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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1880.

[New Series. No. 27

CASTING ANCHORS.

(The following hymns were repeated to a gentleman by a poor invalid woman of Boston, who thought she could do no good. He said "I will have them printed, and give them away in your name." Five hundred of the former and over three thousand of the latter have been thus used.)

The night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out,
And wish, but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and
Within His hand are held, [waves
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him though He slay:
So, letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish, but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years,"
And feast upon His word.
His promises so rich and great,
Are my support and stay:
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish, but wait for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine!
I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay:
And casting out the anchor Love,
I'll wish and watch for day.

Topics of the Week.

Mr. Spurgeon remarked, in a speech at the anniversary of the London Religious Tract Society, that he did not draw a line between the secular and the sacred. Would, he said, that every meal were a sacrament, every garment a vestment, every breath a prayer, and the whole of life a hallelujah!

During the last year the Children's Aid Society of New York has had charge of 29,757 homeless children, found homes for nearly 3,500, and maintained twenty-one industrial schools, eleven night schools, six lodging houses and several reading rooms. The summer-home was enjoyed by 3,084 children last year, and \$15,000 are needed for a permanent home of this character. The New York *Observer* says the Society has cared for its proteges at less than half the amount per child drawn by the Roman Catholic Protector from the City Treasury.

Mr. Moody has been interviewed in San Francisco, about his proposed school for boys at Northfield, Mass., and the *Pacific* prints the conversation. He has bought 300 acres of land, on which the boys will work two hours each forenoon and afternoon, study two, and play two. As they grow older they will work more and play less. The boys will be kept in families, twelve or fifteen in each, a Christian lady having them in charge. Boys of those parents who are unable to educate them will be taken. Twelve Chinese boys will be made welcome.

Ministers and Christian people will make the applications for admission. Children as young as ten years will be received.

—Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, during a stay of ten days in New Haven, addressed the ministers' meeting in that city, Monday, Nov. 29, in which he especially set forth his experience and observation, covering fifty years of ministerial and active life—that expository preaching was the truest and most effective style of preaching, that his own custom of preparing sermons had ever been one of careful study and preparation after special prayer and the reading of his Bible, and that he had found that there was no pulpit power like that which attends the continued simple, plain preaching of the old-fashioned gospel truths—repentance, faith, Christ and Him crucified; all of which is especially worthy of consideration as coming from the lips of one who has had Mr. Muller's success.

—Cardinal Manning is not willing that the Jesuits should purchase the mansion of Mon-seigneur Capelin London, as he thinks their settlement would be an invasion and infringement of his rights as a bishop. The Jesuits are not wanted in England, nor France, nor America. The world has no need of them.

—A recent investigation at the insane asylum in Augusta, Me., shows that of 5,356 patients received, one-third are there from the effects of intoxicating drinks. In the past fourteen years the police of Augusta have made 4,000 arrests, seven-eighths of them from drunkenness. During the same time, \$94,000 has been expended for the poor in that city, the destitution in the majority of cases arising from the use of whiskey and beer.

—The next Triennial International Sunday School Convention already is receiving that attention which promises to make of it a success. The Committee on Transportation have held a preliminary meeting at Philadelphia, and express themselves as confident, as the result of conference and correspondence, of securing low railroad and steamboat rates to Toronto next year. Due and wide notice will be given of the rates they may be able to obtain. —*Nat. S. S. Teacher.*

Another instance of Roman Catholic intolerance has occurred at Cincinnati, O., the body of John C. Friedelday, a prominent Catholic and Democratic politician, being refused burial by the successor of Archbishop Purcell, because the deceased desired to be buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, which is under Protestant control. The wife and children, though devout Roman Catholics, acceded to the dead man's request, and sent for an Episcopal minister to conduct the services. It would seem as though, eventually, Catholics would learn that in free America a person may send his children to school where he chooses, may build his home where he likes, and have his body laid wherever he or his friends wish,

without priestly dictation. Ignorance and superstition will not be able to do for the Romish church in this century, what they did in the last.

—The ringing of the curfew-bell, which was introduced by William the Conqueror to warn the people to cover up their fires and retire to rest, has been resumed at Stratford-on-Avon, England.

—The recent address of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little of Manchester, Eng., upon Ritualism, by invitation of clergymen of different denominations in this city, impressed its hearers more with a conviction of his own sincerity and ability, and of the plausibility with which an earnest advocate can present the cause of Ritualism, than with the feeling that his opinions deserve to prevail among Christians. His claim was that the Ritualists alone in the Church of England dare to act up logically and fully to the requirements of the prayer-book. As for details, he made an ingenious plea for the confessional, urged the doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body and blood in the sacramental bread and wine, and held vestments to be symbols as truly as is a national flag, and therefore proper and necessary to be used. Ritualism must be judged not only by its influence over its best educated adherents, such as Mr. Knox-Little, who can discriminate nicely between almost indistinguishable truth and falsehood, but also by that which it has upon plain people. Thus judged it has proved itself over and over again to be full of evil, and the down-hill pathway to Romanism.

BOYCOTTING is being adopted very extensively throughout the world. The agitation against the Jews in Germany having failed of its object, the Germans have determined to try the Irish practice. A meeting was held at Berlin, and it was decided that no Liberal should be elected to Parliament unless he will vote for the suppression of the Jews, and that no German should have any dealings with the Jews. This will remind the Jews of a time when they boycotted the Samaritans, perhaps. The Chinese, with their usual alacrity in adopting European devices and modes of action, have also adopted the practice of Boycotting and carried it out even more thoroughly than was done in Ireland. The Chinese opium dealers of Chin Kiang being troubled by foreign competitors, posted pickets around the shops of the foreigners and prevented any Chinamen from purchasing from them. The foreigners had to give up the business and even sell out to their persecutors. It appears that the Chinese dealers did not observe their monetary engagements, so the foreigners brought the matter into court, but the Judge, being under the influence of the Chinese dealers, prevented the evidence for the plaintiffs being given,

and then decided on the evidence offered by the Chinese dealers, that there never had been any negotiations whatever between the plaintiffs and defendants, and so the case ended.

SAVING FOR OLD AGE

A correspondent of the Boston *Watchman* offers some quite plain advice to ministers on making provision for old age.

It may be said that a minister should "trust in the Lord" for his future. This is true, perfectly true. But what shape shall that trust take? The farmer ploughs and sows trusting that the Lord will make the grain to sprout and flourish. So the minister may lay aside ten or twenty dollars every now and then, trusting that the Lord will keep the bank solvent, and will keep the law of compound interest working right along, so that when in old age he can preach no longer, he can still "live of the gospel,"—live of a portion of what the gospel brought him in ten, twenty, forty years ago. Another form of trust in God is for a man to trust that God will make other men energetic and industrious, will make them self-denying and saving, so that when they will have money, and when he, from lack of prudence and self-denial, is left destitute, the Lord will make them have compassion on him and relieve him from that suffering. The minister who spends all his salary right along may, perhaps, safely trust that his brother minister who has been more prudent and economical will be moved of the Lord to aid him, but the first mentioned style of trust in God is much more becoming a Christian man and a preacher of the Word. If a minister should live on faith alone should be so unworldly as to never lay up a dollar—then should every other man do the same. Then should the laborer, the mechanic, and the merchant, on the 31st of December, give away every remaining dollar, and start the new year with a clean set of books. But if an ordinary Christian should lay aside from his income something against the day when his income shall cease, so should the minister, also. The rule applies to the preacher as well as to any other man, that he should regularly lay aside something from his income, no matter how small that income may be!

The Pope is still getting a share of the surplus which the farmers have retained over and above "Griffith's valuation." The Roman Bishop of Meath has presented to him the handsome sum of sixteen hundred pounds collected as "Peter's Pence" in his diocese. This is in addition to the large sums mentioned in our last issue. It is absurd to talk of the absentee drain, so long as this river of gold flows into the Vatican for a foreign potentate, who refuses the ample provision for his maintenance offered by his own countrymen.

A CONFERENCE was held at Manchester, under the presidency of the Bishop of Manchester, on Tuesday, to consider the desirability of securing the abolition of the opium trade in India. Resolutions were carried condemning the traffic as degrading and unjust, and asking the Government to find means of freeing itself from all complicity with it. The Bishop said until the Indian Government abandoned its aggressive policy and adopted the policy of Lord Lawrence, he had little hope that they would be able to give up the opium revenue.

THE PILGRIM SONG.

PSALM 121.

The tribes went up towards Jerusalem
From cottage homes amid green villages,
Where olive trees made pleasant shady
spots,
And where the bright flowers threw their
sweetness out.
The father and his sons came forth to join
The ever-growing crowds that pressed along
The roads, and up the hills, with hopeful
hearts,
To keep the solemn festival. From homes
Within the cities all the men came out
And swelled the number. Men with whiten-
ing heads,
And strong young men all swift to run life's
race,
And even the glad boy, pressed gaily on
Along the roads, and by the green-clad
fields,
And where the merry music of the brook
Thrilled to their answering hearts, with
eager steps
They went, for every league was so much
gain
To those who, longing for the house of God,
Had left their homes. And as they marched
they sang
The pilgrim song, which rose on the pure
air
And woke the echoes, so that other bands
Caught up the glad and solemn words, and
sang
Responsively, and so the winding ways
That led to the fair city were all moved
With sacred music as the travellers went,
With steadfast faces to the Temple turned;
Resolved to keep once more God's holy
feasts
Within His courts. And thus the pilgrims
sang:—
I lift mine eyes unto the hills
From whence my help is given;
For my help cometh from the Lord,
Who made the earth and heaven.
He suffers not thy foot to move,
In danger He will keep;
For He that guardeth Israel
Will slumber not nor sleep.
Jehovah is thy Keeper still—
O, be not thou afraid:
The Lord is near at thy right hand,
O, rest thee in His shade.
The sun shall smite thee not by day,
Nor the moon hurt by night;
He makes a quiet resting-place,
And gilds the dawn with light.
Jehovah shall preserve thee from
All evil, every day;
His mercy shall preserve thy soul,
And He shall bless thy way.
Thy going out, thy coming in,
Till the pilgrimage is o'er,
The Lord shall bless, and shall preserve
Even for evermore.
I lift my eyes unto the hills,
Strong in His strengthening word,
Help cometh with the pilgrim's song,
O, let us bless the Lord.
And so they cheered the way, as by degrees
Nearer they came to Zion; and the hills
Welcomed them ever, drawing their quick
feet
On and still on, until they stood within
The gates of fair Jerusalem, and changed
The pilgrim for the worshipper's good song,
And found the rest they sought within the
house
Of God.
To-day, in other lands and scenes,
The pilgrims start upon their untried ways,
Some at the call of duty, other some
For rest and recreation, and the air
Is full of music: for these travelling hosts
Of modern times love well the dear old
strain
That made God's Israel glad; and as the
words
Arise from trustful lips and thankful hearts,
We say, "O God, be praised for the sweet
song
Of Israel's poet seer; and for all
Jehovah's faithful mercy, that to-day
We go out and come in, and still are safe,
Lifting our eyes unto the heavenly hills,
Because our Keeper slumbers not nor sleeps.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Our Story.

ONLY A FARE.

"Fare, ma'am," said the conductor.
The passenger took no notice. She
was a shabby-looking old woman, in

rather rusty-looking black, with a frayed
lace scarf around her neck, and an old-
fashioned, heavily-worked lace veil fasten-
ed about her bonnet-brim.

"Fare!" repeated the conductor.

The passenger looked at him, dipped
her hand into her pocket, rummaged in
a queer little reticule she carried, and
after exhausting all the patience of which
a car conductor is supposed to be pos-
sessed, said, slowly:

"I haven't got a penny. I suppose I've
lost the change, or else I've had my
pocket picked, and I'm going to --
street, too."

There was a pause. The conductor
looked at the passenger and hesitated. It
was a damp, misty evening. The streets
were and deep with mire. It was three
miles to the street, and the car was not
half full. It seemed only common human-
ity to permit an old woman to ride to
her destination, whether she had her
fare or not. But there on the platform,
staring through the glass door, our con-
ductor saw the face of a car spy—a spot-
ter, the man called him—who was watch-
ing him with eager, green eyes, anxious
to catch him tripping.

Poor as his place was, twenty men
were waiting for it. His receipts must
tally with the number of passengers re-
corded on the dial provided by the com-
pany for that purpose, or off went his
head on Saturday night. Still he could
not put the old woman off his car; only
one alternative remained—he could pay
her fare.

Now, a fare on the road was only five
cents, but 6 o'clock was coming and he
was hungry, and the supper he would
have just time to snatch before his even-
ing trips began would cost him ten cents
— five cents for bread and cheese, five
cents for a cup of coffee. He gave up
one of these if he paid that old woman's
fare. You see there was another old
woman whom he called Granny to be
cared for, and clothes of some sort must
be worn, and there were no pennies to
spare. But it was the memory of old
granny that arose in his heart as he
dropped in the coin, touched the bell,
and nodded "all right" to his passenger,
and, as he stepped from his car to take
his brief rest, he handed the old woman
to the curbstone, and saw her safe upon
her way.

"No, I don't want anything but the
coffee," he said, waving away the restau-
rant-keeper's boy, as he pressed the basket
of rolls and sandwiches upon him. "Take
that stuff away."

The bread was out of reach before he
felt quite safe, he was so very, very hungry.
At that moment an old woman touch-
ed the car starter upon the arm.

"Tell me the name of the conductor
on car No. 5?" she said. "There he sits
under the shed, drinking some coffee."

"That's Varnham Tom Varnham,"
replied the starter, rather eagerly, for he
had a relative waiting for a place. "If
you have any complaint to make, there's
the office." But the old woman toddled
away.

Oh, the long, long winter, cold and
cruel—a winter full of terrible storms of
snow and sleet. Two drivers on the
line were badly frozen. Many died of
lung complaints. The conductors suffer-
ed, too, though not so terribly, and
Granny had been sick, and there was
money to be spent for medicine and
nourishing luxuries, and Tom Varnham's
old great coat was stolen one night by a
thief who made his way into the crowded
lodging-house.

After that he went without it, and he
often wondered what it would be to be
warm, and to sit at a satisfying meal.
Life seemed very hard, but to give up
that poor situation and seek for better
was not to be thought of, with Granny
on his hands.

The passengers that rode in car No 5
often snubbed their conductor, took him
to task for the inconveniences they suf-

fered, and abused him at their dinner
tables, or as they sat before their warm
grates, toasting their toes, while he
shivered on the car platform. Perhaps
the shabby old woman with the worked
veil may have done it also, for she rode
in the car very often, though she never
found herself again without a fare.

"What's the matter?" asked a passen-
ger.

"Three cars ahead stopped—some one
hurt," replied the other. "What is it,
conductor?"

"Conductor of No. 5 dropped down,"
was the response. "Some say he's dead."
Tom Varnham lay in the midst of a
little crowd, quite senseless and very
pale.

The men were talking about him.
"He's been starving himself and freez-
ing, too," said one. "A sick old grand-
mother on his hands; and he was clerk
or something, never used to out-of-door
work. I've seen this coming for days."

"You are not the doctor, sir?" asked a
shabby old woman, laying her hand on
the arm of a gentleman who knelt beside
poor Tom. The gentleman looked up.

"You said last week that I did not
deserve to be called one, Madam Hov-
er," he said, demurely.

"Oh! Dr. Jones! Well, that was when
you couldn't cure me of the neuralgia,"
replied the old lady. "But I want you
to do something for me. Have this
young man brought to my home; he did
me a favor once, and do your best for
him, and send the bill to me."

The doctor nodded, and when Tom
Varnham came to himself he lay in a
great old-fashioned feather bed, in a
room he had never seen before, and the
old woman whose fare he had paid,
rocked to and fro beside his bed. "You
are not to talk," she said, waving a black
fan at him, "but every thing is all right.
Your grandmother's board is paid to that
rapacious old woman, and you needn't
trouble your mind about anything. Go
to sleep. You went without your bread
and butter to give me a ride once, and I
shan't forget it, though I happen to be a
rich old woman instead of a poor one, as
you'd thought me."

Tom listened, found himself incapable
of making any remark, and fell asleep
again. But hard times were over for the
poor fellow. When he was able to work
again there was a fine position open for
him in a great wholesale house, and he
was able to keep a pretty suite of rooms
and a servant for old Granny, and to
live with her, to her great joy. And
moreover, it is well known that old Mad-
am Hoyer, who has neither relative nor
hobby, has made her will, leaving her
great fortune to Tom Varnham.

"Don't ask me why," she said to the
lawyer. "Perhaps you wouldn't think it
much to go hungry on a stormy winter
evening for the sake of a poor old woman.
I could have called a coach, and I'd only
lost my purse, but he didn't know that,
and I always remembered just how he
looked when he sent that bread away. I
knew he was a good fellow, and so he is,
and I've a right to leave my money ac-
cording to my fancy."

THE MONKEYS AND THE BABY.

The following is a story which the writer
represents herself as relating to her child-
ren, and is taken from a volume called
"Childhood in India:"

"When I was on my way to India, we
put in for a few days at the Cape of Good
Hope, and there I heard of the occurrence
I am going to tell you of.

"In a village, some distance from Cape
Town, lived a poor man and his wife.
They had a neat little cottage and garden
in which they planted all sorts of vege-
tables to sell in the town. Near the cot-
tage was a forest, in which numbers of
birds and animals of all kinds lived, and
especially numbers of monkeys.

"The woman's name was Else, and she
had a baby, a nice fat little thing, a few

months old, of which she was very fond;
and she washed and dressed this baby
every day, and carried it about in her
arms in the garden in the cool of the eve-
ning.

"One morning, when baby had gone
to sleep, she laid him down in his little
bed, and took a basket on her head, and
started off to town to buy some things at
the shops.

"'I shall be back,' she thought to her-
self, 'by the time he wakes, and then we
can go into the garden and sit under the
trees.'

"So off she went and bought the tea
and sugar and rice that she needed, pack-
ed them in her basket, and returned to
her cottage. She put the basket down
and went up to the baby's bed. No
child was there! She thought he must
have rolled off the bed, and looked under
it; but no child was there. She rushed
about the house calling 'Baby! baby!'
No little voice answered her. She ran
into the garden, crying and calling out
for her baby; but all was silent; and, at
last, the poor woman in despair sat down
on the ground, rocking herself backward
and forward, and weeping violently.

"After some time her husband, Klaas,
came in, and was much surprised to see
his wife in such great trouble.

"'What is the matter?' he said;
'where's the child?'

"'He's gone!—my baby's gone!
What shall I do? Oh, my baby! Oh,
my darling!' sobbed out poor Else.

"'Gone!' said Klaas, 'he can't be
gone! What do you mean?'

"'So poor Else told him how she had
left baby asleep in his bed, and went to
the town, and how, when she came back,
the child was nowhere to be seen.

"Then he began to look about, and
call baby all over the house and garden,
but could find nothing of him. And
then the two poor parents both cried for
their dear little baby; the house seemed
so dull and sad to them. The morning
came, but no news or sign of the child.
Poor Else said to Klaas:

"'I shall put away all baby's things
the towel I dried him with, the little tub
and sponge for his bath, his frock and
cap, are no use now,' and so she went to
find and put these things away. She came
back directly to her husband.

"'Klaas,' she said, 'they are gone too.
The tub and sponge, the towel and frock
all are gone! Who can have taken
them? First the baby, and then the
things; who can it be?'

"They could not imagine. At last,
poor Klaas took up his axe and started
off to the forest to cut wood. As he en-
tered the forest, the monkeys, as usual,
began chattering at him, and jumping
from branch to branch, but he took no
notice of them.

"Presently, however, a strange com-
motion among the monkeys arrested the
attention of Klaas. What could it be?
Klaas looked up, peered among the
branches, and was horror-stricken at the
sight which met his view.

"There, seated on the ground at no
great distance from Klaas, was his little
lost babe, with a troop of monkeys around
it.

"Klaas stood some time watching, but
he dared not go at once and take the
baby. The wood was full of monkeys,
and if he had made them angry, they
would all have attacked him together,
and, if they had not killed him, would
not have suffered him to get the child.

"So, after looking for a long time, he
went on to his work, and then hastened
home to tell his wife what he had seen.

"The next morning, Klaas and two
other men set off, each carrying a heavy
stick and a gun. When they came to
the place where Klaas had seen his child,
they stood still and looked on. The
monkey stood with the baby in her arms,
and two other monkeys were seen com-
ing up from a stream near, with a tubful
of water carried between them. The

towels, sponge—all were ready. The three men went on, and as the monkeys saw them approaching, they became very angry, and began chattering in an angry manner.

"Klaas spoke: 'This is my child,' he said; 'I don't want to beat you, or shoot you, but I have a gun, and if you do not give me the baby I must take it from you.' And he lifted up his gun and pointed it at the monkey who held the child.

"At first she pressed it tight in her arms, and kissed it again and again; then looked at him angry and savage, as if she would not give up her prize. But, at last, when she saw the men were determined, and did not mind her anger, she saw she must yield. She kissed the little thing repeatedly, stroked its face with her fingers, and then, gently laying it in the grass, ran quickly up the hillside, and sprang into the branches of a great tree.

"The men lost no time in taking the baby and his tub, and getting out of the wood, for monkeys, when excited and angry, are very dangerous."—*Sunday Magazine*.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, Jan. 9.

THE SONG OF MARY.—Luke 1.46-55.

GOLDEN TEXT, v. v. 46.47.—"And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

Committ 51-55.

INTRODUCTION.

About half a year intervened between the events of our last lesson and the song of Mary which constitutes our present lesson. In the meantime, the Angel Gabriel—the same that appeared to Zachariah was sent to Nazareth, to make known to Mary that God was about to give her a son whose name should be called Jesus; (Matt. 1:21); and to reveal to her what he should be. "He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." Mary accepted this revelation of the will of God concerning herself with a most beautiful and unquestioning faith; and directly probably, under the prompting of the Holy Spirit, went to the hill-country, to visit her cousin Elizabeth. Their meeting was one of marvelous joy; and both Elizabeth and Mary, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, became gifted with prophetic power, uttering what neither of them could have known except it had been divinely revealed to them.

LESSON NOTES.

(46). *Mary* Probably the daughter of Heli, (see Luke 3:23,) and, as well as her husband, Joseph, descended from the royal line of David. She was probably poor in a worldly sense, and everything that is related to her, or that can be gathered from her own utterances, goes to show that she was a young woman of an exceedingly devout and humble spirit; and, if we may judge by this hymn, one exceedingly well versed in the scriptures. In reply to the prophetic outburst of her cousin, *Mary said*;—*My soul doth Magnify the Lord.* *Magnify*, literally, means to make great; but here it is used figuratively, and implies to extol, to praise greatly, to exalt very highly in praise. This is the language of one who feels herself or himself preeminently favored by God.

(47.) *My Spirit hath*—(not only does rejoice, but hath) rejoiced. Since ever the angel's message came to her, the spirit of Mary had been filled with divine exultation and joy in view of the great condescension and favor of God in selecting her from all the daughters of men to be the mother of Him who was to be the Messiah of God. *My Saviour*. Mary uttered the words in the spirit of prophecy; and it is not probable that she fully understood her own utterances. She undoubtedly believed in the Messiah, but, that the son that was to be born of her was to become a Saviour in any other sense than that entertained by other Jews, does not seem to have been revealed to her at that time.

(48) *For He (God) hath regarded* (compassionated, pitied) *the low estate of His hand-maiden* (maid servant). In this language,

and under the spirit of prophecy, not alone nor primarily, of her own lowly condition, but representatively, of the abject condition of the royal house of David to which she belonged. The "scepter" was departing "from Judah, and the lawgiver from between his feet" as "Shiloh" was about to appear. *For behold* (mark, consider), *from henceforth* (forth from this time) *all nations shall call me blessed* (or happy). Why? In being thus chosen and honored by God.

(49) *For He that is mighty* (in the true and absolute sense) *has done to me great things*. What great things? Singled her out as the object of great and peculiar favor;—made her the mother, by promise, of the Messiah;—made her the medium of unspeakable blessing to her royal house, to her nation and to the world;—made her one whom all nations, to the remotest ages should call blessed.

(50) Mary now turns from considering what God had done for her, individually, to a more general survey of His goodness. It is as though she had said—And this, after all, is only like God—just in keeping with His exalted character as He has revealed it. *His mercy is on them that fear Him*—not only now, and in my own particular case, but from generation to generation,—that is continually.

(51) *He hath showed strength with His arm*. The whole history of Mary's ancestors—the Israelites—furnishes instances of this. The wonders in Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the conquest of Canaan, &c., &c. *He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts*. This, too, was verified in their history—the drowning of Pharaoh and his host, the destruction of Dathan and Abiram and their followers, the overthrow of Goliath and the Philistines by David, the destruction of Sennacherib's host, &c.

(52) *He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree*. This, too, had been exemplified many times in the past—notably so in the casting down of Saul and the elevation of David; and it was destined to be again notably exemplified in the elevation of David's Heir, the son of whom God was going to make her the mother, to His own right hand in glory.

(53) *He hath filled the hungry, &c.* This had been literally true many times in the history of her own nation;—it should prove spiritually true, also, in the history of the Lord Jesus and His Church in the coming ages.

(54) *He hath holpen his servant Israel*. This had been true in the past, it should be more wonderfully true in the future. Mary's words are at once a retrospect and a prophecy. *In remembrance of his mercy*—that is, of His promise, or covenant of mercy.

(55). *As he spake*—or promised—to *Abraham and his seed forever*. The mercy which he promised to, and afterwards fulfilled in, Abraham and his seed, was to be perpetuated in Christ and His Church, Abraham's spiritual seed, forever.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Mary's joy was not alone in what God had done for herself, but that all who feared Him were likewise partakers of His mercy. True love never stops with self.

Mary and Elizabeth, though lowly women in point of worldly fortune, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, became God's prophets; and their prophetic utterances have been preserved by the spirit with those of Hannah and Deborah, as true Scripture.

Mary, unlike Zacharias, received the angel's message in unquestioning faith. The result was that God gave her this immortal hymn of joy and exultation, while Zacharias walked in wordless silence before God until the promise was fulfilled. Blessed is she that believeth.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(FOR THE CHILDREN.)

Who was Mary? Where did she live? From what great king was she descended? What had God promised her? Through whom did He make the promise? What was she to name her son? What is the meaning of Jesus? Whom had Mary gone to visit? Where did Elizabeth live? (v. 39). (46). What did Mary say that her soul did? What did she mean by *doth magnify the Lord*? (See note) (47) In whom had she rejoiced? Did Mary need a Saviour. Why? Then, if Mary was a sinner like as she had to be saved just as we are. How was that? By the blood of Jesus (1 John i. 17). Are there any people who worship Mary? Is that right?—Read or repeat the 1st Commandment. (48). Whom did she mean by *thy hand-maiden*? Why did she call herself that?

How had God remembered her? By choosing her to be the mother of the Lord Jesus. What would all people call her? Why? Because God had honored so much (49). What great things had God done for her? (See note) (60). How long do God's mercies endure? What does that mean? Continually, always. (61). What proud ones had God scattered?—(see note). (62). What king did God put down? and what one set up in His place. (see note). What great king was he to raise from Mary's lowly family to sit on His own right hand? (58). What hungry people did God feed 40 years in the wilderness? What rich-proud people did He destroy or drive out to make room for them? (See note). (54) Whom had God helped very often? Whom do you mean by *Israel*? The nation of the Israelites. What did God remember always when He helped the Israelites? What do you mean by *His mercy*? His covenant, or promise of mercy. (55). To whom was that promise made? Who was meant by Abraham's seed? Jesus Christ, and all who had had, or ever should have faith in him? Have you faith in Jesus? If so, God's covenant of mercy is for you though, Jesus your Saviour.

A LITTLE ADVICE.

I want to give you three or four rules: One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronounced distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is and oh' children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and lay afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.

VULGAR WORDS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls being so much exposed to the peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to "be smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for the many gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil," for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, Dr. Murray Mitchell, of Edinburgh, in presenting a report on Foreign Missions, stated that more than two millions of men now living have been rescued from Paganism through the efforts of Protestant missionaries in half a century. But the laborers are few, only 2,200 ordained missionaries being now at work among the millions in darkness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My usefulness was the last idol I was willing to part with, but now I can part with that, and am content to be laid aside and forgotten, so that He may be glorified.—*Dr. Cotton Mather*.

Little Charley had his hair "bobbed" the other day, but did not like the operation of brushing. "Ma, that barber's brush made me squawk." *Mother*: "I did not hear any noise." *Charley*: "But I squawked in my think."

THE Shintoists of Japan, as such, are not idol worshippers. In this respect, as well as in other matters, they show signs of an Israelitish origin. As many of the old Israelites wandered away into idolatry, so many Japanese worship both at Buddhist idol shrines and at the *idolless altars* of the Shinto gods. Many temples have both Buddhist and Shinto altars under the same roof; and the people pass from one to the other, without seeing any incongruity in the mingled worship of *Hotoke*—Buddha, and *himi-gods*. The temples are tumbling down, both Buddha and Shinto.—*Rev. J. Goble*.

RUNNING FOR THE GOSPEL.—It was at the city of Fang-Shan that Dr. Blodgett and Mr. J. H. Roberts, missionaries of Pekin, were, a year ago, uncomfortably jostled and followed by the crowds. During a recent visit Mr. Roberts was recognized as having been there before, and was listened to very respectfully. As he was going out one morning to preach in the villages south-east, a young man came running over the ploughed fields to meet him, eager to obtain another look. He said he had read the Truth Catechism, and was interested to know more of the Gospel Truth. Mr. Roberts says, "It did me good to see a Chinaman running for the Gospel."

If you who are not Christians would reflect seriously for even half an hour upon what you owe to the religion of the Bible, you would be amazed and humbled, and would feel yourselves impelled to weigh more carefully than ever before, its claims upon you personally. The respect which men pay to human life, the honor rendered to womanhood, the pioneer spirit which explores the unknown districts of the earth and paves the way for commerce to follow; and, especially, the loftiest standards and ideals of conduct which the merely moral world acknowledges—these, and others equally important in themselves and in their relations to every citizen of the world, are the fruits, directly or indirectly, of the religion which the Bible describes, illustrates, and inculcates. Think of this fact, and act upon it suitably.—*Congregationalist*.

HERE is an eloquent passage from an address recently delivered in England by the Bishop of Meath:—"Many of you, doubtless, have heard that wondrous opening passage of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' in which the musician tries to represent the despair of a whole people perishing from thirst, a despair which finds vent for a while in sullen, restless murmuring, until at length, gathering a terrible cumulative strength, it bursts forth almost appallingly in cries of heart-rending and importunate agony. So can I imagine the voice of a deceived and terror-stricken humanity, having sought in vain to slack its thirst at the dry wells of modern positivism, sending upward at length to heaven the broken-hearted cry, 'Give us back the Christ that we have lost. Away with the ghastly spectre, the hideous phantom, the "It" that has usurped His Throne, and let us learn again to love and worship a God who is heart to heart."

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TORONTO, DEC. 30th, 1880.

WE regret to find that there is still cause for complaint of inefficient delivery of the INDEPENDENT in some parts of the city. May we ask our friends to drop us a card if the paper is not received by the Sunday following its issue. We are promised that it shall be earlier and more regular than heretofore. Any omission or delay should be promptly reported.

WE thank those subscribers who have responded to our various appeals for payment of the various amounts against them. There are still, however, a large number, some hundreds, the labels on whose papers show that they have not paid for the current volume. Will they not remit to us at once? Printers and paper-makers must be paid. We dislike these paragraphs, but when they are discontinued remittances share the same fate.

1880.—1881.

In a few hours after this issue of the INDEPENDENT is in the hands of our readers, before even it reaches those at a distance, eighteen-hundred and eighty will have passed away, and the New Year will have commenced. The old heathen deity Janus—from whose name we get our January—was represented with two faces, one looking to the past, the other to the future; this will be the attitude of all thoughtful men when they are crossing a boundary of time like that which divides year from year. The Christian especially will therein find much food for thought. These earthly divisions of time are connected in his mind with that great hereafter when there "shall be time no longer," and are but the steps up which he may climb to the eternal presence of his Father and Friend. Let us take a brief glance at the past and coming years, seeking to gather from them as we may, thoughts that will help and strengthen us for the duty and battle of life. Some of our readers will feel on looking back that they can erect an "El enezer," a stone of help, for they have been helped in all their way through the year. The sun has shone upon their path, their sky has been cloudless—tenderness and love have been in their homes, and the blessing from above has filled their life with gladness. Will such suffer a word, and let us say to them that true Christian joy is not selfish, and that the truest gratitude is to let some of that stream of joy well out to others, and to consecrate blessings to Him who blesses, by using them in His service and cause.

Some, it may be, have been called to walk through the wilderness of life, and with torn and bleeding feet to struggle toward the rest for the weary, the city of life. Lovers and friends gone, the stars that once gladdened gone out in darkness, and the journey measured by the graves that are left behind. To such there can come a light and a peace, a

strength and a comfort; there can come a rift in the clouds, and a glimpse of the glory beyond, the glance of a moment, but a consolation not to be measured.

To the great bulk of our readers, however, it has been an ordinary, uneventful year. Day has followed day, and the daily round has brought the ordinary daily duties; there has been a peaceful monotony in their lives—if the fading year has had no specially dark shadows, neither has it had any unusually bright hours. Happy are such, let them rest and be thankful, and in the quiet and peaceful, prepare for the dark and stormy, times.

Among our churches the past year has been one of considerable change. To say nothing about the smaller places, there have been changes in the pulpits of Toronto, London, Guelph, Kingston (Bethel), and Brantford, while the last days of the year witness the departure of the Rev. J. B. Silcox, from the Western, Toronto, to Winnipeg, and of the Rev. H. D. Hunter, from Newmarket, to London. Both those churches are now vacant and we trust that each will wisely and cautiously choose its pastor. The Western of Toronto is a cause which might fire any true man with a noble ambition. It is not too much to say that with the right man there is every reason to hope that it will become the strongest church in the city. The location of the building is excellent, the neighborhood is a splendid one for work, and Mr. Silcox has laid the foundation of the spiritual edifice broad and deep, in a united and hearty people, a large number of whom are young and earnest, ready to follow a true leader in work for the Master. Newmarket which a few years since was looked upon as hopelessly gone, has, under the three years' wise and careful guidance of Mr. Hunter, assumed a different aspect, there has been during the whole of his ministry the utmost cordiality and oneness, the reproach has been largely wiped away, and the Church there also will answer responsive to the touch of any good and true man. May such an one be sent to them.

Old Zion, of Montreal, has gone, so far at any rate as relates to the building; it has been sold and is to be used for secular purposes. We sigh for the end of the old building so dear to many, but under the circumstances it appeared inevitable.

The year has—we regret to note it—been characterized by more than one flagrant pulpit aberration, and, what deepens the regret is, that these might have been expected, were expected, and that those most deeply interested were the last to see and be convinced. The house was in flames, the spectators all around saw it, but the inmates refused to believe the warning cries.

And now we are on the threshold of the New Year, a few steps and we shall have crossed it and be writing 1881 on our letters. Friends and fellow workers, what is the year to be? It need not sadden any of us to think that to some the coming New Year's day may be our last, before another we may have entered the dark valley, and our feet be wet with the waters of the silent river. Need not sadden us, but make us more active, energetic, and determined; more anxious to work

while it is day, knowing that the night cometh when no man worketh. We trust that this coming year will witness a great advance of true religion in our midst, it is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that we live in perilous times. We do not believe that the Ark of God is in danger, but we know that we are surrounded by bitter and active enemies and that we have a great many lukewarm friends within. Without are scepticism and superstition, and with them are leagued the drink-fiend with his great army. Within are ease and worldliness, laxity and charity, falsely so called, and not a little of unbelief. We need a revival, not what is so known generally, but a revivifying of the church, a quickening unto new life and power. Shall we have it? "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

One final word as to our denominational objects. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that not one of them is in a very thriving state. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and try if we cannot help along these works better than previously. Two objects specially need help—the Home Missionary Fund and College. Some may think that neither of these is altogether what we should like; perhaps not, nor is anything human. But imperfect as they may be they are doing a good work, and we would urge our readers to a liberal support of these as well as other efforts—the Provident Fund, Indian Mission, &c.

Here we leave the matter. Thought crowds upon thought. If we followed on, this already lengthy article would fill many columns. We canonically conclude by wishing all our readers, with the fullest Christian meaning, "A Happy New Year."

OWING to press of matter, several articles in type stand over until next week.

THE *National S. S. Teacher* says:—Rev. W. F. Crafts has left the Methodist and joined the Congregational ranks solely because he does not like to "move" so often. This new move is expected to prevent a good many yearly and triennial ones. He, however, remains the same Sunday-school man as ever. And so does his wife.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The gentleman and his lady who sent their pastor a cheque of five hundred dollars a few days ago, will be kind enough to accept this acknowledgment in the *Canadian Independent*, as a slight expression of thanks from himself and family for the same. Those who read will understand that said pastor's salary is regularly paid.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue reaching us later than the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

OLD FRIENDS AND THEIR WORK.

The Editor *Canadian Independent*.

MY DEAR SIR, —When I met you during your recent visit to England, I promised to write an occasional letter,

which I hope may serve the double purpose of keeping upon my part some connection with Canada, and also prove interesting to your reader.

It affords me great pleasure to read in THE INDEPENDENT from time to time tidings of old friends and brethren in the ministry, whose names will always be held to me in memory dear.

Since February last I have been working as assistant minister to Rev. Wm. Tyler, F.R.M.S., a highly esteemed and venerable minister, who is called by many "the Bishop of East London," where he has laboured for forty years with earnestness, and success.

We have four Sunday Schools, and a large number of benevolent and evangelistic societies in connection with the Church. We have been recently holding a series of special services, hoping, that in answer to prayer, God's work may be revived, and many precious souls be led to Jesus.

My holiday this year was spent at Northoe, near Ilfracombe, Devon.

The Rev. Uriah Thomas, of Bristol, has founded, at this romantic and beautiful spot, a minister's seaside home, where all the advantages of good society, relaxation, pure air, and charming scenery may be obtained by ministers who are seeking rest and change.

The state of Ireland is causing a great deal of anxiety to our government. Owing to the agitation caused by the Irish Land League, under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, the crops in some places have been gathered under great difficulties.

"What is to be done?" This is one of the vexed questions of the day and how effectually to deal with it is one of the most difficult problems which the Gladstone Ministry will have to solve. Notwithstanding the comparatively good harvest, business prospects here are at present by no means tinted with a roseate hue. Trade is very dull, and the scarcity of money is affecting our Missionary Societies very greatly. Some four most important missions are deeply in debt.

Many of your readers will be glad to hear that Rev. Dr. Nickson and family are well. The Dr. is at present doing a good work as Secretary of the London Christian Instruction Society.

I am glad to have good news to tell about the Young Men's Christian Association. It has, you will be rejoiced to hear, taken quite a fresh start. The old headquarters at Aldersgate street have been renovated and much improved; the alterations at Exeter Hall are being completed; a new branch has been opened in the West End; and it is hoped that many young men in the upper classes of society may be reached with the gospel. At the Freemason's Hall in 1875 I remember Mr. Moody being asked by a clergyman if, in connection with the proposed Revival services, he had made any provision for the miserably poor. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "and for the miserably rich also." The great evangelist was right, for certainly the rich homes and wealthy are poor indeed without the unsearchable riches of Christ. Not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country a renewed interest is being manifested in the good work of seeking to win the young men for Christ.

At the Montreal Convention in 1867, a banner was displayed, the motto on which sank into my heart:

"Christ for the world and all the world for Christ!"

What inspiring words! As soldiers of Jesus we may well emblazon them on our banners and feel it a privilege beneath such a flag to strike blow after blow until the field is won. Let us

"Hope on, Hope ever!"
At Trinity Church in Hanbury street
A moulded form mine eyes oft meet,
And underneath this motto sweet,
Hope on, Hope ever!"

An anchor at the fair one's side,
An emblem meet as well supplie;
It seems to say whate'er betide,
"Hope on, Hope ever!"

The gathering clouds I may behold,
Rough winds may pierce me bleak and cold
Still these words shine like burnished gold,
"Hope on, Hope ever!"

Though tempest toss'd in many a gale,
Hope's anchor is within the veil,
And joyfully to heaven I sail,
"Hope on, Hope ever!"

Christ my forerunner there has gone,
Hark! 'tis His message from the throne,
'Until thy work on earth is done,
Until the crown of life is won,"
"Hope on, Hope ever!"

So sings yours very sincerely,
R. T. THOMAS.

12 Salisbury Road, Dalston,
London, Nov. 25, 1880.

THE DEAF MUTES.

To the Editor of the Independent:—

SIR,—I have often thought it would be interesting to bring before the readers of THE INDEPENDENT a short account of the mental and moral state of a class of people that are living in the midst of others, mingling with them in most affairs of life, yet more hopelessly separated from them mentally than any savage that runs naked in Feejee or Africa. Such as these may, and will, when brought in contact with civilization lose many of their savage habits, imbibe ideas resembling those held by those with whom they associate. But the class I am referring to associates with civilization and draws comparatively little knowledge and few ideas from their surroundings. They do as they see others do, often without knowing why they do it, and the idea that impels others is not the same that impels them. You may imagine I am speaking of lunatics or idiots, but I am not, and my object in speaking is to try and enlist your sympathies in behalf of the class to which I refer. The more so, inasmuch as I, to a large degree, share them myself, and so can more thoroughly enter into their sorrows. They are the most lonely people on the face of the globe, and yet never complain of it to the outside world, and, as a general rule, are shunned, as far as any companionship goes, almost as much as were the lepers of old, not because there is anything ugly or uncouth about them, but on account of two reasons:—the laziness of mankind in general, which hates to give itself any extra trouble, and the smallness of the intellect of this class, which is the direct result of their misfortune. I refer to the deaf and dumb. When any minister gets up in one of our pulpits and descends eloquently of the "poor, benighted heathen," and prays for assistance to carry the "blessings of the Gospel" to them, he often meets with a liberal response. Yet among the mutes who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who is there that sympathizes? Who goes among them and tries to teach them, as a regular thing, among the hearing community? Just one man, and no more; and for the first season of my sojourn in Toronto, there was not one. They had literally no place to go unto and no man cared for their souls. Let it not be supposed that because no man hears them cry or lament that they do not feel such neglect.

"Amidst the hum, the din, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess
And roam along the world-wide denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless,
None that with kindred consciousness endured,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude."

So says Byron, and he says truth, at least in this respect. You, I doubt not, have read many novels and, perhaps, have been moved to tears over some imaginary sorrows of hero or heroine, and have felt you would gladly have relieved

them. This is no sentimentalism; these people really feel—they really suffer—yet no pitying hand, save one, is reached out to them except casually, as you throw a dole to a beggar and pass by. Well, perhaps you will say,—what is it you want? We are ready to subscribe to pay a clergyman. This is just what we do not want. We prefer to be ministered to, as we are now, by one that gives his services for Christ's sake and humanity's, without fee or reward. And it were well for you if there were more such among your pastors. What the mutes require is, mainly, interest and friendship. You would give your money to the service of your Master, will you not give what is of far more value in this case, a little of your time and interest to these people. The deaf-mutes, after they leave school, are generally left pretty much to themselves, and this is not surprising when you consider that many of them are brought up to understand signs mainly, and that these signs are unintelligible to the hearing world in general. But they also understand finger-language, and it is by this means that their hope in mixing in society lies. Were people in general to converse more with them, and try to draw out their minds by this means, they would do immense good by enabling them better to understand language as it is generally used, and thus enable them to comprehend books.

(Concluded next week)

"MINISTERIAL STANDING."

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent:

SIR, I desire to thank you for your statement that the article to which my letter had reference was not an utterance *ex cathedra*. Its appearance in type as an article and not as a simple record of the action of the St. Louis Council unfortunately led me to conclude that it was. I agree with you, Sir, that we should always be ready to give some definitions beyond negations as to what Congregationalism is, but to do this would occupy more space than a column of your valuable weekly. Moreover, this is not the question at issue so far as this correspondence is concerned. In response to your question as to what I mean by "a broad and liberal, orthodoxy" I reply, that open-hearted charity which eagerly recognizes what is good, no matter where it may be found, whether within or without the Church, and still further, the disposition so happily manifested in a society known as the Evangelical Alliance, upon whose platform any one accepting the doctrines of our common Faith may stand. As to the question of Ministerial Standing, I take it that the Minister of any Evangelical Church, unless some charge of an immoral character has been or can be urged against him, should be accepted by the community, especially so by his brethren in the ministry—as in perfectly good standing. Should any such charge as I have referred to have been made, the Church should make known to its Sister Churches its reasons for extending the call, and render all necessary information so as to enable them to form an impartial judgment. A Council in such instances, if you will, and in the event of a Church refusing, dis-fellowship would be a legitimate course for the Sister Churches to follow. In the case of a pastor settling over a Church, whether he be a student from College or a tried minister from another sphere of labour, in my humble opinion the Church should be left alone in its judgment—and still further, that judgment should be respected. It would then be said "See how these Christians love one-another." The term "Ecclesiastical Formula" I understand to apply to any proceeding affecting Church Government initiated by brethren in the ministry.

Thanking you for your kindly reply to my letter, and promising not to trouble

you further for the present with reference to this subject,

Yours truly,

E.

Toronto, Dec. 25th 1880.

REV. T. HALL AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR.—Since I wrote you last, sweeping changes have taken place in our mission work in this colony. Mr. Wilson, who toiled earnestly for three years in Twillingate, was obliged to return to England, owing to the state of his health. His place is now filled by Mr. George Whyte, from Scotland. He is a young man of great promise. Rev. R. McK v deserves the thanks of our Missionary Society, as well as the thanks of the Twillingate Church, for the wise choice he made. You will remember that our Committee requested him to select a man for mission work in Newfoundland. Mr. Whyte was an agent of the North-East Coast Mission in Scotland, and comes to us with the very highest testimonials of character and qualification for the work to which he has been appointed. During a sojourn of ten days in St. John's we had special services, and I must candidly say, I have never met with so young a man so gifted and so earnest. I look for good results to follow his ministry in the Metropolis of the North—Twillingate. Our committee have added to their labourers in that town an efficient and well-trained teacher, who is to commence her work next month.

Mr. J. B. Thompson spent three years in Fortune Bay, our most difficult mission station, perhaps the most difficult field of labour on this side of the Atlantic. He worked nobly and successfully. He left in September to pursue his studies in the C. C. of B. N. A., of Montreal.

Quite unexpectedly I made the acquaintance of a young man on my way to Halifax, last June. He had just left the "East End Training College," London, and intended to labour in the United States. But, after hearing about the need of earnest labourers on the coast of Newfoundland, he decided that if our committee had an opening he would come to this country. We very soon had a vacancy; and after making the fullest enquiries respecting my young friend, he was engaged. He is now at his work in Fortune Bay. He is from the land of the great Augustus Adolphus, and speaks the Swedish language fluently, as well as very good English. He has had a good training in open air speaking, and has been used to "roughing it." Mr. Alfred Johnson has just the qualifications that will secure success along the wild and extensive shores of Fortune Bay. Our committee have engaged to build another school-house in a neglected settlement in that district, a harbour with a large population, where a resident informed me, there was only one adult able to read. There is a wide field for missionary enterprise around the shores of Newfoundland. Though I believe all the denominations are doing their utmost, such is the nature of the country that it is not possible to provide every little settlement with missionaries and school-teachers. Our mission in Trinity Bay is still in charge of Mr. Squires, who appears to be labouring earnestly and acceptably. This station is also to be reinforced by a good teacher, and one that has some experience in Christian work; and it is expected that he will render valuable help to the missionary. Our missionary friends have had unusually heavy demands upon them during the past year, and if some of your rich and generous readers would send a subscription to the treasurer, they would render timely aid to a noble and a struggling cause. They will find the treasurer's name in the last Canadian Year Book, p. 181.

This will probably be my last communication to the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT from Newfoundland. In about a fortnight from this date I am to leave for a new field of labour. If all pastors find it as difficult to part with their flocks as I do, they will not make many changes. My successor is to come some time next month, the Rev. Mr. Beaton who resided near Glasgow, Scotland. He has a good report, and comes in the vigour of manhood. There is a grand work before him, and he will be received by warm-hearted servants of

our Heavenly Master. When I took charge of the work about thirteen years ago, it looked very like a "forlorn hope." Thank God, it is different now. In those days, the most that could be raised, for all purposes, was about \$900. Now they can and do raise over \$2,000; besides, Mr. Beaton has what every church should aim at having—a parsonage. There was none thirteen years ago. I came down from my throne here with reluctance. It will be long before I shall be able to divest myself of a feeling of responsibility towards Newfoundland. I love the church, the mission, the schools, and the work with all its difficulties, and nothing but the strongest conviction that I am in the path of duty would reconcile me to the change. But I will buckle on the armour, and do my best to assist in the conflict in the wide field. Hoping, too, that, at no distant day, I will be permitted to visit the scenes of former toil and triumph to rejoice in the greater things that God can do for and by my successor.

St. John, Nfld., Dec. 16, 1880.

THE REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—THE INDEPENDENT of Dec. 2nd contains a paragraph informing us of a state of religious revival in Winnipeg, accompanied by hopeful conversions. Having previously learned from the papers that the Rev. E. P. Hammond had gone there to prosecute his Evangelistic labours, I was struck with the absence of his name. I have since learned that the paragraph was written in haste, that the omission was unintentional, and that (in the language of, I suppose, the writer), "his labours were much blessed."

The omission in question appeared to me, at the time, significant because of an indisposition which I have noticed in some directions, and, amongst others, I have thought in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, to recognize or draw attention to Mr. Hammond's labours. Having heard his teaching and observed his measures by a constant attendance on and co-operation in meetings for some weeks here, less than two years since, I think this is a mistake. Doubtless, like other earnest, faithful ministers, he may sometimes commit errors in judgment, and being of an emotional and sanguine temperament lives, at such times, in a different atmosphere, so to speak, from many of those around him. But for clear enunciation of the truth of the Gospel, as held by orthodox churches, for incessant, self-denying labour and "sowing beside all waters," and for a lovely, Christ-like spirit, manifested under trying circumstances, he appeared to us a bright example.

The chief cause of uneasiness to living Christians by Mr. Hammond, when here, was the mention of and treatment of persons as converted on, as was thought, superficial evidence. I think the anxiety was not without reason, and that Mr. Hammond's ardent temperament might lead him astray in this direction. At the same time, we know, both from Scripture and observation, that no human caution can prevent disappointment in this matter. The kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind! In our case, some who appeared to be brought forward most prematurely are maintaining their steadfastness, while others in whom more confidence was felt have gone back.

There is room for difference of opinion and some perplexity on the whole subject of special or revival meetings, but I would take this opportunity to state that many here are now maintaining a Christian profession who date their conversion from the series of meetings held by Mr. Hammond, assisted by the ministers of the city, and that those who were actively engaged in those meetings, hope never to lose the holy impressions then received. I should have taken care that some such testimony as this was sent to the INDEPENDENT after the meetings, had not a friend expressed his intention to do so, which he did not fulfil.

Yours truly,

S. HODGKIN.

Guelph, Dec. 18.

There is no indisposition on the part of the INDEPENDENT to notice Mr. Hammond's labours. The mission rests with the friends in the places where he labours. We willingly insert any such news that is sent to us.—D. C. I.

News of the Churches.

OTTAWA.—Six persons were received into membership at the December communion service, five on profession of faith for the first time, and one from one of the Presbyterian Churches of the city. Several others are expected shortly to unite. More than usual interest has been manifested in the spiritual work of the church of late.

The Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Montreal, lectured recently in the Church, at Ottawa, on the "Pilgrim Fathers," of which the *Free Press* says: "It was heard by a fairly large and most appreciative audience. Senator Ferrier presided. The pastor led in prayer, and presented letters of apology from a number of ministers who were unable to attend. The Chairman then in a few appropriate remarks introduced the lecturer, who began by graphically sketching the religious condition of England during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts. The Congregational wing of the Puritan party, who could no longer remain in the only partially Reformed Church of England, and who were not permitted to meet for worship as their own conscience, and the Word of God directed, first fled to Leyden, in Holland, for the liberty their own country denied them; and then in the year 1620, about 100 of them came to America in the Mayflower, and planted themselves, and free institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Bancroft declares that civil and religious liberty was born in the voyage of the Mayflower, and from that feeble, but grand and heroic beginning we inherit all the blessings for which our country is distinguished. It is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to give even a sketch of the lecture, but it was eloquent and masterly throughout, and was greatly enjoyed by all present, who loudly applauded the Doctor at its close.

On motion of Principal Thorburn, seconded by Mr. Watson, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer for his able and interesting lecture.

Senator Ferrier also expressed his own great delight with the manner in which the subject had been presented, after which the meeting was closed by the Doxology and the benediction."

TORONTO.—Mr. J. D. Nasmith who has for some time past actively exerted himself for the spiritual improvement of the Deaf Mutes of the City, meeting them every Sunday afternoon and at other times, and manifesting in many ways a deep interest in their welfare, was made the recipient on Christmas morning of a volume of Milton with Dore's illustrations, accompanied by the following address:—

TO MR. J. D. NASMITH.

We, the Deaf Mutes of Toronto, have been very desirous for some time past to express the sense we entertain of the unwearied kindness and patient attention we have received from you, dear Mr. Nasmith, and the many evidences of your sympathy in all that concerns us, which each in turn has experienced. There is not one that cannot recall some instance that has testified that your kindness towards us is not in word only but in deed and truth. It is no common interest in us and ours, for which we have to thank you.

We may on this occasion, perhaps, be excused for referring to our peculiar position and the difficulties of our own intercourse with others, and if we do so it is in no spirit of complaint. We are conscious of the kindly attentions which have actuated others in their attempts at times to do something for us, but to none are we so indebted as to you. You alone have had the courage and perseverance to overcome the obstacles which stood in the way of free intercourse with us. You alone have had the patience to endure disappointment which every earnest man must feel at the inadequate expression which could be conveyed to us of the things desired to be set forth by your patient perseverance, and the suggestiveness born of an earnest will. You have shown that there are no obstacles which cannot be overcome, and you have done us the further benefit of not only giving us your own lively

interest and sympathy, but of stirring up the interest and sympathy of others on our behalf, so that through you we have had access to some of the kind expressions of Christian thought and feeling which are so freely open to others, but so seldom find their way to us.

We are conscious that kindness such as yours and directed mainly to such ends as you never fail prominently to keep in view, is not of this world, neither does it seek its reward here. It testifies to us that the event which we at this season commemorate is no fading vision of the past, but showing through the mists of time there is a power and a blessing still fresh and strong as the changeless heavens, and that the life of all love and mercy still dwells on earth in the hearts of the servants of the Most High.

But we feel that there is due from us some expression of our sense of all that you have done for us, and we trust that the volume of which we beg your acceptance, however inadequate in intrinsic value, may not be unacceptable to you, as some attempt to represent the regard and gratitude we feel.

Chas. J. Howe, Robt Green, James Jones, John K. Ellis, G. B. Bromfield, Chas. Smith, R. C. Hater, John Moore, J. H. Smith, N. V. Lewis, Henry Moore, Joseph Farnworth, J. J. Peake.

TORONTO, CHRISTMAS, 1880.

BURFORD.—In November I sent you a notice, that I think has not yet appeared in the *INDEPENDENT*, of a Donation to the Rev. W. Hay, on Thanksgiving Eve, upon which occasion his friends presented him with \$121.

Christmas Day was the 40th anniversary of the Sabbath School, an Xmas Tree was exhibited and a supper provided. The meeting was held in the town hall, and \$71 was added to the funds of the school.

H. C.

Literary Notes.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER has introduced some new improvements for 1881. Model blackboard lessons not only are given, but underneath them an artist tells what kind of colors to use in putting them on the board. "Class Test Questions" have been added, by which a teacher can review the lesson taught, and in that way see how well the scholars remember it. This magazine excels in its *Analyses* of the lessons, in its *Class outlines*, its *Bible readings* on the main topic of each lesson, as well as in its expository notes. The January number is replete with good things. No matter what other helps we have we cannot afford to be without *The Teacher*. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon Publishing Co., 147 and 149 Fifth Avenue.

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS BOOKS IN FULL.—Finely illustrated with 16 new full page engravings. Containing (1) A Christmas Carol, (2) The Chimes, (3) The Cricket on the Hearth, (4) The Battle of Life, (5) The Haunted Man. This is a capital holiday book. Printed from new plates, made especially for this edition. Just issued in Standard Series) Octavo size: Nos. 48 and 49. Price postage paid, bound in manilla paper, each 25 cents.

GODET'S COMMENTARY ON LUKE.—With Preface and Notes Specially prepared for this Edition by John Hall, D.D. Godet's Celebrated Commentary on Luke (perhaps the best commentary on this Gospel ever written) has been selling in this country heretofore at \$5. L. J. Funk & Co., have now in press an edition which they will supply at popular prices. They are actually giving it as a donation to every subscriber for their *Preacher and Homiletic Monthly*. Their reprint is *verbatim*, includes all the notes, all the Hebrew and Greek words—everything contained in the English *six dollar* edition. The type is large brevier leaded, and the paper is good. The book is octavo in size. A Preface and Notes for this American Edition have been specially prepared by John Hall, D.D., thus greatly increasing the value of the original to all American readers. This commentary is most highly commended by such men as

Spurgeon, Drs. Crosby, Tyler, Wm. M. Taylor. All will agree with Dr. Crosby that Godet is a "man of soundest learning and purest orthodoxy." [The Commentary ranks very high in this country and in Europe. There could be no better hand-book of the kind for teachers in our Sabbath schools, who during the next six months will find their lessons in the Gospel of Luke. Preachers can now add to their libraries, at a trifling cost, a most valuable book of reference.

Boys and Girls.

HOW STRONG IS GOD?

How strong is God, papa? asked Willie Dale.—"strong as a giant?"

"Who made giants?" said his father.

"Why, God, of course," answered Willie.

"Then will not God be stronger than the men he makes?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. But then, *how* strong is God?"

"Stronger than all men put together," said Mr. Dale; "stronger than all angels and devils, strong enough to dash all the worlds and every living thing to pieces in a moment."

"I'm afraid of Him," said Willie, nestling to his father's side.

"You need not be, dear. He is strong enough to keep you safe."

"But I am a naughty boy," said Willie.

"Well, God loves you, and He is strong enough to make you a good boy. Ask Him to take you for His own. Let Him help you to be good; and then God will be on your side."

A CHILD'S WORD IN SEASON.

An English Clergyman says: "Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent to fetch his father from a public house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to have some beer. Firmly and at once the little fellow replied,

"No, I can't take that: I belong to the Band of Hope."

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said:

"Well, if you won't take the beer here is a penny for you to buy some bull's-eyes."

The boy took the penny and said:

"I thank you, but I had rather not buy bull's-eyes; I shall put it in the savings bank."

The men looked at each other, and for a few moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words:

"Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the penny-bank the better."

The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the speech of a boy only six years old.

ABOUT CHRISTIAN NAMES.

At the time of the Norman conquest only English names, with a few old Celtic names, were known in England. This may seem to some readers too obvious to need setting forth, until they know that this limitation excludes such names as John, Thomas, James, Stephen, William, Robert, and so forth. It is not quite true to say that John was absolutely unknown; but it was very rare, and was of late introduction. Now John and William are the commonest Christian names borne by men of English race. Before the Conquest the names were truly English—Alfred, Arthur, Ethelbert, Edgar, Harold, and so forth. After the Conquest these rapidly disappeared. The conqueror's language yielded to the strength and the foothold of the English speech, but their names were diffused all over England, and within less than a century and a half had almost wholly driven the English names out of the

country. This is remarkable because, although the Normans brought in Bible names and saints' names, as well as their own proper Scandinavian names, their list was comparatively small, and the consequence was a great repetition. In every community of one hundred Englishmen there would be, during the four hundred years preceding the Reformation, an average of twenty Johns and fifteen Williams, and then, in fewer numbers and varying proportions, would come Richard, Robert, Walter, Henry, Guy, Roger, Thomas, Nicholas, Philip, Simon, Peter, and so forth. Of women's names during these four centuries the favourites were Matilda, Isabella, Emma, Cecilia, Catharine, Margaret, and Lillian—all Norman, it will be seen. A fact very remarkable, as to the common repetition of names, is that, in many cases, one name was repeated in one family and in the same generation. A father would name two, or, in some cases, even three of his sons John, or William, or James. This strange custom did not pass away until nearly the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In consequence of this very small allowance of Christian names, the confusing effect of which was aggravated by the absence of surnames, our forefathers were sorely put to it to distinguish themselves one from the other in their everyday talk. Hence the use of words expressing a man's occupation, his place of residence, his personal appearance, or his parentage as a to-name, and we have John [the] Wheelwright, John [the] Constable, John Attwood, John [of the] Green, John [the] Bigg, John [the] Gray, John Robert's-son, and John William's-son. Singular remnants of this custom are the names By-the-sea and Strong-of-the-arm, which still exist in England.

But the needs of individual distinction were far from being fully met in this way, and recourse was had to nicknames and pet names. Nicknames are those which are nicked, or cut. Pet names were generally made by the addition of a syllable, which was either diminutive, or fondly or jocosely descriptive. Nicknames hardly need illustration, for we have them still in use. Our use of them, however, is very limited compared with that of our forefathers between three and six hundred years ago. Tom, Bob, Sam, Will, and the rest may soon be reckoned, but of old the variety was endless. Walter was Wat; Simon was Sim; Bartholomew, Bat; Gilbert, Gib; Isaac, Hyke; Nicholas, Col; Gregory, Grig; Robert, Hob; Lawrence, Larkin; Hugh, Hud; Theobald, Tib; Cecilia, Cis; David, Dave, and so forth. Moreover, one name had many varieties of nicking. Thus, Bartholomew was made into Bat, Bate, Batty, Bartle, Toily, and Tholy; and besides it was both nicked and petted into Bartelelot and Batcock by a process to be explained hereafter. Now, all these nicked and petted names sticking to those to whom they were given, became first separate Christian name, and afterward surnames. They may all be found in the London Directory. So William became not only Will, but Willot, Wilmot, Wilkin, and Wilcock, and these nicknames all became surnames, as anyone may see. John was Jack, but it was also Jenn, and Jenning, and Jenkin, and Jackcock, and Brownjohn, and Micklejohn, and Littlejohn; and all these nicknames and pet names, adhering to their bearers, became surnames. It was no mere freedom of intercourse or slipshodness of speech which made these nicknames and pet names so common. It was absolutely necessary. For, 500 years ago, one-third of all the Englishmen alive were named either John or William, and they had no surnames!—*Richard Grant White.*

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—*Theophrastus.*

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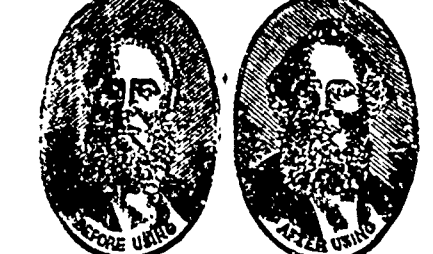
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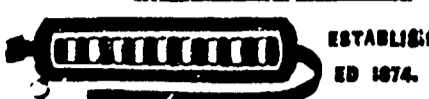
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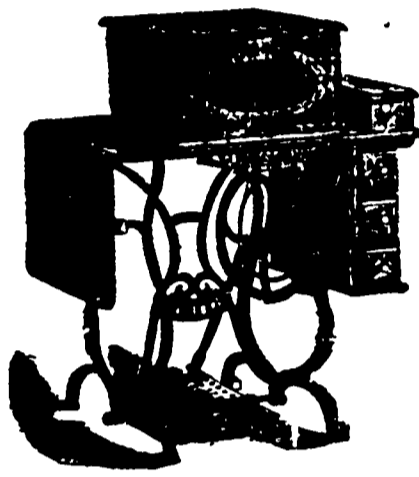
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