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SABBATH.

'Tis God's day morning; sweet-voiced birds
are singing,
Their Maker's praise in their peculiar way,
In yonder towers the Sabbath bells are
ringing,
"Come, worship God!" "Come, worship
God!" they seem to say.

And toil-worn multitudes to-day, delight
ing
To hear the iron tongues their welcome
tell,
Will to God's house resort and there,
uniting,
With joyful hearts, their grateful praises
swell.

For generation after generation
These time-worn paths have reverently
trod,
That led them up to "tents of habitation,"
To pay their vows before their father's
God.

Here every rank in life and every station,
Wealth, poverty, old age, and joyous
youth,
Ignorance and knowledge, wit and educa-
tion,
Drink from the fountains of eternal truth.

Here freely flows the stream of God's sal-
vation,
For all who will its efficacy prove;
Here may be heard the voice of revelation
Speaking the message of supernal love.

And myriads here have heard that story
olden
Of the Lord Christ who on this earth did
stay;
Who by His stainless life, and precepts
golden,
Taught sinful man to choose the better
way.

* * * * *

Amid the dust and heat of daily living,
God brings to us an Elm's cool retreat;
Where we may find sweet rest of His own
giving,
And bathe in healing streams our weary
feet.

ALLEN D. GRAY.

Liverpool, N.S.

SOME POOR RELATIONS.

BY REV. J. SHIPPERLEY.

We are not now about to write of those
needy cousins who persist, from time to
time, and always at most inconvenient
seasons, in reminding, with some object
in view, their more fortunate relatives,
that a somewhat near consanguinity
exists between them. There is another
kind of relationship. A denominational,
not to say a religious one which will now
occupy our attention. Sometimes, how-
ever, because denominational relatives
are less happy in their condition and cir-
cumstances than we are ourselves, no
anxiously expressed effort is made to
search them out, lest, perchance, the dis-
covery might suggest claims of co-ope-
ration which might prove more expensive
to ourselves than profitable. It is just
possible, though we do not say probable,
that this sentiment may have been held
by the past generation of Congregation-
alists in the United States, with regard to
the condition of its Puritans descendants
in the Eastern part of what is now the
Dominion of Canada.

Although Congregationalism is of
British origin, as commonly understood,
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick owe
Great Britain very little, if anything, for
the direct planting of that denomination
on their soil. Considerably over a cen-

tury ago, staunch and bold decendants
of the New England Puritans left the
colony of Massachusetts to found homes
and settlements along the southeastern
shores and other parts of Nova Scotia.
Such importance did they attach to
united worship, that lest it should be in-
terrupted for a longer period than was
absolutely necessary, some of them pre-
pared the timbers of their future meeting
houses before leaving their native land,
and carried them on board their vessels
to their homes; thus like the journeying
Israelites, felt they must have their
sanctuary with them if divine blessings
should be continued; and doubtless the
sentiments of their hearts was expressed
in their prayer, "If thy presence go not
with us, carry us not up hence" While
these pilgrims, for such they were, from
New England to New Scotland lived, the
divine favour which ever accompanies
Christian zeal, stalwart faith and in-
domitable courage, sustained their cause
through all their hardships. But soon
after the departure of the brave fathers
from the church militant to that tri-
umphant, the children felt their isolation
by distance from their ancestral home,
and the consequent severance from a
strengthening bond of union had a dis-
couraging effect on the churches. Lack
of pastoral oversight also had its ever
weakening effect. But when the churches
in their hunger and thirst for the preached
gospel, and in consequence of inability
to obtain ministers of their own denomi-
nation, appointed pastors other than
Congregational, a great mischief was
done to Congregationalism in the Mari-
time Provinces and sad havoc was
wrought on its churches. All along the
line were "fightings without and fears
within." Congregational church prop-
erty was by intrigue and other means
seized at Halifax, Chester, Yarmouth,
and several other places. And when we
look for Congregational worshippers in
old Congregational buildings, and on land
once possessed by them, we find other
stronger and less liberal bodies holding
possession of lands and houses originally
left as helps to propagate the faith of our
fathers. Such causes are in themselves
weakening, or at any rate have a retard-
ing and discouraging effect.

But there were also other depressing
circumstances which might have almost
crushed a less determined body of men
than those of such ancestry. We are
told that after the success of the War of
Independence, Congregationalism in
these British provinces was looked upon
by the majority of Royalists there as a
denomination out of which had arisen
American Republicanism, and as foster-
ing by its polity an enmity to the ruling
powers. Thus it was, in a certain sense,
treated as a scape-goat, and had to bear
the brunt, to some extent, of the sins of
its then, as now, politically independent
confraternity in the United States. This
tended to make Congregationalism a
habeas corpus in the eyes of an unthinking
people. Still, though weakened by its
own internal indiscretions and external
jealousy and greediness, though ostrac-
ised politically and isolated geographi-
cally, Congregationalism, though weak,
still lives on with that tenacity of life for
which it has ever been proverbial.

There are now in Nova Scotia and
New Brunswick about a score of Con-
gregational churches, averaging about
sixty members each. There are ten
pastors, about half of whom receive aid

from the missionary fund of the local
union. This fund is somewhat endowed,
and it also receives a little help from
England, but is barely sufficient to help
sustain the present number of missionary
pastors, while several churches are en-
tirely destitute of preaching. Some
churches, however, distance permitting,
unite by twos and even threes in sharing
a pastor's ministrations. The unsupplied
churches are mostly too poor, or too much
weakened by lack of oversight, to offer
anything like sufficient pecuniary help to
combine with the little which the mis-
sionary society might be able to grant to
sustain a minister; while stronger bodies
are industriously labouring, with more or
less success, to occupy the vacant sta-
tions. This, in brief, is an approximate
statement of the progress and condition
of one of the first-born children of New
England Puritanism. As the ostrich is
said to leave her egg in the sand and
care no more for her progeny, so has
been left Congregationalism to press its
own way amid the forests, rocks, and
opposing currents in Nova Scotia. She
has struggled and lived through all these,
as she did amid the raging billows of a
State church in Old England, and the
sterile lands of the New World, to show
that there is no soil too barren, and no
persecution too harsh for this child, born
in troublous times and rocked in the
cradle of adversity, to withstand when
aided by superhuman strength.—Ad-
vance.

A VISIT TO THE LABRADOR MISSION.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—The writer was off on a
holiday tour; and, intended visiting
Canada via Bonne Esperance. But
owing in some delay in getting off, was
just four days too late at Bonne, to
catch the regular schooner for Quebec.

On Tuesday the 14th June, we left
Carbonear for Red Bay, Labrador. The
passage down was pleasant, though some-
what diversified by fog and rain towards
its conclusion. We arrived at the fine
harbour of Red Bay on the 17th. Here
we were kindly entertained by Mrs. J. F.
Bowell at the Methodist Parsonage (a
fine new building) erected last winter by
the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Bowell.
As the Rev. Mr. Bowell, at the Rev. Mr.
Butler's request, visited our Mission dur-
ing the past winter; and being no pas-
sage further along just then:—we stayed
and preached on Sabbath twice, visited
the Sabbath-school; and held a prayer-
meeting at the closing hours of this our
first Sabbath at Red Bay. Through the
kindness of Mr. Bowell we were taken
on Monday to see most of the people,
and finished up with a prayer-meeting in
Mr. Edward Pike's house, which proved
to be a happy time. On Tuesday I
visited, and held service in the house of
a very old man (a great Churchman) by
the name of John Bailey; which proved
to be a happy time for the man of 82
years. Just at the close of service a
Mrs. Yetman came forward, who said
she was very much interested in the
Mission I was going to visit; as she had
received great benefit by its establish-
ment, being educated there; and spoke
in loving terms of the Rev. Mr. Butler's
labours.

On Wednesday the 22nd of June we
started for Blanc Sablon, and arrived

there the same evening; had then to
work our way to Bonne in small open
boats. At the different settlements we
visited, I was pleased to find that Mr.
Butler and our cause had a warm place
in many hearts. The day of our arrival
at Bonne, Miss Warriner—together with
Miss Wilkes and Mr. Gerrie (Student
from McGill,) gave the children a holi-
day and a treat on Mutton Island.

This was a happy time indeed; and the
only thing I wished, was, that all the
boys and girls in our Sunday-schools,
and in fact all the Christian friends be-
longing to our churches in Canada who
are subscribing to this Mission, were
present to hear the "Lamb of the Fold"
singing "Rescue the perishing," as well
as other appropriate hymns, so beautifully;
they would still make greater efforts in
this "work of faith and labour of love."
But the most amusing incident con-
nected with this affair was a little Johnny
Parker (of six years) reciting "Pussy's
Petition." Some recitations and dialogues
were rendered by the children (natives
of Labrador), which we may justly say
reflected great credit on the ladies in
charge of the Mission.

Now came a very plentiful supply of
good things, (cloth laid on the Labra-
dor turf),—to which we did justice; and
at the time appointed W. H. Whiteley
Esq., who is the great shield of this
Mission,—sent his boat and men for us:
—thus ended my first very happy day at
Bonne Esperance.

On the following Sabbath could be
seen the good work that is accomplished
by the establishment of this Mission,
for at 10 a.m. we had the pleasure to
speak of a "dying Saviour" to about 80
sailors and 30 natives. At 2 p.m. we also
visited a sailors' meeting—conducted in
the Church by one of the sailors from
the schooners then lying in the harbour.
Here the Master's presence was wit-
nessed. Again at 2.30 p.m. we visited a
young men's meeting in one of the rooms
of the Mission house, conducted by our
good brother Gerrie. A young women's
meeting was also convened in another
room by Miss Warriner and Miss Wilkes.

Just at the close of these meetings a
Mr. John Antell and Miss Mary Keats
(natives) who had been waiting some
time for a Congregational minister, came
to be joined in holy matrimony. Being
Sabbath, we objected; but when we saw
their parents, who came some distance
in boat, and could not come again dur-
ing the week,—owing to the busy fish-
ing season, we consented, so the happy
couple were united.

Then, at 3.30 p.m., we visited the Sab-
bath-school, superintended by Brother
Gerrie, who showed unmistakable proofs
of ability to interest children. Here we
also had the pleasure of speaking, and
while telling of our Sabbath-schools in
Newfoundland, and the second one at
West End, in connection with the church
in St. John's, which was started a few
years ago, with about half a dozen, by
the indefatigable efforts of the "Friend
of Children," the Rev. Thomas Hall,
who is, we believe, at present with you
in Canada,—and now has increased to
about six half dozens: from which facts
we tried to encourage the self-sacrificing
efforts of the young ladies in charge of
this mission.

We also asked if there were any little
girls in connection with this (Labrador)
school, who could say that they loved
Jesus, when one little Mary Chevalier

(a native of Labrador), spoke out rather loudly, "I do, sir," and others showed by their smiles and good desires that they also loved the Saviour. We must say, Mr. Editor, that the work accomplished by this Mission, and its good results, can only be revealed at the judgment day.

Then, again, at 6.30 p.m., we also tried to lift up a "bleeding Saviour" to nearly a full church of about 107 sailors, beside native members of the church. After this came a "lively" prayer-meeting, which proved to be a most blessed time. Now, after all this "spiritual life" on Labrador, surely, Mr. Editor, we can say with the royal Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The visit up the river to the Winter Mission was a most pleasant one, and worth alluding to; but I fear that I have already trespassed too much on your space. I will merely say, therefore, that I believe if the Rev. Mr. Butler's health was sufficiently good to allow him to visit the different other settlements, and to solicit subscriptions towards the funds, that with the love expressed towards him, much might be done to aid the Mission. We also found that the Rev. Mr. Carpenter's name was still fragrant.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN SQUIRES.

Congregational Parsonage, Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, Aug. 2nd, 1881.

THE HOPE OF AGES.

Jesus, thou hope of ages past,
Hope of the lost to-day,
Oh, come, in all thy might, at last,—
Come, end the long delay!

When thou didst mount from Olivet
Thou saidst, "All power is mine;"
And thou dost wield the sceptre yet,—
A sceptre all divine.

But still, behold the nations groan,
And still thy foes are strong;
Ah! when shall earth its Saviour own,
When cease the reign of wrong?

Thy Church lifts up to thee her cry,
Hear thou her fervent prayer;
Give her thy banner lifted high,
Through all the world to bear.

Then triumph unto triumph add,
Till the great conflict end;
Till o'er the earth, redeemed and glad,
Thy reign of love extend.

—Dr. Ray Palmer.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

In the seventeenth century, the minister of a retired parish in the Vale of Anworth, on the shores of Galloway, Scotland, was the celebrated Samuel Rutherford—the great religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It was, as all readers of his letters will remember, the spot which he most loved on earth—the very swallows and sparrows which found their nest in the church of Anworth were, when far away, the objects of his affectionate envy. Its hills and valleys were witnesses of his ardent devotion when living—they still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity. It is one of the traditions cherished on the spot, that on a certain Saturday evening, at one of these family gatherings, whence, in the language of the great Scottish poet, "Old Scotia's glory springs," when Rutherford was catechizing his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door of the manse, like the young English traveller in the romance which has given fresh life to those hills in our own day, and begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him but asked him to take his place among the family and assist at their religious exercises. It so chanced that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks how

many commandments there are, and he answered eleven. "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford, "I am surprised that a person of your age and experience should not know better. What can you mean?" The stranger answered, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and retired to rest.

The next morning he rose, according to his wont, to meditate upon the services of the day. The old manse of Anworth stood—its place is still pointed out in the corner of a green field—under the hill-side, and thence a long, winding, wooded walk, still called Rutherford's Walk, leads to the parish church. Through this glen he was passing, and as he threaded his way through the thicket, he heard among the trees the voice of the stranger at his morning devotions. The elevation of the sentiments and of the expressions of the stranger's prayer convinced Rutherford that he could be no common man. He accosted him, and then the traveller confessed to him that he was no other than the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Usher, the primate of the Church of Ireland—one of the best and most learned men of his age, who well fulfilled the new commandment in the love which he won and which he bore to others—one of the few links of Christian charity between the fierce contending parties of that age; devoted to King Charles I. in his lifetime, and honoured in his grave by the Protector Cromwell. He it was who, attracted by Rutherford's fame, had thus come in disguise to see him in the privacy of his own home. The stern Covenanter gave welcome to the stranger prelate; side by side they pursued their way along Rutherford's Walk to the little church, of which the ruins yet remain; and in that small Presbyterian sanctuary, from Rutherford's rustic pulpit, the Archbishop preached to the people of Anworth from the words which startled "his host on the evening before—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you; that ye also should love one another."—Dean Stanley.

FAITH IN GOD AND MAN.

There is a wise and righteous caution born not of suspicion, but of justice and of love, which is widely different from distrust. But when this is said, we may not forget that caution and watchfulness in our dealings with our fellow men are one thing, and utter faithlessness in their truthfulness or integrity quite another. Have we ever realized that, if we seriously believed as some of us are willing to affirm, that all men are liars, that life would be simply unendurable? After all, the foundations of human society are laid in the cement of mutual trust, not of mutual suspicion. It paralyzes effort, it deadens aspiration, it destroys hope when we find that our own confidence in others evokes no answering trust from them. You come into the presence of a man whose graciousness of manner is as irreproachable as it is studied. There is no lack of deference in his tone, or of painstaking in his bearing. But you are straightway made sensible in a thousand nameless ways, that you are in the presence not of a friend, but of a critic. You are confronted not by an open and manly confidence, but by a guarded and chilling distrust. What can you do, what good end can you hope to serve, in such company? If you are very young, your first thought will be apt to be "How very bad the world must be—nay, how wrong somehow, I must be, to be met with a demeanour which would best welcome the neighbourhood of a contagious disease." And if one who is

young and inexperienced encounters much of this temper of habitual distrust, what is apt to follow but the speedy development of a like temper? a temper which, in a world where in a million homes life is daily brightened by love as unselfish, and faith as lofty, and devotion as heroic as ever martyr dreamed, believes at last that human goodness is a vanished myth, and that the falsehood of mankind is its distinguishing characteristic. O, the soured and embittered lives, that, whether early or late, have fallen into that dismal distrust, and who no longer bless or brighten the world, but only embitter it with universal suspicion!

Nor is this the worst. It is a dreary thing to let go our faith in our fellow men. It is drearier yet to lose it in ourselves. We do not realize, I think, how readily distrust begets its echo in those who are distrusted. To be doubted and suspected,—this with the young is often a short road to ultimate recklessness. "What is the good of it," cries the young and sensitive nature, which has not yet learned to appeal from the judgment of its fellows, to the verdict of its unseen Master: "What is the good of any effort after right, if one is met at the threshold with a sneer and a suspicion? Is there no such thing as truth, after all? Is all life false and hollow and unreal? Well then, why should I try to be true and to hate what is false? Why should I revere what is good, and despise what is base and mean? No one believes in goodness any more. It must all be a game—this life that I am living, and cleverness, not righteousness, the aim of it. And thus is born the cynic and the sceptic—the unbeliever in truth and the scoffer at faith. And if there is any life more wretched and any character more unlovable, the world has yet to reveal it. We are wont to say that the acrid speech, the ungenerous inuendo, the sneer of distrust with which the lives and the speech of some persons are daily seasoned, is the fruit of their uncharitableness or want of love. But it is not charity that is at fault in such cases, it is faith. That thing in us which trusts and believes, has gone barren, and it is no wonder that, tossing feverishly upon this bed of doubt, the very dreams that we murmur are full of the echoes of our faithlessness.

Nor is it any wonder, either, that this faithlessness in our fellows reaches on, sooner or later, if it is not banished and driven out, and comes to be faithlessness in God. A man who has been looking at a landscape with a bloodshot eye, will not get rid of it by lifting his head to look at the stars. After all, man is the stepping-stone by which the mind climbs to the idea of God. A child learns to love its Saviour, by learning first to love its mother. Parenthood incarnates to its infantile mind those ideas of a Providence, a Law, and a Divine Compassion which the person and work of Christ have incarnated to you and me. And if it has come to pass that the child has learned to distrust its parent, it will find it just so much harder to believe in a good God who has placed that parent over it. And so it is with those of us who have done being children. The man or woman who sees in every fellow-being some base and mean motives as the inmost clew to their lives, will not be able to purge his vision of suspicion when he lifts it to the Being who is above him. He finds it far easier to distrust God just as he has distrusted man. He judges him rather by the sterner exceptions to the daily Providence than by its wonted ongoing. And then, like Job, when at length he had been ground between the cruel insinuations of his friends, and his own darker doubts born at last of those insinuations, he cries out, if he says anything at all, "God is only an unfeeling force, or a pitiless and unrelenting destiny."

THE HANDLE OF THE CIDER-PRESS THAT WOULD NOT TURN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

It stood in the corner of Jerry Mullins's provision-store, that little cider hand-press, and at the end of the handle of the crank, operating the press, stood Hannibal Jones. Day after day, Jerry poured apples, pickle-sour, into the hopper of the press; day after day, Hannibal kept the handle turning; and day after day the cider gurgled down into the pail catching it. How many pails Jerry did sell!

Every day, though, that the cider was kept, it grew more and more sour. And it was just so with Hannibal's face; the longer he turned the handle, the more sour he looked. As for Jerry's face, that grew sweeter and sweeter the larger grew the stream of money flowing back into his drawer, all for cider. The difference was that Jerry's conscience was tough as the outside bark of an old oak; it did not feel; Hannibal's conscience was tender. He was a temperance boy, and he hated to grind those old apples. One day he stood motionless as a handsome statue of black marble by the side of the cider-press, and the handle was motionless also.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry Mullins, who loved to hear the sound of the cider gurgling from the press into the pail below.

Hannibal was silent as a mummy.

"What's the matter?" shouted Jerry.

"It won't turn," answered Hannibal with a glum look.

"Won't turn?"

"No, sah."

"Stone got anywhere about the wheel and catches it?"

"No, sah."

"Rusty?"

"No, sah."

"Does it need iling?"

"No, no! *dis* won't turn," and Hannibal pointed at his arm very emphatically. "My arm ain't rustv. It don't need iling, and no stone dar."

"Why, what is the matter? Your arm turned away at the grindstone just now first-rate."

"Something 'bout dat old cider-press dat parlyzes my arm, and it won't turn."

"Paralyzes it?"

"Yes, sah. People come here, boss, and buy your cider, and say, 'no tang to it.' Dey go home wid it, and keep it till it hab a tang. Dis bery day I heard a case ob a chile—dunno its name—who got its hands on a mug ob cider dat had been a-workin' some time, and he drank it, and when he begin fur to be uneasy, he was standin' in a char near de winder, and he gab an unlucky kick out ob de winder. And, boss, dis arm won't turn any longer."

The hitherto sweet Jerry now looked sour as the sour, wormy apples he had thrown into the press. He was mad, mad clear down into his boots,—and as Jerry's legs were long, he was mad a good deal,—and he raised his foot to kick Hannibal.

"Home with ye! And here's something to help take ye home," said Jerry, raising his boot.

Hannibal was nimble as a coon in a corn-field, and he was out of the store in a minute.

"I had rader hab a good consheens dan all de cider-presses in de world!" he shouted.

Looking out of the door, Jerry saw Hannibal standing on his head, to express his satisfaction at the stand he had taken when on his feet by the cider-press.

"Dar! my granny told me not to stand on my head. Dunno what fur I can do, now I done lost my place," he said, inverting himself. Then he went to talk the situation over with his beloved granny, who was an authority in all neighbourhood matters. He was

hardly out of sight when a boy came running into Jerry's store. Jerry hoped that it was a customer, and one who had a favourable interest in the cider question. He had an interest, but not a favourable one.

"Won't you—won't you—" said the boy, all out of breath, "please come—up—to—your daughter's?"

"Why so? What—what is the matter?"

"Her little Jerry has fallen out of the window."

"Out of the window?" said Jerry, grabbing his hat and running after the boy.

Little Jerry was his pet. The house of his daughter was reached.

"O father! Jerry went out of the window, and there he is in bed. The doctor says it will be some time before he is well."

"How did it happen?"

"He—he—drank some cider, and it made him unsteady."

"Some you sent up here, and it got too strong for the little fellow," she said, hesitatingly.

"Humph!" mumbled Jerry.

He did what he could for the child's comfort, and returned to his store. Then he pitched the cider-press into the yard back of the store.

"Last of the stuff I will sell, and Hannibal shall come back to-night," declared Jerry.

Back came Hannibal, to look as sweet as once he had looked sour.

Jerry did not tell his customers why he stopped the making of cider,—whether a stone had triggered the wheel, or the wheel was rusty and needed "iling." It is a fact, however, that the wheel never turned again.—*S. S. Times.*

HOME TALKS.

I am going to preach a little sermon to the boys to-day. A preacher always takes a text, and of course I must have one. My text is "don't." The old-fashioned preachers always had several heads in their sermons, and I will give you several heads.

I. *Don't smoke.* The habit is filthy. It is injurious. It makes a boy look like an idiot. I suppose he thinks it helps to make a man of him, but it does not. I cannot think of any sight more disgusting than a boy with a cigar in his mouth. Not long since I knew of one boy who came in before ten, his breath defiled with tobacco smoke. He had been having his first puffs at the end of a cigarette. The first result at home was that no one of the family could kiss him; the next was that his mouth had to be thoroughly washed with soap and water. He says he is not going to smoke any more—that it does not pay. (It might be well for boys' mothers to make a note of this cure.) So this is the first head of my sermon—*Don't smoke.*

II. *Don't loaf.* This word is not very elegant, but I think you will understand it. Don't lounge about stores or shops or street corners. Nothing good ever comes out of it, but any amount of harm. The first evil in it is *idleness*. No noble boy ever wants to be idle for an hour. Time is too precious to be squandered when there are so many grand things to be done—far more than enough to fill every minute of time. The next evil in it is that it puts you in bad company—among those who have all kinds of bad habits. If you want to see what effect this will certainly have on you, take a dozen rotten decaying

apples, and then take one bright, good apple and lay it among them, and leave it there for a few days to see what will become of it. That is if you loaf. *Don't loaf.* The loafer's school is where all sorts of worthless characters and all manner of criminals are trained.

III. *Don't keep your hands in your pockets.* In the first place, it tears out your pockets. Ask your mother about this. In the next place, it looks bad. It makes you appear awkward and ungainly. It seems as if your hands were useless appendages and you did not know what to do with them. In the next place, it looks lazy. Hands are made to work with, and not to be stowed away idly in the bottom of your pockets. Keep them out and keep them busy. There are plenty of things to do. If you ever make anything of yourself, you must use your hands. Always try to keep them clean, but don't be too anxious to have them soft and white. A horny and sunburnt hand is often a good deal better sign of a man than pale, delicate fingers. Let me whisper a secret, boys, into your ears. There is a splendid fortune in your two hands if you know to get it out. But you cannot *hatch* it out by keeping them warm in your pockets.

IV. *Don't dilly-dally.* Whatever you have to do, do it—do it promptly do it with energy, do it well. Don't mope over your lessons. Don't loiter on the way when you are going anywhere. Don't play ball as if you had rheumatism in all your joints. When you have lessons to get, give your whole attention to them, and master them if it keeps you up half the night. When you are walking, walk briskly; there is a great deal of character in a person's walk. When you are playing, play with all your might. A stupid, moping boy never amounts to anything of a man. Put your best energy into everything you do. Don't dilly-dally.

V. *Don't use slang.* It is low and vulgar. It is the language of the street-corners and the saloons. It trains you in habits of rudeness in speech. It makes you boorish. Next to a clean heart keep a clean tongue. The doctors look at your tongue to see if you are sick or well. A bad tongue shows sickness. So the speech of the tongue tells what you are morally inside. A refined nature is always refined in speech. A gentle spirit always speaks gently. A rude manner of speech tells of rudeness within. Never use any coarse or vulgar language. Never utter a slang word. Keep your speech clean and refined. It will be a fortune to you all your life if you form the habit now. Don't use slang.

VI. *Don't let your Bible gather dust.* The best way to make yourself a grand and noble man is to get a great deal of the Bible into your heart when you are young. I know some boys make sport of the Bible, but never mind that; they will not come to anything really great unless they learn better. Besides they will want the Bible some day. They will have trouble some time, and then they will try to get help out of the dear old book. When they come to die, they will be sure to hunt up the Bible or send for

some good man to read it to them, hoping to be saved by it. No matter how they make fun of it, do you stick to it, and read it every day, and guide your life by it. A good many people let their Bibles gather dust. Now, dust spoils a book, and besides, it tells a tale, for when you see it we know that the book is not used very often. Be sure you have a Bible of your own, and do not be like the man the colporteur found. He was a rough backwoodsman, and when the colporteur asked him if he had a Bible in his house, he rumaged through some old shelves, and at last found a few torn leaves of a New Testament. "I declare, stranger," said he, "I do need some more Bible; I did not know we were so near out." It is a bad thing to be "out of Bible." Be sure that you have one and that it does not get dusty.

Now, my part of the sermon is done, your part is to begin. My part is the preaching; your part is the practising.—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

SHORT RULES FOR LONG COMFORT AT HOME.

Put self last.

Be prompt at every meal.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When any good happens to anyone, rejoice.

When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy.

Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Take hold of the knob and shut every door behind you without slamming it.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots before entering the house.

If from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.

Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.

Always speak politely and kindly to your help, if you would have them do the same to you.

When pained by an unkind word or act, ask ourselves, "Have I not done as badly and desired forgiveness" —*Exchange.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A mother's love is deep, abiding and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up into her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives, as it were, a part of herself. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savages as well as civilized people. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman, who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and, taking in her arms the pretty

baby, lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child, when the poor Indian gathered up her blanket as one would a sick child, and, after clasping it in her arms, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks as the white mother put her pretty babe back into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came back again, bringing a peck of ripe wild plums, and the next time two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed and never came again.—*Salem Observer.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in, the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of having free graceful, conversations, with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The corn of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden like the character and armour of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.—*Selected.*

—The statistics of the Jews of the world have been recently compiled by the German ethnographical scholar, Richard Andell, and are published in *The Jewish World*. They give the whole number in Europe as 5,166,326, in Africa, 402,996; in Asia, 182,847; in America, 307,963; in Australia, 20,000; and the total number as 6,080,132. In single countries the Jews, are most numerous in European Russia, where there are 1,552,549 of them, and next in Austria-Hungary, 1,372,333. Next come the German Empire, 520,575; European Turkey, (before the war), 71,372; Great Britain and Holland, rising 68,000 each; France, 49,439; Italy, 39,350. The dates of the statistics range from 1869 to 1878. The Falashas, who number two hundred thousand, and other "pseudo Jews" are not included.

—Six young men have been sentenced to fines and imprisonment for participation in the disturbances accompanying the late removal of the remains of Pius IX. The sentences passed upon them led to fresh demonstrations, and the sign of the *Irrusta*, a clerical newspaper, was torn down, whereupon the soldiers were called out, and formed cordons across some of the streets. A committee has been raised to confer gold medals upon the six convicts. It is further stated that in various quarters of the city anti-clerical clubs are forming to procure the perpetual expulsion of the Papacy from Rome. Spain seems to be about the only thoroughly and submissively Papal country left. How would it do for his Holiness to remove and set up house-keeping at Madrid. The truth seems to be that the ultra clericals—the High Church Catholics—of Rome are responsible for fomenting the disturbances on the removal of the remains of Pope Pius IX. They clearly overshot the mark.

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WILLIAM REVELL, Business Manager.

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All communications should be received not later than Monday. Short items of news may be in time on Tuesday morning.

TORONTO, SEPT. 8, 1881.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Our columns are again being filled by correspondents, each lamenting our present prospects and position. We have been waiting for some friends to take up the more positive side of the question, and indicate a line of action. We hardly dare essay the task, but as our letters for the most part seem set in the same minor key, we shall venture. We have a right, we trust, to speak our own mind and live.

Looking over some old files of the C. I., we are inclined to view this strain as chronic, e.g., C. I., Oct., 1865, "Our churches in these Provinces are few and comparatively feeble, . . . yet we have been in these Provinces over a hundred years." January, 1866, "We know our (missionary) churches—their unhappy history, their divisions, their losses, their unfortunate pastorates." And thus we might go on. Have we become denominational hypochondriacs? That these complainings are groundless we are far from asserting; the facts brought out by "A Practical Man" and "Mason" cry out against us. What, then, the cure?

First and foremost, let us own the force of these facts. All effects have their causes; present positions are in great measure the heritage of the past. If we know *where* we are and lament, let us understand *why* we are there, and find a way into a broader place.

Perhaps the history of Congregationalism (we like the term Congregational, for the simple reason that it is Scriptural, see Matt. xviii. 17, Revised Version, margin) might be studied with profit. How many know what Congregationalism historically is? Rome boasts of her antiquity and martyrs, makes much of her history, and strengthens sanctity by the memory of her saints; our Methodist brethren are ever mindful of their leaders, the Wesleys, remembering with enthusiasm their devotion and their zeal; Presbyterians never tire of the "Tales of the Covenanters," and the "Martyr Graves of Scotland." Do we instruct our children and our friends in the great work of Puritan England? Are such names as Barrow, Milton, and Dr. John Owen, household words as those of Murray and Rutherford are in Scottish homes? And it may be we should be cured of religious dyspepsia if we learnt more fully the principles upon which their faith rested, and by which their lives were tested. Let us get

out of ourselves and take a wide look; let us learn what Congregationalism is and has been—not what we may have belittled it to, and the bracing air of such a view will do much to relieve us of our hypochondria. And this is but the first suggestion, in another form, of our "Practical Man," who says: "Let us rid ourselves of narrowness and bitterness—let us feel the pressure of responsibility to extend."

Pastors may justly become impatient under repeated lectures from those who do not comprehend the difficulties of the work, they will bear with us a little, for to what other source are we to turn? They would do well in obtaining and using such books as Dexter's Congregationalism, Waddington's History, and history generally, making themselves familiar, as by a wider experience, with this wide world, its wants, and how, through Congregational agencies, the gospel has been given to meet these wants. We should have less of goodyism, and a more manly front. How far our college work covers this ground we have no means of knowing just now, but, without doubt, the impetus there is to be given, and this brings to the front another suggestion.

Our college work must be taken hold of, and that earnestly. With neither ritual nor compact organization, we need in our pulpits men fully abreast of the day in piety, culture, and wisdom. It is not enough to say our average is equal to others, or that our smallness makes the number of foremost men few; a small body to have influence must be proportionately the stronger in moral worth and power, or its influence is lost. And our churches must support such men, not bargain with them, as with a day labourer, about their hire.

And then *Unity*. Our lack of unity is the result of the want of confidence, and confidence cannot be dictated by those who have given ground for its lack. To gender this we must be true, not to financial or worldly foolery, but to rigid New Testament truths, break up the "spirit of rampant independency" by each esteeming other better than himself, and by thoroughly permeating our churches with the unselfish principles so plainly inculcated by Paul in his Epistles to the Churches. We must, in short, toil for a more thoroughly intelligent church life, understand our principles, and determine to stand by them.

And here a word upon our distinctive principle—the independence of the individual Church. This is a principle to be earnestly contended for, only as it springs from a deeper and more radical one, namely, the Church is composed of Christian men and women who, as Christ's freedmen, claim independence to do Christ's work and obey Christ's law, whose claim to liberty is not for license, but to utter forth the word of Christ's Salvation.

DENOMINATIONAL ENTHUSIASM.

Here a few words on denominational enthusiasm in gospel work, for where enthusiasm is not, work at best is but drudgery and slovenly

done. Can we justify denomination-ism with work for the gospel?

An illustration or two may answer the question. The principle for which in 1776 the American revolutionists contended is now conceded regarding the colonies by every British statesman—the right of the taxed to a representation in the Parliament which levies the taxes. Had that right then been conceded the American colonies had, so far as that revolution was concerned, have remained under British rule. It was otherwise, and now a national life has been created which it is neither possible nor desirable to crush. Britain, had she the undoubted power and will, would not be the world's benefactor if she coerced that national life into union with her own. The world is interested in the integrity and righteousness of the United States' nationality. The separation has created a right to independent existence.

The Free Church of Scotland had perhaps not been, had concessions been made then that statesmen would now grant, if already they have not been granted, yet what Christian would desire in the interests of Christian work and life that Church with its liberality, its missions and its learning to be doomed to an inevitable decay?

Congregationalism had its origin in these Protestant days in movements characterized by a stern devotion to conscience and truth, and by a martyr spirit secured to none in the struggles of the past for Christian liberty. It is not for Christian edification that its voices should be silenced or its traditions forgotten. There is still a faithful striving together for the faith of the gospel to be evidenced under its name and carried on by its instrumentality, and he is a foe to the truth that would desire that its denominational integrity should be weakened or destroyed. It has done a work for Christ, may it continue so to do, and manifest its right to be by a conversation more and more becoming the gospel of Christ, and unsectarian striving for the faith of the gospel. There may be, should be, enthusiasm therein. *

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

Our English friends have taken a very practical method of bringing the Temperance cause before the public. They have had an exhibition of temperance drinks, thus giving an answer to the question often put, and the complaint made, as to a substitute for alcoholic beverages. While we are glad to read of this exhibition, and hope that it may help the cause, we cannot help feeling that it is an illustration of the great hold stimulants have upon the people; pure water or milk, or tea and coffee, must be aided by "sparkling Zoedone," and bitter ale without the alcohol. Well, half a loaf is better than none, and if people can be weaned from the drinks that intoxicate we must not grudge if allies are found in artificial beverages of an exhilarating kind; by degrees, people will learn that the best drinks are those nature provides. We condense the account of the exhibition from the *Christian World*:

"Just now the Agricultural Hall, at Is-

*Extract from a sermon by Rev. J. Burton in the Northern Congregational Church, Sunday evening, 28th Sep., 1880.

lington, is devoted to an exhibition of an altogether unique character, and which, if not so thronged as a cattle show, cannot but be regarded with deep interest by all social reformers. The vast building is filled with gaily decorated stalls, at which almost every variety of non-intoxicating beverages may be seen and tasted. It is impossible to visit this 'International Exhibition and see the glittering piles of bottles in which so many kinds of fizzing and sparkling drinks are stored, or to look at the tempting little cups of coffee and chocolate and tea, each representing some special variety, which are handed to you so gracefully by the young ladies at the stalls, without feeling that teetotalism is making a decided impression upon the drinking habits of the country. Were there not a great demand for these non-alcoholic liquors the supply would not be forthcoming. People are evic ntly beginning to find out that they must keep their brains cool and clear if they wish to succeed now-a-days in busfness, love, or war. In addition to such well-known beverages as Zoedone and Apollinaris a number of new drinks—or at least new to England claim attention. There are natural mineral waters like the Wilhelm's Quelle, which, it was said, was celebrated in the middle ages; Gerolstein, to the springs of which, near the Moselle, pilgrimages used to be made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and the famous Bath waters, now bottled and aerated, and sold under the name of Sulis Water. Among the chemically-prepared drinks, Zoedone, of course, occupies the foremost place, but it is being hard pressed by quite a number of similar compounds with equally ambitious names. 'Sparkling Rubine,' which contains neither iron nor phosphorus, but simply fruit and vegetable products, will probably find favour with many. But the fruit syrups are endless, and to taste all would require no ordinary gastric power. In addition to the beverages, the apparatus used in preparing them may be studied at Islington, and the machinery stalls are perhaps the most interesting. An altogether admirable invention is the 'National Effervescent Drink Fountain,' manufactured by a company at Ipswich, of which Mr. Robert Seager is the manager. This fountain, which has somewhat the appearance of a large but elegant ice-pail inverted, will enable every kind of aerated beverage to be sold on draught, and certainly ought to find a place in every coffee tavern. By means of this ingenious apparatus lemonade, ginger-ale, non-alcoholic bitter ale, such as would make Messrs. Bass and Alsopp rub their eyes with amazement, and a number of equally palatable drinks, may be quickly and cheaply made. The 'Effervescent Drink Fountain' will undoubtedly become a universal favourite. The exhibition was formally opened on Monday, 22nd August, by Canon Ellison, in the absence of Prince Leopold and the Lord Mayor, who, it was hoped, would have been present. That the exhibition will give an impetus to the manufacture of non-intoxicating drinks cannot be doubted, seeing that it will make the public more generally acquainted with them, and so stimulate the demand. Such a consummation, it is hardly necessary to add, is devoutly wished by all temperance people."

REV. JOHN BURTON, the esteemed pastor of the Northern Church in this city, and our Associate Editor, sailed from Quebec in the *Sarmatian* on Saturday last. He goes as one of the representatives of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, to attend the jubilee meetings of the English Congregational Union to be held in Manchester early next month. Mr. Burton hopes to make his visit profitable to our churches in Canada, by interesting English

brethren more deeply in our work and struggles. He knows our needs, and is prepared to urge them upon the Colonial Missionary Society, and upon influential men, lay and ministerial. We are persuaded that if sympathy and help can be secured for our work, Mr. Burton will do it. Those who know him best will most heartily wish him *bon voyage*.

SINCE our last the condition of President Garfield has been as low as it seemed almost possible to be, and life remain. A fortnight ago his condition appeared hopeless, and we are told that the physicians formally communicated to Mrs. Garfield their opinion that medical skill was of no further use, and that the end was near. Contrary to their expectations, and to the general belief, he, however, took a favourable turn on Saturday, 27th August, and has not only maintained the improvement but steadily, if slowly, gained ground. That he is still in a very critical state, that any day may bring a relapse, and that a great grief may yet fall upon the United States, there is no gainsaying; but the faith of his noble wife is infectious, and we feel with her as if it could not be that he should die in the face of all the prayers that have gone up to God for him. May those prayers of faith be fully answered, and may we chronicle week by week, returning health and strength.

Since the above was written, his improved condition has decided his physicians to attempt his removal to Long Branch.

THE ST. FRANCIS ASSOCIATION.

Meets in Danville, Que., on Tuesday, Sep. 13, 1881, at 4 p.m. Preacher, Rev. R. K. Black, or Rev. Geo. Porches. Essays:—On Baptism, Rev. J. G. Sanderson; on Church Discipline, Rev. A. Duff; on the Sabbath, Rev. L. P. Adams, Revs. G. Porches and W. McIntosh; on subjects to be chosen—Exposition—Rev. J. G. Sanderson. Rev. ii. 12, 17. Do. by Rev. R. K. Black.—subject to be chosen. For discussion, "Evangelists and Evangelistic Services," to be opened by T. Robertson, Esq., Hatley.

Text for Plans—Isai. lv. 10, 11.

A. DUFF, Secretary.

Sherbrooke, Aug. 27, 1881.

News of the Churches.

CORNWALLIS, N. S.—At the close of a farewell sermon preached by Rev. E. Barker on Sunday, 28th Sept., I. N. Cox, Esq., deacon, on behalf of this church, presented the following address—

"Respected Pastor and Friend:—With feelings of the deepest regret and sorrow, we as a congregation are called upon in the Providence of God to tender you our parting salutation.

"We grieve that a shattered constitution and declining health, which have been much aggravated by your unremitting and arduous labours in our midst, in your teaching and pastoral capacity over an extended and scattered congregation, have at last obliged you to relinquish your connection with us as pastor of our people. During nearly two years, by your earnest, arduous, and energetic labours amongst us—your endeavours under the guidance of Him who pleads our cause at the right hand of the Father,—to organize, build up, and more firmly ground this branch of the Church of Christ, you have fully displayed your attachment to the cause of the Great Master. Sowing the seed beside all

waters, you have been to us, not only the preacher, but the pastor, the teacher, and friend of a 1, around whom the affection of your Bands of Hope have especially entwined themselves; and in parting we will sustain a loss perhaps never to be fully made up.

"And when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and the secrets of all hearts revealed, we trust you will rejoice over many who through your instrumentality have been brought from darkness to light, have been shown a clearer way, or been established in the faith of Christ; and you will rejoice too over many members of your juvenile classes whose meetings you superintended, though often in sickness and pain.

"Finally, we pray that wherever thy lot, with that of thy worthy partner and family may be cast, you will ever be abundantly sustained, cheered by Him who sitteth above the cherubim, to whom we commend you sincerely.

"Signed on behalf of the Congregational Church, of Cornwallis, N. S.,
BENJAMIN TUPPER, Clerk.

August 28, 1881."

Mr. Barker gave a brief reply *extempore*, expressing his thanks and his heartfelt wishes for the prosperity of a church and people who had so much endeared themselves to him during his brief pastorate.

[We are glad to learn that the donor not only paid up the pastor's salary in full, but accompanied the payment with a handsome donation, an example to be imitated.—Ed. C. I.]

THE N. S. and N. B. Home Missionary Society has appointed Rev. J. Shipperly as a missionary visitor to the vacant churches in the Lower Provinces. The visits to occupy three months during the year. He is still expected to retain the pastorate of the Church at Chebague, and to occupy the pulpits of the otherwise vacant stations as far as the time will permit.

ALTON.—Rev. F. Wrigley has removed to Alton and has met with a kind reception from the friends there. A comfortable house has been secured in lieu of the parsonage (which is rented), the church paying a portion of the rent.

Correspondence.

OUR HOME MISSIONS.

NEW ADJUSTMENT AND POLICY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—The proposed adjustment of our missionary organization suggested in my former letters is perfectly simple, and would require no alterations in the constitution. If adopted, the management would consist of a General Committee, to meet annually as heretofore; a select Executive Board, to conduct the business during the year; a General Secretary and a Lay Treasurer. Of course the District Committees, with their secretaries, would not only be continued, but would be entrusted with a larger responsibility, which it is hoped would incite them to take a deeper and more practical interest in the progress of the work.

An entire change in the policy of the Society, or rather I should say, the immediate adoption of a definite and aggressive policy in the conduct of its missions, is unquestionably imperative. Retrenchment in grants to churches long stationary or retrogressive should at once be enforced, on what principle, the General Committee in each case ought to decide. An iron cast rule would be evidently inappropriate.

Henceforth it will not do merely to float, and let drift. The Society ought to have something to say about the com-

mencement of its missions,—where they should be opened, when and by whom. Nor should this supervision be relaxed until independence of missionary assistance be fairly attained. Contributing churches have an undoubted pecuniary interest which ought to be recognized both by receiver and contributor.

In breaking new ground very special care will be requisite; but should the District Committees carefully look out for desirable fields within their own bounds and minutely report to the General Committee at its annual meeting, on the recommendation of the committee, the Board might be safely entrusted with the initial direction and oversight of each new enterprise, without incurring risk of serious mistake.

As far as possible, important centres should be occupied, not, however, to the exclusion of rural districts. One of the excellencies of Congregationalism is its power of adaptation to all ranks and classes. If it requires intelligence for its fullest development, it creates the intelligence in which it thrives. Personally, I am quite sure that our city churches do not monopolize all the intellect and culture of the body. I make no comparisons, for they are seldom wise, and never wholesome, and have ventured the above remark only in refutation of the common hearsay, that Congregationalism is not adapted to rural populations. If, as Congregationalists, it be our glory to preach the Gospel in its freedom and power, and through our scriptural teaching to produce a high order of sanctified manhood, we will find employment and an appropriate sphere in all communities. As a matter of fact our country churches have been of vast service in our growth, such as it is; a growth which at present there is evident danger of undervaluing. They have sent many useful members into our town and city churches; and some of our most useful ministers into our pulpits. It is unnecessary to say what our city churches become, when rightly manned, and effectually trained.

Without discussing the subject, let me suggest the propriety of embracing the entire population of the Dominion, irrespective of colour or language. The Indian Mission might be more advantageously and less expensively managed in connection with our Home Missions; and our selfish and helpless abandonment of denominational interest in the French Canadian Missionary Society might thus in some measure be compensated.

Were our missions in a healthy and vigorous condition, I am persuaded the churches would not be remiss in liberal contribution. To obtain a steady and adequate income, two things, however, will be requisite:—first, faithful pastoral instruction, not on missionary platforms only but from the pulpit, and secondly—wisely arranged, systematic and prompt effort. Beyond and above these, the Churches specially need a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Yours truly,

MNASON.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

SIR,—There is much said and written about our Home Mission work, and fault found with secretaries and committees, and new way suggested for the better administering of the funds of this Society.

The General Committee have carefully administered the funds in the past, the trouble being that so little has been placed in their hands to administer, and each year it is painful for them to find so many open doors, but no funds to send men to the much desired work.

What we want is money, and every

church can be guaranteed that their contributions will be judiciously expended.

In most parts of this Province we have a bountiful harvest, and there is no reason why every church should not do its share in mission work.

The want of system is the cause of some churches neglecting to send their quota; what is everybody's business is nobody's, and thus no effort is made to collect funds.

If every church would appoint one or more energetic men to look after this work, have a special Sabbath to lay the claims of the Missionary Society and College before the congregation, say first Sabbath in October and December (the fall is the time to collect money), and the week following have the work done up, and the funds forwarded. This delay, and putting off week after week, is what interferes with the amount sent, some other object turns up in the mean time, and collectors get nothing or only a part of what they would have obtained if, according to the proverb, they had struck the iron while it was hot.

Let no local object interfere with these collections. Let every Sabbath-school take up a collection for missions once a month. Above all things, let pastors and people give up this incessant grumbling about our system and our failures.

Independency is all right, and succeeds when properly carried out. Let our churches be conducted on business principles. A business man is ever on the look-out how he can enlarge his business, let our pastors so look after their individual churches, and instil the same spirit into every member, we shall then be centres of usefulness, our churches will be enlarged, and no fears of retrograding.

HENRY COX.

Burford, Aug. 20, 1881.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from England a pamphlet by Dr. Parker, entitled "Ingersoll Answered." We had read the earlier chapters of it in the *Fountain*, and are glad to have the reply complete in one book. Those who know Jos. Parker need not be told that he is more than a match for Ingersoll. He wields a trenchant pen, and but little escapes his clear, caustic utterance. The reply is specially to a lecture by Ingersoll on the question of the Philippian jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" and if any one would see the different answers to this question from the standpoint of a believer and of an unbeliever, they should read this book. We presume that some arrangement will be made with Dr. Parker for reprinting on this side the Atlantic. We hope that it will be put into a cheap form, and circulated by the hundred thousand.

SCRIBNER for September, with its usual wealth of illustrations, is before us. Some readers will no doubt prefer one article, and some another; we have been much interested in the paper on "The Coniferous Forests of Sierra Nevada;" we commend it to all lovers of the Pine family. A very interesting article is on "The Wheel as a Symbol of Religion." Very curious is it to see how the wheel is interwoven with many systems of religion, not only among the Buddhists where the idea is fully developed, but among Scandinavians, Jews, and parts of Britain. There are in all sixteen articles, more than half of which are illustrated, some very fully, and in addition the usual *omnium gatherum*, under various heads, as "Topics of the Times," "Cultivation and Progress," etc.

St. Nicholas for September. We have spoken so often in favourable terms of this charming magazine that we need only say that this number is quite equal to its predecessors. Mrs. Dodge makes us envious of the boys and girls of to-day. No such pictures and reading when we were young.

MARRIED,

On the 26th June last, at the Congregational Parsonage of the Labrador Mission, Bonne Esperance, by Rev. John Squires, Mr. John Antell, of Salmon River, to Miss Mary Keats, of same place.

MISSION NOTES.

—An American missionary has obtained, after an interview with General Ignatieff, Russian Minister of the Interior, a letter to the authorities, allowing him to preach to the inhabitants of the district of the Caucasus.

—In the last forty years one hundred and twenty missionaries on the west coast of Africa have fallen victims to the climate; but the converts to Christianity on the field now number thirty thousand or more, and thirty-three missionary societies are at work now in Africa.

—The seventeen churches in Japan connected with the American Board, embrace a membership of 669 and 11 ordained ministers. The total amount contributed by them during the past year was 4,452 yen. A yen represents about 60 cents of our money. A labourer here receives not more than one fifth of what is paid to a labourer in the United States. The sum should then be multiplied by five to fairly represent the Christian giving of the Japanese people. The reports of the various out stations indicate remarkable progress, with great promise for the future.

—Some of the difficulties under which native evangelistic work is pursued in Madagascar are brought to the surface in the narrative of a native preacher's experience, which occurs in the recent letter of an agent of the London Missionary Society: "At Mahabo we have an evangelist stationed—one of the finest specimens of a stalwart, respect-commanding Christian that the island has produced. He was once a dirty little slave boy herding cattle. As a youth and young man he was a palanquin and baggage bearer, and in that capacity travelled with the Society's deputation in 1873. Some how or other he had contrived to learn to read, and had been received as a member and recognized as an occasional preacher in country places by one of the Antananarivo churches. His zeal found abundant opportunity for exercising itself when travelling with large gangs of baggage men, and Dr. Mullens dubbed him The Black Chaplain. Afterwards he accompanied Mr. Sewell and myself to the west, and his fearlessness in speaking the plain truth before the little despots of provincial governors we fell upon during our journey made me resolve to employ him in the Ambohibeloma district. With great difficulty he persuaded his master to allow him to take the engagement for a few months, during which he brought about a very unmistakable change for the better in one of the worst places under our care. When he asked for further leave, and proposed to pay half his wages to his owner, as he had formerly done in the days of his burdenbearing, he was threatened with punishment if he did not settle down again to his native level as a slave. After waiting some time, and finding there was no regular employment given to him, he begged for leave to redeem himself, asking his master to name the price. The reply to this was an angry refusal and a violent outburst, and the apparently helpless slave was told to pay down \$100 and go about his business. Fortunately all this passed before people who could be produced as witnesses, so that the master could be held to his word. The hitherto almost helpless bondman quickly saw his opportunity, and rushed off to Mr. Parrett, saying, 'Lend me the dollars; he has consented to sell.' Mr. Parrett gladly consented, and in a few days, to the owner's intense vexation, the whole affair was legally settled, and the new freeman on his way down the Iboina to work as the society's evangelist on the west of the Betsiboka." *S. S. Times.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

—According to the Brewers' Hand book, 200 new breweries were established in

the United States during the year ending May 1, 1881, the total sales of beer for that year being 14,115,466 barrels against 9,752,030 in 1877. And crime has also increased with fearful strides, though perhaps not quite so fast as the beer.

—A copy of the August 13 issue of *The National Liberator*, a Chicago temperance paper, was sent to every religious paper in the United States, with the view of inducing them to set about a vigorous agitation in behalf of prohibition.

—It is stated that a movement is on foot to acquire by purchase the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, for the purpose of making it the centre of English temperance work, just as Exeter Hall is the centre of Young Men's Christian Association work.

—The \$1,000,000 excess over last year in the United States Internal Revenue receipts came from the tax on cigarettes. In Philadelphia several boys have become blind from smoking them. Physicians say that the poisonous ingredients used in the paper wrappers and in the adulterated tobacco, cause an incurable cataract, which first destroys the sense of smell and taste, and then attacks the eyes.

—The law and order people of Chicago are to be commiserated in view of the conduct of their mayor, who not only attends the Sunday picnics of the German societies, but in public address eulogizes beer drinking. On one of these occasions he is reported to have addressed the crowd as follows: "God Almighty has given men beer because their systems demand a stimulant." Do all the respectable people vote in Chicago?

—The Ohio Temperance Convention, recently in session, in its platform denounced both the great political parties, and demanded a vote of the people on a constitutional provision prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and in the meantime the enactment of a stringent local option law. The activity and interest manifested throughout the Western States in the great question of prohibition has been referred to by us on previous occasions, and there is little doubt that it will be one of the political issues of the day before very long.

—The prohibition movement in North Carolina has met with signal defeat. The majority against it is very large, reaching, it is said, some 40,000. The issue, however, has not been a strictly temperance one. The proposition originated in the Legislature, which was Democratic. The Republicans were therefore foolish enough to make it a party issue, and vote solidly against it. The negroes were sufficiently blinded to cast, it is said, a unanimous nay. What the result would have been if the canvass had been confined to the single question of prohibition it is difficult to say. Indirectly one beneficial result has been secured by the new division of parties. The canvass was fair and peaceable, and the election seems to have been honest.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—A central noon-day salvation prayer-meeting is the latest agency instituted by the Salvation Army in London. General Booth proposes to make the meeting of such a character that Christian business men may invite their unconverted friends to attend, with a view to securing their conversion.

—Genuine revivals attending Protestant evangelical work are reported from Nimes and other cities of France. In Nimes the Free Church and the Methodist Church are nightly crowded with anxious inquirers, and on several occa-

sions large numbers have been unable to find admittance.

—At the close of the services, August 14, of the Chinese Sunday-school connected with the Mount Vernon-street Congregational Church, in Boston, a letter was read from one of the Chinese students at Hartford, who had been recalled to China. The student firmly declared his intention to adhere to the Christian religion, and asked that the prayers of his teachers should follow him to his own land.

—A new sect has arisen at Lake View, one of Chicago's northern suburbs, under the leadership of Mr. H. G. Spafford. They take the name of the "Church of the Overcomers," and believe in personal inspiration, in direct communication with God, in a literal rendering of the Scriptures as applied to mundane affairs, and in the final salvation of all the universe, including also the devil.

—Portugal has for a year or two been one of the most tolerant Catholic countries in Europe. Protestants and other dissenters have enjoyed a full measure of liberty in public worship. We now read in a Catholic paper these ominous words:—"Signs are not wanting that the Catholics of Portugal, who have been for so long tyrannized over by Freemasons, are awakening from their lethargy. It is now proposed to form a Catholic Union, to unite the Catholics of all ranks in defence of the rights of the Church, and the Congress is to meet again in three months, to consider a scheme for effecting this, which a committee has been appointed to draw up."

—Captain Ebenezer Morgan, of Groton, has given \$25,000 to Rev. Dr. Thos. J. Conant, of Brooklyn, N.Y., one of the American revisers of the Bible, to prepare an edition of the Scriptures which, when completed, with plates and copyright, is to be presented to the American and Foreign Bible Society, a Baptist organization, of which Captain Morgan is president. The edition is to give the object, divine authority, contents, etc., of each book, with short explanatory notes at the bottom of each page. Capt. Morgan is a zealous member of the Baptist denomination, who, from humble life, has amassed a large fortune in the whaling business and in the Alaska fur trade. He has done much to aid the Suffolk Institute and feeble Baptist churches in the State.

—The Scottish Free Church Commission of Assembly has adopted a resolution of regret that the Electrical Exhibition at Paris is to be kept open on Sunday, regarding such a desecration of the Lord's Day as inconsistent with due reverence and obedience to that God to whose goodness the world is indebted for all the great blessings which have accrued to it from the advancement of electrical science. It hoped that the directors of the exhibition would reconsider and reverse their resolution, and that, at least, the British and American exhibitors will see that their department of apartments be closed. The Committee on Sabbath Observance was requested to consider whether it was competent to take any steps in the matter, and the moderator was ordered to sign any petition of the Committee in the name of the Commission.

—The *N. Y. Independent* says:—"The spectacle of the Bishop of Liverpool giving social recognition and courtesies to members of the Wesleyan Conference could not be expected to pass without some one being found to give it an expression of his disapproval. The fault-finder in this case was the Rev. H. Willis Probyn Nevins, editor of the *Christian Apologist*, who wrote to him, 'As a clergyman who is troubled and perplexed by seeing your lordship extend your hos-

pitality in so pointed a manner to dissenting ministers, may I ask if it is, indeed, true that you hold them to be as truly priests and competent to consecrate the Eucharist as your lordship is?' The Bishop replied: 'Wesleyan ministers are certainly not clergymen of the Church of England; but, after the unkind treatment which John Wesley and his people received from the Church of England, last century, and after the good work they have done, I shall never hesitate to treat them with respect.'

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Dr. Garnet, the newly appointed minister to Liberia, has a daughter who is a missionary in that country, teaching school in the place where her great-grandfather was taken prisoner and sold to a Maryland slave-dealer.

—It was after hearing Dean Stanley that a chance attendant at Westminster Abbey made the oft-quoted remark: "I went to hear about the way to Heaven, and I only heard about the way to Palestine."

—Professor Proctor says that with a good telescope 100,000,000 suns can be seen, and that each of these suns is the centre of a universe. Relatively speaking, it would seem that this proud earth is of but little account.

—Lieutenant Condor has found, close to the spot where he places the site of the crucifixion, which is still called the Place of Stoning, a Jewish tomb of the Herodian period standing alone, cut in the rock. "Can this be," he asks, "the new Sepulchre in the Garden?"

—Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, at a meeting in London the other day said that, since leaving New York he had only taken off his hat twice, and that was once when he entered the gates of Jerusalem, and again when the steamer swung round and revealed an American college at the foot of Lebanon.

—Emperor William of Germany was recently presented with a curious pen, that supplies itself with ink while writing. The old Kaiser thanked the donor and said: "I should like to own a pen that would write only what is good and true; and then I wish all our journalists and reporters might each have one just like it and use no others."

—At Chautauqua, the other day, a little girl was asked if she were a Methodist. "Oh! no!" she replied. "I am a Brethren, and my mother is a Brethren too." These were of the United Brethren. At Montreal one of the Plymouth Brethren was asked why they never spoke of the Plymouth Sisters. "Oh!" was his answer, "the Brethren embrace the Sisters."

—Dean Stanley's death bed was a quiet and peaceful one. In the morning the sacrament was administered by Canon Farrar, the Dean himself pronouncing the blessing in a full, intelligible voice, and taking leave of every one individually, including the servants. The day passed quietly, and as evening came on his breathing grew difficult, but there was no sign of pain. He often spoke at length and with earnestness, but only a word here and there could be made out. Death came calmly, without even the motion of a limb.

—The Archbishop of Cologne has had, says a Catholic paper, a curious experience in a recent examination of children. "Is the Sacrament of Confirmation necessary to salvation?" he inquired of a boy. "No, Monsignor," responded the lad; "but when there is an opportunity of receiving it we should not lose it." "Well said," replied the prelate. Then turning to a girl, he asked if the Sacrament of Matrimony were necessary to salvation. "It is not," was the quaint reply; "but when the occasion arises it should not be lost."

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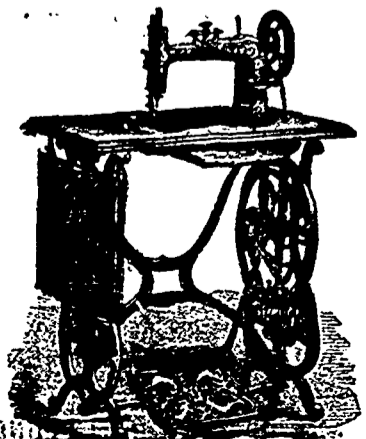
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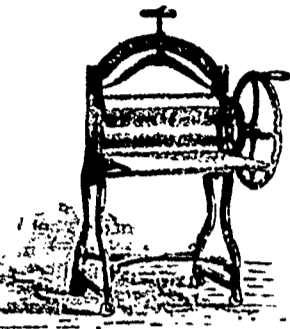
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