



# THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

A FEW earnest words on denominational finance. Since the notice that the Executive will not borrow as largely as before, and will in its next payment deduct a percentage till funds come in, we have received communications shadowing resignation or collapse. We desire to say that this is not the spirit with which the emergency is to be met. Edmund Burke wrote: "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme Guardian and Legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill." A greater than Burke says: "Fight the good fight of faith;" and Bunyan quaintly reminds us that the Christian pilgrim has no armour for his back. We are persuaded that in our smaller cities and country places there is a large amount of financial strength that has not yet been even touched, and we press upon the consideration of our Associations the thorough organization of missionary work during the incoming winter, that people may be instructed in our needs and work, and that systematic, intelligent effort may be put forth to place our different departments of work upon a financially sound basis. Stand to your guns, brethren, and nail your colours to the mast.

THE plain order of Congregational service and the simplicity of its organization demands intelligence on the part of its members. Our denominational work is not known, therefore not supported; and for this we suspect pastors are somewhat to blame. THE INDEPENDENT should be in every home, so should the *Year Book*. There should be as thorough instruction in the wants of our home field as in those of the foreign. The state of a village or town in New Brunswick or Ontario should interest us as much as the customs of Japan; yet who is enquiring what Mr. Hindley is doing in

Barrie or Mr. Saer in St. John? How many members in our churches know of such men? And yet we say with a due sense of responsibility in every word that ignorance or neglect regarding such home work is as criminal as passing Timbuctoo by on the other side. Let the people know what is being endured and done, and that systematically, and let the work be begun or quickened now. Associations will soon meet; the time for essays has past, for effort begun.

OUR good neighbour, *The Canada Presbyterian*, on more than one occasion lately has had short articles on the Unitarian tendency of certain Congregationalists, e.g., a private letter is quoted in which these words occur: "Of course Jesus is not God, or absolute deity, nor ever claimed He was." Dr. Todd's withdrawal from the New Haven Central Association on account of the Unitarian tendencies of two students licensed by the association was also duly chronicled *cum nota*, plainly insinuating unsoundness in the Congregational faith. The charge of heresy is easily made and sticks even when disproved. Suspicion is proverbially cruel. Perhaps our contemporary will allow a *tu-quoque* paragraph by way of explanation after a statement of a fact or two.

THE statements of doctrine by existing Congregational Unions, and notably that put forth by representatives of the churches of the United States, bear distinct testimony to the divinity of the Christ, e.g., "In Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who is of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made." We are not aware of a single Unitarian confession in Congregational churches, though the terminology of the Nicene or Athanasian creeds may not be observed.

REGARDING Dr. Todd's withdrawal, our contemporary the *New York Independent*, which

generally speaks what it knows, and says little that it only hears, tells us that Dr. Todd is rather given to withdrawing. Some good people are when they cannot get their own way. It appears, moreover, that Dr. Todd was absent from the second meeting of the Association, at which further explanations were given, and that the young man was licensed because they who voted for his licensure believed him not to be a Unitarian, and did not think it wise to force one passing through a transition period out of the pale of an Evangelical Christianity. We venture to call this Christianity as distinguished from Pharisaic dogmatism.

Now for the *tu-quoque* facts, from which, however, we should be sorry to draw inferences after the fashion of our esteemed contemporary unfavourable to the soundness of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Our friend reads history, and will no doubt accept the statement that from the beginning of the eighteenth century the Presbyterian Churches in England became for the most part Unitarian, and that in fact to-day the traditional annual address of Presbyterian ministers in England to the Crown is given by Unitarian Churches. Independents meanwhile retained soundness in the faith. Further, in a volume "originated in the wish to gather together a few specimens of a style of teaching which increasingly prevails amongst the clergy" of a confessedly Presbyterian church, we read: "The obstacle to our deliverance lies wholly in ourselves and not in God. By His death on the cross, Christ may be said, *in a figurative sense indeed*, to have expiated our sins, or to have purchased their remission, it being important to observe that the figures vary. What He did in the strict and literal sense was to reveal to us the infinite placability of the Divine nature," which simply means that there is no Atonement in the evangelical sense of that term. Will our contemporary find any Congregational testimony to match that? and this not even in a private letter, but in pulpit teaching, and sample teaching at that. Were we disposed to invade the privacy of ordinary conversation, we might manifest that "orthodox ministers" other than Congregational, ought honestly to say to many a Unitarian brother, what our contemporary has printed as in the letter of a Congregational friend:

"You are no more heretical than some of the rest of us who propose to stay where we are, and do not expect to be burned for heresy either."

WE have deemed these remarks necessary, inasmuch as it seems to be a prevailing habit to charge Congregationalism with uncertainty in theology. We make no claim to being better than our neighbours, would draw no invidious comparisons, desire to make no charges, nor can we profess to be free from that enquiring, doubting, critical spirit which appears in every Christian community in these closing years of the nineteenth century. We do claim that for "the faith, once for all delivered to the saints—the form of sound words," Congregational pulpits and churches struggle as heroically and as heartily as those who would be their critics and their mentors. Having said this, we cordially as ever extend to our contemporary the warm hand of Christian fellowship, acknowledging all the kind offices and loving sympathy received at his generous hands.

WE ask attention to the short account, to be followed we trust by more, from our friend Mr. Currie, of his prospective mission field in Africa. We may be pardoned expressing surprise that the Board of our Foreign Missionary Society has not placed him at once under salary, and directed his movements in the matter of visiting the churches. If he is expected to inspire our churches with missionary zeal he should not be sent a warfare on his own charges, nor should his visits to the churches be allowed to depend upon their willingness to promise beforehand to meet his expenses, or upon his readiness to bear them as best he can. The directors, it seems to us, should send him, the churches receive him. To this end some well-digested plan of visitation should ere this have been prepared. There is danger lest our Union enthusiasm should prove to be "mere talk, sir, splendid talk, and nothing more," which may God forbid.

THE Presbyterian Church of the United States has been much exercised over the question whether converts from Romanism should be re-baptized. So great was the diversity of opinion that the Supreme Court of that church forewent its assumed right of issuing its dogma

thereon, leaving the matter in the hands of the individual church sessions. As the ministers and elders exclusively forming those sessions are elected by the individual congregations, and are supposed to represent them, we have another indication of our organized bodies solving real difficulties by the application thereto of pure congregational principles, and the abandonment (as in the case of organs and even of theology as represented by high and moderate Calvinism), of the old position that the Supreme Court of the denominational church ought to secure uniformity and unanimity. The world moves, and with it the grand old principles for which Robinson, Cromwell, and their coadjutors contended. Hold fast, good brethren, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.

A RENEWED interest is being manifested in England regarding pulpit courtesies between Churchmen and Nonconformists. The *Christian World* very justly says: "It is slightly gratifying to learn that opinion favours the legality of a clergyman preaching in his own parish, for a Nonconformist minister, if he think well. So far, so good. But we want real interchange of pulpits, not partial. It will only seem to be a condescension for a clergyman to preach in a dissenting chapel; it will be true Christian courtesy, and partake of 'the sweet reasonableness of Christ,' if the clergyman ask his Nonconformist brother to preach from his church pulpit, and assert his right to do so. Half-handed politeness is very undesirable." To which we respond a hearty amen. We want no condescensions from our Episcopal friends, but simple gentlemanly courtesy.

We print the following from the *Canadian Baptist*, endorsing thoroughly the sentiment:

A word about pulpit Bibles. The writer stood, within a very few months, in the pulpits of no less than twenty Baptist churches in Canada. In three of them he found copies of the Revised New Testament; while in no one of the remainder was there anything to show that the English-speaking world has received within the present generation any new light upon the meaning of the Divine Word. It seemed very strange, and not a little sad, that so large a proportion of our churches were wholly ignoring the new light that has been given. No one doubts that the Revised New Testament represents the original Scriptures more accurately than any other English version, and it is a disappointing and discouraging fact that our churches

and especially our ministers, are so generally indifferent to it. Now that the Revised Version of the Bible is complete, there is a fresh opportunity to put it in its true place. Does not reverence for the Divine Word require that the two versions should lie side by side in every pulpit? It will not cost much money or inconvenience to put them there. There is a "Parallel Bible," that contains them both. If the type of this edition is too small, a medium-sized copy of the Revised Bible can very easily be placed in the pulpit, to be used whenever the minister wishes. It ought to be a matter of conscience with a minister to accustom his people as rapidly as possible to the use of so valuable a help in the understanding of the Scriptures. Those who leave the new version out of sight are not keeping up with the gracious leading of Divine Providence.

WE commend the following from the pages of the *Victorian Independent* to our farming friends in view of the pressing need of our college and mission funds:

A singular effort is reported for raising funds for a Baptist chapel. Six of the members undertook to sow half-a-pint of beans each, the produce to be sown the second year, and the second year's crop to be harvested and sown the third year, when the whole was to be sold and the proceeds given to the improvement fund. The amount realized in this way was £161 10s. Of course the sums realized in each case were not equal, as the beans were grown in different localities. The following is the account of the most successful of the six:—First year—sown, half-a-pint, yield, nineteen pints. Second year—sown, nineteen pints; yield, nineteen bushels. Third year—sown, nineteen bushels; yield, thirty-one quarters. Sold for £70.

THE following from the same source is worth reading and pondering:

At the Congregational jubilee meeting the Rev. J. Jefferis, LL.D., said:—"What shall be our attitude in reference to the Salvation Army? Shall we stand forth as its champions, lavishing praise upon it for the good work it has undoubtedly done, and shutting our eyes to its manifest imperfections? I, at all events, will do honour to its enthusiasm, its disregard of the merely conventional, its protest against the dull routine too often connected with English worship, its noble ambition to confess Christ openly, and to glory in His cross. But I will, upon the other hand, declare my conviction that the Prince of Peace is openly dishonoured by aping the names, and the dress, and the accoutrements of those who for thousands of years have reddened the earth with blood. I will avow, too, my belief that the practice of making every tyro a teacher is an insult to the common sense of mankind and must lead to the most deplorable results in the degradation of Christian doctrine. And we who cannot endure Episcopal authority and would chafe under Presbyterian rule, shall we count it a matter of small moment that a self-appointed general demands and wins from hundreds of thousands an obedience to orders emanating from himself? St. Francis of Assisi hardly claimed so complete an obedience. This general, with an assurance scarcely equalled by the most tyrannical

nous of the Tudors or the most arrogant of the Popes, has not only taken it upon him to construct a creed for his followers, but to regulate their dress, their ornaments, their food, their amusements, their courtship, their marriage. Our boast has been that an Englishman's house is his castle. If this delusion continues to prevail, the house of the Salvation soldier will have no corner of it that he can call his own. The sumptuary laws of a spiritual master will ransack every cupboard and regulate every meal. I know of few things more humiliating than that free-born Englishmen in such numbers should submit to such ecclesiastical tyranny. The Congregational churches of the empire are bound solemnly to protest against it."

It is both instructive and pitiful to note how thoroughly religious and political prejudices blind men to the plainest truths, and wed them to the most outrageous follies. Among England's present day preachers, Canon Liddon stands in the front rank. Scholarly, sympathetic, earnest, and confessedly Christian, he commands perhaps, one of the largest audiences London grants, while socially his position gives him access to all ranks of society. Yet he walks a narrow round; educated within classic halls, working within chancel and cathedral shadow, surrounded with books, the surging mass of humanity he meets, but with it he does not mingle, and therefore, we find him often narrow in his sympathies, contracted in his views, as such men are sorely tempted to be; though over the temptation many triumph, but not Canon Liddon. A short time since a Canon King was to be consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. On such occasions a sermon is preached, on this, Canon Liddon was the preacher. Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, before assembled bishops and dignitaries, there is a certain representative character about the sermon, which, if correctly reported, was of the most uncompromising character, and if true, as one of its Anglican critics writes, leads to the inevitable conclusion that "a non-Episcopal community is not a church at all."

SOME of us may remember how in school-days we have wrought hard at a sum, and found an answer we knew could not be right, being out of all proportion to the known terms of the problem, yet our summing was apparently all right. Certainly we had followed the rule: but wrong we certainly were; the very answer by its monstrosity declares a mistake somewhere. Now, when a man's logic, like Canon Liddon's, leads him to unchurch such

men as Spurgeon, Dale, Chalmers, Arthur with their associates, simply because neither Papal, Anglican, nor Patriarchal bishop's hand has been placed on their heads, the conclusion is too monstrous to be right; yet such is the conclusion of this representative sermon. Here is a sentence in proof:—"Upon a true episcopal succession depends the validity of the Eucharist, *our chief means of communion with the Lord.*" The underlining is ours, for therein lies the sting and the fallacy. The Scriptures speak of communion of the Holy Ghost, of fellowship with the Father, of spiritual things being spiritually discerned; but here we have a rite performed by a privileged body of men, a priesthood from which the great body of believers are excluded, a ceremony which owes its validity to the touch of a priestly caste, as our chief means of communion with the Lord; and this deliberately taught in the great cathedral of Protestant England this day!

THERE can be little doubt but that these views are fast becoming the dominant power of the Established Church of England, as they certainly are the legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the Book of Common Prayer. It is also manifest that the tendency of the Anglican Church in Canada is strongly setting in the same direction. The unseemly squabble in this city regarding St. James' endowment is at bottom a struggle between High Church and Low; so also the ecclesiastical millinery question of surplice or gown during sermon. The surplice being the priestly vestment, the wearing of it in the pulpit is supposed to invest the teachings as well as the ritual with episcopal unction and authority; the gown, being only an academic distinction, indicates that the preacher speaks according to his ability from the Word of God which is also in his hearer's hands.

PERSONALLY we have little regard for the colour or shape of the ecclesiastical petticoats. We have some regard to the truth that the New Testament church has no sacerdotal caste; but that in Christ every believer is priest and king to God.

DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, editor of the New York *Observer*, has suddenly passed away at the ripe age of seventy-two, the acknowledged

Nestor of American journalists. His connection with the *Observer* began in 1840. Twice have we met Dr. Prime, at the great Evangelical Alliance gathering in New York, 1873, and at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, 1877. Unassuming, active, genial, a man apparently who had long given good-bye to doubtings; chatty, with contentment beaming from his eye, he in the columns of his paper and in his intercourse with men, won his way and swayed his influence, which was ever on the side of evangelical truth. He is now at home.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, the hero of the Appomattox, has fallen at last in that war from which there is no discharge. He is the one President of the United States with whom we have personally met. This was in 1873, from which time we have estimated him higher than we perhaps otherwise should have done. There was an entire absence of pretence in his manner, a quiet determination in his eye, pervaded nevertheless by a gentleness of expression which marked the hero and the man. His life and speech were pure, and with the New York *Independent* we believe that "his capacity for confidence in friends" brought on his character the heaviest burdens it has had to bear. His patient endurance under his last sufferings, and patient toil on his biography, from the gains of which he hoped to wipe out the financial delinquences which were not his, though associated with his name, mark more than battlefield the hero and we trust the Christian.

ANOTHER name has passed into history—Sir Moses Montefiore. He was born at Leghorn on October 24, 1784. He was in due time made one of the twelve Jewish brokers who alone of the race were then allowed to practise on the Stock Exchange of England. His marriage with Miss Cohen related him to Nathan Rothschild, who married her sister. Associated with this brother-in-law in business, and living next door to him, Moses Montefiore was roused by him at five o'clock one morning, to be told that a courier had just brought the secret news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and landed at Cannes. Mr. Montefiore retired from business at the comparatively early age of fifty; but while yet engaged in it, he assisted in the historic event of financing the

loan of £20,000,000, for carrying out the Slave Emancipation of 1833. The first of his seven famous pilgrimages to the Holy Land was made in 1827, in company with his wife. They passed through Egypt, and met Mehemet Ali, who later, at the instance of Sir Moses, granted land for agriculture to the oppressed Jews of Palestine. Sir Moses was knighted as sheriff at the Coronation of the Queen, whom, as a Princess, he had ever welcomed in his gardens at Ramsgate, when she lived with her mother. He procured the pardon of the only criminal whom he would, during his office, have had to see executed. Both at home and on his subsequent journeys abroad, he was most zealous on behalf of his persecuted fellow-believers, agitating for the removal of their political disabilities. For his reward English royalty attended a banquet in his honour, whole cities in the East went out to meet him, and when he completed his hundredth year the entire Jewish world joined in rejoicings and worship. He died at East Cliff, Ramsgate, where he had lived for sixty years, on July 29, and was buried in the mausoleum in the neighbourhood, where his wife, Judith, was buried.

LUXURY begets lust, prosperity profligacy. One hour of summer sunshine breeds more corruption than the longest winter day. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been making dreadful exposures regarding many of the wealthy and the proud among England's nobility and great. African slavery was an accursed thing because chiefly it gave the master control not only over the labour but the body of the slave, so that both chastity and home were entirely under the master's control. Yet in England, whose shore the slave touched and the shackles fell, the daughters, the child daughters, of the poor are exposed to an infamous traffic wherein they are made to submit to the lust of wealthy profligates, old and young, and that even against their heart-rending cries. Great God, is it possible that these things are done in Christian England? Yet such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, and one whom Congregationalists esteem even more than ecclesiastical dignitaries—Samuel Morley,—after investigation say the charges the *Gazette* makes are substantially true. Very much has been written, e.g., in our valued contemporary, *The Week*, deprecating the

scandal-mongering character of the *Gazette's* revelations. For ourselves we confess that all such considerations have been lost in the much more important question: "Are these charges true?" and now that their truth is substantially assured, whatever may have been the motives of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, society is bound to arise in its might and cleanse itself of the filth by making no compromise with its polluters. Are we to have reproduced the shameless profligacy of the gay court of the Second Charles, or of the early and Fourth Georges? Nor are we in Canada without sin; purity of life is not demanded from those who rise in society as it should be. We too frequently exhibit the prudence of the lady whom modesty forbid to repeat the seventh commandment, while Byron's "Don Juan" and kindred poems adorned her boudoir. The thief never likes to hear the word robbery in respectable society.

A CATTLE syndicate, some of whom are well known on Wall Street, had secured leases, in violation of the law, from the Indians of the West of nearly four million acres of land. President Cleveland has ordered them off within forty days, and thus replies to their deputation that waited upon him:

There is one point that seems to escape your attention, gentlemen. That point is before my eyes, and it is the public interest. We have lately seen what fear can be created by thirty or forty Indians. Within two hours a letter has come to my desk from the Governor of Kansas, urging that the troops on the border of that State should not be withdrawn. The highest officer in the army, one experienced in Indian affairs, reports the situation in the Territory and says that the cause of the irritation is the presence of the cattlemen. A section of the country containing 4,250,000 acres was set apart for the Indians. Only one tenth, 400,000 acres, is left. They are crowded down to the agencies. Some of this may have been secured with the consent of the Indians. It is apparent to me, as it is to you, that this state of affairs cannot continue. Two interests are in conflict. Which shall give way? On the one side we have public peace, public security, and the safety of lives. On the other side are your interests. The former, gentlemen, must be considered, though private interests suffer. The question of putting off this removal until next spring is inadmissible. The order cannot be modified. I want to see some diligence in complying with the order. Twelve days have passed. Precious time is lost. An effort was made after the order was issued to secure an extension of time. A despatch was sent saying in the most positive terms that the order could not be modified. Here you are, after twelve days have passed. If any indulgence is shown it must be an application in specific cases, with evidence that an effort has been made to comply with the order. If your

interests led you out of the Territory instead of in, I cannot help but think you would find some way out in the specified time. I wish you would co-operate and take hold and try and get the cattle off. No argument will induce me to change what has been done. Some loss and inconvenience will, no doubt, follow, but there is an interest greater than yours which must receive attention.

We could stand some of that kind of talk in Canada and be none the worse thereby

It is stated that the funeral of General Grant cost a million of dollars. Grant deserved well of his country. North and South can consistently unite around the tomb of him whose words in the flush of victory were: "Let us have peace." But a large part of the magnificent funeral must, we fear, be laid to the spirit of a citizen who, looking back upon it, said: "Did not we make a big funeral." Was the old cynic of Chelsea right in characterizing this as an age of shams?

INEQUALITIES are common to every person and position. "There is none perfect, no, not one." There is an element of discord in the music of every life. The Garden of Eden contained a serpent. Adam and Eve had a taste, natural or acquired, for forbidden fruit. Egypt had a scene of bondage; and Moses had a natural timidity which Divine argument was powerless to overcome. The home of Joseph held a spirit of envy which could not brook the promise of power, while Joseph had an indiscreet speech which nearly cost him his life. David's was a wayward nature which disturbed the serenity of his life, and hindered his religious growth. Peter's was an uncertain temperament; Paul's such as required a dungeon and a thorn. Homer and Milton were blind; Bunyan prison-kept. Christ was perfect and knew no limitation. "He ever liveth." All power in heaven and earth belong to Him, "the Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering." G. F.

### EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION HEATHEN.

That figure is too large to take in at one glance. But it is a figure every Christian should struggle to understand. Take it on your knee before God and spend a while every day asking Him to teach you what that means. Think of one dark, selfish, ignorant, sensual

idol-worshipping soul. Imagine yourself trying to preach Christ to that one man or woman; then ask that man's Saviour to help you multiply that one by eight hundred million. Then, knowing what it means, try to find what you ought to do about it.

It is time a cry was sent out through all our churches that will kindle our missionary enthusiasm. We have Home Missions to care for; but in all the history of missions, it has been found that Foreign Mission zeal in no way interfered with an interest in the Home field. We are just as responsible for the heathen in Africa as for the half-evangelized masses in a distant town of our own Dominion.

A new era is dawning for our Congregational Foreign Missionary Society. We have a missionary of our own to equip and send out. We want, at least, \$2,000 this year for outfit and salary, instruments and books, necessities and comforts that will help make the mission a success. His field is to be in the West Central African Field. Our churches should be preparing the way for him by prayer, so that when he reaches his field he will find the Holy Spirit has been making the people ready to receive him, and hungry for the Gospel he goes to preach. Our prayers can reach God's ear and His hand is on Africa. Mr. Caine must go out with a backing of mighty prayer, generous giving and warm sympathy. It should be a daily thought of Christians that they can be his helpers. Train the children to be interested in him and his field. Teach them to pray for him. Be sure that they know about the field from the first and then when news comes back from him tell it all to them.

Some churches are trying to cultivate systematic giving. They appoint some one as treasurer of the Foreign Mission Fund, and another as treasurer of the Home Mission Fund. These get every individual to promise five cents a week, ten cents, fifty cents, a dollar, or whatever they can; and what is more, these treasurers see that the money is collected. It is a good way. We must remember that by the action of the meeting at Hamilton our churches are pledged to the support of our missionary, and it ought to be a labour of love. Our treasurer will expect to hear from every church during the year.

Montreal.

E. M. H.

## THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A MONOGRAPH.

A few historical facts may aid students in forming just conclusions regarding the second advent of the Lord. They are given as aids, without comment.

The New Testament has many allusions to a presence (*parousia*) and to a manifestation of the Lord Christ other than the presence and manifestation of Jesus of Nazareth during His sojourn on earth as revealed in the four Gospels. Jesus Himself had frequently spoken thereof, and His disciples after Him. Such passages as John xiv. 3; xxi. 22; 1 Thess. i. 10; Heb. ix. 28, are familiar examples, though let it be noted that neither the character of that presence, nor the time of its manifestation therein appear. The early disciples misread these statements it is plain. The Second Epistle to the Thessalonians was written not to dispel the hope which this doctrine raised, but to correct an evidently prevailing impression that it was imminent. This is made plain by reading the early verses of the second chapter. Many reasonably hold, moreover, that such passages as 1 Cor. xv. 52 imply an expectation lingering among the Apostles, of a speedy end, which we know now could not have been realized.

We have several fragments and letters written by men contemporary with the closing years of Apostolic teaching—the so-called Apostolic Fathers. In these writings the impatient hope of the Thessalonian Christians seems to be entirely absent. If, as a recent writer has said, the doctrine that the Lord Jesus Christ shall come again is "the grand central truth upon which all our hopes of eternal joy are hung," there is little trace thereof in the extant writings of the Fathers of the Apostolic age. I find but two allusions: The one in the Epistle of Barnabas, which thus interprets Gen. ii. 2. "Attend, my children, to the meaning of this expression—He finished it in six days. This implies that the Lord will finish all things in six thousand years, for a day is with Him a thousand years. And He rested on the seventh day—this meaneth, *when His Son coming shall destroy the time of the wicked men, and judge the ungodly, and change the sun and the moon and the stars, then shall He truly rest on the seventh day.*"



The other is in a fragment from the writings of Papias, thus preserved by Eusebius: "He says there will be a millennium after the resurrection from the dead, when the personal reign of Christ will be established on this earth." The recently discovered "Teaching of the Apostles," which probably dates earlier than any other writing of this age, has a chapter on the coming of the Lord, but so thoroughly in the language of Scripture as to afford no comment thereon. The statement that the Apostolic Fathers were pre-millenarian is made on the basis of insufficient knowledge.

The early Church was cradled in suffering, a faithful few among the many, separate, peculiar. It is quite plain that as the Church grew, it must go out into the world; a sect of people in a city could gather, commune and keep themselves without notice, free from the world. But Christianity is aggressive, and as its adherents increased, it would not only court observation, but find itself brought more and more into contact with surrounding society, which it was endeavouring to win. How far could its members associate with the world and still maintain their Christian character? Precisely what perplexes now. Are services to be plain; or is the æsthetic to be cultivated? How far are the world's doings to be shunned? How far allowed? Was the Church to be a monastery, or as society became influenced by Christian truth, was it to be a part of society? These were the practical questions the Church had to face towards the close of the second century, for Christianity had its patrons, if not its followers, in all departments of life. Warning voices were raised against the secularizing tendencies of the day, and thus arose both in the East and in the West the Montanists, who, like the earlier Methodists, were rather a party in the Church, than separatists. However, separation came then as with the Wesleys. The Montanists held pessimist views of society and looked for the speedy ending of the dispensation, the second advent of the Christ. With the fall of Montanism Millenarianism passed for the most part out of sight. Augustine must be held as the great Western Father who steered theology clear of the earlier second advent expectations. He had at an early age held to the second coming of the Lord to establish His kingdom upon the earth. But this, was to him traditional. Actually he saw the Church

politically in the ascendant; the old Roman Empire, the mystic harlot of the Revelation, was tottering to its fall; now the Church was *Civitas Dei*—the kingdom of God; Christ had come, His kingdom was prevailing. Augustine was the pope of theology, and second advent views were banished from the authoritative teaching of the Church under his influence.

Yet Millenarianism lingered in the echoes of tradition among the poor and downtrodden, and reappeared in the West with almost every movement that appeared against the now state established church. It seemed natural that basking in imperial favour, or struggling hopefully for it, churchmen should rejoice in a present kingdom. On the other hand, they who felt the bitterness of life, and sighed and cried for the abominations in the land, would as naturally lean towards the hope of the coming One who was to receive His people to Himself, and usher in the still future era of righteousness and peace.

This is briefly the historical position of pre-millenarian theology until, say the era of the reformation, when in the activity of religious thought it made itself to be heard, though the prevailing theology of the creed-making period settled down avoiding it.

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#### GENERAL GORDON'S JOURNALS OF THE SIEGE OF KARTOUM.

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The anxiety with which these records were looked for, and the very large sale of such an expensive book on the day of publication, marked the deep interest felt by the people of England in the man whom the mass of his countrymen delighted to honour as a hero and a Christian, and is a cheering indication that amidst so much that is terribly depraved and vicious, as recent society revelations prove, the heart of the people of England beats true to duty, chivalry and faith.

Of course this volume has met with different reception at different hands. While the majority of the reviews which we have seen eulogize the man and his work, some—and we regret to say that among them are professedly moral and religious papers—can only sneer, and use the only one epithet their vocabulary can supply them with—"fanatic." Reading some of these utterances, we ask ourselves. Can the writers really have read the book? and the most charitable conclusion which we can come to is that they have not. "Fanatic," Gordon certainly was not, not a solitary utterance in the book approaches the fanatical. Faith, trust in God, a belief that He orders all

things wisely and well, Gordon had in large degree ; but the practical outcome of his belief might be expressed in the words of another grand old hero, when addressing his men : " Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Gordon worked and planned and fought as though the deliverance of Kartoum and the Soudan depended entirely upon himself, and then left it all in the hands of God. If this was " fanatical," then we can only say, would to God the race of fanatics was multiplied a thousand-fold ; well would it be for the world.

Gordon left England for the Soudan on January 18, 1884. The *Journal* commences on September 10, the day after Col. Stewart, Power, the *Times* correspondent, and Herbin, the Austrian Consul, left Kartoum on the ill-fated steamer *Abbas*. Thenceforth he was the only European left in the city, and so alone, he heroically fought to the bitter end ; the *Journals* close on the 14th December, and the city fell on the 26th January, 1885, forty-three days after.

It would be impossible in a brief article to convey a full knowledge of the causes that led to Gordon's mission to the Soudan, they were many and varied. The English Government, rightly or wrongly, had become largely responsible for the good government of Egypt. The Soudan (*lit.*, land of the blacks), was formerly governed by independent chieftains, who followed

The good old way, the simple plan,

That he shall talk who has the power, and he shall keep who can.

Under the vigorous rule of Mehemet Ali, these chieftains were all brought into subjection to Egypt. When the Mahdi arose, therefore, in 1881, his pretensions took the shape of a rebellion against the rule of the Khedive. It has been well said that " if the Mahdi had asserted himself while Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan, it is not probable that the world would have heard much of him. Gordon would unquestionably have stamped out the spark of rebellion ; it would never have become a devouring fire."\* Step by step the Mahdi acquired strength and influence. He easily defeated the Egyptian forces sent against him, and no wonder, for the unanimous testimony of every English officer and war correspondent is that a more arrant set of cowards does not exist. Well might Gordon long, pray, beseech for two hundred, nay, one hundred, English soldiers, in place of the cowardly rabble, and treacherous as cowardly, with him in Kartoum, and with what grim humour does he announce that he will ship them all down the Nile, and earnestly implores that they be not sent back again. " A more contemptible soldier than the Egyptian never existed. Here we never count on them, they are held in supreme contempt, poor creatures. They never go

out to fight, it would be perfectly iniquitous to make them. We tried it once, and they refused point-blank to leave the steamer. We are *keeping them in cotton wool* to send down to Baring." During the Egyptian campaign, commencing with the bombardment of Alexandria, there were constant rumours of the Mahdi ; to-day victorious, to-morrow defeated ; one day attacking a town and repulsed with heavy loss, the next that it had surrendered to him, and that the garrison had been butchered. Early in 1883 the Egyptian Government awoke to the necessity of taking more active measures than previously to check the Mahdi's ravages, and an army was placed under the command of Col. Hicks, a retired officer of the Indian army, better known subsequently as Hicks Pasha. In his first engagement he was victorious, but in the fall of the year came his fatal march into the desert to recapture El-Obeid, the first place of importance that had succumbed to the Mahdi. The campaign was entered upon with many misgivings by Hicks himself and all the Europeans, chiefly on account of the utter unreliability of the Egyptian troops. How the disaster occurred has never been reliably stated, but the army was annihilated. Not one European among the many officers with Hicks Pasha escaped, and the entire force of 10,000 men, with 5,000 or 6,000 camels, was left to the vultures of the desert. When the news of this terrible disaster reached England it had the effect of rousing the Government to assume a position, which, it is to be regretted, was not taken earlier. They insisted that the Khedive should cease efforts for the re-conquest of the Soudan, and confine them to the rescue of the garrisons, which in the aggregate, with women, children, and non-combatants, were estimated at 30,000 Egyptians. Meanwhile, in England, outside of Government circles, a strong feeling began to be manifested. The country had assumed a responsibility which it could not ignore, and the tendency of public opinion was that the period of masterly inactivity must end, and then, as by common consent, there began to appear in journals of all shades of politics the suggestion that Gordon was the man to be entrusted with whatever was to be done in the Soudan. Gordon had been in the Holy Land and had just returned (New Year's Day, 1884.) His purpose was to proceed to the Congo as the representative of the King of the Belgians. His arrangements for that work were concluded, and on the 16th January he bade what was supposed to be a final farewell to England, and went to Belgium on his way to the Congo. It is old news now how he was recalled by a telegram from the English Government, asked to accept the mission to the Soudan, which he accepted, requested and obtained the assistance of Col. Stewart, and in sixty hours from his starting for Belgium he had returned, made his arrangements, and with his companion was on his way to the Soudan.

\*Chinese Gordon. By Archibald Forbes.

The *why* Gordon was chosen for the work is known to most, but to render this sketch complete it may be as well briefly to re-state it. The predecessor of the present Khedive had been roused to take action against the infamous slave trade that had assumed enormous proportions in what are now known as the Equatorial Provinces, the southerly portion of Upper Egypt. His first step was to make Sir Samuel Baker supreme governor of that district, and though hampered and hindered on all sides he did a good work against the abominable traffic. His term of office expired in 1873, and Gordon was appointed his successor, arriving at Gondokoro, the capital, early in the year. His work there was enormous; he found the slave trade in full force, carried on more secretly it might be than before, aided and abetted by Egyptian officials, who would do anything to deceive Gordon, and thus share in the plunder. But his activity was ceaseless, his determination unmovable, and he came down upon convoy after convoy of slaves, and shipload after shipload would be intercepted going down the Nile. "A boat would come down from Gondokoro." (In consequence of the unhealthiness of the place he had transferred his quarters to Gandab, a little down the river.) "Its appearance would be perfectly innocent—the cargo, wood and ivory, seemingly nothing contraband. But a bird would whisper to the alert Gordon, and a rummage would be made, the wood pulled up; lo! a number of woolly heads, the heads of slaves whom the slavers were trying to smuggle down the river."† Before the end of the year one of his staff summed up his work as follows: "He has certainly done wonders since his stay in this country. When he arrived he found a few hundred soldiers in Gondokoro, who dare not go a hundred yards from that place, except when armed and in bands, on account of the hostile tribes. With these he has garrisoned eight stations, and while Baker's expedition cost the Egyptian Government nearly £1,200,000, Gordon has already sent sufficient money to Cairo to pay for all the expenses of his expedition, including the sums required for last year and the amount required for the concurrent one as well." Expedition followed expedition. Sometimes reverses occurred, generally through the incompetence of officers, or the want of discipline among the men; but success was the rule, and as a result the natives came to trust him as they had trusted no white man before, and the slavers to fear him as they had feared no man before. There was not wanting proof, however, that in Egyptian official circles his activity and success was not what was just wanted; it was altogether different from anything they had been accustomed to. As Gordon said: "The Khedive would rather have some one who would be more quiet, and be content with drawing his salary regularly." His term of

office expired, and he returned to England in 1876. He had not, however, by any means, done with that portion of Africa. He was re-appointed by the Khedive, this time as Governor-General of the Soudan, with Darfour and the Provinces of the Equator, a district 1,640 miles long, and close on 700 miles wide, and his powers included the absolute suppression of slavery. The story of his three years' work there would fill a good sized volume; his energy was amazing, and, aided by his lieutenant, Gessi, an Italian, a man after his own heart, and for whom he often sighed in those last months at Kartoum, he revolutionized that portion of Africa, brought freedom, safety, peace; taught the people that a higher passion than gain was possible, struck a blow at slavery from which it would never have recovered had the new Khedive been as true to Gordon and his work as Ismail Pasha had been. The record that Gordon left was thus eloquently and truthfully summed up by his biographer, early in 1884: "It is not enough that a traveller, riding in his tracks through the Soudan, found the poor people he had ruled crying out for his return, as for that of one divine; it is not enough that he is the one Christian for whom they offer yearly prayers at Mecca. In all parts of the world there are men who delight to tell of his perfections—of faith, and benevolence, and daring; there are men who would shed their last blood for him, men who deem him a prophet, heaven-sent and invulnerable, men who fall prostrate at the mention of his name. But the unsaid is better than the said. To look back on a career so rich in good deeds is to feel that what is hidden is greater than what is revealed, and that in this age of vanity, the love of self-suppression which leaves the record scant, is greatest and most inspiring of all."‡

Such, then, was the man, and such his antecedents, chosen to do the work of the English and Egyptian Governments in the Soudan. It will correct some misapprehensions and help to remove a charge that has been made against Gordon, if we enquire here what was the extent of his authority, and the object of his mission, and we cannot do better than quote Hake in his introduction to the book, abridged as far as we can: "When he (Gordon) left England for the Soudan he had no authority to act, his mission was only to advise. He was to report to her Majesty's Government on the military situation in the Soudan, and on the measures which it might be deemed advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons and the safety of the European population in Khartoum. . . . All action lay in the hands of the Government, to which Gordon was to make his report. . . . Little heed was paid to the clause which said, 'You will consider yourself authorized and instructed to perform such other duties as the Egypt-

†Forbes.

‡Hake.

tian Government may desire to entrust to you. . . . Yet this clause, strangely enough, enabled Gordon to hold a position over which even her Majesty's Government could have no control unless they openly declared the annexation of Egypt and the Soudan." The Khedive again appointed Gordon Governor-General of the Soudan; he accepted the appointment, and the firman making it was endorsed by Lord Granville. Subsequent telegrams and orders make it apparent that the English Government failed to appreciate the force of its own acts, and after having allowed Gordon to accept from the Khedive, who alone had the power to give it, supreme authority in the Soudan, considered that he was still their servant, and was to receive his instructions from them. An extract from the firman of the Khedive will show what was the work: "To carry into execution the evacuation of those territories and to withdraw our troops, civil officials, and such of the inhabitants with their belongings as may wish to leave for Egypt. . . .

And after completing the evacuation you will take the necessary steps for establishing an organized government, for the maintenance of order, and the cessation of all disasters and incitement to revolt." Let it then be thoroughly understood that there could be no disobedience to orders so far as the English Government was concerned; it had put itself out of court by sanctioning Gordon's appointment under the Khedive. That the Khedive fully understood the position is proved by his remarks to Baron Malherbe. Speaking of the appointment of Gordon, he said: "I could not do more than delegate to Gordon my own power and make him irresponsible arbiter of the situation. . . . He is now the supreme master." We might multiply proofs of the position we take, that there was not, could not under the circumstances be, a disobedience of the orders of the English Government, for it transferred Gordon to the Egyptian Government, whose servant thenceforth he was.

That this attempted control was, however, the source of most of the trouble depicted in these journals is abundantly evident. Gordon felt assured—how could he feel otherwise?—that just as England was supporting Egypt and its ruler in the government of that country, putting down one, setting up another, indicating a line of policy in various directions, it would support him, the representative of the Khedive, in carrying out the policy she herself had suggested. Hence his constant reference to the necessity of an expedition to rescue—not himself—as he emphatically puts it again and again, but the garrisons and the people who had come to believe his word as the one white man and Christian who was their true friend. Humanly speaking, it is unquestionable that if the military movements suggested by Gordon at the first had been undertaken, all the garrisons could have been saved. Berber would not have fallen, and the course

and result of the expedition would have been very different to that of 1884. It is not ours to trace the whys and wherefores of the vacillations and delays but it is certain that, while personally the members of the Gladstone Government were favourable to Gordon and his work, as the representatives of a political party, with certain traditions and a certain consistency to maintain, they delayed the expedition until it was too late. The Mahdi swept all before him, Kartoum fell, and Gordon perished.

Another charge that has been brought against Gordon is that he might, up to a late date, have left Kartoum, and that in not so doing he needlessly threw his life away. He might have left Kartoum and saved his life, undoubtedly he might. He says so more than once in his Journal, and there were not wanting suggestions to him to that effect. He says: "How is it possible for me to go away and leave men whom I have egged on to fight for the last six months? How could I leave after encouraging Sennaar to hold out? No one could possibly wish me to do so." . . . Again: "The people up here would reason thus if I attempted to leave: 'Had you not come, we should have given in at once and obtained pardon; now we can, after our obstinate defence, expect no mercy from the Mahdi. . . . It is your bounden duty to stay by us and share our fate.'" . . . "I declare positively, and once for all, that I will not leave the Soudan until every man who wants to go down is given the chance to do so, unless a government is established which relieves me of the charge; therefore, if any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down, I will not obey it but will stay here and fall with the town, and run all risks."§ Cold-blooded politicians may find in this a rash and reckless spirit. To us these words have a grand, heroic ring, they breathe the spirit of an Englishman and a Christian, and so long as England can show such sons as these, she need not fear the future.

(Concluded in next issue.)

## OUR JUBILEE CHURCHES.

(Continued.)

The following seven churches were organized in the year 1835, and thus the present is the year of their jubilee:

### GUELPH, ONTARIO.

was visited by the Rev. Isaac Purkiss, who had already laboured in Laprairie, Que., since he came from England. Finding a few brethren, the Meikle family and others, desirous of being associated in church fellowship as they had been in England, Mr. Purkiss gathered them into a company, and for a time ministered to them, but did not become their pastor. He was succeeded during the winter of 1836 as a temporary supply by Rev. Hiram Denny, who afterwards did

§Our quotations are taken from the American edition, pp. 282-3.

much missionary work throughout the entire region. In the autumn of 1838 the Rev. W. P. Wastell, sent out by the Colonial Missionary Society, took charge of the church, and was its first pastor. Under him were enlargement and consolidation during five years. Rev. L. McGlashen, of the Congregational College, followed for a couple of years, and then, in 1845, Rev. Elisha Martin became the pastor, to be succeeded in that office by Rev. John J. Braine, in 1847. Trouble, vexation, and disaster formed a sad experience for a season, until in 1857 the church was re-organized under the pastoral care of Rev. James Howell. He was followed in 1860 by Rev. W. F. Clarke, who, after a short interregnum in 1864, during which time the late Rev. Charles Pedley supplied the pulpit, resumed the pastorate in 1865 and continued in office until 1872. During his ministry the handsome stone church in which they have since worshipped was erected by the congregation. On the resignation of Mr. Clark, the Rev. W. Manchee became the pastor, who, after labouring some six years, removed to the United States. In the year 1879 the present pastor, Rev. D. McGregor, complied with the call of the church, and assumed the important charge. For many years this church has been a spiritual power in the community surrounding it, and in denominational work. There is a purpose to celebrate its jubilee during this year by fitting services. It has entertained the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec in an admirable manner on two or three occasions.

#### BURFORD AND SCOTLAND, ONTARIO.

These churches are placed together as they have, for the most part, been served by one and the same pastor. They were organized in 1835 by Rev. James Nall, who removed westward from Russeltown, now named Franklin Centre. After eight years of pastoral work, broken only by a brief visit to England during the winter of 1836-7, Mr. Nall removed, in 1843, into the United States. During his ministry the church building at Burford was erected, and it is supposed that at Scotland also. On the departure of Mr. Nall the churches united in calling to their pastorate the Rev. W. F. Clarke, from the college at Toronto, who was ordained at Burford, and entered upon his work on the 16th June, 1844. In the spring of 1846, Mr. Clarke resigned and left the province. For the nine months commencing in August, Rev. W. H. Allworth laboured among the people; but he declined the call of the churches to become their pastor. After some months of spiritual famine, the church at Scotland obtained the services of the Rev. Wm. Hay, who, like the two just mentioned, was from the Congregational College, then at Toronto. Mr. Hay commenced his ministry on 13th Oct., 1847, and was ordained and inducted 19th Jan., 1848. Meanwhile the church at Burford had invited the Rev. James Vincent, pastor

of the church at Paris, to supply their pulpit in connection with his, that of Paris, which he continued to do for ten years, and then, in 1857, removed to the United States. During this period of separation as to the pastorate of the two churches, Mr. Hay organized the church in Kelvin, and held that in connection with Scotland until the removal of Mr. Vincent from Burford. The Rev. John Armour took charge of Kelvin, and the churches of Burford and Scotland again united, now under the ministry of Mr. Hay, in the year 1857, and so continue until the present. Thus for eight and twenty years our esteemed brother has broken the bread of life every Lord's Day to two churches some seven miles apart from each other, and has been rewarded by seeing the work of the Lord continually prosper in his hands.

#### HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

These historical memoranda are presented to the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, which is now meeting with the church in this place for the fifth or sixth time. It is one of our much esteemed jubilee churches, honourable and useful. Mr. Robert Sewell, not in the regular ministry, preached to a few brethren who assembled in a school-room from February to September, 1835. Then there came on to the field a young minister from England sent out by the London Missionary Society as a result of the visit to America of the late Rev. Drs. Reed and Matheson on behalf of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in 1834. Rev. David Dyer, the young minister referred to, worked with skill, diligence, and zeal, gathering a congregation which was respectable in numbers and in character, organizing a church, and succeeded in erected a plain church building of wood. He continued until 1839, where he removed to the neighbourhood of Boston, Mass., and was followed by Rev. W. P. Wastell, from Guelph, in 1840. His pastorate terminated in 1841, and he went westward in the United States. Rev. John Osborne laboured from 1842 to 1846, and was succeeded in 1847 by Rev. Robert Robinson, who is still among us and who worked with diligence and zeal. After five years, in 1852 he resigned and the next year, 1853, was the beginning of the five years' ministry at Hamilton of the late Rev. Edward Ebbs, recently taken from the midst of us. During his successful pastorate the present church edifice of brick was erected. Leaving in 1858, the Rev. Thomas Pullar, from Scotland, in that year commenced the longest pastorate which the church has enjoyed, namely, from 1858 to 1873, a period of fifteen years, which closed his earthly labours for he died in harness and at his post. Another able minister of Christ from the Old Country followed Mr. Pullar, the Rev. Mr. Sanders, who also closed his earthly labours among the people at the end of four years in 1877. Neither of these brethren could be

regarded as aged,—indeed Mr. Sanders was in the prime of life—yet it pleased the Lord to afflict the church by the removal by death in succession of two able and successful ministers whom they revered and loved. During Mr. Sanders' pastorate the addition was made to the church building and it was otherwise improved. After a season of ministerial supplies, the Rev. Joseph Griffith, from Cobourg, became the pastor in 1879, and so continued until 1882, when the present esteemed minister, Rev. John Morton, from Scotland, was inducted. May he long continue to break to them the bread of life.

## COBOURG, ONTARIO.

Rev. Wm. Hayden, like the Rev. D. Dyer, came from England in 1835 under the auspices of the London Missionary Society as instigated by Drs. Reed and Matheson. The Congregational family of Field being in Cobourg and the surrounding country inviting, he settled there and gathering a congregation, speedily erected a place of worship with dwelling house attached. This church building was opened by public services in the autumn of 1836 by the writer. Mr. Hayden from the commencement of his ministry, particularly in its earlier stages, preached at stations in the rural districts for many miles around. One of these became of permanent interest and importance, the seat of the church at Cold Springs, which he organized and where at length he resided, continuing, however, his pastoral relation to Cobourg. I regret that no dates have been furnished, and that no means are at hand to obtain them, but it may be stated that Mr. Hayden's ministry was of considerable duration. For a time after it ceased at Cobourg, the Rev. Joseph Harris became the pastor, and on his resignation the Rev. Thomas Snell succeeded. Then followed Rev. Archibald Burpee. During a part or the whole of the ministry of these brethren at Cobourg, I have the impression that Mr. Hayden continued the pastor of the church at Cold Springs. I have not just now the year of his death. Rev. George Rawson followed Mr. Burpee for a short time, and then the Rev. Charles Pedley took the charge of both the churches, residing in the parsonage at Cold Springs, and preaching in both places every Lord's Day. This was done for a number of years with much efficiency and success. Mrs. Pedley, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Stowell, Principal of Rotherham College, England, died at Cold Springs, leaving her husband and nine sons—the oldest considerably under age—bereaved. Mr. Pedley did not long survive, he sank harassed and in the battle, a conqueror through Him who loved him. Three of the sons are in our ministry, and a fourth is a student in our college preparing for that work. The Rev. Joseph Griffith, from our college, was ordained pastor in Cobourg in 1873 and continued to occupy both fields until 1877, when he was followed

by the present pastor, Rev. Hugh Pedley, under whom much progress has been made. A number of years ago the original church building was enlarged by taking into its area the adjoining dwelling-house. Under the present pastorate the structure has been greatly enlarged and remodelled, while the church and congregation have increased in corresponding measure. The writer has the impression that the last is the third instance of enlarging and improving instead of the second.

Before adverting to the two remaining churches which are in the Province of Quebec, the writer wishes to express uncertainty as to the claims of Alton, Newmarket, Sarnia and Speedside, in Ontario, to rank among the jubilee churches, though he thinks they have not yet reached that age.

## SHERBROOKE AND LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC.

The first name is that of a settlement where great hydraulic power exists, being the property of the British American Land Company. It began about 1835, and so did, in that year, the Congregational Church. The first settlers were for the most part men of position and talent, men of enterprize and skill, who have given a higher tone and character to the community than is usually found in new places. It has grown into a city of several thousand inhabitants with extensive manufacturing and commercial interests. The Rev. James Robertson, who arrived with his family from Scotland in 1832 and settled for a few years at Derby, Vermont, came to Sherbrooke at the instance of some of the men to whom reference has been made, and commenced a ministry of singular instructiveness and power which was continued without interruption until he had reached the advanced age of eighty-six, and which was terminated by his death in 1861. There are few incidents to record in an even course of progress. The first church building was of wood and was erected between two distinct parts of the town to accommodate the dwellers in both. Years afterwards the present edifice was built on a much more convenient site, of brick with cupola and bell. Still later an important addition was made for the purpose of accommodating the Sunday-school and the week evening services. During the latter part of Mr. Robertson's ministry, Rev. Mr. Torvey was his assistant for a year. Soon after the Lord removed His aged servant, the church called to its service the Rev. Archibald Duff, from Cowansville, who continued their loved and faithful pastor for more than twenty years. About 1880 he was made senior pastor and a young minister, Rev. Mr. Sherman, took the more active work as pastor. Dr. Duff continued to preach at Lennoxville. In 1883, Dr. Duff took what proved a final leave of his flock at Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, and proceeded to England on a visit, where he died. Mr. Sherman having resigned, the church called Rev. E. H. Brainerd from

Union Theological Seminary, New York, who is the present pastor under whom there has been considerable ingathering. This church stands well in the midst of neighbouring churches, and the general community.

EATON, QUEBEC.

Soon after 1835, when the church was formed, the Rev. E. J. Sherrill began a ministry of great excellence and usefulness which continued forty years and was not laid down until failing health led him to seek repose and relief in his native country where he ere long fell asleep in the Lord. As early as was practicable his people erected a neat and commodious church building which continues to this day. There have always been preaching stations in the surrounding country where many have been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and into the Eaton Church. It has received and trained a large number of young people, of men and women who have in succession left the locality to occupy posts of usefulness in other places and who have been a source of strength to other churches. That of Sherbrooke has in this way been very greatly indebted to Eaton. Mr. Sherrill ever cultivated among his people a missionary spirit, so that the church failed not to send its annual contributions to the American British Congregational Foreign Missions. The subsequent occupants of this interesting field have not remained long: Mr. W. F. Currie, one of the students, supplied a year; Rev. W. W. Smith a little longer; Rev. F. James about the same length of service, and then returned to England. The present pastor came to them from Kincardine, Ontario, Rev. George Skinner. He laboured there after leaving our college for two years and took charge at Eaton in 1884. It is believed that he is encouraged in his work, and that the prospect is one of promise.

This imperfect narrative affords no little matter for reflection and would suggest practical lessons of some moment; but reasonable limits have been already exceeded and the paper is submitted as it is.

HENRY WILKES.

Montreal, 15th May, 1885.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JAMES BEATTY,  
Q.C., M.P., AND AUTHOR OF A BOOK EN-  
TITLED "PAYING THE PASTOR."

SIR,—You have felt it to be your duty to publish a book, the avowed object of which is to prove that pastors should not be paid for their services. The spirit in which you write this book may easily be learned from the following:

As soon as your ears will allow you to exercise your functions you see a man deformed, tall, and thin, medium-sized and fat, or short and chunky, enter from a door at the rear or side of the pulpit, with solemn gait, grave demeanour, and pleasant smile, growing into solemn visage, the tailor's or milliner's skill strikingly displayed in gowns and tassels,

ruffles and starch, hood and necktie, all carried with the mien and carriage of a master of ceremonies, your spiritual master and pastor.

No doubt you are of the opinion that this description of a preacher is exceedingly clever. It would be amusing were it not so intolerably stupid and contradictory. Ordinary mortals fail to see how the pastor described can be "tall and thin," and at the same time "short and chunky." This sentence, which you seem to have elaborated with great care, shows the spirit in which you come to the discussion of a grave and important question, and throws a flood of light on your book. The following description which you give of a religious service serves the same purpose:

A prayer, a hymn, an organ-recital, a collection, a Scripture reading, a sermon of from fifteen to twenty-five minutes of glittering generalities, plagiarized platitudes, and soothing sophisms, a prayer, and again a hymn, maybe, a benediction, and a bustle out, and the public worship of God is over.

These extracts show how you *feel* towards the men whose rights you assail.

Please allow me to ask you one or two questions before we say anything about your book. I learn from one of the daily journals that the original title of your book was "Paying the Pastor, Unscriptural and *Papistical*." Pray, Mr. Beatty, why did you change this title in your reprint? Why did you drop the word *Papistical*? It is not a very elegant word certainly, but it no doubt expressed some idea that you had in your mind at the time you used it. Is paying the pastor "*Papistical*?" Then why don't you say so in your reprint as well as in the original title? Perhaps you mean that paying the pastor was "*Papistical*" when you published your first edition and ceased to be "*Papistical*" by the time the world needed a second edition. If you don't rise and explain, Mr. Beatty, wicked men may conclude that fear of the Catholic vote in West Toronto may have had something to do with this change of title.

In a speech delivered in England not long ago, you are reported as having made the following statements about the mineral wealth of Canada:

There are mines of gold, of silver, of copper and precious stones—all you have to do is to go and pick them up. Gold lies there in the beds of the rivers, shining in the gladness of noontday sun, and all you have to do is pick it up and put it in your pocket.

No "glittering generalities," or "plagiarized platitudes," or "soothing sophisms" in that glowing description of Canadian rivers. It is original—strikingly original. The originality shines out much more clearly than the lumps of gold referred to shine "in the gladness of the noontday sun." Probably an Englishman, who, on the strength of this outburst, came to Canada to pick up the gold and put it into his pocket, might conclude that there was a "sophism" lurking somewhere, though he certainly would conclude that the sophism was "soothing."

Now, Mr. Beatty, are the facts set forth in your book as reliable as *facts* contained in this speech?

I shall not follow you into the Scripture argument on this question of paying the pastor. To bring the weight of Scripture to bear on your book would be a useless expenditure of force. A sledge-hammer is not used killing mosquitoes, nor are shoes pegged with a pile-driver. The usage of your own profession amply illustrates the absurdity of your book.

As a lawyer you willingly take compensation for your eminent professional services. Are your services worth more to your clients than the services of a pastor are worth to his congregation? Is pleading in the courts a higher and better kind of work than preaching the Gospel, praying with the sick and comforting the dying? You would take as large a fee as you could get for trying to convince a judge that there is a difference between *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*; but you think the man who tries to convince men to live better lives should work for nothing! Lawyers take *pay in advance for defending murderers, keepers of bawdy-houses, and people of that kind*; but you consider that the man who spends his strength in urging his fellow-men to live orderly and pure lives should work for nothing and board himself! A member of your profession would take \$500 for defending the dispenser of frozen whiskey in Muskoka, or the purchaser of cats in Lennox for purposes of bribery; but you contend that a preacher who helps to make men honest should receive no salary!

Let us take a concrete illustration with which your legal mind can easily grapple. St. Andrew's Church in your constituency is a noble structure, built by constituents of yours, who are so ignorant and foolish as to pay their pastor. From some point on the premises there is no doubt a drain leading to the nearest sewer. Should the corporation *illegally interfere with that drain* the people of St. Andrew's would proceed against the city in the courts. You would take a brief from St. Andrew's—if you got it. Let us suppose you got the brief and a good retainer such as the St. Andrew's people would give. You take proceedings; you argue about that drain in court; you explain all about its origin and its connection with the sewer. While you are doing this high class work for St. Andrew's in the courts, their pastor, Mr. Macdonnell, is preaching the Gospel to them, visiting the sick, comforting the bereaved, praying with the dying, and burying the dead. You would take pay for attending to the drain; but Mr. Macdonnell should not get anything for ministering to the spiritual wants of the people! That point may be seen more easily than the gold that you described as "shining in the gladness of the noonday sun."

Let me lead you gently along another line of illustration. As a lawyer wearing silk you no doubt have great respect for the Bench and Bar. How does it

come that so many of the most eminent men on the Bench and at the Bar pay the pastor and listen devoutly to the "plagiarized platitudes" to which you refer? Does it not strike you as a little strange that Episcopalians like the venerable and honoured Chief Justice of Ontario, S. H. and Edward Blake; Presbyterians like Mr. Justice Patterson, Attorney-General Mowat, James McLennan, Q.C., and the late Mr. Bethune; Baptists like Chancellor Boyd; Methodists like Mr. McLaren and Mr. Justice Rose (who sits, rumour says, where you tried to sit) does it not seem strange that these men all pay for "plagiarized platitudes?"

You are a member of the House of Commons. As such you receive a thousand dollars for each session and travelling expenses. The indemnity for last session was fifteen hundred dollars, twice the minimum salary of a Presbyterian minister. Could you state in terms as exact as those in which you describe Canadian rivers the precise value of the services which you *rendered the Dominion for these fifteen hundred dollars of the people's money*: If you could make this plain your book might have more influence.

There are other points we might discuss, such as this: The people pay the pastor voluntarily. They are not taxed for his salary as the people of the Dominion are taxed for your sessional allowance. Their contributions are a free-will offering. There are no taxing officers such as make up your bills of costs. The people need not pay the pastor unless they like, but the best of them always do like. And they don't pick the money out of these rivers either. No doubt you pity them. The next time you address your constituents tell them what fools they are; but be careful about that word "Papistical."

#### TERM-SERVICE IN THE PASTORATE.

From a most unexpected quarter comes a proposal to adopt the term-service method in the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It is contended that the term-service system would not only be a good thing in itself but that it follows as a necessary logical consequence from term-service in the eldership. Dr. Harper, of Alleghany, is quoted as authority on this point. Dr. Harper may be good authority, but his own Church does not adopt his view. The American Presbyterian Church have adopted the term-service system in regard to the eldership; but instead of thinking this a reason why the same system should be adopted in the pastoral relations, the best minds in that church condemn short pastorates as one of the greatest evils against which the Church has to contend. The system of "stated supply," which is one form of term-service, is tolerated; but tolerated as an evil that the Church cannot rid itself of without introducing other and perhaps greater evils.

The writer to whom we allude gives no details in re-



gard to the system he would recommend instead of the present method of forming and dissolving the pastoral tie. The "revision of pastoral relations every five or six years," is so vague an expression that it is utterly impossible to say what it may mean. It is as indefinite as Imperial Federation. The details may come later on and when they do come may be discussed; but in the meantime intelligent discussion on this branch of the case is an impossibility. On all such questions the main difficulties are in working out the details. It is easy to say "Consolidate the Colleges"; but nobody has yet appeared with a suitable plan for consolidation. It is equally easy to say: "Revise pastoral relations every five years"; but who is ready with a workable plan for revision even if the principle were admitted—which it is not by a long way.

On one point, however, the writer in question is full and clear. He asserts that there is a great deal of "uneasiness and unrest in the relations between pastor and people," and contends that the term service system would greatly lessen, if not entirely remove, this uneasiness and unrest. This uneasiness and unrest, it is alleged, often exist between people that "are apparently teachable, candid and generous" and ministers that are "earnest and faithful." We shall not here question the fact that such uneasiness and unrest exist, nor ask the writer why he uses the word "apparently" in describing these excellent people. We join issue on one point and one point only. We deny that term-service in the pastorate would be a remedy for the unrest. We assert that term-service would increase and intensify the unrest. And we further assert that in many instances, if the Church tried to remedy the unrest by changing the pastor, the Church would do that which is morally wrong.

In order that there may be no doubt about the point we wish to maintain, let it be again stated: "Term-service in the pastorate is no remedy for uneasiness and unrest in a vast majority of the cases in which such uneasiness and unrest exist." Assuming the existence of the unrest and that it would be a good thing to remove it, term-service in the pastorate is not a remedy.

Let us first discuss the cases described—those in which an "apparently teachable, candid and generous people" are uneasy under an "earnest and faithful" minister. Such cases we believe are few but they are confessedly difficult. How was the pastoral tie formed in such cases? Quite likely these people heard fifty candidates before they gave a call to one. They rejected forty-nine out of the fifty and perhaps spoke very contemptuously about many of them. Perhaps they sent to a foreign country for the right man. Possibly they went over the sea for him. When they called him they promised him all due assistance and encouragement. Was that call a sham? Was it a fraud—a pious fraud, but a fraud all the same? Per-

haps they took him from a congregation in which there was no uneasiness or unrest until their call caused it. When he accepted, quite likely many of them boasted that there was no such man in the Church. When he came they said they had got a pastor from the Lord. The members of Presbytery that inducted him said so too, and thanked the Lord for sending him. Should a tie so formed be dissolved simply because the people, or some of them, become restless—restless probably for no reason? Should eight men out of ten who are living happily with their wives, be divorced simply because the other two don't know a good woman when they see her? If a bishop or conference sent this "earnest and faithful" pastor without consulting the congregation the case would be different, but the people called that man, urged him to come, promised to help and support him, and it is just a little too much to remove him because they, or some of them feel uneasy.

There is a radical objection to a change of pastor on the simple ground of unrest. Unrest in many cases is a mere symptom. The cause or causes which produce it may and often do lie below the surface. We see the symptoms but do not always see the cause. Removing the pastor is in many cases but treating symptoms. The real cause is not touched. No skilful medical man treats symptoms merely. He strikes at the causes that produced the symptoms and when the causes disappear the symptoms disappear along with them. The Church should not be less sensible in dealing with the souls of men than doctors are in dealing with their bodies.

Nor is this all. The unrest is in itself often sinful. A state of uneasiness and unrest is not the normal condition of a man or congregation growing in grace. If then the condition be, as in many cases it is, sinful, should the Church of God frame its procedure to suit conditions in themselves sinful?

In many cases the causes of unrest are not far to seek. Everybody in the neighbourhood knows them. Let a few of the best known be specified.

The faithfulness with which a minister preaches often causes unrest. If he faithfully warns sinners and rebukes sin in church members he cannot fail to cause more or less unrest. To produce unrest is the proper thing for him to do. Elijah produced considerable unrest in his time. So did Paul. So does every man who preaches faithfully and manfully? Is the Presbyterian Church ready to say to every man who arouses slumbering sinners and unmasks hypocrites: "Oh, you have made these people uneasy; we must send you to some other congregation." If so, the first duty of the Church is to die. Heaven send us more men who can make proud sinners and selfish professors uneasy. The principal trouble with the Church just now is that ministers and people are too much at ease.

Faithfulness in matters of discipline often causes uneasiness and unrest. A session that dares to do its duty quite often makes certain kinds of men uneasy. The more uneasiness they feel the better for themselves. But should the Church remove a minister because he and his elders deal with men, some of whom may be living in open sin? And yet many men thus dealt with, some of whom should never have been in the Church and some of whom should have been expelled many years ago, are at the bottom of much of the uneasiness that prevails in many congregations. In such cases the uneasiness is caused by sin, and removing the pastor is simply giving the devil a triumph.

As a plain unvarnished fact, unrest in a great majority of cases is caused by the worst elements in a congregation and giving way to those who cause it is simply allowing the wrong to trample down the right. The number of cases in which earnest, working, praying Christians cause unrest is very small.

Cranks often cause unrest. Somebody has said that one healthy hornet can break up a camp meeting. One vile, healthy, long-tongued crank can keep any congregation in a state of unrest. Would it be well to change the pastor on account of the unrest caused by cranks? Is the Church of John Knox ready for crank rule? Heaven forbid.

There are too many people in the Church—one would be one too many—who have been known all their lives as troublemakers in Israel. Their capacity for doing mischief is infinite. The moment they connect themselves with a congregation trouble begins. They produce unrest as naturally as they breathe. Their very faces are a breach of the peace. Wrangling and bitterness follow them as naturally as slime follows a serpent. When these men cause unrest is it the proper thing for the authorities to step in and dissolve the pastoral tie? What is the use in such a procedure? The same parties will cause unrest under the next pastor. They may make a great fuss over him at first but that makes the matter worse. The unrest will come in less than a year perhaps. What has been gained by the change?

There are burning questions that in their very nature cause unrest, such as the hymn question, the organ question, the question of posture in worship and others that might be named. No matter who the pastor may be, or how frequently he may be changed, these questions cause trouble. The Angel Gabriel could not keep down the unrest were he pastor when these questions come up in certain kinds of congregations.

Special services in a neighbouring congregation, or conducted by irresponsible parties outside, are a fruitful source of unrest. Would it be just or reasonable to remove pastors because unrest may be caused in this way? Anyway removal might be no remedy, for the causes that produced the unrest would remain.

Though no details are given in regard to the proposed scheme for revising pastoral relations it comes out accidentally that the "call" of the old system is to be retained. The writer in question asserts that under the proposed plan ministers would get calls who cannot get them under the present system. Pastors are then to be called under the new state of things. That is to say *seven hundred* calls are to be made every five years. And that is a remedy for unrest. *One* call often produces a good deal of unrest in two congregations—in the one giving it and in the one whose pastor is called. What a delightful calm we shall have when the seven hundred congregations are calling at once.

An illustration or two from other religious bodies might be put in here to show that change is no remedy for unrest but rather increases it. The Methodists change every three years. Their congregations are not any more restful than ours. The stated supply of the American Church (hired man system) is a failure as a rest-producer. Our own mission stations have changes every few months. Many of them are very restless. In fact changes in their very nature are likely to cause unrest. It is not denied that in some instances a change every five years might be a good thing for both pastor and people but introducing a revolution for the purpose of meeting isolated cases would be like beheading a man to remove a wart from his nose.—*Knoxonian, in the Canada Presbyterian.*

## Mission Notes.

### CANADIAN CONGREGATIONAL FOREIGN MISSION.

Many of our people seem anxious to learn something about the Foreign Mission work in which our Canadian churches are about to engage. They ask, where is our field to be? What is the nature of the country? What kind of people are the natives, and whether there is any prospect of successful work being done among them? As the appointed missionary will not be able to visit the churches for some time at least, as he may not be able to meet with some of the churches at all, a few notes about "our Foreign Mission" may be of interest to some of the readers of THE INDEPENDENT.

The field selected for the pioneer efforts of the Canadian Congregational Foreign Mission is a section of that great country in the West Coast of Africa, recently occupied by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions and situated in the region of Bihe.

If we regard the Kingdom of Bihe as the centre of this mission, we will soon see how large is the field open to us for work. The king of Bihe is a person of no small importance in his own land, the ruler over

a numerous and intelligent people. Commodore Cameron saw more people in his capital than he saw in any city visited by him during his journey across the Dark Continent, and he visited a number of the largest cities in Central Africa. While another explorer declares that there is a town or village on nearly every hill top in the surrounding country.

To the west of Bihe is the territory of Bailundu, ruled over by a king as influential and powerful as the king of Bihe, if not more so. While to the north-east is situated Muaba Tauva's kingdom of Ulundi and Urua. This kingdom is reputed to be the largest in Central Africa, though very little is certainly known about it.

We have thus three great African kingdoms, of which Bihe is the centre, and a link binding them together. In addition to these we have also much more territory, where the people were altogether without the Gospel when the Mission Board began its operations there a few years ago, and where no other society is at work at present. The field is a large one. There is much to be done. The Canadian Congregational Foreign Mission Society has been invited to share in the work, and has undertaken the care of a section of the field, to the full extent of its ability.

This field offers peculiar advantages for missionary work. Bihe is a great caravan centre from which roads branch off toward all the leading places of commerce and of population in Central Africa, and from which there is an oft travelled road leading directly to the coast at Benguella. A vessel of the royal mail line leaves Lisbon once a month on its way to the coast, and reaches St. Philip's Port at Benguella in about thirty-five days from the time of starting. From this point mail matter and goods for use in the mission can be readily transported inland by beasts of burden, or by means of carriers. Along the coast, where the country is low and vegetation very rank, there is no doubt a great deal of sickness during the rainy season. But as the traveller makes his way inland, he now reaches a much more elevated country, leaves behind him the fever producing coast, and finds the climate both pleasant and healthy. Arrived at Bihe he finds himself in a country over five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the tropical heat modified to such an extent, by the high altitude, that the temperature seldom stands higher than it often does in Montreal during the summer time, while as a rule the missionary finds that he requires to wear just such clothing as he would wear in our country during the spring and fall. The water supply also appears to be abundant. Rivers are spread out over the face of the country like a great network, some of them large, and some of them very small.

So then we find in the region of Bihe, a numerous people, living in organized communities, a field in which the only society at work is one with which our

Canadian churches can work with the utmost harmony ; a country in which a white man can live and work with some degree of comfort ; easy communication with the outer world, and with the friends at home ; a centre from which the Gospel may be borne along open roads to almost any part of Central Africa. Surely then we have, thus far, a field.

Where every prospect pleases ;  
And only man is vile.

W. T. C.

The Rev. S. McFarlane, of the London Missionary Society, writes regarding the New Guinea Mission at Fly River :

"It appears that the savages of that district were holding their annual sacred feast, for which purpose about three thousand people were assembled at Kiwai, the largest village in the Fly River, and the seat of the principal station. It is the custom on these occasions to sacrifice two or three wild pigs to their stone gods, of which the old men get the benefit, and, failing to catch wild pigs, they catch human beings instead, who are often more easily obtained. Twice the young men had returned unsuccessful from hunting the wild boar, and there were but two more days before the appointed time for their religious ceremony and feast. Around the log fire in the cocoa-nut grove that night the question was seriously discussed whether they should again hunt the wild boar on the morrow, or cross the river and make a raid upon one of the villages of their enemies.

"The chief, who is a very old man and a noted warrior, renowned for the number of people he has killed with his own hand, and who has great influence with the whole tribe, got up, and addressed the crowd : 'Why,' cried he, 'seek pigs in the bush or across the river, whilst we have some here with us ? Don't you see that we have had more sickness amongst us since these missionaries came with their God ? *They* are the proper pigs to kill for this feast.' He paused to see the effect of his words. There was a murmur of disapprobation among the young men, many of whom had already become attached to the teachers. 'Cowards!' the old man cried. 'I will provide the pigs for the feast.' And so, before the assembly broke up, the chief's advice was accepted, and the teachers were doomed. Messengers were to be sent to Samari and kill the teachers there on the same day.

"The proceedings of this meeting were fully reported in secret to one of the teachers by a faithful native, at the risk of his life, which led the teachers to keep their light burning and a watch all night. The natives, being afraid of the teachers' fowling-piece, had arranged to wait till the lights were extinguished and the teachers asleep before they made the attack. I need scarcely say that no one slept in

the mission house that night. It was surrounded by a crowd of savages who were armed with bows, arrows, and spears, and in war costume.

"As it was evident that, if the natives failed to kill them that night, an open attack would be made on the following day, it was resolved to attempt to escape before daylight. Their boat, fortunately, was anchored conveniently opposite the mission house. When all was ready, about three o'clock in the morning, the house still being surrounded by a crowd of armed natives, Wacene suddenly opened the front door, and fired his double-barrelled gun in the air. The natives probably thinking that the teachers had opened fire on them, rushed behind the house into the bush, which was just the thing the teachers desired and expected, and before they had time to recover and find that nobody was wounded, the teachers had slipped out, under cover of the darkness, got into their boat, and were pulling down the river. No time was lost in reaching Samari, our mission station at the mouth of the river on the eastern side. There the other two teachers were taken on board, and the whole party crossed over to Parem, our nearest mission station on the western side of the river, where the first martyrs of the New Guinea Mission suffered, but where it is now perfectly safe.

"It is not long since I spent a few pleasant and interesting days at Kiwai. The old chief and all the people then appeared friendly, and expressed their pleasure at having the teachers amongst them. Why this sudden change?

"Doubtless because of indiscretion committed by a South Sea Island teacher at Kiwai, in the Fly River, about a month ago. The man who was turned out of the house belonged to Samari, another of our stations about twelve miles distant. He left the house very angry and soon returned with a number of his friends, all armed with bows, arrows and spears. The teacher had gone under the house, which stands on posts six feet high, to feed a pig they had bought from the natives, and was there attacked. Wacene, hearing his cries for help, rushed out with an unloaded gun, and succeeded in frightening the natives so as to make a way for his colleague's escape into the house.

"When the excitement subsided, they all became much afraid of the consequences of their attack, and, having heard of natives being punished by a man-of-war for killing teachers, and, fearing the wounded teacher would not recover, they decided to prepare a retreat in the bush before the arrival of the 'big fighting canoe.'

"During the following week or ten days, the natives continued their preparations for flight at any moment. Temporary houses were erected far back in the bush, in case their village should be burned down. It was in vain that Wacene assured them that no man-of-war should punish them without the

sanction of his missionary. There was no convincing them, however, and the resolve to kill the mission party at the feast-time seems to have arisen chiefly from the desire to embrace what they considered their only chance of revenge for what they felt sure would happen.

"The mission yacht, *Mary*, which we have had on the stocks in the industrial schoolyard here for the last two years, will be launched in about a fortnight. Our first trip in her will be to the Fly River, where, I have no doubt, we shall be able to arrange peaceably these matters, and reinstate the teachers. We expect to meet with difficulties and dangers during the first few years amongst such savage and warlike tribes as those who live on the banks of the Fly River. We had to do this at Saibai. Twice I had to reinstate the teachers there, and once the natives tried to poison them. Now we are obtaining from the Church at that station our best young men for the Papuan Mission."

## Correspondence.

### MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—I write you from a spot rendered famous by the poet Longfellow, in his poem "Evangeline." I look out on the Grand Pre, and in five minutes I can be tossing about in the basin of Minas. I have climbed Blomidon and preached the Gospel, "where the sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, and ne'er from their station descended."

But before I ask your readers to accompany me in my labours and rambles by the classic shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia I must pay a small debt I owe to a few of the churches I visited in the West since I wrote you last. And first let me correct a typographical error that appeared in your last. I acknowledged on behalf of the St. Thomas church, \$20 from George Hague, Esq., and \$2 from James Wilkes, Esq., and not from George Haine and James Walker. Before coming East, I visited the churches of

#### PINE GROVE AND HUMBER SUMMIT.

Attendance at missionary meetings in both places good, taking into account the season of the year and the circumstances of the churches. I found that these churches, that had so liberally contributed to the fund of the Missionary Society in former years, had done nothing this year. Whose fault? I will leave others to decide that. I have my own opinion. There are but two other churches within the bounds of our Union that have refused to lend a helping hand to the work of missions in our own Dominion. As might be expected the friends in Pine Grove and Humber Summit were not in a very happy state. But they were

hoping if they could only obtain for their pastor the young man who supplied during college vacation three years ago, things would shortly move smoothly again, and I am rejoiced to hear that the man of their choice now fills the pastorate, Mr. Andrew Gerrie, B.A.

I spent a few days, including a Sabbath, in St. Catharines. The congregations were small. The Sunday-school gives promise of usefulness. The little children are trained not only to love the Lord but to work for Him. They have a society of "little workers," which might be copied with very great profit by every Sunday school, and if any one will write Pastor Wetherald he will have the necessary information supplied. As I have said on the occasions of my former visits to St. Catharines, before there can be much improvement in the congregation there, they must have a more suitable building, and in a more central situation.

No man can be more faithful nor more highly esteemed than our brother, the present pastor; but he works against almost insuperable difficulties.

This is all I have to say at present about the West, except to correct a mistake that I made in writing of the churches at

EDGAR AND RUGBY.

It will appear from their missionary list of collections and contributions that they have done less for the society than in the former years, when in point of fact, they have given more to missions in that Edgar Church, especially, has put about \$300 into the new and very beautiful church in Dalston. One of the last things I did for a Western church was to forward the cash to procure a communion service for Dalston, the gift of the good ladies of the Edgar church.

There are few churches in the Province that have done more in proportion to opportunities for all denominational objects than Edgar, and I would be sorry if, from a sin of *omission* on my part, anyone should be wounded or discouraged.

With just a passing visit to Kingston, I came right through from the Union meetings in Hamilton to the Maritime Provinces. I made my first halt at

ST. JOHN,

where I was rejoiced to find very marked indications of progress. Several improvements have been made in the building, congregations are much larger, the Sunday-school growing, and better than all, many have been added to the number of those who compose the body of Christ. Mr. Saer as usual works very hard. I think he has worked too hard, and I fear if he continues at the same rate he will not work very long. The Master said to His disciples: "Rest awhile." The St. John Church is encumbered with a heavy debt, which cripples all its operations, and weighs heavy upon the heroic pastor and the faithful few who surround him. He is planning to make a mighty effort to remove it. He intends to appeal to the sister

churches across the line, and perhaps in the mother country. Let us all pray that he may be successful.

KESWICK RIDGE

is over 100 miles from St. John and overlooks the beautiful little city of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. There are two preaching stations connected with the Ridge church. I found the people very much discouraged and I really think they had just reasons to be. For months without a pastor and the former pastorate terminated as it was. If our good friends in Keswick Ridge had not been so blind as to set themselves against the council system they would have been saved a good deal of trouble in this instance. They had better call a council to settle their next pastor, and require that he be dismissed in the same way.

Rev. Jacob Whitman has been supplying at my request since May, and giving great satisfaction as a supply, but at his time of life, there is no intention of settling as pastor. There is a spacious, well-finished church, perhaps the largest congregation we have in the Maritime Provinces, a good parsonage with several acres of land. It is within three miles of a railway station in one of the healthiest spots in the Dominion of Canada.

Who will go to Keswick Ridge and live and work for Christ and souls?

We wish to see a settled pastor there as soon as possible, and we will be glad to put any earnest, faithful brother into communication with the church, with a view to a call. A little missionary help may be required for the first year, but not beyond that if the right man is found. The Union meets here next year.

SHEFFIELD

is on the River St. John, and about twenty miles below Fredericton. We found the Rev. Joseph Barker still toiling here. The work must be very trying to a man who is so anxious and solicitous about results as he is, for every year families are moving away and those coming in, if any do come, belong to other churches. Yet I found the Ladies' Missionary Association had kept up its good name during the year and besides contributing to the deficiency of last year had done almost as well for this.

The Sheffield folk are zealous and make sacrifices for their denomination. It is always a pleasure to meet with them. I have to regret that I had only one night for that interesting place. I with a number of the members came along to the Union meetings at

CHEBOGUE,

which was my next point. These meetings have been so well described by yourself and others in the August number that I may pass on, after saying that this is the third Union I have had the pleasure of attending in Nova Scotia, and it was by far the best. From

when we started at Sheffield till we parted at Yarmouth, we felt we were among loving and devoted servants of the Lord Jesus. Such meetings make us long for the final union in the house of many mansions where there will be no more separation. May all those who met in old Chebogue work and watch and wait, and may we clasp hands on the shores of that heavenly land of which we spoke and sang so much during the happy days in the early part of July 'ast.

Everything in connection with the church in Chebogue testifies to the faithful and successful labours of our beloved brother Watson. A good Sunday school organized by him, a Ladies' Missionary Association created by the zeal of Mr. Watson, and a goodly number added to the church are among the indications of progress that I may notice in addition to those you so justly mentioned in your editorial jottings. The church in Chebogue for obvious reasons can never be large, but it has been and may be in the future influential. It has been a nursery and many valuable plants have been transferred to flourish in other places.

The little church contributed last year twice as much to the funds of the Missionary Society as many churches with double the membership. This comes from the power of example as well as precept—Mr. W. preaches and practises *systematic giving*.

#### YARMOUTH,

under the vigorous hand of Mr. McIntosh, is growing steadily in numbers and spiritual power. I judge only in part from what I saw, but principally from the testimony of several influential members whom I met at the Union. Our earnest brother is not only solicitous about his own field, but has thrown his energies into the work of the churches throughout the bounds of the Union. The brethren find him a wise counsellor and a willing helper. There are one or two places of great promise, and where there is destitution of the means of grace not very far from Yarmouth, which our brother is most anxious about. If we had labourers to spare one at least could be most usefully employed in these parts.

In company with the Rev. S. Sykes, I started for a drive of 110 miles round the coast to Liverpool. We rode seven miles to Tusket, where we had breakfast, worship, and Christian fellowship with Mr. Philip Hilton and Mrs. Hilton, members of the church in Chebogue, who though so far removed from their church home still support by their presence and means the place so dear to them by so many hallowed associations.

The day was beautiful as we drove along the shore or through the dense forest—stopping occasionally to rest our horse, or enjoy the luxury of a plunge in the foam-crested waves. By ten o'clock at night we reached Shelburne, a distance of sixty-four miles,

where we rested for the night and were kindly received by a member of the Liverpool church, though over forty miles from it. The next day was one of surpassing beauty, and the scenery through which we rode and which was visible all along the shore rendered weariness impossible to a lover of nature. Hill and dale, rivers and lakes, islands dotted along the coast, the bays and harbours, with here and there peeps at the boundless ocean, made me forget all time and toil and care. I have often remarked: Why do people go out of Canada in search of scenery when we have such a superabundance of it without the thousands of petty inconveniences and many positive dangers incident to travel and sojourn in other lands!

#### LIVERPOOL

is still, I am glad to say, under the pastoral care of Rev. S. Sykes. Here I had good meetings and learn that the interests of our society are attended to by the ladies of the church. Mr. Sykes has far too much work for one man, no matter how willing or able, in trying to shepherd the churches of Brooklyn and Beach Meadows. The people do not complain in these two last-named places, nor will not as long as they have the self-denying labours of such a man; but I think he is doing an injustice to himself, and moreover I am quite certain there is enough of work for one man in the town of Liverpool, and that the cause there would be greatly benefited if the pastor could readjust the hours of service on the Lord's day, and conserve his strength for that congregation alone. Mr. Sykes is one of those men sometimes to be found among ministers, who is willing to sacrifice himself for the public good. He has done a blessed work right along every place he has laboured and it is a pity he should wear out too soon.

#### MILTON

is vacant, the Rev. W. Johnston having resigned shortly before I came to the East. I had good congregations both on the Sabbath and week evenings. The question now is: What shall be done for Milton? It is the opinion of the Liverpool friends that the time for union with them under one pastor has passed, or at all events is not now. Milton is not large enough to afford scope for a man who is ambitious to make the most of his short life. Could it be linked to Brooklyn or Beach Meadows, a man would have a nice field. There is a comfortable residence, a good church, a nice people. What will be done? Humanly speaking, all depends on the man. The right man will find a comfortable home, a promising field, and a loving people. Lord of the harvest, send a labourer to Milton!

#### BEACH MEADOWS.

This is a very interesting congregation, principally composed of fishermen and their families. Their neat little church has been further improved since last year. I had large congregations. The Ladies' Mission-

ary Society continues its good work, and few of the auxiliaries give more self-denying effort than this one.

#### BROOKLYN.

Besides addressing a large congregation on the Sabbath, and having a public meeting during the week, we had a missionary conference, composed of representatives of the Liverpool, Milton, Beach Meadows, and Brooklyn Ladies' Missionary Societies. This was a most important meeting, and made us wish that such conferences could be held throughout the country frequently. These four auxiliaries hold quarterly meetings, besides an annual, when they spend a whole day in conference upon their work.

#### PLEASANT RIVER

is about forty miles from Milton. I had a congregation of less than a hundred, and a meeting of the church composed of seven persons, who showed very little interest in the work of the Lord among them. The finances are falling off, and altogether the outlook is most unpromising. There is a parsonage, and perhaps twelve acres of land; but the population in this part of the field is continually diminishing.

#### OHIO

is perhaps eight miles from Pleasant River. There is a much larger congregation, and they appear to be more earnest and anxious about their work, but they have no place of worship. They meet in a school-house, which on this occasion was uncomfortably crowded, and yet many could not gain admission. This congregation is almost wholly depending on our missionary for the means of grace. They talk of building a church, but people in this part of the country move very slowly.

#### BAKER'S SETTLEMENT.

This is about ten miles from Pleasant River, and is the third station of the mission, thus making a very hard day's work for the missionary. There was a congregation of about two hundred. Whether they care anything for the work in their midst or not, I cannot tell, for not one person could I induce to give an opinion at the meeting I called for the purpose of considering the future of the church. The building has not been advanced anything since last year. I think there is a good field in Baker's Settlement, but some shaking, or waking up is necessary. In fact all over the district there was only evidence of slumber and death. There is not the slightest use in going on in this way. It is most discouraging to the pastor, ruinous to the people, and unsatisfactory to the Missionary Society. From here I drove to Halifax, a distance of about eighty miles, through Bridgewater, Mahone Bay, Chester Basin, and Chester Town, and through numerous other picturesque places along the Atlantic coast. I made special inquiries regarding Halifax, and the outlook for a Congregational cause

in that city. I am certain the time has come when we should be on the field. Everything points to the present as our opportunity. We are required in the city. There are many very anxious to see us there, and I doubt not but a bold and faithful effort will be owned and blessed by the Lord. The prospects in many respects are more encouraging than when I was last here. I have been trying to do something towards the deficiency in the missionary income of the past year. If all would do a little it might easily be made up. It will come hard on the poor missionaries to be reduced ten per cent or more in incomes that are at present far too small. Nor can the churches expect the Lord's blessing if they suffer His servants to be in want. I am, as ever, yours truly,

T. HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—Are you aware how much you are interested in the queerest thing in all creation? Well, here is food to make a meal of for you and me; or let it be a first-course dish at least.

Dr. Pulsford, of Glasgow, came suddenly upon Dr. McGregor, of the Tron Established Kirk of Edinburgh, in the L. & Y. station in the secluded borough of Bradford, Yorkshire, three summers ago in June past. "What wonder has ever brought you here?" said the Independent to the Kirkman. For the worsted Bradford and its 200,000 souls are quite hidden from the world, seven miles behind distinguished woollen Leeds with its 300,000. Then cried Dr. M. to Dr. P., with the joy of one found in the desert: "Oh, I am going to preach at the Heckmondwike Lecture. Do you know anything about it? Do tell me what it is?" Then smiled Dr. P., with quaint glee, as he replied: "Oh! I know it! It is the queerest thing in all creation!"

Dr. McGregor told us this tale next day as we sat at Lecture lunch, after we had listened to his fine sermon, the fourth in the Lecture, and were fortifying ourselves for fifthly, and finally, by Dr. S.

Now note, the five sermons of this queer Lecture, preached in three diets of worship, have been preached annually for now one hundred and twenty-three years. Count backwards along two centuries, this and the last, for all these six-score years and three, and you come to A.D. 1762. That was a thoughtful year for Canadians. But go on, ye Independent Canadians, in thought another hundred years backwards, and what do we reach? Was not 1662 the year of the Nonconformist ejection? So the Heckmondwike Lecture, begun in 1762, seems to me always as a centenary memorial of the self-denying 2,000 preachers of the Gospel.

Read about them, young lads and girls, fathers and mothers, all dear to me; and then you will tell your Sunday scholars about their heroism with the keen eagerness that fills my pen as I tell you of this queer

Heckmondwike Lecture. You will learn how Non-conformists were forbidden to preach, or even to teach, aye, or even to assemble five persons together for worship or religious study. You will read how, nevertheless, they did preach, for said they: "We could not but tell men of God and His beauty;" and teach they did, for said they: "We must teach other men to preach." They said the law was all wrong, and so they took punishment, and fresh ejectionment from their homes. And the theological teacher being cast out, wandered to somewhere else; and soon his students soberly gathered around his feet again, and learned while he taught, until all were cast out again. From 1662 to William and Mary's "Toleration Act," there were twenty-seven years of that persecution. Then a little daybreak shone. It made the clouds seem all the blacker; yet preaching and teaching leaped to the light, like blossoms breaking towards bloom, and birds waking for glad and gladder song at the touch of one sunbeam.

Forty years later still the "Schism Bill" tried to crush the schools for the ministry, but that Bill was a stillbirth. And at last, in 1756, the Yorkshire Independent Theological School was founded. What a noble man James Scott, its teacher, was, you may best know if you learn how his students, fifteen in all, lived, and loved, and preached. One, not the most noted, was called to a little church down on the Humber. Of him I quote words before me: "He possessed, like his tutor, a brave heart, a vigorous constitution, and a self-sacrificing devotion to God." And here are his own words: "I consented to go from house to house to get my victuals—to one house two days, to another one. I continued this for fourteen years." Many strong churches called him, but he would preach to the poor.

It was the teacher of such teachers who established the Heckmondwike Lecture in 1762. I think two thoughts must have moved Father Scott to this. One was surely: "Freedom will win, though it wait a century;" the other: "The power of the Gospel lies in its preaching." The power of those Nonconformists lay there; they must preach, and by preaching only they prevailed. Of course I mean that everybody is able to preach in some way or other. But a word of that again.

This year's Heckmondwike Lecture was peculiarly beautiful, and was set amid singular pleasures, as I thought. For, first, its preachers were: on the Tuesday evening, June 16, Revs. Matthew Stanley, of Grimsby, and Eric Lawrence, of Halifax. While the first preacher was descending from his task, the congregation sang a hymn, and the second preacher ascended the pulpit to do his work. The preachers on Wednesday morning were Rev. Dr. J. Munro Gibson, of London, and Rev. Dr. Conder, of Leeds. As before, a hymn alone parted their discourses. As

was meet and needful, the lunch then followed, with pleasant speeches consequent. At the final service in the evening, the sole preacher was Rev. Principal Scott, of Lancashire Theological College, Manchester.

One of these men, Mr. Stanley, is a beloved pupil of the writer, a young man, indeed, but one greatly honoured, as his election to this lectureship declares. Mr. Lawrence is the gifted successor of Dr. Mellor, that giant both in the pulpit and on the political platform, who now sleeps at rest. And who does not know that Dr. Gibson is a son of Canada, one of Toronto University's bright ornaments, one of Montreal's young preachers twenty years ago, the brilliant, devoted colleague of good Dr. Taylor in Lagachetière Street and Erskine Church. And he is far more than half a Congregationalist, for Mrs. Gibson learned from her venerable and beloved father, in Zion Church, and in the well known minister's home in Mountain Street, how to be, not alone a noble woman, but also one of the noblest teachers of women whom the Eastern Townships' schools have known.

Of Dr. Eustace Conder, the model of ministerial grace, many need no description, and many others know of what sort he is through the hymns of his kinsman in the past, or through the work of his present kinsman among the explorers of Palestine. And, finally, Principal Scott, distinguished and beloved for his own sake, and for his devoted guidance of the largest of our Congregational theological schools, is the son of a great man, Walter Scott, former principal of Airedale College, for two great Scotts have presided there. He is also the father of a distinguished lady, virtually a professor of mathematics in Cambridge, who very nearly stood Senior Wrangler in that university a few years ago.

And the sermons—why, they were too many, not to hint at their being too long to epitomize. Two of them, those preached on Wednesday morning, were wonderfully co-ordinate, for Dr. Gibson proclaimed to us: "Be glad you live in this world. Make the best of your opportunity in it for relieving others' sorrows, for you shall never have such opportunity hereafter." But Dr. Conder mounted the pulpit, and cried: "Rejoice, although you pass to the world to come, for your joys there will be the filling up of the same joys here. All spring from the same experience, the same affections, the same life purpose."

Do you ask, what of the audiences? They were always very large, sometimes crowded, for folks came from far and near. Moreover, it is quite conventional and correct to leave between sermons if duty call you, or to come in likewise, if need be. Are there Congregationalists enough in the little town, do you ask? Indeed, while there is only one State church building, there are three large Congregational churches, all well peopled on ordinary Sundays. In one of them it is seldom easy to get a sitting. Then, of course, all my



story explains how this "queer Lecture" is counted part of Airedale and Rotherham Colleges; and therefore students, professors, and governors count it a dutiful privilege to attend. I may never forget to acknowledge that at the lunch, "Prosperity to the two Yorkshire Colleges" is a toast—in a cup of cold water—never omitted.

Now I have told you enough. I must not count the great list of worthies who have preached in that Lecture. They hail from all bodies who would be asked—save the State Church Episcopal. And this anomaly will soon pass away, for many Episcopalian clergymen deplore the bar, and are in heart and word true liberals. I count not a few among revered friends.

To conclude—a lecture like this needs no endowment. The churches at Heckmondwike bear annually all expenses, as they ought, for each church invites its own particular preachers. Would not such a festival of preaching in some central spot, or, better still, in some quiet nook amid Ontario's nest of busy towns, or in Quebec's fertile Eastern Townships, aye, or in Nova Scotia's blest Acadia, fire young preachers to high and deep endeavour, bind denominations, teach men divinely. I had hoped to write now of visits to the tombs of two great preachers at Rugby and at Lutterworth. I shall do it again. Meanwhile let me say that these two visits were possible in the midst of a working holiday, to wit, a few weeks' supply for a beloved pupil in Gallowtree Gate, Leicester. That pupil is a brother of Mr. William Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. God strengthen us all to make our preaching as brave as is that noble editor's. He is the "daily witness" of London, much scorned, but sacrificing, if by any means he may save souls from destroying themselves and torturing others. ADAGE.

P. S.—Forgive me for correcting your press errors. The revered name of "Lillie" has dropped into my last where another name should be. But all know that it was the gentle and truly reverend T. M. Reikie who edited THE INDEPENDENT so long ago. A.

### THE FIRST HUMAN BIRTH.

I suppose that the greatest question which has occupied the master minds in all past ages, and which will continue to occupy the master minds during ages to come, is Life! How life came to be life is the question which baffles the highest created genius. As the billows of the ocean which come dashing up against the great rocks, and then retire from whence they came, leaving a few drops of spray upon the ledges, so this great question of first-life comes up from away down the ocean of the past, and men catch a few drops of the spray and carefully analyze them, while the vast volume, with its untouched secret, sails back from whence it came. There are some depths in the ocean which never will be fathomed, so there are some

depths in connection with the origin of life which scientific divers will never touch. Personally, I am not so anxious about the beginning of life as about the end. The sun gives life to the flower I know, but how the sun and the flower came to live in their respective spheres I know not; but I am satisfied to enjoy the beautiful and fragrant results without packing my enquiries away through millions of years too vast in numbers for human computation. After all investigation has ended—if it ever ends—and rocks, and caves and sepulchres have related their histories and given up their last secrets, the thought and faith of men will fall back upon "in the beginning God created" for a solution of the greatest and most glorious wonder of creative genius and power.

How forcibly and pictorially is the ultimate process of creative order portrayed by the following poem; which thus describes the advent of the first-born of the human race; although, perhaps, by a somewhat too rapid development, when, as then first

—waked from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun  
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,  
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these  
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled  
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflowed.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed—and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
My tongue obey'd and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,  
"And thou, enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay!  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus—how here?—  
Not of myself:—by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:  
Tell me how I may know Him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know."

Montreal.

S. HUXLEY,

THE *Restitution*, so says the *New York Independent*, tells the pretty story that, after Queen Victoria took the throne, a present was sent to her from Jerusalem of an olive tree. It was shipped to Beirut, kept on deck and appeared to die on the passage. In that state it was entrusted to the gardener. On the day of her Majesty's coronation, this olive tree put forth twelve blossoms. From this incident, it is thought the twelve tribes of Israel will be gathered in Victoria's reign. For there is in this country and in England a knot of people whose religion consists in parcelling out the twelve tribes, and in looking for their restitution and hunting up signs and prophecies of it.

## News of the Churches.

ALTON.—The parsonage has been sold for \$815 ; four acres of land belonging to the church realized \$200. The debt that will still remain will be about \$1,000. Six persons were proposed for membership last church meeting. The student in charge leaves the 1st of September. We are needing a permanent man ; there is plenty of missionary work for him to do in this town.

BRANTFORD.—Rev. W. T. Currie laboured here during the pastor's absence. His efforts in the pulpit gave great satisfaction, and he was greatly liked outside the pulpit. He won many hearts to himself and the mission cause ; but no one heart in particular that we know of. A successful "welcome social" to our pastor and his family was held on the 10th inst. The work of the church is progressing favourably.

CENTRAL ECONOMY, N. S.—With one of the finest church buildings in the province, an earnest membership, an efficient Sunday school, and largely attended meetings, our cause here is in a very encouraging condition. There is much room for growth in numbers in the neighbourhood, and the church feels that with the blessing of God, all that is needed to bring about a work of grace in this place is a suitable pastor. A student from the college has supplied the pulpit during the vacation months, but beyond that time no arrangement has been made. A great deal might be said about the beauty of Economy, and its desirability as a place of residence, especially for a man who wants to do a work for the Lord that will bring blessings to many souls. It is possible that these lines may be read by some minister who desires to change his sphere of labour, or who may at present be without a charge. Deacon A. K. Moore would be pleased to enter into correspondence with any such, with a view to securing a pastor for our church here. The brethren are praying that God will guide to them the man of His own choice, and they desire sister churches to join them in supplication in this most important matter.—F. MACALLUM.

CHEBOGUE.—Since the Union meetings here, we have started a little workers' society for the children. We call it the B. B. S., for, like the busy bee, we will have to make all our winter store when it is fine weather, as the greatest number of the little ones come a long way, so it will only be held during the summer months. The Union has left so many pleasant thoughts behind, that we can truly say with our brother : "The music of their words is with us still." If any one of the churches that have a little workers' society could give us a hint as to the best way of making them interesting as well as profitable, we would be glad to hear from them. We hold a meeting every Saturday, and sing a few hymns, then have a story or

two. We issue members' cards when they join, and have put the children in as officers, only with a president and vice-president. We have a box which we only intend to open once a year. They are all delighted with it, and work for their own money. We hope to have a boy or girl for the mission work when the right time comes.

KESWICK RIDGE.—A letter has been received from Rev. D. M. Cameron, late of this place, touching the notice that appeared in our last issue. The letter is too long for insertion, it would fill a page ; but in it we may say our brother accounts satisfactorily for every Sabbath he was from his pulpit, and that his absence under all circumstances fell short of what might be termed a decent holiday. There has evidently been some misunderstanding at the close, which may, as our friend writes, be accounted for by the feeling raised on his leaving both church and denomination, a matter which must rest in his own hands, and which misunderstanding, with similar ones, would have been minimized, if not altogether avoided, had a dismissing council been convened. Had any ground of complaint been given—in the light of Mr. Cameron's letter we do not see any—it should have been presented at the meeting when his resignation was unanimously and regretfully accepted. We wish our brother every blessing in his new field of labour.

MANILLA—ORDINATION.—5th, August 1885, was a red letter day in the history of the Manilla church, and for all who had the pleasure of taking part in the ordination services in connection with the settlement of Mr. George Whyte in the pastorate of that church. The council met at two p.m., and was composed of the Rev. J. Burton, B.D., and Mr. Nasmith from the Northern Church, Toronto, the Rev. J. C. Wright from the Edgar Church, and the Rev. W. H. Warriner, B.D., from the Bowmanville Church, together with the representatives of the church in Manilla. The Rev. J. Burton was chosen moderator and the Rev. W. H. Warriner, scribe. Mr. Whyte presented a carefully prepared statement of his doctrinal beliefs, which showed him to be a clear and independent thinker, and well grounded in evangelical truth. The statement having been deemed satisfactory by the council, Mr. Whyte was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the brethren, the Rev. J. Burton leading in the ordination prayer, after which the charge to the newly ordained pastor was given by Mr. Burton. In the evening a second public meeting was held, at which the pastor presided. The Rev. J. C. Wright addressed the people from the words in Daniel xi. 32 : "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do." The Rev. W. H. Warriner spoke on Congregational Principles, and the Rev. Mr. Martin, Methodist minister, uttered words of kindly greeting and good cheer. The meetings were throughout well

attended, and were very much enjoyed by all engaged in them. The new pastor, the Rev. George Whyte, is a native of Scotland and was for a short time engaged on the East Coast Mission. Leaving Scotland he came to Newfoundland and spent some time as missionary among our churches there, and eventually entered our college in Montreal. In the summer of 1884 he supplied Manilla as a student and in the fall of that year received a call to become its pastor as soon as his college term should expire. The call was renewed in January last and since the close of the college Mr. Whyte has been labouring in the field. His knowledge of Gaelic gives him special fitness for his work in Manilla. May God abundantly bless his labours.

**TORONTO, ZION CHURCH.**—The annual excursion was held on the 28th of July to the Falls of Niagara, per steamer *Chicora* to Lewiston, and thence by the New York Central Railway. The weather was delightful, a large number availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from the heat and dust of the city, and enjoy the refreshing air of the lake, as well as a view of the wonders of Niagara. An additional number crossed by the afternoon trip and returned with the party in the evening, reaching Toronto about nine o'clock. The excursion arrived at Niagara Falls at half-past eleven o'clock, and a short walk from the station brought them to "Prospect Park," which is on the edge of the American Falls, here lunch was disposed of; the sights were next duly attended to, the visitors being allowed to roam at will through the beautiful park and across the bridge to "Goat Island," and to all the various points from which the finest views are to be obtained, without any charge being made, as all has been acquired by the State Government and dedicated to the public for ever. The excursion was patronized by many of the citizens besides the church people, the total number of excursionists being 327, among them were the Rev. John Burton, Rev. John Shaw, Rev. Wm. Briggs, with their families. The only regret expressed was at the absence of the Rev. H. D. Powis, the pastor of the church, who is at present on a visit to England.

## Official Notices.

### WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting will be held in Burford village, commencing Tuesday, 6th October. The programme of exercises will be announced in the next issue of THE INDEPENDENT. Meantime ministers are invited to make their arrangements to be there, and churches to send delegates. As the Burford friends are making arrangements to celebrate in connection with Scotland their semi-centennial, the week promises to be one of unusual interest. A good Association programme is

under consideration. Names of ministers and delegates may be sent to Mr. Henry Cox, Burford.

Aug. 17th, 1885.

C. S. PEDLEY, Sec'y.

### THE QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.

The Quebec Association will meet in the Congregational Church, Sherbrooke, on Tuesday, the 15th of September, at four o'clock p.m., when it is hoped there will be a good attendance. G. PURKIS, Scribe.

### CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The forty-seventh session of the College will be opened with the usual public service in the Assembly Hall of the College on Thursday, 17th September, at eight p.m. The address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, and a collection will be taken in aid of the Library. Students of the College are expected to be present at this service.

GEORGE CORNISH, Sec'y.

Montreal, 7th Aug., 1885.

## Literary Notices.

THE PULPIT TREASURY (E. B. Treat, New York) also maintains its character as an evangelical monthly for pastors, Christian workers and families. Its contributions are from among the best of the sermons of the day, fresh, evangelical and inspiring.

THE CENTURY for August is a midsummer holiday number, indeed among its articles we specially note memoirs of William Lloyd Garrison, with a portrait and illustrations, Camp Grindstone, a racy memento of the Thousand Islands, and the continued papers on the great Civil War.

ST. NICHOLAS has in its stories, sketches, poems, and pictures, a variety of reading that appeals to the taste of children everywhere. The August number contains several complete stories; one, illustrated by Birch, is about a German bric-a-brac collector and his daughter, called Little Dame Fortune, while a second tells of an unusual summer sport—Coasting in August. In another vein there is a paper telling how to become a successful house-builder; also, something about the life of Eskimo children; a sketch of the great composer, Beethoven, who "is to music what Michael Angelo is to sculpture, or what Shakespeare is to literature," an account of a Water Museum, and an article by the Senate Page on the methods of conducting our government. Poems of the number are by several well-known writers,—among them Celia Thaxter and Helen Gray Cone. One is an inimitable account of "The Brownies at the Sea-side," illustrated by its author, Palmer Cox. Pictures, puzzles, cartoons for children, and various departments complete the number.

WORDS AND WEAPONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS (Dr. Pentecost, Brooklyn), a monthly magazine full of happy thoughts and stirring words, an evangelist in print, with which has been incorporated *Gospel Union News*. Full of happy hints and quickening words.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW (Funk & Wagnalls, New York) continues its monthly visit with its Symposiums on Prohibition, Ministerial Education and the Pulpit; its pulpit themes, prayer meeting service and sermonic literature. The special offer of standard works at reduced rates to the subscribers to their magazine continue to be of the old merit. Dr. Parker's "People's Bible" now comes under this happy arrangement. The August number of this review is unusually full.

#### HIS JEWELS.

"God bless the little children!"  
I say it o'er and o'er,  
Whene'er I see their faces  
Pass by my cottage door;  
And though they never hear it,  
I think they know the prayer  
Of the lone and silent woman,  
With early whitened hair.

Away up in my garret  
There is a sacred cot,  
Whose spread of dainty rushes  
In summer days I wrought;  
And on whose tiny pillow  
The impress of a head  
Still bears its dented shaping,  
For all the tears I've shed.

Oh! mother love, that folded  
The babe that nestled there,  
Did the love of "the Good Shepherd"  
Transcend thy fondest care?  
Did arms that mine more tender  
Gather my lamb from me?  
Could only Jesus' bosom  
Her rightful pillow be?

Adown the glistening mountain  
His sled the schoolboy steers;  
But my boy's sled is hidden  
Beneath the dust of years.  
The ice upon the river  
Is skimmed by lightsome feet,  
But his will press it never,  
The fleetest of the fleet.

Oh! mother's hope, whose promise  
Bloomed fair to mortal eyes,  
Couldst thou but find completion  
'Neath skies of Paradise?  
Did gentler hand than mother's,  
My boy, thy guiding need,  
Where flow the peaceful waters,  
Where Christ His flock doth feed.

"God bless the little children!"  
They stray from us so soon,  
And leave the frost of winter  
Where lay the flush of June.

And sometimes we grow weary,  
The waiting seems so long:  
God teach the chastened mothers  
In Ramah to be strong!

—*Christian at Work.*

#### UNCLE GABE ON CHURCH MATTERS.

Old Satan lubs to come out to de meetins now a days,  
An' keeps his bizniss runnin in de slickes' kind o' ways.  
He structifies a feller how to sling a fancy cane.  
When he's breshin' roun' de yaller gals wid all his might  
and main.  
He puts the fines' teches on a nigger's red cravat,  
Or shoves a pewter quarter in de circulatin' hat.  
He hangs aroun' de sisters too, an' greets 'em wid a smile,  
An' shews 'em how de white folks put on lots o' Sunday  
style;  
He tells de congregation, in a whisper sweet as honey,  
To hab de benches painted wid de missionary money,  
Or to send de gospel 'way out whar de necked Injuns stay,  
And meet de bill by cuttin' down de parson's 'eerly pay.  
His voice is loud an' strong enough to make de bushes  
ring,  
An' he sets up in de choir jis' to show 'em how to sing.  
Den he drops de chune 'way down so low, an' totes it up  
so high,  
Dat 'twould pester all de angel's what's a-listenin' in de  
sky;  
An' he makes de old-time music sound so frolicsome an'  
gay,  
Dat 'twill hardly git beyon' de roof—much less de milky  
way;  
For dar's heap o' dese new-fashion songs—jes' sing 'em  
how you please—  
Dat 'ill fly orf wid de harrykin, or lodge emungst de  
trees,  
Or git drowned in de thunder-cloud, or tangled in de  
lim's;  
For dey lack de steady wild-goose flop dat lif's de good  
old hymns  
De wakenin' old camp-meeting chunes is jes' de things for  
me,  
Dat start up from a nigger's soul like blackbirds from a  
tree,  
Wid a flutter 'mongst his feelins an' a wetness round  
de eyes,  
Till he almost see de chimleys to de mansions in de skies.  
—*J. A. Macon, in the Century.*

#### THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty,  
healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford County, Maine—a  
bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing  
caught my eye, and smiled.

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up  
there for with its bottom knocked out," he said. "My  
wife, perhaps, can tell you the story better than I can;  
but she is bashful and I ain't, so I'll tell it.

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this  
farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked  
hard all his life, never squandered money, was a  
cautious trader, and a good calculator; and, as men  
were accounted in his day and generation, he was a  
temperate man. I was the youngest boy; and when  
the old man was ready to go—and he knew it—the

others agreed that since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine, and to me it was willed. I had been married then three years.

"Well, father died—mother had gone three years before—and left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it for two thousand dollars. I'd never thought of it before. I said to Mollie, my wife:

"Mollie, look here. Here father's had this farm in its first strength of soil, with its magnificent timber and his six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men to help him; and he worked hard, worked early and late, and yet look at it! A mortgage of two thousand dollars. What can I do?"

"And I went to that jug—it had a bottom in it then—and took a good stiff drink of old Medford rum from it.

"I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife, just then, and I asked her what she thought of it, for I supposed she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was, for she said:

"Charles, I've thought of this a great deal, and I've thought of a way in which I believe I can clear this mortgage off before five years are ended."

"Says I: 'Mollie, tell me how you'll do it.'"

"She thought for awhile, and then said, with a funny twinkling in her blue eyes—says she:

"Charlie, you must promise me this, and promise me solemnly and sacredly. Promise me that you will never bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage, at any time, any more spirits than you can bring in that old jug—the jug your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it."

"Well, I knew father used once in a while, especially in haying time, and in winter when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled; so I thought that she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her that I would agree to it.

"Now mind," said she, "you are never to bring home any more spirits than you can bring in that, identical jug." And I gave her the promise.

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull of that jug. As I was turning out for a sort of night cap, Mollie looked up, and says she: 'Charlie, have you got a drop left?'"

"There was just about a drop left. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. Then she said if I had no objections she would drink that last drop with me. I shall never forget how she said that, 'that last drop!' However, I tipped the old jug bottom up, and got about a great spoonful, and Mollie said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she had

seen us boys do, when we'd been drinking to good luck, and says she: 'Here's to the old brown jug!'

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Mollie had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her and I tell you that it kind of cut me to the heart I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not so steady as good legs ought to be; but I said nothing. I drank the sentiment—'The old brown jug'—and let it go.

"Well, I went out after that, and did my chores, and then went to bed; and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—this very room where we now sit, was:

"We'll have the old brown jug filled to-morrow."

"And then I went off to bed. And have remembered ever since that I went to bed that night, as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have. I didn't think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before; but I've thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and awe.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did my work at the barn, then came in and eat my breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could not think then that my appetite had begun to fail. However, I ate my breakfast, and then went out and hitched up the old mare; for, to tell the plain truth, I was feeling in the need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house. I was in a hurry to get to the village. I hitched up and came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard and took it out, and—

"Did you ever break through the thin ice on a snapping cold day, and find yourself, in an instant, over your head in freezing water? Because that is the way I felt at that moment. The jug was there, but *the bottom was gone*. Mollie had taken a sharp chisel and a hammer, and, with a skill that might have done credit to a master workman, she had clipped the bottom clean out of the jug without even cracking the edges of the sides. I looked at the jug, and then she burst out. She spoke, oh, I had never heard anything like it! No, nor have I heard anything like it since. She said:

"Charles, that's where the mortgage on this farm came from! It was brought home within that jug—two quarts at a time! And there's where your white, clean skin, and your clear, pretty eyes are going. And in that jug, my husband, your appetite is going also. Oh, let it be as it is, dear heart! And remember your promise!"

"And then she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. She could speak no more.

"And there was no need. My eyes were opened as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages on

all the farms in our neighbourhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made was to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled this jug for years! Yes, I saw it as it passed before me—a glittering picture of rum! rum! rum!—debt! debt! debt! and, in the end, death! And I returned my Mollie's kiss and said I:

“Mollie, my own, I'll keep the promise! I will, so help me heaven.”

“And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Mollie had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars at interest. There hangs the old jug—just as we hung it on that day; and from that time there hasn't been a drop of spirits brought into the house for a beverage which that bottomless jug wouldn't hold.

“Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and hand it down to our children for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed!”

As he ceased speaking, his wife, with her arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent amen.—*Nashville Advocate.*

### THE TAJ MAHAL.

BY SARAH S. GOODHUE.

We know that it has been the idea of not only the Hindoo, but of all Oriental nations, especially in Mohammedan countries, that there should be no free association of men and women. I was much interested lately in reading an article of P. C. Mazoomdar on the present condition of Hindoo womanhood. He says that even in Bombay where the Zenana is said now, formally, not to exist, the spirit of the institution is still there. There is the same want of respect towards women, and this he thinks must all be changed before their unrestrained emancipation. There is need of great preparatory work. The Brahma Somaj advocates their highest education. Without this preparation, Mazoomdar thinks it would be but the mockery of civilization to remove all the barriers and restrictions that surround them.

This being the true idea of the present status of Hindoo women by one of their own race, after years of effort and influence brought to bear on India by a higher Christian civilization which has caused the Zenana to become almost a thing of the past in Bombay and its vicinity, it seems almost incredible that before the light began to dawn on them, the most beautiful building in the world was erected by a Hindoo to the memory of his wife. This was not only a tribute to her domestic virtues, but to her great wisdom and influence in the court of her husband, the Em-

peror, she being his constant adviser on all important questions.

The story of their lives is a true love story and one of interest. Akbar's son, the future ruler, fell desperately in love with a young lady, but for state reasons, she was thought not an eligible match. The Emperor disposed of the matter for the young people by marrying her to one of his generals. The young heir knew only that she was married and lost to him.

Two years after he became Emperor he found that the husband of his first love was dead. He then sought her out and married her, when he might have made her his companion as a slave. He raised her to the throne with himself, having her name stamped with his own on the coin of his realm. Her influence made of a dissolute young man a moral man, and among the ladies of her court she introduced improved modes of dress and manners. One says: “Taking into account the degraded position accorded to women and remembering to what Noor Mahal raised herself, I think she must be allowed to rank as the greatest who ever reigned, and perhaps who ever lived, for no one has climbed from such a depth to such a height as she, so far as I know.”

She acquired her influence from her own ability and moral excellence. Although a middle-aged woman when the Emperor married her, they loved each other fervently and with an increasing affection as the years went on, and at her death he ordered a tomb to be built for her which should “excel all other tombs as much as she excelled all other women.”

This tomb, the Taj Mahal or Diadem Tomb, is said to have cost two millions sterling or ten millions of dollars. Twenty thousand workmen were employed on the building twenty-two years. It is said to be the one building, above all others, which the Eastern traveller must see.

A narrow walk, bordered by the choicest plants of India, leads to the temple. It is of great size, but of most perfect proportions. Built of creamy white marble, it is inlaid with fine, black marble lines, the entire Koran being interwoven in Arabic letters. The inlaid work of carnelian, jasper, and all precious stones representing flowers, fruits and vines, passes all description. These were originally genuine stones, but being stolen, they were replaced by glass, coloured like the originals. The inclosure includes an outer and an inner court, the whole about a-fifth of a mile wide, and extending along the banks of the Jumna River one third of a mile. The principal gateway opening to the inner court is 140 feet high and ten feet wide. The mausoleum stands in the centre of a raised, marble platform, eighteen feet high and 313 feet square. At each angle of this terrace rises a beautiful minaret, 133 feet high, of perfect proportions; says Ferguson, “the most beautiful in India.” In the

centre is the principal dome, fifty-eight feet in diameter, and eighty feet high, at each angle a smaller dome, surmounting a two-story apartment, twenty-seven feet in diameter. The light comes to this central apartment through double screens of white marble trellis-work of great beauty of design. This tempers the glare of the blinding sun of India. The effect of this subdued light on the beautiful stones of which the mosaic of vines and flowers is composed, bears the imagination away from the Hindoo burial-place to "the city that has no need of the sun, neither the moon," and whose foundations are "garnished with all manner of precious stones." In the centre of the dome of this wonderfully beautiful building, the softened light of the tropical sun falling gently upon their sleeping-place, these true, life-long lovers lie side by side. No other Emperor of India, it is said, has been buried beside a woman. There is a remarkable echo beside the tomb, which the natives in their superstition, think is the voice of the good gods who hover over the faithful pair who repose there. Akbar did not live to see his ideal finished, but his son completed the work which his father so lovingly began, and there, beside the Jumna River, stands this wonder of architectural beauty, the one only testimonial to a Hindoo woman of a true equality with manhood.

To the women of our own day, and in lands where Christianity has given them so many rights and privileges unknown to their Oriental sisters, it ought to be an added incentive to all grand and great things, that out of such darkness and degradation, one woman could rise to such a height of character, that it was the inspiration of a work which has elicited such emotions of delight and wonder from men of all climes and civilizations.

Says a recent traveller: "There are some subjects too sacred for analysis or even for words, and I now know that there is a human structure so exquisitely fine or unearthly as to lift it into this holy domain. Till the day I die, amid mountainstreams or moonlight strolls, when all that is most sacred, most elevated and most pure, recurs to shed its radiance upon the tranquil mind, there will be found among my treasures the memory of that lovely charm—the Taj Mahal."—*Advance*.

Mr. SPURGEON preaching at the Tabernacle a short time since, from the text: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc., began his discourse by remarking: "I was very greatly surprised the other day, in looking over the list of texts from which I have preached, to find that I have no record of ever having spoken from this verse. This is all the more singular, because I can truly say that it might be put in the forefront of all my volumes of discourses as the sole topic of my life's ministry."

DO GOOD.

We all might do good  
Whether lowly or great;  
For the deed is not gauged  
By the purse or estate,  
If it be but a cup  
Of cold water that's given,  
Like the widow's two mites,  
It is something for heaven.

—Selected.

THE BIBLE.

Study it carefully,  
Think of it prayerfully,  
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell;  
Slight not its history,  
Ponder its mystery,  
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
The warnings and chidings,  
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;  
With faith that's unfeeling,  
And love all prevailing,  
Trust in its promise of life ever more.

With fervent devotion,  
And thankful emotion,  
Hear the blest welcome, respond to its call;  
Life's purest oblation,  
The heart's adoration,  
Give to the Saviour, who died for us all.

May this message of love  
From the Triune above,  
To every nation and kindred be given,  
Till the ransom'd shall raise  
Joyous anthems of praise—  
Loud Hallelujahs on earth and in heaven!

WHATEVER may be said of the merits of the arguments for Augustinianism, Jansenism and Calvinism, as against Pelagianism, Jesuitism and Arminianism, there is no escape from the fact that those views of religion which exalt the Divine energy, rather than those which insist chiefly on human duty, have always proved to be the most powerful in swaying the minds of men.—*British Quarterly Review*.

WHEN visiting a gentleman in England, I observed a fine canary. Admiring his beauty, the gentleman replied: "Yes, he is beautiful, but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer, but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window; the sparrows came around him with their incessant chirping; gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all that he can do is to twitter, twitter." Oh, how truly does this represent the case of many Christians! They used to delight in the songs of Zion; but they came into close association with those whose notes never rise so high, until at last, like the canary, they can do nothing but twitter, twitter.—*D. L. Moody*.

## Children's Corner.

### Baptismal Hymn.

At the baptism of the infant Duke of Albany, the following hymn, written by Prince Albert, was one of those used in the service :

- "Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share :
- "Now this little one receiving,  
Fold him in Thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- "Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let him be the lion's prey.  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
Keep him all life's dangerous way.
- "Then within Thy fold eternal  
Let him find a resting place.  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace."

### How She Found Out.

"DON'T believe in her ! that's all about it," said one tall school girl to the other, as they watched one of the governesses cross the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean ?" asked her friend.

"O you know well enough, Emily Morton !" was the quick reply. "I don't trust her ; I don't believe she's true to her word or to her friends ; I have not a scrap of confidence in anything she says or does. What's the matter ?" as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak.

"I've found it all out. O I am so glad !"

"Found what out !"

But Emily Morton had dashed away, leaving her friend, half perplexed, half offended. Upstairs she ran and peeped into the little room that she shared with Bella Seymour ; but Bella was out, and Emily could lock her door and have a quiet think. Hear what she says to herself : "I know now what believing in Jesus means. It means to trust in Him ; to believe He is true to His promise and His friends ; to put all my confidence in what He has done and said. Why, how simple it is !

and how foolish I have been ! I have been puzzling over it so long—so long." Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Minnie Jackson's chance words about the new teacher had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "believing" in Him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has been puzzling over Emily Morton's question : "What is it to believe in Jesus ?" You can understand what believing in your mother, your friend, your teacher, means. Now just apply that power of believing in *them* to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts, nor forsakes any who trust in Him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect friend any one can have, and all that He has done is perfect, and all that He says is true. Can you not trust him ? Only trust him.

### The Story of Babajee, the Fakir.

IN the "Mela at Tulispur," by Rev. Dr. B. H. Badley, a native preacher of India relates the following :

"About twenty years ago, when I was a boy, I was living with my uncle, whose house was at Gowalpur, in the Budaon district. He was in Government employ, which took him into all parts of the district, and I frequently went with him on these tours. One day we went to a village called Little Calcutta, situated on the banks of the Ganges. As we walked down to the sacred river, we were surprised to see a man who had his home in a box which floated upon the water. The box was about six feet square, and was set in a native boat shaped like a canoe. It was a novel sight, and so we approached the man, whom we recognized as a fakir, and began talking to him.

"He told my uncle that he was living in the box in order to shut out the world, and thus find God. His one desire was to obtain deliverance from sin, and for this reason he had given up the world and become a fakir. He had lived twenty years in a dry well, the people bringing him food and water ; but this had failed to give him peace. He then made this box and took up his abode in it, living thus on the waters of the sacred stream,



and floating about, here and there, up and down the river. Twenty years more were thus passed, and still he felt that the load of sin had not been removed. He was a tall, well-built man, with a long beard, and his hair braided in coils around his head. Neither beard nor hair had been cut for many years, and it was plain that he was getting to be an old man. He himself said that he was between eighty and ninety, and this was confirmed by the neighbours.

"After he had finished telling us of his vain searchings for salvation and peace, my uncle, taking out the Bible which he always carried with him, read several chapters, and told him of the great Deliverer who had come to save the world from sin. The fakir listened eagerly, and asked many questions about the Saviour; he seemed very glad to hear at last of One who was able to save from sin, and promised to remember the words he had heard and to ask God to give him salvation for Christ's sake. On going away my uncle gave him a small tract containing, among other things, the Ten Commandments, and charged him to read this carefully. Just as we left the village people came up, bringing the fakir's breakfast. This consisted of various kinds of sweetmeats and fruits, a plate of boiled rice, and brass cup filled with fresh milk.

"Here is your breakfast, father," said they; "give us your blessing and let us go to our work."

"The fakir, extending his long arm, scooped up a handful of water, and sprinkled it upon the people—his children, he called them—and bade them go.

"Three years later my uncle visited Little Calcutta again, and of course went to the river to see if the fakir was still there. He found him in the same place, and said to him: 'Well, father, has the seed I planted when last here sprung up yet?'"

"Yes," replied the old man; "it has come to the top of the ground; but there is no one to water and cultivate it and so it does not grow." My uncle proposed that he should leave his box and the Ganges and go with him, so that he could teach him of Christ; and to his surprise the fakir said that he was quite willing to go. He had given the hermit life a fair trial, and had failed to find peace, and hence was all the more willing to go with his newly-found friend. My uncle took the

fakir with him from place to place, explaining the Bible to him day after day, and telling him of the Saviour.

"After some months he was transferred to the city of Budaon, where several English gentlemen were living, and where a missionary was stationed. As soon as he heard of the old fakir, the missionary called him to his house and had a long talk with him; he began to instruct him in the Bible, and laboured earnestly to lead him to Christ. At last the darkness gave way, and the light of God's word shone into the old man's heart, shedding abroad the peace and joy which only Christians know.

The fakir at once cast away his Brahminical cord, and became a new man in Christ. He was baptized in a Mission Church, in the presence of a large congregation, both Christians and Hindoos coming to see the ceremony. He was widely known throughout the district, and was so greatly revered that many Hindoos still consider him as one of themselves, and continue coming to him for a blessing. Mr. Reid, an English gentleman, who had taken a great interest in the old fakir, took upon himself his support; and sent him out to tell the people of the blessed Saviour. It has now been at least a dozen years since his baptism, and the old man—he was named Paul at his baptism—is still preaching, carrying with him everywhere his well-worn Bible and hymn book. Although a hundred years old his eye is not dim, and his voice is strong and clear, as he tells of the power of Christ to save."

### "Come."

IT is said that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another, and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" So in that verse of the Scripture the Spirit and the bride say, first to all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say "Come!" and whosoever is athirst let him take of the water of life freely.