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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880.

[New Series. No. 16

Topics of the Week.

Since 1507 the Jesuits have been expelled from eight countries in Europe and from several countries in South America, not on account of their religion, but for their politics. They are found to make trouble and to be enemies of all governments they cannot control.

—Mr. Moody's school at Northfield seems to be meeting with much favor. It is understood that Mr. Hiram Camp, of Meriden, Conn., has given \$25,000 toward a boys' school, to be organized on the same plan as the girls. Two other persons have just given \$1,500. Mr. Watson, of Boston, who gave the first money for the seminary building, gives \$3,000 for a scholarship, and three ladies have agreed to pay for the education of one of the Indian girls.

—The *Congregationalist* says the original Jubilee Singers are to enter the field once more in behalf of Fisk University at Nashville. They sang for it six years, raising a large sum. For the past two years they have given concerts in their own behalf, and they now start out again on their original errand. Give them a hearty reception. They deserve it. We see that they are to sing in Toronto next week, and doubtless will visit other places. Will our friends think of the above "good word" for them.

—Mr. Ingersoll spoke at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Sunday, Sept. 19, on "What Must I do to be Saved?" The Y. M. C. A. gave each one, as he or she entered the theatre a card on which was the text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." One person about to enter, said: "That answer is sufficient, I don't care to hear any other," and walked away. The question occurs whether this course does not compel those engaged in it to concede the reciprocal right to infidels to distribute their literature at our own meetings, without subjecting them to the charge of discourtesy.

—A singular and apparently credible story is told of a parish priest at Montanaro, in northern Italy, who, after various and pressing, but unsuccessful appeals to his people for money with which to repair the church, finally, a few Sundays ago, laid a large pair of scissors on the pulpit before his sermon, and, after preaching on the great need of putting the house in better repair, called on all the women present, who really loved the church, to follow him into the sacristy and allow him to cut off their superfluous hair, and sell it. Forty-seven of the women followed him, and, as the story runs, he soon had two hundred pounds of hair, furnishing ample means for putting the house in the best order. What would the women of our Protestant churches say to such a proposal?

—The eyes of all Europe are still turned on the little port of Dulcigno, on the Adriatic Sea, midway between Rome and Naples. The Turks held it till 1878, when the Montenegrins took it by storm, 1,000 men being killed. After the Berlin Congress, this town, inhabited by Turks and Albanians, was given to Montenegro. It is nominally governed by the Sultan, whose resistance to the allied fleet of English, French, German, Italian and Austrian vessels waiting before Constantinople, seems a farce. Some

time ago he sent Riza Pasha to Dulcigno ostensibly for the purpose of scattering its Albanian forces and compelling its surrender, but this he has failed to do, until, now, the allied powers have made a formal demand for its capitulation. The powers are equally determined that Epirus and Thessaly shall be given up to Greece. Montenegro is a mountainous country of 100,000 people, warlike and very brave, and they bitterly hate the Turks. The Porte must submit and it is hoped without bloodshed.

—As to the Smith business, a calm reigns at present, but it is only a precursor to a fresh outbreak of the storm. The committee appointed last month is sitting upon the new article, and it will be seen at the end of October what is to come of the incubation. It is said to be likely that the commission, will, in some way, express its opinion that the Professor should not resume his class this winter, but leave it to the Assembly of 1881 to deal in a judicial way with the fresh features of the case. Perhaps Mr. Smith may refuse to bow to that decision. The commission has no power to enforce its own decrees. Whatever it does is on its own responsibility, and its action may be disclaimed at a succeeding Assembly. But any vote in it gives a tolerably certain indication as to the general feeling of the Church, and no man in the place of Professor Smith would improve his position or prospects by defying it.

The *Pacific* well says President Hays did a significant thing at Sault Lake City, for which he deserves honor. He refused to accept the freedom of a city which is the chief seat of the Mormon abomination of polygamy, and so far forth, Satan's seat. He could admire its industries, enterprises and achievements, but he would have no fellowship with its endowment houses and works of darkness. Now let us see that we shall have a Congress elected this autumn that will pass a strong anti-polygamy law, which can, and will be executed. And let us begin here at home; and let a committee of good men ask all our candidates for Congress if they will not agree to help in every possible way the enactment of such a law for all our territories. Arizona and New Mexico need one as truly as Utah. This Mormon abomination ought not to be suffered to continue—much less to spread.

—We shall hear immediately what the Presbytery of Glasgow is going to do about "The Scotch Sermons." By a majority, the Court decided not to appoint a committee right off, but a considerable minority voted for an immediate examination; and even although the Presbytery should refuse to move, the minority will certainly bring the matter before the General Assembly. It is easy to see that there exists among even Evangelicals like Dr. Phin and Dr. Marshall Lang, an intense dislike to meddle with the book. Dr. Phin makes every year grand speeches about the flourishing state of the Church, and about the peace which reigns throughout its borders; and he naturally dreads the disturbing effect of a heresy trial. So much, however, has been said about the teaching of the new school in all quarters, that it is impossible any longer to pass by on the other side, and we look forward with curiosity to the time when the Establishment will be compelled to declare how far it is going to carry the principle of comprehension.

Henry Ward Beecher has entered vigorously into the campaign for the Republican party, and is sending some hard shots at the Democrats. In a recent speech he declared that he had "been fighting the Democratic party for forty years, and it is still, as of old, poisoned with the virus of slavery, and is trying to get back into power by being borne on the back of fourteen vagabond States."

Church Congresses of one sort and another are not only common in England but in Germany also, it seems. Three such gatherings have recently assembled in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The German Vatican Catholics have held their twenty-seventh annual assembly. The resolutions which were passed were strongly in favor of a high Catholic tone of policy, concluding by expressing the deep sympathy of the German Roman Catholics for the persecuted clergy and laity of France. The Old Catholic Congress declared that there is no fundamental contradiction between the results attained by modern science and the primary truths upon which Christianity is based; and that the principle of the independence of national Churches is in full accord with the universal character of the Church of Christ. The Gustav-Adolf-Verein, the central Protestant organization of the Continent, met in the capital of Baden. The Grand Duke of Baden attended the festival service in church, and some of the deliberations. This association now numbers 1,005 branch associations.

Attempted repression of opinions has always had the effect of causing them to spread. There were two versions of the Bible in English before the Reformation, but copies were extremely rare, and the Book was little read. By-and-by William Tyndal was moved to make another translation, and on applying to a Bishop for help in the work, he only obtained threats of martyrdom. He fled to Antwerp, and in process of time sent copies of the New Testament across the water to London to his friends, "The Christian Brothers." They would have found much difficulty in the speedy circulation of the Book had not the Bishops cursed the work, and opened a subscription to buy up the dreaded volumes. "They burnt them publicly in St. Paul's. The whip, the gaol, the stake did their worst; and their worst was nothing. The high dignitaries of the earth were fighting against Heaven, and met the success which ever attends such contests. Three editions were sold in four years, and another was in preparation. All were condemned with equal emphasis, and all continued to spread."

—Within the last few days, says the *Builder*, passengers along the Embankment between Waterloo and Charing-cross have had their attention attracted to the aking down of the statue of Robert Raikes, which was erected only some two or three months ago, on the occasion of the Sunday-school Centenary. The statue itself, as well as the granite pedestal on which it stood, have been removed from the site, and the former taken away and placed under lock and key, pending the permanent foundation and basement works now in progress. The explanation offered of the removal of the structure is that its erection was only of a temporary character in order to admit of the inauguration of the statue during the centenary week, and that for this occasion the pedestal and the statue were erected on blocks of timber. "If

the explanation given be correct," adds our contemporary, "certainly it is the oddest proceeding that we have heard of for some time." We don't see what there is "odd" about this, if it is correct. Those who know the spot are aware that it is *made* ground recovered from the river, and that it is very difficult to get a firm foundation in such ground for an erection like the Raikes statue. It was stated at the inauguration that this difficulty had arisen, and that a larger sum was needed in consequence.

A letter, calling attention to the work of the American Protestant missionaries in Turkey, appeared in the *London Times* lately, from the pen of Mr. Gavin Carlyle. He says: "When the Turkish Empire is at present occupying so much attention, and when British liberality has so recently been elicited by the famine, it may not be out of place to refer briefly to a work now going on, the results of which are likely to be of great importance to the future. There are now no fewer than six colleges connected with the various Protestant American missions. There is the Robert College, at Constantinople, which is, I believe, acknowledged on all hands to be the best educational establishment in Turkey. At this college there are students of all creeds. Some of the ablest men in the new Bulgarian Parliament are graduates from Robert College. Their knowledge of Constitutions, acquired there, and equally of the history of our own country, stood them in good stead in helping to introduce free institutions. There is the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, presided over by Dr. Van Dyke, one of the ablest of living Arabic scholars. There is the central Turkey College at Aintab, to which many students flock from the adjacent regions. There is another newly erected college at Karpoos, further to the east. There is, across the frontier, in Persia, among the Nestorians, a college at Oroomich. And in the south of the Turkish Empire, in Egypt, there is a college at Osiout. In all these institutions young men are receiving a most intelligent education in philosophy and science, etc. English is the classic tongue which opens up to them the treasures of knowledge. A young man who recently came to England from one of these colleges, though he had never been in this country before, spoke English with such fluency as to be able to address with ease, and to interest, large audiences. Another made to me the most pertinent remark, in passing through Edinburgh and observing the numerous statues, that he wondered there was not one to Sir William Hamilton, with whose philosophy he was evidently acquainted. The American missionaries who preside over these colleges give also to all the students such thorough training in Biblical knowledge as is seldom got even in this country. Besides the colleges, to which I wish to draw special attention, as occupying a most important place in training up men for responsible positions in, before long, let us hope, a reformed Turkish Empire, there are numerous schools of different grades all over the country, taught by American and native teachers. Of the latter there are no fewer than 600 now employed. Many of these schools are for girls, whom formerly no one ever dreamt of teaching even to read. Many of these are difficult high high-class examinations.

LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD

Lost for want of a word!

Fallen among thieves and dying.

Priests and L. wives passing

The place where he is lying;

He is too faint to call,

Too far off to be heard—

There are those beside life's highway

Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!

All in the black night straying

Among the mazes of thought,

False light ever betraying.

Oh! that a human voice

The murky darkness had stirred!

Lost and beighted forever!

Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!

Too high it may be and noble,

To be ever checked in his sin,

Or led to Christ in his trouble;

No one boldly and truly

To show him where he had erred—

Poor handful of dust and ashes!

Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!

A word that you might have spoken—

Who knows what eyes may be dim,

Or what hearts may be aching and broken?

Go, scatter beside all waters,

Nor sicken at hope deferred,

Never let a soul by thy dumbness

Be lost for want of a word!

—Religious Herald.

Our Story.

MRS. CROFTS' DILEMMA.

"Mrs. Crofts, Ma sent me over to ask how much money you would contribute to the missionary-box, 'sides clothes?"

"Freddy Barton burst in upon Mrs. Crofts, in her sunny kitchen, and delivered himself of this speech in a breathless manner.

"Missionary-box! What missionary-box, Freddy?"

Mrs. Crofts was rolling out a flaky pie-crust, that was to cover a pie destined for the dinner-table that day, and it was growing late; but, notwithstanding that fact, the rolling-pin came down with a soft thud and her hands rested idly upon it as she continued to gaze steadily at Freddy, while the answer to her question fixed itself upon her mind, and fell, at length, from her own lips.

"So they have decided upon sending money and the box, after all?"

"I reckon they have," said Master Fred, wondering what made her stare so.

"You tell your Ma, sonny, that I will contribute just what I promised, three months ago, when that box was mentioned—clothing, nothing more. I have just been baking some gingerbread men. Take one! Benny declares gingerbread is so much better baked in this way," laughed Mrs. Crofts. "He always begins at the toes and ends up. Thinks that way tastes better too."

Freddy laughed merrily at Ben's conceit; and pocketing the gingerbread man, ran homeward, calling out from the gate: "You are to hurry up."

Mrs. Crofts was not given to long, elaborate sentences in making her opinions and decisions known, nor to useless argument. She invariably held an opinion, however, upon most subjects discussed in her hearing, and expressed them in a brief, concise manner, when directly appealed to.

The missionary-box had been talked up months ago, and all had consented to contribute clothing; but many refused money. In fact, those opposed to the money scheme were in the majority but the other party were decidedly the most influential—that is, as Deacon Day once mildly observed, they talked the fastest and loudest and carried the day invariably, in other matters beside missionary-boxes.

Mrs. Barton had at that time remarked

oracularly: "There ought not to be a dissenting voice." It was positively wicked that any church member should refuse money to so laudable a cause. She could see no possible reason. If there existed one, could it be stated? "Mrs. Crofts, is there a plausible reason for it?"

"I believe so."

"Will you state it?"

"Certainly. The debt upon our church, a large amount of which must be furnished very soon, and those who are really suffering here in our midst. The poor fund is exhausted."

"Dear me! Certainly. We have a debt upon us, I know; but so have many churches who still give largely, all over. Don't you know that?"

Mrs. Barton entirely ignored the latter part of Mrs. Crofts' speech.

"I do; but they pay their interest, or should. We do not."

"Yes, I—well, we did feel obliged to ask help this year."

"And last year also," supplemented Mrs. Crofts.

"Yes; last year also."

"By sending money in another direction, just at present, we are taking it from those to whom it rightly belongs. Besides, there are those here amongst us who are almost starving!"

A dead silence had followed Mrs. Crofts' truthful, plainly spoken words, and no further allusion had been made to sending money or a box to foreign missions; and that same night, Mrs. Crofts, after the children were in bed, had delivered herself in a speech of unusual length to worthy John Crofts, who had the utmost faith in every word she uttered, concluding with:

"I do believe, John, in sending to foreign missions. Heart and soul I am interested in the work and am willing to do all my hands find to do; but just now, considering the state of our church financially, I believe it is wrong, and in the face, too, of the fact that we can't raise enough to relieve the wants of one single needy family amongst us."

Mrs. Crofts had believed the matter abandoned, until Freddy Barton had so unceremoniously announced it in progress.

Forgetful alike of pie and rapid flight of time, she remained standing where Freddy had left her, turning the matter over in her mind, and wondering why she had not heard of the fresh move in that direction before; and evidently the plans were in an advanced state considering Freddy's parting injunction "to hurry up."

The old eight-day clock in the corner roused her from her reverie, at last; when she chanced at the white crust with more spirit than was usually displayed in pie making by this worthy lady.

Upon the whole, Mrs. Crofts was too charitably disposed toward all erring humanity to feel aggrieved any length of time; therefore when Ben and Bessie came from school, with rosy cheeks and eyes like stars, she forgot directly that a missionary-box existed.

"Mamma, Fred Barton said you gave him one of our gingerbread men, and it was the very goodest he ever ate, and he began at the toes too, 'cause I do; and, Mamma, he said, if he had just another, he would begin at the head, and then he could tell 'actly which way tasted the best. Can I take him another?"

Mrs. Crofts laughing assented, and a few minutes later with Mr. Crofts, they were seated around the table, all trace of the momentary vexation removed from the good little lady's face, and enjoying the meal as every meal was enjoyed in the Crofts household.

"I want bright faces at the table," worthy John Crofts always said. "Don't bring your grievances here, of all places."

And Mrs. Crofts saw to it that no one did. Mr. Crofts invariably had a good, wholesome, bright story to tell of something that could interest Ben and Bessie, and Mrs. Crofts never failed to make the

most of every pleasant little event; and so it came to pass that the three daily meals in this household were the jolliest part of the day. Old Miss Frink, the village seamstress, who was there a whole week at one time, declared she like to died every meal-time, "owin' to the amount of laughin' at the Crofts' table."

This digression has no special bearing upon our story, unless it may be seen from it that indulging in harmless, innocent mirth at proper seasons is conducive to a healthy state of mind, and the Crofts were in the enjoyment of this state to a large degree.

The table was cleared at last; Ben and Bessie had run off to school half an hour ago; and Mrs. Crofts, in a soft, dark, clinging cashmere dress, with a dainty white apron, took up her sewing beside the sitting-room window, with the intention of accomplishing considerable before supper-time. Her nimble fingers were moving rapidly, when, to her consternation, she saw Tacy Shepherd shuffling slowly up the walk.

Tacy was the village tatter; at least that was the name she had striven with all her energies to earn, and she honestly owned it. There was this excuse for her, however, she lived with an aunt who re-ailed gossip for a livelihood. In plainer parlance she rarely lost by telling a good story, reflecting credit upon her author, and in nine cases out of a dozen returned to her whitewashed hut, just out of town, the richer by a loaf of bread, a pie, and other substantial, chuckling inwardly at the success of her story, of which a quarter—rarely that—ever possessed a grain of truth.

This was poor Tacy's bringing up; and, having been an apt scholar, at the age of twelve she was a dread and a pest in every well-regulated household.

Mrs. Crofts saw with dismay that it was Tacy, and wondered what it could be that brought her, as she so rarely came.

"Well, Tacy?"

"Good-day, Ma'am. Ben and Bessie off to school?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crofts, inwardly thankful.

"Mis' Barton's goin' to send off a box and money to them folks in—in Ingy."

"So Freddy told me, this morning."

"I've come for your donate, Mis' Crofts."

"You, Tacy!"

"Yes'm. I've been goin' around all day after the things."

"Is that so? Very well, then, I will look up mine." Mrs. Crofts ran up-stairs, fearing to leave Tacy long alone, and hurriedly gathered together the garments she had intended to give, and, rolling them into as small a compass as possible, hastened back to the sitting-room, finding Tacy seated just where she left her, craning her long neck for a view of her new hat in the mirror.

"I know you don't mean to give money, as most of the ladies are doin'. And Mis' Barton says them as don't give are mean stingy. And Mis' Blair, the wife of the man who owns the 'Weekly Chronicle,' she is goin' to give ten dollars; and I heard Mis' Blair say her husband was goin' to publish all about it and tell the names of all that give; and she said, too, if it could be made known it would oblige folks to give, 'cause they would be 'shamed to be left out; and Mis' Blair—"

"Well, Tacy, that will do. Run along with your bundle now. The ladies may be waiting."

"All right, ma'am."

Tacy ran off, wondering if Mrs. Crofts cared (she didn't look so), and then concluded to report to that effect, which she accordingly did; and, in consequence, Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Barton added two dollars each to their subscriptions, thereby benefiting the missionary cause, for which let us overlook the motive that prompted it.

Mrs. Crofts' work again lay idly in her hands. A bright spot burned in either

cheek, and there was an ominous sparkle in the soft brown eyes, that rarely shone there, except under strong emotion.

"Shall I send over that money I have put by?" She spoke aloud, and the canary above her head set up a song that almost drowned her voice. "For two months I have been gathering that together for the poor creatures, and intended spending it for them to-morrow." She was quite unconscious that she was speaking her thoughts aloud.

"I do wonder what my duty is. Whom does this money belong to? Two weeks from to-morrow there is to be a subscription for lifting a portion of the church debt. John is ready for that, and I could send this money to Mrs. Barton, only it was saved from my household expenses, at a sacrifice, too, for the Stover family, who are suffering, really suffering, and are members too of our church. Mr. Stover is slowly dying of consumption. Mrs. Stover ails constantly—starvation John declares—and has the entire care of the sick man and that poor crippled girl, so she can do absolutely nothing of consequence toward the support of the family; and that burden rests solely upon ten-year-old Davy, poor boy! so hollow-eyed and starved-looking, working all day in the factory and trudging around at night with papers, and always a ready smile. It makes my very heart ache to watch him. It might be my Ben, now. Dear me! I did so hope to help lighten his burden; and I could almost see, in anticipation, the happy, hopeful smile upon the pinched, white face, and the bright flash in the sad eyes. Poor Davy! The money was his. Ought I to take it from him?"

Mrs. Crofts continued to talk aloud, until the canary, with a seeming determination to do so, quite drowned the voice; but above the song could still be faintly heard only this:

"I can't do it! They may send, and they may proclaim it in a dozen papers. The money is not mine to give them."

And so the box was sent, together with a large sum of money (Mrs. Blair's plan had worked famously), and the "Weekly Chronicle" did proclaim the fact in stunning capitals, and Mrs. Blair's and Mrs. Barton's names led all the rest.

Two days later, unseen save by "that all watchful Eye," the Stover household rejoiced over a good supply of substantial, that promised to keep the wolf from the door for several months, and Davy, with tears in the sad eyes, kissed the hand of his benefactor, so full his heart was of thanksgiving; and, as a tear dimmed her own eyes, she silently thanked God that only for a moment she had harboured the wicked desire to give where it might be blamed abroad, remembering Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Mrs. Crofts' gift to the Stover family might never have reached Mrs. Barton's ears, save for Ben's defence of his mother, a week later.

"I say," said Freddy, "I like your ma some way on 'count of the gingerbread men; and I don't like to hear her called stingy. I heard Mrs. Blair say she was, yesterday."

"Look here! Stingy? What do you call stingy, hey?" Ben assumed a pugilistic attitude. "Your ma and Mrs. Blair never bought a barrel of flour, and lots of sugar, and tea, and—lemme see—groceries, and muslin for poor folks all in a pile, as my mamma did for Davy Stover's folks, the other day, hey? Did your ma! I guess not. If my mamma didn't give any money for that old box, I reckon she thought it wasn't of no 'count. She knows what she's about."

Fred, being considerably alarmed at Ben's vehemence, observed a discreet silence, and proceeded homeward, telling his mother, directly he entered the house Mrs. Crofts couldn't be stingy for she must have bought as much for the Stover family as Mrs. Blair's old box was worth.

"To think," mused Mrs. Barton, "she really had the money to give, after all, and didn't care a fig about seeing her name in print! I never did quite understand her peculiarities."

Freddy remains a staunch friend of Mrs. Crofts, enjoying numberless gingerbread men, without being able to determine, however, if it is the upward or the downward way of eating them that tastes the best.—*N. Y. Independent.*

International S. S. Lessons.
THE LESSON LIST.

- Oct. 24. JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER—Gen. xxxii. 9-12, 22-30. *Golden Text*, Luke xviii. 1. *Commit* 26-30.
- Oct. 31. JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT—Gen. xxxvii. 1-5, 23-26. *Golden Text*, Prov. xviii. 4. *Commit* 32-35.
- Nov. 7. JOSEPH IN PRISON—Gen. xxxix. 21-23; xl. 1-8. *Golden Text*, Ps. xxxvii. 7. *Commit* 21-23.
- Nov. 14. JOSEPH THE WISE RULER—Gen. xli. 41-57. *Golden Text*, Prov. xxii. 22. *Commit* 46-49.
- Nov. 21. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN—Gen. xlv. 30-34; xlv. 1-8. *Golden Text*, Rom. xii. 21. *Commit* 1-4.
- Nov. 28. JACOB AND PHARAOH—Gen. xlvii. 1-12. *Golden Text*, Prov. xvi. 31. *Commit* 7-10.
- Dec. 5. LAST DAYS OF JACOB—Gen. xlviii. 8-12. *Golden Text*, verse 21. *Commit* 15, 16.
- Dec. 12. LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH—Gen. i. 14-26. *Golden Text*, Prov. x. 7. *Commit* 18-21.
- Dec. 19. REVIEW OF THE LESSONS.
- Dec. 26. LESSON SELECTED BY THE SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON—
Sunday Oct. 24.

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER—Gen. xxxii. 9-12, 22-30.

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 18:1.—And he spoke a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.

To be learned—26-30. Time, 17:30, P. C.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

It is difficult to ascertain with certainty the length of time which elapsed between the events of this lesson and those of our last. It is commonly supposed to have been only twenty one years; but Dr Kennicott shows very good reason for supposing that Jacob dwelt in Padanaram forty, instead of twenty years;—namely, twenty years "with," (ch. 31:38), or associated with, Laban; and "fourteen" and "six" (ch. 31:41) years of actual service in Laban's house. The dates followed in these notes accord with Dr Kennicott's estimate.

It will be seen by reading the connection that those had been eventful years to Jacob. But at length, having resolved to break his connection with Laban, and having obtained the consent of his wives, he started for the land promised to his fathers; and, arriving in the vicinity of Mt. Seir, sent messengers to Esau to sue for his friendship. The messengers returned, however, with no definite answer; but informed him that Esau was coming out with four hundred men to meet him. Those tidings were naturally very alarming to Jacob; he therefore divided his people and flocks into two lands, so that if Esau should fall upon one, the other might perhaps escape in the meantime; and then, in deep distress, he took himself to prayer.

LESSON NOTES.

(9-12). *And Jacob said.* This is the first prayer we have recorded in the Bible, unless Abraham's petition for Sodom may be considered such. It properly consists of six parts:—(1). Solemn invocation,—*O God of my father Abraham, God of my father Isaac, the Lord,*—what God before called Himself at Bethel—(ch. 28:13). Our Lord teaches us to approach God not as the God of Abraham—though doubtless it is quite proper to do so—but as "our Father;" so much greater is our privilege under the Gospel. (2). Justification of his return, on the ground of God's command and promise,—*which saidst unto me, return, etc.*—(ch. 31:13). God is well pleased to have His people remind Him of His own words;—not that He forgets them, but He is pleased when they remember them, and present them before Him. (3). Confession of his own ill-desert,—*I am not worthy, etc.* There is no doubt that, with the fear and dread of his brother, there had returned a humbling sense of the unworthy conduct by which that brother had made, as he supposed him to be, a cruel and relentless foe; and when brought to face the consequences of his conduct, his conscience cried

out against him, till he exclaimed in self-abasement and grief, *I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies, etc.* (4). Acknowledgment of God's providential care in the past,—*with my staff I passed over this Jordan*, (branch of the Jordan), *and now I am become two bands* (companies). (5). Entreating for God's protection, on his own behalf, and on behalf of his unoffending family involved with him in a common danger,—*deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother . . . of Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.* This opinion seems to have been unjust towards Esau; but Jacob's conscience, it used to a keen sense of the wrong he had done, caused him to magnify to his own mind the vengeance Esau would be likely to take. (6). Reminding God of His gracious promise to himself and his seed, *thou saidst, etc.* God encourages His people to plead His promises in prayer.

[His prayer ended, Jacob gathered out of his flocks a magnificent present, divided the animals into five separate flocks, and sent them forward, instructing the persons in charge of each, on presenting their gift, to say the same word; (5:18); hoping thus to conciliate his brother, and avert the vengeance he so much dreaded. This present would amply compensate Esau for the temporal loss he might have sustained through Jacob; and was the best outward evidence he could have given of sincere repentance.]

(22-25). The present was sent forward; but still finding himself harassed in mind, and unable to sleep, Jacob rose, and having sent over his family and stuff to the opposite side of the stream, he remained behind, for the purpose, doubtless, of still further pleading with God, and obtaining, if possible, an answer to his prayer.

(24-26). *And Jacob was left alone,*—alone, as regarded human society or human witnesses, and yet *there rested a man with him.* Who was this mysterious man? we naturally ask; yet, from what is related of Him, we can come to no other conclusion than that it was the Lord Jesus-Christ, *the angel of the covenant, in the form of a man.* If we base an opinion upon the narrative, we must conclude that this wrestling was a physical, as well as a mental struggle; and undoubtedly it was typical of the struggle which every human soul, roused to a sense of its need, particularly of deliverance from the power and dominion of Satan, must pass through. It seems reasonable to suppose that, as soon as Jacob was left alone, he took himself again to prayer, but immediately found himself hand to hand with one whose object seemed to be to resist him; but which appears, rather, to have been, to stimulate his effort, and encourage him to hope for ultimate success. This struggle continued until the dawn began to appear; when, as if to convince Jacob that, however strong he might fancy himself to be, he was incapable of prevailing *in the least*, except by His gracious favor, *He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and it was out of joint.* This, while convincing Jacob of the hopelessness of a physical victory, would cause him to cry more earnestly; and he would cling to his antagonist, and hang upon Him in an agony of solicitude; stronger far in his consciousness of helplessness, than he had been in his supposed strength.

We read (Hosea 12:4) that *he had power with the angel, and prevailed;—he wept, and made supplication unto Him;* and this strength of desire, not physical strength, is what prevails with God.

(26). *And he said, let me go, &c.* Jacob's answer—*I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,* shows at once the strength of his faith, the value he attached to the blessing, and the intensity of his desire to obtain it.

(27, 28). *And he said, what is thy name?* With the repeating of his own name at that time would come back to Jacob's mind its meaning as associated with that portion of his past life, whose dark shadow was making that night so gloomy with forebodings of coming vengeance. But he promptly answered, *Jacob,*—as if he should have said—yes: it is Jacob the supplanter; and such, to my cost, I have been. But oh, give me thy blessing; and under it I can, even yet, go forth in safety, and no wrath of him whom I have offended shall be able to touch me!

(28). *And he said—thy name shall be called no more Jacob.* The old name should thence-

forth pass out of use: and he should have a new name suited to a better nature. *Thy name shall be called Israel,* a prince with God), a name that should afterwards belong to all the faithful, (John 1:47; Rom. 9:6, 7.) *for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.*

With God,—This prevailing power had just been put forth. *With men,*—he had defeated his father's purpose to bestow the blessing where his partial favor desired to bestow it; but where God had purposed it should not be bestowed, He had prevailed against Laban, whose natural greed had been continually exerted towards him in acts of lawless oppression; and soon he should prevail against Esau, and win from him the kiss of reconciliation and peace. Besides the personal fitness of the name to himself, it was also a prophetic name suited to all the heirs of faith, among whose distinguishing characteristics should be those of *Princes, Prevailers.*

(29.) *And Jacob . . . said tell me, I pray thee, thy name.* This request was not granted. Jacob's experience must have satisfied him that the Being who blessed him was Divine—there was no need that he should know more. *And He blessed him there.* The language of this blessing is not given.

It was a solemn, personal blessing,—a full confirmation of his hope, lifting him up into higher life, and bringing him into closer fellowship and more intimate personal relation with God than he had ever before enjoyed.

(30.) *And Jacob called the place Peniel* (the face of God) *for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.* It was believed that if a man were to see God, he would perish. Jacob seems to have supposed himself an exception: yet he had only looked upon God *veiled* in a form like that of a man. In later days men saw Him veiled in human flesh, in the person of Jesus Christ. That is the only real manifestation of Himself that God has ever given to men—probably the only one created beings may ever hope to have.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Jacob did what he could to make restitution to Esau, and then came and made supplication to God. When, in a truly penitent spirit, we have done our best to right the wrong we have done to another, we may confidently hope for forgiveness from God; but not before.

Jacob felt himself face to face with ruin—he sought God with all his heart, under a humbling consciousness of his dependence, and God gave him a double deliverance—not only a temporal, but a spiritual one.

As long as Jacob wrestled in his own strength, he gained no advantage. When that was taken away, and he cast himself in abject weakness upon God, then the blessing came.

Jacob wept and made supplications, but that did not purchase the blessing. That was only the outward expression of sincere penitence and intense desire; the blessing was a free, unmerited gift.

God brought Jacob very low, that He might raise him very high. He went to God as Jacob the supplanter in an agony of fear and dread of his brother's vengeance; he came forth as Israel—Prince, a Prevailer.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the Children.)

What news had Jacob heard (v. 6) that troubled him? Why was he so much afraid? (9, 10) To whom did he tell his trouble? What did he say to God? What did he tell God that He had commanded him to do? Why did he remind God of that? Perhaps he was afraid God would forget it, and let Esau kill him, although he was doing what God had told him to do. Do you think God had forgotten? What did he tell God about himself? Was that true? Yes; it was; Jacob was unworthy of God's mercies. Are we unworthy too? (11) What was Jacob afraid Esau would do? (12) What other promise did he remind God of? If God let Esau do what Jacob feared he would, could that promise come true? [Read verses 12-21, and tell what Jacob did. Was that a very valuable present? Why did Jacob send it? (22, 23) After the present was gone, what did Jacob do? (24) Who came and wrestled with him? Until what time? Was that a real man? No: it was Christ in the form of a man (see v. 30). (25) What did he do to Jacob? Why did he do that? So that Jacob might see that he was not a man, after all; and learn that he could never gain a victory just by strength of body. What does the prophet Hosea say (ch. 12:4) that Jacob did then? (26) Did Jacob let the Lord go? What did he say? Do you think that was just what the Lord wanted him to say? Yes: He wanted him to be very much in earnest so that he might get a very great blessing. (27) Why did the Lord ask for Jacob's name? Because He was going to give him a beautiful new name; and he wanted him to think for a little what the old one meant, so that he might prize the new one all the more. What was that new name? What does it mean? (29) Did the Lord tell Jacob His

name? (30) Do you not think Jacob felt pretty sure what it was? Why? What is the meaning of *Peniel*? Had Jacob really seen God's face? No: only as it appeared to him—that is, as a man's face. Do you not think Israel was a very happy man? Why? Are all happy whom God blesses? Will you not entreat God to bless you with a new heart and a new name as He did Israel? Where does God write his people's new names? IS THE LAMB'S BOOK OF LIFE. Is your name written there? PRAY THAT IT MAY BE.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S ADVICE.

A lady unused to the rough travelling of a mountain land went thither to make her home, and received from one of her new friends this bit of advice. She had been telling of her faintness when guiding her horse through a deep ford where the water ran swiftly and the roar was incessant, and said she feared she would never be able to overcome the abject physical terror which dominated her whenever she found herself in the strong current midway between the banks.

"Oh, yes, you will," said her companion. "Just take a leaf in your mouth and chew it, and as you ride across, keep your eyes on the other side."

When I heard this, I thought there was a lesson in it for myself and perhaps for others. The leaf in the mouth, a simple thing and, at first glance, unnecessary, nevertheless had a meaning, and I soon discerned it—occupation, diversion of the mind from an unreasoning fear, something to attract attention from fright and peril half unconsciously. The look over and beyond the flood was emblematic of the power of faith, which enables us to go forward, no matter how environed with difficulties, because we are not dwelling so much on the present distresses as on the joy that is set before us.

How often we are encompassed, beset and thoroughly perplexed by the contrary circumstances of our lives! Going up stream is hard work when everything about is combining to drag us down. You are a young Christian, and have resolved, by the help of the Divine Saviour, to live singly and consistently for Him. But your home influences tend to worldliness, to money-making, to securing social position or to stepping higher in the sight of men. They who love you most tenderly set stumbling-blocks in your path, and your household affections strive against your spirituality. Do not grieve about it. Take the leaf in your mouth. It may be the leaf of Bible study. A sweet verse in the morning, read, thought over, and assimilated, is a wonderful onward helper. It may be the leaf of unobtrusive humility, for you are tempted to pride and Pharisaism more than you are aware. It may be the leaf of gentle effort for the Master, in the Flower Mission, in the invalid's chamber, in the daily homely housework, or in the Sunday school. Take the leaf, and remember—to keep your eyes on the other side—the bright side—where the day dawns and the shadows flee away. You are the head of the family, or you are a man in a place of responsibility, with others depending on you for direction. You cannot swerve by a hair's breadth from your integrity without doing irreparable injury to many interests. Sometimes you are pressed, and pulled, and harassed in ways which nobody suspects. Neither your wife nor your business partner, nor the people you meet as you go to and fro, your pastor nor your intimate friend, suspects the perils you are facing. It turns you giddy and sick, but they go daily on, for your mountain torrent is to them as a silvery brook in the green pasture. Do not despair. Take the leaf in your mouth, the leaf of prevailing prayer, the leaf of stubborn modesty, or the leaf of brave self-assertion, and look, till your weary eyes grow clear and your feeble heart grows confident, . . . side, . . . all is peace and . . .

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TORONTO, OCT. 14, 1880.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL AT PHILADELPHIA.

This is the second council held, the first having met in Edinburgh A.D. 1877. The object sought by these gatherings is the drawing together in closer bonds the various churches of the world Calvinistic in creed, and Presbyterian in polity. Its character is that of the councils known to our own Congregational polity, the authoritative character being expressly disclaimed. Adoption of no one on a large scale of the old Congregational polity by our Presbyterian brethren.

Subjects of vital interest have been discussed, differences of opinion expressed, and that with much greater freedom than was possible or desired at the first great gathering, which only prepared the way. The chief point of interest to those not in the more immediate circle is the fact, plainly revealed by the scraps of intelligence that have reached us thus far, of two distinct lines of thought and attitude—*notwithstanding the identity in words of the standards of faith accepted—the narrow and the broad, they who still use the creeds as a shibboleth, and they who plead for a wider and more elastic bond of visible unity.* Of course, numerically, *on the platform*, the upholders of the letter of the bond prevail, but a deep undertone of sympathy is struck by the less fettered minority, otherwise their heads would be snapped off in a twinkling. The truth is, thought to be expressed must be formulated, then comes a time when formula becomes the synonym of formality, then comes revulsion, in which state many are now, the struggling, even destructive state; let us be patient, we perhaps have too thoroughly swung from all formula, and our rebound may meet the advanced guard of the other wing. Can we come together? Certainly the day seems coming when creeds will be generally admitted as declarations of principles instead of *bonds* of union, and the discussions of the Philadelphia Council will not delay that time. The only present practical result of the gathering seems to be some mutual arrangement about the Foreign Mission field, whereby unseemly competition in heathen lands may be avoided, a result, however, of itself sufficient to justify such a meeting. A full report of the speeches and papers will be published, on which we may make some observations hereafter.

In the meantime will it not be well for the Congregational churches generally to consider whether some such international gathering on their part is not called for. Have we not some stone to place in the steps upward to universal Christian sympathy? There is to those churches not only a broad but a distinctive platform, and a constituency sufficiently large to swell a gathering

which, by representing as it would, the old Puritan element in its world-wide diffusion, would also wield an influence in the present shaping of religious life for the generations yet to come. We hope yet to see this matter taken up by some such body as the National Council of the U. S. Congregationalists, or the Union of England and Wales, say at its next jubilee year.

A WORD OF CHEER FOR COUNTRY PASTORS.

It sometimes happens that ministers in rural charges become sadly discouraged over their work, and passionately long for speedy deliverance from it and for introduction to some town or city sphere of labor. A contemporary lately pointed out some instances of this fact, which revealed the friction, the unrest, the unsatisfied yearnings under which many country pastors were being ground down. They were looking and waiting, and some were even candidating for some El Dorado whose gold-strewn soil was supposed to be in the neighborhood of a pastoral charge in some flourishing centre of trade.

We have no doubt that there is much in many a rural charge which is dispiriting. Bad roads, plain houses of worship, limited congregations, little society, absence of bustle, meagre pecuniary support, often fall to the lot of the country pastor. And there is nothing in these things over which any man is likely to go into a rhapsody of delight. Besides, there are unsatisfied dreamings which tend to increase the unrest, dreams of larger spheres of usefulness, more cultured society, the access to finer libraries and galleries of art, larger remuneration, better educational facilities, broader fellowships, and other things which are supposed to be wedded to a residence and labor in some enterprising town or city. The dreamer in the rural study does not consider the set-off to these fine possessions, the constant grind, the pronounced opposition, the heavier responsibility, the higher price of rents and necessaries, and the other nameless ills associated with an urban or suburban pastorate. He longs to flee the ills he has, but does not know the other ills into which he would inevitably fall.

Now, is there any thought which

"Shall soothe this restless feeling?"

and bring composure and resignation and even delight to the toilers in the country districts? We think there is. And our thought has been confirmed by a sentence in a political journal recently, a sentence so valuable, if correct, that we cannot emphasize it too strongly: "Country boys have always come to rule the nation." Here is a startling fact, that those who rise to the highest post of trust in the nation, are not from the city, but—like Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Carlyle—date from some humble country side. This is stated, of course, as a general rule, to which every one knows there are exceptions. But the rule is as true as it is obvious. Now as it is true in political and national and educational life that rural boys have reached the highest positions and worn the brightest wreaths of fame, we believe it to be as true in the religious sphere. In the churches of the land,

the finest occupants of the pulpit and the sturdiest men of the pews have—as a rule—come from among the stumps and furrows and farm houses of the rural sections.

If this be true, then, what a glory as well as a responsibility attaches itself to the work of the country pastor! These lads which are to be the flower of religious workers are in his hands during the most impressionable years to tend and to nurture and to develop. He may touch the spring of their intellectuality, awaken their purest emotions, train their power of will, form and fashion their character, and thus lay deep and strong the foundations on which the superstructure of future greatness and usefulness is to rest. And what a grand and noble work that should seem to be to any mind which rightly comprehends it! True, it is being done for other places and for other societies than those in which the workman toils. And there is some shadow in that thought. But after all it is work done for God, for the world, for truth, and that is noble work. So the country pastor oft does a work which has wider influence, farther-reaching effects, more glorious consummations, than he dares to imagine or hope for. But God knows and owns his work with blessings often of a hundred-fold. So let this view of this matter throw a more engoldened sunbeam into the study and heart of our country pastors, and succeed in shining away the shadow of disappointment which too often makes its home there.

ASSUMING TOO MUCH.

In an article from the Philadelphia Presbyterian on the Catholicity of Presbyterianism we read:—"The principles of church government which do manifestly appear in the Bible are Presbyterian—the three great Scriptural principles are these: 1. The government of the church is administered, under Christ, by ordained men, called by Him, and His call authenticated by the voice of the people, they therefore representing both Him and them. 2. Amongst these rulers there is no subordination, but perfect equality of power. 3. The local and lower organizations are bound together in a system of subordination to the higher and more widely extended, which is based upon, recognizes, and aims after the exhibition of the unity of Christ."

A few remarks on each, and on the last, first. Where do we find the "system of subordination" there posited? Did Paul ever on behalf of the Gentile churches order any subordination to even the Jerusalem church when the first council was held? Indeed, can that so-called council be held to have been more than a conference among Christian toilers and brethren? The late Principal Cunningham, of the Free Church College of Edinburgh, referring to this transaction, writes that it "naturally and obviously wears the aspect of the church at Antioch referring an important and difficult question, because of its importance and difficulty, and because of its affecting the interests of the whole, to the church of Jerusalem as to a supreme authority." The italicized words are the turning point in the entire question, and are, to say the least, pure assumption; the same

writer just before had declared the rule of church power to be the word of God, and there is no ground for disputing the statement of Mosheim, himself a Lutheran:—"For, though the churches founded by the Apostles had the honor shown them to be consulted,—it is clear as noonday that all churches (which were independent bodies) had equal rights, and were in all respects upon a footing of equality." Historically the third principle was not established in apostolic times. The equality of rulers follows from the equality of churches, therefore, the second principle we accept. How stands the first? If "called by Christ" means that inward impulse "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and the authentication of that call by the church means the church's call to the pastorate, we have Congregationalism equally with Presbyterianism and the exclusive claim of possessing the Bible polity is unfounded. And what else can these words mean?

But where is the government vested in those ordained men to decree ordinances, erect standards, determine doctrines or rule an organ out of a church's accessories of worship? Where is there other rule than that of being ensamples to the flock and servants for Christ's sake?

Whether a living church, or a number of living churches have the right to organize in a series of courts; whether, in short, the life of the church is not left by the N. T. free to shape its own expedient polity is a question about which much may be said on either side, which we may sometime discuss, but which we do not discuss here. We have, however, shown cause to hold that the Philadelphia Presbyterian has assumed too much in claiming the principles of church government appearing in the Bible to be manifestly what it knows as Presbyterian.

We may say, moreover, Presbyterianism is becoming rapidly Congregational, the council just met in Philadelphia being only such a gathering as, e.g., the Triennial Council of the Congregational Churches regularly established in the United States.

DR. WADDINGTON.

A few weeks ago we gave a review of Dr. Waddington's last Volume of the History of Independence, and today we chronicle his death in the 70th year of his age. The Volume was hardly finished when great feebleness resulting in dropsy seized upon his once most vigorous frame; and for months past he has been lying in a state of utter prostration. We remember him as minister of Union Chapel Southwark, which church was afterwards merged in that of the Pilgrim Fathers. His monument will be the painstaking and exhaustive history of the rise and growth of Independency in England. 'The Fathers where are they; and the Prophets, do they live for ever?'

We have received from two Montreal friends ten dollars and three dollars respectively, to aid the circulation of the *Independent* by free distribution. We shall be glad therefore to send to ministers and others, as many copies as they can advantageously distribute, with the special object of obtaining fresh subscribers.

We would again appeal to the friends who have not paid their subscriptions to do so without delay. For a few weeks past, pending the printing of the mail sheet, the numbers have been directed by hand. Now that they are again addressed in the usual way the amount due can be seen at a glance, thus "1 July, '79," means that the paper is only paid to that date, and that Two Dollars is due, "1 July, '80," one year due, and so on. Look at the direction—see what is due, remit it, and we will thank you.

THE GREATEST DESIRE OF ALL.

Had I a legion of earthly friends, they could never fill the place of that friend which is Jesus. He is the friend of friends. "The same yesterday, to-day and forever." The all-observing, the all-loving, sympathizing Jesus. His name is the sweetest of all. Happy the love that breeds the desire, "Abide with me."

There is an unfathomable expression in that desire. There is a fulness of comprehension that cannot be revealed. We have seen and heard manifestations of it, but the sweetness is confined within a guarded enclosure, viz, the heart.

See that woman in the Pharisee's house with "an alabaster box of ointment," see her "weeping." The tears fall on the Saviour's feet, and as they fall, "She did wipe them with the hairs of her head." She had been a sinner. The facts of the case are evident. It raised the indignation of the proud Pharisee. Simon could not perceive the great change that had taken place in her heart. That woman's soul was unwrapped in the Saviour's sympathy. He said unto her, "Go in peace."

Did she depart without taking that peace with her. I trow not. That abode within her breast, and that peace was "Jesus." It would ever be her blessed privilege to retain it for ever and ever. So it must be with every believing soul. It is our privilege to retain the consciousness of an ever-present Saviour. Our Saviour is the Prince of Peace.

Why should I breathe such a desire, "Abide with me?" Because it is well to feel the presence of Jesus at all times. It giveth joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, light in darkness. It exercises a wonderful power in the pulpit, in the Sabbath School, in the prayer meeting and in the closet. By the Saviour's presence we are invested with a power which is divine.

To know this power, to feel this power, Christ must "abide with us." There must be a unity of fellowship formed between the soul and Christ, that even death itself cannot destroy. This desire should never become stale. It should be ever fresh. Arising from the lips of the followers of Christ day by day with a fervency characteristic of sincerity.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Christ has trod the path before us, he alone knows the grace and strength we need. He has given expression to the truth, "for without me ye can do nothing."

We cannot bear the toil. We cannot endure the sorrows and trials of life. We cannot withstand the tempter's power alone. Trust less to self, more to Christ, and Christ shall be glorified in you.

J. DAVIES.

Correspondence

T. CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot ensure the insertion of any matter in the week's issue reaching us later than the Monday preceding. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

THE FOREST CHURCH AND ITS PASTOR.

(Editor of "The Canadian Independent.")

To the Rev. R. Wallace:—

DEAR SIR,—We are somewhat surprised at your procedure towards the Rev.

Mr. Frazer and the Forest Church. You first sent us serious charges against our Pastor, and then before we had time to take action or make investigation, came out with an article in the INDEPENDENT, headed in capital letters, (apparently a private letter, addressed to the editor of some journal) but virtually prejudging Mr. Frazer's case and declaring to the world with the utmost presumption that you can prove him to be a dishonourable hypocrite. Supposing you have documents whereby you think you can prove your first, how, we ask, sir, can you prove your second? Are you omniscient, that sitting in your study in London you can read the hearts and motives of men in Forest? Now we know but little of Mr. Frazer's past history, and would be very sorry indeed, for the sake of truth and righteousness, that anything serious could be proved against him, but mind we find no fault with you for preferring a charge against him if you believe there are sufficient grounds for it: but we are dissatisfied, yea, intensely indignant, with the manner in which you have done it. Now, supposing Mr. Frazer erred while yet a very young preacher and was deposed, is it not as reasonable to suppose that he came here humbly determined, by the help of God, to redeem himself from under an apparent cloud; and after all, there is not only the possibility but the probability that the cloud was but the effervescence of the jealousy of surrounding ministers, the lustre of whose shining he had dimmed by his quiet, attractive, and superior eloquence. Mr. Frazer's conduct since he came among us, so far as human eye and scrutiny can discern, has been that of modesty, candour and uprightness; his bearing towards all has been most kindly, courteous and dignified, without ostentation, vanity or frivolity; there has not even been a breath of suspicion against his character, and by hard study and able discourses he has filled the church in Forest to overflowing, and won the esteem of the good and the thoughtful.

JAMES HUTTON, M.D.,

ALBIN RAWLINGS,

DUNCAN LIVINGSTON,

Deacons of Forest Church.

DUNCAN BRODIE,

HUMPHREY CAMPBELL,

Deacons of Ebenezer Church, Warwick.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

Member of Ebenezer Church.

Forest, Oct. 9th, 1880.

LABRADOR MISSION.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Independent."

Returning from a vacation visit to my old missionary home on the coast of Labrador, after the lapse of fifteen years, I venture to answer through your columns the question so constantly asked both in Canada and the States: "how did you find the coast, and the mission?" Well, I found the coast there, with its rocks and hills, its capes and coves, its rivers and islands—a wild, rough, romantic country still. I found a huge snow-drift, in one of its gulches, remaining into August, showing that they still have long and severe winters. I found—no, they found me—the usual army of flies and mosquitoes, making the most of their short summer. The codfish and the herrings, the seals and the salmon, the foxes and the deer, the curlew and the ptarmigan, are still there, although in less numbers than twenty-five years ago. The resident population has, I think, materially increased by immigration of families from the eastern shore of Newfoundland. As to the floating population of summer, there are fewer Jersey and American fishermen than formerly, but more from the neighboring Provinces. The men and women whom I knew so well a score of years ago have grown old—many of them have ended their pilgrimage, some at least sincerely desiring a better country, that is, an heavenly. The children who came to our first

Schools have become themselves men and women, and send their children in stead. I found the Mission, not at Caribou Island as aforesaid, but at Bonne-Esperance, an island four mile to the westward, where, in the interest of the foreign fishermen as well as of the resident Protestant families, the summer station has been removed. For several seasons, public worship has been held here in the loft of a fishing-stage, generously furnished by Mr. Whiteley, the owner of the island, who is a prominent man on the coast and a firm friend of the Mission. But this summer a new chapel, built of plain pine boards on an eminence overlooking the harbor and the sea, was so far completed as to be used for Sabbath services. When the weather is favorable, the hoisting of the Bethel flag brings the shoremen from their islands, and sailors from their vessels, who together go up to this house of the Lord, "to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." At the small, neat mission-house here I found quite unexpectedly to him good Mr. Butler, who has so long and faithfully served the Mission. His health is quite poor, and will oblige him to leave the Mission this fall. Miss Warriner, who went out from Ontario four years ago, as teacher, had however decided to remain, though alone. Happily, another teacher had been secured to join her, as you have doubtless already announced—Miss Ellen M. Wilkes, niece of Rev. Dr. Wilkes. The winter station remains at the settlement in Esquimaux River, and there the real work among the people and the children is done. A new mission house, a new school-house and a new chapel, take the place of the old building at the foot of "Miss Brodie's Hill"—and here, for eight months, the inhabitants, gathered from their different summer-homes, will come, on dogs-sledges and on raquettes, to attend Sabbath worship, evening meetings and week-day school. Labrador is not, and never will be a populous country, but there are enough people there to warrant the continuance of every *evangelical effort* to bring the gospel of salvation to their homes and hearts. Good has been done there, not only directly by the formation of a little band of believers, and the instruction of a large number during all these years, but indirectly in various ways. Seed sown in those harbors has borne fruit in sailors' lives on other shores and other seas. Quite a number of Christian youth, educated there, are now in the United States. One English fisherman, converted to Christ in Labrador, is a useful professor in a University among the freedmen. The influence of the Mission in stimulating effort by other religious bodies, on other parts of the coast, is marked. The English Church has a missionary on the Canadian part of the shore, and others at the northward, under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland. In that region also are Wesleyan missionaries, and even the Catholics have been moved to set up schools and to teach the forms—though corrupted—of religion; so that "every way, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Let not Canadian Congregationalists forget those few sheep in the wilderness, or fail to keep among them some one, who shall, in imitation of the Chief Shepherd, "go after that which is lost, until he find it."

C. C. CARPENTER.

Peabody, Mass., Sept. 80.

Literary Notes.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE by A. Wilfred Hall; Hall & Company, New York. We confess to disliking pretentious book theories which profess to solve all difficulties and give certainties where only faith can have exercise. We remember "Parr's Life Pills" in our boyish days, and reading in old Paris Almanack, (all quack medicines need an almanack), how these wonderful pills

cured all and that Old Parr died at the wonderful age of 152. We asked our paterfamilias, "Why did he die at all?" Why is there any ignorance when we have so many wise men? Thus ran our thoughts as we looked at the cover and glanced at the table of contents of this book with some testimonials at the end. However, as in duty bound we read the introduction, and began to be interested notwithstanding a strain of assumption which ran throughout, and now, having, at least, looked through the book we are constrained to confess that we have been set thinking. We note some of those things which have struck us as specially worthy of thought. The author has no sympathy with the attitude of many believing men of culture and power, especially such as are in the pulpit, who under the glamour of Darwin's Origin of Species, incline to the acceptance of evolution. Theistic evolution argues that evolution, if established, only unfolds the Creator's mode of causing all things to spring forth, He still exercising efficient control and immanent supervision. This being so, God must have *involved* into the first polyp, thozopod, protozoon or moneron, all the possibilities of the after universe, and thus the first living germ would be God's vicegerent for the earth and its infinite variety and form. Does not such a theme involve greater perplexities than the received opinion of distinct active energies in the formation of species? Our author maintains also that evolution is the one scientific theory that violates the scientific principle of the uniformity of nature, seeing every departure from the type, beyond certain limits, is virtually a new production. At any rate the time has not yet come when evolution has established any claim for acceptance at the hands of Christian men. In meeting our scientists, the author devotes a large portion of this book to disproving the universally received theory that sound is projected by air waves striking upon the drum of the ear. He charges, and with apparent force, the scientists with ignoring the very first elements of science in accepting and promulgating the general view. The argument is too long and elaborate for review. We indicate one line. The concussion accompanying a cannon shot or a magazine explosion, shattering, as it often does, windows, has been held as proving the ordinary theory of air waves. Our author maintains that the condensed air wave or concussion which breaks the windows is caused by the quantity of gas instantaneously generated by the exploded powder, and is "altogether a different effect, when tested, from the sound produced by the same explosion, and that it will also be found to travel at a *different* velocity, which velocity will be in proportion to the quantity of gas added and the distance the condensed wave has travelled." whilst sound has a *uniform* rate of speed. We cannot follow the author in his theory of the origin of all created being, which seems to us akin to the old gnostic emanation theory: there is "nothing new under the sun" in the realm of speculative thought, but we can commend the book which in its present form is fragmentary, having been written in pamphlets as one of the most suggestive and interesting we have had upon our table for many a weary reading day. It is full of suggestion and instruction.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL: EXTERNAL EVIDENCES, by Dr. Eyre Abbott, of Harvard University. Boston, Geo. H. Ellis, 1880. A treatise of 104 pages, in which the destructive criticism of "Supernatural Religion" and the school of which that book may be said to be the English manifesto, are thoroughly and fairly met. It is a work for the study and the student upon a burning question of Christian Apologetics,—not for popular use,—and as such it is invaluable.

CAPT. N. K. CLEMENTS.

The following notice of the late Capt. N. K. Clements, of Yarmouth, N. S., is one of many that have appeared in the columns of the secular press of these provinces, and is so just and appreciative that I venture, in spite of its length, to ask your insertion of it, in an early issue of THE INDEPENDENT. At the same time permit me to say that only a little more than a fortnight intervened between his death and that of his youngest son, Hermann, of whom it could well be said, "his father loved him, and his life was bound up in the lad's life."

The dear youth departed, strong in faith in God, rejoicing in the swellings of the Jordan, and exhibiting a child-like confidence in the Saviour, refreshing to witness in a youth of fifteen summers. They are "not lost, but gone before"; "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Truly yours,

ALEX. MCGREGOR

Yarmouth, Sept. 22nd, 1880.

With feelings of no ordinary sorrow—feelings in which we are sure our readers generally will share—we record the death of our townsman, N. K. Clements, Esq., which occurred at his residence on Parade street, shortly after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. In the demise of Mr. Clements—or Captain Clements, as he was familiarly called—it is not too much to say that Yarmouth has sustained a loss which cannot, or at all events will not, be repaired during the lifetime of the present generation. There is hardly a department of her outward life—religious, educational, or commercial—which will not miss the stimulus of his wonderful energy, and the fostering aid of his still more wonderful liberality. He was the life and soul the leading spirit of the religious organization with which he was connected, the founder and munificent patron of the noble Seminary of which we all feel so proud, the promoter and, for years, the sole proprietor of the efficient steamship line which has done so much to build up the trade and further the interests of our port. His enthusiastic advocacy it was which forced the subject of a local Railway upon the attention of both the Provincial and General Governments, and made the project feasible; and his, too, was the clear-eyed sagacity which long ago foresaw the consequences to our capitalists of making an idol of their shipping, and pointed out to them, on every fitting occasion, that through the establishment of manufacturing enterprises lay their surest road to prosperity. When such a man, in the mysterious providence of God, is called away from the activities of life, to mingle with

"the cold shadows which divide
The living from the dread unknown."

we instinctively feel that respect for the honored dead demands at our hands something more than a mere casual notice. It is not easy within the compass of a newspaper article to do full justice to the character of Capt. Clements, or to dwell upon his sterling virtues and countless good deeds without seeming to indulge in the language of extravagant eulogy—than which nothing can be farther from our purpose, feeling, as we do, that in this case the simple recital of the truth is the noblest encomium in our power to pronounce.

NEHEMIAH KELLEY CLEMENTS—the subject of this notice—was born at Chebogue, on the 3rd December, 1816, and was therefore in the 64th year of his age at the time of his death. On both sides of the family he came of the grand old Puritan stock—his mother, indeed, was a native of Plymouth, Mass., the original landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers,—and to the fact of his Puritan ancestry we readily trace the salient points of his character. Coming of such an ancestry, born of God-fearing parents, and trained

by them from earliest youth in the careful manner which was the fashion of the time, we feel at no loss to account for the deep religious convictions that, through after life, constituted an innate principle of his moral being. Circumstances led him, in common with most of his young compeers, to choose a seafaring life, which he continued to follow until his settlement in Yarmouth, some time previous to the year 1848.

In that year was organized the Congregational Society now worshipping in the Tabernacle. It was an era so to speak in Capt. Clements' existence. Sympathizing in all respects with the aims and views of the infant Society, of which the Rev. Frederick Tompkins was at the time pastor, he threw himself with heart and soul into all its movements. It was without a place of worship; he caused a hall to be fitted up in the second story of his place of business, for its temporary occupation and in this primitive apartment, known to the bygone generation as Puritan Hall, the sabbath-day and weekly services of the church continued to be held until the opening of the Tabernacle.

The corner-stone of that edifice was laid in 1849; and here it may be remarked, that, taking into consideration the numerical weakness of the Society, and the fact that no one in Yarmouth was at the time particularly rich in this world's goods, the undertaking was in truth a most formidable one. The men who constituted the Society, however, did not think so least of all did Capt. Clements, and, under his energetic management, the work of building went steadily forward to completion, and the sacred edifice was at last opened for divine worship. This auspicious result, however, was not accomplished without a heavy strain on the pecuniary resources of the leading members of the Society, and, as one of these, Capt. Clements was at all times ready to bear and did bear far more than his proportionate share of the burden. The liberality thus early manifested by him has ever since continued to characterize almost his every act in connection with the church and its various enterprises. It would lead us too far to enumerate the particular instances in which this has been the case; but we may mention that in the spring of 1869 a claim of \$2,500 held by him against the Society, for moneys advanced in furtherance of its objects, was voluntarily and cheerfully relinquished by him, and the debt effectually cancelled.

In no degree less remarkable and noteworthy were his efforts and sacrifices in behalf of the cause of superior education. In 1863, when a series of successful commercial ventures had given him the control of great wealth, he conceived the idea of founding, in this town, an institution of high efficiency—almost collegiate, indeed, in its character—and out of that idea grew the Yarmouth Seminary. The spacious grounds on which that noble edifice is built were the joint gift of Capt. Clements and the late George Killam, Esq., and the deed of conveyance, which lies before us as we write, is an enduring monument of the unselfish generosity, enlarged public spirit, and wise provision of the donors. There were at that time no free public schools in Nova Scotia, nor was there any apparent probability of their being provided by statute. The absence of such schools had long been a source of regret to men of enlightened views, and in the deed of conveyance above referred to, besides due stipulation for the advanced and classical departments as now existing, provision is made for a *Free Primary School* to be open to the youth of the School District in which the Seminary is situated. Capt. Clements' efforts in behalf of the Seminary did not end here. His gift of land for its site was generously supplemented by a subscription of \$1000 in aid of the building fund. The onerous duty of procuring plans, engag-

ing a competent architect, and looking after the carrying forward the work of construction, was, by tacit consent, assigned to him. That duty he faithfully performed. The edifice—a structure of harmonious and beautiful proportions—tells its own story of the good taste and sound judgment evinced in the selection of suitable plans. The energy which pushed forward the work to speedy completion, we all know something about. Of the courageous wrestling with financial difficulties which ensured its steady progress, few in this community have any idea whatever.

Space would fail us were we to attempt an analysis of the character of our departed friend. An eminently unselfish, a just and a generous man—a warm-hearted friend, a public-spirited citizen, and a consistent Christian, his death is an irreparable loss to the community of which he was a generous benefactor and the church of which he was a worthy and honored member. For his bereaved family we have no adequate language in which to express our sympathy—a feeling which we are sure we share with the great body of our townsmen.

News of the Churches.

THE Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson having recently preached at Cowansville and Brigham for a few Sabbaths has been invited to supply for six months.

EMBRO.—The Rev. John Salmon closed his labors as pastor of the Embro Congregational church on Sunday, Oct. 3rd. Any pastor wishing to correspond with the vacant church may do so to Mr. Alexander Ingram, Embro, one of the deacons of the church.

TORONTO.—The fourth anniversary of the opening of the Western Church was held on the 3rd inst. The services in the morning were conducted by the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, of the Sherbourne street Methodist church, who preached from 2 Peter, 1:4, his subject being, "The Promise of Power and the Power of Promise." The Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Knox church, preached in the afternoon from Eph. 5:18, "Be filled with the Spirit." In the evening the pastor, Rev. J. B. Silcox, preached from 1 Chron. 12:32, "The Church for the Times" was his theme. The church was filled at each of the services. The collections amounted to over fifty dollars. It was a day of spiritual refreshment and blessing to all who attended.

WINNIPEG.—The Rev. W. Ewing has tendered his resignation of the pastorate, and a unanimous call has been extended to the Rev. J. B. Silcox, of the Western Church, Toronto. He has not yet, we believe, decided as to its acceptance or declination.

MONTREAL.—We cut the following paragraph from the *Toronto Globe*:—The Sale of Zion Church.—It is announced that Zion Church will be sold without reserve on the 14th of October next, and that Rev. Dr. Wilkes, the honorary pastor, will follow one part of his old congregation to Emmanuel church, of which Rev. Mr. Stevenson is pastor.

THE MINAS BASIN ASSOCIATION held its autumnal Session at Cornwallis, N. S., beginning on Friday evening, 24th Sept., and continuing to the following Monday. The Maitland churches had no representation except that of the Rev. J. W. Cox who had visited them; but the Noel church had four of its membership present besides the pastor and his family, all of whom had travelled with their own conveyances a journey of nearly two days; while the Economy church engaged a small vessel that brought over the Basin twenty four persons, including the pastor and family. The meetings were largely of a devotional character, and in this respect were felt to be very

precious seasons of the Holy Spirit's power. The reports from the various churches were made increasingly profitable by the questions and answers that brought out comparisons of the different methods of financial and evangelizing operations; a mutual sympathy was also thus created that may serve usefully in the event of any of the churches requiring the aid of the others. For this purpose alone, the Association of Churches is almost indispensable to the proper working of our Congregationalism,—it is, at least, so very helpful that only impossibilities should prevent it. A piquant essay on *Church Government* was read by A. K. Moore, Esq., of Economy, the discussion of which was also much enjoyed. The Sabbath was a high day, when five services were held in four different parts of the field, and addressed by various members of the Association. At one service, a blessed communion of all at the Lord's Table, was a feast indeed. The one great drawback to the pleasure of the occasion was the illness of the chairman, Rev. E. Rose, who was laid aside almost at the outset of the meetings, and was thus prevented from preaching the Associational sermons on Sunday morning. On Tuesday, the Association was entertained at a picnic on the "Look-off," on eminence of the North mountain of about 400 feet above the plain below, whence can be seen a grand panorama of the richest and most beautiful agricultural district of Nova Scotia, including portions of five counties, and the spots made sacred by Longfellow's "Evangeline." No wonder that such a view should have given the speakers at the picnic a special inspiration. E. B.

THE RECOGNITION SERVICE of Rev. E. Barker, as pastor of the Cornwallis church was held on Monday evening, Sept. 27th, at the close of the Association meetings, the Executive Committee of the Association being invited to act as council on the occasion, with A. K. Moore, Esq., as Chairman, and R. Faulkner, Esq., as Secretary. The Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. J. W. Cox, who also delivered the charge to the pastor. On account of the continued illness of Rev. E. Rose, who was to have addressed the church, his charge was postponed to Sunday, 10th inst.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The Central Association meets at Stouffville on the 19th and 20th. The train leaves Berkeley street station at 4 p.m. and 7:45 a.m. Will those who purpose attending drop the pastor at Stouffville a post card intimating the fact. Every minister in the district ought to attend if possible, and every church send a Delegate. A "refreshing time" is anticipated. Let there be no *disappointments*.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

DIED 1676, AGED 67.

Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief-Justice of England, was not more eminent for his station than for his learning and piety. He was one of the accused in the trial of King Charles the First, and wrote several much esteemed moral and religious observations, with directions as to the proper observance of the Lord's day. The letters which he wrote to his son are all models of Christian correspondence. His life was written by Bishop Burnet, from whom we gather the following particulars.

He resigned his office of chief-justice on the 15th February, 1675-6, and lived till the Christmas following. But, all the while he was in so ill a state of health, that there was no hope of his recovery, he still continued to retire often, both for his devotions and studies; and as long as he could go, went constantly to his closet: and when his infirmities increased so that he was not able to go thither himself, he made his servants carry him

thither in a chair. At last, as the winter came on, he saw with great joy his deliverance approaching; for besides his being weary of the world, and his longings for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so on him that no patience inferior to his could have borne them without a great uneasiness of mind; yet he expressed to the last such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper under them, that it was visible then what mighty effects his philosophy and Christianity had on him in supporting him under such a heavy load. He could not lie down in bed, above a year before his death, by reason of the asthma, but sat, rather than lay on it.

He was attended in his sickness by a pious and worthy divine, Mr. Evan Griffith, minister of the parish, and it was observed, that in all the extremities of his pain, whenever he prayed by him, he forbore all complaints and groans, but with his hands and eyes lifted up, was fixed in his devotions. Not long before his death the minister told him "there was to be a sacrament next day at church, but he believed he could not come and partake with the rest; therefore he would give it him in his own house." But he answered, "No; his Heavenly Father had prepared a feast for him, and he would go to his Father's house and partake of it." So he made himself be carried thither in his chair, where he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on his knees with great devotion; which it may be supposed was the greater because he apprehended it would be his last. He had some secret unaccountable presages of his death; for he said that if he did not die on such a day, (which fell to be the 25th of November,) he believed he should live a month longer; and he died that very day month on Christmas-day.

He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the last moment, which he had often and earnestly prayed for during his sickness; and when his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, they perceived by his always lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring towards that blessed state, of which he was now speedily to be possessed. Between two and three on the afternoon of Christmas-day, he breathed out his righteous and pious soul. His end was peace.

Bishop Burnet tells us that Sir Matthew Hale, having lost one of his sons, the manner of whose death had some grievous circumstances in it, to one coming to see him and condole, he said, "Those were the effects of living long; such must look to see many sad and unacceptable things;" having said that, he went to other discourses, with his ordinary freedom of mind. For though he had a temper so tender, that sad things were apt enough to make deep impressions upon him, yet the regard he had to the wisdom and providence of God, and the just estimate he made of external things, did to admiration maintain his tranquility of mind, and he gave no occasion, by idleness to melancholy, to corrupt his spirit; but by the perpetual bent of his thoughts, he knew well how to divert them from being oppressed with the excesses of sorrow.

LIBRARIES are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Bacon.*

EVANGELISM does not flatter mere morality by making it the rival of Christ, but it is the highest promoter of all that is honest, temperate and of good report, as our daily conversation must prove.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

DEATH is to a good man but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room in his father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.—*Adam Clarke.*

Boys and Girls.

"CHEERFULLY, CHEERFULLY."

One bright morning little Daisy was helping mamma put the room in order. The windows were opened to let in the sweet air, and as the little girl stood a moment by one of them, a little bird in the cedars sang out "Cheerfully, cheerfully." The words were so plainly sung that Daisy said, "O, mamma, do you hear that birdie singing 'cheerfully'?"

"Do you think he says 'cheerfully'?" said her mother.

"It sounds just like it, mamma."

"Well, it is a cheery song he sings, isn't it? He must be happy, don't you think?"

"Yes, mamma," and she leaned out to try to get a glimpse of the bird in the tree. A glancing of bright brown wings was all she could see through the thick boughs.

"Suppose you take his advice, Daisy, to-day, and do everything cheerfully," said her mamma, after a pause.

It was a new thought to Daisy that a bird should teach her a lesson, and she laughed. But she knew her fault, and pretty soon, with a little sober face, she said:

"I will try to do as the birdie says, mamma;" and all day long she did try, especially if mamma would say "cheerfully," by way of a reminder. Even little Janie, the baby sister, sang "cheerfully, cheerfully," in bird like tones, and with a happy heart.

So the birdie did something besides sing that lovely morning.—*Vantuzi.*

NEDDIE AND ME.

A preacher in England was once talking about the heathen, and telling how much they needed Bibles to teach them of Jesus. In the congregation was a bright little boy, who became intensely interested. He wished to help to buy Bibles for the heathen. But he and his mother were poor, and he was puzzled to know how to raise money. Finally, he hit upon a plan. The people of England used rubbing or door-stones for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or free-stone begged from the stone-cutters.

The little boy had a favorite donkey, named Neddie. He thought it would be nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent work, so he harnessed him up and went around, calling, "Do you want any door stones?"

Before long, he raised fifteen dollars. And then he went to the minister and said:

"Please, sir, send this money to the heathen."

"But, my dear little fellow, I must have a name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated, as if he did not understand.

"You must tell me your name," replied the minister, "that we may know who gave the money."

"Oh, well, sir, please put it down to Neddie and me; that will do, won't it, sir?"—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

SEVEN TIMES.

"Seven times one are seven—seven times one are seven, seven times two are fourteen," sang little Mary as she sat on the door-step studying her lesson. Just then she felt something crawling on her neck, and jumped up, thinking it was a spider, and she was so afraid of spiders. But it was only her brother Robbie, who stood laughing as hard as he could, with a long straw in his hand.

"Now, Robbie," said Mary, "if you do that again I'll slap you."

Robbie ran away, and Mary sat down and began again: "Seven times two are fourteen; seven times three are twenty-one;" and then she screamed. She was sure it was a spider this time, but it was Robbie again; and Mary rushed up to

him and with her face flushed with anger, slapped him so hard that he screamed with pain.

Mamma came to see what the matter was, and took Robbie up stairs with her. By and by she came back and asked Mary what she was doing.

"Studying my 'seven times,'" Mary replied.

"Seven times?" said mamma. "That reminds me of a story in the life of Jesus. One of His disciples came to Him and said, 'My brother has sinned against me; how often shall I forgive him, Lord? Seven times?' But Jesus, His whole face lighted up with a sweet, tender smile, answered 'Not seven times only, but seventy times seven.'"

Mary stopped a moment, then hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed: "I know you mean me and the way I treated Robbie a little while ago; but 'O, it's so hard to be good, and he did tease me so'."

"Let us ask Jesus to help you, dear daughter, and keep asking Him till all this quick temper goes away."

Mary learned a new lesson that day, and she has often thought of it since when she has said "Seven times one," or "Seven times two," or "Seven times seven."

Mamma talked to Robbie too about teasing his sister and trying to make her angry, until the poor little fellow, who was rather thoughtless than bad, came and asked her to forgive him. Mary kissed him and made it all up, and went to bed that night a happy little girl, forgiven and forgiving others.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the star, but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and the star than the comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

SAVE YOUR COAL

J. W. ELLIOT'S PATENT SAVER.

The First Object—Is to produce the greatest amount of heat from a given amount of fuel, and is gained by an arrangement of the three-way draft passage and some twelve feet of flue pipe, which is bent down and around the base, and the heat is absorbed by the atmosphere through direct radiation from every part of the stove. *Second Object*—The invention is to secure for heating purposes the greatest possible benefit of the fire contained in the stove, and it is accomplished by placing around the body of the stove a series of internally projecting pockets overlapping the fire pot, and so formed that the air of the room is admitted into the lower end of the pockets, and, after passing through them, re-enters the room, having become intensely heated through contact with the inner sides of the said pockets, which are immediately over the hottest part of the fire, thereby producing far greater results from a given amount of fuel than any other stove. *Third Object*—An evaporator which is a part of the stove. The cover becomes a water tank, and is an effective evaporator; the pivot on which it turns is an iron tube screwed into the base of the tank, while the lower end is closed and rests in a pocket inside the dome, thereby producing a greater or less amount of vapor in proportion to the intensity of the heat. *Fourth Object*—There is a double heater, by means of which heat can be conveyed to an apartment above, and supplied with sufficient vapor from the tank. *Fifth Object*—A combined hot air and steam bath can be obtained by closing the damper in the water tank, and causing all the vapor to mingle with the ascending heat. *Sixth Object*—

The Stove becomes Simplified and easy to Control.

All hindered doors and objectionable fittings are abandoned, and are replaced by mica lights with metal tips attached, by means of which the mica can be sprung into place, or removed and cleaned with a dry cloth, or replaced when the stove is red hot, without burning one's fingers. At the base of the mica lights eyelets are placed, through which a constant flow of air causes all the gas or smoke to be consumed or to pass off. *Sixth Object*—A base plate of cast iron in the place of zinc or other perishable material. The base plate is raised sufficient for the cold air on the floor to pass up through its raised and hollow cone-shape to the stove, and is raised, and by this means a constant circulation is continued until an even summer is obtained. The circulation above described causes the floor to remain cool underneath the stove. The stoves are altogether cast iron; and the slow consumption of fuel, the direct radiation from all its heated surface, ensures them to last any number of years and to produce no clinkers or waste.

There are two grates, similar in form to the base of a regular basket; the centre grate is rotated to the right or left by the lever a short distance, and by moving the lever still further to the right or left both grates are worked.

To light a fire close all the drafts in the base of the stove open a direct draft in the smoke flue, fill up to the base a tin feeder with fine coal, leaving sufficient space for draft, on the coal place the lightwood, leave the tank cover off slightly for draft; until the fire has taken, close the tank cover and open the draft in front.

For further information apply to

J. W. ELLIOT,

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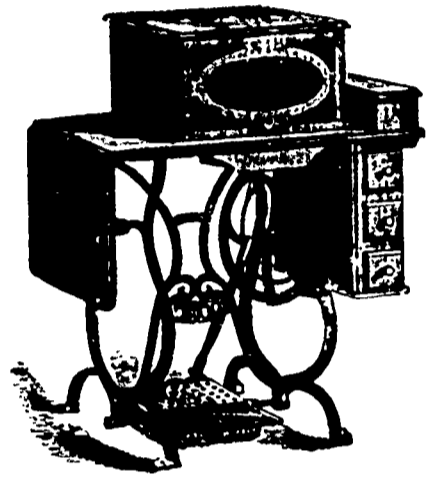
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