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— T H E —

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT

FOR 1887.

Thirty-Second Year of Publication.

VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES.)

REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D., EDITOR.

“One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are Brethren.”

TORONTO:

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

[No. 1.

A NEW YEAR dawns. How bright new things are! How soon the brightness passes away, and the wear begins to show! Can we keep the New Year bright? We can, and cause its days to brighten every time. Earth dims as heaven dawns, and heaven is nearer than we think. "Where Thou art is Heaven," sang the Wesleys, and they sang truly; "Thy presence makes my paradise," for what is paradise without the King, and heaven without its Christ? We can antedate the joys of heaven by opening our hearts to that presence, and making manifest by loving lives that we are His indeed. Then every day will open with brightness, and close with deepening peace. May this presence be with every reader; then will there be confidence as we wish all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A MEDITATION ON THE 91ST PSALM.

What blessed promises! but let us not forget that the fulfilment of these promises depends upon compliance on our part with certain divinely required conditions. It would be no use to trust in Lord to fulfil the promise, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," if we choose to go in the way of evil,—eating unwholesome food, breathing impure air, etc. And then, if in time of sickness, medical aid would likely be helpful, with the divine blessing we should not neglect to avail ourselves of such aid. Not until we were fully convinced that no medicine could do us any good, would we be justified in using prayer only, and even then, I do not think we are to expect that in these times the Lord will work a *miracle* in answer to prayer for bodily health, any more than for bodily sustenance. There is not the same necessity for miracles now that there was in the days of Elijah and the other

prophets, and in the days of Christ and His apostles, namely as a testimony to men that "the Lord, He is the God," and that all the truths proclaimed by them, who wrought, and by those who were instrumental in working, those miracles were of divine authority.

But in every case it is undoubtedly our privilege and duty still to pray, trusting in the Lord to do as will be most for His glory, and our best interests. "As long as there is life there is hope," it is said: and I will not say that it might not please the Lord in some cases to perform a direct miracle of healing, in answer to prayer offered in submission to the divine will, and with a sincere desire for His glory. Such a manifestation of divine power would undoubtedly be greatly corroborative of the testimony of the scriptures that, "God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," but I do not think any one has a right to test the efficacy of prayer, by the answer in such cases, generally speaking. In no cases of sickness let us trust to medical aid *alone*, for to do that would be to "depart from the Lord," and "make flesh our arm," and so bring ourselves under the divine displeasure. See Jer. xvii. 5, also 2 Chron. xvi. 12, 13. Nor let us ever forget the great condition, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Look unto Jesus as the physician of the soul, that so your great aim in life may be to glorify God. We may trust in the Lord to "keep us in all our ways," provided those ways are in accordance with the divine will, and that as revealed in the scriptures, broadly and fairly interpreted, comparing scripture with scripture and under the illuminating of the Holy Spirit, given in answer to prayer, rather than as interpreted by the Evil One; for even he sometimes quotes scripture, or pretends to, in order the more effectually to enforce his temptations. He did it when he tried to

tempt Christ to cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple. "Only trust in the Lord, and thou shalt get no harm from it," he virtually said, quoting this very passage about the Lord giving His angels charge concerning His people, only he left out a very important part, as Christ knew very well; namely, "in all thy ways," in which ways, as the way he ought to go, the man Christ Jesus would not have been, if he had listened to the devil to cast himself down from such a place.

Many men have been led by the devil and their own depraved nature to "wrest the scriptures to their own destruction," not taking the word as it reads, or taking a wrong meaning out of it. We may be very sure that when the devil quotes scripture to enforce his temptations, he either misquotes it, or gives a wrong interpretation of it; therefore he should be resisted as Christ resisted him; namely, with some other scripture so directly opposed to what he is trying to get us to do that it is evident that he has no right, and that we have no right, to use such a passage as an encouragement to pursue the course proposed.

If people always thus resisted the devil and their own depraved natures, then it seems to me we would never find them quoting the scriptures in justification of any practice that was harmful and dangerous even in its tendency. The scriptures plainly teach that we are not to indulge in any practice that would be likely to injure either ourselves, or others through our example. They positively declare that we are to "do all things to the glory of God." They most clearly teach too, that if we believe there *is danger* in any practice, so far as standing in our strength is concerned,—such a practice, for example, as moderate drinking—we have no right to indulge in it, trusting in the Lord to keep us from falling. "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

If in anything we go the devil's way instead of God's, then it is useless to trust in the Lord to keep us from "dashing our feet against the stones" we find in that way. We shall find, sooner or later that "the way of transgressors is hard," indeed. True, we may find stones in the way, even when that way is the way God would have us go. He may permit *seeming* evils to befall us, but He will fulfil the blessed promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day is so shall thy strength be." We may find "lions," "adders,"

and "dragons," i.e., troubles of various kinds, and very threatening, but His own word is: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him, I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him, I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." J. B.

Sheffield, N. B.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY THE REV. WM. SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.—OUTWARD BOUND.

Outward bound!—a well known and well used phrase, with more in it than is popularly supposed. It is like other common phrases, elastic and expansive. You can throw depths of meaning into it. To the observer ashore, watching the ship weighing anchor, and steaming down the river, it means but little. To the passenger on board, who has said his final "good-bye" to his friends on the "tender," and who is parting with all that is near and dear to him for months, "Outward bound" is truly meaningful.

In truth I felt it so, as standing on the deck of an outward-bound Cunarder, I waived adieu in answer to the signals of friends, until distance, mist and rising tears hid them from my view. It is no crime to be soft-hearted; and I do not hesitate to confess that at that moment I was somewhat broken down. After a little sad back-glancing, and anxious fore-looking upon the possible contingencies of a two or three months' voyage, I committed myself and all dear to me to Him who is faithful to keep that which is committed to Him.

Just then the tea bell rang. Sea air and a good appetite afterward taught me to regard that and kindred sounds as the most friendly and humane sounds of my ship life; but at this moment I failed to recognize anything particularly pleasing in the tea bell summons. In fact I felt it to be the signal for "muster for inspection." Passengers are speculating as to their fellow passengers, and officers are in a position to quiz. The situation is more unique than comfortable. Here are gathered round the tea table some two dozen passengers in the profoundest silence—the little world to which we were closed up for many weeks—our friends, but not of our own selection.

By and by, under the genializing influence of "the cup which cheers," distance began to lessen and stiffness to relax; we were soon in a position to hazard a remark beyond the hackneyed "pass the sugar.

please"; and with the third cup we find our relations so far improved, and friendly feeling so far developed, that we can enter into conversation with our neighbours.

To make my narrative complete, and place my readers on an easy and familiar footing with me, I must say something of the cause of an absence so protracted. I had had a weary winter's work. Cheerless November and the cold Christmas time were made beautiful and radiant by a spiritual harvest. For years I had been sowing, and ever and anon reaping partial harvests; but now a glorious harvest ingathering was given to us. For months I was incessantly busy with exhausting work. Preaching exhausts; but personal dealing with anxious souls, if one is at all sympathetic, is more exhausting still. My heart was glad, but my brain was weary. I needed rest. The possibility of "doing" the Mediterranean opened up to me; possibility ripened into probability, and probability into fact—I am off, "outward bound."

I am constrained to say, parenthetically, that if congregations were a little more thoughtful and considerate to their hard-working ministers, and if, when energies are failing and brain exhausted, they would provide means and time for rest, we should hear less of breakdowns and more of close attachments and longer pastorates. After the lapse of years as I look back upon the scenes and circumstances immediately preceding my holiday, of which this story purports to be some record, I am constrained to give God thanks for the sympathy and kindness of a people who shall ever live near to my heart.

I had not been twenty four hours on board the *s.s. Morocco* before I found that I must once for all hoist my true colours and nail them to the mast. I had not come to work, but to rest, but at the same time, a servant of Christ could never dream of months' intercourse with passengers, officers and crew, apart from the demand of loyalty to that cause which is dear to him. Our little world consisted of seventy souls all told, and on these I felt the necessity of bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to bear. A lover of the sea from my boyhood, I had deep sympathy with the sailor class—a class of men so peculiarly shut out from all religious privileges, and yet so susceptible to religious impression.

The present narrative will seek to tell in a homely way the history of a humble, quiet and unobtrusive work.

The first evening at sea found two of us in my state room inaugurating family prayer. I had discovered among the passengers a Scotchman from Glasgow—my ain toun, and him I invited to join with me to honour the old hallowed institution of "family prayer." Together we poured out our hearts to that God to whom all are bound by the golden chain of prayer.

Our hearts were tender at leaving home, and our prayers were earnest on behalf of the dear ones there. By and by others expressed a desire to join us, and of course were heartily welcome. Each evening added to our numbers; until in a state-room of about six feet square, we had an attendance of eight or nine. Considering that our course was southerly, and the heat, therefore, becoming more intense, our circumstances were not the most favourable. We did, indeed, experience melting moments. Compelled by these circumstances to seek more commodious quarters, I consulted the Captain. With much good will he entered into our scheme, and offered us the saloon as the place for evening prayer, and promised personal attendance. A little canvassing, and a few kindly invitations sufficed to inaugurate our evening hour of prayer as an institution of the ship.

Every evening, except when in port, and in all weathers, a goodly company assembled round one of the saloon tables, each furnished with a Bible. In good old Scotch fashion we read "verse about." Occasionally a conversation on the passage ensued, giving exceptional opportunity for speaking a word for Christ. Never shall the memory of this sweet hour pass away. With the noise of many waters around us, far from home and friends, fellowship with God was passing sweet.

From small beginnings great issues come. This was the commencement of a work for God on board ship, which, slowly and naturally developing, grew into proportions which my story may indicate, but cannot fully represent.

SOME PRELATES THAT PUT PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER.

The Protestantism of Ontario, we are told, is in danger. There are six Protestants in Ontario for one Catholic. Just how that *one* Catholic is to make it dangerous for the *six* Protestants has not been made clear. During the Peninsular War an Irish soldier brought in a dozen prisoners. His superior officer asked him how he had captured so many. "Sure, sor," answered Patrick, "*I surrounded them.*" In some such way, perhaps, that one Catholic may lead the six Protestants to prison or somewhere else. He may surround them. Whilst Dr. Laing and other eminent men are heading off Archbishop Lynch, and keeping the one Catholic from surrounding the six Protestants, we address ourselves to the humbler duty of naming a few prelates that we think do Protestantism much more harm than Archbishop Lynch is doing. Of course we are quite liable to be wrong in our opinions in regard to these prelates. We have never been able to rise to the sublime height of infallibility that some Protestants rise to. We are sadly conscious of the fact that we sometimes make mis-

takes. This fact places us at a terrible disadvantage, when compared with some of the critics of Archbishop Lynch, for of course *they* are all as infallible as the Pope himself. They never do or say anything that is not in absolute and perfect accord with the highest standard that can be applied to human actions. Let us name a few prelates that we think are doing Protestantism more harm than Archbishop Lynch is doing, or can do.

ARCHBISHOP PENURIOUSNESS

is a bad prelate. He strikes directly at the Schemes of the Church, and in this way cripples Protestantism. He cuts the sinews of war, and makes the Church very weak in battle. When this Archbishop gets a fair hold of a man he—the man, not the Archbishop,—generally gives 5 cents for Home Missions, 1 cent for Foreign Missions, 1 cent for Colleges, nothing for Home Missions, and the same amount for the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. One of the worst things about this prelate is that he travels over all the Churches, and carries on his operations among all classes of people. He cripples Protestantism so badly that the managers of the funds are often compelled to go to the banks and borrow money to keep the work going on. Owing to the villany of this prelate, some of the worn-out ministers are kept on the verge of starvation. If Archbishop Lynch did anything like that he would be lynched. Strange to say, some of the people who make war on Archbishop Lynch are the fast friends of Archbishop Penuriousness. Sometimes these people pay a cent for the defence and propagation of Protestantism and sometimes they don't.

ARCHBISHOP JEALOUSY

is a dangerous prelate. He strikes mainly at the clergy of his diocese. It is reported that at times he enters into doctors of divinity, college professors and other distinguished men. This report may be as truthful as the report that Archbishop Lynch prepared the Scripture selections for the public schools. It may be more so. Archbishop Jealousy often gets possession of ministers. Mr. A makes a good speech at a meeting, gets the ear of the people, makes a favourable impression and gets a round or two of applause. The Rev. Mr. B sits on the platform, with a face as dark as a thunder cloud. When he rises to speak he tries to be sarcastic on Mr. A, but only succeeds in being stupid. He tries to sneer at Mr. A, but succeeds in nothing but making the people sneer at himself. What is the trouble with Mr. B? Archbishop Jealousy is in it. Say to him that somebody is a fine preacher. "Never heard him," growls Mr. B. The Archbishop has got him again. Say to him that somebody is doing good work in his congregation. "Hope it will last," snarls Mr. B.

The Archbishop has him down. Say to him that somebody writes a good article. "Never read such stuff," he hisses out. The Archbishop has him worse than ever. In fact, Archbishop Jealousy attacks some ministers far more violently than Archbishop Lynch ever does. He keeps some ministers from ever hearing a good sermon, or a good speech, or reading a good article. He is a cruel prelate. He takes the flesh off some ministers' bones, and gives them a lean and angry look. He is a bad prelate.

BISHOP STRIFE

is a dangerous prelate. He attacks the Church courts, and does sad work there at times. Sometimes he enters the Conference, or General Assembly, or Synod, or Presbytery, and makes the members act in such a way as to convince people that the doctrine of entire sanctification has no foundation in fact, whatever it may have in books. He has torn many a good congregation into fragments, and made religion a laughing stock in the community. He has ruined the character of many a good man, and made him a nuisance in the community, when he might have been a useful citizen and good neighbour. Bishop Strife is one of the worst prelates on this footstool. Strange circumstance is it not that some of those people who profess to have a holy horror for Archbishop Lynch have such a friendly feeling toward Bishop Strife, even when he threatens to make neighbours butcher each other as they did in Belfast?

ARCHDEACON SLANDER

is a dangerous prelate, and often injures Protestantism. He sometimes attacks ministers and elders, and seriously injures their influence for good. He hurts the Church more than Archbishop Lynch ever hurt it. Some of those who attack Archbishop Lynch are on quite friendly terms with this prelate.

RURAL DEAN GOSSIP

disturbs more Protestant congregations in one year than Archbishop Lynch ever disturbed in his life. It is said that sewing circles are his favourite field of operations. This may be as true as some of the election stories we read at the present time.

CANON WORLDLINESS

hurts Protestantism more than any Roman Catholic prelate in the Dominion hurts it. The war against this prelate is not fierce. Some of those who should be making war against the Canon are quite as worldly as the Canon himself.

DEAN ALCOHOL

is, next to old Satan, the worst prelate in the Dominion. He destroys more Protestants in a week than Romanism has done since Canada was settled. Strange to say some of the people who profess to be

terribly afraid of Archbishop Lynch are on very friendly terms with Dean Alcohol.

If there is one spectacle in Ontario that sickens decent people, and makes one doubt whether Canadians are fit to govern themselves, it is that of a whiskey-soaked sot jabbering about the "whole Bible," while his speech is "thick," and his breath smells like an open sewer.—*Knoxonian, in the Canada Presbyterian.*

It is estimated, says the *New York Evangelist*, that as many as 1,500 Jews leave the synagogue for the Christian Church every year, here and in Europe. In Vienna alone, during 1885, 260 Jews became Christians. Here in New York, the Rev. Jacob Freshman is zealously pushing the same work. The movement is not among the lower classes of Jews, regarded as a whole, either. The learned Professor Delitzsch, of Leipsic, is said to be inspiring Christian effort among the Jewish students of no less than eight or nine of the German universities, and with encouraging success—more than 300 of these promising young men having avowed their interest in the truths inculcated.

THE Glasgow *Christian Leader* cannot, by its worst enemy, be accused of unduly favouring Romanism. In its exposure of Romish errors it is outspoken and unflinching. There is no political "No Popery" cry at present in Great Britain, but this is how it deals with bigoted intolerance: The secretary of a Protestant workingmen's league somewhere was far left to himself or to the evil one when he objected to the subscription made for Father Damien and his poor lepers in the island of Molokai. When a young priest goes to live in a community of lepers, cutting himself off from the world, and exposing himself to frightful suffering of body and mind, every person who makes profession of Christianity should thank God for such wonderful heroism, and go about his own task with a new heat of devotion. When the priest himself becomes a leper, and some friends raise a little money for him and his flock, one would imagine that even the sturdiest Protestant might subscribe. Is it credible that anybody, not insane, could speak of Father Damien as a child of hell whose devotion is utterly unworthy of praise or even of respect—because he is "an idolatrous priest of an abominable system"? From such devilish Protestantism as this, good Lord deliver us! It is as abominable as the cynical atheism of Paul Bert, or the stupid *betises* of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. And on the whole it does more harm. According to this wonderful "Protestant," it is "unscriptural" to have any sympathy with the heroism of a Roman Catholic. Does he know that if there is one thing more unscriptural, more unchristian than another, it is the mercilessness of phariseism?

TWO PSALMS.

PSALM CXXVII.

Only as God builds the house strong and deep,
Their labours are bless'd who are building and
toiling;
Only as God the city doth keep,
Safety and peace o'er the portals are smiling:

Vain to rise up, midnight to keep,
Vain to eat bread of labour and sorrow;
For so His beloved He giveth His sleep,
A calm brooding night, and a blessed to-morrow!

Sons of the righteous, and children of grace,
A heritage blest to the godly forever;
These stand in the battle, with sin face to face,
Like a warrior stern with a well-filled quiver.

Happy the man with such weapon in hand—
A righteous seed, in his footsteps pursuing—
Honoured and blest among men shall he stand,
Enemies never shall work his undoing!

PSALM CXXXIII.

How good, and how happy, and pleasant it is,
For brethren to dwell united together!
Like ointment all precious, the blessing is his,
Who dwells in the fragrance that peace brings with
her.

Like ointment all holy, that fragrantly fell,
The priest and his raiment to bless and to hallow;
Like the dew, with a blessing, all silent and still,
On Hermon descending, o'er fields parched and
yellow.

Thus love among brethren; 'tis pure as the dew,
The mountains of Zion in beauty restoring—
All lovely and blest for Jehovah to view;
For ever and ever His blessing outpouring.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

(FROM ENGLAND)—NO. 3.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been fully occupied since I wrote you last; I am still in the North, and if I visit all the places that are now opening, I will be here for another month or two, but at this rate, I will only see a small part of the country. I have two or three appointments every Sunday, and four or five during the week are all I can overtake. There is the densest ignorance generally, almost universally, respecting the Colonies, and especially Canada. In some places they have never heard of the society. It is the rarest thing in these parts to find a congregation where there has been a deputation for many years, or even from the parent society. This is not the way the London Missionary Society or the Home Mission has been

doing, and if they had depended upon reports and circulars, they would be very little better off than we are to-day. I am satisfied of one thing already, that if the Colonies are to receive the assistance which they absolutely need at present, their claims must be brought before our churches by the living voice. I will mention some of the places I have been in since I wrote you.

KEIGHLEY

is in the neighbourhood of Bradford. There are two churches here. The one in which I lectured is large and influential; the Rev. E. Pringle, pastor. I found him very much interested in the Colonies, and I think I left him more so. He has promised to bring the subject before his church at an early date, and the deacon present promised that our society should have a collection in the coming year.

ROTHERHAM.

The pastor in whose church I lectured is Rev. Mr. Armitage, whom I found in full sympathy with Colonial work. Here we had a good congregation, and promise of help at an early date. Next day I visited the Congregational College in this place. It has a fine building in which the students reside. I had the opportunity of addressing them; they seemed very anxious to hear about the work of our churches in Canada; I would not be surprised if some of them should come over and help us. The principal, Rev. Dr. Faulding, is a genial, earnest man. He spoke with much affection of a former pupil of his, now one of our leading men in Canada, George Hague, Esq. Here too I gathered some interesting reminiscences of one of my esteemed predecessors in St. John's, Newfoundland, the late Rev. Charles Pedley, who studied at Rotherham. There is an effort being made to unite Airedale and Rotherham. It seems to me the right thing to do. The places are only some thirty-five miles apart, and now that Dr. Fairbairne has gone to Mansfield, Oxford, Airedale is without a principal, and the two boards might agree to amalgamate with profit to both colleges. I gave a lecture same evening in

LITTLE HORTON CHURCH, BRADFORD.

This is a new congregation, or comparatively so, worshipping in a very fine building. There is a Sunday school of over 600 children, and the congregation is composed of working people, principally. The Rev. Mr. Clark is a hard working and thoroughly earnest man—such a man as we want for Canadian work, but I fear we will not induce him to come.

HECKMONDWIKE, NEAR BRADFORD,

was my next Sunday appointment. Here in the morning I had a large congregation, with promises of help from the society. Rev. Mr. Oakley, pastor, had one time thought of Colonial work. Evening of the same day at Clerkheaton, two miles distant. The

congregation in this place is very large, perhaps 1,500. The Rev. W. J. Davis, a man full of Welshfire, is the pastor. They promise to assist our society. There are several other large and influential congregations in these parts, but I had not time to visit more.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

the capital of the North, was my next field. Here I was the guest, for almost a week, with the Rev. Mr. Lenwood, of Westgate Congregational Church, a man of singular piety and earnestness. He is well supported by his devoted wife, a granddaughter of the late Rev. Pye Smith, whose memory most Congregationalists the world over revere. I had four meetings in this city.

HEATON,

This is a new church, and doing good missionary work in this important suburb.

WEST GATE,

one of the oldest churches of our denomination in the city.

ST. PAUL'S,

Rev. Mr. Hibbard, pastor, who has just been ordained.

BATH LANE

where the Rev. Dr. Rutherford has been labouring for many years with pleasure and success. Each of these congregations has done a little for the society during my visit, and promises to bring its claims forward during the coming year. This will be the first time for many years. I failed to reach Mr. Batchlor's Church. Though the richest, it is so burdened with debt that perhaps it is the poorest of all. In Newcastle I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Mason Watson, father of our respected missionary in Chebogue, N. S. In

SUNDERLAND

I was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Nuttall, with whom I had a very delightful intercourse, and found him a man after my own heart in doctrine and in missionary zeal. He visited St. John's, Newfoundland, during the past summer, and conducted the installation services of the Rev. Mr. Hodgkinson, who succeeded Mr. Beaton. He ministers to the largest Nonconformist church in Sunderland, and perhaps in the North of England. The church and lecture hall are most beautifully proportioned, and he seems to be surrounded with a sympathetic and devoted people. I gave an address on Sunday morning, a lecture on Tuesday, and preached again on Thursday. This church will be among the contributors to our society in future. There are several other churches of our faith in this large town. In

SOUTH SHIELDS

I addressed the church, of which the Rev. Mr. Gray is pastor. This is a new church and a large congregation. They also made a collection for the society.

All these parts are new ground for the Colonial, and, though the times have been very dull in business, something can be done for our work. For years there has been great commercial depression all over the North of England. Last winter in Sunderland 15,000 people had to be supported by charitable contributions. One pawnbroker received 1,500 wedding rings. What a condition the poor people must have been in! Yet, through all these times, the liquor sellers have been doing a thriving business. Here I must close for the present. By the time this reaches you, I will have passed the half of my exile in England. The winter has not yet set in, and we have had most beautiful weather—good for this much-abused climate. Very truly yours,
THOMAS HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—Home again! after a most delightful eight weeks' trip.

We parted at St. Catharines, our hearts warmed with hope and promise for the Church there, by the installation of our brother, Colclough, whose modest manliness won many hearts.

Domestic matters would not interest your readers, so, after spending some days with my three boys, at St. Paul, Minnesota, I went south into Iowa, to visit a dear cousin, the friend and companion of my boyhood. She and her family are members of a Congregational Church. The pastor there has as hard and up-hill work as any of our ministers in Ontario. His membership is less than twenty, all told; but with a meek and quiet spirit, and with a face and manner that strongly remind one of our departed brother, Edward Ebbs, he presses on, aided in his work of faith by the more pronounced energy of his earnest wife. It was their communion service, and after preaching for him, I sat with my cousin and her household. It was a red-letter day for all of us, as for the first time we partook together of the tokens of our Saviour's love and suffering.

Out on the boundless prairie in October is like getting a glimpse of paradise. The bracing air, the sun rising just as we have watched it rise at sea, the sense of freedom, of health inhaled with every inspiration, buoyancy of spirit as if youth had returned, all combined to make a ten days' sojourn restful and invigorating. Brown sandhill cranes were abundant. Now and then a lordly white one raised his head about as high as my own, and inquired as best he could why a foreign biped intruded there.

Six hundred miles to the north lies Winnipeg, whether I went the week following, calling of course at St. Paul by the way. The park region, sparsely wooded and dotted with lovely lakes, is a fine, attractive country; but further north the prairie presents a dead, uninteresting level, far less pleasing to the eye than the undulating prairies of Iowa. Our

good brother Silcox gave me a fraternal greeting and welcome, and I preached for him twice on November 7, their communion Sunday. In the evening the house was crowded with its usual concourse of about a thousand thoughtful and attentive listeners, and services were continued, by request, for four evenings. Our talented brother has secured a strong hold upon the heads and hearts of the young and energetic in Winnipeg, and, whatever criticism some may be disposed to indulge in as to his modes of action and style of teaching, I think no one on the spot could doubt for a moment that the hand of God is with him, and his people are fed with the bread of life. It is no marvel that a sense of isolation, almost amounting to homesickness, comes at times upon him and his devoted wife. After pleasant interviews with many whom I had known in days past, and a time of rest and peace at the parsonage, I returned to St. Paul. There an earnest invitation awaited me to return to Iowa, to hold more meetings, to celebrate my cousin's birthday, to share Thanksgiving turkey, and hold Thanksgiving service in an adjoining schoolhouse. Her home is seven miles from the church. The fourfold temptation was too strong to be resisted, and all but the first item were faithfully carried out. It was impossible to hold divine service, because the special glory of a North-West autumn had departed. The storms of winter had set in, and seventy-five miles south of Minneapolis the train with two engines stuck fast in a snow-drift. There we remained for thirty hours. Many of the passengers had nothing to eat for twenty-six hours, and when at length an engine reached us from behind, there was great joy on that train, as bushel baskets of provisions and apples, abundant in quantity and of excellent quality, were handed round, and all were invited to secure an ample supply. Arriving at length within three miles of my destination, I hired a team and had, what many a younger man has craved, a new sensation: I was, or thought I was, lost on the prairie. Tracks were obliterated by the snow storm, and a heavy fog had settled over the land. After what seemed to me to be hours of wandering, my jehu suddenly assumed a confident air, turned off at right angles, and landed me at my cousin's door. They did not expect me because of the storm. Such incidents of travel are pleasant in the retrospect, but I do not covet a repetition of them.

What a change of scene! Instead of the inviting prairie of a month ago, around us lies a wide stretch of almost limitless desolation. No small danger attends winter life on the prairie, and its dearer, even when home comforts abound, can be realized only by experience. I learn by letter that less than a week after I left my cousin's comfortable home, her son was at a village three miles away, "Young man,"

said an old railway hand, "you had better hurry home; a telegram has just come that a North-West blizzard is upon us." The sky was cloudless, without a breath of air, but keen frost. Before he had gone a mile he was involved in a wild whirl of snow—the mercury many degrees below zero, and the wind rushing at fifty miles an hour. Of course he lost his bearings; but, as soon as the storm came on, his bright sister put a lamp on the window-sill upstairs, and placed a large looking glass behind it for a reflector. He saw it through the storm, mistook it for the headlight of a storm-bound locomotive, and hastened to it as his only refuge. Picture his joy when he found himself at home. She doubtless saved her brother's life, for an hour on the prairie in such circumstances means death. All is not gold that glitters; and farmers in Ontario with half a chance of a livelihood are better off than are a majority of farmers in a prairie country. Growing on prairies is the "Compass plant," the edges of whose broad leaves always point north and south. Let your readers do their own moralizing.

After spending a few more days with my boys and with other dear friends at St. Paul and Minneapolis, I returned home in health of body and peace of mind, ready for any work the Master may assign me.

Faithfully, W. WETHERALD.

Fenwick, Dec. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps you will permit me space for a few lines in review of the article in your last number on "How to Secure Purity of Communion in our Churches."

The writer of that article recognizes the supreme importance of having in our membership only "spiritual and believing persons," and in order to do this, he advises "both caution in receiving persons into fellowship, and faithfulness in subsequently disciplining those who dishonour their Christian profession," and yet he dashes his pen at "standing committees," "a committee of two" and "the pretence of infallible inquisitors," etc.; and, referring to the customs of the primitive church, he says that "whoever is willing to make public his allegiance to the Lord should be received into the church, and should be told that the years following such confession and oath-taking form the only proper and sufficient test of Christian character and conduct," and adds, "This is apostolic."

Well, it may be freely admitted that it *was* apostolic, and yet it may be fairly claimed as equally so, when an entirely different state of society has arisen, that the Apostles would themselves have advised so decided a change of procedure as would meet the new order of things. The primitive church had its communion guarded by the fact that everywhere the

Christian name was spoken against, and Christians often persecuted; the temptation then was to be ashamed of Christ and His cause. The Gospel then was "foolishness" and a "stumbling-block" to the world, and the very shame of avowing the discipleship of the crucified Nazarene was a sufficient guard of the purity of communion in apostolic times. How different in the present age? Not only do not the surrounding circumstances help to defend our purity of communion, they are intensely the other way. It is now eminently genteel to be a member of a church, and not only have we many individuals who do not know anything about the spiritual nature of Christ's claims, we have even whole denominations whose idea of fitness for church membership is almost entirely limited to knowledge of a catechism, etc.; and the chief difficulty in the churches I have been connected with has been to avoid receiving those who have never known what true discipleship means, or the spiritual nature of the relationship they seek to enter. Hence, whether the pastor be a committee of one, or there be a "standing committee," or a "special committee" in each case, or whether the church recognize the possession by certain brethren or sisters of a special qualification for exercising the required care, each church will in fact, if it is well managed, have representative persons charged with its exercise. Doubtless the church should use the utmost care that "stupid people" should not be included among them, but it yet remains true that if the care is needed, and if it is better to run to the extreme of purity, etc., each church must have a recognized means by which it will endeavour, to its uttermost ability, to exclude those who are not spiritual, and not lay itself open to an avalanche of worldly people, ready to make a verbal profession, without any capacity to judge of their own fitness.

This being granted, the question at once presents itself to our mind, In what should this care consist, and how ought we to exercise it? And, in order to make very distinct the answer I conceive to be necessary, I would place two words alongside of each other by way of contrast between what I believe to be the right way and the wrong way. Those words are

JUDICIAL AND EDUCATIONAL.

By the first I would imply the effort on the part of the church representative to form a judgment in his own mind whether the candidate is a converted person or not. By the second I would imply his aim to be to enlighten the mind and conscience of the candidate—if necessary—as to the spiritual nature of Christ's claims upon our heart and life, and that only those who desire by grace faithfully to comply with His claims can have a right to be received into the fellowship of His people.

It will undoubtedly be true that a judicious person

will in a measure form his own judgment as to whether the candidate does intelligently perceive and receive the truths he seeks to impress upon him, but that should be only a side issue—however valuable—and not his main purpose. His main purpose should be, for the sake of the candidate himself, to secure his enlightenment as to what constitutes true discipleship, and having done that, the candidate will then be able intelligently to avow his faith in the Lord Jesus, and claim of right admission to fellowship, and the church will gladly acknowledge his claim. If on the other hand he discovers that the claims of the Lord Jesus are more far reaching than he supposed, or could for the time being comply with, he would naturally of his own accord withdraw his candidature without taking offence; while the church officers could frankly and earnestly invite him to renew it as soon as he felt willing to take upon himself the vows of Christ's service.

Such a mode of dealing with applications for membership in our churches would help largely to preserve the apostolic practice, by guarding it where now it is weakest, and in proportion as it guards the door of entrance, it would make possible, what otherwise, I suspect, would be impossible, the faithful exercise of discipline afterward.

Is my thought on the subject wise or practical, or will the writer or others of your readers show a more excellent way? Yours sincerely,

W.

December 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR,—Incited by the marvellous progress throughout the United States of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, I enclose you a copy of the constitution and by-laws, in the hope that through the advocacy of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT our churches may learn the wisdom of organizing similar societies.

Two years ago a mere handful of societies was organized; to-day the number in the United States alone exceeds 800, and societies have been formed in India, China and Ceylon, and doubtless the movement is destined to be a potent factor in the evangelization of Christian and heathen countries.

Take the record of our own society in Calvary church, Montreal, formed only about two years ago, one-half its members have come into church fellowship, and among the number a young man who—invited to its meetings almost on his arrival in this country—was won by its warm Christian character and led to express his love of Christ in the second or third meeting afterward; then sought an entrance to the ministry, and this past summer, as a theological student of our Congregational College, has been honoured of God in the conversion of some twenty persons.

At the roll call of Calvary Church members last Wednesday evening, out of seventy or eighty precious testimonials for Christ, a large percentage came from the ranks of the young people trained in the society.

Of the societies in the United States, more than one-half are in Congregational churches; in Canada I know of but three societies, one Congregational, one Presbyterian and one Baptist.

All honour to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, and may the churches of our order, ever foremost in good movements, not postpone action in this one until its prevalence elsewhere compels us to acknowledge its value and necessity.

Montreal, October 19, 1886.

C. CUSHING.

[The object of this society is thus expressed, "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members; to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God." As in the Y. M. C. A., two classes of members are found: Active, i.e., those who believe themselves to be Christians, and Associate members, including all young persons of worthy character, not willing at present to be considered decided Christians. The other articles of the constitution and by-laws are in the usual line of associations, designating officers, meetings, etc. This letter has been pressed out hitherto; we cheerfully insert it now. There is something in a name, and especially in a new one; otherwise this society has no other claims than those of every true church, or of every association in connection therewith. We are sometimes tempted to inquire, Why all these agencies apparently apart from the church proper? We confess to a love for that old-fashioned word, Church, in the New Testament sense of the term, and would desire a genuine revival of church work. We are confessing the decay of our church life by the numberless props used to keep it standing. We say this in no unsympathizing spirit with the societies such as the one above mentioned. Far from it, but that we may awaken to the true Congregational ideal of the Church as the unit of associate Christian work. We like the word Church, and would write it in letters of gold, the Church of the faithful, the Church of Christian Endeavour, the Church, the Bride, the Lamb's wife.—ED.]

"DEAR EDITOR,—I am one of the little girls that like to read THE INDEPENDENT, and am very much disappointed when the 'Family Circle,' or 'Words to the Little Ones' are left out. Yours truly,

"ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES."

Toronto, Dec. 18, 1886.

[We do not insert letters that come without a name, but as the above is plainly from a "little one" who knows nothing of editorial rules, we print the note, and promise to do our best to retain a corner for the

little ones of the family. We cannot afford to do without the bright eye and merry laugh, and are only too glad to know that THE INDEPENDENT is looked for by our little friends.—ED.]

Here is a word, not from a little one, but from a sturdy friend near the sea, for which we are also grateful :

“The CANADIAN INDEPENDENT is, in my opinion, continually improving, and is looked for with increased interest. Regularity was the great need.”

News of the Churches.

BARRIE.—A little information from our church in Barrie might interest some of the many readers of THE INDEPENDENT. I have thought it as well to let you know what we are doing, or we might, in the absence of a settled pastor, be thought to be sleeping; but in case this should be your impression, let me tell you what we are doing. Our regular meetings have all been kept up during the fall; we have had a conversazione and a concert, realizing about \$53 as the proceeds. On Wednesday, December 15, we had a church members' social—its object being to bring the members into a closer union with each other. On Friday evening last we had a Home Missionary meeting; though the attendance was small, we had a very pleasant time, and I suppose the delegates will tell you all about it. I suppose it has reached you that we have been fortunate in securing the Rev. J. R. Black, of Garafraxa, as pastor, and we pray that this has been ordered by the Great Head of the church, who doeth all things wisely and well. Mr. Black commences his ministry here on the 1st March next. We are only sorry he cannot come sooner, but through the kindness of our Mr. Hunter, and other friends outside, we will do the best we can. We are all longing, hoping, praying the time to come when we shall have a pastor all our own.—J. V.

BOWMANVILLE.—Mr. Warriner, the deservedly esteemed pastor of this church, was surprised on the evening of the 20th ult., by his Bible class presenting him with a finely framed photograph of the entire class. Such indications of good will and affection are encouraging to the pastor, and stimulating to the givers. We delight to chronicle such.

LONDON.—For six or seven weeks past we have been obliged to hold service in the lecture room, while the church proper was being re-painted, re-carpeted and otherwise beautified. A choir gallery was then also built in the rear of the pulpit, which was brought forward for that purpose, and the choir transferred from their former position behind the congregation. No comments are required on the improvements thus effected in the song service. On Dec. 12 the re-

opening services were held, the pulpit being occupied by Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson, who, in his kindly and sympathetic manner, addressed cheering and encouraging words to the London Church. Amid our joy there is, however, a tinge of sadness. On December 4, at the same hour, we buried the beloved superintendent of our Sunday school, Deacon A. T. H. Johnston, and a member of our trustee board, Robert James. They died within twenty-four hours of each other. Seldom are met two more genial, kind-hearted, whole-souled men. For years Mr. Johnston had been connected with the Sunday school, and almost continuously for the past ten years he had been at its head. His character is perhaps best expressed by the motto on the Sunday school floral tribute at the funeral service—“Ever faithful.” Mr. James, though only for the past two years associated with our church, won many hearts by his kindness and good-nature. He was a thorough Christian, and was rapidly taking a prominent part in church work. As our pastor stated in the memorial service, on the Sunday following, “Humanly speaking, there were not two men in the church who could be less spared.” At present it seems impossible to fill the vacancy. We trust, however, that these saddening circumstances may be the means of a revival of interest throughout the church.

MAXVILLE.—The annual meeting of this church was held lately, and was well attended and encouraging. The pastor occupied the chair, and opened the meeting. Various reports were then presented from the secretary, the Sabbath school superintendent, the Women's Missionary Society, the Mission Band, and the Young People's meeting. Two deacons were added, and set apart to their office, additional to those already acting. There was raised for all purposes \$804.30; of this \$73 was given to our Home Mission. \$130 to Foreign Missions, \$34 to the College, and the Provident Fund and Union were also remembered. During the year we were blessed with an ingathering of a large number who gave themselves to the Lord. The annual missionary meetings were held on the 6th and 8th of December. Revs. B. W. Day and J. Wood were with us; the meetings were well attended, and the proceeds were in advance of the past year, being \$85. In Martintown the missionary meeting was held on the 7th, and was also successful, being in advance of last year.

WINNIPEG.—The anniversary social of this church was held on Monday, 13th ult., and was largely attended. The building was adorned with evergreens and mottoes, presenting a very handsome appearance. The supper, a very tempting one, was no inconsiderable feature. Mr. Richard Waugh occupied the chair, and the proceedings were enlivened by an organ solo and musical selections. Rev. J. B. Silcox,

pastor, said that the congregation was much larger than that of any previous year, and was steadily growing, so that it was found necessary to utilize the school room in order to provide sufficient accommodation. The membership had largely increased, the attendance at prayer meetings was also much larger than that of previous years. The pew rents had been done away with, and the current expenses of the church were met by the usual collections. Six years ago the congregation had consisted only of seventy-five people, while on the previous evening he had preached to about 1,200. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Silcox of a purse, containing \$150, from the young men of the congregation. Mr. Silcox acknowledged the compliment, and said that nothing gave him greater pleasure than the opportunity of preaching to so many young men, who made up nearly half of his Sunday evening congregations. They were great helpers in the work, and he was glad to have them around him. This was a young men's country, and in no way could they better promote its interests than by helping on the work of the church. Rev. Mr. Pitblado, of the Presbyterian Church, gave some interesting particulars regarding his recent trip across the ocean, and expressed pleasure at seeing the church prospering. Our correspondence column gives the impression of a friend on this subject.

Personal.

Rev. C. E. Rolton, of Warton, has for some time been from his charge, seeking health. We were glad to receive a call from him the other day, and to learn that he expects to begin work with the new year, fully restored.

Rev. W. W. Smith is supplying Scotland and Burford just now, during Mr. Hay's sickness. May God's blessing attend on both.

Rev. H. D. Powis has removed to 32 Crescent Road, Bromley, Kent.

Friend Wetherald is engaged to give a week's special services in Brantford, beginning 8th inst.; then in Stratford for a season. May we be enabled to chronicle blessed results from these meetings.

Dr. Stevenson has preached his first sermon in the Brixton Chapel, December 6. Text, Psa. cxv. 12. Congregation large; everybody delighted, as well as they may be; prospects bright. Communion at the close largely attended, and one from the Northern Toronto present who gives the information. God bless our friend and his family.

Rev. J. W. Cox, who resigned the charge of Noel, etc., in September last on account of ill health, is staying and improving at Kingsport. As strength permits, our brother is supplying Cornwallis. May he soon be completely restored.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The following subscriptions have been received on account of current expenses since 1st June, and are hereby thankfully acknowledged: Calvary, Montreal \$9; Martintown, \$9.80; Colonial Missionary Society, London, Eng., \$602.42; Sherbrooke, \$36.75; Hawkesbury, \$7.34; Vankleek Hill, \$4.66; Lennoxville, \$17; Franklin, \$2.50; Collections in England by Rev. Dr. Stevenson, \$32.68; Northern, Toronto, \$100; Speedside, \$12.43; Baddeck, N. S., \$3.50; Kingston, First, \$106.75; Kingston, Bethel, \$10; Rev. G. Robertson, \$2; Rev. C. Pedley, \$2; Eaton, \$10.50; Mrs. Ebbes, Plainfield, Ill., \$25; R. Anderson, Esq., for prizes, \$100; Mrs. Brigham, \$50; Pine Grove, \$11.25; Alton, \$1.75; North Erin, \$2.25; St. Elmo, \$10.62; Maxville, \$17.39; Humber Summit, \$4.90; Danville, \$50; Rev. Thos. Baker, Hamilton, \$24; Edgar, \$9; Rugby, \$8; Dalston, \$3; Emmanuel, Montreal, \$127.58; Rev. W. H. Allworth, Ont., \$5; received from other sources, \$1,606.14; total, \$3,026.21. Payments to date, \$3,063; debit balance from last year, \$1,311.23—\$4,374.23; balance due Endowment Fund, \$1,348.02.

R. C. JAMIESON, Treasurer.

Montreal, December 17, 1886.

Literary Notices.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have issued an Almanac for 1887, with what may be called a Directory of Missions. A list is given with post office address of all the missionaries in the employ of the society. We read:

WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

General postal address—*American Mission, Benguela, (via Lisbon), West Africa*—Walter T. Currie, Bailundu.

Will not some of our friends take advantage of this address? The board has 173 male, 261 female missionaries, 1,964 native helpers, 311 churches, 26,130 communicants, of which 3,496 were added last year, and its income, 1885-86 was \$658,755.

THE sales of the *Century Magazine* have gone up over 30,000 copies in six weeks, since beginning the Life of Lincoln. A second edition of December will be issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 before the completion of the Lincoln history. The January instalment, which is said by the editors to be of most surpassing interest, occupies thirty pages of the magazine, and treats of Mr. Lincoln's settlement in Springfield; his practice of law in that city; marriage, and the campaign of 1844. The illustrations are numerous.

THE *Advance*, Chicago, has again changed hands, and our old friend, Dr. S. Gilbert is, as he himself expresses it, "Home again." Dr. Gilbert for four years has been with the Boston *Congregationalist*, but now, with Mr. F. A. Noble, will speak through the columns of our enterprising contemporary, well named the *Advance*. *Macte, virtute.*

Children's Corner.

GOOD MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-bed.
"Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good morning to Mary!'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
So early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl.
"Happy as can be, but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say then 'Good morning' to God!"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
As you kneel by your bed every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD.

The late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, told the following most touching story:

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go with me down to the side of that green bank?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the field looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the

perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land—strong drink—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that child."

JUST AS I AM!

Some time ago a poor boy came to a city missionary. Holding out a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, he said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea." The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

FOR PURE SPEECH.

A man, looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about, George?" asked the man, "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—not play with swearers. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT FINDETH WISDOM.

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

All communications, editorial, business, or otherwise, will be addressed simply "CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto."