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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880.

[New Series. No 11.

"HOME OF REST" FOR WEARY WORKERS.

BY ANNA SHILTON

"And I beheld, an I, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain."—Rev. v. 6.

In this home of heavenly mansions,
Where we look our Lord to meet,
Thoughts e'en now, like holy angels,
Flit along the golden street.

Light celestial gilds the threshold,
From the Throne of God within,
And yon gate shuts out for ever
All the fierce assaults of sin.

Safe from tears that leave their traces,
Far from falsehood and from scorn,
Safe from death and heart-sick partings—
Oh, that coming, cloudless morn!

Safe from snares that track the foot-steps,
From the sneer and mocking smile,
From the wasting noonday sickness,
From the serpent's treacherous guile.

Over now our days of labour—
And, in robes of whiteness dressed,
Let us come, and gaze a moment,
On our future home of rest.

Leave your cares, forget your sorrows,
Here the eye can ne'er wax dim;
Come in spirit to these mansions,
Come and rest awhile with Him.

Oh, how fair these fair foundations!
Oh, how glorious is the sight!—
Saints and angels gather round us,
Basking in the Lamb's pure light.

In those climes of golden summer
Steals no cloud or racking pain,
Welcome home for heart-sick strangers,
Whence no sickness comes again.

Thou art there, O God of Glory:
Never, since the world began,
Was a sight like this before me—
Son of God, and Son of Man!

Lo, I trace Him in the garden,
Where the midnight watch He keeps;
On the mountain, supplicating
For the world that round Him sleeps.

Bearing all our sin and sorrow,
Bleeding on the Cross, I see
That divine and perfect Saviour,
Suffering, dying,—and for me!

But behold! the Lord is men!
And his whisper chills my fear.—
Faithful Friend and gracious Saviour,
Through these long past changing years.

Let me linger yet a moment
In that blissful realm on high:
Hark! I hear "Time is no longer,"
Welcome now Eternity!

Thought and spirit fail before it,
As the glorious scene I scan:
Lost in wonder, I adore Thee,
Son of God and Son of Man!

Topics of the Week.

—The numerous teachers and preachers sent out by Father Taylor to South America have held a conference at Valparaiso, and organized the "South American Evangelical Association." The missionaries and teachers receive only their outfit and passage money on leaving this country, and are expected to maintain themselves in the field. The "Father" Taylor referred to above is that zealous, apostolic evangelist, familiarly known as the "California street preacher," Rev. Wm. Taylor, who has for some years been laboring on what he calls the "Pauline plan," with remarkable success.—*Golden Center.*

—It is stated that Hales-place, Canterbury, the residence for many years of Miss Barbara Hales, a Roman Catholic lady, has been purchased by the Jesuits for the purposes of a college. The sum of £24,000 is to be paid for the property, which includes fifty seven acres of land. The college is to accommodate 150 students.

—An association, styling itself "The Universal Union for Daily Tribute to the Supreme Pontiff," has been formed in Rome, embracing, through affiliated societies, the whole Catholic world. Its aim is to induce the faithful to contribute one centime daily towards the support of the Pontiff and the expenses of his churches.

—Sir W. Harcourt, speaking at Derby at a gathering held in celebration of Centenary of Sunday Schools, spoke at some length on the immense advantages which had resulted from the establishment of that system in its moral influences on the people. It was, he said, a system which Churchmen must admit had originated with the Nonconformists; but it had been heartily taken up by the Establishment.

—A Bill has been laid before the Jersey States Assembly in view of the expected arrival in that island of Jesuits banished from France. By the terms of this Bill it is proposed to enforce the provisions of an Act of George IV. against the establishment of the Order of Jesuits in England. The Act provides that no establishment of the kind shall be allowed to immigrate under pain of banishment for all concerned, and no religious order is allowed to open a scholastic institution without the permission of the Assembly, under a penalty of £50.

—According to a recent report from the Holy Synod there are in Russia, besides the cathedrals, about 35,000 churches, of which 30,000 are parish churches. The services are carried on by 37,718 priests and 11,875 deacons, there are 65,951 lay church servants, such as sextons, &c. The State contributes to the support of 17,667 churches (a little more than half of the whole number) the annual sum of 4,384,312 roubles (about £657,000). The total amount contributed by the State for maintaining churches in Russia is about 6,200,000 roubles (about £780,000).

Cardinal Manning, owing to a ceremonial observed at the Protestant Church of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has thought it necessary to explain in a circular the Papal rules as to mixed marriages. When a Romanist and a Protestant are united in wedlock, not only is it required that they should have the ceremony performed by a Roman Catholic priest, but that they should abstain from subsequently going before a Protestant minister, such an act being denounced as "mortal sin," "illicit," and "sacrilegious." The logic by which that conclusion is arrived at is thus stated. A Romanist, "in going before a non-Catholic minister, as a minister of religion, and making the marriage contract before him, thereby unites him to a heretical ritual, from whence would arise an implicit admission to heresy." The decision will suggest the question how, upon this view, a Protestant can hereafter take part in such a ceremonial in a Romanist "temple of Rimmon," without, by that act, incurring the responsibility attaching to deliberate apostasy from the Reformed faith.

The opening of museums, art galleries, etc., which is advocated so stoutly by many at present, because it is expected to be of so much benefit to the public, works very badly in England. At the recent meeting of the Diocesan Conference of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, says the *Christian Age*, the testimony of the curator of the museum and art gallery at Maidstone was made known. It was that extra policemen have to be placed at the doors to keep bad characters out, while others have to be stationed in each room "to put some check upon the evil behavior" of those who have entered. "In point of fact," it goes on, "the rooms are used as the rendezvous of the worst part of our population, during the hours the public houses are closed." Maidstone happens to have been the first town in England to open its museums on the Sabbath. We hardly need add that those who advocated the plan most earnestly now are much ashamed and distressed by its results. We do not think that equally shameful consequences are likely to follow here, for the working classes with us always are more orderly than in England, but the case of Maidstone shows the tendency of things. It is better to run no risks.

—F. E. Abbott, the leader of the so-called Liberal party, but really Atheistical party says. "I have been a keen watcher of the weather signs in the sky of reform for years, and an editor has better opportunity than others for this kind of watching. There is a thunder-storm brewing ahead, unless liberalism is, indeed, the morally rotten and worthless thing that Orthodoxy says it is. I do not mean a storm from without. That is to be expected at all times. But I do mean a storm from within. Liberalism has got to-day to show what stuff it is made of; it has got to come to a fair and square understanding with itself. For two years and a half the very worst elements in society (outside of the distinctively criminal classes) have been seizing more and more the control of organized liberal movements; and their ambition is to seize them at last. I look around me and ask: What is to prevent their success? Nothing at all, in the present apathy of the Liberals at large. Healthy organization has come to a complete standstill; unhealthy organizations are springing up like mushrooms all over the land. To go into the work of liberal organization to-day, without the keen vigilance of which I see no sign at present, would be to play directly into the hands of a party that is an incarnate moral pestilence." Bennett, the vender of obscene literature, is a prominent light among these people, and their great apostle is Ingersoll. Mr. Abbot's testimony deserves to be noted.

—The recent find of a manuscript of Clemens Romanus and other old ecclesiastical writers in Constantinople gave an agreeable surprise to students of Church history. In no department have such discoveries been more surprising and more valuable than those in connection with the New Testament. Tischendorf in his wanderings among libraries in all parts of the world came upon many leaves of old New Testament manuscripts, and crowned his investigations by unearthing in the Sinaitic monastery the most complete manuscript of the New Testament in existence belonging to an early date. The issuing of a trustworthy edition of the "Codex Vaticanus" in our

age may also be deemed a real discovery. In this way the two manuscripts which will be held in future as most valuable in determining the text of the New Testament have become known to scholars only within the last twenty years. We have now to record the discovery of another manuscript of a portion of the New Testament, written at a very early period. The merit of the discovery is due to two German scholars, Oscar v. Gebhardt and Adolf Harnack, whose edition of the "Apostolic Fathers" has deservedly received the warmest commendation. These scholars were enabled, through the munificence of the German Government and an endowment attached to Leipzig University, to make a journey in March of this year to Southern Italy and Sicily, in which they resolved to search for manuscripts. Their attention was specially directed to notices of a monastery at Rossano, near the Gulf of Tarentum, in which important manuscripts were said once to have been. They could find no traces of the monastery, but they heard that there was a very old book preserved in the palace of the Archbishop of Rossano. Accordingly they asked permission to see it, and to their great joy found that it was a very valuable manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark.

—The *Church Times* says: "We are glad to find from the report of Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament that notwithstanding the efforts which have been made to discourage the society, it received last year the adhesion of 65 more priests; against which, however, must be set 55 withdrawals, and 10 deaths, leaving thus a net gain of 20, and raising the roll of Priest-Associates to 960. The number of laymen admitted was 927, against which there has only been 38 withdrawals, and 18 deaths, leaving 11,587 lay-associates on the books, and bringing up the grand total to 12,547. Twelve new wards have been formed, but three have collapsed through the removal of superiors. There are now 159 in England, and 9 in the colonies."

The various phases of "the Sabbath question" are developing themselves rapidly. Complaints come from Chicago that the commissioners who have charge of the South Park, not content with providing a brass band for the amusement of visitors on the Sabbath, now propose to erect an immense dancing pavilion. The Christian people of the city naturally are protesting loudly against such an abuse, rightly urging that its chief result will be the further demoralization of the worst elements of the population. On the other hand, the managers of some of the leading seaside watering places, such as Manhattan Beach, near New York, are providing facilities for Sabbath worship, and securing eminent preachers to conduct it. Many thus may be caused to hear the gospel who otherwise might not hear it; but, on the other hand, many, who have hesitated thus far about making Sunday excursions, now will do so nominally to attend worship by the shore. The true remedy is to continue the preaching for the benefit of the regular residents and visitors at the shore, and to stop the Sunday boats and trains, thus preventing excursions.

Family Reading.

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Diverse the mission, as the mind, of man;
Mighty it may be as the prophet's word
By which the mighty multitude is surd;
Simple enough for childhood's palm to span.

What shall be done by each is Nature's choice,
Nor is it right of any man's to say
Another must be working in his way,
Whether it be by hand or pen or voice.

The generous greeting and the happy look
Bestowed when one's own lot forbids them
both,

The willing service done when limbs are loth;
The bearing well what yet we ill can brook;

The liberal sowing with no hope in view
That one will any of the garner share;
Seeing, in quietness, another wear
The well-earned praises that to us are due;

The silent spreading of true charity
In wordless sermons whither slander comes:—
These are the giving out of golden sums
When bare of gold may be the treasury

Who keeps his soul in patience through his
pain,
Through dark seclusion and through hopeless
ill,

I one of God's best missionaries still,
Nor presses back his murmurings in vain.

He who to such an one may minister,
Seeking with word or look or song or flower
To wing away pain's burden for an hour,
Exchanges service with the sufferer.

With ever ready lips yet loitering feet
Many declare "I go," and still they stay,
While some who vow "I go not" turn
straightway
Their old refusal into duty's heat.

Children that almost tire the listener's ear
With repetition of the father's name,
Are first to bring his honor into blame
And last to do the will that seems so dear.

We judge not Christian, who have likewise
gone,

Impulsive love may still be indolent;
Those who are fondest, sometimes wayward
bent.

Hurt most that heart to which they soonest
run.

But sometimes he whom no one can observe
Nearer with show of love the father's breast,
Comes nearer to it than do all the rest,
Just through his utter earnestness to serve.

And, child or Christian, this must test the
soul,—

The faithful doing of the Higher will,
Love's words are good—its demonstration
still

Must be the best, where best is love's control.

Strong Christophers there are that daily stem
With other's burdens life's exhausting flood,
Who, serving well the human brotherhood,
Unknowing, bear the very Christ with them.

GEORGE WISHART AND THE ASSASSIN.

While Wishart was busy with his administrations in Ayrshire, terrible tidings reached him from the city he had left. As is so often the case in this world, it was the unexpected evil which had happened; and Dundee, after driving away her best friend that she might avoid the vengeance of Beaton, now lay low in anguish under the terrible scourge pestilence. But it may be that above the wailing which rose from so many homes, some hearts still caught the echo of words of Christ in hope spoken by their banished preacher; and those who mused sadly on the fulfilled prophecy of Wishart's farewell sermon, could remember also how he had bidden the sufferers in the coming trouble find help in a merciful God. And surely something of the love which is above all earthly love must have shone forth to the miserable city in the wealth of pity and forgiveness which the

servant of Jesus Christ had ready for those who had scorned and forsaken him. Without apparently a thought of his own wrongs, or a moment's hesitation on account of his own danger, he made haste to re-enter the door which sorrow had suddenly opened for him, only longing to offer again to the poor in spirit the treasure which had been too lightly esteemed in days of prosperity. "They are now in trouble, and need comfort," was the reason he gave for returning at once to the plague-stricken city; and his Ayrshire friends pleaded against it in vain.

The day after he reached Dundee a great company assembled to hear Wishart preach, and because the risk of contagion would have been too great in any building, the meeting-place was at the East Port of the town. The sick and infected had their place without, and those whose houses the plague had not yet touched gathered within, while Wishart, standing on the gate between the two crowds, read out his text from the 107th Psalm, "He sent his word and healed them." Then, turning for a moment from the wan and eager faces beneath him to speak first to the good Physician, he said, "It is neither herb nor plaster, O Lord, but thy word that healeth all." Thereafter followed what must have been, indeed, a wonderful sermon, for, when it ended, the hearts of the hearers were so encouraged that the pestilence had lost its terrors indeed, it seemed to have transformed itself into a friendly messenger sent to summon the weary home.

That was only one of numerous services held in that strange place, to the great joy of many sick and sorrowful ones whom Wishart comforted there with the comfort that had been given him of God. Nor did he confine his efforts for the aid of Dundee to preaching; he visited the sick and dying in their homes, and his tender care for their bodily welfare so moved the hearts of the magistrates that the poor patients were provided for at the public expense, and fared as well as their rich fellow-sufferers.

One might have thought that the bitterest enmity would have been pacified, and that a man occupied in such blessed ministry bore, for the time being at least, a life which none would seek to harm. But Beaton's selfish and ambitious soul apparently knew no human tenderness. He had long ago recognized in the doctrine of the Reformers a force which was adverse to his own power; there was to be no truce, therefore, in the warfare waged against it, nor any scruple made about the means employed to gain the long-desired victory.

Dundee, garrisoned by the plague, was secure against a visit from the Cardinal in person; but there were those who would enter the infected city if gold were to be gained by it, and Beaton was able and willing to pay for the doing of his errands. One day, as Wishart came down the steps from his place of preaching on the East Gate, he saw a stranger in priestly garb waiting for him below, with his right hand hidden in the folds of his gown. Something in his attitude and expression struck the preacher as peculiar, and with a sudden intuitive perception, he guessed what it meant. "My friend, what would you do?" he asked as he came near. And, quick as thought, his grasp was on the other's wrist, and he had drawn forth and taken possession of the dagger held by the stranger. Then the miserable wretch grovelled before the man he had been hired to murder, openly confessing, in his terror and humiliation, what was the work he had come for, and who was to pay him his wages. Meanwhile, however, the news of the minister's danger had spread rapidly through the dispersing congregation, and reached the ears of the sick outside, who were probably waiting until the others

had gone. Then there arose a wild tumult of wrath, finding vent in one loud and determined outcry for vengeance. "Give the traitor to us, or we will take him by force!" was the shout. The gate was burst open, and when the trembling criminal saw the furious and ghastly mob that swept in, he must indeed have thought his doom was near. But Wishart flung his arms about him, and sheltered him in a brother's embrace. "Whoever troubleth him shall trouble me," he said; and his voice acted upon the angry spirits around him like a spell. "He hath hurt me in nothing," he added calmly; but he has let us understand what we may fear in times to come. We will watch better."

Thus the strange scene ended, and he whose life had been saved by his intended victim, passes off the stage of history. We would fain hope, nevertheless, that John Wigton, that "desperate priest," never returned to his master, the Cardinal, but being moved to repentance by the goodness of Wishart, sought and found the Almighty's forgiveness and eternal life through the mercy of Wishart's Lord.

Soon after this the plague seems to have abated in Dundee; and when matters in the town were again looking brighter, her friend and helper prepared to leave. "The battle here is over," said Wishart, "and God calls me to another." He was not a soldier who could quietly wait to enjoy the gratitude of the people delivered from danger, while there was work for him, to do in other regions, and he heard the voice of his Captain calling him on. What he had wrought for Dundee by the infectious example of his courage and tenderness, as well as by the blessed words of Christian comfort and hope he spoke in that terrible time, can scarcely be estimated too highly. Never, except for a passing visit, did he enter into its gates again; but the memory of the good deeds he left behind him has been kept there through the centuries. The wall that encompassed the city in Wishart's time has long been a thing of the past; but the East Port still remains, preserved for the sake of the brave and gentle preacher who loved the town so well.—*Catholic Presbyterian.*

DANGER OF DISREGARDING ADVICE

"Be sure, Herbert," said Mr Wise to his son, "not to go beyond your depth in the river: the surface looks very fair and sparkling, but there is a dangerous eddy beneath that may prove too strong for you."

"How do you know, father?" asked Herbert.

"I have tried it," he replied. "It nearly overcame me; but I could swim, and so got beyond it. Remember what I tell you—beware of the under-current."

Herbert went in to bathe, and was very careful to keep near the shore every time. "It cannot be very dangerous here," he thought, and uttered it aloud to his companion. "It is as smooth as glass; and I can easily return if it is rough beneath, for I can swim now."

"You had better not go," urged his friend. "My father knows this river well, and he says the under-current is very dangerous."

"I will go in a little way," replied Herbert; "and if I find it dangerous, come back." And he started vigorously for the middle of the river. His companion, watching him, saw him throw up his arms wildly, and heard his shout for help, but when help reached him, it was too late. The under-current had got him. He was drowned in the treacherous river!

REAL BIRMINGHAM "JEWELS."

There are plenty of them, alas! but they must be searched out and separated from the filthy dross in which, through no fault of their own, they are embedded. Our readers know that this is being done, as far as possible, by Mr. J. T. Middlemore and his friends; they will therefore be glad to have some details of his work. The following sketch is written by one who has an intimate knowledge of it:—

On April 27, Mr Middlemore left England for Canada with seventy neglected and criminal children. Most of them had had a year's training in the Birmingham Home, and they were now taken to Canada for the purpose of settling them in Christian families, beyond the influence of associations amid which, in Birmingham, they would come to ruin. They had come from the lowest parts of Birmingham—from the Inkleys, Thomas-street, John-street, and similar districts, they had come half-starved, half-clothed, lawless, and ungodly, and now they started from Liverpool, a troop of light-hearted boys and girls, well clothed well fed, and looking, full of hope, into the future. There were dear little fellows amongst the band, bright little girls, looking very pretty in their scarlet hoods and grey dresses, and there were older boys who had given hope to their kind friends that they were looking up in earnest to their Heavenly Father to guide them in a distant land to a life of honour and usefulness. It was a grief to think of parting with all these, but there were other children, as wretched as these had been, to be sought for amongst the haunts of poverty and vice.

There was one boy fifteen years old. He had been almost a year at the "Home." He had lived in the Gullet—an alley leading from Thomas-street. His mother was a poor outcast; his father, at the time he came to the "Home," was on trial for the attempted murder of his mother. The boy had lately been in prison for stealing eggs. In the day time he maintained himself at the Market Hall, at night he slept under railway-arches. At first he gave great trouble at the "Home;" he was disinclined to conform to any rules, however lenient, and several times he attempted to run away. But at length, through God's grace, his heart was touched, he grew attached to the "Home," he showed some anxiety to learn reading and writing; he was frequently Mr. Middlemore's companion, and often spoke to him about his anxiety to become a Christian and honest man.

Two brothers came to the "Home" in December: William, fourteen, and John, five years old. The elder used to gain his livelihood by pilfering about the streets. He was tracked to his home. It was a back room in the Inkleys; the room was almost unenterable through filth and rubbish. In one corner, on a heap of rags, lay the father, dead drunk; the mother had died of drink some time ago. William was not at home, but the little boy was sitting near the drunkard, munching a dry crust. Not easily will the sight of that little face be forgotten. Such an old man's face, such a sharp knowing look; turn him out into the streets at night, and at an age when happier children are scarcely out of their babyhood, he would know how to dodge the policeman, and get a night's sleep in some shed or under some railway-arch. A child that had never had a picture-book or a toy, that knew nothing of life but drink and curses, and swearing and lying.

One little girl was brought some months ago to the "Home" by a kind lady. She had found her in a little cottage in Moseley. The mother lay dead in the house, partly from drink, and partly from starvation. The little crea-

Mission Notes.

The *American Missionary* gives a letter from Bright-eyes, the well-known Indian girl, which tells how her people may be reached:

I am coming more and more to the conclusion that the surest and almost the only way of reaching the parent is through the children. Almost the only comforts they have in their lives consist in their children. For them they are willing to lay aside their arms and take up the plow and mower, all unused as they are to labor. For them they are willing to pass over injuries, lest the government be aroused and their children slain. For the sake of their children they are willing to break up their nationality, their tribal relations, and all that they hold dear, to become citizens. Said one man to me. "I wish I had had the advantages in my youth which you have, I could then have had a chance to become something other than I am, and could have helped my people. I am now helpless and ignorant; but I shall die content if my children after me live better than I have done."

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," has given \$5,000 to begin a mission among the Bhils in Central India.

The Chinese governor of Nazing has forbidden the worship of idols in the temples, and punishes both the worshiper and the priests who allow it.

The Jesuit priests are making serious trouble in Madagascar breaking up schools, interrupting worship, and threatening a general persecution.

Sixty-five years ago Christian work was begun in Turkey, with its population of 55,000,000. Now there are 225 Protestant churches in that country, and 282 common schools.

In 1882 it will be fifty years since the first foreign mission was established by the Methodist Church, says the September *Missionary Tidings*. Drs. Durbin and Bangs were the originators of this grand work. It is now proposed, under the inspiration of the semi-centennial anniversary, to raise \$1,000,000 for foreign missions.

There are already 138 Protestant churches in the principal cities and towns of Italy, with 100 duly recognized pastors and fifty evangelists, all of whom, save ten, are Italians. At least 100 of them, says the *Gospel in all Lands*, are converts from Romanism, and mostly from the priesthood. There is a remarkable religious awakening in Messina, Sicily. A Roman Catholic Priest challenged the Protestant teachers to public discussion, large audiences gathered, and the reports getting into the newspapers, the public is profoundly moved.

Burmah, says the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, stands third in the list of donors to the work of the Missionary Union. Massachusetts stand first and New York next. Burmah gave \$31,616 last year. This comes mostly from the Karen churches. They give out of their deep poverty; we from our abundance.

Mr. Parmelee reports the gifts of the 145 Protestants of Erzeroom to be about three dollars for each man, woman and child. As the pay for labor is about one-fourth what it is in the United States, this equals about twelve dollars for each person.

Paris has now a band of twenty-three Protestant ladies who visit the hospitals, says *Evangelical Christendom*.—An association of ladies, says the same magazine, has been formed in Sweden under the patronage of Princess Eugenie, sister of the king, to do the Lord's work among the people of Lapland.

ture was only half clothed, and was crying with hunger. The neighbours knew nothing of the woman, except that her husband had died some months ago, and that she often came home intoxicated with drink. For some time the little girl continued feeble and sickly, and it appeared as if she had come to the "Home" but to die. Then she rapidly recovered, every week becoming brighter and more cheerful; and was amongst those wee, toddling things that are to be adopted in Canada.

These are only a few cases out of the many. It is from haunts and dwellings like these that the children are rescued.

The children who went out in April have been taken to Christian homes, the younger ones adopted, and the older ones settled where they can work for wages. Yet the work is in no wise done, there are still a multitude of outcast children haunting the alleys and courts of Birmingham, with naked feet, and in rags, idle and vagrant, trained in every wickedness the devil can devise. Should not all give what they can, even though it be but the widow's mite, to rescue the young from misery and degradation?

In a recent circular Mr. Middlemore says: "We are about building a Girls' Home in connexion with our work. Girls of the criminal class fall earlier and sink deeper into crime than boys, and their redemption is far more difficult and uncertain. With our present limited means and organization, thirty girls are being saved annually from a life of crime and infamy. But, emigration having been tried and found completely successful, we now wish to extend our work for girls and to give it permanence by the possession of a building."

We heartily commend these varied labours where so sadly needed, and which yield such rich results. Mr. Middlemore's Emigration Home is at Beatrice-crescent, St. Luke's-road, Birmingham.

"IT IS NOT MY BUSINESS."

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings but he scornfully refused. After being further pressed, he said:

"Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days after, his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark! did some one say "Accident?" There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely it has happened on the—and Mississippi railroad. Yet it troubles him. "It is his business" now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon enquiry he finds it has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the—and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back—"No."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow, that man paced the station to and fro. "It is his business now" In a half hour, perhaps, which seemed to him a century, the train arrived. He hurried towards it, and in the tender, found the mangled and lifeless form of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following, lay his other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whisky, which was drunk fifty miles away, by a railroad employe, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dares say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business?"—*Morning*.

In 1871 the gospel was carried by the Baptists to one of the South Sea Islands. Now the people have collected their idols together and burned them because they do not believe in them. They now have a court-house, and have appointed a king. One hears there now the hymns of Moody and Sankey, instead of the shrieks of cannibalism.

The *Baptist Missionary Magazine* says of its mission to the Telooongs: "The reports from this mission show that while a large number of converts have been baptized, the thousands received last year have for the most part continued steadfast in the faith. The activity of native Christians in mission work is commendable; and the prospect in every department is most encouraging, if only our churches will be ready to send and sustain the missionaries needed to train this vast army of recruits in the service of Christ."

The *Missionary Herald* tells of a wonderful revival at Marash, Central Turkey. Fully 300 have professed conversion in the last two weeks, says Mr. Christie in a letter dated April 29. One Sabbath morning a meeting was held for nearly three hours, when sixty eight persons took part.—Mr. Browne of Harpoot writes that in consequence of the famine the people "have sold all their animals, their household utensils, and nearly all their clothes, and now they can only pray. This famine is surely bringing the whole village to seek the bread of life."

The *Foreign Missionary* tells anew the story of the burial of "Prairie Flower," the daughter of Standing Bear, on her way to the Indian Territory, to show the Indians' hearts are touched by kindness the same as those of white people. Over the body of his child prepared in a Christian manner by noble women for the last sad rites, Standing Bear said to those around him at the grave that this made him desirous of leaving off Indian ways and adopting those of white men. Since that time he has seemed greatly changed. In the State of New York the common school system has been extended to the fragmentary Indian tribes, and the Commissioners recommend that the same steps be taken in all States.

Rev. James H. Warren, in the July *Home Missionary*, says of the work in California: "While Sandlotism is bad, and the drift away from the Bible, churches and Sabbath is bad, the aggressiveness of the Papacy is not a whit behind in its terrible effort to obtain possession. In the Roman Catholic schools of California are to be found more children and youth—by perhaps two thousand—than in all its Protestant schools, academies, seminaries, colleges, State normal school and University combined! Where not one empire only, but empires, are to be saved, there can be no economy, nor wisdom, nor patriotism, nor loyalty to Christ, in limiting the treasury of the society, and therefore its work, at such a time as this!"

Life and Light in Miss Norris's report of Woman's Work in the Mahratta Mission, says:

The whole number of persons who have visited the dispensary during the year amounts to 16,420. There were 10,031 who received medicine and treatment in this dispensary, and 420 were treated at their homes and elsewhere, making a total of 10,451 patients. It is not by means of medicine alone that efforts are made to benefit the women physically. Instruction is given them in matters of social improvement, cleanliness, and the diet and care of children.

Native Christians on the islands of New Hebrides have just shipped 3,700 pounds of arrow-root to London to pay for an edition of the Old Testament printed for them in their native tongue.

"FRIENDLESS CHILDREN."

The Rev. John Macpherson, of Dundee, has written a preface to the first annual report of the Home for Friendless Children, 27, Tait's-lane, Dundee, and we cannot better express our appreciation of the work than by quoting some of Mr. Macpherson's touching and powerful words:—

"Of the many and varied Christian efforts of our day, the work of philanthropy among the miserable little waifs of our large cities is, in point of interest and importance, not the least. As Christ took up the little ones in his arms and blessed them, so a true Christianity will always embrace the children. If their helplessness appeals not in vain to the Divine compassion, is it not God-like to be moved in pity for them? And all the more in the of those whose exposure to evil is increased an hundred-fold by orphanage, or by the moral death of drunken, heartless, unnatural fathers or mothers, who in effect abandon their offspring? To pick up one such child as it floats in the tiny ark of dawning life on the stream of misfortune, and to train the young spirit for God, is to lighten doom with blessing, and change destruction into the hope of immortality. If we cannot launch out into the raging deep and rescue a whole shipful of perishing souls, let us least walk along the surf-beaten shore and grasp the little hand shot out of the waters ere yet the deadly cramps of evil have rendered all effort useless. On the life of many a lad of fifteen, and many a girl of even more tender age, may, alas! be written, *Behind Time!* But by the blessing of God on well-directed effort, many a little child may be saved, body and soul, from the blight of ignorance and early vice. And, in point of fact, many children in our large cities have of late years been snatched in this way from utter, irretrievable ruin."

"Miss Clowds work in Dundee deserves the sympathy of the benevolent. So far as numbers go, this effort is not extensive; but it is a labour of genuine, thorough Christian philanthropy, conducted in a spirit and manner full of promise. To transplant a child from the pandemonium of the city slum into the sweet, pure atmosphere of her little Home-paradise is a noble service; and in this work Miss Crawford, I confidently trust, will lack neither the support of the kind-hearted nor the blessing of Him who said, 'Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth Me.'"

LOVE OF THE AGED.

"Make the bed easy, Mr. D.," said old Uncle to the undertaker who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead: that the old bones were done aching for ever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true loving wife. Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first-born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and she had left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had long cared for him, for he had been the feeble of the two. "Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.—*N. Y. Pitayune.*

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TORONTO, SEPT. 9th 1880.

The subscription to the *INDEPENDENT* is payable in advance. Will not our friends who have not already done so remit us their subscriptions? We thank those who have responded to our request of last week. Who of the *twelve hundred* and more, still due will remit this week?

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

The power of woman and how to use it in the Christian Church, has long been a vexed question and has been answered in widely diverse ways both in theory and practice; while from those who deny to woman any power or influence in the church, it has had no answer whatever. "I suffer not a woman to teach," has been made to do a deal heavier duty than the Apostle intended we suspect, and has been the stolen weapon by which much damage has been done to the work of Christ. We need not stay here to enquire the exact limits of the Apostle's prohibition; that it had limits, was early felt, for, in enacting it afresh, the council of Carthage excepted the teaching of her own sex.

We need not seek in the cloister or in the sisterhood for the true work of woman in the church; in fact the former of these removes her from the church in its true idea, and the latter makes her more of an outside than an internal agency and power. It would be strange indeed if the Gospel of Jesus Christ which is gentleness and love, did not find its most efficient workers in the sex which is naturally the most gentle and loving, and stranger still when it is remembered that that Gospel is the charter of their social liberty, that in all other systems, even in Judaism itself, their condition was one of inferiority, in some, of the direst degradation and most abject slavery. Of course the first and most urgent sphere of duty to woman, be she wife, mother, sister or daughter, is home. That is beyond all question or ail. No Christian tea her would seek to change this, and if any woman in her zeal for outside work neglects home, she sins against duty and God. Charles Dickens draws the picture of a woman of this sort in his "Black House," giving all her time and thoughts to the heathen, full of Borneo-bola Gha, while her own family is growing up in practical heathenism through her neglect. The picture is a caricature, and in some respects so unfair and flagrant as to make the reader angry, and yet it gets its power to annoy from the fact that it has in it an element of truth. Caricature would be pointless if, it had not in it truth—distorted and exaggerated though it be.

But there are few women to whom home need be the beginning and end of their Christian labour; nay, we hold it true, that the more active and thorough a woman is in her home, the more ready she will be to do all in her power outside. Exceptional cases then aside,—those who have large, and it may be sickly families claiming their attention, and those who have to be partially or entirely the bread-winners for their families,—there is a number of women members of all churches who can help in its work. What then can they do? We have no reference here to such work as getting up tea-meetings, making social gatherings very pleasant, and such like matters which the ladies know how to manage so well, but to mere spiritual work. Our Methodist brethren have, in the leadership of classes, a recognised work for women, and the idea of this is good—though we believe the working is not always satisfactory. What can our women do in the Church? Let us see what some of them are doing. We have in connection with our body a mission work, quiet and unostentatious, doing good service for the Master which is chiefly in the hands of ladies, and which has always had among its missionaries some of their own sex. Again there is in connection with some of our churches a Ladies' Home Mission Society, that looks after the bodily and spiritual wants of the poor and suffering. Further, there are in some churches, Ladies' Committees for doing such work in the churches as they can best, and as sometimes they only can do. In others there are arrangements by which older ladies will meet the younger of their own sex for bible study and spiritual conversation at regular periods. In all, women are taking their share in tract distribution and Sunday School work. What more can be done? Well, if all this was being done, done heartily by the women of all churches, we are satisfied that our work would receive a great impetus; man, sleepy man would be shamed into activity if the women did their duty. Still we think that there are openings for work beyond. Why should not women always be the Pastor's Agents to the young and inquiring of her own sex. Men blunder terribly sometimes when they attempt to weave into a pattern the gossamer threads of a girl's thoughts and feelings. A delicate-minded, sympathizing woman can do it much better. Then why should not their voices be heard, not oftener, but regularly in our prayer meetings? We protest that our practice of confining the leading in prayer to men is preposterous. The majority attending our prayer meetings generally are women, should not a woman lead their devotions? We have delightful recollections of prayer meetings where women have led in prayer; we never felt nearer the throne than then, the solemnity and pathos of their pleadings filled us with a sense of the reality of prayer. And, finally, why cannot our churches have an order of Deaconesses? women of God, recognized officially by the church, not necessarily the wives of Deacons, though, no doubt, it would largely be so, who would supplement the work of the Pastor and Deacons, visiting from house to house, ministering as only women

can minister, to the sick and poor, reading the scriptures and praying in houses as need might be. We saw the testimony lately of one who had had the aid of such a body of women in his pastoral work, who said that he would never be without it again, so helpful had he found it. We leave the subject here with this brief glance, commending it to the thoughts of our people, and hoping that it may be the seed of a wider spread utilization of women in the church.

OBSCENITY IN THE PRESS.

We by no means excuse a wanton oath or would minimize the guilt incurred by its utterance; yet we can understand how, surrounded by profanity, overtaken by a sudden impulse, lips utterly foreign thereto may utter an unconscious oath; but we cannot understand how any one can utter or listen to with complacency, an obscene jest or indulge in filthy conversation, except it be for the gratification of a lustful, filth-loving heart. Yet our public press, is to a large extent, pandering to a depraved taste by constantly detailing cases of infamy over which decency, no less than charity, would cast the veil of silence. We know it is pleaded—let the truth be told and it will prove in the long run an antidote to the evils thus exposed; we have more than grave doubts thereon; we know, in short, the influence is pernicious. We do not vouch for the literal truthfulness of the following story, but we will vouch for its correct illustration of a principle. An employee went to confession. Among other things the confessor enquired whether he, the penitent, had ever used certain means to cheat his master, to which question a most emphatic denial was given. The next time our friend presented himself at the confessional his first acknowledgment was of this very sin. How is this, said the father; did you not deny having done such a thing before? I did, your reverence, was the reply, and told the truth; but you put the thing into my head, and I thought I would just try it. The application is not far to seek.

The French Government, not over sensitive on matters of a religious cast, has recently prosecuted and imprisoned the manager of *Gil Blas*, because of the obscenity found in its columns, the government evidently finding that the circulation of obscene literature was fast precipitating the country into a moral debasement not calmly to be contemplated. "Free thinkers" though, perhaps, the majority of that government may be, the truth is recognized that the violation of the simple rules of modesty, even though it be by words which carry an ambiguous meaning, hurries on to immodest acts and moral blackness. It is questionable if *Gil Blas* contained in its columns more immodest words or thoughts than have appeared lately in our leading newspapers under the head of scandals and seduction it will become, or is becoming a serious question with parents whether it will not be necessary to guard the home against the

pernicious entry of our leading dailies.

We do not hesitate in avowing our belief that to the Christian Church we must look for the righteous salt which shall keep the man from moral putrefaction, but the Christian Church needs to be up and doing. There is a canker in our midst, the leprosy is abroad. A purifying process is needed; it needs no prophetic view to declare that such purification will come either from within or from without. The church must be purified either by its own willingness to maintain the Spirit's work, or by the sure judgments its recreancy invites. We need talent, wealth, influence, if we can obtain them with purity and piety; if not, we must do without them, for our rule imperatively is "first pure." We want no smutty jokes from pulpit or pew, no insinuating suggestions; we want a pure church atmosphere that we may preserve homes pure, and we need to create an atmosphere of purity around, in which all purient literature will die instead of being, as alas too often now it is, fostered and admired in secret.

A CONGREGATIONAL "FREE CHURCH."

We had an impression that Congregationalism was a tolerably free Church polity in fact, we have heard it said that its one, or at any rate its chief, fault is that it is too free, that there is not sufficient adhesiveness, binding power, to make it as effective as it otherwise might be. We do not agree with that view, and could give what we consider good and satisfactory reasons for believing that Congregationalism properly understood and honestly worked is as conservative as the Christianity it represents—more than that we should be sorry to see it. But it seems that Congregationalism is not free enough for some people, and so our brethren in England are to be edified by the spectacle of a "Congregational Free Church," whatever that may be.

The circumstances of the case appear to be these. At the time of the last election, the Rev. E. P. Hood, minister of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, preached three political sermons which seem to have given offence to a number of his people including the body of deacons. It was not, as we understand, that the opinions he set forth were objected to, but that he should use the pulpit for political purposes, as such, a position in which we heartily agree. A minister is a citizen, he has a right to his political opinions, to vote in accordance with them, and to endeavor in suitable ways to spread them, but the pulpit is not a suitable way, that is for another purpose and to another end. It may be said—is said "But in a case like the recent elections in England, where the principles of national righteousness were at stake, was it not right in such circumstances to use the pulpit for the advocacy of those principles?" For the assertion of the principles—Yes. For the identification of those principles with a party—No. We have a conviction that the representatives of those principles in that crisis was the party headed by William Ewart Gladstone, but thousands, in England,

good men and true, did not so think. Take one of the worst, as we think it, actions of Earl Beaconsfield's government—the Zulu war. Sir Bartle Frere, a God-fearing, righteous man, was largely responsible for it, and thought it was a righteous act, while Bishop Colenso denounced its inception and prosecution as most iniquitous. The principles of justice and righteousness would not be denied by any member of Cavendish Chapel we presume, but from the standpoint of some the application of those principles would be different to their application from the standpoint of others. In such a position then, preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to a congregation with different political views, Mr. Hood should have imitated the apostles, who, living in a time when polygamy, slavery and kindred things were practiced by disciples, did not denounce, but set forth the true gospel teaching—put in the heaven and left it to do its work. That however did not appear right to him, he preached party sermons, offence was given, there was a rupture in the church and Mr. Hood resigned.

As is almost invariably the case in such circumstances a party adhered to Mr. Hood, and to that party he began to preach in a public building. Having received a call to a church in Edinburgh it became necessary to bring the question of his remaining in Manchester to an issue, and accordingly after the evening service on 15th ult. a meeting was held at which he was unanimously invited to become the pastor of the "Congregational Free Church." We quote from the *Nonconformist* a portion of his reply in accepting the invitation:

"It had been a source of wonder to him that in Manchester there had never been formed a Church of free evangelical opinion like that of which Mr. G. Dawson was so long the honoured minister in Birmingham and Thomas Lynch in London. Let them try it in Manchester, let them liberate Christ from prison, and form for their own comfort a Church within those walls at once evangelical, but broad, free as the Gospel was free."

Our readers will laugh at this hosh, as well they may, but it has a serious, a sad side. Is Mr. Hood the Christ to be liberated from prison? Who has confined him, fettered him? From whose oppression has he to be released? As to the Free Church if the reference to George Dawson means anything, it means that it is to be imitated. We would not say a word against a dead man, and one too with many noble qualities, but we know something about the "Church of the Saviour" on Constitution Hill, and we do not hesitate to say that, largely attended as it was at one time through the eloquence of the preacher, as a living, gospel church it was a failure. And as for the Gower St. Church with T. T. Lynch for its pastor, Mr. Hood should surely pause from holding that up as a model. We have worshipped there with some thirty or forty of a congregation, select perhaps, but very small.

Mr. Hood wants to be "free," free from what? As a Congregational church the only power rests with the people, so that it is from that power he wants to be free; in other words, to be irresponsible, or in still plainer English to do as he likes.

We have given more space to this incident than, as a matter of no direct interest to us, we should have done, for this reason. Mr. Hood is a type of an erratic class of ministers—most of them younger than he is, who are impatient of

any, even the lightest restriction, and who, when kindly words of remonstrance or possibly stronger words of rebuke are used, get up their feathers, cry out "persecution," denounce all who differ from them as narrow, sectarian, bigoted, and so on, and finally take refuge in some hall where for a season they minister to those who will listen to them, but after a season they disappear and the place that knew them knows them no more. The injury to truth and righteousness effected by such men it is impossible to estimate. Let us keep to our church moorings, let no eloquence tempt us to cut loose, let no cry of liberty from men who are often the embodiment of despotism themselves draw us to run after them. Christianity is free, Congregationalism is its free manifestation, but we have law, we have order, and no talk of another freedom should tempt us to give up these. In religion not less than in politics is the utterance of the unfortunate Madame Roland true: "Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name."

The Religious Herald of Hartford gives us the following. It is worthy of attention as another step in the triumph of a pure Gospel in Madagascar. We feel the more deeply sorrowful that High Church pretensions and a so-called "Bishop of Madagascar" should threaten to introduce discord and sectarianism where there is at present fullest harmony.

"It used to be said by those partial to other denominations that New England was the only most congenial field for Congregationalism. But recently a Congregational church has been dedicated within the Palace enclosure at Madagascar. Her Majesty, Ranavalomanjara, his Excellency, Ramilisonony, Prime Minister, the members and ladies of the Court, and a large number of people being present. Her Majesty is a thorough, consistent temperance advocate and a sincere Christian. The Queen, attended by her courtiers and their ladies in full dress, was preceded on their way to the church on the day of dedication by the Queen's singers singing a native tune to a native hymn. The opening services were quite prolonged and presented a striking illustration of the power of the Gospel in the change from barbarism.

News of the Churches.

Pastors and Church Officers are particularly requested to forward items of news for this Column.

COWANSVILLE.—Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson has been supplying here for a few Sabbaths. Rev. A. F. McGregor is expected shortly.

WHITBY.—The *Installation* of Rev. R. Wrench, is to take place on the 13th inst., Revs. Powis, Burton, and E. D. Silcox taking part.

UNIONVILLE.—Rev. Edward Ebbs arrived here on Monday, August 30th. His *Installation* will most likely take place at an early date.

WATSON. Rev. R. Robinson has taken charge of the church at this place. The congregation is large, and prospects of usefulness encouraging.

SOUTH CALDON. It is reported that Rev. F. Wrigley is going to Australia. We have plenty of work for Mr. W. here and shall be sorry to part with him.

SARNIA.—Rev. W. H. Allworth, on his way from Chicago, preached for Pastor Claris, on the 29th ult. The new church building is progressing but slowly.

BELLEVILLE.—A meeting of the members of the church and congregation was held on the 18th ult., at which a purse of money and an address was presented to the Rev. A. O. Cossar, on his leaving Belleville for another sphere of labor.

EDGAR. The pastor, Rev. J. J. Hundley, was called home from his holidays by a telegram announcing the sad news that Miss Jennie Cockburn was dying. He hastened home to find her gone. Inflammation had done its work, but she died happy in Christ. She had been for some time a member of the Congregational Church here.

MEAFORD. At the late meeting of The Canada Congregational Missionary Society the Rev. E. D. Silcox was requested to sell the church property at Meaford, it having been unused for purposes of worship for a number of years. Last week Mr. Silcox visited Meaford and was successful in selling said property for the sum of \$500. Terms, \$300 down, and the balance by mortgage for one year, having interest at the rate of 7 per cent per annum. The proceeds will be placed in the hands of the Missionary Society.

BOND ST. CHURCH. The Rev. Dr. Wild, of Brooklyn, N. Y., having occupied the pulpit for two Sundays, the Church has extended to him an unanimous and cordial invitation to its pastorate, which he has accepted. The following is his letter of acceptance:

To the Members of the Bond Street Congregational Church Toronto

DEAR BROTHERS,—I have received your call to become your pastor, through a deputation appointed by you, of whom Mr. Edward Beck is chairman. Thanks for the same. In the name of my Lord and Master I accept it. I shall be with you as soon as I can. I hope to be a successful minister of the Lord Jesus among you. I believe the call and acceptance to be Providential therefore let us labor heartily to build up the Church. Yours kindly,

Bronte, Sept. 2nd, 1880. JOSEPH WILD.

The friends are encouraged and hopeful. We trust that this will prove to them a happy issue out of their long troubles.

ZION CHURCH, S. S. The annual picnic of the Zion Church Sabbath School was held on Tuesday, 31st August, at the residence of Mr. James Anderson, Paisley Block. Scholars, teachers and friends turned out to the number of over two hundred. The day was one of the most favorable of the season. Everything went off well, and all seemed to enjoy Mrs. Anderson's curds and cream, and the tea with all its trimmings. Young and old took part in the games, which consisted of base ball, quoiting and running. All must feel grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, for the efforts put forth by them to make the annual picnic a success.

A literary and musical entertainment was given in Zion Chapel on Thursday evening. The Chapel was filled in every part. Mr. Maitland had the carrying out of the programme, and did his part well. Mr. M. gave three of his favourite Scotch solos in his very best style. Mr. Pilcher and Miss Schofield gave each a solo, which were highly appreciated, as was also the solo by Mr. Newby. The duet by Messrs. Pilcher and Thomson met with much favour. The piano duet and the pieces by the instrumental band were of a very superior character. The readings by Miss Keables and Mr. E. F. B. Johnston were exceedingly well rendered. The Rev. Robt. Torrance read the 23rd Psalm, in the old Doric of Rev. Hately Waddell, and also extracted from the preface to the translation. The Rev. Mr. Maxwell gave a humorous and fitting address on the leanings of degenerate Irishmen toward the almost obsolete Doric of the Scotch. The entertainment was in the truest sense a great success.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.—I beg to acknowledge with thanks, receipt of the following subscriptions for the retiring minister's branch of the Provident Fund: B. Caldwell, Lanark, \$67, being balance of subscription for \$100. C. Page, Toronto, \$50, being balance of subscription for \$100. R. Baker, Guelph, \$4, being balance of subscription of \$12. I would also remind those subscribers who are still due balance to this Fund that the money is urgently needed. Yours truly,

CHAS. R. BLACK, Sec., Treas.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL INDIAN MISSION

(Extract of a letter from John St. J., recently given to the Field)

After a pleasant and profitable season at French Bay, I arrived here last Saturday, and, after getting all the information I require, I return to-morrow to bring up my wife and family, all being well.

I stayed at French Bay two weeks, where we held religious services every evening except Tuesdays, which are consecrated to the cause of temperance. Even there the good people found a use for me. During the day Bro. Walker and I visited from house to house. I found those services very gratefully appreciated by the Indians. Our meetings were not large, usually about thirty attended, many being from home. At the close of my last service was held on Sabbath evening, and in the prayer meeting at the close, the question was asked, Who have received the converting grace of God in connexion with these meetings? when I rose to their feet. A second question was asked, Who have received

a blessing to their souls by having their spirit's life revived and quickened? when almost the entire congregation rose to their feet. Several, (the first of whom was Chief Wahbahzee) gave very warm, grateful addresses expressive of the kindly feelings they had to the Shaugash (white man) who had come so many miles across the deep to tell the poor Indian of Jesus and His Love. Then they closed the service by the Chief's giving me an Indian name which flattered me most of all. This was done by a general salutation beginning with the Chief, each shaking hands with me and calling me by my new name, Boojoo (good bye), Pa-bal-wah-sa-skung (which being interpreted means, a dispenser of religious light).

After coming here, I went back again next day at the earnest request of several employees at the saw mill at Blind River, and preached to a congregation of 33 persons. We had a good time, the Lord's presence was felt to be in our midst.

On Tuesday I went up the River to a settlement 10 miles up and stayed two nights, and held service among a settlement of Shetland Islanders, very pious, grateful people. My sail up and down was a period in which my mind (naturally much in sympathy with the beautiful in nature) gluffed itself with delight, the whole river is a scene of unsurpassed beauty.

Mississauga, Aug. 29, 1880.

An evangelist who also is an accomplished sleight-of-hand performer is a novelty. Such a man, however, is Rev. A. A. Waite, who just now is preaching in Boston, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Formerly he was the assistant of the notorious Eddys and Davenport, and he became expert in performing all the wonders of Spiritualism, so-called. He made an address the other day at the Round Lake Sunday School Convention about Spiritualism, exposing it as a fraud, and doing and explaining readily the tricks which its adherents claim are possible only by the aid of spirits. We understand that the leading feats by which Mr. Joseph Cook was so much impressed last winter were included in his list. If what is reported about Mr. Waite be true, we think that he may do a great deal of good in opening the eyes of scores of people who either are more or less openly avowed believers in Spiritualism, or else, like Mr. Cook, are willing to consider it with an "if."

Boys and Girls.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Look at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty, buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear dis-
arming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride—
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and large,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay.
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died!

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are,
When good night kisses I all round am giving
I keep one for him, though he is so far
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died!

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died!

Good Words

WILLIE'S COURAGE.

Willie Carr was one of those boys who never likes to be beaten at anything. Only dare him to do a thing, and he would do it, no matter how absurd or foolish it was. He had lately come to live in a town on the sea-coast, and he and his school-fellows constantly amused themselves on half-holidays by climbing the cliffs, fishing, boating, and many other seaside pastimes.

On one Sunday afternoon Willie said to his companions:

"The tide has just turned; in a quarter of an hour that rock" (pointing to a small rock covered with seaweed) "will be under water; I dare any one of you fellows to run ten times around it."

Some shook their heads and said they did not care to run the risk of being drowned, but a few said, "We will go if you will lead us."

So off they started. The water was over their shoes at the first round.

"Salt water will do us no harm," said Willie.

At the sixth round Tom Bishop and Willie were the only ones who kept on running; the water was already above their knees, for the tide was coming in fast. At the eighth round Willie was running alone, and many of the boys said, "Don't go any more, Willie." But Nell Dawson cheered him: "Only twice more and I will say you are the bravest fellow in Hastings." But at the tenth round all said "Don't go any more."

"Do you dare me to do it?" cried Willie; "although the water is above my waist, I will go just to show what I can do."

Many of them tried to hold him back, but he rushed off panting for his last round. When he reached the rock he was very tired, so he sat down to recover his breath; then he got up and waved his cap. The boys cheered him, and cried "Make haste—come along."

But he stayed longer than was necessary just to show how brave he was, and waved his cap. At this moment a large wave dashed over the rock, drenching him to the skin, and obliged him to start off. But before he had gone half way on his journey another wave came, and then another, and carried him off his feet. He was nearly choked with the salt water that went down his throat, but he

held himself enough to get back to the rock; there he sat panting and exhausted.

His boasted courage began to fail him; he could swim but little, and encumbered with his wet clothes and all exhausted as he was, there was not much chance for him. Higher and higher the water rose; the rock was under water and there he sat, pale and shivering.

Some of his comrades ran off for help, but poor Willie doubted if it would come in time. All his sins and follies rose before him like a cloud; he thought of his mother's anguish (for he was her only son), and how she would feel when she heard he had been drowned—drowned, and by his own folly. A large wave rolled over him,—he tightened his grasp on the seaweed, another came, and then another, a mist rose before his eyes—he loosened his hold, and all was dark.

Some hours later Willie was in his own bed at home, and a lady with a sweet, pale face was bending over him. "Thank God!" she said. Willie heard it, and opened his eyes.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I am saved then! I was so frightened, and when I thought of you, death seemed so terrible."

"Yes," she said, "you were saved by a boatman who heard your school-fellows' cries of distress, let us thank God for His mercies in saving you."

Some time after Willie entered the navy, he had lost none of his courage and daring, but acted more under a sense of duty and less to gain man's applause.

He is now an officer, beloved by his men, and respected by all who know him, for at the call of duty he is always first, and where danger is, there you will always find him.

THE CHILD SINGER.

In a narrow dirty street in the most miserable part of London, a group of children were playing beside the gutter. They were all dirty and ragged, and the faces of many were old and worldly wise. One little girl, however, though her dress was as soiled and as torn as that of any of the other dwellers in the filthy street, had a pretty, childish face. She was a bright-looking little one, with matted brown hair hanging in tangled curls that had never known a brush, and a pair of sweet, dark eyes looking out trustfully into the uninviting world around her. She stood a little apart from the others, leaning against the doorway of a rickety tenement house, humming softly to herself.

A rough-looking boy in the group by the gutter, hearing her low tones, called out, "Londer, Nell; sing something."

The child obeyed; with her hands clasped, and her eyes fastened on the speck of blue sky to be seen between the roofs of the tall, smoky houses, she burst into a song. No wonder that the other children stopped in their noisy play, and listened. It was not their ignorance of music that made the singing seem beautiful to those little street vagabonds.—There was in the clear voice of the child-singer a strange, wistful tone, of which she herself was unconscious, but which held the listener spell bound.

Nell had been born and bred in those low surroundings. She had never seen the inside of a church, or heard other music than the whining tones of a street organ, yet there was in her the very soul of music. She lived in a wretched garret, with a dirty, slouchy woman whom she called aunt, and loved as only a child or woman can love one from whom she receives no sign of affection. Miserable as such a life was, it might have been worse.

One day Nell's aunt was brought home on a shutter; she had been run over by a carriage and instantly killed.

Now Nell was indeed destitute; no money and no friends but her rough neighbors. But these, though rough, were not hard-hearted; they would have

given her money, but they had none themselves, except what they earned or stole each day. So they told her, if she wanted her aunt buried properly, she must go out at night and sing, in which way she would very likely earn enough, as people would pity so young a child.

So that night poor little Nell set out on her work of love. She walked till she reached the broad streets and hard-some houses that form the London which the world knows. Here she sang. In the clear, silent night the childish voice rang out, and the hour and the stillness made its wistful tones seem wild and weird. Up one street and down another the little figure went singing, while its heart seemed breaking. A strange excitement bore her up, and she felt no fatigue.

Her pathetic appeal was not in vain, it seemed to touch the hearts, and what is more difficult, the pockets of all who heard her. When midnight came she thought of stopping only because most of the houses had closed for the night, and there was little more to be obtained. So she took her last stand in front of a fine old house in Kensington Square, in whose windows lights were still burning. It was the home of Barch, the great musician. As the tones of Nell's voice broke on the stillness of the night he paused in the work he was doing, and after a moment rose and threw open the window. With amazement he saw the little childish figure standing in the light of the street lamp, and while his artist's ear drank in the wonderful tones with delight, his fatherly heart filled with pity for the desolate child. When Nell ceased, he called to her, and descending took her in.

From that moment Nell was no longer destitute, no longer friendless. In Barch she had found a friend who never deserted her. Captivated by her voice, he took the little waif into his heart and home, and thenceforth she was protected, cared for and educated. And he was amply rewarded when, in after-years, the fame of Helen Barch spread over England. No one then ever dreamed that the great singer began her career years ago, one dark night, under the stars, a little outcast singing for money to bury her dead.

A BLACK ANGEL.

Did you ever see one?
I have.

Most people suppose that angels have shining faces shedding light around them, and are arrayed in garments as white as snow. All black angels are thought to be ministers of evil.

But I believe that seldom has an angel walked the earth with a better mission than the black angel I am writing about. Assuredly it was an angel's mission.

She had a very dark face, but it expressed amiability, uprightness, and sincerity. You could not have mistaken either her character or her mission, if you had chanced to meet this woman either in the church or by the way. Let me describe her. She was a washerwoman.

"I never thought that angels were washerwomen," says an unthinking reader.

"Humpbacked, poor, without a family—almost homeless."

"Homeless?"

All this, yet sent forth a minister of good to those whom others would not seek.

She came to my study. With her was a young woman for whom she had been praying that God would lead from evil ways.

The sexton tried to send both her and her companion away when the two came to the church. But there was the purpose of an angel written on her face, and he saw it.

When she had been admitted I learned her story. She had been employed by this young woman, who was leading an immoral life. In her visits to the rooms of her employer she had seen the degradation of the outcast's life, and her whole

sympathies had been aroused. She longed to lead her back to the paths of virtue, and to God. Rescue her she must, for had not her Master forgiven a Magdalen. This became her aim—her prayer—her mission.

Night after night she followed the young woman in her evening walks in the streets. Whenever she seemed about to join a bad companion, the black angel walked between the two, her heart uplifted to God.

She did not speak. Not a word of reproach or expostulation escaped her lips. Both men and women sometimes assailed her with angry words, but she did not heed them. She felt that she was God's messenger of mercy and of warning.

This silent, persevering, loving remonstrance against sin could not fail in its ministry of good. Months passed. The black angel triumphed.

Conscience-stricken the wanderer was induced to come to my study. And there shrinking, yet longing after the better life, she was led to turn from the way that leads to death, to purity, and peace and consecration to Him whose Divine love and pity can save from sin even an outcast.

I would like to give the history of this restored wanderer. I have only space to say that the black angel on earth rejoices to-day in sympathy with all the angels in heaven over a reformation, the fruits of which are abiding.

How little it concerns us whether we be poor or rich, educated or ignorant, white or black, if, indeed, our lives are angelic in their efforts to help others. This is life's great business after all. Christ's spirit dwelt in the heart of this black angel, and her feet did not do her Master's bidding in vain.—Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., in *Youth's Companion*.

TWO SCENES.

A gentleman took his son to a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and he said:

"Do you know what has caused all this?"

"No, sir."

His father, pointing to the canters, said, "That's the cause. Will you take a drink?"

The boy started back with horror, and exclaimed, "No!"

Then the father took the child to the cage of a man suffering with delirium tremens. The boy gazed upon him affrighted as the drunkard raved and tore, thinking the demons were after him, and crying, "Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see 'em! they're coming."

"Do you know the cause of this, my boy?"

"No, sir."

"This is caused by drink. Will you have some?" and the boy shrunk back with a shudder, as he sipped the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and where the father was beating his wife and with oaths knocking down his children.

"What has caused this?" said the father.

The son was silent.

When told that rum had brought the misery he saw, he declared that never would he touch a drop of it in his life.

But suppose the lad should be invited to a wedding feast where, with fruit and cake, the wine-cup is passed amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all the friends are respectable and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink. Would he refuse? Or, suppose he should walk out with his father on New Year's Day to call on his young lady friends and enjoy the festivities of the occasion. With other things, wine is handed them by a smiling girl. His noble-hearted father presses the wine-glass to his lips and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality. What wonder if the son should follow his example?—*Weekly Rescue*.

Temperance.

Moral suasion for the man who drinks,
Moral suasion for the man who thinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker,
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.

DRUNKENNESS

It is difficult to realize the extent to which the vice of intemperance is working its way into every circle of American society—from the highest to the lowest. A correspondent of a political newspaper, detailing the scenes and incidents connected with one of the late National political conventions, says in substance, that the barkeepers were the most over-worked persons in the city where the convention was held. They were literally at their posts day and night, and were worn down. One of them implored a member of the body to adjourn as soon as possible, as they would gladly forego the privilege of making their money to enjoy some rest. It is one astounding fact that more money is spent in these United States for ardent spirits in one year, than it takes to run our whole civil government, state and national—about three hundred millions of dollars. We talk about "corruption funds!" Here is a corruption fund to some purpose. We venture the assertion that if all the corruption born in the very cesspools of political partisanship were collected in one mass, it would be as a cipher weighed against the untold moral putridity generated by this monster evil. Political corruption may sometimes be arrested by a change of parties, at least for a time, since a new party ordinarily aims to vindicate its claims to public confidence. But alas, no change of parties can alleviate an evil that is indigenous to all parties. The joy of success on one side, is celebrated in bacchanalian revels, the chagrin of disappointment on the other side, is sought to be drowned in the potion of the accursed bowl. So that winning or losing is alike the occasion of plunging deeper and deeper into this beastly vice.

Christian reader! is it not time for our religious people in all capacities, whether as churches, associations, conventions, conferences, general assemblies, or what not, to re-docket the temperance question, where it has been dropped, discuss it before the people, agitate it in the news papers, talk of it in social circles, pray over it in our closets, preach of it in our pulpits, and thus, by all the means in our power, inspire a healthy public sentiment everywhere, which will abate to some appreciable extent this tide of iniquity that threatens to engulf every interest of Church and State in one common ruin? Dram shops are the most paying business of the age, and are literally fattening on the woes, the poverty, and tears of forsaken wives and their helpless children. If Pandemonium itself has any curse more terrific than this, with which to "drown men in perdition," it has yet to be disgorged from its foul abyss. Surely the Devil himself must have exhausted his inventive genius, when he spawned this "foulest imp of hell" upon earth, to scatter firebrands, arrows and death through every rank.—Ex.

FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

Have faith in God is the refrain of all the divine promises, and the echo of every providence.

A young brother said he was a stranger to us, but not to the saving grace of God. When first saved he had to give up his business. It was a dishonest business, and for two years he found no regular employment, but did not starve nor needed to beg in that while. The Lord provided for his wants and now he had a good situation. In his time of trial he had been comforted with the thought that the Lord tries His people

as the silversmith tries the silver. The fire is not permitted to become too hot, and when the refiner sees his face in the silver he takes it from the fire. Thus the Lord designs to see His image in us and this is the purpose of much of our trials.

We were cheered by the letters of thanksgiving. One friend wrote thrice asking us to pray that her son might be sustained in financial trouble, and in God's good time be delivered therefrom. The Lord has heard prayer, and the son has been graciously delivered, and has been made all the better a Christian for his trial.

Another friend writes from Staffordville, N.Y., to tell us that there are signs of a coming shower of grace. Indeed, five souls have started for Zion since a few Christian people commenced praying for this, but these supplicating ones long for a larger work of grace.

Another writes, "My son, for whom you prayed that he might find employment, has found it. Thank God."

A brother told us that he had been the devil's faithful servant for fifty-five years. He had been a drunkard, a gambler, and a prize fighter, but six years ago to-day he became a new man in Christ Jesus, on his fifty-fifth birthday. He had entered the devil's service with much enthusiasm at nine years of age, but the six years of Christian life had been far, far more precious and joyous than all the years that had gone before.

A young brother urged us to do more pointed work for the Master. "Are you a Christian?" a godly man once asked him, and the question proved the arrow of conviction. The speaker thought we should be bolder for Christ and souls. Many would be won by us for Christ if we were more faithful and earnest, more fearless and constant in our efforts to bring men to the Saviour.

A friend said that from eight years of age until he was thirty-one he had been a slave of drink. The precious blood of Christ had proved the power to save him, and to make him a sober man. Since that happy event he had laboured among sea-faring men, telling them the story of a Saviour's love.

DANGEROUS DOCTRINES.

A timely exposure of the dangerous tendencies of Miss Yonge's works appears in an English contemporary. From "The Heir of Redcliffe," published twenty years ago, to the latest *Monthly Packet*, of which she is the editor, there runs an undercurrent of what she is pleased to call "Catholic truth," but which is in reality most pernicious sacerdotalism. Baptismal regeneration, "sacramental grace," auricular confession, priestly "direction" and absolution, prayers for the dead, the meritoriousness of personal holiness vocation and "discipline" for women, are among these "Catholic" views, which are quietly assumed to be the teaching of the Primitive Church and of the Church of England.

The entire spiritual life, it is taught, is created and sustained by means of the priest. The regeneration comes in baptism. Then "when, after a course of evil, their conversion takes place, it is a rousing of baptismal grace, and not a new birth of itself."

The "Castle-Builder" has for its motto and moral "the dangers of deferred Confirmation." It is the history of a young lady who, putting off her Confirmation and first Communion, and consequently lacking "sacramental grace," fell into sundry and divers sorts of naughtiness and trouble, and is wretched and miserable. She is sad, giddy, and powerless. Her priest says to her: "You are a Christian. Each right action and feeling, each act of faith or prayer, through your whole life, have they not been fruits of your baptismal grace?" "I suppose so," says miserable Emmeline. "You have had no com-

fort, no true wisdom nor strength, no firmness, no abiding sensation of love and fear of God." Emmeline gave a groan. "Emmeline, our religion holds out to us a means of receiving the strength of the Holy Ghost, etc."

"Confirmation! O Herbert, would it do that for me? I believe it would be peace at last."

"Emmeline, I am sure it would. It is the promise of God through His Church."

So Emmeline and her sister were confirmed. They kneel at the "altar," the apostolic hand is on their heads, that unspeakable gift is imparted. They receive in due time the Eucharist, and the impression is left that the poor, wretched child went no more astray.

Auricular confession and priestly "direction" are spoken of as unspeakable "privileges." "When a young girl is really penitent, there is absolution for her in the Church." "The time comes when spiritual comfort and counsel are advisable. For one spirit that can stand alone there are twenty (at least among women) who need counsel and guidance. To such, *vera voce* confession, the direct individual absolution, the counsel for the future, are an unspeakable comfort." "How infinite the comfort of the authoritative absolution in the name of Him who gave power to bind and loose!" "The whole doctrine should be taught to every one." Objections it is said are made to confession only "for want of understanding the system."

A sisterhood is prescribed as the best refuge for a woman when girlhood is passed. "When amusement becomes wearisome and she finds herself looked at by the younger generation as *de trop*," the efficacy of prayers for the dead is taught. "Our own Church," it is stated, "has never forbidden the primitive custom. Our prayers will as surely help them there, as here, and may brighten the joy and purification, and aid in the washing and cleansing. Such has been the belief of the Church in all ages." Then we are told that "as to the Bible, the teaching of the Church must be accepted to explain it, and to guide us in our understanding it."

Occasionally a feeble protest appears against Rome; but what is its value when we have pointed out to us "the strong claims Rome can show to continuity and unity within itself," and when Romish customs, such as crossing one's self are inculcated. The latter, however, are not to be practised openly, "but secretly for fear of offending weak brethren."

These examples are quite enough to show that Miss Yonge is well entitled to the designation of "the novelist of ritualism," and to put on their guard the unwary. Her books can only develop a superstitious, sentimental religiousness, if they do not prepare the way for the ingress of the most deadly errors. *Evangelical Churchman*.

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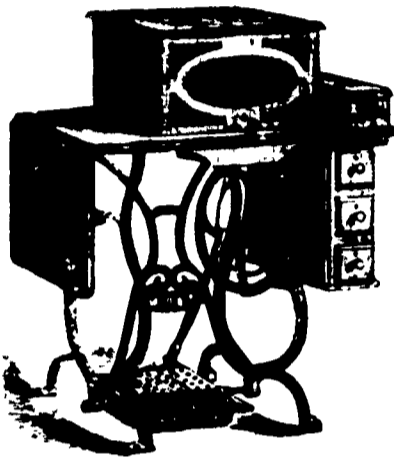
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