

.. One is Your Master, even Christ, and all He are Brethren.

Freehold Mrs dec 01
42 Murray St

THE
CANADIAN 
INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. X. (NEW SERIES) No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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NEWMARKET AND TORONTO, ONT. :

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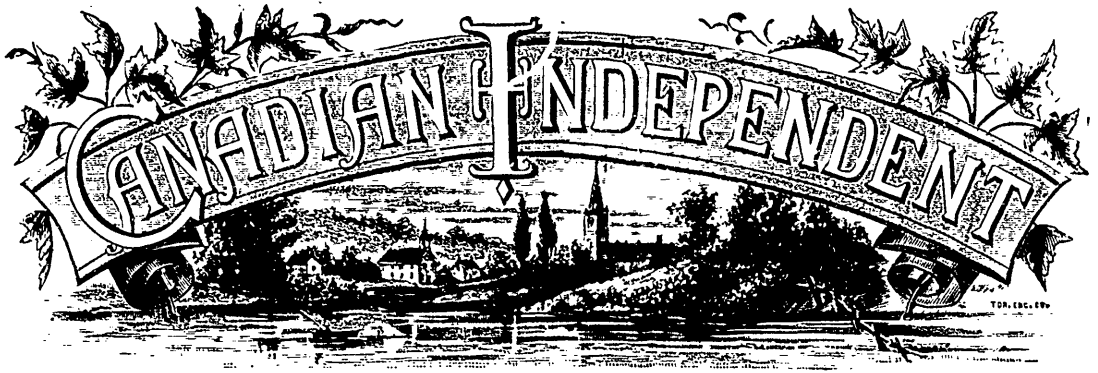
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New Series.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

| Vol. X, No. 9.

Editorial Jottings.

EVERY pastor of a Congregational church in the Dominion is an authorized agent for the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

TRADITION.—Rumor is always an artist, and tradition, which is but fossil rumour, is the great saint-maker.—*Dr. EGGLESTON.*

ST. THOMAS.—Won't somebody, with a little money to invest, take hold of St. Thomas? And while putting out, say \$2,250, at fair interest, on good security, ensure the carrying on of the useful work that has been going on for some years. Correspond with Rev. W. H. A. Claris, Frome.

THE date of the next Council is not fixed; but 1896 has been suggested; making it a quinquennial institution. This will probably be the date. The "National Council" of the United States, meets in 1892 and 1895. It could scarcely come in so early as to be between those dates; it could not well be in 1895, and beyond 1896 would be too distant.

THE EDUCATIONAL COUNCIL at Toronto, has been one of the notable events of the summer. Many of the leading educationists of the United States and Canada gave their opinions, plans and experiences concerning the basis, the modes, the objects, and the recipients of education. Several thousand teachers and others interested in education attended. The National Educational Association may be congratulated upon its Canadian meeting.

HE who thinks he is praised above his deserts by a friend ought to be impelled by that

praise to honest effort to deserve it. "I am sure you overpraise me," said one to an enthusiastic friend; "but this I am glad of, that your praise is always in the direction of my own best ideals, and therefore your praise is a constant incitement to me. I want to deserve it, although I know that as yet I do not."—*S. S. Times.*

THE CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK for 1891-92 is now ready. It contains, in addition to the reports of the various bodies, the Chairman's address at the Union, "The New Protestantism;" a church map of the Lower Provinces; illustrations of two churches, and several portraits. It is a good number, and shows some clean, good printing; and is furnished at about half the actual cost of paper and printing—not to speak of the postage being paid.

"THE COLLEGE COLUMN."—Not by any want of attention on the part of our young friends in Montreal, but by some kink in the Post-office, the *column* failed to "materialize" last month. The manuscript, re-directed at Newmarket to catch the Editor temporarily in Toronto, no doubt found its leisurely way to the Dead Letter office at the capital. We dare not make a complaint to any of the Departments at Ottawa just now—they have as much as they can stagger under, already!

Do our boys realize that the world is always *looking for specialists!* Any man who thoroughly qualifies himself for any special duty, study, engagement, or work—will be sure to be taken hold of! Take up some special thing—it being useful, and innocent in itself—and get to know more of *that thing* than anybody else, and you will be surprised

to find how quickly your services will be in demand, in that particular line! Try it!

It is impossible, within our modest limits, to get anything like a full report of the Great Council in. We gave a sketch last month. A somewhat fuller sketch will be found in the *Year Book*. This month we give a chapter of jottings and quotations—some spicy *crumbs* that fell from the feast. The complete report will be in the volume elsewhere spoken of—and in the irrepressible “bubbling over” of our representatives, like a fountain too full to hold—for the next twelve months. Fortunate fellows!

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.—We knew a young man who was utterly unable to pronounce half the sounds in the English language. Fifteen years after, we found him one of the leading ministers of the Methodist church; a gifted orator. “How?” we asked. He said the doctors told him there was no malformation, nor physical reason, why he should not speak plainly, and so he began to conquer the indistinctness; and in a year or two succeeded!

THE Council at London has been most successful. It has aroused a new interest both inside and outside the Congregational churches. Men will never think and feel alike, unless they have the opportunity of consulting together and exchanging opinions. In every large newspaper office, the various editors meet once a day at a certain hour, to consult as to the utterances of the paper next morning. The International Council will become a standing institution.

THE Baptists will be in the next *British International Congregational Council*. Rev. Dr. Clifford asked, “Why are we not in this Council? Dr. Hannay intended we should.” And then he stated that out of eighteen Baptist Churches in London, fifteen made regeneration in Christ, the only requisite for fellowship. So do we, and there is no good reason why Christians thus feeling and acting alike should not consider themselves one. The next Council, proposed for 1896, will be in America; and it is possible our Baptist friends in America are not as far advanced on the question of union with the Congregationalists as are those in Great Britain.

DIFFICULTIES CAN BE CONQUERED.—Years ago a young man about to graduate from college went to the president for advice in regard to the choice of a profession. Said the president: “It is a good plan in attempting to decide this difficult question, to lay aside at first the *impossible professions*. For instance, in your case, you never could become a preacher, owing to the impediment in your speech.” It may encourage some one who hesitates to undertake some important work because it seems too difficult, to know that this young man was Phillips Brooks. Is there a preacher in America doing better work than he?

CORRUPTION!—We cannot profess to give our readers latest public news: the daily press exists for that purpose. But it is right that we should lift up our voice in condemnation of the system of gigantic robbery so long existing in connection with Public Works. If the responsible head of a Department knows nothing of an organized plundering, going on for years, and amounting to millions, what is he there for? And any administration which fails to prosecute and punish such misdeeds—now that they are exposed and established—will be held to be in league with, or under the power of the evil-doers.

THE CLOSE OF THE COUNCIL.—Dr. Joseph Parker gave the closing address. It was in the City Temple. He had the vast audience rise, and audibly answer three questions; thus pledging themselves anew to Christ, and to his cause, and to each other. Thus, (hand-in-hand), they sang “Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” and the Chairman declared the Council adjourned *sine die*. It will probably meet in 1896, (in the United States). The precedent thus set, of meeting once in five years, will most likely continue to be followed: so that the next meeting in Great Britain will be in 1901, the opening year of the Twentieth Century.

WHAT false notions we have of the condition of music in Italy! We fancy Italy to be more musical than England, but in fact the art there is in a degraded state, and has not anything like the hold upon the people that it has here. The death of Signor Roberti, of Turin, reminds me of an incident which proves this. I sat by him at one of the Handel Festivals, and looking down from the press

gallery we saw Mr. Gladstone, seated in the royal box, following *Israel in Egypt* with an octavo score in his hand. "I must tell the Italians of that when I get home," said Roberti. "In Italy no public man would be seen with a piece of music in his hand. It would be considered *infra dig.*"—*Christian World*.

AN EXAMPLE, WHICH IS ALSO A SUGGESTION.—An exchange says: "Dr. Gunsaulus is the minister of an 'upper-class' Congregational church in Chicago, but he has been seized with an admirable discontent with that comfortable position. The churches, thought he, exist to spread Christianity among the people. If custom or prejudice stands in the way of this mission, custom and prejudice must be swept out of the way. The masses of the population, if they went anywhere on Sunday, went to the theatres. So Dr. Gunsaulus persuaded his congregation to get along with one service, in the morning, and to send him and his choir down town for the evening. His people not only consented, but leased a music hall and put in it a magnificent organ. These services have become so wonderfully successful that, although the music hall seats 3,000, it is already too small."

THE CENSUS RETURNS.—The population has been increasing much more slowly during the past ten years than in the preceding decade. That is the most important fact brought to light by the full census returns now to hand. The total population of England and Wales on the night of April 5 was 29,001,018, or 703,357 less than the Registrar-General, judging by past results, had expected. Even so, this is an increase of 3,026,572, or 11·65 per cent. on the figures of 1881, quite a sufficient rate of growth. Such decrease as there is is attributed partly to a falling off in the birth rate, and partly to increased emigration. The death rate, on the other hand, has declined. As in every census since 1851, women appear to have increased faster than men, and there are now 106·4 females to every 100 males. The growth of the population has been most marked in the neighborhood of London, and in the manufacturing and mining centres. In the rural districts there has been a widespread decrease. No less than nine of the twelve Welsh counties show a falling off. It will be interesting to see how far the pro-

vision of allotments tends to check the progressive depopulation of the rural districts. There has been a great increase in the towns, and there are now 62 towns in England and Wales, with a population of over 50,000. London has now 4,211,056 inhabitants; Liverpool, with 517,951, is still the second town in England, though it shows a falling off of 6·3 per cent., and is run hard by Manchester with 505,343, and Birmingham with 429,171. In Scotland the chief feature is an increase of 141,000 in Lanarkshire. The Irish returns we have already noticed. The total population of the United Kingdom is now 37,740,283. We are still half a million behind France, where the population is nearly stationary; but Germany boasts of its fifty, and the United States of its sixty-five millions. As to the distribution of the population in the three kingdoms, 72·8 per cent. are to be found in England and Wales, 16·7 per cent. in Scotland, and 12·5 per cent. in Ireland.—*Christian World*.

Editorial Articles.

SHORT PASTORATES.



OUR pastorates are getting shorter. The Methodists, who have for a century had short pastorates by rule, are inclined to make them longer. There must be liberty. Yet a few words on pastorates that are shorter than they should be.

These tend to unsettle a church. Much enthusiasm expended over a new minister and his wife; several new plans of church work just got going; perhaps a good large debt incurred on the strength of these; and lo! the minister has got his eye on another place, and hardly waiting till the church accepts ruefully his "resignation," he has engaged with another people. This discourages a church. The members silently resolve not to be so enthusiastic about the next man; and begin to wonder if all ministers are mercenary? No; but many of them are changeable. We have known ministers who have moved for no good reason whatever, and their people have been grieved over it. When will all men learn the great benefit of holding on,

and being sure ; instead of letting go, and then vainly repenting it ?

A man who thus moves without cause, is pretty sure to keep on moving, like the Wandering Jew. Whereas, a determination to persevere, to wait till the clouds go by, to "do some work in this place in the Lord's name," to hear much and say little, will generally end in the "sky getting clearer," and the pastor remaining—to do better work than ever !

Churches get into parties. That is when they are outwardly prosperous, and have nothing to do ! For it stands to reason, that if a man is expected to do all the work of so complex a thing as a *church*, he will miserably fail ; and then the people who have "hired" and expected him to do all that, will be displeased and dissatisfied ! And being in a bad humor, they disagree among themselves ; the only point of agreement being that there's something wrong with the pastor ! Now the cure for that is—*not* to get into parties ! But party-making will never be desisted from except there is plenty of work going on ! So the real remedy is to "get to work !" When all the members are hard at work, gathering in souls, and building up one another in the faith—the minister helping and directing, and the members working and being directed—there is no fear of a "short pastorate."

Then, at the end of ten, twelve or fifteen years ; when the generation has grown up whom the pastor found as children, and the generation mostly passed away who were fathers and mothers in Israel when he came—it is sometimes best for the pastor to make a remove. If he is a good man, a strong man—and made better and stronger by the people he has so long been among—some other church perhaps deserves his help ; and the old church can take a new man, and help him into strength and wisdom, as they did the other.

There can be no fast and rigid rule ; but as it is, the pastorates are too short, and both ministers and churches suffer from it.

MAKING A NEW HOME.

There is a great deal of removing going on among our people ; not one-fifth probably living in the township or county where they were born—

and a little consideration on the subject of moving has therefore its place.

There are good neighbors and bad neighbors ; and they are not all in "the third person," as the grammarians would say : sometimes in the "first." A good test is to ask a new comer, "What kind of neighbors he had where he came from ?" If he is a good neighbor himself, he will have a favorable report of his former neighborhood ; if not—not. And he does not always think how the answer "bewrays him."

Now we assume that all our readers have been, and wish to be, good and Christian neighbors. Be sure and take that character with you ! We don't mean only the reputation of it—though that is good—but the thing itself. Go to church the first Sunday. Enquire about Sunday school. Put down your foot, firmly yet pleasantly, against all social "visiting" on the Lord's Day. Take your church letter with you ; and make use of it towards new church membership at once.

Make up your mind that you are going to have *a little more influence* in your new neighborhood than you had in your last. If that is not the way with a man, there is something wrong with the man ! A prophet is always more honored elsewhere than in "his own country."

One good, honest Christian family, coming on a country concession, will have a refining, Christianizing influence on the whole "line." And former mistakes can be guarded against. Perhaps you had something that almost amounted to a quarrel with somebody ; and it hurt your influence in several directions. You will now be careful that there is no repetition of such a mistake. You are conscious of imitating, and having been influenced by, certain persons. You did not always remember that others were watching and imitating you. But so it was.

In the great fight with sin and evil—sin within as well as sin without—let us remember Christ is ever with us, to arm, direct and rejoice ; a blessed Senior Partner ! In this fight we can each say, adapting the lines to suit us :

"Thou, O Christ, be King this day,
And I'll be general, under !"

Send in your Orders for the *Year Book*.

Our Contributors.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

JAFFA.

Desirous of accomplishing our tour in Palestine before the hot weather set in, we sailed from Alexandria on Thursday, April 30th, in the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer *Rahmanieh*, and after a pleasant voyage of twenty-eight hours over the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean, we reached Jaffa on Friday about 9 p.m. There being no wharf or quay to which the steamer can come, we are transferred to a small boat, carrying "Cook & Sons" flag, amid a scene of excitement and noise which it would be very difficult to equal, and are rowed to shore, through "Jonah's channel," and with a reverence that soon has a hard struggle with disgust, we set our foot for the first time on "the Holy Land." Our first impressions are anything but pleasant to the senses. We pass up along a dusty, crooked street, through a crowd of dirty yelling Arabs, Turks and Egyptians, leading or driving odorous camels and donkeys and other animals, to the custom house—irrefragable proof that we are still within the bounds of civilization. However, Cook's agent manages all that for us, and very shortly we are comfortably lodged in the "Hotel Palestine," from the balcony of which we obtain a very pleasant view of portions of the town, and of the beautiful orange groves for which the town is so famous.

Jaffa, as most of your readers doubtless know, is the ancient Joppa (or Japho, given to the tribe of Dan; Josh. xix. 46), and is the sea-port of Jerusalem, which is about forty miles distant. It was to this port that the timbers of cedar and fir, cut in Mt. Lebanon, and used in the building of Solomon's temple, were sent in floats or rafts, and thence transported to Jerusalem (2 Chron. ii. 16). It was from this port, also, that Jonah took ship to flee to Tarshish, to escape the unpleasant mission on which the Lord had sent him to the Ninevites (Jonah i. 3). And here, also, Peter restored Dorcas to life, and had the wondrous vision on the house-top of the dwelling of Simon the tanner, as recorded in Acts x., which we

visited, and which is accepted by Dean Stanley as the probable site of that memorable event. But it has other memories less pleasant than these, for it was at Joppa in 1797, that 4000 Albanians, who had surrendered to the French arms, on the solemn pledge that their lives would be spared, were shot in cold blood; and there, too, that Napoleon when compelled to retreat, deliberately poisoned 500 of his own soldiers who were in hospital, because they would have been too great a burden to care for and carry away! Yet Napoleon in the world's esteem, was a "great" man, and is honored with, perhaps, the most magnificent mausoleum in the world, in the Hotel des Invalides of Paris!

Jaffa is a city compared with which even Alexandria seemed to us occidental. Its streets baffle description, crooked, narrow—some of them so narrow that we could stretch our arms across them—over-arched and dark, with steps to go up here, and steps to go down there, without side-walks, so that you have often to push your way through a crowd of dirty people and animals. One soon begins to long for the municipal and sanitary regulations to which we are accustomed in Western lands. But the "unspeakable Turk" cares for none of these things. The market place is, if possible, more oriental still, and more disquieting to our sensibilities.

Whether it was "market day," or whether such an institution is known there, I know not, but the motley crowds we met there, the day we visited it, of Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, Syrians, Nubians, Slavs, Greeks, Jews, Italians and Germans, with characteristic volubility, gesticulation and pertinacity, trying to sell his produce or his wares—was a sight to be imagined, for it cannot be described. And the poor animals—how they are abused! We often saw two great lazy men, and sometimes a man, woman and child, all on the back of one little donkey! Almost everything is carried on the backs of these patient little creatures; even big blocks of cut stone for building purposes are often seen suspended, one on each side of them, there being no carts or waggons on which to carry them, or, indeed roads (except in rare instances), over which a waggon could move. Camels are also used for similar purposes. Being harvest time when we reached Palestine, we often met these animals

bearing great stacks of sheaves, fastened on their backs in a kind of frame, and so large that only their heads and hoofs could be seen at all. A brighter day dawns, however; for Western and Christian ideas are working their way into these Eastern lands. We were almost startled in the midst of this hoary orientalism, to hear the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and see it actually moving along on the metals, which have been laid for three miles of the route to Jerusalem! The work progresses very slowly, and, although our journey was toilsome and tedious, we were really glad to get there in time to see Palestine substantially as it has appeared for three thousand years.

JOHN WOOD.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE FAR EAST.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to send you from time to time such items of news about the work here, as may appear worthy of being placed before your readers. There is, however, no man so cordially hated and so closely watched by our Government as the one who is suspected of the crime of laying before the civilized world an account of the condition of the affairs of the country. Missionaries have to be careful in this respect.

We are one hundred and seventy-one miles from salt water; our nearest port is Trebizond, on the Black Sea. The railroad is an unknown institution in this part of the world, but there is a fairly good military road between this city and the coast. Any one at all familiar with the past history of this station will remember the old wagon which has been patched up at least a dozen times to make its last trip to Trebizond; and yet, when necessity arose it has always been ready for one trip more. But now, through the kind efforts of friends in Chicago and its neighborhood, a new wagon has been made for us, and forwarded as far as Trebizond, and we hope soon to have it here. Owing to our situation, our wagon means to us about what the *Burning Ship* does to the Micronesian Islands. But it is used not only in conveying missionaries between here and Trebizond—and that port is the landing place of

missionaries for several stations beyond us—but here in taking ourselves and the pupils of our schools out of the filth of the city for a whiff of fresh air from the plains; and it is hoped, too, that the new wagon may be used in touring also, that is, in carrying the gospel to the villages included in our large field. I tell about this that you may know how pleased we are with this handsome and useful present. I may add just a word about the "horse clothes," as harness is called in Armenia. We have an old set, which fearfully and wonderfully holds together. We must have a new set; and as the wagon is so heavy and the mountains so steep, we need clothes for three horses harnessed abreast. A friend in Ontario has offered to make such harness for \$40, but that means a great deal to us in this city, where the single item of fuel eats up two months' salary every year. Would it not be fitting that some Canadian friends should have fellowship with the Chicago givers in this matter?

The Armenian is enterprising and progressive, far outstripping the Turk in all matters of business. He is not strictly honest as a rule. A saying is current here, that a Jew can cheat a Turk, a Greek can cheat a Jew, but an Armenian can cheat them all. Our Protestant brethren, however, enjoy the confidence of the community. Our Vali, or Governor-General, recently had a number of Armenian merchants called before him, among them was a Protestant. The Vali, pointing to him said, "There at least is one honest man!"

A striking feature of Armenian character is what in the classics of the West is called "the big head." We are just now engaging teachers for our boys' school. One applicant readily confesses that of the twelve studies taken up in the senior year of the High School, there are seven he knows little or nothing about, but thinks that should make no difference, as he can readily keep up with the class, provided we can give him an extra half livre for the amount of extra study he will have to do! I fear we shall have to secure another man.

Very truly yours,

F. W. MACALLUM.

Erzroom, Turkey, 18th July, 1891.

POINT ST. CHARLES CHURCH.

SIR,—The *Witness* has telephoned me for permission to send a cut of the Point St. Charles Congregational Church to you, to which, of course, I gladly consented. If you are writing anything about the church you might include the following particulars with what has appeared in the *Witness* :—

The land contains twelve thousand superficial feet; the main church building is about thirty-five feet wide by eighty-two feet in depth, and the main Sunday school building is thirty feet square, inside measurement, with a wing for infant room, and a kitchen adjoining, containing together about eighteen feet square. The church, apart from rooms reserved for vestry and Sunday school library, seats five hundred and fifty, and is one of the best speaking audience halls in Montreal.

The Sunday school was started after the Union meetings, with an attendance of eight, and last Sunday, the third teaching Sunday, had an attendance of forty-one, including the teachers, each Sunday showing a good increase.

As to the value of the property, the land is worth at least forty cents a foot, or say five thousand dollars, and the buildings are worth at least ten thousand dollars additional, having cost upwards of fourteen thousand dollars, so that in the *Year Book* the property will appear as valued for fifteen thousand dollars.

The trust deed has been executed and registered, showing the property free of debt, with absolute protection, so that it can on no account be seized or mortgaged, or become liable for debt; and should it cease to be used for Congregational church purposes it will become the property of the Congregational Home Mission Society.

The Rev. Thomas Hall has been here for the past two Sundays, and the congregation has averaged from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty, and will doubtless largely increase on his return to the city and the assumption of the pastorate. No regular officers have as yet been appointed save as appears by the programme, copy of which I now enclose.

C. CUSHING.

Montreal, 23rd July, 1891.

LETTER FROM MR. CURRIE.

KAMUNDONGO, May 24th, 1891.

When I left our station to attend the annual meetings which are being held here, there were several cases of small-pox in a district quite close to our station. I fear some of my lads may have the disease when I return. A short time ago one of them took an epileptic fit. My boy "Ngula" and I were the only ones who knew of it; we could not tell the rest, for if it became known, the poor fellow would have been forced to leave or the other lads would have fled. There is no other disease they dread so much. They have comparatively little fear of small-pox. I did not want to lose him for he had just begun to take part in our prayer meetings, therefore we kept the matter quiet while I treated him. He was very weak for some time, and as he began to recover was again laid up with an ulcerated throat. His relations became alarmed and sent for a doctor, to enquire the cause of the boy's sickness. The Ocimbunda said it was because his mother—who had been sold as a slave—was grieving in the Nganguella country. A special kind of food was prepared for him, and he was told to take a load of rubber and go to redeem his mother. This he refused to do. They told him he would die, and he replied, "I will not go; I will not eat the food; I will not leave Ngama. He has not yet given me up; when he does perhaps I will seek other medicine." A few days after this he was going about comfortably, and I trust light is beginning to dawn upon him. Our first missionary collection was taken up. I gave the boys an address on the widow's mite, then explained the purpose of the steamer *Robert Logan*, and asked if they would not like to help send the Gospel to the people on those islands. They made the practical reply of a contribution amounting to 145 yards of cloth, worth \$11.80. If all our people at home contributed at this rate to the cause of missions, what a grand income our Society would have. Every boy present with us that night gave from two to three weeks wages to help build a mission ship to carry the Gospel to the heathen, although but six months ago some of these boys did not themselves know the name of Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will likely start inland about 1st of August.

INCREASE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

DEAR SIR,—Under the heading "United States Congregationalism," there is in your issue for July [p. 190], a clipping from *The Morning Star*, containing some rather remarkable statements. First, that one-third the Congregational ministry in the States is made up of ministers who have left other denominations, and entered the Congregational body. I would like to know the *data* upon which such a conclusion is founded. But particularly it is stated that the claim of President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, that the Congregational ministry is an educated ministry, cannot much longer be maintained, as the number of college graduates in the seven Congregational Theological Seminaries in the U. S. shows a marked decline of late.

This statement is most remarkable, inasmuch as the facts are, that while the number of students in the theological schools has increased wonderfully in the last few years, there has been as well a steady growth of the number of college graduates, amounting to twenty-five *per cent.* in five years. In 1884-85, the number of students, exclusive of a small advanced class, was 322. In 1889-90 we find 556, and an advanced class of 22.

In 1884-85, college graduates numbered 213; and those connected with colleges, but not having completed a full college course, 34. In 1889-90, the number of college graduates had increased to 267, and those who had been only connected with some college, 55. For last year, I have not the facts before me; but know that the number of college graduates has still further increased.

Yours respectfully,

F. E. GALE.

Waterville, Que., July 22, 1891.

TO CHURCHES LOOKING FOR A
PASTOR.

Don't have too many candidates, and don't echo the cry that is so often heard, "Give us young men; men full of fire, full of new ideas, full of odd attractions; in fact, men just a little beyond the times—men who won't be hard upon us if we dance and play cards; men who are not too deep; men who will fill the church—no matter how."

It grieves my heart to hear the cry, especially when I see tried men—men who have been in the service for years; men full of rich experience, men full of the Holy Spirit—rejected just because their hair is gray, or they have a look of what is termed "age;" whereas if these churches looked deeper, they would see in these faces the impress of divine experience, and an indwelling of the Master's presence; of souls long conversant with things unseen. Churches should beware lest they send one away whom the Master has appointed. I believe many of our churches have gone down through this very seeking for *flash*, instead of one who could lead them into "pastures green;" not that we condemn all new ideas; by no means; but don't despise those who have been through the battle, and who quite understand all your needs, and are willing and able to help you in the divine life, and whose experience will build up your churches on solid foundations.

LAY MEMBER.

July 8, 1891.

MRS. DALKIN'S SCHOOL.

[Mrs. Dalkin, well-known to many of our readers as a daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Heu de Bourck, is an accomplished and efficient instructor. Mr. Black writes as follows. ED.]

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. E. J. Dalkin in your monthly. As will be seen, she desires "four or six little girls as boarding pupils." The home she offers such is a pleasant one, and the care and interest those of a mother. The course of study embraces all that is requisite for a thorough English education. To those who know Mrs. Dalkin nothing more need be said, but for those who are strangers to her I would say that her promises will be fulfilled in the case of any who may be entrusted to her. Her personal influence over the young can hardly fail of powerfully and favorably effecting the character.

J. R. BLACK,

Pastor Cong. Church.

Barrie, Aug. 8th, 1891.

A VALUABLE RULE.—Never object to anything unless you have something better to propose.

Selections.

MY RECENT TRIP THROUGH MEXICO.

BY MRS. RALPH EMERSON. ROCKFORD, ILL.

This subject, while it may seem remote from what some may regard as a home missionary topic, you will very readily see has a very close relation thereto, when you remember that nearly one third of what is now home missionary ground in the United States belonged, within the memory of men now living, to the country of Mexico, the land of the Montezumas, the home of the Aztecs, and represented the Spanish possessions in America; for all of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, with parts of three other States, belonged to Mexico. In many of these States and Territories there still remain many of the old Mexican characteristics, and we have much of the peculiar features of these old races to deal with in our home missionary work.

With a great price we have bought these countries, both in money and life, and it is not surprising that the same difficulties with which we had to contend at first still exist, and it is only by understanding the peculiarities of a country or race that we have to deal with, that we can best meet these difficulties, and, to our shame be it said, many of us know more of the European races than we do of our next-door neighbors; hence it is not amiss to acquaint ourselves more particularly with Mexico.

You will remember the thrilling story of Cortez's conquest of Mexico. Cortez made the Indians feel that they had no right to an existence, and that it was only owing to his great "mercy and tenderness" that a single one was allowed to live; they were made to feel that the country was being subjugated, not for the benefit of the conquerors, and in fact the same motives for preserving any of them alive appear to obtain, that caused the raising of mules and cattle and animals generally, namely, the use to which they could be put, the service which they could be made to do.

Cortez reduced the Indians to abject servitude, a servitude which still exists. As an example, we were near one of the great silver mines of the country, which belongs to the Count of Regla. This mine has been worked for three and a half centuries, and the royal records show that the total product of the mine has been over eighty millions of dollars. Under Spanish rule over 3,000 persons worked constantly in this mine, a great majority of whom, having once been driven down into the shafts, as a herd of burros is driven to and from the mines with their loads of ore, were never allowed to come up so long as they could live and

work. These peons, as they were called, were usually raised in the haciendas, into which they were born, and when they were old enough and strong enough to do a man's work they were immured in these underground walls. Who would want to possess that eighty millions of dollars when the price of its digging was such an aggregate of human suffering? Now, under Republican rule, we are told that the laborers are treated more humanely, a squad being sent down for a specific length of time, as may be agreed upon, and then change about, one set of men coming to the surface and another set going down into the caves of the earth to work out their turn, turn about.

We did not go down into any of these mines, but were shown through one of the most extensive "reduction works" of Gaunawato, to which the diggings of probably a hundred claims are sent for reduction, and had a very vivid exhibition of the relative value of a man and a burro. A burro is a four-footed man, or a man is a two-footed burro, just as you please to put it. Out in the great patois or yard, covering an acre of ground, where the silver ore (that has already been crushed to powder in the crudest way imaginable) is mixed with water and the chemicals that shall ultimately separate the pure silver from its refuse, we saw men and beasts wading knee and thigh deep in a thick, waxy, black mud, composed of silver ore, quicksilver, and sulphate of copper, mixing the material by the treading of their feet. Round and round, up and down, side by side, these men and beasts wade day after day, for it is a long, tedious process, taking weeks of time, and yet so cheap is labor, so cheap the worth of a soul, so valuable is gold and silver, that it would not pay the moguls of society, the English and American capitalists, to introduce improved machinery or superior smelting works that would accomplish the results in half the time. But so keen of sight, so sound of judgment do some of these two-footed animals become in their handling of the ore, that it is said an assayer's delicate tools do not more accurately determine the quantity of pure silver to a ton of ore than some of these Indian laborers can predict. I did not hear of such keen perception being attributed to the four-footed burros, but force of habit can do a great deal even for a mule, and as we watched them coming down the mountain defiles in great droves, each with its double pack of ore in sacks across its back, and make straight for its own reduction works, we felt that they at least knew that there were board and lodging at the other end of their day's work. It is said that a load for a burro is 330 pounds, but that a man will often carry double that amount.

It makes one's blood boil to think of this down-trodden Toltec—Aztec race, reduced to such a ser-

vitude. But stop a moment: do the mills of the gods always grind one way?

For despite this prevalent servitude, this heritage from Cortez, who are the rulers to-day in Mexico? To my great surprise I found they are the descendants of the old Toltec and Aztec races; the children's children of the Montezumas. The educated Indians walk the legislative halls of their ancestors rather than the pure-blooded Spanish, and are making the laws and ruling the destinies of the Republic. True, it has been through great tribulation that they have come to the front, but Juarez, who is the great hero of Mexico, the saviour of his country, as he is called, was a full blooded Indian. From being a fugitive, hunted, like King David, from stronghold to stronghold by the combined forces of Napoleon and Maximilian, he at last gathered about him a sufficient army to become the deliverer of his country and overthrow the imperial rule of the usurper, Maximilian.

In the city of Orizaba we were shown through the dark portal of an ancient convent which, with its gardens and open courts, must have covered originally several acres of ground. A large part of it has been cut up by streets running through it, and its cells changed to dwelling-houses and shops; but enough remains for us to see what it had been. Those solid walls, six to eight feet thick, its hundreds of cells opening off from its corridors, but with no windows to the outside world, produced a strange sense of depression as we wandered up and down its stone halls and were told of its dungeons beneath, and saw doorways that had been walled up, no one knew when or why. We could almost hear the moans of untold anguish, born, it may be, of intense religious fervor, but nevertheless wails of anguish, with which those walls were saturated. When the Indian Juarez came to Orizaba as President of the Republic of Mexico, this convent was nominally occupied by twelve hundred nuns. Juarez, knowing the true character of the priesthood which dominated the place, communicated his plans to no one, but at midnight surrounded the convent with his soldiers, blocking up every avenue of escape, and then at that midnight hour marched every inmate of that convent out into the street.

You will hardly expect me to go into detail of the causes and condition of things that led Juarez to that ejection, but suffice it to say that they were not nuns alone who were thus summarily put forth into the streets of Orizaba, but a mixed multitude. From that hour forward Juarez's war upon convents and monasteries, as the rankest hotbeds of crime and vice, was unrelenting and severe, and everywhere such property was confiscated by the government. Neither by him during his life, nor President Diaz's administration, are nuns or monks allowed, knowingly, to remain as such in the Re-

public of Mexico. No priest or bishop can wear any priestly robes outside of the churches; so that on the streets they are not distinguishable from other men, save by the smoothly shaven face or cropped head, and we did not see a nun of any order or description throughout Mexico.

In the city of Mexico my husband was introduced to a leading Mexican of great intelligence and refinement. He asked him about the relative strength of the various religions in Mexico. With great dignity he remarked:

"There are two leading religions in Mexico, one is the Roman Catholic and the other is freemasonry."

This was said in the most earnest, matter-of-fact way, as an assertion not to be gainsaid. Now, as we women are not allowed to be "freemasons," it is not surprising that most of the worshippers in their churches were females. In the most fashionable churches we saw very few men of any education or refinement of countenance, and the few whom we did see came in and hastily went through the ceremonies—crossing themselves, etc., in a very supercilious way, as a form to be gotten through with, like being vaccinated to ward off future ills.

I would like to tell you about the country which, by its people wearing sandals, their water jars, and oriental clothing, their dwellings, their domestic animals, their whole mode of living, reminds one of what we read of in Palestine and Damascus and Cairo. Rebeccas at the well waiting their turn to draw water; yes, in their very hotels the guest-chamber and the manger under the same roof, it would have been but a step for the wise men at the inn to have "beheld where the young Child lay"; of the open courts, open to the sky, in which you seemed to feel that you lived out-of-doors day and night; those open courts, full of plants and growing tropical fruits, gave an air of fragrance and beauty to any home into whose interior one was fortunate enough to catch a passing glance. Most of the houses are built of sundried bricks, twelve to fourteen inches square, such as the Israelites made in the time of Pharaoh, called adobe. For the reason that the country is still unsafe (as you can judge from seeing almost every Mexican gentleman carrying a large revolver strapped to his side, and an escort of soldiers on every passenger train and at every station at which we alighted, drawn up in line until the train moved on again) the houses are built with very few windows opening into the street, and one can hardly tell a private dwelling or mission premises from a tavern or a granary. Thus throughout the cities block after block presents a solid wall to the street. Occasionally, through an old oaken door ajar, revealing the open court within, often full of tropical fruits and flowers, you catch

glimpses of the sleeping and living rooms of the inhabitants, getting their light and air from this inside court. But oftener it is a picture of squalor and destitution that these "holes in the wall" reveal, and you turn away heart sick at the sight.

The beautiful city of Guadalajara is such a hot-bed of Spanish Catholicism that the lives of our missionaries to-day are hardly safe within its precincts; yet this second city of the Republic was chosen by the Congregationalists, long before it had any connection by railroads with the outside, in which to plant the standard of the Cross. Those arid cactus plains were a great barrier to outside travel, and carry the Lamp of Truth where the night was darkest was no trivial undertaking. Let me tell you what we found there, for the story of one mission field is the story of them all. It was late on Saturday eve that we reached Guadalajara, and were ushered in through a stone archway into what seemed to be the stable of the hotel. Following our Spanish guide up a flight of stone steps we soon found ourselves in an open court surrounded on all sides by a wide veranda or hall, off which were sleeping and dining rooms, parlors, etc., and were soon in comfortable quarters for the Sabbath. Sunday morning came, and after breakfast we started out to find the Protestant mission. Thousands of people, men, women, and children were thronging the streets leading to the cathedral, and as we neared the Plaza in front of the cathedral and saw the steps covered with still greater crowds braiding palm branches and twining them with fresh flowers, we were reminded that it was Palm Sunday, and, following the crowd into the interior, we saw the entire floor of that immense cathedral covered with a devout, kneeling mass of humanity, making ready for the triumphal procession and ultimate sprinkling of the palm branches with holy water by the archbishop. We did not tarry for the closing ceremonies, but went on in quest of the Protestant chapel. Our way lay through the crowded market-place. What a sight that was with its motley crowd of human beings bartering, buying and selling as though it were not Sunday! It reminded one of Christian's walk in Vanity Fair.

But it is nearly church time and we must press on, leaving the crowd behind us, on down that long, hot street with single-story adobe walls on either side, with here and there an open doorway revealing the fact that there were homes behind this solid front to the street, until at last the cadence of a familiar tune, coming from what we supposed was a private residence, assured us as that we had reached our destination; especially the young, bright woman who had a few blocks back accosted us with, "Are you not Americans?" and had volunteered to show us the way to her husband's church, at once turned into this little court-

way. We followed her and were soon listening to the church service and sermon, all in Spanish, but watching the intense, upturned faces of those Mexicans, drinking in every word and thought of the preacher instead of going through any form of lip service. What a contrast to the scenes through which we had just passed!

In this little Protestant congregation we saw men (full-blooded Indians) who had been beaten with rods, knocked down in the street because they would not kneel as the "Host" was being raised or lowered in the churches, a fact which is known by the ringing of bells at certain parts of the service, others wounded with stones and threatened with death for preaching Christ. One of them—Pedro, I think, was his name—who, but a short time ago, was riding over the plains to preach in a neighboring city, was met by a horseman armed to the teeth. "I will shoot you," was the salutation he heard and the revolver came to its level aim. Pedro calmly looked into its muzzle and said, "Here I am," and never once flinched. Why that finger which tremulously pulled on the trigger did not pull a little harder and send Pedro, the Indian missionary, to join Peter, the apostle, in the courts of our Lord, he never knew. Suddenly the arm dropped at his adversary's side, the horse was wheeled about, and with a volley of curses his persecutor disappeared in a cloud of dust. Such were some of the experiences that we heard from the lips of Mr. Howland and his good wife, till our hearts burned within us.

What can be done to reach these people, and bring them to the knowledge of Christ, which emancipates from all such superstition, Mr. and Mrs. Howland and Belle Haskins are trying to do in that city; but they are but three among so many, and possibly some day one of those stones, which even now are occasionally hurled through their windows, or some religious fanatic, may suddenly end Mr. Howland's work. But he is as fearless as General Grant, and can be trusted to hold the fort and fight it out on that line as long as life shall last. This can be said of all the missionary workers at the front in Mexico. They are a fearless set of men, men who "count not their lives dear to themselves," so that the religion of Christ is preached to these bigoted people.

How did we find it in the private life of the lowest classes? On a beautiful plantation in Orizaba, full of tropical fruits and flowers, the graceful, drooping branches of innumerable trees, with bright, glossy leaves laden with luscious oranges, or the richly tinted coffee berry hanging over in bright clusters in every direction, we found a native hut so closely hidden by the dense tropical foliage, that at first it was indiscernible. This Indian hut had nothing but reed walls, through-

which the wind could blow without stint; thatched roof, mud floor, a pile of stones outside upon which to cook the scanty food, two smoothly worn stones on which to grind the Indian corn, prepared as for hulled corn, the "tortillas" of Mexico; no seats but the ground, no furniture of any description, a block of wood for a pillow, thin straw matting for a bed, no change of raiment for the occupants; and yet full half the money value of all in sight, which would not have exceeded three Mexican dollars, was spent on the little shrine built up against the side of the hut in the most sheltered nook, to the Holy Virgin, the mother of Jesus. Such was a specimen of the homes into which we looked more than once during our rambles through the country; or if the reed sides of the hut were more often the rude, unplastered adobe walls, or but an awning stretched across four poles, it mattered but little to the inmates, the poverty and destitution were the same. It is a study that haunts me even more since I have come from Mexico, how such utter degradation can be overcome.

Deeply hidden in these Mexican forests are old monuments, probably of Toltec origin, that were erected long before America was discovered, on which, among other sacred emblems, there plainly appears THE CROSS. No living man can read the hieroglyphics that surround it, but on its top there is the face and forehead of a man, though somewhat rudely carved, and above it is an eagle plainly outlined. Can it be that this points back to some tradition of the cross of Christ among these ancient Toltec people! Can it be the same Roman eagle which surmounted the inscription which Pilate wrote in Greek and Hebrew and Latin? May it be that this new world has had a strange religious history of its own? Strange indeed the questions that force themselves upon one travelling in a foreign land, and nowhere in all my travels hitherto have I ever been in so foreign a land, or mingled with a race of people that attracted me as did the faces of this Mexican race. Filthy, degraded, ground to the dust are the masses, till they almost seem a part of the mother earth on which they sit and live so constantly; yet they have their redeeming characteristics that can be depended upon. Love of country, great kindness and love to each other, and a very devout religious yearning. Is not a race like this, loving, hard working, of deep-seated religious feeling, and which in our day has produced its heroes—a Juarez and a Diaz, and in the past a Guatomozin—worth winning and keeping for Christ?—*Home Missionary for August.*

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

(Address at the London Congregational Council.)

The aggregate wealth of England and America has grown at a rate almost fabulous within the past fifty years. Whole empires of fertile lands have been brought under the plow, and the improvements in machinery and in processes of manufacture have greatly enriched all civilized lands. Out of all this prodigious gain, the working man, to whose labor it is largely due, ought to have got something for himself. The annual production has been quadrupled during this period; it would be strange indeed if there had been no improvement in the condition of the working classes. Considerable improvement there has been; the only question is whether the wage-workers have received their fair share of the growing wealth. To this question the answers are not quite clear.

Speaking for my own country, one reason for this doubt is the appearance of a plutocracy more numerous and formidable than any known to history. Estates of from one to two hundred millions of dollars have been heaped up within thirty years. Those that are rated at from twenty to a hundred millions are now quite numerous; there are said to be at least seventy which average thirty-five millions each; most of these have been gained within my remembrance. The amount of wealth which has thus suddenly accumulated in the hands of a few is enormous. Nor can it be claimed that this plutocracy has rendered to society any services which entitle it to so large a remuneration. Much of this wealth has been gained in lucky gambling; much more of it by the iniquitous manipulation of great corporate properties; not a little of it by the corrupt acquisition of franchises which rightly belong to the public.

We might have predicted the issue. Competition, unrestrained, implies that the strongest will get the most; the employing classes are stronger than the laboring classes—more intelligent, better organized; of course they will get the lion's share. The organization of laborers helps to equalize the competitors; it has enabled the wage-worker to increase his portion, and the trades which are most firmly organized have least reason for complaint. Laborers compete among themselves; and the organized workmen, who are strong by their organization, push to the wall the unorganized who are weak through their lack of organization. And this explains, in part, the existence of the "social residuum," or "the submerged tenth." The boys who are shut out of the trades by the rules of the unions drop down into the ranks of unskilled and

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unorganized labor; for such idle hands one ancient employer is always on the lookout; the gangs of toughs in our cities are thus recruited, and the large proportion of youthful faces in our penitentiaries is thus, in part, accounted for.

It is well for working people, as well as the rest of us, to observe that when two ride a horse one must ride behind; and that the methods by which they force their way to the front of the column are methods by which their weaker brethren are apt to be forced to the rear. That is a result which they do not intend, and which they should study to avoid.

It is this hapless "social residuum" which furnishes the real problem of Christian statesmanship. The compact Labor Unions are taking increasingly good care of themselves; it is the vast unorganized mass which chiefly claims our sympathy.

The social movement is swift and relentless; the mighty industrial machine plunges forward through uncleared territory making a track for itself; the obstructions with which it meets cause many a casualty which it never stops to repair; is it not evident that no little social wreckage must occur, and that the stronger the force and the more rapid the motion, the more serious the wreckage is likely to be? Is it not clear that multitudes are apt to be thrown off and left bruised and disabled by the wayside? The struggle that we witness continually—is it not the effort of the laboring class to catch hold of this great movement and hold on—to establish the fact that they belong to the new society and are entitled to a fair share of its gains? Is it not true that it is those only who are strong enough to identify themselves, actually and effectively, with the swiftly moving industrial order, who are getting these gains, and that large numbers of the weak and discouraged are flung off as wreckage?

Here is the malady; what is the remedy?

"No remedy exists," says the thorough-going Individualist, "and none is needed. Natural selection is doing its proper work. Those who cannot keep their places in the march must be trodden underfoot. None will perish but those who are unfit to survive."

I do not propose, before this Christian assembly, to controvert this proposition. I will only venture the opinion that none of us wishes to live in a community in which it could be seriously considered.

The socialist has a remedy which I have no time to discuss. We may agree with him that much of this social waste and destruction is preventable, but we distrust his way of preventing it, for that, we fear, would cut the nerve of civilization, and put out the fires that drive the cars of progress.

Part of this programme we can indeed accept.

We believe that the State can do something for the cure of this evil. Iniquitous taxation in our own country handicaps the poor man; the State must undo that burden. Monopolies of many kinds spoil the many for the benefit of the few; these must be extirpated by law. Certain industries—such as the furnishing of water and lights for cities, and the building and management of street railways—are natural monopolies. To put these into the hands of private companies is practically to endow these companies with the attribute of sovereignty, and permit them to tax the community for their own benefit. The resumption of these powers when they have been surrendered is one of the first duties of the State. Probably it will be found that the general railway system of the country, and the telegraphs as well, fall into this category of natural monopolies; if so, they must eventually be treated in the same way. By such radical reforms the State would become an employer on an extensive scale, and its methods of administration might, it is to be hoped, tend to equalize social conditions. At any rate, that wicked exploitation of these great public properties, by which such vast fortunes have been heaped up, would be no longer possible.

Thus far we go with the Socialists, and not much farther. Industries which cannot be regulated by competition, the State must control, but industries in which competition can be made effective must be left to individual initiative. Nothing can be substituted for private enterprise as the motive power of the industrial machinery. This egoistic force often does vast damage, as we have seen; socialism, therefore, proposes to dispense with it; it is wise to yoke it with good will and thus temper its heat to beneficent issues.

It should be evident that I have thus claimed for Christianity the only right answer to the social question—its philosophical explanation, its practical solution. This is the precise statement of the Christian law; it is the co-ordination of self-love and good will. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The classic economy made self-love central and supreme; the new socialism makes good will central and supreme; each is a fractional solution. The perfect social system is not a circle with one centre; it is an ellipse with two foci, self-love and good will.

This saves for us the strength of private enterprise and individual initiative, the vigor of the self-regarding motives, yet enthrones by their side, as co-equal and co-regent powers, the principles of benevolence, the obligation to promote the common weal. Self-support, self-help, self-reliance, are still cardinal virtues, but philanthropy is given co-ordinate authority with them in the economic realm. Thus the coming kingdom will not be the reign of Individualism or of Socialism, but the

harmonious blending of these two opposing principles. Is that impossible? No more impossible than to co-ordinate the radicalism which urges change, with the conservatism which resists change. Neither of these tendencies can be spared; healthy progress arises from their combination. A great part of the wisdom of life consists in learning to reconcile contrasted tendencies—to harness and drive in one path forces which push in opposite directions. The order of the solar system is the result of the balancing of the centripetal and centrifugal movements; and the order of the soul and of society is due to similar conditions. We can spare neither of these constituents of human nature—neither the self-love nor the good-will; and we can intrust to neither of them the supremacy; we must learn to form our social order by their correlation.

This is the true philosophy of society—not merely of ecclesiastical society, but of political society and industrial society as well; and it is not the philosophy of Herbert Spencer nor of Karl Marx, but of Jesus the Nazarene. It is the only foundation on which society will ever stand securely.

The sad fact is that the Church of Christ has never half believed that He came to give the law to society. It has supposed Christianity to be a purely spiritual religion; that its force is exhausted in changing the tempers and tendencies of the individual soul, and thus preparing men for a perfect society in another world. The Christian law has not been thought to apply to industry and trade; outside of business Christians must be benevolent, but in the whole economic realm the natural law of supply and demand must be allowed free course. It has been regarded as wholly visionary to attempt the introduction of Christian principles into the conduct of business. Mr. Carnegie's idea is the prevalent one—a man must be an Industrialist while he is making his fortune, and a Socialist after it is made: is it not better that he should be a Christian all the while? So I, for one, believe; and if it is true, then the Church of God has no more urgent business just now than to convince the world that it is true.

The effect of believing it would be a quiet, industrial revolution. It would not abolish private property, but it would enforce the obligation to administer private property for the public good. It would preserve the individual initiative in business, but it would put an end to industrial feudalism. The employer, with this law fixed in his mind, could no longer insist that his business was his individual affair; he would know that his employees were his business partners. The employe, instructed in this wisdom, would cease to regard his employer as his natural enemy, and would begin to think of him as the captain to

whom his loyalty was due, his leader in the ways of welfare. Such tempers must conduct to the adoption, in some form, of the principle of industrial partnership—the end of the feud between laborer and employer, the practical identification of their interests.

No rich man who recognized this law could think wholly of the gains of his own corporation; he would be compelled to consider its influence upon the whole community. No Christian working man could study the welfare of his own trades union merely; he would be constrained to think of all his neighbors, the unorganized masses as well as the embattled regiments of labor. Thus the fierce egoism of the present industrial regime would give place to a gentler and more compassionate spirit; the social machinery would be driven at a speed less killing; competitors would become less fierce and brutal; the social wreckage would be materially reduced. Part, at least, of those who are now pushed aside or trodden underfoot in the strifes of competition would be enabled to stand up and go on.

I insist that the Christian philosophy of society is the only sound philosophy, that the Christian law is the only practical rule of industrial society; that if it were perfectly understood and loyally obeyed it would put an end to social wrongs and alleviate all social woes; that just to the extent to which it is understood and obeyed will these wrongs be redressed and these sorrows comforted; that nothing else can bring universal peace and universal welfare so quickly or so surely as obedience to this law; and that we, therefore, who stand for Christ in this world, as his ministers and ambassadors, have no duty more pressing than that of enforcing upon the minds of men this truth, and upon their consciences this law.

THE MINISTER OF THE PARISH.

He never appeared anywhere out of his dressing-room attired in anything of less dignity than a broad-cloth "swallow-tail." "Parsons' grey" was not heard of in the days of this old parish minister, and as, for obvious reasons, the study coat had not much wear and tear, its duty was done by the "swallow-tail," which, by reasons of its age, could least bear a strain of any kind.

He wore a wig—a red one—which was a constant source of interest and even excitement to the bairns during his visits to the homes in his parish. The interest was roused by its redness, for which there was no apparent cause, his beard being white; the excitement was the result of its ill fit, and the trick it had of slipping back when he was in the heat of conversation, leading to the hope that it might finally drop off altogether. He made the

rounds of the parish riding on an old white pony, and to save the "swallow-tails" already mentioned from mud or mire, or more likely from the white hairs of the pony, they were carefully pinned to the waist at the back with two large safety pins. These he sometimes forgot to remove when he dismounted, and this omission on his part was as delightful to those who witnessed it as the restlessness of his wig. But if he forgot his coat-tails, he did not forget the names of each and all of the little ones of his flock. He even remembered how many teeth the last baby had cut, and he knew precisely how far James M.T. had got in his courtship of Katie M.C.

It was however, sometimes hinted that his knowledge of such affairs arose not so much from sympathy as from curiosity, he being supposed never to have trodden the thorny paths of courtship himself, seeing he had never married, but had, as one of his parishioners phrased it, "Aye put by wi' a sister."

It was on the Sabbath that this old parish priest shone in the full dignity of his office. When one thinks of him one thinks of the words, "I magnify mine office," and one suspects, too, that he was not unconscious of the fact that the office magnified him.

Bare, worm-eaten boards, high, straight-backed, narrow pews and mouldy walls, on which the damp left long green streaks, were the order of the day in that old kirk, and yet not even *they* could take from it its charm, or make the memory of it anything but beautiful to those who loved it—the kirk of their fathers and mothers, who lay sleeping in the "yard" outside.

So, too, with the occupant of the canopied pulpit. Either from long hearing of the same things in the same words, or from not hearing them at all, or because they knew that at heart neither he nor they believed them, no one was much the worse for his sermons. Black-gowned and black-gloved, preaching the harshest of harsh doctrine, in the grimmest of grim forms, he was yet to that little company the best-loved man in the parish.

He did not expect more from them in the way of religious observance than they could quite easily perform. A short harangue in Gaelic for the old folks followed, without interval, by the "English service" (courteously so-called), ended his responsibilities and theirs for the Sabbath. Being a State functionary, and having duties of State to perform, it would be unbecoming that he should spend overmuch time in the discharge of the merely spiritual part of his office. Therefore his presence was requested, as a matter of course, at every dinner party at the castle, or curling lunch at the inn. No picnic could be arranged without him, for he knew every nook in the parish, and just exactly which goodwife baked the best scones and

"masked" the finest tea. He supported the lairds and their wives when they gave a ball to the tenants, and though he had not shaken foot himself, even in a reel, since he donned the clerical "swallow tail," his presence gave the sanction of the kirk to the pleasures of the world—a very important thing. Other matters of less urgency, such as Sunday schools and prayer meetings, could much more suitably be undertaken by the dissenting minister. Society made no demands on him, poor man. Besides, these things were innovations; and what folks had done without in the past they could very well do without in the present.

People who were members of the kirk, as their fathers and mothers were before them, and whose children made no objection to join when they were of fitting age, could have no need of any spiritual help other than the ordinary means of grace dispensed to them on the Sabbath. It seemed to him that the religion of these dissenters gave them more trouble than peace. And that was all he said or thought about it. Fine old soul! kindly and courteous, even to the dissenting minister—when he came across him. Those of us who knew and loved him would not have had him other than he was. His chief fault was that, like his native heather, he was but the natural product of the soil in which he grew, and would no more have dreamed of changing his manners and customs than the heather would have dreamed of leaving the hills for the valleys. Peace to his memory, for we loved him. He is part of that past which, because it is past, seems so beautiful; and memory has even a tinge of glory to spread over the old red wig.—*Scot. Cong.*

THE LATE REV. JOHN FRASER.

The Rev. John Fraser, who died at Stanstead, P.Q., on March 12th, 1891, was born in Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents in 1831. The family located at Beebe Plain, and while in the providence of God he was called to labor in many parts of the world, he always retained a love for the locality, with its memories of home and parents.

In 1847 he entered the Congregational College at Toronto, and after completing the required course of study in that institution he was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Brockville in 1851. In 1856 he received a call from the Congregational church at Derby Centre, and accepted it that he might be near his aged mother. His labors in that church were successful, and there were many added to the church of "such as should be saved."

In 1859 he married Ruth M. Child, daughter of Col. L. B. Child, of Derby.

In 1863, thinking that his wife's health might be benefited by the change of climate, he sailed for New Zealand as a missionary under the auspices of the B.M.S. While there he organized the second Congregational church at Port Chalmers—the shipping port of Dunedin. During a stay at this place a church and manse were built.

Owing to a failure of health he removed to Australia in 1865, locating in Sydney. Here he organized the first Congregational church in New South Wales organized or sustained without missionary help. He was blessed in his labors at this place, where he remained until 1867, when he returned to America, entering the Golden Gate in February of that year. Stopping by the way to visit relatives he was invited to supply the pulpit of the Congregational church at Nevada City, which he did for a year. Even in that short time he made lasting impressions upon some hearts and minds and left behind him fragrant memories of a pure life and unselfish devotion to his Master's service.

Again starting for the eastern point which he called home, by the then new Overland route, he stopped at Carson City to visit his wife's relations, and was invited to remain there as pastor. This invitation he accepted, and remained until 1870, when receiving a call from the church at Irasburg, he thought it right to continue his journey eastward.

Since that time his life is known to many of your readers. Never consulting his own ease, but always listening for the call of the Holy Spirit, he has lived and labored in many different places in the Province of Quebec, and in the State of Vermont, using both voice and pen for the dissemination of truth and the uplifting of humanity. Preaching a pure Gospel, and calling upon men to love and serve the Master he loved.

One of the leading ministers of Montreal says of him: "He was one of those who know how to speak the truth in love, while his child-like unworldliness gave a certain winsomeness and quaintness to his character. He always left on me the impression of a man living very near to his God, and now we may truly say of him as of one of old 'He was not, for God took him.'"

Mr. Fraser's last ministerial work was done in Orleans county, Vermont. His failing health compelled him to relinquish his much-loved work in 1889, and he went to Montreal to live. In the summer of 1890, by the advice of his physicians, he went with his wife to England and Scotland, hoping that the change of air and scene might restore his health, but the effort was unavailing, and on his return he came back to the home of his youth to spend the remnant of his days, and here he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The cemetery at Beebe Plain, where the

last resting place will be, was purchased through the efforts of Mr. Fraser when in college. Also during a vacation spent at his early home, he was invited to deliver a course of lectures at Stanstead Plain. The sums of money the friends so generously raised to remunerate Mr. Fraser, he suggested should be used in purchasing books for the commencement of a public library, and for many years he was allowed the free use of the books.—A. W. S., in *Stanstead Journal*.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

MRS. FRASER.

Dear Madam.—I have the honor to convey to you the following resolution adopted by the Congregational Union at its recent meeting in Guelph, as expressive of its appreciation of your late husband, and its deep sympathy with you in your affliction.

Resolved.—That the Union has learned with deep regret of the death of the Rev. John Fraser, for many years a faithful minister of Jesus among us, and whose unaffected modesty, sincere piety and high intellectual attainments are fresh in the hearts and minds of all who were privileged to enjoy his acquaintance; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to his bereaved widow, to whom we render our sincere sympathy in her great affliction.

I am, dear madam,

Yours sincerely,

W. HENRY WARRINER,

Sec.

Guelph, P. O., June, '91.

MRS. FRASER, of Stanstead, has caused to be erected at the grave of her husband, the late Rev. John Fraser, in the Beebe Plain cemetery, a fine Scotch granite monument. The material was brought from near Mr. Fraser's birth place in Scotland, and the work was done by Mr. Reid, of Montreal.

MR. MOODY is being solicited by leading clergymen in Scotland to undertake another evangelistic tour in that country.

BOSTON now has thirty-one Congregational churches with 10,405 members. The State of Massachusetts has 565 churches and 103,659 members.

THE statistics of the Maine churches for the year show a total number of churches, 246; ministers, 165, 42 without charge; membership, 31,817; additions, 1,055, 696 on confession; Sunday school membership, 23,782; C. E. membership, 5,552.

CRUMBS FROM THE COUNCIL.

[The following jottings and extracts we find in the *Chicago Advance*, and *New York Independent*.—ED.]

A remarkable assembly.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

The value of such a Council is in bringing men face to face—*Principal Vaughan Pryce.*

Language cannot express the satisfaction which this Council has given me.—*Ex-Governor Merrell, Iowa.*

It has been a great success, and I should like to see another soon—the sooner the better.—*Dr. James Brand.*

It will appear more and more important in the future. It has given Congregationalists on both sides of the water a new consciousness of one another.—*Rev. Henry A. Hazen.*

It is desirable to have such councils at long intervals. The programme was too much crowded. There should be more room for discussion.—*Justice McCully, Honolulu.*

The Council is the most significant event that has occurred in connection with Congregationalism since the landing at Plymouth Rock. It is full of the best hope for the future.—*Dr. F. A. Noble.*

It will spread information and work in the direction of unity. The subjects were rather general. The Americans are evidently more conservative than the English.—*Prof. H. M. Scott.*

The programme has been the most remarkable that I ever saw, and the papers have been of a very high order. The result will be far-reaching. The council will be felt the world around.—*Dr. Ide.*

We have had a series of remarkable papers, which will make a good book. But I am not much of a believer in councils and conventions. They always leave the work still to be done.—*Rev. Dr. Meredith.*

Among the delegates to the Council are six Members of Parliament, several editors, and numerous J. P's. It is sometimes said that colonels in America are as thick as bees around a honey pot; J. P's. seem as numerous in England.

The Council has been a remarkable success. I have never before heard so many able papers on such important subjects in an equal space of time. The hospitality of our English friends has been overwhelming.—*Dr. F. W. Fisk.*

As to improvements, the programme should not be packed to the exclusion of general discussion. Once in ten years would be often enough to

hold such a Council. I do not want to see a five-year precedent established.—*Rev. N. Boynton.*

Hugh Price Hughes, the well known Methodist editor and orator in a sermon at St. James' Hall, Sunday the 19th, said the Council was the greatest event in modern religious history. It shows, he added, as nothing else has shown, the relation of the individual to God.

In character it was well representative. The results look forward to a more united and aggressive work. The programme was too full, and there was evidently some fear of resolutions and actions. The papers were of high merit, and on the whole the Council was a decided success.—*Dr. A. H. Quint.*

The papers by Dr. Allon, and Dr. Taylor, on Monday, the 21st, were capital. They were on the question of Church unity. Dr. Taylor was at his best. Dr. Munro Gibson, Presbyterian, Dr. Clifford, Baptist, and Dr. Taylor, advocated union between Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians.

The Council has been very helpful. I have realized the greatness of the work as never before. I am going to write an account of the meetings to our Japanese papers, and thus spread the influence of the Council through our land.—*Rev. Tasuku Harada, Japan.*

In the line of the intellectual character of the papers probably no such assembly was ever before gathered. The utterances were free in various directions, but were tempered with generosity and grace of speech. By all means let us have another. The programme should have larger reference to methods of doing work.—*Dr. L. H. Cobb.*

The Council has been grand. In the way of improvements, I would suggest that more time be given for general discussion. How can a man discuss the great Labor Question in twenty minutes? I should like to see another Council say within from five to eight years. Times are moving fast.—*Dr. Washington Gladden.*

The appetite for American and Colonial preaching in England during the present summer has been apparently insatiable, and the only happy American has been the man who came without any written sermons, and without knowing how to preach without notes.

The next Council will probably be held on our side of the water, and it is to be hoped that no strict interpretation of the McKinley Bill will prevent our American Churches from enjoying the privileges of listening to English preaching which has been denied to many of us during the present summer.

It will be of increasing value and significance, especially along the line of a unification of Congregational work. It will also have a tendency to clear up some of the misty problems of theology. Such councils should be held when there is a general desire for them. As to programme there should be fewer papers and more time for business and social intercourse.—*Rev. W. A. Waterman.*

For Congregationalism, the Council is the most significant event in its history. It will enlarge the denomination's outlook, and bind the brethren together in closer union. The Council has been a revelation in regard to the Congregationalism of England. In another Council we should have more discussion.—*Dr. E. F. Williams.*

One feature of the Council of peculiar prominence is the presence of delegates from corresponding bodies, for whom seats were provided on the floor. Each of the following denominations were asked to send two visiting members: The Free Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterians, the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, and the various Methodist bodies in England, including the Wesleyan connections, the Primitive Methodists, the Methodist Free Churches, the Bible Christians, the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, the Presbyterian Church in England, and the Friends.

Nothing can excel the heartiness and generosity of English hospitality. It is sometimes supposed that it is necessary to go to the extreme West in order to find the most hospitable hosts, but for an intimate acquaintance not only in the interior but on the Pacific coast, as well as in England, I am convinced that there is no more beautiful hospitality than is found in English homes. Most of them are hidden behind high and forbidding walls, but those walls enclose as courteous and generous hearts as can be found in the world. The hospitality of the English Churches to their American guests was perfect.

Three men are especially missed from the Council!—Dr. Hannay, the late Secretary of the Union, who, more than any other man, may be called the father of the Council, and whose name is held in dear regard throughout the world; Henry M. Dexter, who so quickly followed his elder and well-beloved brother to the General Assembly of the Church above; and the Rev. Charles A. Berry, who, just before the meeting, was compelled to leave the country on a long voyage in search of health. If they had lived, Dr. Hannay and Dr. Dexter would have been the two most conspicuous figures in the Council; and if Mr. Berry had been present he would have been the leader of the younger English delegates.

In the course of my conversations I have picked up a bit of information on the subject of Church Unity, not yet published in England which is very significant and important. I have learned that an Inter-Church Review is soon to be started, the object of which is to promote organic unity among Christians. It is whispered that the following distinguished clergymen are to be its editors:

1. Archdeacon Farrar, from the Established Church.

2. The Rev. Dr. Clifford, Baptist.

3. The Rev. Percy Bunting, Methodist.

4. The Rev. Dr. Fraser, Presbyterian.

5. The Rev. Dr. Mackennal, Congregationalist.

If this review is started it will have a large circulation on both sides of the water; and by the way, why could not its scope be enlarged so that it would include American as well as English editors, and so make its appeal to the whole English-speaking world?

The number of breakfasts and dinners and suppers and afternoon teas to which the delegates are invited, are sufficient to destroy the digestion of those whose powers of endurance are stronger than those of Americans are supposed to be. The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Control had a breakfast at nine o'clock on the day that the Council opened; the Total Abstinence Association was to give a breakfast on Saturday of the same week, various other societies made the lives of the poor Secretaries miserable by attempts to find some other time for injuring the digestion and illuminating the understanding of the delegates; and it is probable that if the hospitality of the people had been the only barrier, the representatives of the foreign churches might have been sitting at various English tables to the end of the year without exhausting their hosts.

OUTSIDE AGENCIES.

AN ECHO FROM THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL.

The attitude of the churches towards aggressive agencies outside and independent of the Church, was discussed by the Rev. Alfred Rowland, of London.

Mr. Rowland maintained that however independent of the churches a religious movement may be, it is not to be regarded with contempt, nor dealt with in a spirit of rancorous hostility.

"We should rejoice in the work of any man who in Christ's name, is saving his fellows.

"(a) In forming a right and wise judgment of agencies outside of our churches we may be guided in some measure by consideration of their causes. Such consideration leads us to the discovery that

some of them assumed their present position in consequence of faults, or deficiencies, in the churches themselves.

"1 For many years such narrow views of Christ's mission prevailed that earnest men could not fail to recognize that much of their Lord's work lay beyond conventional limits, and they went forth to do it.

"2. Another failing on the part of our churches has been a want of flexibility in their methods. The order of our services is too stereotyped. Our want of initiation and adaptiveness, in worship and in work, has sadly limited our power, confining it practically to one class of English society.

"3. We have neglected individual enthusiasm. Even the Episcopal Church by its wise use of "lay-helpers," and of "sisterhoods" has of late set us an example in this, while the Church of Rome has availed herself to the utmost of the varied talents and splendid enthusiasm of her sons. Whatever may be the fears, or the suspicions of the churches about the movements outside them, our Lord would rather risk mistakes than lose enthusiasm.

"4. The slowness and indirectness of routine is partly accountable for any divorce existing between certain Christian agencies and the churches.

"5. But after all these outside agencies have sprung from personal ambition and pious discontent.

"(b) How should we deal with these movements?

"1. Discriminate between them more carefully than we have done. Try the spirits.

"2. We must try to associate with our churches movements of opinion which have shown a tendency to become independent of them. Temperance organizations, "pleasant Sunday afternoons," movements for uplifting and beautifying the life of the poor, should be more directly associated with the churches; and especially should those who live in the suburbs realize their privilege of helping those whose methods must be different from the methods employed in more favored districts.

"3. Let us not forget that our Congregational churches, which have borne effectual testimony that Christians are free to exercise diversity in method, may now be specially called of God to take the lead in exhibiting the essential and practical oneness of the Church in her conflict with sin."

A SALOON can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors'?

THE OLD SCOTCH WOMAN'S FAITH.

By the side of a rippling brook in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud-thatched cottage, with its neat honey-sucked porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on a snow-white bed, lay, not long ago, old Nancy, the Scotch woman, patiently and cheerfully awaiting the moment when her happy spirit would take its flight to "mansions in the skies"; experiencing, with holy Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." By her bedside, on a small table, lay her spectacles and a well-thumbed Bible—her barrel and her cruise," as she used to call it—from which she daily, yea, hourly, spiritually fed on the "Bread of Life." A young minister frequently called to see her. He loved to listen to her simple expressions of Bible truths; for when she spoke of her "inheritance, incorruptable, undefiled and that fadeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

One day that young minister put to the happy saint the following startling question: "Now, Nanny," said he, "what if after all your prayers and watching and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?" Pious Nancy raised herself on her elbow, and turned to him a wistful look, laid her right hand on the "precious Bible," which lay open before her, and quietly replied, "Ae dearie me, is that a' the length ye hae got yet, man?" And then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness, "God would hae the greatest loss. Poor Nanny would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose his honour and his character. Haven't I hung my soul upon his 'exceeding great and precious promises?' and if he brak his work he would make himself a liar, and the universe would rush into confusion."

Thus spoke the old Scotch pilgrim. These were among the last words that fell from her dying lips, and most precious words they were—like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Let the reader consider them. They apply to every step of the pilgrim's path, from the first to the last.

REV. DR. NARGAU SHESHADRI, the first high Brahmin ever converted to Christianity, who left New York recently on the steamer Circassian for Glasgow, died at sea of heart disease on the morning of July 21.

CHRISTIANS, PRAISE MORE.

Praise is the secret of many a victory. Adamantine walls fall before it.

One day while walking, I saw that I was going to meet a man who had lost sight of Christ, and was despondent. Looking to the Lord for a word of life and cheer, I cordially gave my hand as we met, and in glad tones said, "Good morning, brother. How are you this morning?" His very look was withering as he dolefully replied, "Bad enough; there is no hope for me."

"Now," I said, "will you do just as I tell you?" He hesitated and queried a little, but as I steadily held to one point, he finally promised to "try."

"As you go on up that hill" I said, (a long hill was before him), "I want you to say, Praise the Lord, at every step; and continue to do so, not only until you feel it down in your heart, but till some one else catches the inspiration; and the next time we meet tell me how you succeeded." He shook his head but promised that he would try.

The following week I met him again. His face was radiant, and before coming near enough to take my hand, he exclaimed, "Glory!"

After the usual salutation, he said, "You know what you made me promise. Ah! that was hard for me, but I did as directed, and I had not reached the top of the hill when the heavens seemed to open, and light broke into my soul, and I had to cry 'Glory!' and I have been saying it ever since."—*Steppings in God.*

Our English religious newspapers have some features of special interest. The London *Christian World*, both edited and published by the Clarke brothers—inherited by them from their father, a man of extraordinary intellectual force and enterprise—is a weekly journal of very wide circulation and great power. It is in the main Congregational, but not at all exclusively so. Its news columns keep the run systematically and sympathetically, of what is going on in the other various religious bodies.

The English *Independent*, though owned by the Clarkes, is edited by Rev. Herbert F. Stead, who is given full independence in the advocacy of such views as seem to him best. Mr. Stead is a younger brother of the more famous W. T. Stead, who is at the present time the most pungent and potential personal force in English journalism. The editor of the *Independent* is a highly accomplished scholar, son of a Congregational minister, alert of outlook, broad and keen in both his intellectual and his humane sympathies, intensive in his convictions, warm-hearted in his religious devotion, and withal

a right brotherly kind of man. The *Independent* has very strong points, in many respects is admirable; but as a family religious paper is, as it has always been, defective in that kind of all-round considerateness and adaptation, such as makes our leading American denominational papers so welcome in the home, as it were living members of the family, and that for young and old alike, and from one generation to another. And this fundamental defect in the religious journalism of England is of a good deal more importance than appears to be understood by our English brethren. Had it not been for this, it may be remarked, there would not have been in this Council almost a total ignoring of woman's part, and an equally complete omission of any recognition of the Sunday school.—*Advance.*

ONE of the features of the International Council which has caused most joy to our Scottish delegates is that the Evangelical Union has now publicly and finally avowed itself a body of Congregationalists; and one of the most touching and delightful events in the proceedings of the Council was the public recognition accorded on more than one occasion to Dr. Morison as to a hero who had fought a good fight. Mr. Craig, of Edinburgh, spoke at one of the theological discussions, and Dr. Adamson rendered valuable assistance at the business meeting. Mr. Gladstone, of Glasgow, delivered one of the most telling of all the public evening addresses. We welcome our brethren into the atmosphere of avowed Congregationalism, and once more express the hope, now more confidently than ever, that soon the altogether minor difficulties which keep us apart in Scotland will be overcome. It would be one happy and important result of the International Council if it led to a speedy settlement of this problem. The Council came gradually to learn that Congregationalism has spread, and is spreading, not only in heathen, but in European lands more rapidly than almost any one man had known. In Sweden, within twenty years, Congregationalists have grown from 0 to 100,000 strong. In Bohemia they have begun to spread. Even in Turkey there are many churches of our order, the fruit of the long and faithful service of the American Missionary Board. In almost all such cases the rise of Congregationalism has been caused by a revival of evangelical religion and a study of the New Testament Church polity. In Sweden, the most striking case of all, this result was reached, not by any formal effort or foreign advice, but gradually, under the pressure of circumstances and the guiding light of the New Testament.—*Scottish Congregationalist.*

"STORIES."—Some of the sweetest lessons have

been taught in stories, and learned in the same way. But the *reading of nothing but stories* is bad as bad can be. You can easily get into the habit of it, and it is a habit hard to break. The more stories you read, the more you will want to read. Other reading will grow distasteful. The facts of science, natural history, philosophy, will seem dry, and you will not care for them unless they are sugar-coated with a story. Said a lady the other day: "When I was a child the most interesting book I came across was one by Dr. Dick on 'Celestial Scenery.' My brothers and I used to read and talk it over by the hour. I shall never forget the impression it left upon us all. The heavens seemed made over new for us, and everything relating to astronomy has had a vivid interest for me ever since. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the only story we knew anything about, but we read and thought and talked it over until the men and women in it seemed almost as real as ourselves. The other day I counted thirty story-books in the little library of my grandchildren. They are read once and put away and forgotten. I wonder which is the better way, the old or the new?" Well, we shall watch to see what sort of men and women you boys and girls who are brought up on an exclusive diet of stories will make. But of one thing I am sure: If you find that nothing interests you but a story, it is time to call a halt, and compel yourself to find interest in more serious reading.—*Phebe Bird.*

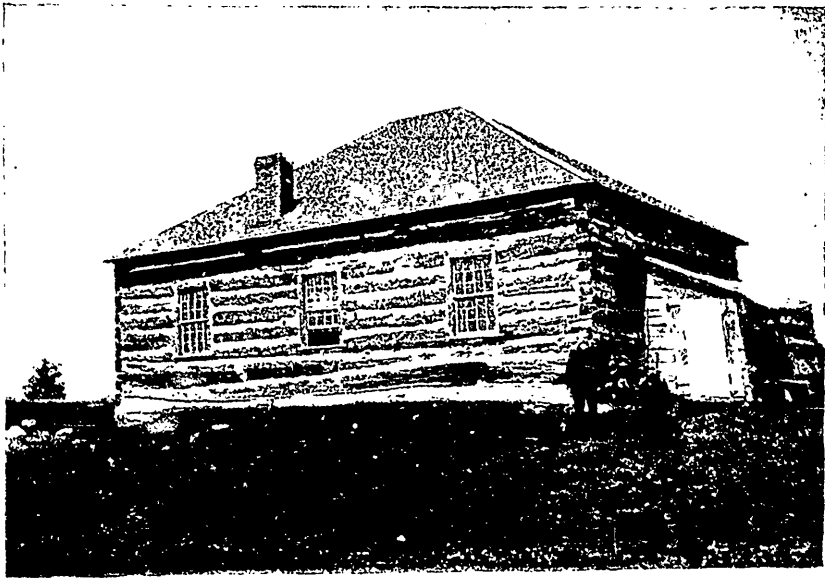
DR. KIRK, OF BOSTON.—My dear friend, the late Dr. Jared Waterbury, was holding a series of revival-meetings, for young men, in a private house in New York. Edward Kirk attended one of the meetings, and when it was over he dogged Mr. Waterbury for a mile in order to get a chance for a private talk with him. "What shall I do?" said Kirk, "I'm a wretched sinner." Why not trust in Christ?" was the simple reply. That sentence, under the power of the Holy Spirit, both converted and consecrated to the sacred ministry the brilliant youth who was to become a master in Israel. Thorough conversion makes a thorough workman. The long career of Edward N. Kirk closed in 1874; and no American clergyman has left nobler memorials of his life-work. He led thousands of precious souls to Jesus. He was the spiritual father of those two world-known apostles of the truth, John B. Gough and Dwight L. Moody. If he had wrought no other work than to win those two magnificent trophies for his Master, he would not have lived in vain.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

THE MESSAGE TO SI-GAN.—Taking a room in an inn there, I went day after day on the streets with my message. I have sat down in a shop door, and had a little talk casually upon every-day

subjects with the master of the house. But I have been a listener as well, and have heard a man behind me speaking to his neighbor after some such fashion as this: "Oh, here is a foreigner"—(and let me just say here, that we do not wear the Chinese dress to disguise ourselves; there could not be a greater mistake; we simply do it for our own convenience to minimise curiosity; and an excellent plan I have found it to be)—"Here is a foreigner. He wears our clothes, and has come here to speak about a Jesus, and about a way by which men believing on Jesus might have their sins taken away." Not expecting to find such clear light from heathen lips I was surprised. But so it was; and such continued to be my experience all the time that I was in Si-gan. My predecessor in the work there had evangelized the city so thoroughly, that numbers of the people are acquainted with the outlines of the Gospel; but, up to this day, I cannot report one soul as known to be saved there.—*China's Millions.*

THE SALOON.—The conviction is growing more and more intense that the saloon is the nursery of crime. The testimony of such a man as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, who in traveling his circuit has had large opportunities for observation, is that "almost all the crimes of violence and many of the crimes into which dishonesty enters are begun or completed in the public house or saloon." And he concludes that "if you could make England sober you might indeed, in another sense make her free, because you might, speaking broadly, shut up three-fourths of her jails." And those who really own the saloons are the large liquor dealers into whose pockets the profits flow. The saloon-keepers, in many cases, are the servants, if not the slaves, of the great brewers and wholesale liquor merchants and manufacturers. How long will men consent to be the servile tools of these vampires who fatten on the miseries endured and the crimes committed?—*Etc.*

OPIMUM.—This great vice, as stated in the resolution, is the greatest stumbling-block to-day in the way of the spread of the Gospel of the blessed God. The great majority of the human race are located in Asia, of India and China together numbering, I suppose, nearly six hundred millions of human beings. And not in China only, whither we have been carrying the drug and selling it for a generation or two past, but now in India also we are ruining of our own fellow-subjects. It is a most remarkable thing that the Chinese Christians themselves have resolved that no man or woman selling opium, eating opium, or smoking opium shall be admitted to the fellowship of the Christian Church. They are debarred from the Lord's table.—*China's Millions.*



News of the Churches.

MAXVILLE AND ST. ELMO. — This is a Congregational Church. Only two other churches were built before it in this part of the country. The walls are not grand, nor is the roof; and the windows are not stained. The small building you see at the end is the porch—not as fine as Solomon's! There is but one entrance, and one aisle. The seats are close, and without paint or cushion. The floor is excellent to "break in" a pair of boots! Nobody forgets to wind the clock, for there isn't any; and the organ is never out of tune!

But, sir, let me say no more in this strain. Despite the fact of its plainness, it is venerable. *Many a soul was born here.* This is the house where grew the first Congregational twig that is now a great tree. The twig was but few families. Many branches sprang out: two especially, in point of numbers are very notable, and in point of worth are very steady branches; the McDougalls and the McEwens. They cover the face of the land. The names too, of Kennedy and Sinclair, remind us of pillars in the church. They are all in glory now. We are the children of those who struggled, and won for us so goodly a heritage. The first pastor of the church walked regularly more than twenty miles, through a wood-path, to feed the flock of God: Rev. John McKillican.

I will mention only the last two pastors—Rev. W. M. Peacock, whose well-known fiery eloquence often moved to tears and to action: he was

"Elijah." Then followed "Elisha," who is still going up and down, healing the waters, taking death from the pot, and since nearly eighteen years growing in the respect and confidence of the people—Rev. D. Macallum.

We have a handsome new brick church now—at Maxville, more central in location; where every Sabbath a strong influence is felt. But none who ever worshipped in this log church will cross its threshold without a tender memory. The old pulpit is sacred—and so is the pew. Many a soul was born here. J. D. McEWEN.

MAXVILLE.—*Report of the Mission Band.*—At a meeting of the young people of the Congregational church, Maxville, July 15, 1883, a Mission Band was organized, consisting of 59 members. The meetings have been held regularly ever since, with one or two exceptions, when the weather was too stormy.

During these eight years we have had 93 names on the roll. Of this number, nine have married, and one has been removed by death, Miss Christie McEwan, who always took a great interest in the work of the Band, and acted as Secretary for one year. She served here in much pain and weakness, but now she sees the King in His beauty, and is free from all sickness.

One of our members is a missionary in Turkey, another is in Montreal, and is helping in the work there, while still another is preaching in Nova Scotia. We take this opportunity to congratulate one of our members who has just received her M.D. in New York.

We have eight honorary members. We have a Thanksgiving picnic every year. The offerings have amounted to \$53.60. We have raised over two hundred and thirty dollars. Of this sum we have paid \$32.56 to the Woman's Board; \$4.51 for Mrs. Currie's Memorial Fund; \$99.74 for work in Turkey; \$3 to Miss Macallum, and \$5 to Miss Clarke. Our course of study is taken from "Mission Studies," and we take up nearly every country in the world.

In closing this report of our eight years of existence, it makes me think seriously of how quickly time is passing, and how much remains to be done. May we not thank God that we have been enabled to do something towards sending the Gospel to our brothers and sisters over the sea. Let us bear in mind one word of command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and let us remember that "God loveth a cheerful giver."

JENNIE E. McDOUGALL.

STOUFFVILLE.—This being one of the oldest of our churches in Ontario, is once more without a pastor. During the past eight years it has been abundantly blessed under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Unsworth, whose sound teaching, large experience, and able guidance in the management of church affairs has brought the church up to a good condition in spiritual and temporal matters. Perfect harmony prevails in every department of the church work. Several of the pioneer members have died during the past few years, and, like others, we have suffered a loss in membership, owing to removals, etc.; therefore our additions per new members have only kept up the average membership—about one hundred. In June, our pastor, who has been struggling for some time with a feeble constitution, gave in his resignation, believing it best for him to retire from the pastorate as he required rest. At a church meeting following, a resolution was carried unanimously requesting him to re-consider his action. However, he deemed it best to adhere to his former decision, and at a later meeting his resignation was formally (though reluctantly) accepted, and many were the remarks of regret at parting with one they had learned to love and respect.

A committee, composed of the deacons, was appointed to secure supplies with a view to a new pastor. Said committee is now open for correspondence with any pastors at liberty or contemplating a change.

R. J. DALEY, *Rec.-Sec.*

TO SUCCEED THE LATE DR. STEVENSON.—The Rev. Bernard J. Snell, of Salford, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Brixton, in succession to Revs. J. F. Stevenson,

D.D., and J. Baldwin Brown. The church and congregation, we are informed, are prepared to cordially welcome and co-operate with the new pastor. Mr. Snell will commence his ministry at Brixton on the first Sunday in October.

The preacher at Brixton church on Sunday evening was Rev. J. B. Silcox, pastor of the Congregational church, Sacramento, California. He was a delegate to the International Council, but had the misfortune to be on the *Servia* when it broke down *en route*, and thus missed some of the meetings. Mr. Silcox is a preacher of great force and eloquence. His discourse at Brixton glowed with sympathy for the victims of social wrong. *Every battle of right against might, he declared, should call forth all the forces of the church militant.* We hope to publish the sermon next week in *The Christian World Pulpit*, which will also include the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon to the Foresters.—*Christian World.*

ST. JOHN'S, NFD.—Rev. G. Ward Siddall, of Queen's Road church, St. John's, appeals for ministers to undertake the mission stations connected with the Newfoundland Home Missionary Society. "Three of our mission churches at Random, Twillingate, and Little Bay," he remarks, "are imploring us to find pastors for them. And from other outposts, where at present we have no churches built, we are receiving like piteous appeals for help. The people are ready and waiting to build churches, if only we can find pastors for them. Would that I were able to turn the attention of some of our churchless pastors at home to the fine fields lying ready to their hand here. We want not men of profound attainments or brilliant gifts, but men strong in faith, endurance and devotion. The work is in some respects, perhaps, peculiar; it is strictly missionary in character. In addition to the distinctly religious services on the Sunday, we require men who are willing to undertake elementary secular teaching in the week."—*Christian World.*

OTTAWA.—Mr. F. W. Read, of the Congregational College, in Montreal, who so acceptably supplied the pulpit of the church in Ottawa, during the absence of the pastor in Palestine and England, was presented, on leaving, with a handsome watch and chain, by the congregation, as an expression of their esteem and good will. Mr. Read, who was taken entirely by surprise, and was deeply touched by the act, briefly returned thanks for the beautiful gift. Such little tokens of kindly feeling are honorable alike to the givers and the receivers.—*Com.*

CHURCH WANTED.—Single young man, one year in Theological College, and last term in Congre-

gational Training School, Toronto, a member of Dr. Wild's church, Toronto, wants to supply or take charge of Congregational church. Would be satisfied with small salary. Send full particulars to J. M. W., care of "Y. M. C. A.," Yonge St., Toronto. [ADV.]

TORONTO, PARKDALE.—Last Sabbath anniversary services were crowded. Both preachers were fully up to their own mark. Dr. Wild is always fresh and vigorous, and some liked him better than usual. Mr. James L. Hughes, who occupied the pulpit in the evening, was not known to many as a preacher. To the efficient school inspectorship of Toronto he adds that of authorship and occasional lecturer on school subjects and teaching. As a good Christian man, therefore, he might reasonably be expected to preach a good sermon, and he did not disappoint his large and intelligent audience on Sunday night. He took for his text the words of Christ from the sermon on the mount, "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father who is in heaven." The subject was Works—the best way for a Christian to let his light shine before men. Many excellent points were made and many apt and beautiful illustrations given. Each Christian has a work to do and he can shine in doing it; it is his own work, and nobody else can do it for him. He can shine by doing his own work and nobody can prevent him; he only can put his own light out. It will effectually go out if he neglects to let it shine. A Christian can not only put out his own light, but he can greatly hinder the shining of others, though he cannot utterly quench theirs. The more we let our lights shine, the more they will increase in brightness. These and many others were the excellent points the preacher made. His sermon could not fail to do good. Collections were in advance of those of previous years.

TORONTO, ZION.—The annual church excursion was held on the 4th August, to the Falls of Niagara; when the members and friends, in all about 275 persons, took the trip across the lake, and spent a most enjoyable time. Our pastor returned from his vacation in England in time to be with us on the first Sunday of August. The Y. P. S. C. E. is still increasing, both in numbers and activity; and has taken another step forward, in forming a Junior Society. All the boys and girls under 15 are invited to join. They take a pledge similar to the one adopted by the older members; and in addition to signing their own name, they take it home, and obtain their parents' permission and signature. Thus the parents are interested as well as the children. G. L. C.

EATON, QUE.—Our last news from Eaton is to the effect that the church refuses to accept Mr. Skinner's resignation, and warmly urges him to remain. Under the circumstances, Mr. Skinner will probably continue his labors there for the present.

KINGSTON FIRST.—Rev. Dr. Jackson, after representing Canadian Congregationalism in the Council of London, and seeing Paris, Scotland, Ireland, etc., is home again. He finds the body of the new church up, and hopes it may be finished by winter.

OTTAWA.—Rev. John Wood, the pastor of the Ottawa Congregational church, has arrived home from his trip to England, Egypt, Palestine, etc. Elsewhere will be found the first of a series of sketches of Eastern travel from his pen.

TORONTO, MOUNT ZION.—Rev. Enoch Barker, pastor, has resigned his charge in Eastern Toronto. His address remains for the present unchanged: 292 Gerrard Street East.

LETTER FROM SMYRNA.

MAXVILLE, Aug. 15th, 1891.

SIR,—I enclose a translation of a letter received to day, from one of our Greek brethren in Smyrna. As several of the churches gave towards this church in Magnesia, I should be glad if you have room to insert the letter, and perhaps some of our readers might find the account of Gregorius interesting.

Sincerely yours,

EMILY MACALLUM.

I received your letter and the P. O. order which I cashed at the British Post Office, and gave the money to the committee. If you had sent only half a dollar it would have been thankfully received; for as the Greek proverb says:—Bean by bean the sack is filled; how much more than the ten dollars which you sent! And if, as you said, you send \$10 more, the joy and gratitude of the people in Magnesia will be great. The building is nearly finished; but in order to put it up quickly, they have had to borrow money.

In Smyrna, although we have large audiences, the young converts have to suffer great persecution. That you may have a faint idea of this, I will write you a little about a young man who

fully determined to follow Christ, and who came regularly to the meetings. Learning this, his relations circulated the report that he was crazy, and putting him in a carriage, they took him to the little chapel of the Prophet Elias ; where four bad men beat and tortured him. They told him to renounce the Masonic faith—they call all Protestants Free Masons in Smyrna—and to kiss the pictures ; but he remained faithful to his convictions. After they had tortured him for three days, they brought him to the Hospital, where with the consent of the Bishop, they threw him in with the insane patients, in a place where if a man were sane he would soon lose his mind. Learning where he was, we tried to obtain permission to see him, but were refused.

Afterwards, Mr. McNaughton, Mr. Egyptiades and the doctor were permitted to look at him, but nothing more. So, for two weeks he was kept at the hospital as insane. Fortunately, Mr. Solomnides (one of our Protestants, but not known as such to the hospital officials), was appointed as one of the nurses, and so was able to look after Gregorius ; and when his wounds were healed, he took him out of the hospital without the knowledge of his relatives. Gregorius stayed at the house of one of the brethren for some days, and then, thanks to the care and attention he received there, he was able to go to work again. But he still suffers much persecution from his neighbors.

The finances of the Alliance (our Greek Home Missionary Society) are not in a good state, because for the present year we are \$528 in debt. Where the money is to come from I do not know ; but God is all-powerful.

PERSONAL.

REV. ENOCH BARKER, of Toronto, has resigned the pastorate of Mount Zion Church, East of the Don.

REV. JOHN MORTON has returned from the Old Land, to his work in Hamilton. Mrs. Morton accompanied him on his visit.

REV. DR. WILD, of Bond Street Church, Toronto, is in England ; and Rev. J. S. Norris, of Webster, Iowa, is supplying his place.

REV. GEO. H. SANDWELL, of Zion Church, Toronto, has returned from a visit to England.

An enthusiastic welcome-home was tendered him on 2nd August.

REV. B. B. WILLIAMS, of Guelph, has been rusticated in the West ; and occupied Mr. Pedley's pulpit in Winnipeg, for two or three Sundays.

REV. JAS. W. PEDLEY got back to his pulpit in Vancouver, British Columbia, for the second Sunday in July. He thinks the trip East has done him ever so much good.

REV. J. K. UNSWORTH, of Maple Street Church, Winnipeg, will take his turn to have a run East for a month now ; taking in part of September and October.

REV. JOHN WOOD, of Ottawa, says the *Royal Templar*, was one of the speakers at the great Congregational Temperance Meeting in Exeter Hall, London. He declared that he only knew of one Congregational minister in Canada who was not an abstainer.

REV. HUGH PEDLEY made a rousing speech at the Congregational Council in London. He said : " It is this—endow a Theological College in Winnipeg, where we can train the young men of the West for the work in the West." Very good ; and we hope some of the rich friends of the cause in England will do it. But would it not become necessary for the brethren in Manitoba to revise their unanimously passed Resolution of last December, denouncing the establishment of a similar college in Toronto ?

Official Notices.

IMPORTANT LETTER.

To the Editor.

The Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society (Rev. Mr. Fielden) writes me under date 16th June : " You have had many warnings that your College grant must come to a speedy end. We have given largely for fifty years to your Institution, and have never contributed anything to the colleges founded in Australia. I was anxious to help your honoured and admirable Principal, Rev. Dr. Barbour, to get firmly established among you, and also to give time for the Endowment Fund to grow to the amount projected at the Jubilee, and so under protest the grant has gone on until now. It was decided yesterday to reduce the grant for this year to £150, and next year to give a final grant of £75."

This is for the College a very important communication. For a number of years the grant has been £250, or about \$1200 currency, which represents about one-fifth of our annual revenue from all sources.

Now what are we going to do about it? That is the practical question of the hour. From the spirit shown at Guelph, with regard to the Endowment Fund, I think it is fair to infer that, with grateful thanks to the Colonial Missionary Society for its fifty years of generous help, the Canadian churches will now face the situation in a manly way, and resolve that our beloved College shall not suffer through this necessary withdrawal of aid by our friends across the sea.

College Sunday falls on December 11th. Let it not be forgotten this year, as it often is. There is something to tell the people about the College, and the people want to hear. Make it a *real College Sunday*. If found desirable and convenient, exchange of pulpits might be effected, and a prayer and conference meeting appropriately close the day.

In any case, let the motto be: *One-fifth increase in subscriptions all along the line.*

Will those who have not signed and returned their subscription cards to the Endowment Fund, kindly return to me at an early date.

CHAS. R. BLACK.

30 St. John St., Montreal,
17th August, 1891.

Receipts for Current Expense Fund since last acknowledgment: Granby, \$36.10; Vankleek Hill, \$15; Sherbrooke, H. H., \$20.

Receipts for Endowment Fund since last acknowledgment: per Rev. F. H. Marling, \$500; Mrs. J. W. Lyon, \$20; F. W. Kerr, \$5; Rev. R. Aylward, \$10; T. Moodie, \$11; R. Thackray, \$10; J. C. Copp, \$50; James Barber, \$150; W. Ransom, \$5; B. W. Robertson, \$10; Jas. Bale, \$20; W. E. Graham, \$5; Rev. T. Hodgkinson, \$10. C. R. B.

MOUNT ZION BUILDING FUND.

DEAR SIR, Be good enough to insert the following acknowledgment on behalf of our Building Fund, in the next issue of the INDEPENDENT.

Previously acknowledged,	\$ 228 94
April 8th, From mite boxes	6 45
May 4th, Interest on loan	7 00
" 31st, Subscriptions for May	9 50
June 29th, Collected by Mrs. Barker in Guelph and Fergus	31 25
" 30th, Subscriptions for June	2 50
July 31st, From mite boxes	4 09

—————
\$289 73

HERBERT W. BARKER,
Treasurer New Building Fund.

292 Gerrard St. E.,
Toronto, Aug. 7th, 1891.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

The Fifty-third Session of the College will be opened with the usual public service in the Assembly Hall of the College, on Thursday, October 1st, at 8 p.m. A collection will be taken up in behalf of the Library Fund. The Librarian (Rev. E. M. Hill), will be pleased to receive any contributions to this fund from friends who may be unable to be present at the meeting.

All students and accepted candidates are expected to be present.

W. HENRY WARRINER,

Secretary, C. C. C.

Montreal, August 15th, 1891.

Woman's Board.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The committee having charge of the compiling and printing of the Annual Report, wish to state that owing to unforeseen delays the reports are not quite complete yet; but the committee now hopes to have them in the hands of the Literature Superintendent, ready for distribution, within a few days.

Toronto, 17th Aug., 1891.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

For leaflets, mite-boxes, maps, etc., address Miss R. Copp, 80 Isabella St., Toronto.

For Annual Reports, Miss Ashdown, 46 Maitland St., Toronto.

Missions.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

You have heard a good deal about the number of missionaries, 480. We thank God for the 480, and we thank God for an open door in China. We have been praying, and you have been praying many years that God would open China, and now He has opened nearly every province. I would like to say that there two provinces yet, Kwang-si and Hu-nan, without any resident missionary. In Hu-nan our beloved brother Dorward, who has gone to see the King, labored earnestly and devotedly, but at present, we have no missionary looking forward to enter that province. One after another who has gone to the borders of Hu-nan has broken

down in health and had to go elsewhere. We want volunteers for Hu-nan. It is a very difficult province. But precious souls are there; and as God opened China years ago, so may He soon open Hu-nan and Kwang-si!

With regard to the workers who have gone out to China, it has been my happy privilege to know them pretty intimately; and I should like to say that very few have gone there without getting very great spiritual blessing. Their Christian life has been wonderfully deepened, and they have blessed God for bringing them to China. It has done me good to read their letters, and to watch their great devotion and consecration to God. I can honestly say from pretty full knowledge that a more devoted, more consecrated band of men and women than these, could scarcely be found anywhere. I would ask you to pray that God will make them yet more earnest, and send out a great many more such.

I have a letter from which I should like to read a few lines. It was written by the late Mrs. Stanley Smith—one of her last letters. It is dated February 11th, and reached Shanghai four days after I left. She says:—

“Since I wrote to you last our hearts have been rejoiced to see the woman, Mrs. Wang, from Shan-tung, of whom I wrote to you, truly and thoroughly converted to God, as far as we can see. She told me four or five months ago of her having found peace to her soul, and as I have watched her since then she gives great evidence of being born of God. She reads very well and is being taught wonderfully from the word of God. Her husband has quite lately made up his mind to walk the same road as his wife, and as it was her first and highest aim to win her husband, her heart is now fully at peace. My woman in charge of the refuge has gone bravely through a time of great trial. She declared herself unwilling to bind her only daughter's feet, which made her friends, husband and all, to be against her. Yes it means a great deal to be saved out and out in China, as well as at home.”

“But praise God, *He is able* to save the Chinese men and women wholly from sin.

We praise God for the devoted life of our sister, and for the inspiration of the example which she has left us.

WOMAN'S WORK.

With regard to the work amongst the women there is a magnificent field in China. You probably have read an account by Miss Guinness of the work in Kiang-si, along the Kwang-sin river, where there are about twenty lady missionaries at work [see *May China's Millions*]. God has greatly honored them. They have native pastors and native assistants helping them, and they are doing a splendid work.

I get letters continually from all parts of China crying out for laborers. They say, “Send help; send more workers.” There is room for every kind of work, especially, just now, for medical mission-

aries and for business men. Of course in such a large mission there are many needs. We have a great many business arrangements to make. God has prospered us so far, that now we are able to pass people on to the interior with great facility. Our Training Homes at Yang-chau and Gan-k'ing have been of the greatest benefit and service. Young brethren and sisters have gone to these Homes, and in a few months have been able to get a fair hold of the language, while at the same time becoming familiar with the Chinese lines of thought, and obtaining an insight into our modes of work, so that when they proceed to their stations in the interior they are fairly initiated. Will you pray that God would bless these Homes more and more and those in charge of them. Mr. Wood will probably tell you in detail a little more about the Training Home in Gan-k'in.

In speaking of our brethren and the kind of work that they are doing, I should like to explain the work of our brethren, Ririe and Vale. Kia-ting Fu is a large prefectural city in Western Si-ch'uen. The district by covered the itinerations which are marked is about one hundred miles from north to south, and the same from east to west. Mr. Ririe and Mr. Vale were two of “the hundred,” and went out in the latter part of 1887. They went to the Training Home at Gan-k'ing and proceeded to Si-ch'uen in 1888, not quite three years ago. Our brother, Gray Owen, who was taken away quite recently, a most devoted young man—went down and helped our two brothers to settle in Kia-ting Fu. Since then they have spent most of their time there, or in the district around. The lines represent their journeys. They are most extensive, and they have made these journeys, not once or twice, but many times. They go out and spend a month itinerating amongst the villages and towns.

Mr. Ririe writes, on March 22nd:—

I enclose a sketch of our district. There are some hundred and fifty market, mining, and manufacturing towns marked. There are over three hundred in all, and we had hoped to go to most of them this winter, but circumstances hitherto prevented. I hope to start on Monday, the 24th, eastward. Meanwhile we trust God is blessing the seed already sown in these one hundred and fifty towns. I hope the day is not far distant when Tsi-chau and Ya-chau will be occupied by the C. I. M. We are still looking to the Lord to give us some helpers for the Valley of the Min.”

Similar work is being done by our brothers Mills, Shearer, and Slimmon, up in Ho-nan, and by our brothers Redfern and Bland on the Si-gan plain, and Shew St. and by others in other parts. These brethren are spending most of their time in going village from to village, and town to town, telling out the tidings of salvation. The places they visit are utterly destitute of the Gospel, and the people have never even heard of Jesus Christ before. Can you

imagine any work more blessed, or more like that of our blessed Lord, who went about doing good? God bless these servants, and may He send out a great many more! Pray for them, and that the Holy Ghost will be poured out upon that land, that multitudes may be saved.

J. W. STEVENSON.

JAPAN.

The story of the Japanese begins with the foundation of the empire, B.C. 660, which is in many other respects a very marked era in the annals of the human race. Their actual history begins very nearly a thousand years ago. The dual system of government, under the Mikado at one end of the empire and the Tycoon at the other, lasted until 1868, when the Tycoon gave way to the Mikado.

The events from 1853 to 1880 simply record the march of public opinion. Dualism first went down and feudalism followed. Provision was made for a permanent national parliament, and the leaders of the revolution constrained the Mikado, then but sixteen years old, to swear that he would call a deliberative assembly and submit to it affairs of State. This charter oath of five articles forms the basis of the new Japan.

After much popular agitation in behalf of a national parliament, on October 12th, 1880, the Mikado signed the decree promising to limit the imperial prerogative, and call a parliament to meet in 1890. The constitutions of various other governments were carefully examined, and on February 11th, 1889, on the anniversary of the ascent to the throne, B.C. 660, by the first Mikado, Jimmu Tenno, this grand document was published, the magna charta of Japanese liberties.

The constitution consists of seven chapters with seventy-six articles, which treat of the Emperor, his subjects, the Diet, ministers of State, the Privy Council, etc. The upper house, or House of Peers, is a mixed body. Members of the Imperial family, princes, and marquises sit for life. Counts, viscounts, and barons are elected for seven years. Certain men notable for ability and learning have a life term. There is also a provision for commoners to be elected to this house, which thus involves representation from the three estates of the realm.

The constitution approaches closely the model of Germany and Great Britain. Most important are the thirty-two articles of Chapter II., which grant and define the rights and duties of the subjects. Hitherto the masses had politically been ciphers, bound to obey, pay taxes, and hold their tongues. Now the status of every subject is fixed by law, and by law his rights are guarded.

Modern Japanese law is based on the code of France.

Twenty years ago the people of Japan had never seen any part of the Scriptures in their own tongue, and placards prohibiting Christianity were displayed on the corners of the streets.

In 1872, aided by a grant from the American Bible Society, Dr. Hepburn's version of Mark and John was printed in Yokohama, and a committee was formed for translating the Bible.

The first edition of the New Testament appeared in 1880, and the entire Bible in 1888. In Tokio on the 3rd of February, 1888, the veteran translator, Dr. J. C. Hepburn, suiting the action to the word, took the Old Testament in one hand, and the New Testament in the other, and reverently laying them down—a complete Bible—said: "In the name of the whole body of Protestant missionaries in Japan, and of the whole Church of Christ in America and England, I make it a loving present to the Japanese nation," the audience, made up of Christians from three continents, was deeply moved at the simple and touching ceremony.

"The style of the version is as loyally close to pure Japanese as the form of the book language will allow. Indeed, it is the very simplest form of the book language. In its special prominence is given to the pure native element, as against the Chinese-Japanese so fashionable during the last half century or more.

"It is not too much to hope that this version of the Bible may do for the Japanese mother-tongue what the English Bible has done for our own noble language and literature. Competent native observers declare that it has already exerted a noticeable effect upon the development of Japanese literature. How comforting and full of reward it must be to the translators, who have toiled long on certain passages, to hear them quoted by the eloquent native preachers in impassioned discourse that sways the lives and eternal destinies of thousands!"—*Dr. Griffiths, in Missionary Review of the World.*

DR. JOHNSTON'S MISSION.

Dr. James Johnston, well-known in Toronto ("Jamaica Johnston," as he is familiarly and affectionately called, to distinguish him from other Johnston's), has been in London and elsewhere in Britain, making an excellent impression, and sailed for Africa the end of April. He had with him eight of his black church-members from Jamaica; whom he proposes to drop down by ones and twos in the interior, as he finds healthy and desirable locations for them. We shall hear of him soon, through the missionaries at Bihe, for he was to pass by that way. Cable accounts state that he had ar-

rived in Arica, and was pushing on towards the interior. His black companions were well, and cheerful, a source of great surprise to the natives, and seemed to have a special aptitude for picking up the native languages. The Doctor expects to be absent two years. This may in time become as important a mission as the "China Inland Mission." It promises well. It contains much sanctified common sense.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.—How the responses did come in during that free parliament! Here are some of them: "We have kept a pastorless church together for nine months;" "We have a society in every town and city in the State" (Nebraska); "With the co-operation of the pastors we have closed every saloon in town;" "We have put good literature into every barber shop and engine house in the city;" "We have closed up all the Sunday theaters; members take all the back seats in the church and greet all strangers;" "Our young men go out and sing, like Cromwell's Ironsides;" "We send men in squads to do missionary work in the outskirts of the city;" "A committee brings strangers from the hotels;" "A vestibule committee welcome strangers before they enter the church; We are gathering China men;" "We have changed systematic benevolence, which means well-wishing, into systematic beneficence, which means well-doing;" "Our watchword—a portion for Christ of all our earnings."—*The Golden Rule.*

EIGHT members of the sect of Old Believers have just left their prison in Kharkoff *en route* for the Caucasus, whither they have been banished for life. The only difference between these Old Believers and the Orthodox consist in points of ceremonial and ritual. The latter, for instance, make the sign of the Cross with three fingers, the former with two only—and so on. But the propagation of their grave errors—for all Nonconformity is error to Orthodoxy—has brought these eight men into trouble, and they have now been sent to Transcaucasia to expiate their guilt. Ten Baptists and Stundists left Kieff on the 30th ult. for the same destination. They have been deported by administrative order of the Minister of the Interior. Their crime was that they attended Protestant meetings.—[*Ex.*]

DR. BLYTH, Bishop of Jerusalem, speaking at Dawlish, said his bishopric was a wide jurisdiction. It was not only the different lands and races with which he had to deal, but there were different kinds of missions. There were now 100,000 Jews in Palestine, 40,000 of that number being in and around Jerusalem. Referring to the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, he said the country had

been strangely altered to receive them. The tide of commerce which seemed to have left Palestine entirely for centuries was returning.

Literary Notices.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE for September, \$2 a year. Toronto: William Briggs. This number commences with a beautifully illustrated article, "Through the Hungarian Plain," by John Sziklay. Series III. of "Over the Cottian Alps" will give the readers much delight in viewing the illustrations of that romantic region. The article on Bishop Hannington is a thrilling one. Other articles are "Methodist Deaconesses at Work," "A Nova Scotia Missionary Among the Cannibals," "Cottonopolis," or Manchester, England. "The Class-meeting: Its place and Power in Methodism," "Undaunted Dick: Collier, Prize-fighter and Evangelist," "The Destiny of the Earth," by Alex. Winchell, LL.D.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for September opens with a calm statement of the present outlook of "The Pentateuchal Discussion," by Prof. E. C. Bissell, of Hartford Theological Seminary, in which the writer antagonizes the claims of the Higher Critics, and declares them "not proven." The Rev. Robert C. Hallock follows with a suggestive paper in which he urges upon the ministry the study of Church History as a field rich in illustrations of truth for pulpit presentation. The Sermonic Section is particularly rich in material. Among its contributors are Bishop Nicholson, of Philadelphia; Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, Eng.; Principal A. M. Fairbairn, of Oxford, and Dr. D. J. Burrell, of New York. Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$3.00 per year.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD, September. A grand monthly of 80 pages, with authentic and full accounts of Missionary labors and triumphs from every part of the World, and by all Societies. Indispensable for any person or Society that would keep well-informed on such themes. \$2 a year. Funk & Wagnalls, Canadian Agency, 86 Bay St., Toronto.

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For the Young.

GRANDPA'S DARLING.

A golden head and a pair of eyes
Blue and merry as the summer skies;
Dimpled cheeks and a dimpled chin,
Where many kisses have tumbled in,
That's grandpa's darling! and where is he?
Enthroned, as usual, on grandpa's knee,
Searching pockets in coat and vest,
With mischievous fingers never at rest.

'Tis grandpa ever finds time to play
With his "troublesome comfort" every day;
Never too tired, never too sad,
To make a little one merry and glad.
There are kisses for every bruise and tumble,
Kisses for even a scowl or a grumble,
And a host of secrets, I will confess,
Which nobody ever is able to guess.

So dear old grandpa, with silver hair,
And "grandpa's darling," without a care
To shadow the joy of his little heart,
Are rarely each from the other apart.
And e'en when the twilight comes at last,
And drowsy blue eyes are closing fast,
From grandpa's arms and from grandpa's breast
Mamma must bear her boy to rest.

—Harper's Weekly.

LITTLE VANYA'S BURIAL.

A STUNDIST PEASANT'S STORY.

You wish to know why I had to leave my home and my farm and crops up in the Kieff government, and settle here in the South? I will tell you. Where I lived I had many friends, and we who loved the Lord Jesus used to meet in Felix's little house for worship. We did this for years. The *Batyushka* didn't mind us at first; but when his church began to empty and our little room to fill, he commenced working hard to harm us. Five years ago—that was after I had joined the Stundists—my little Vanya was born—such a beautiful, white boy. Maria here says he was the

image of me, only nicer, but she says this only when she wishes to please me. Well, we did not go to the *Batyushka* to have him baptized, because as these priests perform this blessed sacrament it is idolatry. Notwithstanding this, Vanya got on finely, and was just beginning to read, when he sickened, and the Lord called him home. There now, Maria, you need not take on like that. It is seven months ago, and our Vanyushka is in glory long ago, and is singing praises with his angel voice, and, besides, we have still Vera and Petrushka left, thank God! Yes, I went to the *Batyushka* to have him buried, but as the boy had not been baptized in the church he would neither bury him himself nor suffer him to be buried in the churchyard by us. Then I even went to the police, and visited one *tchinovnik* after another to ask them to intercede with the priest, but they would not. Three days passed, and as it was very hot we had to put the poor little chap in a box down in the cellar where it was cool. All this time the priest was stirring up the people against me, and I was afraid to leave home; as it was, I was beaten twice. But we had kept little Vanya too long already, and one night Grigori—you know Grigori?—came, and we went out into the little garden behind the house. He held a lantern while I dug the hole under some tall sunflowers. Maria, *dusia moya*, it is all over now! I brought the box with Vanya in it, then I opened my New Testament, Maria here was on one side, and Grigori held the lantern on the other, and I read some Scripture over my poor son whom the Lord had taken. What did I read? I read, 'We faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.' I read, "We have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." That is what I read. Then we buried the box in the garden, and went home; and we both of us cried all through that night. You see he was our firstborn. Petrushka is also a fine boy, but nothing like Vanya. Well, sir, next morning there was a great hubbub. The *Batyushka* and his followers came, and would argue with me, so I opened my Testament, read for them, told them the whole truth, and was not afraid. I don't know exactly what I said, but they told me I had offended the priest. God forgive me. A week later, when I had begun to think that all had quieted down, an order came from the Governor that I was to leave the province of Kieff within seven days. And that is all I know about why I had to lose my farm and my crops, to sell everything at a ruinous loss, and with my wife and two little ones to come to this strange town. And now, God forgive them, they have taken away my passport, and I am un-

able to obtain work, as no one will have anything to do with a man whose passport the police have taken. I have still a warm fur coat, so has she, but every thing else is gone. We'll sell these, as the weather will soon be milder, and so tide over trouble until I get back my passport. Perhaps then we will try to gather enough money to go to Roumania. Do I know where Roumania is? No; but I have heard it is on the other side of the frontier, and that there are many of the brethren already settled there. Perhaps we may end our days in peace after all.—*Caritas, in the Christian World.*

THE GAME OF PREFIXES.

One of the company is sent from the room and a word with a good prefix, such as *ex, con, sub, pro,* or *in* is selected. When the exile returns he attempts to discover the word by asking questions of the company, having been first informed of the prefix used. The answers to his questions are supposed to express the meaning of the word. A writer in *Good Housekeeping* describes a trial of this game thus:

Jack suggested *Exaggerated*, and Alan hearing his name called, came in with a boy-like jump over the nearest chair, and, standing before Floy, said demurely: "Miss Mathers, may I come into your school-room some afternoon and have a fit?"

Of course everybody laughed; they always did when happy, fun-loving Alan had anything to say, and Floy replied, "Yes, indeed, Alan; but let me know when you are coming; as I would like to invite in all the other teachers, the principal, and perhaps the Board of Education, to witness the performance."

"Is the word *Extraordinary*?" asked Alan.

"Not quite right, try again, my young friend," said Floy.

"Well, Marion, will you make me a loaf of your famous chocolate cake some day?"

"Perhaps so; one about six feet high and four feet in diameter, will be about right, I suppose?"

"That will be *Excessively* large, will it not?" said Alan, with a quizzical expression.

But he was assured that *Excessively* was not the word, so with a bow to Mrs. Merrels, he said, "Will you take a walk with me when it stops raining?"

"Yes, I should quite enjoy a walk; we will go to the Desert of Sahara and possibly visit the pyramids of Egypt; then if you are not tired, we can take a stroll to the top of Mount Washington when we get back."

"That would be an *Extremely* long walk, I think."

But Alan had to try again, which delighted them all, as he was usually a quick guesser.

"Well, Gertie," he said, "will you have a game of tennis with me to-morrow?"

"Certainly, but I warn you to be careful, for I have played four thousand games this season and have come off the victor in every one of them."

"Whew—w, that's a very *Exaggerated* story for a truthful young lady to tell."

So Gertie had to leave the room, and Alan was at last permitted to resume his seat.

Inaudible was the next word, and Gertie's first question was to her mother.

"Will you make some ice cream for dinner, mamma?"

Mrs. Ames's lips moved but no one heard her reply.

"Your answer was quite *Incomprehensible*, mamma."

"Try again, dear," she answered.

"Marion, will you show me that new embroidery stitch you learned last week?"

Marion simply nodded an assent.

Gertie thought over it a moment and then said, slowly, "Your answer was *Intelligible*, yet I hardly think that is the word."

"Try again," said Alan; "I think you will get it next time."

"Well, Helen, will you give me your opinion of the weather?"

Helen spelled out something with her fingers in deaf and dumb fashion, but Gertie looked bewildered.

"I do not understand her. Alan, will you tell me what she says?"

Alan whispered something, but the whisper was so low as to be inaudible.

"Ah! I have it! You have all answered me, yet I have not been able to hear you; the word is *Inaudible*."

ONE of the envoys of the African King Gunghama in London was badly scared by a phonograph lately. He talked into an instrument, and when it repeated his words to him he fell on the floor in a swoon. After he had been brought to he said it was no use for him to tell lies—all his lies were recorded.

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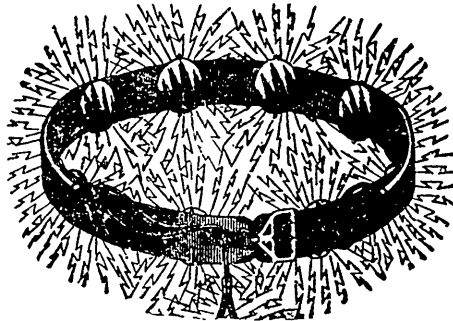
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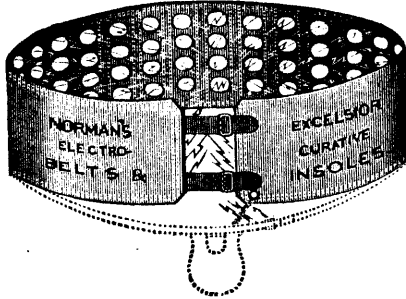
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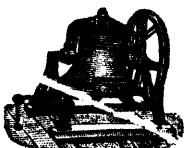
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