty. Worthy to be had in reverence is the blue banner of the Covenant. With few exceptions, the Covenanters—notwithstanding their seeming gloominess, stubbornness, and harshness—were all noble men. Those of them who were also noblemen, have bestowed ten thousand times more glory on their titles than they have received from them. The Covenanters helped greatly to plant the tree of civil and religious freedom of whose pleasant fruit we now eat. Gratitude should, therefore, make us deal gently with them wherein they erred. In justice to them we should—as far as we can do so—in imagination, place ourselves in their circumstances. We should always act on this principle in judging the sayings and doings of our fellow beings. The subject of this paper is one of eight pictures which the artist painted for the British House of Commons. It adorns the corridor of that building. Pleasing it is to see one so highly honoured, who was sent by his enemies out of the world, because in their opinion "he was not fit to live." In one sense, this was true of him. He

was one "of whom the world was not worthy." The death of the artist—which took place towards the close of last year was a very sad one. He died by his own hand, it is said while in a state of insanity, the effect of bodily illness from which he had only partly recovered.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

ELEGANCE OF HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But we do not value these tools for the housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness; or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather.—*Dr. Holmes.*

OATMEAL.

Oatmeal, now found on almost every gentleman's table, was a few years ago used exclusively by the Scotch and the Irish. Dr. Johnson, who in his hatred of the Scotch, lost no opportunity of saying a bitter word against them, defined oats as in Scotland food for Scotchmen, but in England food for horses.

"Yes," answered an indignant Scotchman, "where can you find such men as in Scotland, or such horses as in England?"

We have heard of a shrewd old Scotch mother, who used to make her family eat their oatmeal first, saying, "The bairn who eats the most porritch, will get the most meat after it." But the bairn who gained the prize always found himself too full to enjoy the meat.

It is mentioned in a most charming book, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," that Carlyle, catching sight of Macaulay's face in repose, remarked, "Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of a fellow, made out of oatmeal."

If oatmeal can make such men as Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and Lord Macaulay, we may well heap high the porritch dish, and bribe our children to eat it. One thing we do know, that it is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confections, and the score of delicacies on which many pale little pets are fed by their foolishly fond mothers.

"The Queen's Own," a regiment of almost giants, recruited from the Scottish Highlands, are, as Carlyle said of Macaulay, "made of oatmeal." So boys who want height, and breadth and muscle, and girls who want rosy cheeks and physical vigor, should turn from hot bread and other indigestibles, to this food for Scotchmen and horses.—*Youth's Companion.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

He is no true friend who has nothing but compliments and praise for you.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.

Time never impairs the value of noble thoughts. They are indestructible.

We ought rather to act than to gaze—however brilliant the heavens may be.

Aim to an independence, solid, however small; no man can be happy, or even honest, without it.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you would love to be treated.

Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing.

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 3rd, 1879.

UNCALLED FOR ALARM.

A LITTLE incident occurred at the recent Episcopalian Synod in London, Ont., which to us outsiders is rather amusing. The question of appointing clergymen to vacant parishes was being considered. Suggestions were made to the effect that on a vacancy occurring, the church wardens and lay-delegates should be a Committee to wait upon the Bishop, and assist him in the selection of a new minister, the appointment to be the joint work of the Bishop and the Committee. Several expressed themselves favourable to this plan, believing it would save the friction which sometimes occurs when the Bishop is left to do this work alone. Short and racy speeches were made in support of this view.

In the midst of the debate, a member of the Synod, Rev. John Gemley, arose, and said that the suggestion was a very undesirable one. He then took up an alarming air and said, "they were drifting into Congregationalism in some of the remarks which had been made here to-day. Every denomination in the land has a centre, and our Synod is our centre and makes its own laws." He then concluded with a remark about the authority of the Bishop.

This is not the first time we have heard this same alarm raised in the convocations of the more highly organized churches. It is not yet beyond remembrance when the Rev. Mr. Punshon at the Cobourg Methodist Conference bade his brethren "beware of Congregational Independency, for ye are not independent men." And the same tocsin has been sounded in the halls of the Presbyterian Assemblies. Now it peals forth from a grave Episcopalian Synod. What does it all mean? What is there so terrible in Congregationalism that other churches need to raise so piercing a cry of warning about? What element is so dangerous in our system that the patrons of other systems need to shout out so excitedly "That's Congregationalism?"

Our contention has been, and will be, that each church has private rights which ought to be respected, that it is in most matters the best judge of its own affairs, and that its own free voice should not be drowned by the declarations of Episcopal Officer or Church Court. The common sense of any Christian church controlled by love to Jesus Christ may be trusted in matters of office and doctrine and worship. And, pray, what can there possibly be in that position to excite people so in the other communions? So far as we can see, there is absolutely nothing to warrant excitement. The New Testament, common sense, and the spirit of our age, alike demand that the popular voice should be consulted in all things which affect the people's well-being.

And we are not at all afraid of such consultation, even though others may be.

After all, is it not a false alarm? And is it not possible that many are beginning to believe it the hollow cry of "Wolf?" Not a few of our secular papers have strongly asserted that all the Protestant churches are drifting certainly towards Congregationalism. And the mere pointing of the index finger, and the alarming exclamation "That's Congregationalism!" will not be sufficient to hinder the inevitable.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THERE would appear to be no end to the fatality which has marked the course of the Zulu war. The British forces have been strained by the demand made upon them by this unfortunate campaign. Many brave soldiers have fallen in the noble guerilla warfare, who might have lived to render distinguished service to their country on other fields. Not a few sons of leading families in England have thus prematurely found a grave in the soil of Africa.

Amongst others who had gone to take part in the war of Britain with Zululand was the youthful Napoleon. He had attained distinction in the military schools of England. He now went forth as a volunteer to learn the art of war upon the actual field. But he is struck down ere yet he has had much opportunity of proving his prowess. The number of cruel wounds inflicted upon his person shows what odds were against a small force when they were hemmed in by a lot of fierce savages.

It is a melancholy sight. Here is the only child of the exiled Empress of France, her stay and hope, forever removed from the conflicts of life. He had reached the years of adolescence, and there was before him the prospect of a noble career. The hopes inspired in the breast of the widowed mother gilded the unknown future, like a silver lining in the cloud. There was before the young man the prospect of an honourable if not a distinguished career. But such hopes are now blasted. The reaper whose name is Death has reaped the bearded grain at a breath and the flowers that grow between.

It is the old lesson rendered more impressive by the fact of the victim being the scion of an illustrious house, that there is but a step between us and the grave.

The death of the young Prince will without doubt prove a fatal blow to the Imperial cause in France. The Buonapartists were counting much on the future. The restoration of the Empire was with many only a matter of time. Possibly, bright visions floated before the mind of Eugenie in regard to Imperial honours for her son. But the death of the Prince almost ensures the future of the Republic being undisturbed by revolutions. Amongst the people generally there

is no great desire to return to Imperialism, having so long as a Republic enjoyed the blessings and advantages of peace, and having anything but happy remembrances of their dynasties of kings. From the wonderful recuperative progress France has made since the Imperial disaster at Sedan, it is not likely that the people will again desire the empire.

Whatever be the feelings we may cherish in regard to the Republic, there can be only one sentiment experienced by all in behalf of her who is called to mourn the untimely death of her son. There is something inexpressibly sad in the lot of the beautiful Empress. A Queen in more than one sense, her court was but yesterday the attraction of the world. She was the admired of all admirers. To-day a virtual exile, the remains of Napoleon lying not far from her residence, with the dust of her child soon to be placed beside that of her husband, Eugenie has before her a life of sad bereavement and solitude. There can be only one feeling entertained for her, and that is of tender compassion, and one which the Queen and her subjects have not been slow to manifest.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

DEAR SIR,—As we have taken considerable interest here in Montreal in the doings of the Congregational Union held lately in Kingston, I venture to make a few remarks in reference to it. My only source of information has been through the columns of the INDEPENDENT, which, I presume, are on the whole, correct.

We have frequently discussed here the question of the desirability of a Union at all.

Independency rejoices in its entire freedom from the control of ecclesiastical courts or the sway of any other hierarchical system. Each church exists only by the spiritual force that dwells in it. If this dies out its career is finished. Its effete existence cannot be lengthened out, as in other churches by the force of its external connections; and knowing this, it is the earnest work of our congregations to keep alive the vital flame of spiritual activity.

Each church too and each church member has the right of free-thought on all matters of Christian doctrine.

The questions then, which have arisen are: Is there not a danger of the Union becoming a controlling power in our system and establishing itself as a central court of our body? Does it not tend in a measure to cramp freedom of thought by framing, if not direct creeds, yet certain rules of belief and doctrinal declarations and by opposing itself to original expression? The first question I do not propose to touch as although it refers to a danger more remote yet is one which the lovers of Congregationalism should watch with steady earnestness.

The onus of the second question I consider the last Union brought upon itself by the course of its leaders the only discussion of the last meeting.

There is no body of men that meets at regular intervals but will eventually try to form general rules of action for the guidance of itself and others and will endeavour to formulate its principles. General rules are an evidence of weakness in man. The man of genius or originality has always disdained them and sees in every event new combinations of circumstances to which a general rule would never be applicable with its unbending stiffness, and the evil of formulating principles, especially in religious belief where so much expansion goes steadily on, is folly

John Knox judged by the standard of James Morrison would be a stern, cold-hearted fatalist, James Morrison judged by Knox's standard would be a wayward heretic.

The Union lately held we believe fell into error when it attempted to limit and define the grounds on which we could hold communion with a brother, and it is to be regretted that a man of so much experience and ability as Dr. Wilkes should have introduced such a topic. The subject of the paper, that of determining within what limits "to restrict our denominational fellowship," was, although treated with much scholarly ability, a very narrow one. It was an attempt to create for ourselves shackles lest the very freedom of our position should do us harm. But this much good it seems certainly to have done that although supported by men of such ability as the Rev. Messrs. Fenwick, Cornish and Wood, yet it drew from the majority and chiefly from the younger members a noble support of the broader view of Christian fellowship while sinking the narrower view of denominational communion.

The Rev. W. H. Warriner made a hard knock at the whole discussion when he said he thought "The Union was anticipating trouble for I do not believe there is one here to whom I could say on account of what you hold I cannot hold fellowship with you." The Rev. Mr. McColl well sustained this view by stating that practical godliness was of more value than the limits of belief. These opinions appear to have been well supported by the noble sentiments of the Rev. Messrs. Wallace, Griffith, Silcox and Allworth, and it should be a matter of congratulation throughout the whole body that the more liberal and unrestrained ideas prevailed.

But nevertheless, as I said at the first, it is to be regretted that such a topic should be brought before the Union supported by the leaders of the Church and forcing so narrow an issue on the consideration and valuable time of the Union to the exclusion of other and more important matters.

And here, Sir, I may state what has been a matter of surprise to many that, although the Union sat for over four days, only two prepared speeches or essays were read and only two discussions engaged in. Surely here the fault must be attached to the Committee of arrangements. There is sufficient ability in our body to produce for the Union meetings at least half-a-dozen able disquisitions on religious thought and on the tendency of the literature and philosophy of the age.

It is desirable that the Committee solicit such essays, so that, when the Union next meets, the ripe thought of our ablest men may unfold itself in refreshing streams of hearty and inspiring religious sentiment.

Our body is not a very old one in Canada, and while thus expressing myself in regard to its last Union I desire to recognize the very great usefulness of such an assembly in drawing together in warmer sympathy our scattered churches, in affording our pastors an opportunity for social and intellectual communion, and in making our influence more powerful through a Union which is strength. *Calvary Y. M. A.*

Montreal, June 20th 1879.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The subscription for shares of \$8 each referred to in my circular of the 14th inst., and published in the last issue of the INDEPENDENT, being the list furnished at Kingston was as follows:

ONE SHARE:—Dr. Wilkes, Dr. Cornish, I. H. McFarlane, Western (Toronto), Ottawa, Eaton, Professor Fenwick, J. Griffith, Embro, Guelph, Watford Zion, Cowansville, Stouffville, Calvary Montreal, Yorkville, R. McKay, J. McKillican, Unionville, St. Catharines, G. Purkis, R. Brown, D. McCallum, Mrs. Leeming, Montreal, Annie Robertson, Kingston, G. S. Chinie, Speedside, W. W. Wallis, James Hendry & Bro., Kingston, Mrs. Geo. Robertson, Kingston.

TWO SHARES:—Dr. Jackson, Emmanuel (Montreal), Hamilton, Zion Toronto.

THREE SHARES:—Mrs. Thomas Hendry, Kingston. The collection amounts to nearly three.

FIVE SHARES:—Mr. George Hague, Montreal, Mr. G. S. Fenwick, Kingston, on condition that the one hundred are forthcoming.

Since the above and up to date following additional subscriptions have been sent: One each, W. H. Heude Bourck, L. P. Adams, Belleville Church, Henry Birk, Montreal, Walworth M. Mooney, Montreal, John Heath, Montreal, Robt. Mills, Montreal, a half; making to date sixty shares. Of these I have received payment for twenty-five. As they were all payable this month I will thank subscribers to send me the money without delay. There are required *twenty-eight* more shares in order to secure the five above noted, and twelve and a half promised anonymously on condition that the hundred are forthcoming.

It should be noted for the encouragement of subscribers that every share of eight dollars paid secures to the Society 20 per cent. more from our friends in England, bringing them up to \$9.60 each. It will be remembered that the deficit amounted to about \$9.60. Pray do not postpone action, but let me hear from all without loss of time. HENRY WILKES, G. S. T.

Montreal, 30th June, 1879.

News of the Churches.

REV. JOHN WOOD preached in the Western Church on Sunday evening.

MISS BAYLIS has arrived safely at Mississauga, her mission field among the Indians.

THE teachers and scholars of Georgetown Congregational Church picniced at Lorne Park on Thursday last.

REV. W. MANCHEE has gone to the sea-side for a vacation of two months. He will be present at the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which meets at Keswick Ridge on the 12th inst.

THE scholars and teachers of the Western Church of this city, with their friends, spent a pleasant day picnicing at Lorne Park on Wednesday, 25th ult. The party numbered over four hundred.

THE Rev. John Burton, of Belleville, has received a hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of the Northern Church. It will afford pleasure to his many friends in the Congregational churches if he can see his way to accept.

REV. DAVID HICKEY, who two years ago in the middle of his probationary course left the Methodist Church and was ordained pastor of the Pleasant River (N. S.) Congregational Church, is now applying for readmission into the Wesleyan Conference of the Lower Provinces.

A HALL recently built at the Southwold Station of the Canada Southern R. R., was opened by a religious service on June 15th, at which Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson preached. Mr. Cuthbertson has been invited to hold services regularly at this place and has consented to do so.

EMBRU.—Twenty-three new members are to be received into fellowship next Sunday. A new fence has just been built around the church, and sheds erected for the horses. Mr. Abernethy the leader of the choir was presented with a handsome Bible at the close of the service on Sunday morning last.

TORONTO.—Mr. D. O. Forbes resigned his position as Superintendent of the Bond St. Mission School on Chestnut St., on the first Sunday in June. On Thursday evening, 26th ult., the teachers presented Mr. Forbes with a beautiful illuminated address in which they expressed their appreciation of the faithful and satisfactory work done by him as Superintendent.

A LARGE and joyous company met in the lecture room of the Congregational Church, Quebec, a few evenings since, the occasion being a welcome social to their pastor elect, Rev. E. C. W. McColl, M.A. The rooms were tastefully decorated. The utmost cordiality prevailed, making the occasion, in fact as well as in name, a social. Some of the city ministers were prevented by other engagements from being pre-

sent, but those who were there to speak, felt that they could do so for their absent brethren, by way of greeting to the new pastor, and of kindly fellowship with the old one. After a hymn had been sung and a portion of Scripture read, prayer was offered by Rev. E. C. W. McColl. He then expressed his pleasure at seeing so many evidently intent on giving as well as receiving pleasure. He believed that it was necessary to spiritual well being and activity to cherish a spirit of hearty sympathy and cheerfulness. Rev. Mr. Duclos being called upon, expressed the kind feeling with which he believed the Christian people of Quebec regarded the entrance of the Rev. Mr. McColl upon his pastorate. He trusted that his influence would extend far beyond the walls of his own church, and do much to awaken fresh love and zeal in the Master's service. He added a word of warm welcome also to their long known and greatly esteemed friend, Rev. H. D. Powis. The Rev. Professor McQuarrie testified his esteem for Mr. Powis, and the pleasure with which he hailed in Mr. McColl, a graduate from his own dear *Alma Mater*, Queen's College. Rev. H. D. Powis expressed his thankfulness to the kind Providence which permitted him to look once more into the faces of so many of his old friends. He was glad to mark the cheerful note which had been struck by their new pastor, and believed that the hopeful spirit would do much to secure success. He had small comfort for those in any church who are inclined to be forever dinning in their pastor's ears every discouraging thing which came to their knowledge. He reminded Mr. McColl that he could not expect to have everything just his own way, nor was it possible for a church to prosper unless there was on the part of the pastor and all the members a disposition to bear and forbear. In looking back upon the past he felt that there had been nothing but blessing in all that God had led him through, and his desire in the future was to preach still more faithfully the dear message of God's love to sinners. Though he had gone to a new field, he could not at his time of life form for others the strong attachment which long years had developed between him and his friends in Quebec. His prayer was that his successors might, with the co-operation of his people do a good work for Christ. After an intermission for ice-cream, cakes, and conversation, the Rev. Mr. Marsh was called on. He excused himself from making a speech at that late hour, but in a few earnest sentences enjoined a spirit of good fellowship between the various churches of Christ. He emphasized the text "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The hymn "Blest be the tie that binds" was sung and the benediction pronounced by Rev. H. D. Powis. The occasion was universally pronounced one of the most pleasant which has ever been held in this church.

Religious News.

THE Congregationalists in London, Eng., have increased 30 per cent. since 1851.

The Church Missionary Society of England received last year \$237,939 through the children's collections.

THE Rev. F. B. Pullan, of Vineland, New Jersey, has gone to the East Orange Congregational Church.

THE death of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal is announced in the English papers. She was well-known as a religious poet.

NEW JERSEY is adding all the while to her list of Congregational Churches. Of the twenty-four or twenty-five organizations now in existence, there were only some five prior to 1864.

THE New York Ministers, Meeting (Congregational) have been discussing the question, whether the doctrine of everlasting punishment is Congregational. They have not done with it yet.

THE "Evangelical Magazine" for May contained a list of ministers who were to preach in behalf of the London Missionary Society on the morning and evening of May 18, in 190 Congregational Churches in London and vicinity.

RECENTLY six teachers appointed by the London Missionary Society to labour on the Southeast Cape, New Guinea, were landed there by the steamer John Williams, but the whole number were poisoned by the natives, who placed upas wood in their drinking water. Of twenty men landed in the district, only five remain, the rest having died of poison or fever.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXVIII.

July 13. } *THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS.* { Rom. viii.
1879. } 28-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If God be for us, who can be against us."—Rom. viii. 31.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Rom. vii. 9-25....Spiritual conflict.
T. Rom. viii. 1-11....No condemnation.
W. Rom. viii. 12-37...Saved by hope.
Th. Rom. viii. 28-39...No separation.
F. Ps. xci. 1-16....."Under the shadow of the Almighty."
S. Rom. xii. 1-21....A reasonable service.
S. John x. 22-30....."I give unto thee eternal life."

HELPS TO STUDY.

In this passage the apostle gives two arguments in favour of the security of believers. The first is founded on the decree or purpose of God (vs. 29, 30), and the second on his infinite and unchanging love, vs. 31-39.

V. 28. *We know*—by Christian consciousness: (1) From the testimony of God's word (Isa. xxxvii. 7-9; liv. 15-17; Ps. xciv. 12-15; (2) from the nature and tenor of the covenant of grace (2 Sam. xxiii. 5); (3) from our relation to God as His children (Ps. ciii. 13; Heb. xii. 5-11); (4) from the experience of His people, as Joseph, Job, Moses, David. *All things*—all events, of every kind. *Work together*—as parts of one plan. *For good*—real, spiritual or eternal good. *To them that love God*—with the supreme affection of their hearts. *Called according to His purpose*—effectually called according to His eternal plan, and brought to accept the blessings to which they are invited. V. 29. *Whom he did foreknow*—love, chose, selected. *Did predestinate*—destine or appoint beforehand. See Eph. i. 5. *Conformed*—made to resemble. *Image*—form, likeness, character. *That he*—that Christ might be the glorious Head or Leader of many sons of God. Heb. ii. 11. V. 30. *Called*—by the inward, effectual call. *Justified*—absolved from guilt and made righteous in Christ. *Glorified*—with Christian gifts and graces in this life, and complete and everlasting glory in heaven. V. 31. *What shall we say then*—what conclusion shall we draw from the facts now stated? *If God be for us*—reconciled to us, in covenant with us, all His attributes and promises for us. All that He has, and is, and does, is for His people. *Who can be against us*—so as to prevail or prevent our salvation. V. 32. *How shall he not*—having done the greater, He will not leave the less undone. All other gifts are included in this one great gift. V. 33. *God's elect*—those whom God has chosen, predestinated, called and justified. If God acquits, none can bring a charge against them. V. 34. *It is Christ that died*—since Christ has died for their sins and risen for their justification, and ever liveth to make intercession for them, none can condemn them. V. 35. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ*—no one can accuse, no one can condemn, no one can separate us from Christ's love to us. *Tribulation*—a general term, including all the particulars afterwards mentioned. *Distress*—straits, difficulties, perplexities. *Persecutions*—sufferings for the profession of the gospel. *Perils*—dangers to which as Christians they were often exposed. *Sword*—violence carried to the last extremity, to the infliction even of death. V. 36. *As it is written* (Ps. xlv. 22)—a description of what God's people may expect from their enemies when there is nothing to restrain them. See Gal. iv. 21. *Accounted*—reckoned, looked upon by enemies. *Sheep for the slaughter*—indicating the barbarity of the persecutions, the helplessness of the persecuted, their innocence, their patience and their meekness. V. 37. *More than conquerors*—everything ministering to their good and swelling the glory of the victory. V. 38. *I am persuaded*—fully convinced. *Neither death*—in its most terrible form. *Nor life*—the hope of life, the love of life, the offer of life on condition of abjuring their faith. *Nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers*—no superhuman power, however mighty, 1 Cor. vi. 3; Eph. vi. 12; 1 Cor. xv. 24. *Things present*... things to come—no present nor future suffering, no possible trial. *Nor height, nor depth*—nothing in heaven or earth. *Nor any other creature*—any other created thing in the whole universe of God. The believer's security is thus triumphantly proved from the decree or purpose of God and His infinite, unchanging love.

From this lesson we learn the following truths: Those who love God may repose in perfect security beneath the shadow of his wing. God chose certain individuals and predestinated them to eternal life. Those who are thus chosen shall certainly be saved. The love of God, not human merit or power, is the proper ground of confidence. The love of God is manifested to sinners only through Jesus Christ our Lord. God's protection bids defiance to our enemies. Without God we can do nothing. All strength to endure and conquer comes to us through Him that loved us. Holiness consists in our conformity to the image of Christ.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Montreal, at 53 Ottawa street, on the 19th ult., by the Rev. A. L. MacLachlan, B.A., pastor of Inspector street Church, William James Steward to Miss Hannah Burha., both of Montreal. No cards.

ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his dally toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantages of finding himself next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that cornerstone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

"Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander where a ravished guest—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find."

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of us, most of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if we were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though, I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them might be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feelings in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle. I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the many expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn old woman dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on every side of her, seeming so alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice. The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning until I longed to place gently my own in her poor, tired, empty hands, if haply mine could in any measure fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered, old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely far-away look it was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the old country," and failing to find them there had gone straight on into the heavenly land.

Did she find them? Who knows? But the song whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longing for the dear, dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool, critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us perhaps this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticise them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!—*Sunday Afternoon.*

THERE was a stormy scene in the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday. Cassagnac accused Ferry of uttering calumnies against religious orders and with falsifying documents. He refused to retract, and on the Left voting censure of Cassagnac the confusion became so great that Gambetta left the chair, temporarily closing the session.

POLITICAL offenders are being summarily arrested and dealt with by the Russian military tribunals. The fact that at Kieff there was recently discovered a large store of materials necessary for constructing infernal machines, has not, of course, tended to lull the suspicions of the authorities. Accounts continue to be received of the outbreak of fires in different parts of the country, and at Warsaw an order has been issued to the effect that all persons over fourteen years of age must provide themselves with certificates of residence.

Around the Table.

HOW MAUD KEPT WATCH.

"Why, Rover, I'm surprised at you! I've got too many things to do To waste my time in play, so now You needn't come with bow-wow-wow To tempt me. It is time, you see, For papa to come home 'o tea; And I must warm his slippers and His dressing-gown, you understand!"

"You cannot help me, ha-ha-ha! What vain old things some doggies are! You'd go to sleep before the fire! You do not know what folks require When they come home all tired at night. I'm papa's girl. I know what's right. I'll keep a bright lookout, you'll see, Till my papa comes home 'o me."

"For it would hurt his feelings so, If no one watched for him, you know, I wouldn't trust you, Mr. Rover, To watch him. You just go over And lay down there till I am through. O dear! I've got so much to do! For mamma said she'd trust to me To welcome papa home to tea."

"There, now, lie rest in papa's chair; There is half an hour to spare Before he comes. O, Rover, dear, Isn't it nice and warm in here?— Do you feel sleepy?—well, I knew There'd be no sense in trusting you. I wish my papa—mamma said"— Down dropped the curly, nodding head.

And over eyes so soft and blue Down dropped the golden lashes, too, While very quiet grew the room, Fast filling with the twilight's gloom. And thus the minutes hastened past, Till—some one's step was heard at last. But it was Rover don't you see? Who welcomed papa home to tea!

—*Mary D. Brine, in March Wide-Awake.*

SCOLDING.

WE are all very like the little boy who said he ought not to be scolded so much for being naughty, because he was not half so bad as he could be. Nothing will so help a boy who is "from fair to middling" in character to develop into an incorrigible pest as constant teasing and fretting, and the reiteration in every tone known to bad temper of the tender phrase, "Oh, you bad boy!" Some boys are brought up on that kind of food, and you might as well expect a horse to be docile who enjoys the presence of a burr under the saddle as to expect a boy who has a pin stuck into him by ill-tempered criticism every time he comes into the house to prefer to stay at home rather than steal out of the back door and go fishing. Some parents scold and fret the wings off their children's backs without knowing it. There is nothing in the world which better enables a boy to see the fun of skating on thin ice, with the chance of getting a drenching, than the feeling that he will get a drubbing at home whether or no.

GRANDMA SUNBEAM.

CAN you guess why they call her Grandma Sunbeam? I will tell you. Though eighty years of age, she is always cheerful to both old and young.

See her as she comes back from her morning walk. The very kittens follow her. Harry, who is sitting on an old tub before the woodshed door, cries out, "I'm glad you've come

back, grandma; I've been waiting to hear a story."

"What, little man!" cries grandma; "do you want a story so early in the day? Well, I will tell you a story that I read in the newspaper last week. In one of the Western States there is a lake, and near the lake lives a little girl named Edith. She has a little boat and she has two tame pickerel, which she keeps in a tank and feeds."

"How tame are they?" asks Harry.

"They are so tame that they will let Edith harness them to her boat. Then she will get in and take the reins, and they will swim with her all around the pond."

"Is not that what they call a fish story, Grandma?"

"I read it in print," said she. "I have known fish to get so tame as to let a little girl take them out of the water."

"But did you ever see a little girl harness a pickerel?"

"In all my life, Harry, I never saw such a sight."

"Oh, Grandma Sunbeam," said Harry, "you must not believe all that you read in the newspapers."

IN THE DARK.

BABY JENNIE had been away from home a long time—a week is a long time to a baby; she was very good and very happy while visiting with her mamma, but she missed the dear home faces, no doubt.

When she and her mamma reached the depot, on their return home, Baby's grandpa was there to meet them.

The platform was quite dark to little Jennie, as she was lifted down from the car; but when her grandpa spoke to her, although she could not see him, she sprang into his arms at the sound of his voice.

In the dark, the little one knew and trusted the loving call of her guardian: is not this a sweet lesson of faith for us, dear children?

You do not know yet how often, as you go on in life, you will hear our Father's voice calling you *in the dark*.

I mean, you will be called to take some step onward—called to some act of duty and obedience—when you cannot see or know the reasons, when all seems dark and strange.

Then you will need Baby Jennie's faith. If you are sure it is your Heavenly Father's voice that bids you go forward, He will not suffer you to fall.

"When we cannot see the way,
Let us trust, and still obey."

You will surely know His voice in the dark, if now in your young, bright, happy hours you always listen to it gladly and dutifully.

Listen when he speaks to you through your conscience, by His ministers, or in His holy Word.

Listen always, as little Samuel did, saying: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Then when the dark days come, as the

Bible says: "Thine ears shall hear a voice saying unto thee: 'This is the way.'" And you will be comforted, for you will know that voice.

And when you come to the dark "valley of the shadow of death," oh, how gladly will you hear that Father's voice! How joyfully will you trust yourself in His arms, to be borne through the darkness into everlasting light!

BE IN TIME.

Be on time for every call,
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.

If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done—
This is how the goal's attained,
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late—
Be in time.

Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule,
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true—
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;
Knowledge now is free to all—
Be in time.

Youth must daily toil and strive;
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do;
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father, approaching, discovered at a glance the character of the book. "What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little

children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—
Little Christian.

"JESUS WOULDN'T DO IT."

IT was Sabbath morning, and as was our custom, the missionary box was placed upon the breakfast table, for servants and children to give in their weekly offerings.

My little Blanch had tripped away to her nursery to fetch nurse's forgotten penny, and she lingered on the way down again.

I was wondering a little what could have delayed her, when a flushed little face appeared in the doorway, and two tear-filled eyes looked imploringly into my face.

"Come here, Blanch," I said. "Where have you been? What has made you so long?"

"Oh, mamma," said the little penitent, coming and standing before me in an attitude of deepest humility—"oh, mamma, I went into your room to steal some pennies from your table to put into the missionary box, and—and—then I thought Jesus wouldn't do it, so I came running away, and I am so 'shamed to think I thought of it!"

Dear little woman! Her chest was heaving, and the tears rained down her cheeks now as she buried her head on my shoulder, and I answered soothingly:

"I am so glad you thought of Jesus, darling. If you never do anything you do not think Jesus would do, you will be such a happy little girl. It was the Holy Spirit who made you think of Jesus."

Jesus wouldn't do it. What a lesson for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ! If Christian lives were regulated by this principle, how many things would be left undone that are now done; how clear and definite would be the life-utterances of believers!

Reader, pause, and put a question in place of a statement—not "Jesus wouldn't do it," but, "What would Jesus do?" Are there not many times in this day when, thus bringing your deeds to the light that they may be made manifest that they are wrought in God, you would feel obliged to exclaim with my little daughter, "I'm so 'shamed to think I thought of it!"

A LITTLE boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral, the minister said that "the boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

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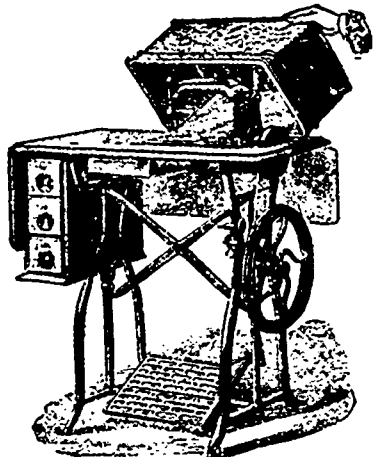
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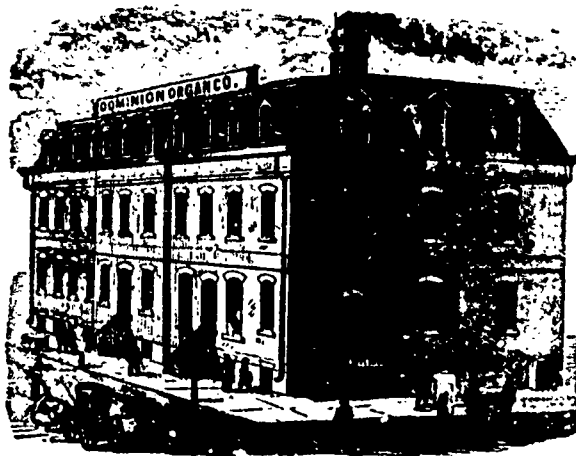
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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. (No. 235.)
PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

The United States Centennial Commission has examined the report of the Judges, and accepted the following reasons, and decreed an award in conformity therewith.

PHILADELPHIA, December 5th, 1876.

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JOSEPH HENRY, GEO. F. BRISTOW, J. E. HILLARD, P. F. KUKA, F. A. P. BARNARD
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