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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1887.

[No. 13.]

Editorial Jottings.

WE had not intended to go to press until August 1, but we thought our friends would be glad to hear a few words from Mr. Currie. We rejoice in his determined energy, and pray for him health and blessing. Referring to the diminution in his not extravagant salary, we fully realize the necessity of the American Board keeping rigidly to its rule, but we trust that our churches, through their Foreign Missionary Society, will not allow a brave and devoted man's pittance of an income to be lessened because the hand of God has smitten him. Six hundred and fifty dollars per annum is the money estimate put by the great Christian public of this prosperous continent upon a single man who leaves home and friends to carry the Gospel light into the dark places of the earth. Verily the Christian churches are generous to a fault!

WE note the following in the July *Pilgrim Teacher*, and are tempted to say what fools we are to virtually put from us men of such earnestness and power. Mr. Ewing is one of our own students, started the first Congregational church in Winnipeg, and would gladly have remained with us, but—

Superintendent Ewing, of North Dakota, gives the following account of his second Sunday's work in the service of our society: "I preached three times, conducted two communion services, completed the organization of two churches, received three into fellowship, baptized one, organized one new Sunday school, and drove thirty two miles." No one will question that that is a full day's work.

A PRESENT and pressing question before the British people is that of Ireland. Yet the real merits of the question are little understood. We have any amount of demagogue talk, and of mad

appeal to race and religion prejudice; a calm determination to do justly is not in the ascendency, though we fondly hope in the ascendant. It seems to us only just that a tenant should either pay his rent or leave, and in our case that seeming stands. The premises we hold under either rent or lease we entered upon with our own consent, accepting the conditions. If we made a bad bargain, it is still a bargain, we bear it; if a good one, we rejoice. Any way the agreement is our own. The case of Irish evictions, very largely, as on the Bodyke estate, is vastly different. The most of these families have been born, with their grandfathers before them, on the plot occupied. They are children of the soil, and by their labour, or that of their fathers, the little plot has been reclaimed from the bog. The value of the land they made, and they are there because they have nowhere else to go, and no means to take them elsewhere. Moreover, the rent has been raised as they made the land more valuable, and when distress has come, that rent has been frequently paid by some of the family that in more friendly, though alien lands, have found prosperity. In some parts families have been on their holdings for two centuries. Instances are not wanting where the tenant has built upon his lot a house with money either brought to him by marriage or sent from American friends, and at once his rent has been raised from say £30 to £80, because he had increased the value of the estate. We well know that there are other brighter cases, also tenants who are justly dealt with sheltering themselves under the shadow of others' wrongs; but the man who parallels the case of the general Irish tenant with the relation of landlord and tenant in America does not know what he is talking about, and he who seeks to involve the question in bigotry and prejudice, if not a knave, is a fool.

THE "Visitors" of the Andover Seminary have at length decided that

Dr. Egbert C. Smyth maintains and inculcates beliefs inconsistent with, and repugnant to, the creed of said institution, and the statutes of the same, and contrary to the true intent of the founders thereof, as expressed in said statutes, in the following particulars, as charged in said amended complaint, to wit:

That the Bible is not "the only perfect rule of faith and practice, but is fallible and untrustworthy, even in some of its religious teachings."

"That no man has power or capacity to repent without knowledge of God in Christ."

"That there is, and will be, probation after death for all men who do not decisively reject Christ during the earthly life."

With regard to the other professors, none of the charges were sustained.

THIS last decision has surprised many, even the professors themselves, who have as a body maintained the speculations of the Andover school. The Visitors, however, are men of high repute, and without doubt have decided according to the evidence. The matter now enters upon a new phase; the trustees are on the side of the accused, and an appeal is to be made to the civil courts, the five acquitted professors declaring that they will stand by their colleague, go or stay together. Pending the decision of the courts, proceedings will be stayed, and the work of the seminary proceed as usual.

THERE has been a remarkable union among two sections of the Christian churches in Japan. Light from the East. The churches of the Congregational order and those of the Presbyterian polity have formulated a basis of agreement. There seems little doubt but that the basis will be formally ratified, unless pressure from without should be used, and prevail; regarding which, as we believe in the freedom of the churches, we say "Hands off." Let the Japanese Christians work out their own salvation. The old Calvinistic symbols, the Westminster and Heidelberg Catechisms, are simply accepted for "substance of doctrine," if any one can tell what that means; but ministers will be required to accept the creeds called the Apostles' and Nicene, with the nine articles of the Evangelical Alliance. The polity is no more rigid than the creeds. Each local church is managed either by its members (Congregational) or by representatives chosen by its members (the Pres-

byterian Session); there are to be District and State Conferences, and a National Conference. The District Conferences license to preach; the State Conferences control evangelistic work. The State Conferences moreover at each annual meeting shall appoint a committee of appeal for the decision of cases that may come before it. It has yet to be tried how this compromise may work, but we thank God for an endeavour to let non-essentials go rather than that the progress of Christ's kingdom should be hindered by the conceits of men.

THE absurdity of the Separate School system, to say nothing of its injustice, is seen in Newfoundland, which has carried the Separate School idea to its legitimate conclusion. Each denomination has its own Separate School, the Government grant being divided *pro rata*. The total grant is \$96,065; of which Roman Catholics get \$36,479, the Protestants \$58,662 for theirs, and these are their proportions of the money:

Church of England share, \$32,138; Methodist share, \$24,488; Presbyterian share, \$640; Reformed Episcopal share, \$308; Congregational share, \$271; Baptist share, \$29.

It needs another touch, Plymouth Brethren, two grants, \$4.70! which is about the proportion given.

OF all the absurdities of our Toronto Jubilee demonstrations, that of marching 10,000 school children through the streets under a burning sun, and the sun did burn during the jubilee holiday of Toronto, is about the greatest. The moral effect of training our youth in this absurd love of display, to the overshadowing of the practical ends to be gained by school instruction, of itself is sufficient to condemn the practice in any thoughtful person's mind. The effect on health in many cases is confessedly injurious. Partial sunstrokes are not among the unknown results, to say nothing of the anxiety endured by many, very many parents. All this, however, goes for nothing in the eyes of some school officials, whose vanity can find no other avenue to public notice, and whose only claim to gratitude is that they do no greater mischief to the cause of education than is being done.

It seems to be a not uncommon course in English training ships for boys who wish to be dismissed to pelt the chaplain with prayer books during the performance of the service.

A JUBILEE ADDRESS.

On the morning of June 20, 1837, England's King lay dead, the unproclaimed Queen slept. "The King is dead—long live the Queen." The sceptre fell from the hands of an aged man to be grasped by a girl of eighteen summers. As Carlyle put it: "At an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink." Fifty years have passed, the furrows of age, the wrinkles of care, have marked that brow, the then maiden is now approaching very near the threescore years and ten of life; but the promise of a reign which began in prayer, and was ever strengthened by a strict regard for the Sabbath, has been fulfilled during the fifty years just closed.

It is not well to speak evil of dignities, and "*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum,*" is a just sentiment; yet truth is not evil, and we are not called upon to write continually lies upon the tomb. Truth demands the simple statement that the Hanoverian princes that preceded our sovereign on the throne added no lustre thereto; three of the five positively disgraced it. Nine years before, the fair-haired, blue-eyed child saw the light in the old palace at Kensington, George III. had celebrated with great pomp the jubilee of his reign. Personally virtuous, officially obstinate, the kingdom lost nothing by his death, save that it brought a princely black-guard to the throne. William IV., an impetuous, sailor prince, with all his personal faults, had a heart, and ruled with some regard to the wants of the people. The Dukes of Kent and of Sussex were the best of the Third George's children, and in Victoria Marie Louise of Saxe-Cobourg—our Queen's mother—Edward, Duke of Kent, found a wife whose virtues would render any home happy, and which have been perpetuated in the reign whose jubilee we celebrate. There are lives that gain by contrast, and certainly the court of William IV. was a decided improvement upon the preceding one. There are lives, contrast or no contrast, which stand clear in their own light, and shine benignly on all. Such a life is that of our Victoria. We shall just glance at that life: first as a citizen, and secondly as a Christian.

As a citizen.—The Victorian age has for the British Empire been one of constitutional government. The Third George kept his ministers irre-

spective of the will of the people; indeed his entire political life was a struggle to uphold the prerogatives of the crown; those prerogatives coupled with his obstinacy lost for us the American Colonies. His successor, fourth of the name, judged of his Parliament by their willingness to take his part against his queen, and their readiness to provide for the debts his vices and extravagances had incurred. William was a great advance on his predecessors, and governed by his ministers, though his summary dismissal in 1834 of Lord Melbourne from office showed that the old prerogative claim had not forsaken the Hanoverian house. It is safe to say that Victoria has ever ruled in accordance with the manifest desire of her people. Her age may be characterized as that of the beginning and of the establishment of strictly constitutional government. She has had her preferences, no doubt, and has made her influence felt, but her reign has been in strict accord with the principles now so potent, and known as representative government. Victoria is our first true constitutional monarch, ruling by, through and for the people. She has made the monarchy stable for another generation; we trust the Heir Apparent will be as his mother.

We hear at times of a "power behind the throne." Apart from the higher power of which we shall soon speak, there soon appeared one upon the scene whose influence for good upon the maiden heart of the Queen remains unto this day. Three months after the baby blossom opened at Kensington Palace, a bright-eyed boy looked out upon the world in one of the German petty states. The cousins met more than once even as children; at length Albert stood by the side of Victoria a husband, as well as a subject. Wise, noble, Christian, England little knows the debt of gratitude she owes to Albert of Saxe-Gotha. How well he comprehended the difficulties of his future position—an alien by birth, yet the closest adviser of the Queen of a proud and jealous people—is shown by the words he wrote to his friend, Baron Stockmar: "With the exception of my relations to the Queen, my future position will have its dark side, the sky will not be ever unclouded blue. Life has its thorns in every position, but the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavours for an object so great as that of promoting the welfare of so many, will surely be sufficient to support me." The names of Victoria and

Albert ought never to be separated, and the wisdom which marks our Queen's public career had no greater incentive than was found in the loving support of Albert the Good.

But that royal home had one mark which remains when thrones shall have fallen and the world's kingdoms end. It was a Christian home, and therein lies the true secret of Victoria's power. Queen, wife, mother, friend, all these relations filled by a Christian woman. This may well be a nation's pride. Bound by rigid State etiquette to an Established Church, yet have the sovereign's sympathies been ever catholic; despite Episcopal admonitions, her convictions have found expression in many ways that Christian fellowship has wider bounds than those of a church established by law. With Albert she has a catholic heart.

One of the first private acts of the young Queen was to pay out from her own purse her father's debts, £50,000. This is nothing but what ought to have been done, but many of the Hanoverian princes did not allow debt to trouble them much. The Queen would "owe no man anything."

It is said that returning to the palace from the gorgeous coronation ceremony, she heard a dog bark. "That's Dash," said the girlish lips, and putting aside orb and crown she ran to meet her favoured pet. The newly crowned sovereign was still a girl. The Queen never forgot her womanhood. In the nursery with her children, in the Highland cot beside suffering poverty, visiting her soldiers in their hospital, sending help to the fatherless, sympathy to the smitten, no woman's heart beat more lovingly than hers. There was the sterner side also, as when she resolutely refused to reinstate a brave officer in his command because of his attempt in a railway carriage upon a lone girl's chastity.

That Victoria has lived and reigned faultlessly, no one would maintain, but she has lived sixty-eight years, reigning fifty as, alas! few of earth's princes and sovereigns live and reign. History will be able without flattery to say:

Her court was pure; her life serene;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her, as mother, wife and Queen.

And the nation earnestly prays:

May you rule long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY REV. WILLIAM SCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.—IN AND ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE AND SMYRNA.

Ten days' sojourn in "the City of the Sultan" can only furnish a very meagre conception of the lions and life of a town so vast, so varied and so picturesque. The narrow streets are themselves a panorama. They are crowded from sunrise to sundown with a struggling throng which one might well mistake for a masquerade, so fantastic and various are the costumes worn. The shops are called so by compliment. They are simply boxes. Beggars and cripples abound. It is a Bedlam. The hot air is filled with shrieks and cries of all descriptions, and is heavy with unwholesome smells.

The bazaars present somewhat of a relief to the weary, sun-dazzled traveller. Everybody should see the great bazaar of Stamboul. A literal hive of small shops, it is sheltered from the sun by being arched overhead. It is a labyrinth teeming with never-failing interest. The great mosque of St. Sophia must not be overlooked. It is massive, and majestic in proportion, but disappointing grandeur and tawdry accessories, magnificence and dirt, are everywhere found in alliance. The wonderful dome, grander than St. Peter's, at Rome, the pillars, to the number of 170, each one a single piece, and a monument of antiquity, the pavement, the marble balustrades and the magnificent perspective of the whole, are all marred by bad taste glaring upon you everywhere, and by the omnipresent dinginess and dirt.

A few words concerning Scutari will not seriously be considered an illegitimate digression. Like two guards at the entrance of the Bosphorus panorama stand Constantinople and Scutari—the latter on the Asiatic shore. The centre of interest in this Asiatic suburb is, of course, the Scutari cemetery and that terrible charnel-house—the barrack hospital—sad and suggestive monuments of the Crimean War. In the centre of the cemetery stands a simple obelisk, supported by four female figures, by Marochetti. This obelisk, which is a copy *in petto* of the Luxor Column, bears the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY
of the
OFFICERS AND MEN
of the British
Army and Navy,
who, in the war against Russia,
In 1854, 1855 and 1856,
Died for their Country,
This Monument
was raised by
QUEEN VICTORIA
And her people,
1857.

This same inscription appears on each panel, on the back in Turkish ; in French to the right, and in Italian on the left.

There are surrounding this monument eighty-six memorial tablets, recording in sad terms the grief of the living or the virtues of the dead ; but from end to end the place is crowded by the nameless dead in solemn rank and file, with not a line to mark their resting-places *quia carent vite sacro*.

I am tempted to quote some of the inscriptions, which tell their own simple, sad tale. No. 49 stays our steps, and we read :

Dedicated by his brother officers
to the memory of
WILLIAM PITCAIRN CAMPBELL,
Aged 30.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER,

Finding comfort in death from these assuring words of the Saviour in whom he trusted : "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matthew xi. 28.

Here is another of a mere boy of nineteen, who died in that charnel-house hard by, misnamed a hospital. It bears the words, "Erected by an affectionate mother, in commemoration of a most dearly beloved son."

A deep pathos surrounds grave No. 44, with its simple inscription :

A Russian officer.

So also that of a hospital nurse, inscribed :

She hath done what she could.

We leave the sad and sacred spot where the heroic dead lie, to sail down the beautiful Bosphorus, but we have no heart for the beautiful in nature. The lurid haze of war comes between me and the magnificent panorama which the European and Asian shore uplands present. My heart is burdened with a strange load, and breathes its prayer out to God that ere long the time will come when wars shall cease, and when man shall never more imbrue his hands in brother's blood.

After ten days' sojourn in Constantinople, we re-entered the Marmora *en route* for Smyrna, the queen of the cities of Anatolia. Skirting the islands of Tenedos and Mitylene, we enter the spacious Gulf of Smyrna. How eager we were to catch a glimpse of the site of that church which, almost alone of the "Seven," received commendation without reproof from God ; and which, absolutely alone of the "Seven," is a busy, prosperous place. And how beautifully picturesque it seemed ! A glorious bay—a land-locked sea, indeed—is Smyrna Bay. With a small and intricate entrance to the west, flanked on north and south by towering hills, and on the gentle slopes of Mt. Pagus to the east, beautifully reposes

the city of Smyrna. Again distance lends enchantment to the view. Unlike Constantinople, Smyrna may be encompassed in one outlook. It lies before you, along a sea line of four miles, creeping more than half way up the mountain towards the ruined castle which crowns its summit. The same fairy lightness marks the scene as in other Eastern towns, and the same inevitable dissipation of romance accompanies personal acquaintance.

We remained anchored in Smyrna Bay nearly a fortnight, enjoying the privilege of our stay by making many incursions into the city and surrounding country. Some of the richest reminiscences of "The Gospel Afloat" belong to this period. The situation and circumstances were impressive, and lent themselves readily to our work. "The Seven Churches" were sufficiently near to add a local and vivified interest to short, improvised lectures on the epistles to the churches in Asia. On the conclusion of my unpretentious course of seven lectures, I was reminded that my course was not complete, that instead of there being "seven churches in Asia," there were eight. I named them, one by one—only seven. "Nay, there were eight ; for was not the church in the fo'castle one." Yes, indeed it was ; and it was to them more important and real than all the rest. Each evening, with the exception of the few spent ashore, we had our regular service, with a congregation which for reverence and earnest attention could not have been surpassed at home. An Austrian man-of-war was anchored at the north end of the bay, and its splendid band played each evening at sundown, and the sweet sounds would roll along the conducting waters of the bay, from end to end, and back into reverberation among the girdling hills. With less of pretence, and yet not wanting in beauty of another kind, the seamen's simple song of praise swelled forth across that bay from ship to ship, telling its own simple tale of evening worship. Opportunities of personal intercourse with the men were more than usually frequent during our anchorage before Smyrna. After a hard day's labour in cargoing the ship with her freight of fruit, the evening was the sailors' freehold. Not a man sought permission to leave the ship, and every one, with the exception of the quarter-master on watch, was free to attend our evening service.

Not alone did the seamen constitute the congregation ; the officers of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, were frequently fellow-worshippers with their crew. One officer, not noticed in previous chapters, had hitherto held aloof from us. He was a good officer and a strict disciplinarian, but had a most violent temper, and while under the spell of his temper had a terrible habit of swearing. One quiet evening our service was proceeding when, to the astonishment of everybody, this officer appeared. I was reading the

text of my simple address. Strangely enough, it was this: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou girdest thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."—John xxi. 18. Whether according to the strict exegesis of the passage or not, my interpretation led me to speak upon the power of evil habits. While we were young we could cast them off; but when we were old we became their slave. In youth we could write our habits on the sand, which we could readily obliterate, but in after years we should find them deeply graven upon the rock. At first they seemed to us garlands of flowers easily broken and cast away; but ere long we should discover that what seemed a floral garland had turned to a band of steel. Such was the trend of my simple discourse. I knew not what "the chief" thought of it; but this I know, we seldom heard an oath afterward. A year or two afterward, when he had been promoted as captain of an important ocean liner, I had a letter from him, saying kind things of my work which I dare not reproduce, and giving evidence that the seed had not fallen on barren soil.

(To be continued.)

OUR MISSIONARY.

MY DEAR BRO. HILL,—I will snatch a moment from other duties to write you a line. So many letters have gone from my pen lately—and such letters; the very thought of them makes my spirit bow with shame, and convinces me that more ought not to be written just now; yet I see no way of improving, unless by neglecting other work which has a just and pressing claim upon my attention. You will find inclosed an account of my journey from Bihe to Ocingi. No matter what use is made of it, you have a right to know my movements, and I have referred Dr. Smith to you for any information he may desire further than he has received from me. My stipend, as you are likely aware, will be reduced to that of a single man. At the annual meeting it will likely be placed at \$650 a year since last January. I am forced to engage extra help, in order to carry on my household, and yet have time for my varied duties outside of the house, but will be able to get along nicely under the altered circumstances. You perhaps know already that during the past year, while in search of desirable sites for new mission stations, I travelled over 600 miles through countries previously unvisited by any missionary; at least, within almost 200 years. It is expected that I will make further explorations after my return from the coast in July, when I am to bring in Dr. and Mrs. Webster. If all be well, the work of exploring will be finished before the close of the dry

season; we will then have a fairly good idea of this country for almost 100 miles all round Bailundu; we will then be in a position to decide intelligently about forming a new station. I purpose to ask the mission, at its meeting next month, to appoint a committee to advise with me about the choice and settlement of our Canadian station, and to make such arrangements as will enable me to go right ahead with the work as soon as a favourable opportunity is afforded. The brethren, for reasons you will readily understand, rather object to one missionary being alone in a station, but I shall urge the having no one dependent on me, or whose comfort I should be pleased to consider more than my own. I am in a position to do the rough pioneer work of preparing the way for those who are soon to come to my assistance; and I fancy permission will be granted for me to do what may seem wise in this direction. So far as one can see at present, there is no reason why I should not spend a portion of next year in our future mission ground, getting up buildings and attending to other matters necessary in beginning such work. With the Lord's help, I shall do my part to the best of my ability, and work in faith that the churches at home will do their part, and that they will soon send another to join me in the work. If only some of you could come, see the condition of these poor, yet promising people, and the large opportunity there is for work, and then carry back a full report to our churches at home, I am sure the sympathies of every Christian in Canada would be so aroused that no one would hesitate to do fully as much as he is able to give the light, the hope, the comfort of Christ's Gospel to these people who sit in the black darkness of feticism, smarting from the fetters their own superstitions have forged for them.

As soon as our station is selected, we will require two or three hundred dollars in order to fence in a lot and erect a house and outbuildings. I will require a horse or riding-ox, so as to be able with the least expense to go from village to village, making known the things of Christ; but I believe Bond Street Sunday School is to provide that. I expect, as soon as settled, to have a couple of boys to recommend to Sunday schools which have expressed a desire to undertake their care. If any kind friend known to you desires to provide the mission with a pocket case of surgical instruments, it will be well taken care of, and will be of service to me until such time as our physician comes, when, of course, he will have charge of it. In the meantime I often have cases in minor surgery to attend to, such as sewing up wounds, opening and dressing sores, etc., and have only the roughest instruments—a pocket-knife or a trade needle—to use. When out on the road I would often be unable to leave camp if I could not help the sick among my carriers, for I never take more men than are actually needed.

and if one gives out a load must be left or we must remain until the carrier is better, and besides, when sick myself, there is no other hand but my own to give me the necessary help. My health and strength appear to be steadily on the increase. I look out upon the future with hope, and pray much for strength and guidance to do a good work. We have had no regular mail since last January. The other day the carriers come up from the coast with word that the boat had been several days expected, and that some declared that it had gone down, with our mail, etc.

By the time this reaches you the Union meetings will be over. Let me know what kind of a time you had, and what was done with reference to our foreign mission. Most of my correspondents in Canada put fifteen cent stamps on their letters of ordinary weight. I think this ought not to be. Benguella, in the Province of Pungola, is in the postal union, and the postage on a letter from the United States is only five cents. Please inquire into this matter at the general office, Montreal, or at headquarters, for I believe that our friends are unjustly taxed.

Word has just come that the King of Bihe drank himself to death the other day. The report, however, is not yet confirmed, though it was brought to us by a messenger from Bihe.

I almost forgot to mention that the brethren in Bihe have been threatened with expulsion if they do not yield to a demand made upon them by the old men for cloth. What will follow if it be true the king is dead, we cannot tell.

I open this to say it is true the King of Bihe is dead. His caravan came up from the coast a short time ago, bringing liquor. He drank first freely of wine, and then after of rum, till serious vomiting and inflammation set in, and he died.

W. F. CURRIE.

Bailundu, April 19, 1887.

[Enquiry at the Montreal Post Office shows the necessity of fifteen cents postage on letters to Mr. Currie. The full reports alluded to are being put together, and will before long be sent to the various ministers, printed in a pamphlet. A brief history of the West Central African mission will also be sent. It is hoped that some one will forward the case of surgical instruments asked for; his name may be inscribed upon it. To heal the sick is one of the best ways of winning confidence and preparing the way of the Lord.—THE SECRETARY.]

The Toronto Northern Church Sunday School have purchased the case of instruments, and will forward the same to Mr. Currie for his own personal use.—ED.

THE late Mr. W. D. Alexander, of Tunbridge Wells, has bequeathed \$100,000 to the London Missionary Society, \$150,000 to the London City Missions, and \$50,000 each to the Religious Tract Society and the Bible Society.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS COLUMN.

"TALK YE OF ALL HIS WONDROUS WORKS."

To interest people, tell them of something really interesting, and which touches a responsive chord in your own soul. To appear grieved or surprised or disappointed because another is indifferent to that which to us is full of meaning will never awaken interest or kindle enthusiasm. What is a reality to us must become so to others before they will share our feelings. Very few will become interested or enthusiastic from a "sense of duty," though the spirit of obedience may push them on mechanically.

It is not enough to say, "What a wonderful work is going on in Japan," or "How hard it must be for those Micronesian missionaries to get their mail only once a year," or "It makes me shudder even to think of those Hindu widows." What to you is a vivid picture may be the faintest shadow, without light or colour, to your friend. Tell your friends whom you meet incidentally, of "all His wondrous work" in Japan. Speak definitely of what the missionaries write of events at Niigata, Sendai, Kyoto and Kobe; of Mr. and Mrs. Guick going down to Kiushu, and Miss Dudley's touring, and training school for Bible women.

Your own heart has been deeply touched by the story of the condition of Hindu widows, the women in African kraals, in the harems of Turkey and the zenanas of India. Read again, carefully, that you may talk with certainty of details, as you do of what has occurred under your own observation. Do not forget to give instances of the fulfilment of God's promises, of regeneration and changed life, and of the liberality of gifts among the native converts.

You read these thrilling accounts in the *Missionary Herald* and *Life and Light*; give them out again. Like Paul, "keep back nothing that is profitable" to others, and, with David, be ready to declare, "I have not concealed Thy loving kindness and Thy truth." Do not wait for the monthly concerts or the woman's missionary meeting. Talk of it everywhere. Speak of persons and events. Tell of the work in Africa under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Stover, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman and others. Speak familiarly of the incidents and subjects of sketches given by the last mission studies.

Connect items referring to the same person, or the same place. For instance, you noticed in the "column" that Dr. Ingersoll had paid a visit to her aged father in Kansas, and is now on her way as a missionary to Micronesia. Soon after you saw in the *Advance* a notice of the death of her father. Express your sympathy for the sorrowing daughter. Again you read in last week's *Advance* the obituary notice of Rev. B. F. Haskins, the father of our young missionary in Mexico. Make others acquainted with these facts.

Keep yourself informed of the progress of the Lord's kingdom, and "talk ye of all His wondrous works."

The following is the list of contributions thus far received for the Mrs. Currie Memorial Fund :

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Ottawa, per Woman's Missionary Society, \$10; Ottawa, per Mission Band, \$4.50—total, \$14.50; Sarnia, \$10.55; Wingham, \$10; Mr. E. Yeigh's Bible class, Bond Street, Toronto, \$5; Miss Maggie Warbrick, Bolton, \$5; Guelph, per Woman's Missionary Society, \$16.50; Garafraxa First Church, \$14.60; Garafraxa Sunday school, \$2—total, \$16.60; Listowel Ladies' Missionary Society, \$10; Stouffville Woman's Missionary Circle, \$8.50; Stouffville Children's Mission Band, \$1.50—total, \$10; St. Catharines Sunday school, \$5; Humber Summit, \$3; Vankleek Hill Ladies' Missionary Society, \$13; Watford and Warwick (Zion), \$10.70; Holston, \$2; Cold Springs, \$8; Cobourg, \$8.50; Brantford, \$90.50; Unionville Sunday school, \$2.50; Kate L. Maxwell, Amherstburg, \$2; St. Elmo, \$26; Paris, \$16; Pine Grove, \$5; Edgar Woman's Missionary Society and Mission Band, \$30; Miss M. E. Macallum, St. Elmo, \$2; Miss J. McKellican, \$2; Martintown, \$7; Belleville, \$3.50; Woodstock, \$5.25; Toronto Zion, \$16.50; Belwood, \$13.10; Embro, \$5; South Caledon, \$5; Yorkville, Toronto, \$10.25; Mr. George A. Armstrong, Fergus, \$10; Toronto, Western Congregational Church Woman's Missionary Society, \$6.50; Toronto Western Congregational Church Children's Band, \$10—total, \$16.50; George More, \$14; Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, \$70; Toronto Northern Ladies' Association, \$12; Toronto Northern Sunday school, \$15—total, \$27. Total for Province of Ontario, \$528.45.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

St. John, N. B., and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, \$20. Total for Province of Ontario and Maritime Provinces, \$548.45.

Expenses of postage stamps and postal cards, \$1. Balance, \$547.45.

HATTIE WISMER, *Sec.-Treas. for Ontario.*

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Emmanuel Church, Montreal, net, \$62.15; Calvary Church, Montreal, Ladies' Missionary Society, \$35; Calvary Church, Montreal, Missionary Needles, \$20; Melbourne Currie Missionary Band, \$20.10; Cowansville Ladies' Missionary Society, \$15; Sherbrooke Woman's Band and Children's Mission Band, \$15; Stanstead, \$10; Eaton, \$8.10; Durham, \$5.25; Franklin Centre, \$6; Rev. L. P. Adams, \$5; S. H. Moodie, Zion Church, Montreal, \$2; Anonymous, Montreal, \$2; Danville, \$10.50; Waterville Ladies' Missionary Society, \$7; Granby Ladies' Missionary Society, \$10; Granby Willing Workers, \$5; South Ridge Ladies' Missionary Society, \$5. Total for the Province of Quebec, \$243.

K. G. ROBERTSON, *Treas., P. Q.*

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITOR : A. P. SOLANDT, B.A.

Where are the circular letters? Only two have arrived in St. Thomas. Should any of the students wish to know where to send them, or should any addresses require to be changed, kindly notify Student Mason, Forest, Ont.

The Rev. William M. Barbour, D.D., Principal of the Congregational College of British North America, Montreal, has been appointed Fellow of McGill University, of the same city. Dr. Barbour will no doubt be a valuable acquisition to the governing body of McGill, having had long experience in college matters in the United States.

One by one our wishes in regard to our college are being satisfied: first, we wanted a college building, we have that; then we wanted a principal, we also have him. But still we are not satisfied, and we will not cease to ask, until our college is fairly well equipped in other respects. All theological colleges that the writer knows anything of have reading rooms. Ours has not; it is true the students made an effort last session to obtain some papers and periodicals for their use, but having no funds, the attempt did not succeed very well. Some of our professors sent for our use certain of their papers after they had read them, and one or two publishers sent papers free, but we want a well equipped reading room. The editor of this column has been appointed to see what can be done. We think that if we had about \$10 or \$15 with which to start the coming session, we would do well. The project has the sympathy of the college authorities, who would no doubt have provided a supply of reading matter long ago if they could have done so. On the absolute necessity of the ministry of the present day knowing the drift of the world's thought, it is not needed to say anything. Should this meet the eye of any friend who wishes to aid the students in this matter, and if they would kindly send their subscriptions to Student A. P. Solandt, St. Thomas, Ont., they will be promptly acknowledged in this column.

We are glad to hear from Alton and North Erin, where Student Pedley is spending his vacation.

Alton and North Erin.—I came here on the 7th of May, and on the 8th preached my first sermon in the little old house on the hill-side. The congregations that gathered there to hear me were not large but intelligent and attentive. In the course of a few days I began to get nicely acquainted, and found that there were many whose hearts warmed toward the "new" student because of those who had gone before. The first thing to do was to start prayer meetings at both places, as for some time there had been no such meeting in either. From small beginnings we have kept growing until now the prayer meeting is one of

the events of the week, and quite a number, especially of young people, come out every night. The ladies here, as in many other places, take the lead in anything religious, the young men, on account of bashfulness or something else, keeping in the back ground. A question just here, Why is it that, to most young men in our villages, the words "prayer meeting" suggest feelings of dislike? We have our own opinion on the matter, but would like to hear that of some one who has had more experience. There are three churches here, about equal in point of members—Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational—and there is plenty of work for all. What we have to fight most is a spirit of indifference on the part of many, not so much to churches, church socials, church picnics, but to real church life. This is due, we think, partly to the ill-advised acts of one or two former pastors, and partly to the influence of several genial, sociable sceptics. There is a sort of "We're not sure of anything; come, and let us have a good time" spirit in these, which to the lazy thinker is quite charming and soothing. The result is that, as imitators generally fall short of their models, the type of manhood among a good many is not the highest. We expect soon to have a new church built upon the ruins of the old one. The work of tearing down is over, and already the walls of the new building have begun their ascent. Our principle is to build as our money will allow, and stop building when there are no more subscribers. If any reader of THE INDEPENDENT, after perusing these lines, would like to contribute to our new building, the secretary of the Building Committee, Mr. Josiah McLellan, will be ready to receive whatever can be spared. We need a church building. Our former one having been burnt before it was paid for, the people have been in a bad position financially, and therefore we need what help we can get. We feel confident that if our church is built, the Congregational body in this place will yet do a grand work in the interests of our Master.—HILTON PEDLEY.

We lay before our readers further notes from Student Gerrie, B.A., college agent. All letters, etc., for him should be addressed Mr. J. P. Gerrie, B.A., care of Rev. George Robinson, B.A., 16 Avenue Place, North Toronto, Ont.

Alton and North Erin.—The meetings held at both places were fairly well attended, and the collections received from the number present would indicate a hearty interest in college affairs. Mr. H. Pedley, who is now on the field labouring with great acceptance, is the fifth student who has been here during the summer vacation. In Alton the prospects are brightening. The fine church building, which was destroyed by fire several years ago, is being rebuilt, and the people are encouraged and hopeful. The students have agreed to preach a college sermon

in their respective fields of labour, so that we will hear from this place again, and welcome additional contributions.

Speedside.—Sunday morning was wet and disagreeable, so that the congregation was smaller than usual. The long vacancy is over, and under the care of the Rev. C. S. Pedley, B.A., both Fergus and Speedside have a promising outlook. The Sunday congregations are increased, and the Sabbath school, under Mr. A. A. Armstrong, seems to be doing good work. Part of the college deficit has been assumed by both churches, yet may we not expect the regular contributions will show a large increase over that received last year.

Guelph.—Sunday evening was fair and beautiful, and a large congregation was present at the college service. The best attention was given, and warm promises of support were received at the close of the meeting. Guelph, we trust, will maintain her position on the honour roll by sending us largely-increased contributions when the annual appeal is made. The Rev. D. McGregor, M.A., will soon visit the churches of Nova Scotia on behalf of the college. We wish him every success and a safe return to his people with his interest on college matters greatly deepened.

Manilla.—Since the resignation of the Rev. G. Whyte there has been no settled pastor. By reason of two Sabbath school anniversaries in the neighbourhood, the meeting on Monday was poorly attended, yet collectors were appointed, and may we not say that this church, which has sent so many good men to our college, will not be forgetful of our financial needs.

Creswell.—A beautiful new church building has been recently erected, and the work is carried on in connection with Manilla. Student Braithwaite, B.A., has just begun work, and preached his first sermon to a crowded house on Sunday evening. The college meeting was encouraging, notwithstanding wet weather and jubilee demonstrations. Here also collectors were appointed to solicit help on behalf of our funds.

Stouffville.—Last winter we had two representatives from this church in our college, and good men they are known to be. Mr. J. K. Unsworth, B.A., has just finished a long and successful course, obtaining rank honours and the Shakespeare gold medal on graduating at McGill, and Mr. James Daley has just completed his first year at McGill, securing first rank general standing and carrying off prizes in English and German. At the college meeting the Rev. J. Unsworth expressed a hope that in the coming year Stouffville would more than double her past years' contributions toward our funds.

Unionville.—Here is the home of one of our most promising students, Mr. E. E. Braithwaite, B.A., ob-

tained first rank honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and reflects great credit on his church home, his whole course being marked by scholarship and ability. We should like to welcome from Unionville in the near future another equally worthy man. The congregations in this field are not large, but the Rev. W. F. Wilmot is doing good work. The last year subscriptions to the college should shame some of our more wealthy churches, and the good position thus secured will doubtlessly be maintained.

Toronto Western.—On Sunday morning the church building was well filled by an attentive and interesting congregation. Signs of progress are evident. Under the Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., the cause is growing. Sunday services are all well attended, and the Sabbath school is in an encouraging condition. A new church building is in process of erection, yet the friends here will not forget their college as a necessary part of their work.

Toronto Mount Zion.—Sunday afternoon was spent with the Sabbath school, other engagements not permitting a morning or evening appointment. The day chosen was the anniversary of the Sabbath school, so that a good opportunity was afforded for the presentation of our college needs to the members of the school and a few of the older people who were present on that occasion. The superintendent, Mr. Green, has great reason for encouragement, as has the pastor, the Rev. E. Barker, in his church work. The Sabbath school promises he' for the college, and we feel satisfied that the older people will give them a good example in this respect.

Toronto Yorkville.—The vacancy of four months is now over, and the Rev. George Robertson, B.A., late of Melbourne, Quebec, takes charge of this interesting field. May the new union prove a rich blessing to pastor and people. The college meeting was held on Sunday evening, after which a short prayer meeting was held. Through an error in the last Year-Book the church receives no credit for assisting in furnishing the rooms of the college. Thirty dollars (per Rev. Mr. Salmon) was subscribed for this purpose. We feel assured that Yorkville will be a liberal contributor to the funds of our college, having an earnest graduate as pastor. Rev. Geo. Robertson, B.A., commenced his pastorate on Sabbath, 3rd of July. He preached in the morning, taking for his text, Acts xx. 32. He said the text may look like a farewell, but he had chosen it that he may get an inspiration from it, in the ministry he begins to-day. He had not sought this field, but the Great Head of the Church has shown him and the people to whom he has come, that He has led people and pastor to this union. He did not expect such a ministry as the great preacher Paul, but he did strive to imbibe a like spirit to his, in thoroughness, tenderness, faithfulness and humanity.

He sought to emphasize—"Now brethren I commend you to God," looking back as well as forward, and to a personal God, your own and your mother's God. He is going to lead us—glorious Leader, and golden way. We will stand behind Him, and that will be the secret of our power. Forward then in hopefulness and to victory—"I will not fail nor forsake thee." "Let no man's heart fail." "I commend you to Him who is able to build you up, by His marvellous resources of grace, in strength, in wisdom, in gentleness, in purity, and to make you good soldiers. And also to that power that has given you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, of which He has now given you an earnest. I begin this ministry to-day with this text as my key note: "Lead thou me on." In the evening a good congregation met, when he preached from Acts ix. 6, and xxvi. 16, 17, dwelling on the place and power of the pulpit, and the certain sound that would go forth on the great cardinal truths in God's Word, and on the many living issues of the day. This service was followed by the observance of the Lord's supper. A large number communed. Mr. Robertson gave the right hand of fellowship to Miss Jane Wetherald, daughter of our greatly esteemed father, Rev. Wm. Wetherald, and also to his cousin, Miss H. Foster, so favourably known among Sunday school workers. It was an high day. How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend. Unity, hopefulness and willingness characterize the friends here. Yorkville has many friends at court—"brethren pray for us." The Sunday school picnic took place on July 5, at Green River. Briefly—a beautiful place, a glorious day. Everybody bubbling over with gladness and kindness, and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson adding much thereto. It would not be seemly to pass by Mrs. Robertson, but I have not a graceful pen to introduce her to our friend, but will retire behind Prov. xxxi. 30, 31, believing she has verified this. Mr. Robertson's address, 16 Avenue Place, North Toronto. CHURCH MEMBER.

Toronto Zion.—The long vacancy is making itself felt; yet there are strong hopes that a speedy settlement will be made. It is a great pity that so fine a church should suffer in this way, and it is sincerely hoped that in the near future a suitable pastor may be obtained. Sunday, July 3, was spent with this church, the pulpit being occupied morning and evening. At the close of the morning service the Lord's supper was observed, and one young man received into church membership by letter of transference. The Sabbath school, under the care of the energetic superintendent, Mr. Ashdown, is in a prosperous condition. The college meeting was held in the evening, the attendance being about the same as in the morning. It is customary to send a certain part of the church funds to the college treasurer. Contributions will also be received by envelope, and we trust that

this church, which carries the banner so far as students are concerned, will also give a generous response to our appeals for financial help. Two or three prospective students were met, and we assure them a hearty welcome as soon as they are ready to join our number.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—There seems to be a somewhat general notion that the accumulation of property is the only evidence of church extension, and that the growth of the church consists in having places of worship, even if they are never paid for or filled. There is also a prevailing opinion that the erecting of mission buildings is essential to missionary work, and that the church which does not thus spread out necessarily becomes selfish, and is destined to crumble away.

Such reasoning, however, is based upon wrong principles, is not sustained by experience, and is contrary to well established rules of commercial enterprise.

It has long been considered a weakness to have branch places of business, and whenever an attempt has been made in this direction it has generally turned out to be a weakening and expensive speculation.

Who does not know that it is the steady perseverance of the concentrated energies that commands success—a result achieved by the economical concentration of power, instead of the faculties being wasted and lost by diffusion? Life is too short, and man's ability too circumscribed, to be wasted by being spread out over too extended a surface.

The river which spreads its waters over too broad a bed is of no service; it hardly floats a light canoe. But concentrate its waters to a narrow channel, and mighty ships float upon its bosom, carrying the commerce of the world.

If, therefore, this principle is true in commerce and in nature, we fail to conceive why it is so frequently lost sight of in the management of churches.

Our experience as a denomination has not been very satisfactory in the matter of spreading out, and surely it is unwise for any city church, not already overcrowded with workers, to diminish its power and impede its progress by erecting additional buildings which it cannot afford to pay for, simply because a few restless spirits are filled with the combustibility of a new idea.

Hobby riding should be done at one's own expense. The fact is we have far too many churches, and so long as these are half-filled and burdened with debt it seems not only unwise, but absolutely wrong, to increase the bondage or multiply the burden.

It is a very simple thing to pass a vote to erect a new church and put a mortgage upon it, but it is just as

foolish as it would be for a merchant with a full stock of merchandise to purchase a surplus quantity and then sign promissory notes at long time, without even the remotest idea how these notes would be paid for when due. When a merchant adopts this course, his credit soon receives a severe shock, and we fail to see why a church should not be subject to the same distrust. There is also another feature in connection with the unnecessary building of churches which needs looking at, and that is the questionable means used to pay for them. Bazaars, tableaux vivants, theatrical entertainments, lotteries, auctions, fan drills, broom drills, are not perhaps absolutely wrong in themselves; but when employed as a means for raising money to pay off the debt upon Saint Mortgage Church, I say in all earnestness that they are shameful, and had such means been used in the temple of God, in the early history of the church, the same rebuke might have been administered, "Take these things hence; make not My Father's house a house of merchandise."

We most earnestly raise our voice against the unnecessary building of mission churches, and against the *modus operandi* to raise the money to pay for them. Not that we are against missions, for we are strongly in favour of them, but it is our firm conviction that the present policy of building churches renders true missionary work almost impossible.

Let there be less necessity, and therefore less concern for church debts, less discussion about finances, and allow every member to contribute as his or her conscience dictates, without their gifts being subject to monthly or quarterly microscopic analysis, for when a committee thus scrutinize the treasurer's ledger, they usurp the office of conscience, and destroy one of the foundation principles upon which church fellowship is based.

Let the young people of our churches use their time and powers in teaching the ignorant, reforming and reclaiming the drunkard, brightening the lives and homes that are dark and sad, helping the poor and needy, and in trying to bring the non-churchgoers to know God in Christ.

Let each church employ a missionary to labour among those who do not attend places of worship, and a church which spends its money in this way will soon be filled, and its power will be felt and respected and Christianity will cease to be regarded as a question of dollars and cents.

S. HUXLEY.

Montreal.

SAYS the *Fall Mall Gazette*: It is distressing to those who value the relics of the book world of today, nevertheless it is a fact, that the original manuscript of "The Pickwick Papers" has been secured by a wealthy New York citizen, much to the delight of the idol worshippers of that city."

News of the Churches.

SHERBROOKE.—Iowa College, Iowa, has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Henry E. Barnes, who is B.A. from Yale University, and B.D. from Chicago Theological Seminary. The council, called by letters missive, met here on July 7 for the purpose of taking part in the installation services of the Rev. H. E. Barnes, D.D. The following churches with their ministers were invited: Rock Island, Granby, Danville, Eaton, Melbourne, Cowansville, Fitch Bay, Waterville, Charlestown, Mass., and Johnsbury, Vermont. Nearly all were fully represented, and each minister was assigned a part. Rev. J. G. Sanderson, of Danville, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. J. J. Hindley, of Granby, Scribe. A letter was read setting forth the call to Sherbrooke and its acceptance. The pastor-elect then gave a written statement of his theological and ecclesiastical views, going into these matters very fully and clearly. The various members of the council propounded many questions to him on doctrine, temperance, church unity, etc., and all were answered in the most candid and satisfactory manner; and Dr. Barnes winning the fullest confidence and highest esteem of the brethren. The installation services were proceeded with in the evening. Opening prayer, Mr. Adams; reading Scriptures Mr. Hindley; reading hymn, Mr. Skinner; sermon, Dr. Barbour; charge to pastor, Dr. Lawson; right hand of fellowship, Mr. Dunlap; installation prayer, Mr. Sanderson; address to the people, Mr. Wells; closing prayer, Mr. Purkis. The choir discoursed delightful music, and the church has been refitted and rendered much more beautiful. We believe we speak for all the brethren and sisters present (and the church was well filled), when we say, all were greatly pleased and helped by the services. The sermon by Dr. Barbour was a masterly effort, and full of Christ; and all the addresses were excellent and inspiring. We came away expecting grand results from this pastoral settlement, and feeling personally thankful that Canada has gained such a man as Dr. Barnes. We also felt that, if all installation services were of this character, a rich blessing must be in them.—J. J. HINDLEY, *Scribe*.

Personal.

Dr. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson are attending Union meetings at St. John. We wish them all the health sea breezes bring.

Mr. D. McGregor, of Guelph, is also there, and the ubiquitous Missionary Superintendent. They will find warm welcomes in that hospitable city.

Dr. Cornish and family are in the Old Land. Mr. Warriner expects to sail soon. May they all return "giants refreshed" with salt water air, English scenery and friendly greetings, better than wine or ancient good cheer.

Our friend, Rev. George Whyte, late of Manilla, is settled at Huntsburg, Ohio, over a church whose membership numbers 145, with an average attendance of 250. Peace and prosperity to our brother, his wife and little Eva.

The body of Mr. John S. McLachlan, of Montreal, whose name so often appeared in our records of liberality, and who was drowned while taking a holiday last November, was found on the 4th inst. floating at the foot of the Lachine Rapids. To his smitten wife and bereaved friends, heartfelt sympathy goes out. God bless the widow and the fatherless.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL YEAR-BOOK FOR 1887-8.

The Year-Book is in the press, and will be issued in August. Blank forms for orders will be sent to the churches immediately. It is hoped these will be attended to as soon as possible. Much of the value of the book depends upon its early issue and early distribution. The price (far below the actual cost of issue) is 15 cents per copy for any number. *We pay the postage or express charges.* The book will be bound, as last year; will comprise about 250 pages, including a frontispiece portrait of the late Mrs. Currie, missionary; and will be in every respect as good a book as we can make it. Cash must accompany the order. All orders to be addressed to REV. W. W. SMITH, editor, Newmarket, Ontario.

Newmarket, July 6, 1887.

FINANCES OF THE CHURCHES.

By an error in transcribing his notes, our reporter makes the statistical secretary say that \$1.50 *pro rata* was contributed by the membership of the churches for all purposes. It is just ten times that. The secretary said, "The churches contributed, for all purposes, \$15 *pro rata*; but it ought to be \$20." A cipher makes all the difference; but a cipher in its right place is important.

C. C. M. S.

Received since last acknowledgment: Woodstock, \$50; Middleville, Hopetown and Rosetta, \$35.72; Cornwallis, N. S., \$11; Belwood, \$17.06; Yorkville, \$36; Kingston Bethel, \$120.56; Sarnia, \$21; Toronto Western, \$17.05; St. John, N. B., \$23; St. John, N. B., \$26; Richmond and Melbourne, \$10; Parkdale,

\$7.11; London, \$69; Kincardine, \$34; South Maitland, \$12; St. Catharines, \$35; Belleville, \$30.37; Paris, \$10; Montreal Emmanuel, \$206.25; New Durham, \$18.43; Noel, N. S., \$15.52; Debt Fund, St. John, N. B., \$5; Debt Fund, D. H. Burpee, \$5.

B. W. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*

TWENTY YEARS AGO!

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

In the dear old library at home I used to sing that sweet, quaint song, thinking at the time that it surely belonged to old people, but I have changed my mind since then. I can say it now—"twenty years ago"—and still I am young. Twenty years ago, and I, a happy young girl, rode very frequently along a beautiful country road to my father's mill and farmlands. He, my father, was in business in our native town, but he never neglected to make a daily visit to the pretty lands in the suburbs. At that time, while father looked about the mill to see that all moved smoothly, I amused myself playing with a fair, blue-eyed girl of sweet disposition, a daughter of one of the farm-hands. That, remember, was twenty years ago. To-day that fair girl is no more, but in her place is a dissipated, painted woman, a woman who carries long and frequently at the cup? Could twenty years so change a character? Ah! yes; less time than it takes to transform purity and sweetness into disgusting sensuality. To-day a faded, powdered, bold, painted woman walks the streets boldly when sober, scolds and quarrels at home, yes, and fights fiercely, when drunk, who, twenty years ago played about the fair meadows, made daisy-chains, tossed the fragrant hay, laughed, shouted, and smiled, a happy, pure-hearted child. My house-cleaner—a woman who has been in the habit of coming quite frequently to give us house-service—said to me as she busied herself washing the windows:

"I had no dinner for my husband when he came home yesterday."

"No dinner!" said I, knowing her general punctual habits. "No dinner! how was that?"

"Because I was too much afraid to cook it."

I laughed. "Afraid of what?" I questioned,—“of the fire or the dinner?"

"Neither," she answered, "but of the woman from the other part of the house: she was on a spree again, and I dared not step out of the door for wood and water."

"For fear she would invade the castle?" I asked.

"Yes, that was the reason, so I locked myself in, and when my husband came to dinner, he called me a 'big goose.'"

"And no wonder," laughed I, "the idea that such

a great, stout woman as you certainly are should be afraid of a 'wée mite' like your neighbour."

"Well, perhaps, if you could see her and feel her as I have done, you would call her a strong mite. One day lately she came in my back door bringing a glass of liquor. She was drunk, and of course when I refused her request to accept it, she was quite angry, so angry that before I knew what she was about she threw the liquor in my face. She's a regular fighter when she's drunk, I can tell you."

And the fighting, degraded woman was my little-country acquaintance twenty years ago!

Twenty years ago I was attending school at a far-distant seminary. I visited at a beautiful and lovely home occasionally, a home where wealth and love walked hand in hand, where peace and happiness and intellect found an abiding place; to-day, though an only son's dissipation, the stately homestead is in the hands of strangers, the fair and tasteful grounds are trodden by unknown feet, which but for the "cup" would never have found entrance there. The sweet mother who used to reign is resting under the summer flowers beside her two fair daughters. Twenty years ago, in the same city just mentioned, a lovely intellectual family rejoiced in their brave, growing boys and girls; to-day the dear, white-haired father is resting from all his sorrow in his "house not made with hands"; the equally dear and lovely mother is failing rapidly, the sisters are mortified and broken-hearted, the home broken and sorrowful, because the elder brother, the father's hope and sisters' pride, went astray.

Twenty years ago, in that same city, a bright, gifted girl graduated, was soon after married to a handsome, winning man, who loved to tamper with the glass—one of the extremely moderate drinkers; to-day he is an outcast, and she a worn and weary woman, plodding a hard road, working at whatever she can find to do to get bread and clothes for her little flock.

Twenty years ago, in the above-mentioned city, a pretty girl, only daughter of a wealthy gentleman, danced and laughed, and some years later stepped over the threshold into womanhood with bright anticipations; to-day blasted hopes are her portion, heavy eyes and burdened heart make life bitter, oh! so bitter.

Twenty years ago a merry little girl, another only child, sang in sunny glee about a happy fireside; to-day she is a changed and faded woman, her life seems to be existence only. Do you ask why? I answer; because of moderate drinking—first moderate, afterward immoderate.

These are not pen-pictures, not one of them; they are drawn from the lives of my own friends, true, sadly true.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

BULGARIA has at last secured an occupant for her vacant throne. Prince Alexander had more than enough of royalty and declined to offer for re-election. The Sobranje has decided upon Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a relative of Albert the Good. He has indicated his willingness to accept the doubtful honour of nominally guiding the destinies of the Bulgarian people. Russia may be expected to be friendly or hostile to the new ruler, as it may best suit her purposes. The Bulgarian throne is lacking in stability.

SEVERAL years since a believer in spiritualism, Mr. Henry Seybert, offered \$60,000 to found a philosophical chair in Pennsylvania University, on condition that the Faculty should appoint a commission to investigate alleged spiritualistic facts. The commission, composed of competent scientific men, have completed their investigation, and published the results. They are not flattering to believers in the spiritualistic delusion. Slate-writing, "spiritual" photography, summoning limbs from the spirit world, rapping, etc., were demonstrated to be deceptions of the most palpable description. The day of the spiritualistic fraud is over.

SYMPATHY is usually extended to those overwhelmed with misfortune, especially if disaster has overtaken a man who fairly and honestly tried to achieve success, but failed. There are some, however, who make visible success the sole criterion of merit. If a man prospers, they pay court to him; if he recedes on an adverse billow of misfortune, they neglect and despise him. Jacob Sharp, the notorious but wealthy New York schemer, has been found out in his villainies, and a pitiable spectacle he presents. He has amassed millions, but in his old age he has been discovered and disgraced. It almost appears that the worldly-wise maxim, "honesty is the best policy," may again come to be believed.

THE *Christian Leader* states that there is a ladies' society in Victoria for the rescue of men from the public houses. They visit them in companies of three, two gentlemen accompanying them, but waiting outside. Their method is to distribute tracts, and persuade the customers to leave the house. One Boniface, however, refused a Mrs. Dowie entrance, whereupon her husband came up and demanded refreshments for them both, which the publican was bound to supply. He also informed him that next Saturday twenty ladies would require tea in the evening. They came and drank their tea; they also sang temperance songs, and carried off a good portion of the customers. To all this the publican was obliged to submit. He is thus planted between two horns; he must either let ladies in to sweep away his custom, or he must pay a fine of \$50 for every refusal—say \$1,200 for a party. Rather hard this on a rotund Boniface.

THE *British Weekly* is of opinion that the French Government ought at once to recall the Governor of New Caledonia. The good name of France as a civilized power is losing what little fragrance it had in the Southern Hemisphere after the Madagascar business, and Romanism is showing itself as ready as ever to employ the coarsest means for the smallest triumph. We might have expected that the natives of the Loyalty Islands would be left to hold any religious faith so long as they did not hinder the expansion of the great French Republic. We might also have expected a friendly Government to pay all due honour to the work of the London Missionary Society. But Mr. Jones, who has given a lifetime to the people of Maré and neighbouring islands, is obliged to report the practical cessation of his work, and the brutal persecution of the native Christians. One and another officer sent with an armed force to suppress what was called a revolt, that is to say, the assertion of religious freedom, refused to do the Governor's bidding; but the Governor is still in power, and many innocent persons are suffering imprisonment and exile. All the native churches are closed.

RECENTLY, a largely attended "At Home" Jubilee missionary meeting was held in the Granite Rink, Toronto. The various Evangelical Churches in the city were well represented in the large building, and those prominent in the ministry of the respective denominations occupied places on the platform. The Mayor, W. H. Howland, presided, and gave the opening address. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Thomas and Rev. John Burton. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Kellogg, Dr. Castle, Professor Clark, Dr. Potts and Hugh Johnston. The Massey band were stationed in the gallery, and discoursed sweet music. Mrs. Bradley sang a solo, and subsequently gave as a solo and quartette "Go Teach All Nations" in which Mrs. Shaver, Messrs. Sims and S. T. Martin took part. The rink was resplendent in profuse Jubilee decorations. Refreshments were served after the addresses. As a whole, the meeting was a great success, but it must be confessed that the Granite Rink on a warm summer night is not a favourable place for speech-making. Those seated well back in the audience had great difficulty in hearing the addresses. When all was still, a sentence, or part of a sentence, could be caught, but continuous hearing was impossible. It could be clearly ascertained that the speakers were addressing the audience in English, that was about all. The footfalls, and they were frequent, on the resounding floor, did not help the acoustics. Subdued conversation individually very quiet, but collectively forming a very audible hum, made it difficult to catch the speakers' words. They spoke distinctly and with animation, but for quite a few they evidently spoke in vain.

Children's Corner.

THE BOBOLINK'S LESSON.

A three-year-old boy on the gatepost was leaning,
And watching the frolicsome flight of the bird,
When a sweet bobolink round the orchard came gleaming,
And stopped as if listening for somebody's words—

Stopped close to the boy till his natural feeling,
Impulsive, obeying, he lifted a rock,
And raising it high, then quietly kneeling,
He steadied himself to give birdie a knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody swelling,
Gently opened, and forth came the song, ever new,
"Bobolink, bobolink," as if some one were telling
The bird what the baby was going to do.

"Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no weet ;"
"Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know it ;"
"Bobolink, Bobolink." (Oh, the song was so sweet !)
"Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it, don't throw it !"

Robbie didn't. His fingers fell down by his side,
And he gazed at the charmer in joyful surprise
Till the solo was over, and then satisfied,
Let the innocent singer fly up to the skies.

Then he looked at me doubtful, and read in my face
The question my lips were preparing to ask.
" 'Cos he sung so, me couldn't," he lisped with quaint grace,
And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of years :
When the demon of danger comes to your nest,
Sing a song ; sing it bravely ; sing through your tears,
And the arm that is lifted will fall. It is best

To sing while you can, like the brave bobolink ;
For the song of your hearts shall your enemy reach,
And the danger will vanish. Ah ! do you not think
That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson can teach ?

JUST TOO LATE.

School was out, but George North and Bert Fulton lingered to work out a long, difficult problem. This was to be expected of George, who was the steady, studious boy of the school ; there is always one such, you know. The teacher looked approvingly at him as he went home, but paid no attention to Bert. Bert's studious fits were too spasmodic to be worth much notice. Only the day before Mr. Lennox said, "I will try you just three weeks longer ; then, if you have not turned over a new leaf, I will turn you out of the school."

Bert was always so full of fun that he was heedless, beyond words to express, and this term he had fallen far behind his classes. He was not naturally stupid, but of late it seemed as if he would not think or learn. He ceased to make as much fun as formerly, but Mr. Lennox thought this was because he was getting sullen after so many rebukes. Bert himself was puzzled to know what had made him so dull. This night he had resolved to please the

teacher by solving a problem that all the boys except George had given up ; for Bert was quicker at mathematics than he was at any other study.

The two boys figured away in silence a while ; then George put book and slate in his desk, locked the latter and went out to play. He was sure he must have worked out his task correctly. Half an hour after he saw Bert come out to join a companion, who said, "Got that old puzzle, Bert ?"

"I think so," replied Bert, telling him the answer he had obtained, with the remark, "That ought to be right, I'm sure."

George, who heard distinctly the bit of dialogue, thought to himself, "If Bert's answer is correct, mine is not, for they are unlike."

About sundown the playground was deserted, and nobody saw George North return to the schoolhouse and go in. He did not consider that he was doing anything *very* wrong, but he did not care to be seen. Once in the room, he unlocked his desk, got his slate, took it to Bert's desk, which was never locked, and, taking Bert's slate, he compared the worked-out problems. They were thought out in quite dissimilar ways, and Bert's method seemed as reasonable as George's.

"If I had Mr. Lennox's 'Key,' I could tell in a second," thought George, "and I know where he keeps it. What is the harm of just satisfying my curiosity ?"

He concluded that there was no harm. So he searched through a row of shelves under the teacher's private desk and found the "Key to the Algebra." He carried it down to Bert's seat and went over the figures on his slate again. He found Bert had done his work correctly. Now, after all this, you doubtless think that George either copied over his own problem or else rubbed out Bert's. Well, he was tempted to do the first, but after a while he concluded he would not be *quite* so mean. He tumbled over Bert's books, already in great disorder, then, taking up, as he really supposed, the teacher's book, he carried it back to the shelf and left it there.

Next morning none of the boys save Bert had worked the problem out correctly. Mr. Lennox praised him heartily for his unusual perseverance, and George secretly considered himself very honourable. Just before school was dismissed, Mr. Lennox found Bert's grammar on his shelf. He was walking about the room, so he took it round to Bert, saying "This is your book."

"No, sir ; mine is here," said Bert, opening his desk and quickly catching up a very similar book—Mr. Lennox's "Key to the Algebra."

The angry teacher thought he understood it all, and he poured out his indignation and disgust toward poor Bert, in the presence of the whole school.

"I don't know anything about it," was all Bert could say.

It seemed then just impossible for George North, the "good" boy of the school, to tell of his part in the performance, so he kept still. For a week after, Bert was so dull and sullen that George silenced his conscience by saying to himself that Bert did not care for a few extra scoldings; he got more or less of them anyway. If he confessed, everybody would say he left the "Key" there on purpose, whereas he thought himself very honourable not to copy the right answer.

A week passed, and Bert was not at school one day. "Expelled," the boys said, until Mr. Lennox gravely announced that Bert was dangerously ill, and the doctor said he must have been greatly out of health for weeks—that his dulness and languour were the result of disease. "I have far more charity now for poor Bert's fault than I have had," added Mr. Lennox kindly. "I think he may not have been quite in his right mind. He was careless, but never before dishonourable."

George North, conscious-smitten, resolved to explain everything if—if—well, if Bert got worse or seemed to care when he got well. Two days passed; then late one afternoon a messenger came to say Bert Fulton was dead.

"He died very quietly; he sent his love to all the boys—begged Mr. Lennox to forgive all his faults, and to believe him when he said he did not *cheat* about that 'Key.'"

There were low sobs in the school room, but no such bitter grief as that which broke forth from George North, and no boy who heard his confession would have been in his place for anything then or afterward.

"God may forgive me, but I wronged Bert, and he never can come back to speak to me," was his sorry cry.

BOB'S BATTLE.

It took place in the cornfield.

A strange place for a battle, you say? Yes, but the curious part of this affair was that it left no traces after it. The corn was not trampled, but stood as green and straight and tall as ever; the earth was not torn up, there were no ghastly dead and wounded soldiers. More curious yet, you could only have seen one living creature among the corn, and that was Rob himself. Strangest of all, that one soldier, Rob, did not even know what side he was on in the fight—till it was over.

He found as soon as he came into the field, after the doctor had seen his brother Willie, that he could not work. He felt the battle fast coming on, and could only throw down his hoe and turn soldier.

General Strong-desire opened the engagement.

"You want to go away to school next fall," said his great guns, slowly. "You have earned money to pay for your schooling at the academy; Willie is big enough to take your place on the farm; you care more for books and study than anything else in the world. Why not go!"

General Insist-on-your-rights moved up his corps in support of Strong-desire. "Why should you always give in for the benefit of others? Besides, your mother told you herself not to change your plan. Aunt Susan might withdraw that fine chance to live with her and work out your board, out of school hours."

General Hope reinforced Duty. "Aunt Susan is always kind-hearted. Tell her all about it, and she will arrange it for you to come later."

"No use!" boomed Despair's cannon. "You can never catch up with the class if you don't begin the term with them. And who knows what may happen another year! How are you ever going to become the great and learned man you want to be, if you have no chance to study?"

Then General Duty made a terrific charge.

"If you never have another chance, you ought to do what is right now."

The enemy's line wavered and broke. General Ambition rushed up, rallied the retreating troops, and sent out a forlorn hope under Colonel Appearance-of-virtue. "Isn't it right to make the best of oneself? Will you not be doing wrong to let go this, perhaps only, chance of becoming a great and useful man?"

It was a well planned attack, and General Duty hastened to send a new detachment into the field. It was only a little band known as "Bible Words," and their ammunition was just, "Jehovah-jireh—the Lord will provide," out of one of the old Bible stories Rob's mother used to tell him. "Do the right thing, and the Lord will provide. He always does; some way or other. Not the way we like, perhaps, but the best way of all, always."

"I can't stand this," quoth General Ambition, and he called in his troops and fled. He was followed by Insist-on-your-rights and Strong-desire, leaving Duty master of the field, and Rob on his side, heart and soul.

No more delay now. Rob seized the hoe, and attacked the weedy corn—not happy, perhaps, but at peace, which is far better. "Peace with honour" had been won by this soldier.

He walked up to the house at sunset with the tread of a conqueror. "Mother," said he, gently, taking the pail of water she was carrying. "Why didn't you call me? This is too heavy for you."

"I didn't think it worth while, my boy," she replied, with her patient smile. "I must get used to carrying it this fall, you know."

"No, ma'am!" he said; "I'm going to be here to carry your pails of water myself, till Will is able to do it. I've made up my mind."

And he began to be repaid when he saw the look of relief which, much against her will, flitted over his mother's face.

Will he ever get his schooling and be the great and good man he wants to be? I cannot tell you. I can only say that he has taken the very best of ways toward that second object; and—"Jehovah-jireh."