



"Only is your master, *Jein* Christ, and all ye are brethren."

*Hallowed be thy name.*

THE  
**Canadian Independent.**

JANUARY, 1871.

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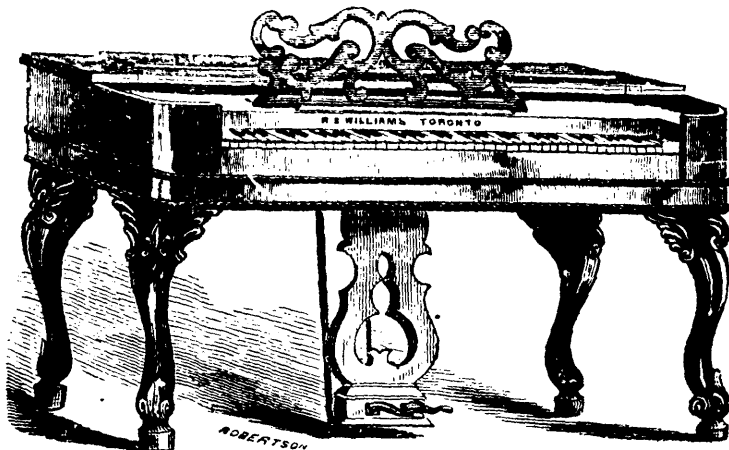
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While principally meant to serve as a medium of communication to the Congregational Churches in the Dominion of Canada, and containing official reports of denominational proceedings, and News of the Churches, it also contains a digest of British ecclesiastical affairs, papers on important questions, and other interesting matter, much of which cannot be found in other periodicals.

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NEW TESTAMENT EPISCOPACY.

The Rev. T. BINNEY, of London, in an address at the late meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, on the subject of the contemplated Augmentation Fund, is reported as saying :—

“ I think you are not in a condition to take this matter up if you will not go into the fundamental question as to what it is that constitutes a minister, as to whether you are to recognize everybody and consider that half-a-dozen people in a village may make a pastor. Before you settle that question you cannot go into the idea of a sustentation fund. I think we err in two respects. Though it may be very heterodox in me to say so, I do not think we are quite apostolical in our church government. I think we do not carry out our principles of Independency far enough in one direction, and I think we ought to perfect them with a little more of apostolical development in another direction. Why should all these people in a village have paid pastors? Why should every little handful of men in a village have a minister to be paid and who is not to touch work? Your Congregational principles make provision against that, for you believe that any number of men may meet together and edify one another. I think if there was a little more of the idea that men who profess to be Congregationalists might, upon their own principles, meet together to edify one another, and not have the expense of supporting a paid minister who does nothing, it would be far more apostolical. Then, again, why should these little societies be called and constituted independent churches? Why should they not be associated as branches of a central church? and why should you not call forth your educated laity, your men who can stand up at political meetings or corporation meetings, who can be made common councillors and mayors, and come forward and make speeches, and who, if they would bring the same talents to bear upon Christian work, might be as local preachers going out from a central church to visit these little churches? I believe they might in this way do a great deal of good, and in many cases remove the necessity of a paid minister. I have said that we do not go far enough in another direction. I believe in the epistles of Timothy; you do not. (Laughter.) I believe that in the epistles of Timothy there is a rudimentary element of a moderate episcopacy. I think we ought to come to that. There ought to be in every county some individual of experience and intelligence, with or without, (I should prefer without) an independent charge of his own, who should have the superintendence of the whole district, and that he should have associated with him a council of laity from these different churches. If such men were to exercise a superintendence, both spiritual and temporal, over the whole diocese, so to call it, I think you would be more apostolical, and be able to do a great deal more good. There

is far more of such organization underlying the epistles of Timothy than you are willing to admit, and I believe it could be worked by us very scripturally and to very great purpose, and might be brought to bear upon this very question now before us."

We have it on the highest authority that "great men are not always wise," and profoundly as we venerate the truly noble man who so long and ably filled the pulpit of the Weigh-house Chapel, we cannot help thinking he was not altogether wise on the occasion referred to. He has not yet published his exposition of the Epistles to Timothy, and we are therefore unable to say what new light he may have to throw upon them. But, in its absence, we may form a tolerably correct opinion of the sort of "moderate episcopacy" which obtained among the primitive churches from an incidental allusion, in Cor. xvi, 12 v., to the manner in which even Archbishop Paul was accustomed to exercise his authority in those days:—"As touching our brother Apollos, I *greatly desired him* to come unto you with the brethren; but *his will was not at all to come* at this time; but he will come when he shall have convenient time." Think of a modern "Lord Bishop," rejoicing in all the dignity of an unbroken Apostolical succession, deferring to the "will" of an humble presbyter in that style!

What a liberal people we Congregationalists are! So appreciative of all the excellencies of others, that we can hardly see anything to admire or value among ourselves! We suppose that if all the concessions that have been made, at different times, by individual ministers among us, in relation to doctrine, ordinances and polity, should be set in array against us, we should not have a distinctive principle left! Really great and excellent men, whose position gives them a *representative* character in the eyes of other denominations, often, unthinkingly, do us much harm by this jaunty and non-chalant treatment of the important questions at issue between us; and we shall expect to see the above extract from the speech of the great London preacher, published side by side with the utterances of the Rev. T. K. Beecher, as irrefragable testimony, from Congregationalists themselves, to the scripturalness of Diocesan Episcopacy.

A very small crumb of comfort, however, is often thankfully received by needy people. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, who has been casting about these months past, for something in these same Epistles to Timothy, or elsewhere, with which to meet Professor Bartlett's trenchant article against Episcopacy, will surely regard it as a godsend. He will

now be able to write another five column letter to the *Advance*, and in default of better argument, couple Mr. Binney's name with that of Bishop Onderdonk, as a believer in "moderate episcopacy."

We are sorry, also, to differ from so high an authority on another point. We find neither in the Epistles to Timothy, the Acts of the Apostles, nor anywhere else in the New Testament, so far as we can discover, any trace of the "branch churches" to which Mr. Binney alludes. That is a kind of ecclesiastical nondescript which we cannot understand. Is the "branch" a separate organization, or is it not? If the former, why has it not as much right to independency as the parent church when first struggling into existence? If the latter, why not recognize it as a part and parcel of the "central" body?

We can understand how it may become necessary for the convenience of a large and scattered membership, to hold public services, stately, in several localities, and to employ one or more co-pastors, somewhat after the manner of the Dutch Collegiate Churches. The thousands of members connected with the church in Jerusalem, were probably organized into several distinct congregations, though meeting occasionally, or periodically, in one place. But a small "branch" church, independent in name, and distinct in organization, while yet governed by a "central" church, is, to say the least, a great anomaly. Such a plan, in our judgment, has far more in it of the "rudimentary element of a moderate episcopacy," than anything contained in the Epistles to Timothy.

The natural and true plan, we believe, is for a church to "hive off," as soon as the parent stock is capable of suffering the loss without serious injury. Overgrown churches are seldom as vigorous and efficient, in proportion to their numbers, as smaller ones. The percentage of workers will generally be larger in a given membership, divided into two distinct organizations, than in one which embraces the whole. The new colony will, of course, if feeble, be practically dependent upon the parent church, in the same sense in which missionary churches are dependent upon the society which helps to sustain them. But the control will be less direct and arbitrary; the child, feeling the greater responsibility thrown upon it, will sooner be able to "go alone," and above all, we shall maintain the principle of Independency, which, however diversely we may apply it, must never be lost sight of as one of the essential features of the New Testament polity.



## THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

Fancy the thrilling effect of the Scriptures, if read as Kean reads Shakespeare, or recites Macaulay! And why should we not have it so? Is it right and proper that every book for public reading should have justice done to it except the Bible? and that while every other subject is allowed the advantage of a natural and impressive delivery, religion—which is the most important subject of all—should be denied it? The monstrous fallacy with which well-meaning but obtuse people have been beguiled, or have beguiled themselves, is, that such reading and recitation would be “theatrical,” and that theatrical exhibitions are not becoming in the house of God. To this hollow and ridiculous fallacy may be traced most of the execrable pulpit reading and delivery that rob the Scriptures of half their power, and have made the dullness of a sermon proverbial. Set Kean to read the song of Miriam, or the fight between David and Goliath, or the story of the Prodigal Son, or Christ’s denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees, or to recite one of Chalmers’s sermons, and you will see the people who had begun adjusting themselves in the corners of their seats for their accustomed snooze, sit up and listen to the very close with eager eye and bated breath. And this, simply because Kean would do the piece justice—that is, read it naturally, and as it claims to be read. On what possible ground, either of common sense or good taste, can objection be taken to the natural delivery of at least the sermon? If Garrick could set even the grim soldier, who was on duty at the corner of the street, blubbering like a child; and if Mrs. Siddons could so overpower the eminent tragedian, Young, that he could not refrain from sobbing aloud, though he was himself on the stage acting the villain of the piece at the time—and all this while merely uttering the words of a fictitious character—what overwhelming effects in the way of awakening sinners, and pressing home the message of the Gospel, might not be produced by men who are giving utterance, in their own character, to the most sublime and soul-stirring truths.—*Anon.*

The above has been going the rounds of the religious press until our imagination is positively exhausted in fancying the thrilling effect of such reading as is here commended. Now we have never heard “Kean read Shakespeare, or recite Macaulay;” we suppose the writer and the editors who have copied the extracts have. But our conviction is, from what we have heard of that kind of performance, by men thought to be very excellent readers of the drama, that one very “thrilling effect” of reading the Scriptures in the style of Kean, Garrick, or Mrs. Siddons, would be that every devout and sensible person in the audience would put on his hat and leave the church. No doubt the defects in pulpit elocution are many and great, especially as seen by the admirers of the theatre; but we question very much if the writer has yet put us on the right track for improving them.

The truth is, there are two mistakes underlying his criticism; one is, in supposing that all play-actors are Keans, or Garricks. Perhaps if we were to compare the *best* style of Scripture-reading with the best performances on the stage, the pulpit might not be so far behind the theatre in a certain “thrilling effect” of its own kind. To contrast the performances of the *masters* of the drama, who were men of ten thousand, even in their own profession, with the “execrable” and *ordinary* readers among the ministry, is manifestly unfair.

And another is, to suppose that the Holy Scriptures are to be read as one might read Shakespeare, or recite Macaulay. No doubt Kean

would produce a "thrilling effect" if he were to read the song of Miriam, or the confession of the prodigal, *in character*—the one with her timbrels and dancing-maids, and the other in his rags—and *act as well as recite it*. But while in the drama the actor is to personify *the hero* of the occasion, the Holy Scriptures are to be read as GOD'S word, not ours. All such comparisons fail therefore. Nevertheless it is well to learn, even from our enemies, and the circulation of the paragraph above quoted will do some good if it only call attention to the necessity of reading the Scriptures with devoutness, and naturalness and grace.

## A PASTOR'S SKETCHES.

### No. 2.

"Behold I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her." Hosea 2. 14.

There is not greater diversity of expression in the human countenance, than of experience as to the method of the Divine process of regeneration and sanctification. This is a branch of psychology that deserves more attention, especially on the part of those who seek to win souls to Christ. How completely does the Holy Spirit often supersede the regular economy of Divinely appointed instrumentalities, and employ the most unlikely means in effecting His gracious work! My next sketch exemplifies such exceptional experience.

One Saturday night a woman of very careless disposition, knowing nearly nothing of Christ and "the great salvation," was attracted to a crowded tent in the Court House Square, where an itinerant fanatic was raving, and among other extravaganzas, was threatening his hearers with the great conflagration of the last day within a fortnight. She was alarmed and perplexed. Her dormant moral consciousness was aroused, and a vague sense of danger took possession of her. She began to enquire "What must I do to be saved?" But where to go for safe counsel she knew not. Her common sense taught her that the preacher at the tent was not such a guide. Of the town pastors she scarcely knew more than the names. Of their denominational distinctions she knew nothing. She had no place in Zion, and no religious friend with whom she would be free to converse about her spiritual trouble. She soon resolved what to do. Instead of going at random to one or other of the Churches the next morning, she shut herself up in her bed-chamber, with her Bible and her God. Praying to Him, the first time in her life, for light, she sought it in His inspired word. Beginning with the Gospel narrative as recorded by Matthew, she read on diligently all day. The Bible was a newly discovered treasure to her heart. Its wonders of grace and truth surprised and engrossed her. Forgetting her necessary food, she "hungered and thirsted after righteousness." Towards night she was perusing Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The third chapter produced profound impressions of her utterly undone and lost condition as a sinner; and while she trembled at the just condemnation of God's Holy Law, converging upon her conscience by the conclusive arguments summed up in the 19th and 20th verses, she discovered in the very next

verses, that her hopeless failure to earn God's favour by any good deeds that she could perform, was wonderfully met and provided for by God's method of mercy through the redemption and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. With glad surprise she read on to the end of the fifth chapter, when she could proceed no further for joy at the realization that her sins were freely forgiven through faith in His precious blood. The great change had been effected by the Divine Spirit in that solitude, without the aid of any human teacher, solely through the instrumentality of the Word of God.

With her newly acquired peace and joy in the Lord she soon formed fellowship with kindred hearts, and became one of my most eager hearers, in due course applying for membership. A more consistent christian I have not known; under pressure of peculiar domestic trials, calculated to provoke the temper, and exhaust all patience, I never heard an angry, or murmuring word from her lips. Though her natural protector, after wearing out her health and spirits by his drunken indolence, and brutality, at length was incarcerated for crime, she uniformly spoke tenderly of him, and exerted herself beyond her physical strength, to provide for his comfort, as well as for the maintenance of herself and her son. While her husband was in prison, their only child—a lad of twelve or thereabout, sickened and died. In this trying hour the Lord comforted and cheered the heart-stricken and worse than widowed mother by such rich consolation as only the Christian parent can understand;—granting the sinking lad a sweet experience of His pardoning mercy, and rendering the death-bed scene, a rare glimpse into Heavenly Glory.

“The Lord can clear the darkest skies,—  
Can give us day for night;—  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.”

EPSILON.

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## THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

MR. EDITOR.—It is well known among our Ministers and many of our people, that the subject of the Immortality of the Soul, has been, and is now, greatly agitated both in England and Canada. Some good and even eminent men are putting forth the *strange* doctrine that Adam, by the fall, lost his soul's immortality; that Christ restored it to all believers and only to them; that the rest of the world, after suffering the punishment of their sins in Hell, during the divine pleasure, will sink into endless death, never more to be restored; while the righteous alone will be crowned with immortality, as the gift of Christ. Now as the Rev. J. Parker, D.D., observes, “We have not to *make* a Bible, but to *interpret* one.” Would it not be well, if some brother versed in Scripture, would collect and publish in the “*Canadian Independent*,” the Bible statements of, the abstract immortality of the soul, *in extenso*, without note and comment, if it is felt desirable to avoid discussion, but by all means let the *Word of God ring out* the truth to the churches. Much of the argument against the advocates of this new doctrine does not touch them, seeing they do not deny the

punishment of the wicked for their sins during the time God may see fit to continue their souls in life, before their final blotting out.

Neither do they deny the immortality of the righteous as the free gift of Christ.

What is wanted, is the testimony of the *Word of God* in relation to the *Immortality of the Soul, apart from Christ*; that gainsayers may be forever silenced, and the doctrine so long held in the Churches, be placed on an unassailable foundation.

Yours,

MORE LIGHT.

### AFTER DEATH.

In this article we wish to place before the reader a few thoughts on the state after death, in the hope that they will commend themselves to his judgment and heart, and tend to increase his interest in, and affection for, that state to which he is fast hastening, and which to him may be very near. We must, first of all, say that we believe there is what is generally called an intermediate state. By this we mean a state intervening between two other states. Youth is the intermediate state between childhood and manhood, and manhood the intermediate state between youth and old age. We understand by the intermediate state, not the Roman Catholic purgatorial state, but the state between death and the resurrection. What can we know of this state? It is one of which we naturally wish to know something. We all have some there whom we loved dearly while here, and we shall, in the lapse of time, ourselves be in it. It is obvious that a knowledge of that state which will be satisfying, can be derived from no purely human source, for it entirely transcends mundane experience. It is beyond the ken of all around us, and none who have entered have ever returned to give us the benefit of their experience. After death the place that knows us now, shall know us no more for ever. Whatever knowledge, then, we have of the state between the dissolution of soul and body at death and their re-union at the resurrection, of a certain and infallible kind, is derived from the word of the most High. All other knowledge of the unseen is speculative, and therefore not infallibly certain. Speculative knowledge, however, may be of such a nature as to reach the highest degree of probability, and be received and believed as readily as a certainty. The highly probable, though not absolutely certain, may be reached by reasoning analogically from the known to the unknown. Whatever conclusions we arrive at concerning the unseen state, when based on the revealed word of God, and in harmony with it, are to be rested upon with the utmost degree of confidence.

Looking at the matter in this light, we observe that the intermediate state is a state of life. In our present state we have a complex being, compounded of soul and body, the one possessing lineaments akin to all spiritual existence everywhere, the other possessing properties akin to all material existence in the limitless creation. Setting aside the essential distinction between soul and body, some have declared that death is total, extending to both of the component parts of our nature, and that

our future existence—the existence of soul as well as body—depends entirely on the resurrection. We, however, believe there is a body-life and a soul-life, and that the death of the former by no means involves the death of the latter. The cessation of the animal or body-life functions do not involve the cessation of the spiritual or soul-life functions. A very little reflection will serve to show that even in the present arrangement of things, the body occupies but a very subordinate position to the soul. It is only the instrument in our material condition for accomplishing the designs of the thinking immaterial nature. By it we mould and modify the material world, and make its hard, stiff elements bend to our purpose and suit our designs. The life of the soul is not crushed with the death of the body. It is a well-known physiological fact that our body is renewed every seven years. We thus die daily. Particle after particle flies off with every pulse beat, but in a healthy state, organization keeps regular pace with disorganization. Our proper personality suffers no change whatever by this perpetual pulling down and building up. It has been well said:—

“ This frame compacted with transcendent skill,  
Of moving joints, obedient to my will ;  
Nursed from the fruitful globe like yonder tree,  
Waxes and wastes -- I call it mine, not me.  
New matter still the mouldering mass sustains,  
The mansion changed, the tenant still remains.”

If the soul's consciousness, personality, and life are not affected by a gradual decay, is it reasonable to suppose that they are destroyed by sudden and total dissolution? A Roman poet has said, “ I shall not all die.” We adopt the sentiment in a higher sense than that in which it was employed by him. We believe the soul survives and outlives the dissolution of the body, that all which constitutes us, thoughtful feeling and acting beings remains. The living soul, the identical person, comes not under the domain of death and the grave, but is clothed with immortality in the separate and unseen state. “ God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.”

The *intermediate* state is one of consciousness and activity. We do not suppose that death can destroy the powers of the soul any more than it can destroy that soul itself. We have known those who held the idea which was entertained by the late Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, that after death there was something like a sleep of the soul. They maintain that the state of the soul between death and the resurrection is one of unconsciousness and inactivity, that it sinks into a deep and unbroken slumber, in which nothing is known, felt or done. It enters, it is supposed, into a state something like that of the butterfly in the chrysalis, previous to its coming forth to flutter in the sunbeam. We will not be so dogmatic as to pronounce such a state impossible, nor shall we speak of those who entertain such views as “sceptics,” “heretics,” or “infidels,” for it happens that a considerable number of unquestionably Evangelical ministers do entertain such views; but instead of there being anything to make us believe that this will ever be the soul's condition, there is everything, we think, to induce a contrary faith. The results of a careful study of the nature of spirit would all tell against rather than in favour of such an opinion.

*But apart from this*, the language of Scripture is most explicit on the consciously active state of the soul after death. The revelations of the Man Christ Jesus are such as to place the matter beyond all doubt. Possessing the keys of hell and of death, and knowing the universe in all its fulness and extent, he discloses to our gaze the place and state of the lost, and the place and felicity of the saved. In his representations of the hereafter condition of the soul, we find no countenance given to the idea that it is one of unconsciousness and inactivity. Concerning the state immediately succeeding death, we are not left in the darkness of doubt and uncertainty. They who are one with faithful Abraham, when set free from "this earthly house of our tabernacle," are conducted by angels into the land of love and purity, and bliss. We are taught to think of those loved ones who have been removed from us, not as dead, but as alive, and in the enjoyment of the highest bliss of which their nature is capable. We are taught not to indulge in undue sorrow and mourning over the departure of pious friends, but enlightened by the Spirit of God, feel calmly resigned and meekly submissive—grateful that they have fallen asleep in Jesus. When we speak thus, we believe we speak according to the "Oracles of God," the testimony of Christ and his Apostles. Many a poor, weak, weary one has been comforted and strengthened, and cheered, by the hope of being soon let free from their prison-house of clay, and ushered into scenes of everlasting bliss, joy and delight. But to sink into a state of profound and long protracted unconsciousness, would be a thought almost insufferable for a soul filled with peace and love, and joy in God. The nightfall of life, however, has come upon few Christians who entertained such a notion. The teachings of St. Paul are in entire harmony with the revelations of Christ, (2 Cor., v. 1—9.) Here he teaches us that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, and that absence from the body is, in a very important sense, necessary to presence with the Lord. In another place he tells us that while for him to live was Christ, to die was gain. Phil. 1, 21. But how, we ask, could it have been thus to him, with his heart overflowing with love and joy in God through Christ, and in deep, true, unflinching devotion to his service, had he sunk into a state of dormancy and obliviousness? Still further we find him assuring us that he had "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which," said he, "is far better." But how could he have been with Christ in a dreamy, slumbering state, and how could such a state be better than the one in which he then was? For whilst it had its fears and perplexities, its pains and sorrows, it had also its hopes and perfect composure, its pleasures and rejoicings, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The character of the intermediate state, be it observed, is in exact correspondence with the character of the departed. Men die and leave this probationary state, either in a saved or unsaved state, either righteous or wicked. They depart just or unjust, pure or impure, holy or unholy, perfect or imperfect, happy or unhappy, blessed or miserable, and cursed. As is their state and character at death's solemn hour, so is it ever after, the probation period is closed, the reward and award inheriting age begun. The nature of the soul's everlasting portion is experienced in its immediate release by death. Each goes to his own place—the realm of the kingdom of light, life, love, or that of darkness and death. The

children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, who have been changed into his image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord, are then delivered from all the evil which was mixed in their cup on earth, and translated to an eternity of pure, unalloyed, unmixed good. The enemies of God, by wicked works, on the other hand, are snatched from all the good in their earthly condition to endure "the blackness of darkness for ever." Jude, 13 v. The former are represented as heirs of God and glory, joint-heirs with Christ Jesus; the latter are spoken of as "children of wrath, heirs of hell," to whom is reserved "shame and everlasting contempt." "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil." Romans 2, 8, 9. By the settled bias of their respective characters, and by the retributive justice of God, an impassable gulf is placed between them, so that the one cannot pass to the other, even though they would.

*Still further, if death* is not to destroy our present mental constitution, the intermediate state must be one in which scope will be given to our social affinities. For the truly good and pious, society and fellowship of feeling is one of the chief provisions God has made for their happiness and enjoyment here. Deprive us of access to kindred souls, and genial intercourse with them, and you can imagine what a comparatively wretched life we would lead. What is the Church but fellowship of souls, in which heart blends with heart in loving sympathy? Here sigh answers to sigh, and joy to joy; here is found rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and weeping with them that weep. When such genial, spontaneous outflow of feeling, the glow of Divine love, is not found in a Church, we are sure that *there has been a departure from the spirit and design of Christ in its institution*, or it consists of *hollow-hearts professors*, having the form of godliness, but denying its power, and stripped of the true badge of Christian discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another." How much, too, is life cheered and gladdened by the thousand nameless offices of common affection, done and received by men in the common intercourse of life. It is true, there are some misanthropic souls who live in a state of partial hermitage and seclusion from their fellows. But even they, in their isolation, give forth undoubted signs that the social element is not entirely obliterated. If they have not some of the inferior animals on whom to exercise their affections, they people the grove in which they dwell from their own imagination, or put life into the trees under whose shades they may have their shelter and repose, or the mind may find enough in the recollection of the past from which to wile away the tedious hours. If the recluse be pious, his thoughts will rise through the external, terminate on him who is eternal, and he will enjoy conscious fellowship with God. As he gazes up into that deep mysterious firmament from his calm and undisturbed retreat, far from the busy haunts of men, his eye will pass through that bright and ever-shining world, and in it see a Father's love and a Father's hand. Man must have society and fellowship. This element in our nature we have no reason to believe ever is, or can be, destroyed by death. If we take it into the spirit world with us, surely there will be provision made for its gratification. Infinite goodness thought it not good that man's state here should be one of solitude, and can we suppose that the soul of his

renewed child will at death be ushered into some vast, desolate and solitary region? No. The spirit world into which he goes is no unpeopled solitude. If it were, death would be to him the greatest of all losses, from which his soul would shrink back with the utmost horror. But no, the Christian's prospect is overshadowed by no such gloom. His affections have been in course of training for still higher and holier development beyond.

“ This is the bud of being—the dim dawn :  
 Life's theatre as yet is shut,  
 And death, strong death, alone can heave the massy bars.  
 The gross impediments of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.”

It is then, most emphatically, that he comes “ unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven.” This is how the Christian dies.

W. S. RAE.

DANVILLE, P. Q.

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## MEMORABLE WORDS FROM MEN OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

Many are found in our day who think that the early fathers of the Church were dull and old fashioned, that their way of thinking, and their words of utterance are behind our times. A few exscripts from their writings, occasionally presented, may help to correct impressions so unfounded, and strengthen faith, (never too strong in any of us) in those grand virtues which have given life and adaptation to Christianity in every age. The following words are taken from Clement's “ Exhortation to the Heathen,” a Tract written more than sixteen hundred years ago.

### THE AUTHOR.

Titus Flavius Clements was originally a pagan philosopher. The date of his birth and of his conversion are unknown. He succeeded his master Pantænus in the Catechetical School, in Alexandria, somewhere about A. D. 189, where he continued to teach till A. D. 202, when he became a fugitive for his faith. He is supposed to have died, A. D. 220.

### IN QUEST OF GOD.

“ I seek after God, not the works of God. Whom shall I take as a helper in my inquiry? We do not, if you have no objection, wholly disown Plato. How, then, is God to be searched out, O Plato? “ For both to find the Father and Maker of this Universe is a work of difficulty, and having found Him, to declare Him fully is impossible.” *Timæus*. Why so? “ For he can by no means be expressed,” Well done, Plato! Thou hast touched the truth. But do not flag. Undertake with me, the inquiry respecting the Good. For unto all men, whatever, especially those who are occupied with intellectual pursuits a certain divine effluence has been instilled; whereof, though reluctantly, they confess that God is one, indestructible, unbegotten and that some-



where above in the tracts of Heaven, in His own peculiar appropriate eminence, whence He surveys all things, He has an existence true and eternal."

#### CHRIST THE DOOR.

"If thou desirest truly to see God, take to thyself means of purification worthy of Him, not laurel fillets interwoven with wool and purple, but wreathing thy brows with righteousness and with the leaves of temperance, set thyself earnestly to find Christ. For I am," He says, "the door" which we who desire to understand God, must discover, that He may throw the gates of Heaven wide open to us. For the gates of the word being intellectual, are opened by the key of faith. No one knows God, but the Son, and He to whom the Son shall reveal Him. And I know well that He who has opened the door, hitherto shut, will afterwards reveal what is within, and will shew what we could not have known before, had we not entered in by Christ, through whom alone God is beheld."

#### GOD'S LOVE.

"God, of His great love, comes to the help of man, as the mother-bird flies to one of her young that has fallen out of the nest, and if a serpent open its mouth to swallow the little bird," the mother flutters round, uttering cries of grief over her dear progeny, "but God the Father seeks His creature, and heals his transgression, and pursues the serpent, and recovers the young one and incites it to fly up to the nest."

#### CHRIST AND HIS WORK.

"It was not without divine care that so great a work was accomplished in so brief a space by the Lord, who, though despised as to appearance, was in reality adored, the expiator of sin, the Saviour, the clement, the Divine Word, He that is truly most manifest Deity. He that is made equal to the Lord of the Universe, because He was His Son, and the Word was in God, not disbelieved in by all when He was first preached, nor altogether unknown when, assuming the character of man, and fashioning Himself in flesh, He enacted the drama of human salvation, for He was the true champion and a fellow-champion with the creature, and being communicated most speedily to men having dawned from His Father's counsel quicker than the sun, with the most perfect ease, He made God shine on us. Whence He was, and what He was, He showed by what He taught and exhibited, manifesting Himself as the Herald of the Covenant, the Reconciler, our Saviour, the Word, the fount of life, the giver of peace, diffused over the whole face of the earth, by whom so to speak, the Universe has already become an ocean of blessings."

#### GOD'S NOBLE HYMN.

"A noble hymn of God is an immortal man, established in righteousness, in whom the oracles of truth are engraved. For where, but in a soul that is wise, can you write truth? where love? where reverence? where meekness?"

## THE CONSECRATED OFFERING.

"We have become a consecrated offering to God for Christ's sake, we are the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people, who once were not a people, but are now the people of God, who, according to John, are not of those who are beneath, but have learned all from Him who came from above, who have come to understand the dispensation of God, who have learned to walk in newness of life."

K. M. F.

## CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. ANDREW A. BONAR.

There is a practical error very common among God's people. All of them profess to believe that the Holy Spirit may convert souls at any age, and that conversions cannot be too soon; while yet they do not look for the conversion of children with the same lively faith that they manifest in expecting the Holy Spirit to change those who are of riper years. The same warm-hearted believers who labor for older souls, and are, in the case of such, satisfied with nothing but conversion without delay, do not practically so feel and act in dealing with the young. They are satisfied if the young give attention to the truth, and if they seem not unwilling to retain what they learn in their thoughts; they do not press home *the immediate present acceptance of Christ, on children*, as they would do on grown-up persons. Thus they leave their Sabbath class or their family circle without alarm and without anxiety, though there be therein no symptom of real awakening, and no evidence of these young souls finding the Saviour.

One reason for the difference thus made in the case of the young is, with many, the misunderstanding of certain texts of Scripture—at least so we are strongly inclined to think.

1. One person quotes Prov. xxii. 6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The person with whom this text is a favorite probably applies it thus: "Only teach the plan of salvation to a child, and show wisdom's happy ways to a child, and though at the time the child be not converted, yet, when he is old, he will no doubt take the way you have taught him." But is this the sense of the text? Very far from it. The Holy Spirit means to teach us quite another lesson by these words, viz.: "Only be sure that you get the child in the way while still a child, and you need never fear in regard to that child's after-perseverance." It is "Initiate a child in the way" (see the Hebrew,) or, at the beginning of the way: get the truth introduced into his soul while he is a child, and rest assured that he shall go on as he has begun. It is a blessed text to encourage us to seek the *present and immediate conversion* of children.

2. Another person uses a figure, and soothes his conscience under a lack of success, "Well, at any rate I am filling the waterpot with water (John ii. 7,) so that there shall be the greater amount of wine at a future day, when at length the water is turned into wine by the Lord's miraculous power in the hour of conversion." Now this is only a figurative

application of a text, and no argument at all. But, even using their own figure, how is it that they do not expect that the turning of the water into wine should be immediate? What is there in the passage to which they allude to warrant their waiting on till a distant time? Was not the water changed into wine in their waterpots in a single hour? Indeed, it seems that the change took place in the very act of filling the vessels.

3. A third person has much to say, in a doctrinal form, on the text in Phil. i. 6, "He that has begun the good work will perform it," applying the passage to feelings, impressions, interest awakened among the young in the course of common weekly teaching. There is no conversion in such cases: but then it is alleged, "There is real interest felt, there is impression made, and so the good work is begun, and if begun, shall go on." We reply, "There is a serious mistake here, for 'the good work begun' means *conversion* has taken place; *conversion* is the *good work* that begins the Christian life." Read the context and see this beyond doubt or dispute. The Apostle says, "He that has converted you, placing you on Christ the Foundation, will not forsake you, but will carry on the building to completeness in the day of Christ's appearing." So that this text is really an argument in favor of our not being content with anything in the form of mere impressions, hopeful interest, convictions. We must see conversion work, we must see the Christian life really begun; and this applies to the case alike of old and young.

There is, however, apart from and besides all this, a secret feeling on the part of many Christians that it is not so important for them to be the means of converting children as it is to be the means of converting adults. But they forget that these young souls, brought to Christ in very infancy, will be exercising an influence, year by year, all life long, in all the different stages of their growth, and at length, on reaching manhood, will, by God's grace, mightily move for good their circle of society—over and above the consideration of the evils escaped, and the ill that was never done.

There is, however, a more serious misapprehension lying at the root of this undervaluing of early conversion. In reality, many godly people do look upon the conversion of children as 'a thing to be stood in doubt of.' They scarcely believe that any child's conversion is so deep and genuine as is that of an adult; and yet they admit that all conversion alike is the work of the Holy Ghost, and that He does, when it pleases Him, convert children as well as adults. Still they habitually ignore apparent conversion in children; they have a theory that children imitate old people, and that therefore these appearances are to be put down to imitation only. In dealing with such persons, we say—

1. There must be cases of real conversion among children, if the Word of God is to be our standard; for surely Psalms viii. 2, is written for all ages, and our Lord has commented upon it thus, in Matt. xxi. 16: "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise?" Thus a little girl's reply to the question, "When should children come to Christ?" was excellent. One scholar answered, "At thirteen." Another, "At ten." Another, "At six." But her reply was, "Whenever they understand who God is."

2. There is a most peculiar fitness in the Gospel being blessed to the

conversion of children. The same Holy Spirit in all cases uses the Gospel for saving souls; but, in applying it to children, He illustrates most notably two of its features, viz., its entire freeness, for what could a child give to God? and its amazing simplicity, which is so humbling to the pride of self-righteous man. "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (Luke x. 21; and as Jesus said this, "*He rejoiced in spirit.*") "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein" (Luke xviii. 17.) Nothing was done by the babes or little children whom Christ blessed but this, they let Him lift them up in His arms without resistance, and received what He gave without offering Him any price in return!

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### A. D. 1870.

Years are not all alike, and therefore we do not observe the end of every one of them with the same feelings. Sometimes disappointment predominates, sometimes hope, sometimes satisfaction and lively anticipation. Notwithstanding that events in the East of Europe have within the last fortnight taken an ominous turn, we must so far regard 1870 as a memorable and glorious year, which, on the whole, is fitted to inspire bright hopes for years to come. It appropriately terminates as eventful a decade as any in our calendar perhaps.

It is not the peculiarity only of the events which have happened in our own country or neighbouring nations that we refer to. We wonder at their diversity and universality, and at their beneficent influence. What country is there that during the last ten years has not marked, in a greater or less degree, unmistakable progress or memorable results?

America has liberated her four millions of slaves; and within herself new fountains of intelligence, charity, and religion have sprung up, and are diffusing through the length and breadth of her territory fresh and fertilising streams. Through fire and through water she has struggled to a worthier and more influential place among nations than ever she held before.

Madagascar has renounced her ancient superstitions, and is clad in bridal attire, as if she were to sit down for ever among the noblest of the King's daughters.

Great strides in political and religious progress have been reported from India. It does seem as if the fruits of much missionary faith and toil were about to be gathered, at least to the extent of seven fold, in several districts of that populous and long misgoverned country. Certainly the prospects for Christianity there were never so fair.

Equally cheering intelligence has reached us from several of our other dependencies and colonies. A good work has been done in Australia and in Jamaica, and in the islands of the South Seas. The Gospel has commanded new attention, and has obtained new influence in Syria, and generally in Asia Minor. Jerusalem begins to be looked at with new interest, as assuredly destined to be the centre of a great movement, and in connection with the truth and triumph of God's Word.

But it is in Europe that during the year the most thrilling events have

transpired. That they are not only extraordinary but stupendous in the estimation of our learned and able Prime Minister himself, may be judged from the observation he has deliberately made—that “the minds of men are pained, astonished, and bewildered at the events of which we daily hear.” Those words had no reference to the Eastern crisis. We quote them, therefore, to show that the events of this year have been momentous—not that they have been deplorable, but the opposite. These last ten years may well be called “the age of peaceful revolutions in Europe.”

Spain passed in a day, ere hardly a drop of blood had been shed, from a condition of Papal bondage to one of constitutional liberty. And now the Bible—not only without legal hindrance, but under protection of law—is being sown broadcast over the land—the home of bull-fights, Jesuits, and *auto-da-fés*!

1870 will be memorable for the promulgation at Rome of the infallibility of the Pope by an Ecumenical Council; but this consummation of folly and superstition will be forgotten, as it may well be, in the celebration of the subsequent triumph of just rights against empty ecclesiastical pretensions. Rome, too long the citadel and hot-bed of error—withheld for ages by craft and oppression from its natural proprietors, the people who dwell in it—has been at last, by popular suffrage, united to the Kingdom of Italy. Along with the army which drove out its oppressors, there entered Rome some five Colporteurs of the Bible Society, who carried with them for open sale (horror of horrors to the priesthood and to all enemies of light!) a large number of copies of the Holy Scriptures. By a variety of providential circumstances, to which several crowned heads contributed, no one of whom intending it, Italy has at last become free and united, and has entered on a course, we think, which will by-and-by result in her moral and religious regeneration.

A deep and very gratifying movement in favour of reformation is reported from Hungary, expedited by that blasphemous decree of the Papal Council which had been intended to check and extinguish all activity of thought and desire for pure religion.

Ireland has preferred that her Churches should be separate from State government, and has obtained her wish, unto the glory of God and the interests of truth.

England has demanded the education of every one of her children, and an extensive measure has been framed and passed through Parliament to realise the grandest aim the people of this country ever reached in that direction.

What are we to say of France and of Prussia, still grappling in a mortal struggle? Is Paris—the resort of the young, the wealthy, the gay, and the great—not to be purged and blessed by its shame and sufferings? That there ever was a war among the civilised to be compared to this Franco-Prussian one, in which its slaughtered are reckoned by scores of thousands and its prisoners by hundreds of thousands, and in which fortresses and artillery crumble into nothingness, no one can find out. It was begun in wrong, and the time had come for the Most High to “lay judgment to the line.”

What more may transpire before 1870 has closed, who can predict?

We had written that new disasters to the followers of Mahomet were anticipated; but now we hear of an alliance of all Mahomedans, and that Great Britain is ready to shed the blood of her sons in defence of what has never been anything else than a wretched and intolerant government! Our hearts bled enough already for hosts of wounded and for countless bereaved and desolate homes in France and Germany. We find some consolation in the general results which Providence has brought out of those sufferings. But what save disgrace, disaster, injustice, and wailing can arise from a war, if waged for an exploded idea and a pestilent superstition? Nevertheless, "the Lord reigneth," and "let the earth be glad."

There have been signs in the heavens and in the earth beneath. And it is not just now that the scoffer can cry, "Where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

Now is the time surely to ask ourselves in our own place and station—What do we? There are grounds to believe that our own churches and ministry have not lost the year. A question—the greatest of our home questions—has been faced this year as it has never been, in Scotland at least, How are the lost to be found? In this let us rejoice.

However gloomy our foreign relations have suddenly become, the air around our own dwellings is loaded with new elements of health and beauty. It seems as if God were calling us nearer to himself by every sunrise and by every breeze. The moon too seems to take up the message, and the stars whisper back its truth. Are we alive to the opportunity, and are we praying and studying to be fit for the God-given occasion? May every one of our readers be found at his post, with all the armour of God on him. "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." We were never more delighted that these years are styled *Anno Domini*. This has more than vindicated its title—the year of the Lord 1870.—*The Congregational Miscellany*.

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## The Home Department.

"ONLY IN THE LORD."

"I am so sorry that I cannot help you in your trouble. I would do anything if I only could. At least you know you have my sympathy."

"You can, you *do* help me more than you can think, my dear little friend," said the young man, while a sudden flush crossed his face; "Ellen, if I only dared speak!"

The young girl shrank back involuntarily. She felt what was coming, and sweet, sweet as the avowal would be, there would yet be an ineradicable dross of bitterness in it, and she felt that it *must* not be made. Recovering herself with a strong effort, she said hastily:

"If you only dared tell me what it is that troubles you. But you do not dare, and it is best you should not, I am sure. It is best for you not to speak; don't you think so?" And she looked up with a face of almost piteous pleading.

"Whatever you say is always best, of course," said the young man coldly, the warm flush on his cheek fading away in a look of disappointment; "and that reminds me that you have told me several times it is best that I should go away by ten o'clock, and it is ten now. Good night then, Ellen, little conscience! and God bless you; since you care for that more than anything else."

Deep and bitter was the undertone in which these last words were said, but not so low but that Ellen heard them, and as the door clanged to after her lover's departing form, she sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, gave free vent to the tears which had long been ready to fall.

Yes, that was just it; she *did*, she *must*, care more for the blessing of God than for anything else, and yet she knew—ah, only too well, that this blessing could never be hers, if she became the wife of the man who had just left her.

For he alas, never sought that blessing for himself, set no value upon it, had no faith in it. He was no atheist. He said, "it was only the fool who said there was no God." Of course there was a God—that is a great creative power, by whose will the universe was called into being; but Providence, redemption, sanctification, hell and heaven, were dark sayings to him; they were for those who could believe in them, he said; for himself, he could not. He never sneered or scoffed at religion; he rarely spoke of sacred things at all, but then always with a tone of respect towards those who revered them, and so pretty Ellen Darrow, to whom he had been introduced by a mutual friend, thought no wrong in permitting, nay even accepting his attentions.

When these at length became so unequivocal, that she felt it behooved her, in her orphan state, to make those inquiries which there was no kind parent to make for her, her loving but pious heart was shocked and grieved beyond expression to learn that her well-nigh declared lover was an infidel; a believer in nothing but a mere abstraction of Deity; a denier of the Saviour and all he has done for man, a doubter even of the certainty of any existence after this brief human life.

"But I have known of your being at church," she faltered, trying almost vainly to conceal the shock which his grave simple avowal caused her; and he answered quietly,

"Yes, I often go to church. Though I cannot believe in your creeds, there is a strong necessity for worship in my nature, and the prayers, the solemn music, gratify and soothe it. For the sermons, I rarely listen to them. But do not look so shocked, so grieved, my sweet, my good little friend," he added; "I could not deceive you, I must tell you the truth even though it be to my own hurt; and though I am no Christian I do not think you need fear to find me the less an honorable man—the less worthy to be at least your friend. I shall never do you harm, Ellen, even if I may never be allowed to do you good; and you surely will not cease to be my friend, because I have been true and honest with you?"

No, she could not do that; it might not be wise or prudent, perhaps, to remain under his influence; but she knew that she could trust herself, that no temptation could make her ever so outrage the Saviour who had died for her, as to give her heart to one who utterly denied him; and on the other hand, her influence might perhaps, under God, some day prevail to break through this barrier of unbelief.

So Robert Barton still continued to visit his "little friend;" and Ellen never failed to add to her ceaseless secret prayers some little word which she fondly hoped might yet awaken the dull heart; but no sign of promise had come as yet to gladden her anxious waiting; and now this evening, when she had been once more obliged, as many times before, to ward off the avowal of feelings which she knew she must not accept, the strain upon her patience and her hope seemed almost too great; and her pillow was wet that night with heart-broken and well-nigh despairing tears.

A few evenings afterwards her lover again presented himself, and Ellen saw at the first greeting that he was agitated by some deep and solemn excitement. She asked no questions, however, and he endeavored to "make talk" in indifferent fashion, for awhile. But by-and-by, after some moments of constrained silence, he turned to Ellen with a strange repressed fervor in his look, and exclaimed almost as though against his will:

"My little friend, I would give all I possess in the world, yes, the whole world, if I had it, to be a Christian like you to-day. Oh, if I could but believe in a Providence! Ellen, why is it that I cannot believe?"

But Ellen was too deeply moved to answer. Oh, had God then indeed vouchsafed to hear, perhaps to grant her prayer? This calm, grave, satisfied skeptic at length *desired* at least to believe.

She tried to speak, but the words died on her trembling lips, and Robert Barton answered the question in her eyes.

"You remember that I spoke to you of a great trouble which had come to me, an impending danger which threatened not only my welfare, but my *honor*. There was but one man in the world who could bring satisfactory proofs of my perfect integrity. Where that man was, whether living or dead, in this country or abroad, I had not known for years. Ellen, to-day, just before it was too late, I met that man in the streets of New York—and to-night a burden is lifted from my breast, which but for that meeting, would have crushed it for ever. Ellen, I suppose a miserable unbeliever like me ought to call this chance, but I want to call it Providence. I want to believe in a living, loving God—as you do; a mere Creator will not satisfy the demands of the soul in an hour like this. Child! my heart is well-nigh bursting. What would I not give if I could relieve it, as you could, you pure little girl, in an outpouring of prayer and thanksgiving!"

"And you can, you can!" exclaimed the young girl, turning to him with streaming eyes, and seizing both his hands in her own, in her unconscious emotion.

"Do not tell me, do not even try to think that you are still a hard cold skeptic. After to-day you *must* believe: your own heart cries out for something more than *your* God. Oh, believe in mine! Let me ask him to make you believe in him; let me pray for you if you cannot for yourself. God is so good, he will be patient with you; oh, kneel with me at least, and let me speak until he puts words in your mouth. He will give you faith—he will save you yet—I know, I feel it!"

She sank upon her knees; the once hardened skeptic knelt beside her, and a prayer wrung out of the very depths of two anguished hearts went up to the ear of God.



When Robert Barton arose to go, his face was still troubled, and his heart heavy within him. His was to be no easy victory; he had been too long satisfied in unbelief; but as he bade Ellen good-by, he said:

“Pray for me still, my good angel; I shall never cease praying again myself until I find the living and true God!”

God has promised that those who seek him shall find him; and his promise was made good now.

A month from that day Robert Barton bowed again by Ellen's side: this time at the table of the Lord.

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### SOCIAL RELIGIOUS PARTIES.

In England, Christian people of the most cultured classes have introduced the custom of social religious parties, which are described as very enjoyable as well as profitable. A writer in the *Christian at Work* thus describes one of them:—

Here is one given by a lady in the West End. Her house is large, her position excellent, her income ample, and her husband and children are of one mind with her in the matter. They have given up the frivolous world, and are quite withdrawn from Vanity Fair. Yet they are highly social, genial and generous, and believe that all the elements of their nature, and all the relations and necessities of their life can find their true liberty, and highest culture and satisfaction, in things Christian.

This is one of a series given monthly by the lady during the winter and spring. Her guests have been invited a fortnight or more beforehand, by a neatly engraved card, which, before it is filled up, reads thus:—

MR. & MRS. EDWARD LUCAS

*Request the pleasure of the company of*

M. ——— ———

*On Tuesday, Jan. 30th, 1870.*

TEA AND COFFEE AT 7 O'CLOCK.

READING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

SUBJECT: PHILLIPIANS iii.

*No. 5 Pembroke Terrace, Regent's Park, W.*

*An answer is requested.*

At seven o'clock the guests begin to arrive. They come in evening dress, and are first ushered into the dining-room, where a repast is spread, which is ample, plain, sensible, Christian. The host and hostess are here standing to welcome their guests and see that they are served. The guests stand, or walk, and talk, as they eat and drink, and so enjoy, with the good things provided, a few moments of social chat, and then each, when satisfied, passes out up into the drawing-rooms, where he

quietly seats himself with his friends, and awaits, in mutual conversation, the hour for the reading.

There is something in the welcome given by the generous host, and in the genial greetings and chat of the dining-room, and in the gentle excitement of the tea and coffee, with the more substantial fare, which breaks up the ice of reserve and the stiffness of form, and prepares the way admirably for what is to follow.

Eight o'clock arrives, we are all seated. The invitations given have evidently gauged the capacity of the rooms. There are about sixty present, and not an inch of space left for another chair. The invited have all come, indeed they are sure to do that if they can, and every one has the Bible in hand. The hostess has had the wisdom to secure a wise man for the chair. He takes it, gives out a hymn—with a chorus—a ringing chorus is a musical amen to each verse of a hymn, and more than doubles its power—all sing, and sing as if they loved to sing; sing as they ate and drank, only with greater gusto. The chairman prays in a tender, sweet tone of faith and filial love, and then opens his Bible, as we all do, and reads the designated chapter, and either throws out suggestive remarks and calls attention to other Scriptures bearing upon the truths enfolded in this, or asks questions of one or another, or suggests lines of truth by questions addressed to all, which any one may take up; and so, by one method or another, secures in a few moments a free conversational interchange and communion in the precious things of the Word of God, in which twenty, thirty, or forty persons may take part before the close. A wonderful amount of truth is thus unfolded in a singular and beautiful variety of voice, and manner, and illustration, and he must be poor indeed, who has not enough to have something added to his stock of Bible knowledge never to be forgotten.

Before we know it, the time is up—half-past nine has come—the leader, evidently with reluctance, feels compelled to close the conversation, which he does by a word or two, perhaps summing all up—rather gathering up the fragments of the feast—and giving out another ringing hymn. A prayer, or two, or three, follow, and the Lord's Prayer, in which all join, and a grace while yet kneeling, ends the drawing-room feast.

The guests make their way again to the dining-room, where a collation and further social interchange is enjoyed, and finally leave is taken of host, hostess and each other, and all go away, the richer, the wiser, and happier, for what they have mutually received and given.

This is one of these social religious parties, and is the type of perhaps the largest class of them all. Vary this by an address from some one whose name is an attraction, and whose voice is a power, occupying half an hour or forty minutes, followed by conversation, singing and prayer, and you have another variety. Let it be that the host himself is the leading spirit of the circle, and the chairman in the reading, and you have still another variety.

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Our Lord loves not to have love slighted; the full soul loathes the honey-comb; thou hast yet too many lovers, to give thy Lord welcome. He keeps his best wine till all thine be soured; then it will relish, and then thou shalt have it.—*Alaine*.

## ALICE'S INVITATION ; OR, WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

A little ragged boy sat on a door step, one bright Sunday morning, watching a crowd of children who were waiting outside the door of a Sabbath School, expecting its opening. It was plainly no Sabbath to him, poor child, for a week's dirt appeared on his face and clothes.

"How happy they all look," he thought, as he gazed upon the cheerful group of children. "I wonder what they do in there;" and he glanced at the school. "I should like to know."

Just then the door opened, and they were admitted.

Poor Freddy watched them in a sad and anxious way, and again fell to wondering what they did in there.

How long he might have been thus thinking is very doubtful, had he not been disturbed by a little girl who at that moment came up, and touching him on the arm said in a very soft voice, "Would not you like to come to school." For a moment a gleam of pleasure lit up Freddy's countenance; but it passed away as he looked from the neat dress of the speaker to his own ragged clothing. "*Me!*" he said deprecatingly: "they would not have me."

"Oh, yes, they would," said the little girl eagerly. "They will have any one who likes to come. Only try, I am sure you would like it if you had been once."

"I should like to, but I am ashamed; I am so dirty, and my clothes are so torn."

Here was a difficulty, truly; but little girls are often very shrewd when they have an end to accomplish; so she quickly solved the difficulty by saying

"It is getting late now, and I shall lose my ticket if I stay any longer. Suppose you go home, and wash your face very clean, and make yourself as tidy as you can, and come in time for the afternoon school. It begins at two o'clock."

"Are you sure they will have me if I do?" asked the boy somewhat doubtfully.

"I think I am," replied the child, "for last Sunday week they took in just such a poor boy as you."

She stopped as she saw the sad look of the boy, and felt she had been rude. "You be here a few minutes before two o'clock," she added kindly, "and I'll go in with you, and take you straight up to the superintendent."

"Very well, I'll try it on."

"Don't forget," she cried, as she tripped lightly up to the school-room door.

"I won't, you may be sure, you dear little thing," murmured poor little Freddy, while something like a tear gathered in his eye.

"There aint many like you, I guess."

Exactly at the right time Freddy was at the place of meeting; and very soon after he espied the trim little figure of his new friend coming towards him.

The church pump had served the supply for a thorough good wash; by dint of hard scrubbing the boy had removed very much of the dirt from

his face and hands. Considering that he had no soap, he had done wonders.

Little Alice smiled approvingly as she saw the change, and said directly, 'That will do, you are nice and clean now. Now let's come at once up to the door, and get in first.'

They did get in first; and went direct to the desk of the superintendent. "Please, sir, I asked this boy to come into the Sunday School, and he wants to come. You'll let him come, won't you, please sir?"

The superintendent looked from one to the other. "What made you ask him, Alice?" "I thought he wanted to come, sir; and I wished him so much to hear about Jesus, and learn the way to heaven."

"Is it your wish to come to school, my lad?" said the superintendent kindly.

"Please, sir," muttered Freddy, hanging down his head.

"We will not turn him away, Alice. You may go to your seat." With a bright smile the child walked quietly away.

Before entering his name, the superintendent had a few questions to ask; his age, his occupation, his parent's name and abode.

Poor boy! his sad history was soon told.

Though only nine years old, he had no home, nor any one to care for him. The woman who called herself his mother, sometimes deserted him for days together, and then he was compelled to sleep where he could, and live how he could. Then she would suddenly come back, and a brief shelter and something to eat generally followed. Soon he would again be left alone to shift for himself on stray pence, begged crusts, and shelter in a door-way.

It was a sad story plainly told, and evidently true. The superintendent made no remark then, but desired the boy to wait and speak to him after the school closed.

The singing of the opening hymn sounded very sweet to Freddy; and when the superintendent prayed, he listened with rapt attention. But some very simple instructions, delivered after the reading lesson was over by a kind and earnest teacher, went straight to the little fellow's heart. More than once the big tears rose to his eyes, and when at length the concluding hymn was given out,

There is a better world they say,  
 Oh, so bright;  
 Where sin and woe are done away,  
 Oh, so bright;  
 And music fills the balmy air,  
 And angels with bright wings are there,  
 And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
 Oh, so bright.

and the sweet chorus of young voices took it up, he began almost to entertain some dim and misty notion that he was getting near the heaven of which it spoke.

The school was at last dismissed, and Freddy left alone with the superintendent.

"Are you quite sure you have no other name than Freddy, my boy?"

"Not that I knows on."

"And you don't know your mother's name?"

"All them that knows her, calls her Moll. I never heard her called anything else."

"And you can't tell where she is at present?"

"I han't seen her for three or four days."

"Where have you lived during that time?"

"I slept two nights up *Shore's Entry*; and two nights walked about most o' the time. In the day I beg."

"Would you like to have some settled home, and follow some decent employment?"

"Wouldn't I! only give me the chance."

"You shall come home with me to-night, and I will see what can be done."

The kind gentleman took him home; and while he ate the best meal his poor little hungry stomach had, perhaps, ever enjoyed, his benefactor talked the matter over with his wife, and it was decided, that as they were at present in want of a lad to run of errands, clean shoes, knives and forks, and attend to other small matters, he should be taken into the service upon trial.

A strangely changed life from that time was the forlorn Freddy's, and a very happy one it proved to be.

His love and gratitude to his deliverers from the misery in which he had passed his earliest years was very great, and by the best efforts to please them he tried to show his sense of the kindness he had received.

He was soon sent to a night school, and made rapid progress. But the Sunday School continued to be his delight; and it was plain to all, that the truths he learnt there were influencing his heart and life, in short that he was learning to love his God and Saviour.

Every Sunday he saw his first friend, little Alice: the day never appeared right without this treat, for it was a treat to him; it was his delight to place himself where she had first spoken to him, and wait for her coming; that, as he said, two people might be pleased; he to speak to her, and see the sweet smile and hear the gentle voice that at first had so won upon his desolate young heart, and she to see how the poor ragged boy was changed, and how happy he had become, *all through her*. Freddy was not the only one that Alice invited to the Sunday School. Seeing how much good her first timid but kind effort had effected, she took courage and asked another and yet another. Many poor girls in her neighbourhood she was the means of gathering in; and as time wore on, a juvenile class was formed, called "Alice's class," every member of which was the fruit of her labour of love.

She grew up indeed to be a very active and truly useful Christian young woman, and was the instrument, in the hand of God, of saving many a precious soul.—*British Juvenile*.

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BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem, upon the raindrops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert, upon its deep chambers, upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light, upon all His works He has written "NO ONE LIVETH FOR HIMSELF."

## LITTLE MINNIE'S DREAM.

Dear little Minnie came down to breakfast with her cheeks rosy, and her bright eyes having such a depth to them, that papa and mamma both saw it. Mamma said, with a smile, "Have the bright angels been in your dreams, Minnie, that you look so happy?"

"I think they were almost, mamma," said Minnie, "for I have had a curious dream. I thought I was in a deep, dark wood, and I didn't know the way out. I could hear wild beasts howling dreadfully not far away, and I was afraid they would come and find me, by-and-by. When it grew very dark, I called and called, and cried because I was afraid. Just then there came out of the dark, a tall, strong man, and oh, with such a noble face! and as he looked down into my eyes, he said, 'What, is my little girl lost in this great wood?' Then, when I still cried—but now for joy that I was'nt alone—he took my hand in his, and led me on through the woods. Then I said, 'I'm afraid the wild beasts will bite us.' 'You are in no danger while I am with you,' he said. 'I can keep them all off.' And he looked as if he could; for he seemed so strong and brave, and his face had such a calm, kind look, that I knew nothing could frighten him. So we walked on through the wood, and when I was tired he took me in his arms, and I felt so safe, and I could hear his great heart beat. But I loved better to walk by his side and hold his hand. By-and-by we came to a great rock, that rose right up in the path, and I didn't know what we could do. So I looked up to see his face, because I thought he had lost his way, too. You can't think how calm and kind he looked then. But I was afraid when he pointed to a hole in the rock, and said, 'Here is a dark way through the rock, and it is the only way out of the wood. Will my little girl be afraid to trust herself to me, and go with me down into it?' I wasn't a bit afraid when I looked into his face again, and thought how kindly he had led me and carried me so far through the wood. So I told him I'd trust myself to him any where—only I didn't like the cold and damp of the dark cave. Then he said to me, 'Stoop down, Minnie, and look into the cave.' O, mamma you can't think what I saw. Through the dark, that only went a little way, I saw such a beautiful place, where people were going over such smooth, green lawns, where fountains were playing, and sweet music was sounding—I could just hear the music, and oh, it was better than any I ever heard before. There were children there, too, beautifully dressed. Mamma, I didn't feel a bit afraid of the dark. So I took hold of the dear, strong man's hand again, and we were just going into the cave when I woke up. I was so sorry to wake up, dear mamma."

When mamma told Minnie that just such a great wood our life is, and that there are great wild beasts, called Temptations, that come to destroy people that are lost in it, little Minnie loved better the dear Saviour, who is the strong man that leads those who put their hands in his, out of the dark wood.

Mamma told Minnie, that the dark passage through the rock was just like death, which looked dark and cold and damp, till one had looked through it—as Jesus teaches us to do.—*Christian Mirror*.

## CHILDREN'S GRAVES.

Mr. Gray had not long been minister of the parish before he noticed an odd habit of the grave-digger; and one day coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused a moment at his work, and looked up, not at the minister, but at the sky, and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care," remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I cannot make too nice and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waiting there till it is God's time to waken it and cover it with a white robe, and waft it away to glory. When such grandeur is awaiting it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Saviour will like to see white clover spread above it; do you not think so, too, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves, also?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Saviour's sight."

"Very true, sir," responded John, with great solemnity, "but I cannot be sure who are His saints, and who are not. I hope there are many lying in this church-yard, but it would be great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I am pretty sure about, and I keep their graves as neat and clean as I can. I plant a bit of flower here and there as a sign of my hope, but dare not give them a white skirt," referring to the white clover. "It's very different, though, with the children."—*Seeds and Sheaves.*

## SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

At home or away, in the alley or street,  
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet  
A girl that is thoughtless, or boy that is wild,  
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,  
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,  
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,  
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;  
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;  
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—  
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;  
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;  
No matter how low is his standard of joy—  
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;  
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been press'd;  
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild;  
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

FRANCIS L. KRELLER.

## AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,  
 And flowers the sweetest at the eventide,  
 And birds most musical at close of day,  
 And saints divinest when they pass away ;  
 Morning is lovelier, but a holier charm  
 Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm ;  
 And weary man must ever love her best,  
 For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

Coming from heaven, she on her wings doth bear  
 A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer ;  
 Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,  
 To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.  
 All things are hushed before her as she throws  
 O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose ;  
 There is a calm, a beauty, and a power  
 That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,  
 Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,  
 Tread with sad feet our rough and stormy way,  
 And bear the heat and burden of the day.  
 Oh ! when our sun is setting, may we glide  
 Like summer evening down the golden tide ;  
 And leave behind us when we pass away,  
 Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

—*The Interior.*

*For the Canadian Independent.*

## THE COTTAGE HOME OF BETHANY.

The cottage home of Bethany,  
 How beautiful it stands !  
 It lives in the hearts and memories,  
 Of many peopled lands.

The happy home of Jesus,  
 Who sought its rest and shade :  
 Where, where art thou sweet cottage,  
 All ruined and decayed ?

But thy *glory* liveth ever,  
 Thy *beauty*; still renowned,  
 In our hearts the Saviour lives,  
 And makes thee, "hallowed ground."

No longer are thine inmates dear,  
 Prepared to meet their guests,  
 They sleep—as mortals all must do—  
 They live, among the blest.

They feast in happier realms,  
 At the table of their King,  
 While angels "look" with wonderment,  
 And serve with joyous wing.

Martha's troubles now are o'er,  
 And Mary's joy supreme ;  
 They both sit now at Jesus' feet,  
 With naught to come between.

E. J. R.



## British and Foreign Record.

The following, from the *N. Y. Tribune*, we cordially endorse, as applying to other places besides San Francisco, or the United States :—

“There is a curse on Lotteries, whether ticket-holders draw prizes or blanks. The Mercantile Library Lottery in San Francisco was probably drawn as fairly as any lottery can be ; but the fact remains that in any scheme of getting somethings for nothing, a great proportion of the investors must be disappointed and demoralized, although they may not blow their brains out, as Emil Hirsch did in San Francisco. He had fifteen whole tickets and seven coupons in the lottery, and he drew nothing ! Upon hearing this, he became dreadfully despondent, and destroyed himself. It seems strange, after innumerable demonstrations of the immorality and danger of lotteries, that they should be tolerated anywhere. They have enriched a few, only to reduce thousands to beggary and despair. There is not a civilized country in the world in which they have not been denounced by the best and even by the most liberal moralists ; they were thought in many countries to be forever abolished as prejudicial to society ; yet they are lately reviving again in all their splendid seductiveness. They are prohibited by the statutes of most States, yet there is not a State nor city in the Union in which tickets are not freely sold. Rich men invest thousands and paupers “play policy.” The laws against them should either be repealed or enforced.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Education brings out many facts which deeply concern every one who regards a fair degree of intelligence among the people of all sections as a first necessity of a republic. For instance, the total present yearly expenditure in thirty States for school purposes is about \$61,000,000. While 22 States have 5,695,916 children enrolled in their schools, they report an average attendance of only 3,377,069, and there is a total average absence in the same States of no less than 4,843,568 children of school age. This latter fact is simply dangerous and demands the attention not only of philanthropists but of legislators. Naturally it is at the South that non-attendance at school is most marked, and the school systems least efficient. Before the abolition of slavery, as is well known, hardly any of the Southern States had any thing like a thorough system of free schools. Since the war a few of them, specially those that have remained for some time under Republican influences, have endeavored to establish common schools, but in most cases the opposition has been so strong and the obstacles so many that either entire failure or very indifferent success has been achieved. Mississippi, South Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas and Missouri have been more successful than other southern communities in the work of the organizing and sustaining free school systems.”—*Advance*.

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## Correspondence.

### THE COMING CENSUS.

DEAR SIR.—It may be well to apprise the members and attendants of the Congregational Churches in the Dominion of Canada, of the near approach of the Census to be taken in the early part of 1871, and to remind each member of the Denomination to record himself and his family, as connected with that Communion, except where adult children have joined other Communions. There are many instances of Congregationalists attending Episco-

palian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan and other Churches, in consequence of there being no Congregational Church, in their own immediate neighbourhood. Such persons ought nevertheless to record their names, as Congregationalists. The information thus given, will be most useful for the future in affording a close approximation to the real strength of Congregationalism in Canada, and also useful in directing Missionary efforts in the extension and maintenance of such connexion.

In the Annual Report for 1870, of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, the following statement, is presented in the statistical table, as representing 67 out of 86 Churches.

Membership, present members.....	3318
Non-resident.....	263
	4081
Attendance at all Stations.....	12648
Infants Baptized 343,—representing a population of about.....	12000

It would be desirable, therefore, to have the third of such 12000,—and I doubt not for the Dominion, that the number would reach 20,000.

In Lower Canada, it would be better to annex "Protestant," to Congregational.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your faithfully,

Ottawa, Nov. 21, 1870.

W. H. JOHNSON, C.S.

#### JOTTINGS OF A VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK.

DEAR INDEPENDENT.—In a previous communication, I referred to the kindness of American brethren in Boston, and their willingness to help a foreign mission, such as I represent, notwithstanding special and pressing claims. The same good feeling was manifested in Worcester, Providence, Norwich, Hartford, and New Haven, although my stay was very short. From these six places in *New England*, through the blessing of God, I realized \$1130,31 in behalf of the French Canadian Mission. It was my privilege to mingle with distinguished and honoured brethren, and occasionally to share in their hospitality. I had frequent intercourse with Drs. Kirk and Blagden, and other brethren in Boston, both lay and clerical. Spent a pleasant Sabbath with brother Plumb of Chelsea. Preached for Drs. Cutler and Sweetser, in Worcester, and addressed the Sabbath School concert of the latter. In Providence, I addressed a prayer-meeting in one of the Churches; at Norwich, preached for Mr. Dana and Dr. Arms, and took part in the evening service, at Mr. Merriman's church; a beautiful city, and many kind warm-hearted friends. Spent Thanksgiving day at Hartford, listening to Dr. Daggett, and sharing in the hospitality of a warm friend of the mission, Samuel Ward Esq., once a resident in Montreal. I was a hearer in New Haven, on a Sabbath, twice in the oldest Congregational Church there, and once in the chapel of Yale College, hearing on each occasion three different professors. Dr. Leonard Bacon preached in the evening, and had a crowded house. I addressed the prayer-meeting at Mr. Clark's in the week.

New York has not been so productive to the mission as New England. Then I have spent less time here, and there are special efforts being made by the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, which operate against me. I have been a hearer most of the time, and working hard to raise funds when not so employed.

One Sabbath morning, I heard Dr. J. P. Thompson of Broadway Tabernacle. He has a wealthy and influential church, and they are doing nobly this memorial year. The singing was good, but lacked the congregational

element to a large extent. The Doctor's sermon was read; plain, solemn, scriptural, and practical, based upon the words, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16; 16. During the week, I heard a lecture from him on Egypt, a subject in which he is *profoundly* versed. He has lately delivered several lectures on Egyptology, and is preparing a work for the press, that will do for Moses and Egypt, what Conybeare and Howson have done for the Apostle Paul and his writings. His work on the Theology of Christ is able, and worth a careful perusal, like all his writings. There is a rumour abroad, that he may become ere long President of Yale College, but on what foundation, it rests I know not.

In the evening of the Sabbath referred to, I heard our friend, Dr. Ormiston, late of Hamilton, in his own church in New York, and was delighted to see it crowded. It will seat 1500, but as the aisles and galleries were filled, there could not have been less than, 1800 persons present. The Doctor preached without the manuscript, and delivered an earnest, rousing, scriptural, and practical sermon on Eccles 12; 1, pointing out clearly the duty, the inducements, and the difficulties of early piety. *The ring of the gospel* was evident throughout, such preaching cannot fail to do good. The preacher has a fine field of labour, and he is making his mark. The singing was congregational and hearty, and the hymns beautifully appropriate. In the middle of the day of the Wednesday following, I attended his Ladies' Bible class. The lecture room was crowded. Some 200 were present, influential persons, married and single. By request I united in prayer with them, and spoke for a few minutes on the French mission to an intelligent and attentive audience; after which our dear brother in his rapid, fluent, earnest, playful manner, addressed the ladies, on the *Epistle to the Galatians*, conveying precious gospel truth, while awakening a smile now and then by his looks and remarks. It was very instructive, and one cannot but pray, God prosper brother Ormiston in his efforts to preach the precious and vital truths of the gospel of truth.

The following Sabbath, I heard Henry Ward Beecher in his own church, at Brooklyn. I was there more than half an hour before the time, and the people were gathering, and by half past 10, it was crowded. It will seat 2500, but packed with seats in the aisles, it accommodates 3000, and it was filled on this occasion. Plymouth Church is a plain building both outside and inside. There were some beautiful flowers in a flower-pot on the platform, and on the table near his chair. Beecher is somewhat like his brother Edward who attended our Congregational Union, in June last. He has a happy cheerful countenance—is plainly dressed—is natural in his style—plain, simple, and beautiful in his prayers, but not distinguished for the ring of gospel truth in his sermon,—instructive and useful, but not sufficiently adapted to souls awakened and enquiring. It was based on Mark 8; 17, 18. It was on developing manhood, with thoughts on existing forms of government. He read in part, and extemporized in part. Two or three times his remarks occasioned a laugh. The hymns selected were evangelical, and the singing hearty and general.

After addressing a Mission School in the afternoon in New York, I attended the Strangers' Church, as it is called, in the evening, and heard Dr. Deems, the pastor, who addressed some 1200 people on Christ with the politicians, based on Mark 12; 13—17. The sermon contained some good thoughts and illustrations, but was not so adapted to be useful, spiritually, as the preaching of Brother Ormiston, and the well known Spurgeon.

I will not trespass however more upon your time, and hope these jottings may not be without interest to some of your readers. I leave in a few days for Canada, when I shall have a little more leisure for reporting further.

Yours cordially,

J. T. B.

## News of the Churches.

**Rev. J. G. Manly.**—A few days since, a deputation of ladies, members of Zion Church Toronto, waited on the Rev. J. G. Manly, and presented him with a purse containing subscriptions from a circle of numerous friends, as a token of their attachment to him, and of their appreciation of the benefits, they received from his labors among them during his pastorate.

**Ottawa.**—We publish the following description of a very enjoyable "Social," from the pastor of the church at Ottawa, in the hope that others may be induced to try a similar experiment, and thus provide for the young, what they ought to have,—rational and proper entertainment.

"Our Reading Socials have been resumed for the winter. If held within bounds these weekly entertainments, though secular in character, may render excellent service. Once a month, I have undertaken to deliver a brief lecture, occupying about 30 minutes. The first of these, last Thursday evening, was a "Glimpse at the glories of the City of Paris." It attracted a large company. We intersperse readings and music, allowing a brief intermission for free conversation in the course of the proceedings, not exceeding ten minutes. The whole entertainment is restricted to an hour and a half from 8 to 9½. The Pastor presides, we have rented an excellent piano for the season, and have little difficulty in securing some very spirited performances, vocal and instrumental. Others than our own people, cheerfully render us assistance. Admission is by payment of five cents for old and young, alike. Though some of the other Readings in the city have been very noisy and disorderly, we have quite got rid of such annoyances, and always have good order. I have been thus full in regard to them, to enable you to realize pretty well their characteristics, and if you are so inclined, to encourage the trial of such Socials throughout the churches. The more common Socials lack requisite occupation, while these engage the attention, at the same time affording all desirable social intercourse."

**Lanark Village.**—We are pleased to learn that the Rev. John Brown has received a very cordial call to Lanark Village Church, signed by all the male members, and that he intends to begin his labours there with the new year. Salary, \$500 and parsonage. Mr. Brown writes: "My health is better than for 12 years. I have been breaking up new ground in the north-west of Caledon and Orangeville for over three months, and feel very sorry that I cannot remain with the friends there. We must keep an eye to these places, however, and hold what has been gained. We have our work to do there. My address hereafter will be Lanark P. O."

Caledon, Dec. 16, 1870.

**Rugby.**—In the month of last October, on the return of the Rev. J. G. Sanderson and his wife from their visit to New York and Boston, they were invited to a social by the young people of the Sunday School. After an ample and appropriate repast, the chair was taken by the Superintendent of the school, Mr. Forrester, who addressed some fitting words of welcome and compliment to the guests. In response to his call, Mr. Sanderson gave an interesting account of the recent excursion; of New York Central Park, Greenwood Cemetery, the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners, the preaching of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, of "the Hub of the Universe," the great kindness with which his wife and himself had been everywhere received, and the thorough enjoyment of the whole tour. Master David

Bone, then, on behalf of the young friends, presented an address to Mrs. Sanderson, with a beautiful porcelain tea set and flowers in vases, in acknowledgement of her very valuable labours in the Rugby Sunday School. On Mrs. Sanderson's brief but suitable acknowledgement of all this, a beautiful copy of Cobbin's Domestic Bible, was presented to her by the Teachers. After appropriate observations from the Chairman and the Pastor, as well as the interspersing of the engagements with "the service of song," this most pleasant evening at Rugby, was concluded

M.

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**Scotland.—A Novel Wedding Party.**—The Rev. W. Hay, the worthy pastor of the Scotland and Kelvin Churches, was the recipient of a pleasant little surprise on the evening of the 1st ult. The confidential agent of a certain bridal party ("*brille*," *we* should spell it,) called on him a day or two before, to learn if he would be at home on the evening in question, whispering to him that "a certain party would require his services." Of course, the natural conclusion was, that a wedding was on the tapis. And as no minister ever had grace enough to refuse such an appeal, other engagements were accommodated to the altered circumstances of the case. This appointment having leaked out, many enquiries were made as to who were the happy couple; but none could conjecture. The evening revealed it, however: for just as Mr. Hay was looking for the expected bride and bridegroom, horses and carriages began to arrive from all directions, filled with the good people of his charge, and laden with the good things of this life. The "surprise" was complete. A little explanation, however, and the pastor resigned himself and his dwelling to the fate (and the *fête*) that had been prepared for him. A very pleasant evening was spent in social converse, and when the party retired, they left behind them a "fee" of about \$70.

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**Fergus.**—The anniversary services of the Church Opening were held on the 18th and 19th December. On the former day (Sabbath), two Sermons were preaching by the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson of London, to excellent congregations. A tea-meeting was held on the following evening, in the large Drill Shed of the Village, when, instead of the usual random speeches, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Dickson, to a delighted audience of about 350, on "Christian Life in the Nineteenth Century." Proceeds from all the services about \$90, to go towards the debt on the Church building.

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**Garafraxa First Church.**—This Church had about \$200 of debt remaining on the building. A second subscription was circulated in November, by which \$144 were promised. On the evening of 20th December, a meeting was held in the Church, at which Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, preached; after the sermon, a collection of over \$12, was taken up; a new subscription was called for, and in a few minutes the whole balance was promised in a pleasant, spirited competition. "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart, they offered willingly to the Lord." "And all the Congregation blessed the Lord God of their Fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord."—1 Ch. xxix, 9, 20.

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**Waterloo.—Worthy of Imitation.**—The Rev. H. J. Colwell, of Waterloo, Q., writes us, while forwarding several new subscriptions: "Our church here has taken action in reference to the magazine, and, I presume, others will yet subscribe for it. We have passed a resolution in reference to it, which is as follows: "*Resolved*, That as the *Canadian Independent* represents and advocates our principles, we pledge ourselves, as members of this church, to do

what we can to increase its circulation." I send you the resolution as an indication in the right direction ; for I have no faith in that kind of church relation which will not sustain its own literature, when that literature is so healthy in its tone, and sound in all that is good, as we find the *Canadian Independent* to be. Our church is yet small, and funds are scarce, but we feel that when we are helping the "*C. I.*" we are helping ourselves.

"I am yours, very truly, in Christ,

"H. J. COLWELL."

**Yarmouth, N. S.**—The ladies of the Yarmouth Congregational Church held a bazaar in the commodious vestry adjoining the church on the evening of the first ult.

On the following evening, a social and business meeting combined was held in the same place, when the balance of stock on hand was disposed of ; the total receipts amounting to \$200,63. Of this sum the ladies voted \$170,00, towards reducing the debt on the organ, leaving now but \$230,00 of a debt which a year ago was \$950,00 ; and, to their praise, be it said, by far the *better half* of the amount paid in, has been presented by the ladies.

As a society, are they not worthy of this encomium ?—"Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all." \* \* \*

#### MISSIONARY MEETINGS—QUEBEC DISTRICT, No. 1.

Dear Bro.—At the meeting of the Missionary Committee held in Waterloo, in September last, it was arranged that our meetings here, should come off in the following month ; but our Anniversary services, and the meetings of the Bible Society for this section, coming off at the time agreed upon, we had to postpone them, till the end of November. By this change, we lost the promised aid of Brother Purkiss, but this loss was happily filled by the presence at three of our meetings, of Bro. Fraser, of Montreal.

Brother Colwell and I exchanged pulpits on Sabbath, November 27th, when we had the opportunity of interesting the young as well as the adult portion of our flocks, on behalf of missions. Brother C. has much to encourage him in his field in Waterloo, and at the Crowhurst School House, about one mile north of Brome Outlet. The church is receiving additions to its numbers. They are much in need of a communion service. Perhaps some of our larger churches, or some other warm-hearted friends will kindly think of their little sister in Waterloo. Their only place of meeting at present, is in the Stone School House, which usually is much crowded, but not very convenient. When the station was commenced last year, there was some hope that the frame building then occupied by the Episcopalians, might have been purchased for their use ; but because it had been *consecrated*, the Bishop of Montreal would not consent to the transfer. It *may* be taken down and the *materials destroyed!* This has annoyed some of the contributors to their new building, very much, as well as disappointed us. They feel strongly rebellious, as they had hoped that the proceeds of the sale would help them considerably in the cost of the new church. They may, however, succeed yet, in overcoming his scruples.

**Waterloo.**—On Monday evening, the 28th, Brother Colwell having returned home, we held a public meeting for the Society in the school house, where we were joined by Brother J. Fraser from Montreal, by the cars ; Brother Watson had not arrived, and a telegram from him, to say that he could not be with us, did not reach us till next day. We had, however, the presence and aid of the Rev. Mr. Hooker, (W. M.) and Rev. Mr. Kinney, (Adventist). Brother Colwell presided, and after devotional exercises, read

some extracts from the Report. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the writer, the brethren above referred to, and Brother Fraser. The attendance was good, and would no doubt have been better, had not Miss Woodbury, of the Good Templars, from Chicago, been lecturing at seven in the Methodist Church. Our meeting, consequently, did not commence till eight o'clock. Collection—\$4 25 cts.; subscriptions, \$5 00, with more to come.

*South Granby.*—Brother Fraser and I drove over to this place on Tuesday afternoon, leaving Brother C. to come on to Granby village next day, by the tram. After taking tea with one of my people, we repaired to the school house, which we were pleased to find well filled, and a choir in attendance. Here we were joined by Brother Watson. The writer, as Pastor, presided. Brother Watson read portions of the Word of God, and led in prayer; some extracts from the Report were read, and interesting and able addresses from the deputation followed, interspersed with suitable music by the choir. The subscriptions here amounted to \$12 40 cts., and the collection to \$7 60 cts.—total, \$20 00. A good feeling seemed to prevail. Possibly the people may be stimulated by the addresses to “arise and build.”

*Granby Village.*—Next evening our meeting was held in Granby Village. The roads not being first rate, the attendance was rather thin. Brother Colwell and the two resident (W. M.) ministers, Messrs. English and Ingalls, were with us. Extracts from the Report having been read by the Pastor, interspersed with suitable music, the meeting was addressed by brethren Colwell, English, Fraser, Ingalls and Watson. Mr. E. evidently felt very sore about our having recently taken steps to secure to ourselves the Congregational church in Abbottsford, (which they are still allowed to occupy as formerly once on each alternate Sabbath, and for prayer meetings,) made a violent denominational speech,—almost insulting brethren Watson and Colwell, who were formerly Methodists, and exalting Methodism at the expense of all others, *ourselves* especially. Some cool, but telling remarks in reply, were given by the chair, and especially by Brother Fraser, and the brethren who had been so unwarrantably attacked. Mr. Ingalls' speech was more appropriate and to the point. Brother Fraser's address was very interesting and effective. The subscriptions here amounted to \$21 00, and the collection to \$5 00—total, \$26 00—a slight advance on last year. When it is remembered that, besides this, and meeting the local claims of the church, two or three friends here, have guaranteed \$100 per annum, for three years, to sustain missionary operations in Mawcook and Abbottsford, there is much cause for thankfulness.

*Mawcook.*—Is a rising village, about five miles north-west from Granby. Several of our church members reside there. Our meeting here was held on Thursday evening. The chair was occupied by Wm. Hungerford, Esq. Attendance about as last year. After some extracts from the Report, addresses were delivered by the members of the deputation. Brother Watson being with us, we had some nice singing between the addresses. Subscription and collection \$5 24 cts., but the former is not yet complete.

Next afternoon we proceeded to Abbottsford, and held the first Missionary meeting which has taken place in our old church for many years. Here we have had to contend with much opposition from the Wesleyan Methodists, who had occupied the Congregational Chapel so long, that they began to look upon it as their own. But the land was deeded by the late Rev. Richard Miles, and the building erected by Congregationalists, and only by invitation of the trustees, could any other denomination occupy it. They have made some repairs on the building, which we may look upon as a kind of rental.

The Deed provides, that when no organized church shall exist, the remaining trustees shall nominate and appoint others to fill up vacancies—and as

the attempt which we made to re-organize the church, soon after Brother Colwell entered the field, failed in consequence of the strong feeling manifested by the Methodists,—this course has been adopted, and new trustees appointed by two of the three remaining trustees, by notarial action, endorsed upon the original *first copy* of the deed, which has since been registered entire, in the proper court. The third refused, having been induced to call a public meeting of the members of the Methodist congregation for the like purpose; but as that was done without the concurrence of the other two, it of course was illegal. They, however, held their meeting and made their so called appointments.

We held a public meeting here, according to appointment, in the evening, (viz; on Friday, Dec. 2nd), and though the number present was small, it was quite equal to our expectations.

The meeting was presided over by the Rev. H. J. Colwell, and opened with reading the Scriptures and prayer by Brother Watson. Some extracts from the Report had been read by the chairman, the meeting was addressed by the deputation. It devolved upon me to take the lead, which I did, by giving a brief history of the church and the reasons which had led to the present movement, followed by some remarks on our Missionary work in general. Brother Watson followed, in an able address. The Rev. W. English was invited to speak, but declined, and consented to close the meeting with prayer. The young lady, Miss Fisk, who usually plays upon the instrument, was kindly in attendance, and assisted us in singing some suitable hymns. The collection which is to be supplemented by another to-morrow, amounted to \$3 22 cts.

The trustees having found that the Methodists contemplated holding a service there every Sabbath, as their mission here had been reinforced, requested Mr. Colwell, at the close of the meeting, to inform the superintendent minister, what they had previously intimated, that no additional services could be held in that building, without their consent. He did so, and the reply was, "that no notice would be taken of the intimation, as he denied their authority as trustees." Three of them being present, one of whom had been appointed in the Rev. R. Miles' day, endeavoured to explain matters, but it only led to angry altercation. Our trustees are firm but conciliatory. Had not the Methodists threatened to exclude us, perhaps they would not have been so decided. They have since taken advice with two of our Deacons here, men of piety and sound judgment, and have been confirmed in the position held.

The Church at Abbotsford was reorganized some two months since, with nine or ten members, including some who had letters from the Granby church. It has since passed a resolution asking to be received as a branch of the Granby church, which has been unanimously agreed to.

Brother Colwell intends to withdraw from *this* part of his field after April 1, that he may give one service every Sabbath to Waterloo, though for the present, he may also take up a fortnightly service at Brome Corners, 14 miles from Waterloo—a part of Bro. Watson's wide field.

Adamsville, Monday, Dec. 5th,—Another of Brother Watson's stations. The Hall of the Academy, where our services are held, was well filled. Brother Watson presided. The Rev. Mr. Robinson, Wesleyan Methodist, from West Farnham, was present, and took part in the meeting. The addresses of the brethren were interesting and conducive to practical piety, and the meeting was much enlivened by the services of an effective choir. Collection, \$7 58 cts., the best ever taken up there. Bros. Watson and Colwell went to

Megg's Corners.—Three miles from Dunham, another part of Brother Watson's field, on the Wednesday. They reported having had a good meeting there, and took up a collection, amounting to \$5 00. We met again at



*Concoursville.*—On Thursday, December the 8th, and held a meeting in the church at 7 p. m. The roads being still bad, the attendance was very thin. Brother Watson presided with his usual ability, and we were favoured with the presence of the Rev. Mr. Davidson, the Episcopal clergyman of the place, who followed the writer in a very excellent, fraternal, and complimentary speech, Brother Colwell bringing up the rear. The choir here, (as might be expected under the direction of their respected minister), discoursed some delightful music between the speeches. Collection—\$7 62 cts., to be supplemented by subscriptions.

Our closing meeting was appointed for the following evening, (Friday) at Crowhurst School House, one of Brother Colwell's encouraging stations, on the road to Knowlton, five miles from Waterloo.

When we reached the School-house we were surprised and delighted to find it crowded and most tastefully decorated, by the young people, with wreaths, festoons, evergreens, and mottoes, &c. The motto over the desk was, "The Lord our Righteousness;" over the door opposite, "Trust in the Lord and do good;" on the right of the platform, "Spread the Gospel;" to the left, "Give as you have been prospered;" affording us most suitable and appropriate texts. A choir had also been extemporised for the occasion, which enlivened the meeting between the speeches. Bro. Colwell presided, and after the reading of the 67th psalm, and prayer, he gave some extracts from the Report, and called upon Bro. Watson, who, as the greatest stranger, was to be the Mercurius of the evening. He gave a long and able address, followed by a few practical remarks by the writer. The people all seemed to be deeply interested and delighted. Some were present from Waterloo and beyond. Collection—\$8 15cts.

After the meeting, Brother Watson repaired to Waterloo, with Brother Colwell and the friends, while I remained to partake of the kind hospitalities of Mr. Crowhurst, Jr., and returned home next day, much refreshed and thankful for mercies received.

From yours truly,

GRANBY, Dec. 19th, 1870.

J. H.

## Official.

### MISSIONARY MEETINGS—WESTERN DISTRICT.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Day of Week.</i>	<i>Day of Month.</i>	<i>Deputation.</i>
Eramosa,	Monday,	Jan. 23,	Messrs. Salmon, Clarke, Barker, Brown
Garafraxa,	Tuesday,	" 24,	" " " "
Douglas,	Wdn'sday,	" 25,	" " " "
Green's Set'ment,	Thursday,	" 26,	" " " "
Fergus,	Friday,	" 27,	" " " "
Stratford,	Monday,	" 30,	Allworth, Kribs, McColl, Snider.
Listowel,	Tuesday,	" 31,	" " " "
Molesworth,	Wdn'sdy,	Feb. 1,	" " " "
Howick,	Thursday,	" 2,	" " " "
Turnberry,	Friday,	" 3,	" " " "
Watford,	Monday,	Jan. 30,	Hay, Barker, Dickson, Salmon.
Warwick,	Tuesday,	" 31,	" " " "
Forest,	Wdn'sdy,	Feb. 1,	" " " "
Sarnia,	Thursday,	" 2,	" " " "
Tilbury,	Friday,	" 3,	Hindley, Barker.
Tilbury,	Sabbath,	" 5,	" " " "

Brantford, Monday, Feb. 27, Messrs. W. F. Clarke, Allworth, Hay,  
 Paris, Tuesday, " 28, " " " " [Wood.  
 Guelph, Wdn'sday, Mar. 1, " " " " "

W. H. ALLWORTH,  
*Secretary.*

Paris, Nov. 18th, 1870.

ONTARIO MIDDLE DISTRICT MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

1871—January, 16, M. Whitby, Revds. T. M. Reikie, W. W. Smith.  
 " 17, Tu. Bowmanville, Revds. W. W. Smith, S. T. Gibbs,  
 F. H. Marling.  
 " 18, W. Toronto, Northern Congregational Church,  
 Central Association.  
 " 19, Th. " Bond St. Congregational Church,  
 Missionary Meeting.  
 " 20, Fr. Stouffville, Revds. D. McGregor, J. Unsworth,  
 D. Macallum.  
 " 16, M. Markham, } Revds. D. McGregor, M. S. Grey  
 " 17, Tu. Unionville, } and J. G. Manly.  
 " 30, M. Newmarket, Revds. D. Macallum, S. T. Gibbs.  
 " 31, Tu. Oro, " " "  
 February, 1, W. Bethesda, " " "  
 " 2, Th. Vespra, " " "  
 January, 20, Fr. Albion, Revds. J. G. Sanderson, M. S.  
 Grey.  
 " 23, M. Manilla, Revds. J. Unsworth, W. W. Smith.  
 " 23, M. South Caledon, Revds. J. G. Sanderson, H. Denny.  
 " 24, Tu. Alton, Revds. J. G. Sanderson, T. M. Reikie.  
 " 25, W. George Town, " " "  
 " 26, Th. Churchhill, " " "  
 " 27, Fr. West Caledon, Revds. M. S. Grey, H. Denny.  
 " 31, Tu. Pine Grove, } Revds. B. W. Day, and Mr. W.  
 February, 1, W. Thistleton, } Williams.  
 January, 24, Tu. Meaford, }  
 " 25, W. Owen Sound, } Revds. F. H. Marling, R. Robinson.  
 " 26, Th. Colpoys Bay, }  
 " 31, Tu. Kincardine, } Rev. R. Robinson.  
 February, 1, W. Osprey, Rev. N. McKinnon.

J. UNSWORTH,  
*Secretary.*

November 15th, 1870.

**Congregational College, B. N. A.**—The following sums received during the current month are acknowledged on behalf of the Treasurer:—

Montreal Zion Church, on account.....	\$113 00
Paris (received October 25th, but through oversight not reported to me).....	115 75
Kingston.....	92 12
Ottawa.....	52 00
Oro, Rugby and Vespra.....	14 20
Danville.....	4 50

\$394 57

GEORGE CORNISH, *Secretary.*

Montreal, December 22nd, 1870.

**Widows and Orphans' Fund.**—The amount from Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, should have been \$21,45 in place of \$20,45, as announced previously. Received since last report from Ottawa Church, \$15,00.

J. C. BARTON,  
*Treasurer Widows' and Orphans' Fund.*

Montreal, 22nd December, 1870.

The Central Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches will hold its winter meeting at the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 18th and 19th, 1871. The opening session will commence at 2.30 p. m., Wednesday.

The following is the programme of exercises for the various sessions :

1. A written sermon, by Rev. S. T. Gibbs.
2. A plan of sermon from all the brethren, on Rom. 4, 4.
3. An exposition, by Rev. J. G. Sanderson.
4. A paper, by Mr. D. Higgins, on the relations of the pulpit to the pew.

On Wednesday evening there will be public service in the church, when addresses will be delivered by several members of the Association.

On Thursday evening, the annual missionary meeting will be held in the Bond Street church. Speakers to be appointed by the Association.

Ministers and delegates from churches, intending to be present, are requested to send in their names as soon as possible to Mr. H. J. Clark, Toronto.

B. W. DAY,  
*Secretary.*

Stouffville, Dec. 24, 1870.

## Obituary.

LILY MAUD GRANT,

*Who died 27th November, 1870, aged 13 years and 7 months.*

Into His earthly garden,  
The Master came to-day ;  
He passed the opened blossoms,  
And bore a bud away.

He left the ripened roses,  
The old with brightness gone ;  
From all the stately flowers,  
He chose this tiny one.

A lovely opening floweret,  
A lily sweet and fair ;  
" It shall bloom in my heavenly garden,  
" Opening its petals there."

Swiftly He stooped and severed  
The roots with His sharp knife ;  
Yet the stroke that seemed to sever,  
But gave them surer life.

But ah ! its roots had fastened  
 Their tendrils round our heart ;  
 Else why was it such sadness,  
 Such bitter pain to part ?

We watched it go with weeping,  
 This darling opening bud ;  
 Though it went to bloom in heaven,  
 Plucked by the hand of God.

And surely that were better,  
 Than lingering in this land,  
 Where clouds and gloom and blighting,  
 Tarry on every hand.

Lighten the gloom, Dear Saviour !  
 Open our eyes to see ;  
 'Mid the flowers of thy heavenly garden,  
 Our Lily safe with Thee.

KATE PULLAR.

Hamilton, Nov. 28th, 1870.

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## Gleanings.

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The best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries. Write injuries in the dust, and kindness on marble.

There is no greater grace or possession, than to believe that God speaks to us. If we believed that we should be already blessed. Christ was offered once for all, now he requires nothing but that we should give him thanks forever.—*Luther.*

Believing is neither more nor less than heart-looking. Whosoever looked at the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness was made well, however feeble his look. Just so, whosoever looks at Jesus by faith is pardoned, however great his sins may have been, and however feeble his faith.

WHO PLUCKED THE FLOWER?—The following inscription in an old English churchyard appears on one page : “ Who plucked that flower ? ” cried the gardener as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered : “ The Master ! ” And the gardener held his peace.

If we work upon marble it will perish ; if we work upon brass, time will efface it ; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust ; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and of our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

The least you can do for the working-classes who work for you is to provide them with the means of grace. In old times people spoke very differently of working people from what they do now. Abraham had a number of servants in his employment, and what do you suppose he called them ? Why, he called them souls—the souls he had gotten in Aram. Now, the gentlemen in Liverpool and Manchester, what do they call their workpeople ? Hands. That's all !”—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at Liverpool.*

## CHURCH-GOERS.

Some go to church just for a walk,  
 Some go there to laugh and talk ;  
 Some go there the time to spend,  
 Some go there to meet a friend ;  
 Some go to learn the parson's name,  
 Some go there to wound his fame ;  
 Some go there for speculation,  
 Some go there for observation .  
 Some go there to doze and nod,  
 And some go there to worship God.

A young lady once met in company a young gentleman who evidently had an excellent opinion of himself. During conversation he introduced the subject of matrimony, and expatiated at length upon the kind of a wife he intended to marry—that is, if ever he should take the decisive step. The honored lady must be wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, amiable, &c., &c. His listener quietly waited until he ended, and then asked coolly, “And, pray Sir, what have you to offer in return for all this?” The young man stammered, reddened a little, and walked away.

FANNY FERN ON TOBACCO.—*I hate tobacco.* I am a clean creature, and it smells bad. Smells is a mild word ; but I use it, being a woman. I deny your right to smell bad in my presence, or in the presence of any of our clean sisterhood. I deny your right to poison the air of our parlors, or our bedrooms with your breath, or your tobacco saturated clothing, even though you may be our husbands. Terrible creature ! I think I hear you say, I am glad you are not my wife. So am I. How would you like it, had you arranged your parlors with dainty fingers, and were rejoicing in the sweet-scented migionnette, and violets, and heliotrope, in the pretty vase on your table, forgetting, in your happiness, that Bridget and Biddy had vexed your soul the greater part of the day—and in your nicely cushioned chair, were resting your spirits even more than your body, to have a man enter it with that detestable bar-room odor, and spoil it all ? Or worse, light a cigar or pipe in your very presence, and puff away, as if it were the heaven to you which it appears to be to him.—*Exchange.*

—A lazy posture in the sanctuary is offensive to a refined and reverential mind. It lacks decorum in regard to the place, the acts of worship, and the fellow participants. We should be not less particular, surely, as to our deportment in the sanctuary of God than in a friend's drawing-room. Yet, during prayer many sit without a change of posture, and during the sermon some almost lie down. We once saw a layman in a conference meeting lead in prayer with his hands in his pockets ! Ministers also frequently assume a lazy attitude, while standing ; leaning on the Bible, or the pulpit cushion, with arm or elbow, as if too languid to support themselves. If a short man does this, he adds to his diminutiveness and unimpressiveness ; whereas by reason of his lack of stature he should stand erect, and make up by an appearance of life and vigor for his want of magnitude. If a tall man falls into the habit of leaning forward with one arm or elbow on the desk, while he preaches, he will be thought to be weak in the back, or else to be assuming a condescending or patronizing air towards the people, than which nothing can be more offensive. It has the practical effect, also, of reducing the dignity of what is said from oratory to conversation. Let the minister stand upright, in a manly posture, as though no desk were before him, and speak as with conscious strength, and with a suitable respect for himself and his hearers.

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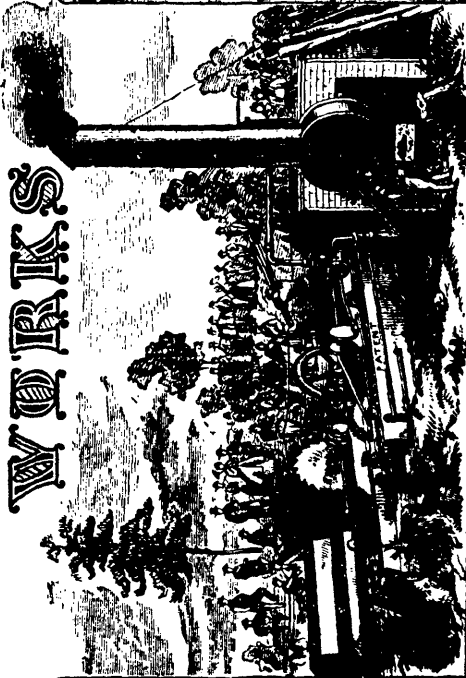
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