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THE
CANADIAN  INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

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No. 17

EDITORIAL NOTINGS.

How pregnant and striking were the words of the Master whenever he opened His lips, how full of lessons to His followers—thus in the story of the healing of the man blind from his birth, John ix. 4, he says, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Then there was a night and a day to the Master Himself; a time of opportunity and of opportunity past; a time of labor and a time when labor must cease. Yet really, do not many of us live as if opportunities would continue for ever and the night never come. Many a christian passing into the night, when as regards his human work the opportunity was ceasing for ever, has sorrowed much that he has done so little for the Saviour's cause, but we never heard of one who regretted that he had done too much.

CLOSELY allied to this is another saying of Jesus, "I have a baptism to be baptised with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished," Luke xii. 8. Suffering and death in their severest and most degrading forms were before the Redeemer, yet in view of what should follow He was eager for the accomplishment. Are we pressed, "straitened," eager, whatever the cost to ourselves, that the fulness of Christ's work should be accomplished?

CAN anything be more incongruous than a perfunctory, heartless delivery of the Gospel message? if there is anything that demands earnestness surely it is here. Life and death, heaven and hell are in the balance. Who can speak of these without the deepest feeling. To such work would we apply the striking words of Charles Kingsley:—

"Be earnest, earnest, earnest, mad if thou wilt,
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed before the judgment day."

Onesimus in haste to get from his Master and to hide himself in the slums of Rome, finds first, his Master's friend; second, his Master's God; third, his Master again, but not as a slave is he now received, rather as a brother beloved, a member of the great family of God in heaven and on earth. So the devil sometimes outbids himself and puts men in circumstances that lead them away from sin and up to God and righteousness. I thank God that the "roaring lion" does at times miss the prey he thought secured to himself.

"THE light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Of course not, it never did and never can. Let a Dr. Pentecost tell us of the claims of christianity; let a Dr. Withrow narrate to us the story of the decadence of faith and the spread of the "New Theology" in New England and elsewhere, and the one is interrupted in his lecture and the other is attacked in the public prints by men who mistake light for darkness and darkness for light, license for liberty and liberty for license. Men who claim to be "Liberal," forsooth! We would not be uncharitable, but we remember the words of the Master, that "Men love darkness rather than light." Is there not in this age of culture, of enquiry, of analysis, a walking darkly in dangerous places; a blind, presumptuous daring that can—save by the grace of God—have but one end, a slipping of the feet and a plunging into the deeper darkness of scepticism and downright infidelity.

THE moral and spiritual recklessness of the age is accompanied, may we say illustrated, by the physical tom-foolery occurring ever and

anon. It was not enough that Captain Webb should lose his life some three years ago in his daring attempt to swim the rapids of Niagara, but a crank mus', the other day, put himself into a barrel and pass through the same terrible ordeal, then another of the species jumped from Brooklyn Bridge into the river beneath. Unfortunately we had nearly said, and for the sake of others it was unfortunate, both these men survived. Yet again a friend visiting Niagara Falls a few days ago was filled with fear as were many others, at seeing two boys crossing the river on the timbers under the Cantilever bridge, where the slightest false step would have been death. It is well that the authorities do their best to suppress such manifestations; let christians in like manner, unmoved by the cry of bigotry or what not, do their best to frown down the spiritual daring too often exhibited.

OF all the little meannesses and vices of life (did we say little?) God deliver us from *selfishness*. The man who is his own sun moves in the narrowest of orbits, the self-life is of all lives the most solitary, the poorest and the most barren. It would seem impossible that such a life could be led by those who profess to feel the influence of Christ's love, but is it? This self-life involves not only distance from man but from the Saviour, and the only cure is to be "in Christ," then is the man in circuit with myriads of loving hearts, for He is the centre that receives love from, and radiates love through, the universe of the good.

DURING the first week of August the Editor started on a holiday trip with his wife in a covered buggy, with the intention of seeing the country and visiting some of the friends. Alas for the uncertainties of human life, at the end of his first day's journey he was telegraphed back by the death of an old and faithful friend of the Northern Church, and the mother of one of our minister's wives. These jottings will therefore assume a somewhat different tone in some parts than at first intended, yet, gentle reader, such as they are you have. We shall try to be both instructive and interesting, lend us an appreciative ear.

YONGE Street begins at the Toronto bay and ends on the shore of Lake Simcoe. With a slight bend at Bond lake, a wind round a steep

hill near Holland Landing, it runs in a right line from the Mount Pleasant cemetery on to the lake where it ends. It rejoices, to the disgrace of the country through which it runs, in six relics of *ye* olden time named toll gates. Why the main roads to the queen city of Ontario should still be blocked with these marks of early settlement is to us a mystery; if the difficulty is vested rights, we demur to any one generation locking up public liberties for generations to come. We want no hold from a dead man's hand.

YONGE Street has many villages on its sides, most of them give tokens of a prosperity that has passed away. The large fish live on the smaller ones, and trade in these days of telegraphs and of railroads tends to the large centres. York Mills, once evidently full of life, has little now save decaying mills and buildings to present; and Holland Landing has an air of desolation which the few remaining stores and blacksmith's shops only seem to intensify. Fortunes have been made there, this may plainly be seen, but now it would be more easy to invest and lose. The railroad has carried all business away. Its present population is a little over five hundred. No room for a Congregational church there.

AURORA appears to be in a fairly prosperous condition, though the trend of progress is toward Newmarket, a town of over two thousand inhabitants. Here we enjoyed for an evening and morning the generous hospitality of the Gaius of Congregationalists in these parts, Mr. Joseph Millard, who with his family deserve notice among our friends. We also spent a few moments in the house of brother W. W. Smith, a home so lately bereaved, so full of christian submission and of humble faith. Our church here has been closed for some time, but our friend Mr. Millard has not been idle. The old building is undergoing thorough renovation. A substantial stone foundation has been built, the whole encased with white brick, a school house 36x30 feet erected in the rear, the old gallery removed, a tower entrance built, and a new roof put over the old one. The ground around has been graded and neatly fenced, a sidewalk was being laid while we were there, and a few weeks promise to show a place of worship which for neatness, comfort and capa-

city will be second to none in the place. We sincerely hope that the self-denying efforts of our friend may not be thrown away, and that before the Master calls him to the many mansioned home he may see our church at Newmarket resuscitated in a manner corresponding to the desires of his heart as expressed in the reconstruction of the building. We noticed on a stone at the foundation of the new part of the tower these words, "Congregational Church, erected 1843, J. J. Botsford, first deacon," on the opposite side, "rebuilt 1883," and we thought, as we saw no name,

"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

WHAT are the future prospects of our cause in Newmarket? Of this it is difficult to speak. It is said that not a pew is to be obtained in either the Presbyterian church or the Methodist; the town is growing, our building is in a central place, and where the town's increase is being felt; these are all favourable indications: we trust that as soon as the building is completed supply may be arranged for during the winter months, and that our Missionary society will be able to place a student there, or some suitable pastor, when spring returns and summer days are brightening. It will be a thousand pities if such a building as this promises to be should not be in the near future filled with worshippers.

WEDNESDAY found us on our way by rail to Barrie, where student Gerrie has been labouring during the vacation. This new church has suffered from dissensions, but harmony now appears to prevail. The summer work has been blessed, the town is apparently in a fairly prosperous condition, and our church with an efficient pastor and loving missionary aid has promise of great usefulness and reasonable prosperity. Mr. Gerrie speaks warmly of the kindness and earnestness of friends there. The day we had chosen for visiting the town was on the civic holiday, we joined the crowd in an excursion on the bay to a point some nine miles distant. A pleasant breeze, groves and camps enabled us to spend a pleasant afternoon and to meet with the friends both on the excursion, and on our return in their weekly prayer meeting. The holiday thinned the attendance, but we enjoyed the gathering and the conference held after the meeting. We

trust ere the winter passes a settlement will be effected here.

THURSDAY we drove, accompanied by Mr. Gerrie and two of the Barrie friends—Messrs. Villiers and Morris—to Edgar. The day was cool, fine, the roads dusty: well tilled farms and comfortable homes characterize the country through which we passed, thick stubble fields full of stooks or of waving grain attest a bountiful harvest, the pastures and gardens however showed evident marks of continued drought. We found friend Wright at home, his wife welcomed us with a smile and cared for us with Martha's careful hands. Their four little ones have just recovered from a severe attack of diphtheria, and still show marks of the struggle. The grave yard reminded us of the two little ones of the late pastor, Mr. Hindley, who in that same parsonage succumbed to a similiar disease. Is there some local cause?

The parsonage has been painted, the interior of the church brightened up since we were last there, the sheds also have been enlarged, but the burial ground needs sadly the scythe's strong sweep, though the mowing will not afford the sheaves with which the reaper delights to fill his arms. Mr. Wright speaks hopefully of the work in this field.

As the evening shadows began to fall we drove over to the new church building at Dalton. We have seldom seen a neater or more complete place for worship in our rural districts. The building is of brick, comfortably seated, ample shed room, neatly fenced. The seating capacity will be about 200. In some respects we should suppose that the Barrie church building supplied a model. As we desired to meet the friends at Vespra we did not tarry to the Bible class Mr. Wright holds every Thursday evening.

The Vespra building has been recently painted, and did the fences correspond, would present a model of rural neatness. Though in the hurry of harvest, the attendance was comparatively large. This church has suffered by withdrawals caused by the establishment of a Presbyterian cause near by, and from want of better business management. It will permanently suffer if the children are not gathered into a Sunday School there, instead of contributing to a large Methodist school not far away. How this

condition of things has been quietly endured in the past is a mystery to us, who without sectarianism believe denominationalism is a present necessity. In cases such as this at Vespra, the young are being turned away from our churches. We trust ere long this will be mended. Mr. Gerrie's work has been much appreciated here. At present Vespra and Barrie are united, and for some time this arrangement must be continued, but the time will not be far distant, we trust, when Barrie will command the entire services of a pastor, and the fields in Vespra, Edgar and Rugby be otherwise arranged. We ought to be prospecting in Orillia.

A PLEASANT moonlight drive through field and forest and plain brought us to the hospitable home of Barrie friends, and next morning found us via railroad Toronto-ward. At Newmarket we were joined by friend Hunter of London, who was returning from a month's sojourning among the delightful islands of the Georgian Bay; we rejoiced in seeing the signs of renewed vigour and health which marked our brother's appearance, and we were glad to hear an encouraging word regarding Mrs. Hunter, who is now in England seeking health. Our pleasure trip is ended, but we add a comment or two.

WE learned that there is a general feeling among our students against being called together a week before the classes form at McGill, before work really begins. If this complaint is well founded, we hope that the cause will be removed. We are decidedly for work the moment the College opens, as even a week's board is an item in a student's scanty purse.

WE are more than ever convinced of the necessity of more frequent intercourse between our churches. We live apart and thus fall into many ways that a little intercommunion would tend to change. Expense is the lion in the way, but if the question was about a new buggy, a harness, or perchance a circus, expense would never be mentioned. What is money for? To hoard, to keep? or to exchange for the wants of life? A little money spent by our churches in providing for intercommunion, through pastors and friends, between our various fields, would soon repay a hundred fold.

WHILE on this money question we would

allude to the very unpunctual manner in which many of our pastors receive their stipend. One station e.g. which promises say \$300 per annum to the pastor, has paid up to the month of September \$50: meanwhile the pastor owes his tailor, his butcher, his miller, and his merchant, very much to his discomfort and chagrin—Such a state of things was excusable thirty years ago, but not in these days of ready markets and of cash transactions; and if any friend, to parry the force of these remarks, should say that a city pastor, who receives regularly his stipend, knows nothing of the necessities of country life, we would reply, we have lived out of the city, we know what country life is about as well as any one, we have been there and know for certain that what we complain of need not be if the friends only will otherwise.

AND once more, the poor are frequently the more open hearted; those who have accumulated the most, the meanest, the most exacting; and the most ready to fly off at a tangent if anything touches their self-importance. How many of our people can truly say with Paul, "What things *were* gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ?" This is our closing meditation for the present on our, what-was-to-have-been, holiday trip

JOHN DOUGALL has passed away at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. He died suddenly while at breakfast in the house of his son Mr. J. D. Dougall, at long Island, N.Y. He lives in the work he has accomplished, in the affections of all who knew him, and in the many mansioned house whither the good and great are gathered. In our student years we were familiar with his manly form both in the old Zion church and in the Sunday afternoon temperance meetings at Bonaventure Hall. The *Montreal Witness*, which he founded in 1845, has been of untold benefit to Canadian homes, we question if any other individual instrumentality has been so powerful as this in making the Canada we call our own strong in temperance morality and religion. The pioneer of the religious journals of these provinces, and the consistent foe of all priestcraft, vice and folly. May his sons, with whom we walked the university halls, live long to continue the father's work, and under the changed circumstances of journalism and life, be as fruitful of good works as he whom they

have now laid in an honourable grave. John Dougall's work is done, gathered home after many noble struggles, he has fought many a good fight, now he rests from his labours, his work in its manifold results abides.

WE commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers the communication on "Faith Healing," that appears on another page. When we say that it is extracted from the London *Christian*, which is largely the organ of what we may term, without offence, the ultra-evangelical party, many of whom adhere to the principles and practice of faith-healing, we may be sure that the subject was esteemed to be deeply important, seriously affecting the true work of the Christian church. There is no question as to the faith of the faith-healers, but there are very grave doubts as to the results.

ACTS I. 11.—A MONOGRAM.

"In like manner." This expression has in general been taken as referring to the visible bodily disappearance of the risen Lord, indicating a like visible bodily re-appearing. There is an alternative rendering that should at least prevent arrogant dogmatism. The future coming of the Lord Jesus is always referred to as unexpected. "At such an hour as ye think not," are words that indicate suddenness. The ascension was sudden, "as they were looking." (We use the revised version as the more exact in its rendering of the tenses.) "While he blessed them" is the corresponding sentence in Luke, (xxiv. 51). "In like manner" therefore may justly be taken as indicating the suddenness of the second advent rather than visibility to bodily eye of the *parousia* or presence; and with this in favour of the rendering suggested, that the text is thereby brought into line with the general tone of Scripture, and is no longer an isolated text.

The idiomatic Greek expression, *non tropou*, rightly rendered "in like manner," is also used in Matthew xxiii. 37, there translated "even as," where certainly the likeness is not physical or material, but of character;—a "like manner" with like care and affection. It is therefore very far from being certain that the angel's words in the verse before us indicate the visible return, far more likely, in accord with such passages as 1 Thess. v. 2-3, that the unexpected suddenness of the advent is intended thereby

X.

LOVE reveals what is good in my friend, but charity reveals what is good in mine enemy.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN CANADA.

The population of Canada is, in round numbers, four and a quarter millions; of these, twenty-seven thousand are given as belonging to the Congregational body, which ranks seventh numerically among the denominations in the Dominion. Of these twenty-seven thousand, eight thousand are claimed as members in full communion with the churches, a proportion of two out of every seven. This proportion would seem to indicate that the body, though small, has strong attachments, and the fact that its regular contributions for church purposes foot up one hundred thousand dollars annually bear out that supposition. Its numerical standing however in the Dominion is in marked contrast with the position it occupies both in the United States and England, and a few suggestions in explanation thereof may do more than mere statistics to give a fair view of this body in this Dominion. These suggestions will take the form of a brief resumé of Congregational history in these parts.

The earliest traces of Congregationalism in the Dominion are to be found in Nova Scotia, which then included the province of New Brunswick. We refer to the time when France and England strove for Acadie, and Massachusetts was still a British colony. The men who planted the British standard over many a French fort in the struggles of the early part of the eighteenth century were largely Puritans of New England, the troops were in general accompanied by their chaplains, who were Congregational ministers. In those days, and under those circumstances, the ministers of peace put to their lips the trumpet of war, and as the French were Roman Catholics, a religious fervour was breathed into the troops. Thus at the first capture of Louisburg, one of the chaplains, Moody by name, with an axe, aided in the demolition of the images and crosses found in the chapels of the captured town, and there is a touch of quaint old Paritian humour in the grace he offered at a dinner after the capture, when being reminded that he must be short he said, "O, Lord, we have too much to bless Thee for, we must refer it to eternity, for life is too short; so bless our food and our fellow men, for Christ's sake, amen!"

As early as 1753 a church was gathered at Halifax, afterwards called Mather Church; the name "Mather" indicates the original home of the majority of settlers of Congregational affinity. A Presbyterian minister of the Church of Scotland accepted the pastorate towards the close of last century, and eventually the church property, which originated in a grant of land from the government, was secured by act of Parliament to St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, and the Congregational identity was lost. During the stormy days of the re-

volution many of the old Massachusetts settlers returned to their old homes, now under the independent flag of the United States, and Presbyterianism largely absorbed the Puritan element. At present there are in the two provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick twenty churches, twelve ministers and a membership of a little over twelve hundred. The population of these provinces is given as 750,000, of which about five thousand claim to be Congregationalists. Numerically small, Independency has done much for the Dominion; it is not too much to say that the charter of religious freedom guaranteed was largely due to manly maintenance by these early settlers of the right for which their fathers came to the then wilderness—"freedom to worship God."

Most of the churches and pastors are confederated in the "Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

In Newfoundland as early as 1775 a church was established in St. John's which still continues, and is the centre of Congregational missions in that island. The shadow of an established church threatened the early days of the Canadas under the British rule. In the beginning of this century no clergyman other than of the established Church of England, and of the Roman Catholic, could baptize or marry without a register from the crown. A Mr. Bentom, who had been sent out to Quebec city from the London Missionary Society of England, regularly organized a Congregational church, 1801, in Quebec, and obtained his register which was only granted from year to year; on applying for the third year he was refused, and thus was prohibited from legally baptizing, or marrying, nor could he perform a burial service, seeing the grave yards were closed against him. Resenting this injustice, through the press, he was arrested, fined fifty pounds sterling, and imprisoned for six months. No advocate was found sufficient independent to plead his case. It was not till a year after the 6th Act of William IV. gave Congregational clergymen a legal status. The church of Mr. Bentom eventually, like to that of Halifax, merged into a Presbyterian congregation, though in 1837 another church was formed which continued up till a few years past (1882).

Congregationalism in Ontario and Quebec however virtually dates from the advent of Dr. Wilkes to Montreal, and of Mr. John Roaf to Toronto, both of whom came to Canada under the auspices of a Colonial Missionary Society just formed by the Congregational Union of England. This was about 1836. Around these gentlemen, (the former of whom still survives), gathered the Zion churches of Montreal and Toronto respectively, than which for christian liberality, intelligence, and social influence, no better could be found. In 1873, scattered throughout the province of Ontario and Que-

bec, 85 churches are reported with an aggregate membership of 4404 and 67 ministers; in 1883 there are reported 90 churches, a membership of 6000 and 67 ministers, with a church in the new province of Manitoba.

The majority of the churches and pastors are associated in the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, which meets annually for conference only.

The Congregational churches of Canada possess one Theological School for which buildings are erected in Montreal. The original name was "The Congregational Academy," under the joint control of the English Colonial Missionary Society and the Congregational Union of Canada West. At first under no formal constitution, but having as tutor Rev. A. Lillie, who removed from Dundas (where in addition to pastoral duties he had conducted the studies of several young men for the ministry,) to Toronto in 1840. A corresponding movement had been begun in Montreal, but in 1846 the two interests were consolidated, and the Seminary made a separate corporation, which in 1860 as the Maritime provinces were looking to the Canadas for ministers, and Gorham College was closed for want of support, "The Congregational College of British North America" was established which eventually was removed to Montreal.

[This paper was written some time ago, and lately found among some MSS. in the Editor's possession. As we believe the writer to have been well informed, we print it with a few corrections, as another contribution towards a future history of our denomination. - Ed.]

Correspondence.

A GENUINE HOLIDAY.

On the 26th of July Rev. W. H. Warriner and myself met in Orillia, intending to go north the next day on a canoeing expedition. We were hospitably entertained at the pleasant home of Geo. Hale, Esq., editor of the *Orillia Packet*, which is by the way a model country newspaper. During the afternoon we busied ourselves in purchasing the provisions necessary for our expedition. This business we accomplished satisfactorily by teatime, and in the evening on Lake Couchiching my companion had his first ride in a birch-bark canoe. The next morning we had the pleasure of a sail on the same beautiful sheet of water. This time we were in the hands of Mr. W. Hale and his friend Mr. Taylor, who were spending the summer in camp. Soon after dinner we boarded the Northren railroad train, taking canoe, tent, &c., along with us. At Gravenhurst we were joined by the Rev. R. N. Burns, stationed at the Methodist church there, and his brother-in-law, Mr. T. Crossen of Cobourg, the youngest member of the party

but able to hold his own in the canoe, on the portage, or at the table. They brought with them an additional store of provisions and a very handsome Peterborough canoe, so handsome in fact it seemed a shame to expose it to the vicissitudes of so rough a route as we had before us. From Gravenhurst we went on still by rail to Huntsville, a distance of 34 miles. This piece of road was interesting because of its newness, having been opened for passenger traffic only this summer. So far as we could judge the road was well built, and had on it a number of remarkably fine bridges, those in the neighbourhood of Bracebridge being specially worthy of notice. At Huntsville we and all our belongings were dropped by the train. The water was about 150 yards away, and despising all aid of porters or hackmen, we began our first portage by shouldering our canoes and carrying them down to the shore. Boxes and bags followed in rapid succession, and in about half an hour the two canoes with two men in each were moving swiftly along the waters of a little lake. Passing by the little village of Huntsville we entered a short stretch of river that brought us to Fairy Lake, a somewhat extensive and very beautiful expanse of water. Two or three miles of paddling brought us to the eastern extremity, where, after some searching, we discovered among a lot of alders and rushes the inlet in the shape of a small shallow winding creek. Up this we propelled our canoes cautiously, the man in the bow keeping a sharp look out for snags and stones. For the Bowmanville pastor I can say that those spectacled eyes were as quick to discover a treacherous snag as ever they were to disentangle a Hebrew root from its etymological appendages; and that is saying a good deal. Our progress was slow. The stream seemed to grow shallower and shallower. We were almost beginning to fear that it was a blind alley into which we had wandered, when to our joy we saw before us the clear sparkling waters of Peninsula Lake. As it was now about sunset we decided to camp at the very first suitable spot. This was soon found, and in a few minutes the canoes were unloaded, turned upside down on the shore, and all hands were at work making things snug for the night. Soon the tent was pitched, blankets unrolled, provisions unpacked, and a jolly fire blazing, in the flames of which a pot of oatmeal porridge began to give forth its characteristic smothered chuckle, while a tin pail of tea simmered and tittered by its side. We had a grand tea. Ask brother Warriner if we didn't. The success of our meal was due to some extent to our own culinary skill, but still more to a famous basket that had been packed by the hands of the wife of our Methodist brother. That the basket was all it ought to be may be inferred from the fact that it was provided by the grand-daughter of one the most hospitable Congregational mothers

in Israel that ever entertained a missionary deputation in the good old days of yore.

Early next morning we were afloat. In one of the bays of Peninsula Lake we found the portage leading to Lake of Bays. Geographically this portage was about a mile and a quarter long; psychologically it was to some of the party at least a great deal longer. It was here that the birch-bark canoe had its revenge on the elegant Peterboro that had beaten it so badly on the water, for, while the latter was a burden for two groaning perspiring wights, its Indian cousin went off jauntily over the portage, a light load for one man's shoulders. Our most aggravating load, however, was a deal box filled with provisions. We wanted to carry the box along, but hardly knew how to handle it. We solved the difficulty at last by slinging it between the tent poles, which were borne on the shoulders of two of the party. We hadn't gone half a dozen steps before his Scripture history came to the aid of our Methodist brother, and the box from that time on was known by no other name than "the ark." There were strange looking objects to be seen on that portage track. Returning from the other end for a second load I met a bewildering conglomeration of frying pans, tin pails, satchels, long boots, &c., moving like some Brobdignagian insect through the forest. A closer inspection revealed as the centre and soul of the whole concern, the perspiring pastor of the Bowmanville church.

Happy were we when at last our portage was accomplished and we were embarked on the waters of Lake of Bays, so named because of its star-fish shape, each spire of the star consisting of a deep forest-embowered bay. In one of these, North Bay, we found the camp of the Rev. Geo. Powell, of Freedom, Ohio, once a student of ours in Montreal. With him were his brother and a friend. The rest of the day and the night we spent with them in hearty pleasant fellowship. Early next morning they left us for Toronto. As soon as possible we packed up, and were again *en route* for Hollow Lake. Portaging over a peninsula we crossed from North Bay into Haystack Bay. A ten mile paddle brought us to Col. bridge, near to which was the 3 mile portage into Hollow Lake. We carried our canoes across, but had our stuff taken over on an ox-sled. The smoothness of the road and the swiftness of the team may be judged from the fact that it took two hours to make the trip. Towards half-past six we were on the waters of Hollow Lake, one of the laest known and most beautiful of the Muskoka chain. Its Indian name is Kahweam bezewagamiog. Its length is about 9 miles; its breadth varies from half a mile to 3 miles. A number of magnificent islands dot its bosom. The water teems with splendid fish, lake trout and speckled trout, while the woods abound in deer and other game. On a former

visit to this lake I saw the yet warm carcase of a huge moose which a hunter had shot in the water and towed to the shore. Here one passes decisively from the realm of the farmer to the region of the hunter and trapper, and here we intended to stay for several days.

That night we camped on a little island not far away from the home of an old-time hunter friend, Albert Russell. We were just sitting down to supper when we heard the splash of paddles. Two canoes came to our landing-place. The first contained the burly form and bearded visage of Russell. The second brought to us three young fellows from Bowmanville who had roughed their way all through from Lindsay, and were beyond measure delighted to see their fellow townsman Warriner. One of the three attended Mr. W.'s congregation; another was a Methodist, son of the Mayor of the town; while the third was a German Catholic full of oddity and good heartedness. Soon after, another boat came along bringing Russell's two boys. It was quite a picnic I tell you. The wood was piled on till the fire roared again. Our visitors had had their supper, so we four sat down by ourselves. A little later on, however, the Bowmanville pastor brought out a huge Bowmanville fruit cake, and the Gravenhurst pastor evolved a bottle of lime-juice. It was lime-juice to, and not a Scott Act *alias* for some compound of poison and Beelzebub. These were passed around, and were received as the pledges of real and lasting good fellowship. I seem yet to see sturdy little Bernie Russell, sitting at the root of a tree in the glow of the firelight, with his tin can of lime-juice in one hand, and a huge morsel of the Bowmanville cake in the other, pondering over the situation, and wondering whether this were Paradise or not.

The next day we moved some four miles down the lake. Calling for a moment at Russell's house, and then at the Bowmanville camp, we went on our way round Sand Point, and on past Wolf Island, Serpent Rock, River Bay and other spots familiar to myself but new to my companions. Going a little beyond Long Island, on which two American gentlemen with their three guides were encamped, we made our way to a camp on the main land. Landing on the rocky shore we followed for a few rods a narrow trail until in the midst of a clean beautiful hard wood bush we found a spot already cleared. Under a lofty hemlock tree that stood among the birch and maples the fire-place had been prepared with its upright crotches, cross pieces, and pendant hooks on which to hang the cooking pails. At the foot of the tree was a rude but comfortable seat surrounded by a sort of curtain of bark to keep the cool night breezes from striking too sharply on the back. On the opposite side of the fire-place a table had been made of split cedar logs with the squared face uppermost. At the

ends of the fire-place we pitched our two tents, near enough at night to catch some warmth from the blazing fire, but not too near for safety. The floor of our tents we carpeted thickly with fragrant hemlock boughs, and upon these spread our blankets. Snug we were and comfortable for our few days' stay, and none the less so that we scarce had a bite of sand fly, black fly, or mosquito.

On Saturday two of us went to the Post Office, the going and coming involving a journey of over 20 miles. Surely, after that, our wives will not think we forget them. On Sunday we had a service at the house of Albert Russell. The congregation consisted of Mrs. Russell and her six children, one of the American gentlemen with Allan Philips his guide, the three Bowmanvilleites, our four, and one or two others. We had a sermon, a baptism, and we took up a collection. There were three ministers, and I have proposed the question half a dozen times "what denomination took up the collection?" only to receive the unvarying and strictly accurate answer, "The Methodist." It fell to my lot to baptize the little girl. I had baptized others of the household. Rose Russell they called her. It was to me a solemn service. It meant something to me to stand before that mother who had been in a house of worship only once in eight years, who had to bring up her family without help of school or church, and who had for all that the deep desire that they might turn out well, and tell her of a Christ who died for this little one, and whose love reached out to her cradle in that forest home. And here let me speak a word for the little girl and her brothers and sisters. In a little while the summer will have passed away, and down upon the beautiful lake will come the keen breath of the frost, binding those bright waters in adamant chains. The snow will lie thick in the woods traversed only by the hardy woodman on his snow shoes. The days will become so short and the nights so long. Can we do nothing for the little prisoners out yonder in the backwoods? This I will say, that if any reader of this should have a pretty picture-book no longer used, an interesting story-book no longer read, a bundle of toys that have ceased to please the little ones at home, and will send them to me I will see to it that they find their way to the Hollow Lake. The baptism over, Mr. Warriner preached us a sermon that did us all good, and then our friend Burns seized somebody's hat and took up the collection. It was for little Rose Russell, to get her something as a memento of the day. It was a good act and not by any means the least Christian part of the service.

On Monday the Bowmanville party and ours united for a grand expedition. We started early in the morning, and following up one of the streams flowing into

Hollow Lake, came to Bear Lake. Here we devoted an hour to climbing a huge cliff. Making a circuit through the woods in order to find an easier ascent we pushed on our way until, making a sudden turn to the left, we came out on the crest of a precipice that reared its perpendicular front of granite some 300 or 400 feet above the lake shore. It was a dizzy spot to look down from, but the wild grandeur of the scene fully repaid us for our toil. Finding our way back to the water we went on to Round Lake, on the shore of which we had our dinner. It was a royal meal and we came to it with appetites sharpened by our climbing and paddling. As brother Warriner sat there polishing off his plate after a series of tremendous gastronomic operations, his German townsman left fall a remark which brought down the house. Said he in his broken English, "I guess Mr. Wawwiner when you get back to Bowmanville you vill surprisise your corpowation." I suppose he meant congregation, but we took it in all its felicitous literal-ity.

But I am making my story too long. Suffice it to say that we left Hollow Lake on Wednesday morning, and by Saturday morning had accomplished a distance of about 70 miles, including some 15 or 16 portages. This journey brought us to Gravenhurst, where, after a sumptuous repast at the Methodist parsonage, our party broke up, two staying at Gravenhurst, one going on to Toronto, and your correspondent taking the steamer Kenosha for a flying trip up Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, and Joseph. So ended our holiday. If any one thinks he has had a much better one I bespeak for him equal space in the next number of the INDEPENDENT.

HUGH PEDLEY.

News of the Churches.

BADDECK, C. B.—This beautiful place has just received a rich blessing. Mr. Vans, evangelist, assisted by Mr. McKay, has been laboring with us for two weeks. The whole place has been stirred. Three meetings every day were largely attended. Men and women left their business and their work in order to be present at the meetings. The results have been very encouraging. About ninety (90) being nearly all young people, have professed to have found Christ. Baddeck is more a Presbyterian than a Congregational stronghold, hence our church will not be greatly strengthened in numbers by this movement, yet we can heartily rejoice and praise God that so many have received the blessing of salvation without regard to the fact of how they may be inclined denominationally. The good work is still going on. The young men and the young women are both holding prayer meetings,

in which great interest is taken. A movement is now on foot to overthrow completely the liquor traffic, which is so strongly founded. We are hopeful of success, and pray that this curse may be banished.

CORNWALLIS.—The Congregational church in this place is probably the senior church of our denomination in Canada, having been planted in this valley in 1760, by the grandsons of the New England pilgrims. As such it is entitled to more than ordinary respect and sympathy. Many have been the trials, severe have been the conflicts through which she has passed. The wonder is that she is yet alive. There is life however in the old Cornwallis church yet. Though like some people that outlive the century, there have been signs of failing strength and the feebleness of second childhood. There are some of us who believe that from a second infancy will develop a second maturity in the near future, which will be both vigorous and vigilant. There are hosts of children and youths in connection with this church, perhaps more than in the case of any other churches in these provinces. Five or six years' of labor, such as Rev. Enoch Barker did here in 1879, would doubtless result in a strong organization. Who will come and teach these little children and lead these youths into the truth? The reward is certain to such an one. The best remuneration would not be wanting. There are two Sabbath schools in connection with the church doing a good work among the young; one of which, that at Kingsport, runs summer and winter, and has been ably superintended by Mr. Benj. Tupper for the last ten years. There are also two weekly prayer meetings running successfully, in Medford and Kingsport. Average attendance 40 and 50 respectively. In these Hart, an earnest student of our College has labored not in vain. God's spirit has been doing His work in the hearts of young and old, and there have been hopeful conversions; among them are two clever young men at present teaching in the neighborhood; both of whom, if spared, will give themselves to the work of the ministry. Mr. Hart has been approved of by the Lord of the harvest, and will return to College in September, confirmed in his choice of his life's work. He will be followed by many kind wishes, and by fervent prayers for him in his work of preparation for the great business of winning souls to Christ. J. W. C.

MONTREAL ZION.—The building in which this church has met having been sold to another body of Christians—the St. Gabriel Church Presbyterians—who take possession August 20th, the congregation is for the time houseless. The Montreal Witness says: "It would be a pity if a church with the history which Zion Church has in Montreal should be allowed to pass

out of existence." We thoroughly agree with this sentiment. The church has, during the last two years, been prosperous, and increased its membership fifty-two during the last year. A church which has added so largely to its numbers during one year should not die. Its Sunday-school numbers one hundred and ninety pupils. The church has reached another crisis in its history; with Divine assistance and the exercise of self-reliance and energy it ought yet to keep its laurels green. Emmanuel Church has offered the use of their building for the holding of their services during two weeks, Dr. Stevenson being in England, we understand an offer had been received from the congregation of Emanu-El of the use of their hall in which to hold service. This mark of unsectarianism on the part of a Jewish synagogue is assuredly a sign of the times. It was decided however for the present to avail themselves of the kind offer of Emmanuel Church congregation. Zion Church has had, it is understood, Mr. McIntyre's resignation in their hands for the past two months, but had not up to the present time accepted it. Mr. McIntyre, however, stated that he wished his resignation to be accepted; he leaves the city for a vacation.

TWILLINGATE, N. F. "The Mission at Twillingate has been fairly successful. From the Church Secretary's Report we find that Mr. Sharratt has, with one or two interruptions from sickness, continued his work with zeal and success. He gave a very acceptable course of lectures on Congregational Church Polity, and has held several meetings for Evangelistic purposes, and the earnest, patient way he has sought to heal the local troubles existing when he went there, will we hope result in union and fresh zeal. A very successful Missionary meeting was held and a collection of \$10 forwarded to the Society's funds. The day school under the management of Miss Radford is in good working order, and we are pleased to hear that that lady is giving entire satisfaction. A Band of Hope has been organized in connection with the church and is advancing favorably. We regret that owing to financial difficulties the members of the church have not been able to perform the promise made regarding the Pastor's salary, the committee have therefore had to advance to them for the past year the sum of £20 to make up deficiency; but our obligations henceforth are confined to the sum originally agreed upon with the Twillingate Church, viz.: £60; they engaging to supplement the Missionary's salary to the best of their ability towards £100 per annum." We were surprised to hear the Rev. James Sharratt announce from his pulpit on Sunday morning last his resignation of office as pastor of the church after a successful pastorate of nearly two years, we understand that he is seeking a

much larger sphere of labor and change of climate; intending to leave here between the months of September and December.—*Com.*

PERSONAL.

We clip from the English *Nonconformist and Independent* "Rev. H. D. Powis, late of Zion Church, Toronto, has returned to England, and now resides at 145, the Limes-terrace, Lewisham." Lewisham was a town of Kent, about five miles from London, is virtually now a London suburb, with many pleasant residences, and ready communication with the great metropolis.

Mr. Geo. Fuller, of Brantford, has gone to England for a month to recruit his health. We hear that his friends made up a purse for him of \$100 before he went. We trust that his voyage may fulfil the best expectations of his many friends.

Mr. J. B. Silcox preached Aug. 22nd to his old congregation in Toronto, and found many a warm heart greeting him. He also gave our friends in Paris a Sunday with very great acceptance.

Attention is directed to the closing paragraph of friend Wetherald's letter in our last issue. Churches contemplating a series of meetings will do well to ask the aid of our brother

Mr. R. Hay and family have been "summering" at Grimsby park, where we also found Mr. H. Cox, of Burford, and Mr. White, of Woodstock. They all seem the brighter for their sojourn there. Mr. Cox, by the way, has been at Chatauqua, and earned a diploma there.

Mr. Hugh Pedley, whom we saw brown and lusty after his journey, speaks for himself in this issue.

Rev. Geo. Rawson, pastor of the Congregational Church, Seneca Falls, N. Y., has been visiting Cobourg. Some twenty years ago he was pastor of this church, and those who knew him then, together with others who have come in since, were glad to see and hear him. He preached on two Sunday evenings, and seemed as glad to be with his people again as they were to have him in their midst.

Mr. A. W. Richardson appeared in the city the past week, looking well and feeling encouraged with his work. He was taking a holiday, well earned.

Mr. Hall, our indefatigable missionary superintendent, has actually been spending a week at home! We only wish him more of such rests, for truly we little realize the self-denial to a home-loving man of being ever on the wing.

Mr. J. Colclough, late pastor of Providence Chapel,

Middleton, near Manchester, England, has removed with his family to this country. The *Middleton Albion* speaks highly of the good work he has accomplished in that town in a pastorate of over seven years, and a parting meeting with his congregation spoke in a similar strain. We had a call from Mr. Colclough on his way west. He is at this present preaching for the friends at St. Catharines.

FAITH-HEALING.

The following from the *Chicago Christian Standard* is sent to us by our old friend, Mr. Charles Owen, dated Baptist Parsonage, Vernon, Michigan, U. S. A.—We should not wish it to be supposed that we disbelieve that there are cases in which God heals diseases in answer to the prayer of faith. We do not understand that the writer pledges himself to any such position. But we agree with him that there is a fanaticism on this subject which is very prejudicial, and we know that it works disastrously in other ways besides that which his letter indicates:—

In October last an evangelist of some note, now laboring in the west, was invited by the writer to come and assist him in special evangelistic services. After the meetings had been in progress about a week, the brother introduced and greatly magnified the doctrine of faith-healing. His attention was immediately directed to the case of a young lady, a member of the church, who for three years had been an invalid, sorely afflicted with spinal disease. In regard to the case, he publicly declared that if there were two or three persons in the church who had faith to pray with him for her healing we might see her praising God with us in the sanctuary in less than two days. The persons were found, a meeting was appointed, and the young lady was prayed for and anointed with oil, according to James v. 14, the evangelist conducting the services. The same evening the young lady arose from her bed and sat up in a chair, a thing she had not been able to do for weeks. Two days later, on Sunday, she rode to church in a carriage, and sat during a service of two hours' length, and for some time afterward continued to show signs of gradual improvement. Immediately the daily papers, and all, gave a sensational account of the great *miracle* that had been performed; letters of inquiry as to the facts began to pour in upon the pastor from all quarters; and the sick, the lame, the blind, and the halt, came to our meetings from all parts of the city and vicinity. Afternoon meetings were appointed to which those afflicted with incurable diseases were invited by the evangelist to come and be prayed for. Many received the anointing, some also testifying that they had become entirely "healed" of various distressing maladies. One old gentleman, over seventy years of age, who had for many years been badly crippled with rheumatism, declared that every vestige of his ailment had suddenly disappeared, and to prove his assertion, swung his arms and moved his legs, and walked about the room as nimbly as a youth of seventeen. Others declared, according to the prescribed formula, that they were "healed," but that none of their old symptoms had yet been taken away.

The effect upon our religious meetings was that anxiety for soul-healing was soon lost sight of amid the anxiety for healing of the body, and in the opinion of the pastor and others, it was deemed advisable to bring the meetings to a close. By this time a gentleman in Newark, O., hearing through a Pittsburg friend of the marvellous cures that were here being performed, wrote to have his friend bring on the evangelist, regardless of expense, to pray for a beloved young daughter, who was dying of consumption. Newark was visited, the young lady was prayed for and anointed, the result being the same as in the case already mentioned. She also left her bed, went to church on the following Sabbath, resumed her class in Sunday school, and was reported "healed," the incident creating great excitement in Newark, and, like the other, being published far and wide by the daily journals.

Following this, a faith-healing convention, continuing three days, was held in our city, at which the evangelist above referred to, and other noted advocates of the doctrine, from New York and other places, participated in the exercises. During these three days about sixty afflicted persons, according to the papers, received the anointing, and faith-healing was also the principal topic of discussion in all circles. During the few weeks that followed, it became the Sabbath theme of at least one or more discourses in nearly every pulpit in the city, none, however, of the ministers declaring themselves in sympathy with the doctrines as presented.

You can see, therefore, that our experience on this subject entitles us to at least a respectful hearing. But now as to results. What at the present writing can be pointed to as the outcome of what has been related?—In regard, first, to the miraculous cures performed, to my knowledge there is not an authentic case to mention. Scarcely a week had passed after his anointing before the aged brother who had been so thoroughly divested of his rheumatism, was lying almost at death's door with rheumatic affection of the heart, and from then till now has scarcely been able to cross the threshold of his own home. Miss Maria Morgan, of my own church, and Miss Jennie Brown, of Newark, O., the young ladies above referred to, have both for weeks been laid away in their graves; and among all the cases of lesser note developed either during the meetings at my church or at the convention in another part of the city, I have yet to learn of a genuine cure.

The moral results, however, are more difficult to summarise. The disappointment which so quickly succeeded the bright expectations of the afflicted ones has been keen; faith in the promises of God's Word, in the minds of many Christians, has been rudely shaken; the scoffers and infidels have been multiplied; many who do not discriminate between the teachings of the Bible and the interpretation given to its truths by well-meaning but misguided persons, are ready to pronounce the Word as false. Many intelligent and earnest Christians are sad, because they feel Christianity has been misrepresented, God's name dishonored, and the Saviour wounded in the house of his friends.

J. W. RIDDLE,
Pastor Union Baptist Church.

Pittsburg, Pa.

ARE WE THE TEN TRIBES?

BY REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

That the inhabitants of Great Britain are Israelites is a modern theory which has been widely propagated. Its defenders have invented a large number of resemblances or "identifications," on which, in the absence of authentic history or national tradition, they rest their proof. The languages of our country—Saxon, English, Welsh, Celtic—have no affinity with Hebrew; but that is made of no account. The history of the many tribes of which our nation is composed, whether Teutonic, or Saxon, or Caledonian, or Latin, or Scandinavian, is totally distinct from that of any of the ten tribes of Israel; but history is in this case quite set aside. The manners and customs of our nation, both religious and social, have not the slightest resemblance to those of Israel; but this is quite ignored. The physiognomy of our countrymen, whether they are English, or Welsh, or Scotch, or Celtic, or Norwegian, or Norman, is the very opposite of Eastern, the Israelitish face being a marked contrast to the British; but that is reckoned of no consequence. The names of men, women, and places in our land are not Hebrew or Shemitic at all, but are traceable to another class of languages altogether; yet this weighs nothing. The occupation of our island by certain tribes, whom we now call the aboriginal Caledonians or Britons (long before the ten tribes were carried captive into Assyria), and who, therefore, could not be Israelites, is passed by.

The grand story of an Israelitish emigration from Assyria into Great Britain—whether by sea or land we are not told—a century or two before Cæsar landed, is got up for the occasion, without history, or tradition, or local monuments to confirm it, yet when was there ever an emigration in which the emigrants did not carry their language, their religion, their manners, their deeds, and their national traditions with them? This the identifiers of Israel with England have not considered.

The two tribes in their dispersion over wide Europe carried their worship, their language, their manners into every European city, and synagogues exist to-day which were set up centuries before Christ, and every European Jew can tell his pedigree, and lives apart from the Gentiles around; yet, if the Anglo-Israelite theory be true, the ten tribes poured in upon Great Britain, and settled themselves there, drove back the Aborigines, but left their religion, their books, their priesthood, their language, their names, behind them, like cast-off clothing, in order to prevent themselves from being identified, as if ashamed of their ancestry. It must have been with the Israelites that Julius Cæsar fought—their Queen Boadicea, not a Hebrew name, and their General Caractacus, not a Hebrew name either; these Israelites must have set up the Druid religion in the island, and to them we must owe Stonehenge and similar relics of antiquity.

There is no evidence in the Bible, or in history, or in tradition, for any such Israelitish emigration. Such a flood could not have passed over Europe, neither north nor south, without leaving some trace or being mentioned in history. If some two or three millions of Israelites did pour into this remote and barbarous island of ours, it must have been before the Romans

came; and such a flood of Easterns must have made it a popular island, which certainly it was not. These cultivated Easterns—for the Israelites, even in their apostasy, were a highly educated and cultivated nation—flowed in upon an island of barbarians, yet produced no impression, taught them no arts, gave them no language, brought no civilization to the barbarous Britons and Caledonians; whereas the Romans, who followed, carried language, arts, manners, names with them, and left behind them (though theirs was but a brief military occupation) traces of their Latin footsteps, which remain to us after nineteen centuries.— Traverse our island you will find in every county names and traditions and ruins that tell you that Rome was once here; but no names or traditions to say that Israel was here.

Are such things credible or possible?

Prophecy, moreover, intimates that Israel is to remain scattered, lost, under the curse, till the Redeemer come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob. The whole twelve tribes are under the curse till the great day of national deliverance come for Judah and for Israel.

The "identifications" gravely announced in some of the many pamphlets of Anglo-Israelitish literature are somewhat peculiar, and do not carry any extraordinary amount of weight with them to counterbalance the above arguments. Here are a few of them:

1. "Isles and islands" are spoken of by the prophets. These must be the British Islands, and therefore their inhabitants are the ten tribes.
2. "Israel loveth to oppress," the prophet says; the identifier says, "England loveth to oppress;" therefore England is Israel.
3. "I believe," says one of these Anglo-Israelitish authors, "that Sunday school have been raised up purposely for the event of our identity."
4. Israel is to occupy the ends of the earth. Britain does so, therefore Britain is Israel.
5. Israel is to "possess the gates of his enemies."—We possess Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape, etc., therefore we are Israel; for these are "the gates" of our enemies.
6. The smoke and fire coming up from the cities and furnaces of our land are like the pillar cloud of Israel.
7. The people in the South of Ireland trouble us, just as the Canaanites troubled Israel; therefore we are Israel, for the South of Ireland is peopled by the descendants of the Canaanites.
8. Jacob's stone is still in our possession. It is that on which Jacob slept—that which was the chief corner stone of the temple, saved by Jeremiah, and taken by him to Ireland, and then placed in Westminster Abbey under the coronation chair. Therefore the English are Israelites.
9. "Jacob's glory is like the firstling of a bullock" (Deut. xxxiii. 17). The identifiers comment on this as follows: "The ox being oftentimes applied to Israel, may fairly be said to emblemize the world-famed power of John Bull."

No evidence, historical, ethnological, linguistic, or traditional, is produced; we get nothing but conjectures and fanciful allusions as the proofs of this singular theory.

Some of its defenders boast that since this theory was started the incomes of our Jewish societies have

fallen off by £15,000. Whether this is true or not we cannot say; but the boast, whatever be its foundation, shows the spirit of the writers and the tendency of the new doctrine.

Noah's prophecy stands out clear and sharp, with its threefold ethnology. Shem, Ham, and Japheth are the roots of the nations; and God has kept them distinct; let us beware of confounding them. History tells us that our pedigree is to be traced to Japheth. The modern discoveries in ethnology confirm this beyond a doubt; Eastern monuments, whether of Assyria or Egypt, tell the same story.

The above theory rests on a misreading of prophetic truth; such a misreading robs it of all its divine spirituality. Outward national prosperity and greatness, not righteousness nor truth, are made the characteristics of the Israel of prophecy. England, full of crime, infidelity, immorality, ungodliness, is said to be now enjoying the favor of God, which is destined for Israel in the latter day! The knowledge of the glory of the Lord is to be the privilege of these tribes; and by that knowledge they are to be exalted. But this theory gives us another standard of a nation's greatness—a standard which no part of Scripture recognizes, least of all the sure word of prophecy, the light in the dark place. This theory darkens the whole prophetic word, perverting events and inverting times and seasons. It denies Israel's present guilt, and lowers our ideas of Israel's coming glory. It puts a Gentile king or queen in the place of the nation's own Messiah, under whose sceptre alone it is to enjoy peace, blessedness, and holy greatness. It rejects the apostle's symbol of the olive-tree, in the eleventh of the Romans, not merely confounding Jew and Gentile, but confounding the Jewish and the Gentile dispensation, denying that the once good olive-tree has, for a season, become evil, and its branches cut off to make room for the grafts of the wild olive-tree. This is emphatically and pre-eminently the time of the wild olive-tree, whereas this theory not only confuses the wild olive with the good, but denies that it is the grafted branches of the wild olive-tree that are now bearing fruit and receiving blessing. When the dispensation of the wild olive, or Gentile, shall end, then, but not till then, shall the blessing and the glory return to the good olive, that is to "all Israel."

To esteem external national prosperity as God's special mark of favor, is to carnalize all the prophets, and to degrade, not only the glory of the latter day, but present privilege in Christ; for what a poor thing these privileges and the glory must be, if this sinful nation of ours, that seems ripe for judgment and rejection, be the exhibition of these, the fulfilment of Jehovah's promises, to the beloved people. —*Sunday at Home.*

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T S E E.

Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, says of the temperance cause:—

I think the first movement in this great cause is just the opening of a man's eyes. There is what is called in the book of the Hebrew prophet a hearing without understanding, and seeing without perceiving, because of a certain fattiness of heart, which prevents a man

realizing the truth that is all around him. It is frequently so with regard to this sore and sad object of intemperance. I will illustrate this remark by a case. I was in a house the other day of a friend of mine in the country, waiting the summons to dinner. One of the party came in and told us that he had witnessed a very terrible little domestic tragedy. It was this, he had seen a mother rush from a cottage that was near at hand pursued by a son with an open knife. She had found shelter in a neighboring house, and with difficulty the young man had been seized and put under restraint. It was owing to that one dread Nemesis of intemperance, what we call delirium tremens.—Well, we heard the story, and in the middle of all the details the dinner bell sounded and we went downstairs, and the decanters were handed round, although I add, the wine was sparingly taken. But still it was taken. Now, it did not seem to occur to many of those kind-hearted excellent people who were there that there was a shadow against that table. It did not seem to occur to them, what if this young man, of whom we had heard that had been a Sabbath-school teacher, and had given promise of great usefulness, had learned at his father's table or other tables, through the influence of the social customs of the land, the use of that which had proved his ruin? What if other youths, through the same social customs, were being led on in the same dread course, and if, too, unawares, through the indulgence of Christian people, however moderate, there was an acceleration of such catastrophes? I am not accusing them, but I felt that day as Charles Kingsley felt when, having dismissed a worthless tramp and returned to his breakfast table, he got sight of the retreating form in its rags and misery. He put down his knife and fork and said that he could not breakfast, because that dismal spectacle had taken away his appetite. I felt on that occasion as if there was a scunner, to use a Scotch word, in my mind to that mocker wine. I felt, God forbid that I should mix my pleasure or indulgence with that which is the sorrow and ruin of my brethren.

The Family Circle.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

APRIL FOOL.

Such fun! George sprang out of his bed before the first bell rang—a very unusual thing for a little boy who loved his bed, and was rather lazy cold mornings.

It was April Fool Day. The boys at school had talked over the fun they might have.

He rushed into his sister's room. She was not up. He poked his head in her door and called out:

"Oh, Annie! the weasel has been after your chickens. Get up and see for yourself!"

Little Annie jumped up, and pulled on her stockings with her cold, trembling little fingers. She was trying to tie her shoes, when nurse came in and found her crying over the loss of her pets.

"Whisht! don't believe the boy. He's been after fooling ye, my dear," she said, not believing the story of the murder.

Annie hurried down to the chicken-coop, and found that the chickens were all safe and nestled under their mother's soft breast.

Annie was very angry, and ran into the dining-room to tell papa what a story George had told.

"I didn't! I didn't!" said Georgie.

"You said that my chickens were gone, and they are not. Oh, papa! he did tell a story."

"I say I didn't, for it was only an April Fool. So it was not a story."

"That is very foolish, my boy," said his father. —

"Remember that it is never funny to tell a deliberate story. Remember this, my son, when you are fooling to-day. That was too serious a joke for little Annie. I suppose that you did not mean to hurt her feelings, but you have done so. Now, my son, don't let me hear of any more such joking."

Georgie ran off to school, and when he met his friends they were all so busy with their plans for joking and playing tricks he forgot all about what his father had told him.

"I've got a bent hook. See if I don't get a good bite, though, from this trout," said John, winking at the boys as an old gentleman came slowly along. John raised his arm to throw the hook for his fish, as he had said, when suddenly the old gentleman turned and caught him in the very act.

"Stop, sir," he said: "have you no more respect for an old man? Do you want me to send for a policeman and have you arrested and put in prison?"

The boys looked quite frightened, and the old gentleman walked off, I expect, laughing in his sleeve at the little boys who expected to have such good fun out of him.

The school teacher had hard work keeping the boys quiet in school that day. He was afraid of turning his back upon one of them, and wished more than ever that he had a row of eyes all around his head to see what each boy was doing at the same time, and he was as glad as any scholar in his school that it was Friday, and school was out a little earlier than on other days.

The boys were, however, disappointed. They had had no fun yet. What could they do that would be real good fun? "A first-rate fooling," as John said. — At last, after thinking over the matter for some time, he exclaimed:

"I will tell you, boys! Let's frighten Uncle Solomon. I just now saw his wife going to the pond with a water-pail. Let's tell him that she has fallen in."

"First-rate," shouted the boys.

Georgie felt a little uneasy; he remembered what his father had said about such joking, in the morning, but still he wanted to see the fun out and followed the boys as they ran to tell Uncle Solomon about his wife Lucy. Uncle Solomon was a poor, deformed negro man, who lived with his wife in a little house not far from the school house. He was poor, old and lame, his legs were crooked, and his back was bent almost double, and this was the poor creature that the boys thought it would be such fun to use for an April fool.

"I say, I say, Uncle Solomon, Lucy's in the water, we saw her when she stooped to get the pail, she did, she went right in."

Poor Uncle Solomon looked very much frightened,

and started off just as fast as his weak old legs could carry him; but this was not very fast. He held a stick in one of his hands and managed to reach the top of a little hill, the pond was at the bottom, at the foot on the other side, but when Uncle Solomon tried to run down—down, down, he went, faster and faster, then stumbled and rolled head over heels, and finally tumbled into the pond. Fortunately it was very shallow, and he managed to grasp a branch of willow hanging low over the water, and Lucy, his wife, who had been walking leisurely down the hill, came to the rescue and helped him out.

"Bless my heart, Solomon, what are you been about!" she exclaimed when he was safely on the bank.

His teeth chattered, his poor crooked legs were bruised, the cold bath had given him such a shock that he closed his eyes and fainted away.

Lucy screamed for the boys to come and help her.

"He is dead!" she said, wringing her hands.

John slunk away; he thought it good fun to see a poor, decrepid, lame darkey frightened and run for dear life, as he had not done for twenty years. But now he was really dead. He felt guilty and ran away as fast as possible, leaving the other boys to take care of Solomon, and see the end of the good fun. Such fun to see Lucy wring her hands and crying that Uncle Solomon was dead. Oh, it was a cruel joke! and I hope no boy or girl who reads this paper will be tempted to joke at the expense of another person's feelings in this way.

Georgie's conscience stung him. His father had warned him. Why had he not followed his advice!

The boys helped Lucy to carry Uncle Solomon back to his house. They waited around the door until the old man could speak and tell Lucy how he had been deceived.

They felt very much ashamed of the whole business. And when Georgie went to bed that night he felt that he for one had learned a lesson, which he did not forget. — *Methodist*.

SEVEN TRIFLES WORTH REMEMBERING.

For the disagreeable sensation known as heartburn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a salt-spoonful of common salt, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water, and drank, is as effective a remedy as saleratus water, and a much pleasanter and safer one.

☞ Rubbing a bruise in sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spot, which not only tells tales, but deforms.

When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet, a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the foot-bath is a sure destroyer of the offence.

Many of the patent extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol derived from wood, and this is said to be a peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol, capable of producing very serious brain disorder.

One of the most treacherous medicines in all the pharmacopœia is the hydrate of chloral which is so commonly used; cases are reported where two hundred grains have been taken in safety, and other cases where ten grains have proved fatal or afforded only a narrow

escape from death by timely aid and effort; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and attendance of a physician.

Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleansed from oil by hot soda-water, and afterward dipped in hot lime and water and dried.

Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the common salve called oxide of zinc, are each an invaluable remedy to apply to burns and scalds before a physician can arrive to do better, if better is to be done, and sweet-oil and lime-water beaten up together make a strong and healing ointment for them as good as any medicament known.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use of fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters scarce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trowsers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed,
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patching his knees,

An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' 'tish't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger ends."

An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,

For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

Official Notices.

THE Quebec Association of Congregational ministers and churches will meet with the church at Granby on Tuesday, September 7th, at 2 p.m.

Papers to be read by Revs. Messrs. Hill, Sanderson, Purkis and McIntyre. Members and delegates intending to be present are requested to address Rev. J. I. Hindley, Granby, Quebec.

GEORGE WILLETT,
Scribe.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The Forty-eighth Session of the College will be opened with the usual public service in the Assembly Hall of the College, at 8 p.m. of Wednesday, September 15th. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Principal Stevenson, Dr. Wilkes, and others, and a collection will be made in aid of the Library. Students of the College and accepted candidates for admission are expected to be present at this service. Candidates for admission are requested to forward their applications to me, addressed 177 Drummond Street, Montreal.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D.,
Secretary C. C., B. N. A.
Montreal, August 12th, 1886.

YEAR BOOK FOR 1886-7.

DEAR SIR:—Will you allow me through the columns of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT to inform our friends that we are pushing the YEAR BOOK along as fast as possible—we cannot get it out as soon as we hoped, but confidently expect that this month will see it finished.

In view of the value of the Book and its exceedingly low price, we hope to receive large orders. I want to thank the students for the orders they have sent in, and am only sorry that the book will not be in their hands for distribution before they return to College.

Yours, &c.,
W. H. WARRINER.

Bowmanville Sept. 1st, 1886. 7.

Literary Notices.

THE Reports of the last two Provincial Conventions of the Sabbath School Association of Canada, held in 1884 and 1885, at Brockville and Stratford respectively, included in one pamphlet, is on our desk and will be sent post-paid to any address on the receipt of 25 cents, by J. J. Woodhouse, Secretary pro tem. S. S. Association of Canada, Box 525, Toronto, Ont. These reports, though late in appearing, are not untimely, as the excellent papers contained therein have permanent interest. Mr. J. Wood, of Ottawa, has a suggestive paper on "The Bible, the world's light and guide," and Mr. H. D. Hunter, one on "The Superintendent, his duties and difficulties." Mr. H. J. Clark, a former Editor of the paper, has been wisely chosen as chairman of the Executive Committee.

THE SEPTEMBER CENTURY comes as ever fraught with biographical and other matter. An article on Liszt, the musician, and two portraits of him have a melancholy interest seeing he too has passed away since the number went to press. From an article on "Amateur Ballooning" we quote: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forbode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the centre with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space. I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rainstorm upon earth is accompanied by noise; and the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling on the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Imme-

diately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard. Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Tallcott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides to the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to catch on to that anchor and stop the business. With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head, he replied: 'It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended."

ST. NICHOLAS for September is on our desk. From the frontispiece, which is a reproduction of Landseer's celebrated portrait of himself and his two dogs, "The Connoisseurs," to the Riddle-box with its ingenuous puzzles, ST. NICHOLAS is crowded with bright and interesting matter for girls and boys and all who love them. Read the following on Landseer's Lions. Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions, and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: 'Did you order a lion, sir?' as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin. His skill in drawing was marvellous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at the same time a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvass on the easel before the painter; on his return three hours later, Landseer had completed a life sized picture of a fallow deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.

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

All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto, Ont.