

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						J					

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

NEW SERIES.)

VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

[No. 2.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

WILL our many friends remember to forward their subscriptions now due, and do something to extend our circulation. If our list were just doubled, and it ought to be, we would venture a weekly, as our Mission Superintendent suggests, but the present management runs no risk of an unmanageable debt. If subscriptions for a weekly come in as indicated we will issue weekly, or fortnightly, as the number justifies not otherwise.

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER has passed away with the old year, and Congregationalism in Britain loses thereby one of its most accomplished scholars and beloved pastors. Born in 1808, he became in 1835 colleague, and eventually successor of Rev. John Cleg-horn, in Edinburgh. The congregation which gathered at St. Augustine Chapel grew to be one of the most influential in that city, and Dr. Alexander a confessed power for good. He succeeded Dr. Wardlaw in the Theological Hall as Professor of Systematic Theology, and when the munificence of Miss Baxter (who, at the ripe age of eighty-four, also passed through the valley during December,) established a principalship in 1878, Dr. Alexander resigned the pastorate for that position, at the urgency of his friends. Dr. Alexander held a prominent position among the Biblical scholars of the day. He was a member of the Revision Company from the beginning. He edited the last edition of "Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia," was the author of the articles on "Moral Philosophy" and "Scripture Theology" in the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His own works, some of which have been republished in America, are well known to Biblical students, including the Congregational Lecture on "The Connection and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments."

TWELVE months ago the *English Nonconformist and Independent* lowered its price one-third, and somewhat changed its form. It says: "We trust our subscribers have been as well satisfied with the change as ourselves." We would like to say, without endorsing *all* its positions, that for strong, manly, scholarly and Christian journalism, our contemporary has few peers, certainly no superior. It is the true representative of sturdy English independence. *Macte virtute!*

WE call special attention to the statement of the Secretary of our Missionary Society. With God's blessing our work is consolidating and progressing, the opportunity is *now*, and we are being called upon to prove whether we are the men to cover our stations, or whether, because of our failing to meet our engagements, we are to have our vineyard let out to other husbandmen. Unworthy of our heritage most surely shall we be if we do not press in to keep up our means to the call made upon them. To go back now is bankruptcy and spiritual ruin. As our Secretary's statement came to hand, there came from the opposite point of the compass, borne on the breeze, a growl, which it will not be our fault if it is not ignominiously silenced now and for ever. Some small soul has grudged the expense (!) of our Missionary superintendent. Brother, how much of your money is invested in sustaining a man who is doing the work of an Evangelist, Secretary, organizer of churches, and temporary pastor, as well as Missionary Superintendent, at the sacrifice of being away from home eleven months of the year? If any labourer is worthy of his hire surely that man is, and the progressive state of our mission fields bears testimony from God to the wisdom of the Committee's choice. Of course our Superintendent "receives more than some hard-worked country pastor," yes, my growling brother, and country pastors will continue to receive their miserable pittance just so

long as such small-souled instructions as yours are given. Learn that "the liberal soul shall made fat. He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

REJOICING in some measure of increase among ourselves, we gladly note from our brethren in the United States that the past year has been one of blessing for them also. The statistics will show a net gain of 5,340 members, the total being 401,549. The increase is between thirteen and fourteen per cent. on the total of the previous year. Yet one-fourth of the churches are marked as "not supplied," while less than a fourth are marked as "having pastors." We learn that if every minister were a pastor, there still would be over a hundred churches without supply of any kind. And the New York *Independent* suggests "the Methodist circuit system." We do not. The primitive system of permanent pastorates, with evangelists sent by the Church, would serve the purpose much better. Above all, a deeper realization among us of the fact that eternity over-reaches time, and that heaven and God are real.

OVER 100,000 women and girls, it is said, make a living in the streets of Paris. They are licensed by the Government, and sell different articles. Thirty-five thousand of them are under eighteen, 17,000 under fifteen, and 5,000 of them little girls under thirteen years of age. One thousand four hundred and three women in England and Wales earn a living by sifting dust-heaps. Such statistics are not only painfully suggestive, they call for activity even on pure grounds of self-defence. Is it any wonder that in such sordid ignorance Nihilism and Communism find fruitful means of growth? The savour of society's salt is still the grand old Gospel and its life.

WE reprint from the English *Nonconformist and Independent* an article headed "Midnight Wanderers." Apart from its own interest, and as an indication of what our English brethren are doing, it has another word for us. Thankful as we are for all help cheerfully given by our home churches for our

Canadian work, we are painfully conscious that it has not been so general or so generous as it might have been. On the other hand we may as well make up our minds to put our own hand manfully to the plough, and realize that aid from England must have its limits. Our English brethren are facing problems that will tax their energies and faith, and the article reprinted may aid us in understanding their position with a sympathy they have hitherto scarcely extended toward us.

A RESPECTED correspondent writes that there are still misunderstandings regarding the College Building Fund. From the treasurer we have received the following statement which ought to set the matter forever at rest: "The College building cost \$20,600, subscribed \$22,500, paid \$20,300. The building is absolutely unencumbered. The Principal's residence carries a mortgage of \$6,000, the interest of which is completely covered by the rent." If this is not clear will some friend try to write a paragraph more explicit?

WHILE on the College question we note with kindly regret that no contributions for the College are reported in the last Year Book from such churches as Barrie, Cobourg, Coldsprings, Embro, Kingston Bethel, Listowel, London, Paris, Sarnia, Scotland, Toronto Bond Street, Warwick, Watford, and Granby. Many of these churches are being served by College alumni. Brethren, these things ought not so to be, and we trust will no more be; remember the old riddle, 'tis true, very true:

"There was a man, and some did count him mad;
The more he cast away, the more he had!"

ATTENTION is directed to the letter from the Treasurer of the Provident Fund. A private note names two churches that have declined to give a collection. From what we know of these churches we are sure that there are members among them who would esteem it a privilege to give to this or to any denominational scheme. With whom rests the responsibility of refusal? "Chickens come home to roost," and the church that is trained in meanness soon pays back its lessons with interest.

A SOUND mind in a sound body is confessedly a desideratum. How secure the same? Calling at a home where a mother toiled constantly for her small and growing family, a baby girl was crying with the tooth-ache. As the mother seemed perplexed we asked, "Have you such an article in the house?" The ready reply was, "Oh, we have everything." Such an array of bottles! Pain Killer, Paregoric, Ready Relief, Electric Oil, etc! Quack advertisements had frightened the poor woman into a belief that every ache or irregularity was the symptom of fatal disease. The following sensible remarks from the *New York Hour* are worthy of being read and retained, as well as the preliminary remarks from the *Boston Congregationalist* from which the extract is made:

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

The well authenticated cases of persons who have been informed that their lungs were fatally diseased but who yet have lived on for years, and in comparative health, leads the *New York Hour* to remark that thousands are frightened into their graves every year. Not all pain in the chest arises from weak lungs, and heart disease, so called, is more apt to be simply the sympathetic effect of a disordered stomach, or other temporary difficulty. The *Hour* says: It should be remembered by the afflicted or the frightened that all the vital organs are out of sight, and that the extreme of skill and experience can only imperfectly ascertain their condition. The kidneys are the only exception to this rule, for their condition for the time being can be judged to some extent by what comes from them. But even this test may be misleading, and it is the means of a frightful amount of abuse of the feelings and pockets by quacks and unscrupulous regular physicians. The excreta of the kidneys is uniform only in persons whose habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, bathing, and working are absolutely regular.

The natural deduction from all this is that no person should keep up the fears regarding the heart, the lungs or any vital organ until he has first tried the effect of absolutely regular and intelligent physical habits. Plenty of well-cooked food, few or no stimulants, regular rest, frequent bathing, and either steady work or plenty of moderate physical exercise, have in a short time restored to health thousands of persons who have been given up to die of vital disorders.

WE congratulate our Winnipeg friends and their genial pastor on the very happy report published in our news column. We agree with our brother that it is far more important that the Gospel be preached, than that Congregational Churches—simply as such—should be established; but the friends who were chiefly interested in the establish-

ment of a Congregational Church in Winnipeg may ask, does such establishment hinder that preaching? We must demur to the remark about the Missionary Society not considering Manitoba and the North-West as being in Canada, especially in view of the virtually adverse position the writer himself has taken to efforts being put forth in that direction by the Society. Regarding hinted aid to the Presbyterian missions, and the spirit of union needed in the North-West, we can only say, do what seemeth best, brother, but certainly many will think that an alumnus of the Congregational College, and one who for some time aided and was aided by the C. C. M. S. should have some active remembrance of the friends of earlier days and of present denominational ties.

"SLAVES cannot breathe in England, they touch our country and their shackles fall." So proudly says an English poet, and rapturously every British heart responds. But the forms of things too oft deceive us, and he who cries the loudest for liberty full often binds the faster the tyrant's chain. Covetousness, which is idolatry and like idolatry cruel, has not seldom slaveries under its rule as bitter as any found in days now gone. Regarding the annexation of New Guinea so loudly demanded by our fellow-colonists of Australia, the following side light may supply information. It is part of a leading article in the *Nonconformist and Independent*:—

It appears that a native called Nakuri was recently found as a stowaway in the mission schooner *Ellangowan*, and, when questioned, the account he gave of himself—an account confirmed in various essential particulars—was that he was making his escape from slavery in Queensland. About the end of April last he was in his native village of Bou, near East Cape, when a European vessel cast anchor off the coast. Two boats came ashore, and amongst the crews were natives of a neighbouring island, through whom communication was opened with Nakuri and his friends. They were offered various rewards, such as tomahawks and other things irresistible to savages, if they would go away with the vessel "for three moons." A crowd of natives were thus obtained; and when they were at sea their names were taken down by the captain, who told them that they were engaged for three years. They were treated roughly, fed with rice, and sometimes beaten. After about a fortnight they were landed on the coast of Queensland, and visited presumably by an agent of the Colonial Government, who questioned them as to their condition. But having been told that unless they gave a good account of their treatment they should never go back to their

own country, they were afraid to speak the truth. They were then carried ashore and set to work on various estates. They "had to work all day and were beaten with a piece of rope if they sat down to rest. Some were tied to a piece of wood and flogged, and then put in irons until next morning, when they were set to work again." The food—bread and rice—being different from their accustomed diet, they never felt satisfied. They stayed out their "three moons," and then, being unable to endure their misery any longer, they stole a boat, and, taking with them a supply of water, put out to sea. They were carried ashore, and landed in a strange country (Murray Island). A missionary here showed them much kindness. The *Ellangowan* touched here, and Nakuri, wishing to regain his own country, stowed himself away in the hold.

We are awaking to a sense of responsibility regarding the liquor curse, we may as well arise in time to an understanding of the tyranny exercised by the worship of the Almighty dollar.

THE subject of Funeral Reform is one to which attention has been frequently called of late; the following note from our contemporary, the *Canada Presbyterian*, though narrating an extreme case, does present a typical one:

From the Pacific Coast comes one of the most powerful pleas for funeral reform, all the more effective because it is unintentional. The sixteen year old son of a California railway magnate died a short time since in Europe. Funeral services were held in Grace Church, San Francisco, which was profusely decorated as only opulent but vulgar idiocy could devise. A chapel complete in every detail, made wholly of flowers, was built over the chancel, and the walls of the church were almost hidden by floral anchors, crosses, crowns and Scriptural quotations wrought in violets. The cost of the decoration alone was \$20,000. The sermon—save the mark—was preached by Mr. Newman, of New York. A few sentences will show the reader its quality: "Although so young, he was tall and graceful as some Apollo Belvidere, with classic features some masters would have chosen to chisel in marble or cast in bronze; with eyes soft and gentle as an angel's, yet dreamy as the vision of a seer; with broad, white forehead, home of a radiant soul. Who could see that face and not love it, see it and ever forget it? He reminds us of the beautiful Joseph, 'a godly person and well favoured.' That body was the abode of a marvellous mind, clear as crystal, clear,"—etc., etc. And the clerical sycophant goes on at wearisome length in this vein of fulsome and disgusting exaggeration. He was paid \$10,000 for his sermon—a sum for which faithful ministers have preached the Gospel for a life-time.

We cannot commend our English brethren in the following clipping from the *New York Independent*. We blush to see the name

"Congregationalists" in the connection; have we any such offence nearer home?

At church fairs in Birmingham, England, there has been a great deal of gambling. The Congregationalists had raffles for bank notes, and the Episcopalians announced an open raffle, "tickets threepence each," with a number of prizes, including bottles of wine and boxes of cigars, for the benefit of some church schools. At last the corporation has found itself bound to refuse the use of the Town Hall, unless some guaranty is given that there shall be no raffling. It has furthermore decided to prosecute all gamblers, whether they are found in public houses or in churches.

THE following from an American contemporary may have its interest for our readers, and strike a higher note than the foregoing:

THE CONGREGATIONAL DENOMINATION.

There are in this country nearly 4,000 Congregational churches, existent in 47 states and territories, which includes 400,000 members and 3,750 ministers. In the Sabbath Schools of these churches are some 455,000 children. The average additions to the churches in the past ten years are 28,000 per annum, or 280,000 in the ten years. There are eight great societies through which the Congregational churches of the land work for the salvation of souls, the civilization of the race, and the glory of God. These are (1) the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has in foreign lands, 1,893 missionaries and teachers, etc. It has established in heathen lands 281 churches, having a membership of 19,105; also 61 theological schools giving instruction to 2,174 young men, and 39 girls' schools, with 1,655 pupils; besides 301 common schools, having 33,000 pupils. To carry on this work the Board expended the past year \$649,424, the largest amount ever expended in one year on mission work by any society or denomination in this country of Europe. Second, "The American College and Education Society," which last year paid \$89,642.42 to aid in the education of Christian ministers and the establishment of Christian institutions. Third, "The American Congregational Association," which is especially devoted to the preservation of Congregational literature. Fourth, "The Congregational Union," whose income the past year was \$100,000, devoted to aid feeble churches in the erection of houses of worship and parsonages. Fifth, "The American Missionary Association," which last year gave \$390,000 to aid the Freedmen and cause of Christian advancement in the South. Sixth, the Sunday School and Publishing Society, which last year aided 712 Sunday schools besides publishing Sunday school literature. Seventh, "The New West Education Commission," which last year expended \$34,716 to promote Christian civilization in the New West. "The American Home Missionary Society." Thus the Congregational denomination distributes about two millions annually through its different societies, a larger amount per member than any church in the United States. The denomination has in the United States 7 theological seminaries which last year had 32 professors, 24 lecturers, 3 resident secretaries, 25 post graduates, 84 senior, 73 middlers and 100 juniors,

with 15 special students—total, 272. The denomination has also a National Council, composed of elected delegates, which meets once in three years. The last council was held in St. Louis, Mo., in November, 1880, and was composed of 236 ministers and 78 lay delegates. Its next session will be held in the autumn and probably at the East.

It is not simply to assert and maintain gospel ordinances in form and order, and then, in all else, drift with the popular tide and fashion side by side with those who are cutting and carving, rejecting and selecting from the Scriptures to suit their likes and whims. On the contrary, it is to assert, accept and maintain in good faith, and through good and evil report, the Primitive, Apostolic, Biblical Christianity, in its doctrine and moral precepts, in its two memorial ordinances, in its church organic life and polity, and in carrying out in detail the Great Commission, as expressed in Acts i. 8, Luke xxiv. 45-49, Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, Mark xvi. 15, 16.

Christianity as wrought out by Christ and committed by Him to the apostles, and their coadjutors, to be committed to record and promulgated in His name among all nations, as an effectual plan of salvation, was *absolutely perfect and complete in all its parts*. It was not a mere germinal system, to be evolved, or revolutionized by human wisdom or fancies; but it was *already finished*. Christ was, and is, and ever will be, "the author and finisher" of the whole glorious scheme of redemption. It admits of no improvement or human emendation; all attempts in this direction have been and must continue to be audacious assumptions, producing only mongrel and motley sects and hierarchies.

The first church gathered under the great commission was in Jerusalem, by the labours of the apostles, and in connection with the inspiration and power of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was a model church; made up entirely of baptized believers, and they were all filled with the Spirit, were most heartily united to Christ and each other. They were "of one heart and one soul," and "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, fellowship, breaking of bread and prayer." But as time rolled on, and the apostles finished their work, here and in hundreds of other places, little by little, the virus of corruption crept in and these churches gave place to various heretical sects, and at last to the fully developed Papal apostacy.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN SCANDINAVIA.

A remarkable movement has been going on during the present century in Scandinavia, (Sweden, Denmark, Norway,) which like to the revival under the Wesleys, Whitfield, and their coadjutors in England, has completely changed the aspect of religious life in that land. The total population of Scandinavia is a little over ten millions. The country has fertile stretches, but like the region north of our great lakes, is largely rock, with pine

forests, and mountain ranges. The sea coast is indented with deep bays, whose waters rise and fall between precipitous heights, adown whose deep shadows even at midday but a bright twilight prevails. The inhabitants have splendid physiques, are, as all inhabitants of mountain lands, warmly attached to their fatherland. are brave, honest and hospitable but addicted to that vice which we as well as they inherit from the old sea pirates and bold outlaws, drunkenness. The established religion of these lands is the *Lutheran*, with which our Anglican Church is the nearest of kin. Scandinavia is the land of the old Vikings, so far as home they had, and the Danes are familiar historically to those who remember their school histories and days. Loyalty to their chief was really their religion, thus when the chiefs embraced any particular form of Christianity, the people, perforce, must follow suit. Little reflection is required to make manifest that religion thus enforced and inherited, would readily lapse into mere ritualism and Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" may be taken as representing a favourable side of that religious life:—

"An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur dead
An' 'eerd 'um abummin' awaay loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'ead,
An' I niver know'd whot a mean'd, but I thowt he h'd summat to saay
An' I thowt he said whot he owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaay."

The constant tendency of a religion impressed by organization from *without* is ever to cold formality and ignorance. A ritual, as expressing a life, is unobjectionable; as the inspiration of a religion must ever remain a delusion and a snare. But the religious instinct in man is irrepresible. God must be felt after, and where the Bible is, even though the dust of years may be on it, the enquiring soul will find therefrom some quickening power. Some earnest souls caught in these forms something which prompted enquiry, and the Word gave them light therein. The quickening began among the laity, the ministry—as frequently in a state church or highly organized community, became largely professional. But the law forbid laymen preaching; yet as the fire burned, was not necessity laid upon those quickened ones to tell to others of the blessedness they had found? In 1796 the work really began. Hans Neilsen Hauge is a name intimately connected with the awakening. The

privileged class, the clergy of the state church, found their privileges invaded, and Hauge had to lie in jail eleven years because he without the State's imprimature preached, as his conscience directed, the gospel. By the Norwegian constitution, any law passed for three successive years in Parliament becomes law in spite of the king's veto. The king and his party in the Government stoutly opposed the repeal of the prohibition of laymen preaching, but the Parliament insisted, and the liberty was gained. Hauge and his fellow labourers avoided doctrinal discussion, and the establishment of independent church organizations, they met, as the early Methodists met, for spiritual upbuilding and work. The Bible was freely used, and the seasons of refreshing came. The state church as such would not move, hence inquiry was forced as to the scriptural status of the organization called the church. In consequence there was a secession from the church in 1856, and as the Queen was a Roman Catholic, force was given to the movement that repealed the law prohibiting the following of any religion but the Lutheran. Thus the new movement obtained toleration and protection. The movement has met with its inevitable reverses. Men nurtured in dead formality, coming out into the light, with strong convictions and narrow experiences, are apt to be self-asserting; then come divisions, heart burnings, even alienations. The dominant Church, with its social standing, quickened into activity, would naturally foster these troubles to win back to its own fold. The well-organized State Church could readily mass its forces at will against the scattered communities whose only bond was the quickening pulses of a new life. Yet the work progresses, and a new state of things is manifest in the religious world. Some conception of the need of an Evangelical wave to break over the Scandinavian State Churches may be gathered from such authorised teachings as these: "*When did you become God's child?* In baptism, when I became a Christian. *What is baptism?* Baptism is not water alone, but it is water which is included in God's command, and coupled with His word. *What is the use of baptism?* It effects forgiveness of sins," etc. The religious state of England when the early Independents separated themselves from the Church by law established has been described as simply deplorable, not only did worship

degenerate to form, but the morals of clergy and people were simply abominable, and yet the sacraments were indiscriminately administered. Church ales and glutton masses were common. Money for church repairs was frequently raised by the ales brewed in a parish being contributed; then the people would assemble at the church, paying so much a head for the privilege of drinking their fill, a philosophy of financiering which anticipates our soirees and such like devices. Glutton masses were held in honour of some notable day, the people contributing food in general. Mass over, the church became a house of feasting, not seldom of drunkenness and riot, and yet the cloth on the altar table was so sacred that only they who served at the table could wash it! *Mutatis mutandis*. Religious life in Norway was at least degenerating in that direction. True souls could not live on husks, hence they gathered into "Communion, or Lord's Supper Societies." Eventually into churches. Thus far the common spiritual life has proved the bond that binds, and among these separate communities, in what we call our foundation covenants, are such utterances as these:—"The Church is composed of men and women who truly believe in Christ, and who will seek in the name of Jesus, and in harmony with the Word of God, to spread the kingdom of Christ both within and without the Church." "On the ground of the Lord's promise, Matt. xix. 19-20, and the exhortation in 1 Pet. ii. 9, the friends of God's Word in Grums have joined themselves together in a society whose aim is to endeavour, with the talents and strength the Lord bestows, to seek in spirit and in truth for the spread of Christ's kingdom both at home and abroad." The fact is that this remarkable movement has assumed spontaneously the Congregational form, and this notwithstanding the fact that missionaries from the English, Methodist and Baptist churches have been among them. Though within a few hours journey of England, nothing save rumours was known of this movement to our brethren at home, but our American co-religionists, through representatives from their Home Missionary Society, have visited this land, and from the published report this account is drawn.* Already nearly 800,000 foreign

* "A Wind from the Holy Spirit in Sweden and Norway;" by Rev. M. W. Montgomery: American Home Mission Society, Bible House, New York, 1884.

born Scandinavians are in the United States. Over four thousand are reported in our Canadian census of 1881, of whom one-third are in Ontario. Their religious movements have therefore a direct interest for us. It is right to say that the supporters of the established Lutheran Church lay charges against the Separatists of Socinianism, loose views on the atonement, want of unity, etc. These statements may not be false, early Christianity rested under similar imputations, so did all reformers of existing abuses, and *earned them too*, for human nature is not perfection.

"Great truths are dearly bought. Not found by chance,
Nor watted on the breath of summer dream:
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream."

God leads through Sinai's wilderness and many temptations from Egypt to His Canaan home.

What some of our scientific men call "the religious instinct," in Scripture language "thirsting for God" is a solemn fact and "will not down." Man cannot live by bread alone, and finds no rest in life (he may find the stupor of death) until he rests in Christ and God. This restlessness among our Scandinavian friends is another testimony to that truth, and your restlessness too, my reader, is akin thereunto. Opiates drug the sensibilities for a season by deadening the nerves, but reaction comes—forms may deceive us and lead us to cry peace when peace is not; but the awakening is terrible. Where shall rest be found?

"For ever here my rest shall be. Close to thy bleeding
side,
This all my hope, this all my plea, for me my Saviour died."

Our brethren in Scandinavia are seeking that rest, we have it in our midst. God forbid that we should be indifferent to the struggles of those who need the rest, or that any of us by unbelief should come short of it!

THE DRINK QUESTION.

Some years ago a lady was in the habit of writing to the *New York Ledger* on the subject of "Teinperance." Her writings exhibited such intensity of feeling that she was called a fanatic, to which she replied in lines once well known:—

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne,
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Then suffer on from year to year
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay.
Be dashed with bitter curse aside
Your prayers burlesqued, your fears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a lov'd father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept
Earth's sweetness urned to gall.
Life's *fading* flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow'd;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and pallid brow.
Go, catch his with'ring glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,

With failing frame and trembling limb:
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the accursed cup;

And dragged her down from love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright;
And chained her there, amid want and strife.
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife.
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a *drunkard's child*.

Go, hear and feel and see and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone,
Think if its flavour you would try,
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die

Tell me I *hate* the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe, abhor, my very soul!
With strong disgust is stirred,
When're I see or hear or tell,
Of this rank beverage of hell!

When the wreck and ruin wrought by intemperance comes home, it is not easy to be dispassionate; the horse is noble, and useful to man, but should it take the bit in its teeth and threaten destruction, a rifle bullet would not be disdained in stopping the mad career. Granted drink intrinsically "a good creature," in its mad career it must be stopped at all hazards.

Society is realizing the truth that there are seasons which require man to look not only on his own things, but each also to the things of others, and seeing the prevailing trade in intoxicating liquors to be an aggravating cause of social poverty, crime and wretchedness, is asking earnestly, and not perhaps al-

together dispassionately, whether the evil may not be driven from her midst. "Not altogether dispassionately." It is not easy to be calm as you feel the viper's tooth. And yet

"All truth is calm.

Refuge and rock and tower ;
The more of truth, the more of calm,
Its calmness is its power !"

Believing that all permanent and true reforms are most securely won and safely kept by being pursued and guarded with temperate firmness, I shall endeavour to place before you what, in my judgment, is the unassailable ground of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and of temperance reform ; for I truly believe in both.

Upon the intelligence of a community ; (and in a community such as ours where the popular vote creates the governing power, if intelligence is neglected, revolution and despotism will assuredly come ;) false arguments and clap-trap appeals, beyond the momentary excitement, have no effect, none eventually for good. A conversion born of excitement is doomed to be a perversion under a contrary excitement, or the steady strain of duty. The hasty growth soon withers away. I should like, in the interest of truth, to first push out of view some false reasonings, and then to present the true and sufficient reason for sternly dealing with this drink question.

I remember hearing an eloquent peroration to a paragraph in a speech—"If God had designed that man should drink alcohol, He would have distilled it in the dew drop, made it to gurgle in the crystal spring, rolled it along the majestic river courses, trickled it in every rill, murmured it in every brook, and caused the clouds to pour it down in fruitful showers." Would He ? Then why does not bread wave instead of grain over every yellow corn field, and flour descend with the autumn leaf ? Let us discount all such foolish rhapsodies as these.

Again, the "medical view" has been unduly pressed, and great names have been arrayed on the side of the not only uselessness, but positive injury in all cases, of alcohol. The statement is constantly made that alcohol is in no case a food. This view was the prevailing one among high medical authorities for several years, until in 1863 the experiments of M. Edmond Baudst, of Paris, and Dr. Austie, of London, were made and published, since which time that position has been more than shaken. In moderate doses alcohol, we are told, is completely digested, leaving not even a trace in the breath. The first clear medical statements to the contrary were published prior to 1864. Their reproduction is not desirable in the interests of truth. Further experiments may again reverse the verdict, only when we claim medical testi-

mony of the highest character we must take it not as we would have it, but as it is.

Nor do discussions as to the different views of Scripture help us, at least as the argument is too frequently put. Scripture wine *is wine*, as with us, from the lightest, with scarce a trace of alcohol, to the strongest ; with different names, as the wine card of the hotel to-day makes manifest also among ourselves. Nor do I see how discussion concerning the wines of Scripture, or of the East, can aid us in dealing with our modern whiskey and doctored brandies, with their percentage of the poisonous fusel oil, from which pure wines are absolutely free.

Neither can we aid a good cause by ignoring facts. Christ did not practice total abstinence, nor establish a society on the purely temperance basis. What He would do to-day where he here in bodily presence, or what with His spirit indwelling He would have His people do, is another question, and one we shall soon answer decidedly. We know there is no record that He ever authorized an anti-slavery crusade, and yet we know slavery must be impossible where He reigns lord of the conscience and of the life. So do we feel assured that the principles of Christian life will afford the most permanent foundation for disposing of the drink question. What are the facts ?

It were an easy thing to pile up statistics.

"The drink statistics of Great Britain are appalling. They are, in comparison with other items of national expense, thus given in pounds sterling : For bread, £70,000,000 ; rent of houses, £70,000,000 ; rent of farms, £60,000,000 ; woolen goods, £46,000,000 ; cotton goods, £14,000,000 ; butter and cheese, £35,000,000 ; milk, £30,000,000 ; sugar, £25,000,000 ; coal for household purposes, £15,000,000 ; for education, £11,000,000 ; for Christian missions, £1,050,000 ; FOR INTOXICATING LIQUORS, £136,000,000—and, besides this enormous bill, £1,000,000 more is lost annually taxes, labour, accidents, disease, etc., through the drink."

The United States bill has been estimated at £160,000,000, or \$120,000,000 more than that of Great Britain, while Canada sums up the respectable sum of £3,620 000. If any comfort is to be found in comparisons, Canada has that comfort, seeing her average per head is about one-fifth that of Great Britain, yet the evil curses, and we know it. I may say here that an experience extending over some eight years in jail statistics leads me to place little confidence in the prisoner's excuse, "'twas the drink that did it." It was not Adam, but Eve, nor was it Eve, the serpent did it all ! We are not to expect a millennium because the drink traffic ends. But these are the indisputable facts :—The saloon, the tavern bar, the social glass, the bottle by the sly at home, are temptations which lure the young, tempt the old, endanger the

strong, and yield no corresponding or compensating benefit. Is the convenience one man may experience in being able to step in and take a glass to be weighed as against the danger held out to that young man to go and do likewise? The commercial traveller, from home, tempted to treat, overcome, disgraced, with occupation gone and family whelmed in heart-breaking ruin, is too serious a matter to be outweighed by convenience for what under the most favourable circumstances is but a doubtful luxury. The profits are too small, the risks too great for the state to perpetuate the contract which permits such things to be. We deem it a solemn duty to prevent a fellow man mad with life's history from hurrying himself out of the world. We arrest the suicide. We desire to stop that promising youth, that energetic business man, that kind husband and faithful parent, from rushing on to the drunkard's precipice by means of a slippery way kept clear by the authority of the law. That is what the temperance movement really means; to remove from our midst one of the easy methods of becoming worse and worse, till darkness covers the dead. And if to this it is replied, "You are interfering with individual rights," my reply is simple. When the poor drunkard makes provision for his family so that they are not thrown upon society for charity; when intemperate parents will secure their children against disease and weakness, which thus far undermines the well being of the generations to come, then we may talk of individual rights; so long as society has to pay the piper, society may, nay must, ask whether the dance is worth the money. At present she is evidently thinking not, and events certainly justify the conviction. There are, moreover, Scripture principles which bear directly here,—Read the spirit of Rom. xiv. and 1 Cor. viii., and obey. Assured are we that drinking customs cannot obtain where these manifestly Christian principles prevail; and where society finds a questionable good at best the fruitful cause of stumbling, it too has its duty, and that is to cry, Halt! I join not in the cry against tavern-keepers, the business may tend to demoralize, they still are men, and the coarse nature that can take the last cent from an impoverished drunkard, closing the ear to the despairing cry that shrieks from the drunkard's home, may not be worse in Heaven's sight than the reckless director of trust funds, who can speculate and gamble in the money market, to roll in luxury and adorn his gardens, though his speculations only succeed by eating into the widow and orphan's little hoard, the hard earned savings of the industrious artisan. God forbid that any of us should be found in either condemnation!

To sum up. There is a traffic in our midst which confessedly is fraught with evil to society, so widespread that I question whether there is a single family represented in our circle of readers that has not in

some not far-off relation felt its blighting curse. We wage no war *with* men, but *for* men, and for the sake of the weak, the hereditarily tempted, the helpless partner and suffering children, we seek to remove from the walks of public life this terrible temptation. If any are strong, let them in Christ's name have respect for the weak, and please not themselves. Are any wavering? Shun the very appearance of evil. Are any under the power? Let them in Christ's strength arise, shake themselves free from the cursed shackles that weigh down, for He comes to break the bars of brass and proclaim a jubilee.

Read in the light of Christian self-denial, which ought to be the Christian's highest joy, there need be no difficulty as to the course private life ought to take. Let us make for those things that edify, not for those that simply please.

As for our public relation and public action, let us be not *politicians* striving for victory, but Christian philanthropists seeking the people's well-being. Let our moderation be known unto all men; our consistent earnestness too. I have written calmly, but please do not take calmness for coolness. The passions intemperance intensify, the dangers to which even our present drinking customs lead, are not few or of little moment. We are, thank God, in advance of a generation past. New Year's calls can be even fashionably made without the glass that has hurled many a youth from high hopes to ruin, dread and hopeless. Sideboards can display in our wealthiest homes other than the glass whose red glow allures till it stingeth as an adder. Men are not called now fanatics because the bottle never touches their lips; and yet more needs to be done. The young man seeking a city home is yet allured by the licensed room where drink is presented in tempting guise. Children yet are to be seen, shoeless, dinnerless, with the bottle from the grocer shop, that the drink-cursed home may find a curse still deeper; anxious wives and mothers still watch through the hours of the live-long night, trembling for the approaching step which comes not, living in an earthly hell; still the strong man bows before the fearful spell and Christ's name is blasphemed. We must do more, and falter not in the effort to lessen the curse and burn out the shame. And we must not forget the all-embracing power of Christ's great work, that puts the axe to the root of the tree and gives strength to overcome. May He keep us; may He give us strength to work for Him and His; may He so work mightily on us, on His people, that with perfect hatred they may hate what dishonours Him, and with Heaven's sympathy press on to rescue the fallen and close the avenues which lead to ruin and to shame.

THE committee of Newington church has agreed to submit the names to the congregation of Messrs. Smith, Galashields, and Macalister, Aberdeen. Mr. Smith has refused to preach as a candidate,

BLUE DAYS.

BY KNOXIAN.

Most preachers have blue Mondays. On these days they have a feeling of "goneness." They don't know exactly what is the matter with them but feel that they are "all gone." They are unfit for hard work, are likely to be the least bit crusty. They account for the blueness by ascribing it to the labours of the Sabbath. In this they are at least partly mistaken. Blueness on Mondays more frequently arises from overwork on Saturday than from ordinary work on Sabbath. If a preacher rests on Saturday and takes plenty of exercise in the open air on that day, ordinary Sabbath work will be little more than healthy exhilaration for him. A preacher who works late on Saturday evenings and goes into his pulpit tired and weary on Sabbath morning must always have very blue Mondays. The manner in which Saturday is spent usually determines the degree of blueness to be endured on Monday.

Blue Saturdays are not unknown to preachers. Busy, overworked preachers see them occasionally; lazy procrastinating preachers see them every week. If on Saturday morning a man knows that he must say something to a congregation twice on Sabbath, and also knows that he has nothing to say, he usually feels blue. The feeling is a perfectly proper and natural one. Unless he has been prevented by Providence from preparing his message he ought to feel ashamed as well as blue. His congregation may feel both ways before Sabbath is over.

There are blue Sabbaths as well as blue Saturdays and blue Mondays. Too many people in this country are likely to look upon any Sabbath in which the congregation is small as a blue Sabbath. It has often been said that our neighbours across the lines judge everything by its size. In their judgment everything big is great. With them big and great are synonymous terms. They have a big country, big cities, big prairies, big rivers, big hotels, and they have learned to judge everything by its bigness. Canadians imitate their example to an extent that few would be willing to admit. Church going people are the greatest sinners in this regard. Almost the only question that many fairly good people ever ask about a meeting is: was it large? If large then all is well. How easy it is for people in this state of mind to jump to the conclusion that a wet Sabbath must be a blue Sabbath. And the good man who conducts the service is very likely to catch the contagion and come to the conclusion that "anything will do for a wet Sabbath." The rich, well-prepared sermon is perhaps laid aside on Sabbath morning and the good man resolves to make "a few remarks," and dismiss the few people who have braved the storm and come to their place of worship. That kind of an effort called "a few re-

marks" has a marvellous power for drawing itself out. It elongates like a telescope, and perhaps the effort on a wet Sabbath actually measures more by the clock than an ordinary sermon. Measured by homiletical standards it may have been a month long. The people may have thought it never-ending. The day was considered blue at the start and the good man intensified the blueness until he made it almost black. If there is one day more than another on which a wise preacher will do his best it is a Sabbath which promises to be blue. If there is one congregation more than another that deserves the very best a preacher can give, it is the brave handful that face a howling storm. A numerically small congregation may not be *small* in any other way. It may be large in faith, in hope, in liberality, in good works. Some meetings numerically large are contemptibly small every other way.

One very wet evening some years ago, Kennedy, the king of Scottish song, was advertised to give a concert in Toronto. The night was dark, and the rain came down all the afternoon and evening in a steady pour. It was a cold pitiless pelting November rain. A few people, many of whom had free tickets, went to the hall. As the hour drew near the only question discussed was whether the Kennedy family would sing to such a small house. Prompt to a minute the old gentleman came out in full dress, blithe and cheery as a spring morning, and opened the proceedings with this little speech. "Friends, it is a wet, disagreeable evening outside, but that is no reason why we should not have an enjoyable evening here. If the night is unpleasant outside, all the more reason why we should enjoy ourselves." Then he went through the programme, sang his best songs, told his best stories in his own inimitable style, and the uniform testimony of those present was that the old gentleman fairly eclipsed himself. There was nothing *blue* about that meeting. "The children of this world," etc.

Great good may be done by preaching to a very small congregation. An Irish minister once preached to a congregation of three at Castlebar. One of the three was converted and became William Arthur, author of the "Tongue of Fire." Dr. Archibald Alexander once preached to two persons and both were converted. Were the days on which this work was done *blue* because the congregations were numerically small? As a matter of fact it is not the congregation alone that the preacher slights when he puts a few people off with a few remarks and goes home thinking he has had a blue day. He slights his own work and his Master's message. Jenny Lind was once asked why she sang so long and so well to an audience composed of a few ignorant coloured people. Her answer was "I never slight my art." Away with the vulgar idea that a wet Sabbath spent in preaching to a few of God's children is necessarily a blue day, and

a day spent in addressing a large number of people must necessarily be a good one. The Master may form a very different estimate of the day's work. Some days are blue to the preacher even when the weather is fine and the church full. He does not know the cause and the blueness is all the more distressing because he does not. As Spurgeon says, the chariot wheels drag heavily. Why they do so one cannot always tell. Perhaps the cause is largely physical. Indigestion, unstrung nerves, worry and want of sleep, have unmanned many a noble preacher at the critical moment and destroyed many a good sermon. One of the surest trials an earnest preacher ever endures is the failure of a sermon on Sabbath that he has spent a long time and a large amount of labour in preparing. And these are just the sermons that often seem to have very little effect. Blue days must occasionally come to the pulpit as well as to every other department of human activity, but there is always one consolation left to the man who has done his best:—the Spirit may bless the bluest day to a congregation.

Hearers have their blue days as well as preachers. Some hearers think every Sabbath a blue day. But there are good earnest souls who really desire to enjoy the service and profit thereby and even to these blue Sabbaths occasionally come. They are not in a good frame of mind. They do not feel as they used to do and they cannot tell the reason why. It is a happy thing when one of God's children can say on Sabbath evening "I have enjoyed the day very much." One reason doubtless why many hearers have blue days is that they do not begin to prepare for Sabbath soon enough. If people work in their stores until midnight on Saturday, and have no good refreshing sleep; if they tumble out of bed at ten o'clock on Sabbath morning, dress hurriedly, *pray* hurriedly—if they pray at all—take breakfast hurriedly, and hurry to church; how in the name of common sense can they expect to have a good Sabbath?

Drummond in his wonderful book defines a living being as one who is "in correspondence with his environment;" at least he accepts that definition from Spencer. If a hearer is not "in correspondence with his environment" in church he cannot be happy. The environment is chiefly made up of the preacher, and the elders, and the trustees and the precenator or choir, and his fellow worshippers. Drummond would say that if he has no correspondence with any part of the environment said hearer is dead. Well, if he has no correspondence with the greater part of his environment he must at least have *blue* Sabbaths. The best thing he can do is to put himself in correspondence with his environment and then perhaps the Sabbaths will not be so blue or the hearer either. Want of correspondence with environment in church is a bad thing,

FIFTY THOUSAND AARONS AND HURS WANTED.

The battle raged on the plain of Rephidim. Moses stood on a neighbouring hill with the rod of God in his hands. When he held up his hands Israel prevailed, when he lowered his hands Amalek prevailed. Being human, like lesser men, Moses became weary. He was one of the best men the world ever saw, but the muscles in a good man's arms relax even when they are strained in a good cause. Aaron and Hur were on the hill-top with Moses. What did Aaron and Hur do when they saw Moses become weary? They rolled over a good-sized stone and told him to sit upon it so that he could all the better keep his hands up and steady. Some people would have taken a stone and thrown it *at* Moses because he didn't keep his hands steady. That is the way *they* would have helped him. That was not the style of Aaron and Hur. When Moses was seated what did Aaron and Hur do? Did they stand off and say: "Now we'll watch Moses; if he can hold up his hands himself and struggle through alone we'll say he is a good man, but if he can't get through alone let him sink?" No, that was not what they did. Not having had the benefit of the example of some modern Christians they didn't know how to do such a chivalrous thing as that. Did they shout: "Moses, you are a failure, you are not the man we took you to be when you became our leader?" No, they didn't do that either. Did they run down to the plain and sneak around among the captains and say: "It is all the fault of Moses?" Not they. Did they call a meeting in some quiet corner on the plain and pass this resolution: "Moved by Aaron and seconded by Hur, that inasmuch as it is a matter of prime importance that the Amalekites be defeated, and inasmuch as Moses, our leader, is not able to hold up his hands all day without any help, be it resolved that the said Moses be requested to consider the propriety of resigning for the glory of God and the good of the cause?" No, they didn't "whereas and resolve" anything about it. Did they get up a petition asking Moses to resign, and carry it around among the camp followers, cowards in the rear, camel drivers and general hangers-on, and by coaxing and misrepresentation induce these worthy and intelligent Christian people to sign it? No, Aaron and Hur didn't know that trick. Did they stand off and say: "We don't wish to take any responsibility. If we take any part and the battle is lost then we may get blamed. We can't take so much responsibility?" No. Aaron and Hur were not "safe men" in that sense. The Church in the wilderness was not blest with as many safe men as the Church in Canada. What did Aaron and Hur do? Why they simply went up to their leader and stood "one on the one side, and the other on the other side," and held his hands steady until

the last blow was struck and the last Amalekite driven off the field. Blessings on the Aarons and Hurs!

Aaron and Hur would have done splendid service in the eldership. Perhaps they *were* elders and that may account for the loyal and practical way in which they stood by their minister. It is hard to say what Aaron and Hur might have thought about the deceased wife's sister, or Romish ordination, or a college of moderators, or other matters of that kind, but alongside of a hard-worked, weary minister they would be worth as much as an average General Assembly. A session composed of Aarons and Hurs is worth more to the Church than Drummond's new book. No doubt Aaron and Hur were men of prayer. But they didn't go round behind the hill to pray and leave Moses alone. As they watched the battle on the plains no doubt they mentally asked the God of battles to nerve the arms and cheer the hearts of the troops. But they held up the hands of Moses at the same time. Aaron and Hur were sensible men. They believed in prayer but they believed in work as well. They saw that the pressing and immediate duty was to hold up the hands of Moses and they held them up bravely.

A young minister was once settled over a congregation in the Presbyterian Church of the United States. A good deal was expected from the "new man"—what new man is not expected to do impossible things?—but the expectations were not all realized. Instead of helping him most of the church officers stood off and watched him struggle—the way Aaron and Hur didn't do. Disappointed expectations grew into open dissatisfaction and a caucus was called behind the minister's back to consider the situation. Several suggestions were made, when a 'live Yankee, who probably had more grace than the others, rose and said: "*I move that we pray for the young man and help him.*" The resolution passed and was faithfully acted upon and from that evening forward the congregation flourished. The discontented parties turned Aarons and Hurs and the Lord's work went on triumphantly. If everybody in all denominations that imitate Judas and Ishmael would stop and begin a vigorous imitation of Aaron and Hur we might soon have the Millennium.

IN A recent number the *Christian Leader* says: Simultaneously with the resolution of the Birmingham magistrates to put down lotteries at bazaars, an incident that has led to some searchings of heart in other places besides the midland capital, we hear from India that the launching of a lottery at Hyderabad by a Roman bishop has been the unwitting instrument in calling down the heavy hand of the supreme government upon all lottery schemes whatever. The governor of Bengal first took action in the matter, and he was sustained by the Roman Catholic viceroy, who issued an order which has been read with pro-

found satisfaction by all friends of morality throughout the empire. The order applies to every province of India; and the pious and the sporting lottery are to share the same grave.

A FEW days ago the death of the Rev. John Jackson, D.D., Bishop of London, was announced. The deceased prelate was born on the 22nd February, 1811, being a son of Henry Jackson, a merchant of London. He was educated at Reading School under Dr. Vaply, whence he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1833, taking first-class honours, and gained the Denyer Theological Prize. From 1836 till 1846 he was Head Master of the Proprietary Grammar School at Islington, and during part of that time Incumbent of St. James', in the parish of Hornsey. He was appointed Rector of St. James', Piccadilly, in 1846, Chaplain to the Queen in 1847, and Canon of Bristol in 1852; was a select preacher before the University of Oxford in 1845, 1850, 1862 and 1866; delivered the Boyle Lectures in London in 1853, and on the death of Dr. Kaye, in that year, was made Bishop of Lincoln. On January 4th, 1869, he was translated to the See of London. Dr. Jackson's contributions to theological literature were few and unimportant.

THE good old times were no better than they should have been. All wisdom did not perish with them. In these enlightened days we have not yet reached perfection. Some of the good things of former times should not be permitted to die out. There is much truth in what the *Boston Journal* says: "The Cotter's Saturday Night" would be an impossible poem in our day and generation. While the father "wales a portion with judicious care," the sons and daughters, sitting under him, would be receiving the pious words according to their own doctrine of private interpretation, or more probably would refuse altogether to listen, preferring to follow unrestrained wherever their own fancy led them. Love, reverence, and many another kindly quality leak out of human nature through the almost imperceptible crevices of selfishness and indifference, which have become such common weaknesses in these crack-brained days of ours. Take the expressions used in speaking of the absent father and mother, common among the larger number of even our carefully brought up young people, and see what lack of refined feeling, of that deep, respectful, almost awful love which the parent of old claimed and received from the child. The stiff formality of "most respected madam," and "ever to be revered sir," with which the Clarissa Harlowes of another time addressed their stubborn and heartless superiors, was stilted and affected like the time itself; but between them and the flippant, careless contempt of to-day no one could hesitate long. The respect which prompted the formal phrasing of the olden time was, at least, a respectable quality, while the frivolous indifference,

which now makes light of even sacred ties, is a vice beneath contempt.

THE display of indecent theatrical posters in American cities and towns has awakened a determination to take effective measures for its repression. The *Independent* says: Morality cannot be sustained on this let-alone and gratify-everybody theory. We will not say that the world belongs to the saints, and that they have a commission to rule it. But we respond to as much of that opinion as is involved in the proposition that the moralities and decencies are sovereign things, and that, in their name and by their authority, decent people ought to insist on ruling society. The streets must be made safe for boys and young women. Could the people know the full extent of this evil, it is not out of the possibilities that here, in democratic America they would propose some kind of a censorship to stop it. Liberty that goes beyond all bounds dashes at last on the hard wall of the necessity of restraining it. We are not far from this point now in some aspects of the matter. The evil has already gone so far that private vigilance cannot meet it. And when things are so that, do what he can for his boys, a father cannot keep them reasonably out of harm's way, it is time to complain of the law, or at least to invoke it. The citizens of Philadelphia, under exactly the same provocations, have awakened to the necessity of protecting their streets and their youth, and taken measures which promise result in repression. The evil is general, and there is probably no city or large town in the country that does not suffer more or less for want of a good and well-executed law.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR.—The time has arrived when my next letter should be in your hands. Before I say something that I think needs to be said about our missionary work, I will finish with the churches I have visited since I wrote last. The Christmas and New Year's holidays and meeting of Executive have all occurred during the past month, yet I find in my note book enough to make a longer letter than I have time for at present.

GUELPH

Was the place where I wrote my last. We had excellent missionary services both on the Sabbath and on Monday evening. The congregations were larger than on any former visit of mine. The new organ is a great improvement to the appearance of the church, besides greatly improving the singing, which while being led by a good choir, is heartily joined in by the congregation. The ladies have promised to organize a branch of the Woman's Missionary Society at an early date.

TORONTO (WESTERN).

The weather was unpropitious the Sunday morning I

met with this congregation. Yet we had a very fair attendance. The work moves on steadily. They have paid off another installment on their debt recently, and all are working right courageously for the speedy extinction of the whole; when they expect to arise and build a more suitable sanctuary for the worship of God. Afternoon and evening of the same Sabbath I spent with the infant cause in

PARKDALE.

There is a live Sunday school, conducted by an energetic Superintendent and a band of earnest teachers. The congregation in the evening was about the same as last year; and can hardly be expected to improve while they are meeting in the town hall, and not one of the most comfortable of its kind. The friends are taking steps at present to erect a new church, and hope to accomplish this during the spring. When it is done, I have no doubt things will assume a very different aspect.

UNIONVILLE.

This little church for some years past without a pastor has called a Mr. Wilnot, who, after being duly "counselled" was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry. I was glad to be able to take part in the very impressive ceremony. Since Mr. Wilnot's labours began, nearly six months ago, the church has grown and the congregations increased considerably. We all hope the union will be a happy one, and of long continuance.

BELLEVILLE.

Here I took part in the installation of Mr. Main, late of Economy, Nova Scotia. Since Mr. Main's visit of six weeks in the summer, the faithful few in the church have been much encouraged. Several have been gathered into fellowship; the Sunday schools revived, the congregations increased. A new organ has been built in the gallery, and the prospects of success were never more manifest. Our brother has talents fitting him eminently for this particular field, and with a good share of courage (a very important thing for the Belleville pastor) he enters upon his difficult task, the task of reviving from the dust the Congregational Church in Belleville. May the Spirit of the Lord be with him in all his efforts in this direction, and make him a power for good in the city.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS.

HOME SWEET HOME, just like other homes on these happy occasions, only sweeter to those who are parted most of the year. Indescribable, so I pass on to

OTTAWA,

Where I spent a busy and a pleasant Sabbath, preaching twice, addressing Sabbath school, and also a temperance meeting in the city hall. Congregations good on all occasions. The annual missionary meeting in the Sabbath school in the afternoon was particularly

interesting. The missionary spirit is kept up here as in the congregation all the year round. Is this the reason the church is growing so steadily? I mentioned in my letter twelve months ago that I distributed missionary boxes among the children. This time I received these boxes. How much do you think they realized? Over thirty dollars, being more than the whole congregation raised for missions a few years ago. This is only a small part of what the school has done for various denominational objects, and home and foreign missions during the year.

They are always making some advance or improvement in this Ottawa Church. One year I notice the interior of the building is remodeled; another year, a new parsonage is built. Since I was last here the school-room has undergone a complete transformation. New floor, painting, papering, new seats, and I know not what else, and all paid for, and the contributions to the Missionary Society increased, hard times notwithstanding. What next? An enlarged Church or a new one I suppose.

MAXVILLE.

As on all former visits, a most unsuitable evening, torrents of rain, and thick darkness. Yet a good congregation, and an enthusiastic meeting, ending in subscriptions to the Missionary Society of over sixty dollars.

ST. ELMO.

Continued storm, good meeting. Over thirty dollars subscriptions. These places have subscribed over one hundred dollars to foreign missions, and every denominational enterprise has had support. How is this? They are not more highly favoured in these close times than others. Not more riches among them than among others in similar places. No, but the missionary spirit is studiously cultivated, information is constantly circulated. They have missionary sermons, speeches, prayers, examples, and hence we see what we see. May all others go and do likewise.

MARTINTOWN.

Part of same field, fourteen miles from St. Elmo. Good missionary meeting—about thirty dollars subscription on the occasion.

LANARK.

The missionary flame is kept burning here too by constant appeals from the pastor, and by a live Women's Missionary Society. The congregations both on the Sabbath and on week evenings were very much larger than on any of my former visits. I was informed that the usual attendance at week evening prayer meetings is upwards of seventy. The building is not any too large for the congregation on Sunday.

ROSETA,

is on the Middleville Mission. This was my first visit. I gave the afternoon of Sunday. It is eight miles from Lanark. Found a good congregation.

The building was once crowded, but the greater part of the founders have gone to the North-West, or to more promising parts of this Province, and indeed you would commend them for so doing if you saw the land they are cultivating here. The Middleville pastor gives them a weekly service. There was a large number of young people present on the occasion of my visit. I imagine there is a good opening for a series of special services to bring them to decision for the Saviour.

MIDDLEVILLE.

When I visited this field twelve months ago, we had a meeting with the friends in reference to building a new church. This was not only desirable but an absolute necessity, as the old one was no longer fit for use. The task seemed too great for the few who remained. During the past four or five years family after family have gone to Manitoba. It would have been comparatively easy before that exodus to build a church. However, as it was, they agreed to do it. They must build of stone, on a new site, in a central part of the village. They hoped to put up a building for twelve hundred dollars; the material is brought from the quarry free of cost, the site purchased; and the beautiful little edifice is now approaching completion. It has the only bell in the village on its neat tower, and when it is finished the whole will cost in the neighbourhood of *three thousand dollars*, and they expect to open it practically free of debt. After the opening I hope you will have a full description of the building. It is, I think, one of the prettiest in the country. I wish we could get a cut of such a building in THE INDEPENDENT for the guidance of others who are contemplating building. Some of the sister churches have made donations of part of the furniture, and now I am under obligation to ask those more remote sister churches to give them a nice little organ. It will not be much for so many; let every one do something and it will soon be done.

We held our missionary meeting in the old log church, and recalled the good times often experienced within its walls, when winters were not so severe, or when the forests protected from the stormy blast such comfortless abodes; or when men and women were better able to endure the cold than we are now; for it was anything but comfortable on the occasion of which I write. Farewell old church, sure I am there are many who cannot leave thee without a tear. For many precious souls have been born of God within these bare walls. This has been home to thousands, and "though ever so simple there is no place like home." The Rev. B. W. Day, and the pastor assisted in this meeting, as in Lanark.

I will conclude by asking the special attention of your readers to Report of last Executive meeting in your present issue, and by adding a few words in the

same direction. It will be seen that our Missionary Society has assumed very much larger responsibilities than heretofore. This was inevitable. Church after church has Phoenix like sprung from its ashes. New churches have been organized. Indian and French mission work has come into our hands. The Maritime Provinces look to us for encouragement and development. Every church that has been revived or reopened is giving promise of great usefulness and ultimate success. The spiritual aspect of all the work is most encouraging at the present moment. But all this cannot be maintained without a very large increase in the funds of the Society. I need not say that in many places, perhaps in all, the commercial depression is felt very keenly. If the income of last year from all sources can be reached, we will still be left with a large deficiency. I like to look facts of this kind fairly in the face, and by prudent counsels, earnest effort, and faithful prayers provide against anything that would retard the good work at a time when we have so much to encourage us on every hand. There are many churches that would be made much richer in spiritual and material wealth by just doubling their donations to the Society. There are many of the Lord's people who could give on a much larger scale, and who by so doing would assist at a time when such is more needed than in years of prosperity. All can help by earnest and believing prayer. There is no reason for despondency or for discouragement. Just the opposite. We believe the Great Head of the Church has given us the work we have in hand and if we trust Him, He will also provide the means by which it will be carried on. Then "forward" be our watch-word, and to God be all the glory.

Kingston, Ont.

T. HALL.

MIDNIGHT WANDERERS.

In the gloom of a large and dimly-lighted hall—dimly lighted to promote the slumber of its poverty-stricken occupants—are gathered as ragged and squalid an assembly as even London—the city of poverty as well as of wealth—can show.

The poor creatures have fallen into almost every conceivable attitude to obtain rest and sleep. Here is a woman with a baby at her breast, lying full length on the floor; there is another, crouched against a chair, her head pillowed on its hard wooden seat. Here is a man with his face and hands bent forward, leaning on the top of an opposite chair, while his neighbour is lying crosswise over his back. There is a woman bolt upright, but for her poor weary head, which, covered with its tattered, dirty bonnet, is hanging sideways as though the neck were broken. Many are bent double, with their heads and hands on their knees. Some have removed their

battered boots to rest their soiled and blistered feet, while others, we fear, have no boots to remove. And from all these people—silent as to speech—there arises a confused murmur of subdued moans and groans and hard, stertorous breathing, that makes the gloom even more solemn and mysterious. Now and again a racking, tearing cough pierces the heart with pity; anon some heavy sleeper, dreaming painful dreams, utters a stifled cry.

On the platform sits a friend, silent and watchful, while between the rows of sleepers pass lightly on tiptoe other friends preparing for the coming meal. Dim vague, and shadowy—as is a ghastly dream remembered in the morning—the scene is alas! only too plainly, terribly, fearfully real in its wretchedness and want. It is a sight weird and grotesque enough for the pencil of a *Doré*; sad and solemn enough to touch a heart of stone.

Who are these poor people, and whence came they? They are the veritable vagabonds of the London streets, the nomads of the night—men, women, and youths—who, being absolutely penniless, have nowhere to go and no food to eat. They have no resource but to wander aimlessly about the stony streets sleeping in the recesses of bridges, under arches, in waggons—any hole or corner where they can avoid the lynx eye of the policeman. And these were found last Saturday night by gentlemen of the London Congregational Union and invited to Collier's-rents Hall for a few hours' sleep, to be followed by breakfast and a short service. And if they choose to return in the afternoon they may state their case, and if found genuine every effort will be made to procure them work.

Every Saturday night a party of gentlemen connected with the London Congregational Union start at midnight from a given spot, and make their way by circuitous routes to the Hall, seeking these poor wanderers. Sometimes the party separates into two divisions, as on last Saturday evening, one division beginning in the east, and working westward to London bridge and across it to Southwark; another division starting at Hyde-park-corner, and working eastward to Southwark over Blackfriars bridge. Any person who is seen wandering in that aimless, listless manner which is so suggestive of want and despair is spoken to, a few inquiries made, and, if the case appears deserving, a ticket is given which invites him to a breakfast at Collier's-rents Hall at six o'clock in the morning.

Several of these poor people were thus found on the Green-park side of Piccadilly, while frequently wanderers have been discovered crouching beneath the railings in the courtyard of Baron Rothschild's house. The contrast between extreme wealth and extreme poverty is sharp enough, then, in all conscience. Let

us accompany the division starting from Hyde-park corner.

Passing along Piccadilly and Coventry-street, through Leicester square, we come into Trafalgar-square. On the seats, and dotted over the square, are several dark figures. We speak to two who are occupying this seat.

"Why are you here now, my friend?"

"I have no money to pay for a lodging; I have only been three days in London and can't get any work."

"Where do you come from?"

"Oxfordshire. I am a sawyer by trade; but work is so dull."

"Perhaps we can find you a little work at wood-cutting. Will you take this ticket and go over to Collier's-rents Hall?" The direction is explained, and, thanking and blessing us, the footsore man hobbles away.

Others are spoken to, and the same sad tale of no money, no work, and persistent misfortune is told. "One has to be careful," doubtless; but if men or women are so reduced as to "loaf" about the streets at this hour, and are willing to walk over to Southwark for a breakfast, they must be brought low indeed.

Here, for instance, is a laundress, who lives at Chelsea, she says. She has no work, and can get none. She cannot buy food or lodging. It is useless to inquire why she lost her situation—she is starving. We must give her a ticket, and test her case afterwards. And so we go on, down to Westminster and along the Embankment.

One marked feature of the cases we meet is that so many are recently from the country. They have come to London to find work, but they have found only the hard and story streets. And their speech confirms their story, for they speak as no Cockney could. This man has the Hampshire twang, for instance, and that man the Northumbrian "hurr." It is when coming into close contact with cases such as these that we feel the full force of the fact that the country districts are becoming depleted, and that men and women are streaming to London—alas, in many cases only to swell the already high-tide of starvation and want!

Turning to the left we plunge into the Adelphi arches—pausing for a few moments to examine a number of waggons collected at the entrance. And so by about two o'clock we find ourselves near Blackfriars-bridge.

Alas, what a sight! Huddled together under the shelter of the high buttresses to screen themselves from the wind are a sad number of dark figures. How many? We ask if they would like to have breakfast, and count them. Twenty-seven! We cross over the bridge, adding to our number as we go, until at last our light brigade has swelled to thirty-three. We

proceed up Southwark-street, and presently meet Mr. Mearns.

"Wait," he said, "wait! I fear the Hall is too full already. We found one hundred and forty-nine on London-bridge alone, before two in the morning, and several more in other places." A consultation then ensues as to what is best to be done, and at length, after explaining to the men that we may be able to give them only "half a breakfast," for there are so many of them, we resolve to let them in. Poor creatures! They would be ready to go if only for a crust, and so they move on at once. Thus it is that before three o'clock in the morning we have the Hall filled. There are two hundred and fifty-five poor wanderers here now, a larger number than ever before, while round the doors are others whom it would be cruel to admit, seeing that, even with shortened rations, we could not feed them. They are told to return in the afternoon for bread.

And now the gas is lowered, and the poor people are told to sleep, of which permission they are not slow to avail themselves. The breakfast is at six, and they have three good hours before them. We leave them alone; we do not speak to them now. Let them rest. But they are carefully watched.

It is astonishing, however, as the time draws near and the gas flares up again, how they begin to awake, and when the trays of paper bags filled with provisions and the steaming coffee urns make their appearance there is not a slumberer to be seen. The breakfast consists of bread-and-meat, with bread-and-butter, and large cups of hot coffee; but before a morsel is given out "Grace" is sung, and during the latter portion of the time, when all have been served, a few ladies, assisted by a "bass," render some of Sankey's hymns. When the last cup has been emptied, and the last piece of food eaten, or hidden away to be eaten during the day, a hymn is given out, and all rise and join in it.

There is something marvellous in the power of music over even these poor people. Perhaps it awakens some tender chord of recollection, perhaps it softens the soul, and the Gospel is sung into the heart; under its magic influence you will see a hard, defiant face here and there melt into tears, and a smothered sob shake the shrunken frame. This poor woman, for instance, who had been found on the Embankment, sleeping with her head on the stone parapet—she had, she said, left her five children, and run away from her husband, and only a short time since, because he was cruel to her!—her face was hard and forbidding until the music came, but then she cried like a child.

A short but earnest prayer, followed by a vigorous address, came after the singing; then another hymn, and a closing prayer, and the poor nomads dispersed,

not, however, until a cordial invitation had been given to return that afternoon, when they could be dealt with individually, their cases gone into, and, if possible, work would be found for them.

A great many of these poor creatures are not slow to avail themselves of the invitation, and at the appointed time no less than one hundred and twenty-seven are found waiting in the hall. One by one they are invited into the little room and questioned, and the particulars of their cases taken down. The distress revealed is appalling. Take such instances as these. A man and his wife were turned out of their room for being behind in one week's rent—four shillings; all their tools—they make feather brushes—are in pawn. Eight shillings—four for a week's rent and four to redeem their tools—are lent them. Another man has tramped up from Manchester in ten days. He started with twenty shillings in his pocket. It is all gone now. He can find absolutely nothing to do. Another man is from Liverpool, and he also has walked up to London. In cases such as these the labour test is applied—i. e., the men are set to chop wood at one shilling per day, and if they apply themselves and work well, a situation is, if possible, found for them. Several have thus been helped, and in all cases they have done well. Many have been sent back again into the country, some to situations found for them there, and others to the home they had left. One man to whom money had been advanced redeemed his tools from pawn, and earned thirty-five shillings in one week. He began to pay back the loan, and another part of his earnings was used to redeem the remainder of his tools, as only enough had been lent to obtain the most necessary. One poor fellow found on London bridge had suffered from bad eyes and was in search of a certain hospital. He could not be admitted, not having a letter. The necessary formalities have been gone through in his case, and he is now an inmate.

Altogether, out of the one hundred and twenty-seven who described their cases last Sunday afternoon, no less than one hundred had but very recently tramped up from the provinces. They belonged to every class of employment, and to various grades of society. It is heartrending to hear tale after tale of such utter misery and want. But it must be done, and is done, and then these cases are differentiated as far as possible, and each treated individually, as seems best and most suitable. In the evening the Hall was again packed with people attending the mission service. Surely if these efforts are not practical endeavours to reach the "lapsed masses," we do not know what are. But the work requires both money and helpers; any person desirous of assisting—either by gifts of money or clothes, or by personal service—should communicate with the Rev. Andrew Mearns, Memorial

Hall, Farringdon-street, E. C. Friends cannot do better than entrust their offerings of charity to this gentleman, for he presides over an organized and practical effort, undertaken by an efficient organization—the Congregational Union of London. *F. M. H.*

Mission Notes.

THE differences between China and the French are playing havoc with the Missionary work in those parts. Protestant Missions have little interest for the French. In the present instance it is the renewed Chinese hatred to the foreigner that works ruin under French provocation. The following letter from the Missionary of our Presbyterian friends in Formosa, Mr. G. L. McKay, is characteristic and presents a graphic picture of the present position. It is addressed to his brother at Woodstock:—

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Never did I get such a blow as this, I am shut out from beloved Formosa against my will."

Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. McKay and children had to leave, and as Mr. Jamieson could be of better service with them, we all concluded that he should go too. I was just recovering from an attack of fever which brought me near the gates of death. It was brought on through anxiety for the Mission. After Kelung was bombarded I could get no sleep, so was weakened. But I determined to remain at Tamsui. Days passed and all was quiet, so I was induced to take a steamer and make just a round trip to Hong Kong and return at once.

Alas! alas!! arriving here I was told that Formosa was blockaded, so I could not return.

God's will be done.

Still, it is dreadful to bear being shut out by the French.

There is one consolation—if there I could not carry on Mission work, debarred from the country, unable to have students in the college, or girls in the school, I could only stand there and wait.

But oh, to be there—

Had I known that there would be a blockade, I would leave my bones on the hills rather than come, even for a trip to get sea breezes. *I am well again and strong.*

Kelung is French, Chinese deserted, and now the houses are in ashes. Palm Island (where the Mission house bought from Rev. K. F. Junor, stands) is also deserted.

So, if peace could be restored to-morrow, very little could be done in Mission work.

New church at Bangkok, also at Sintiam, levelled to the ground. Converts hooted, beaten, etc. Increased hatred to all foreigners. Remember us to all.

PRAY FOR FORMOSA.

Whole Church meet to pray. *Special prayer.*

Believe me, yours most sincerely,
Hong Kong, Nov. 1st, 1884. G. L. MCKAY.

HERE ARE SOME FURTHER NOTES FROM CHINA:

Persecution at Swatow.—The English Presbyterian Mission at Swatow is suffering from severe perse-

oution. At the village of Kong-phong, where the Gospel had been preached for ten years, and fifty converts had been gathered, the mob attacked the chapel on the 3rd of July last, beating the preacher and plundering him and his wife and children of all their goods. They not only destroyed the chapel, but pillaged no fewer than eight houses of the converts. Some of those were at quite a distance from the village of Kong-pheng. The magistrates of the town failed to suppress the mob, and there seems to be as yet no means of saving the persecuted Christians from their enemies. It will not be at all surprising if such scenes of violence are seen in other portions of China so long as the people are under the excitement of the French attack; yet all the while, unquestionably, the Government seeks to prevent any assault on the Christians.

The American Baptist Missionaries at Swatow also report serious complications growing out of the hostility of the natives. Most of the people are said to be too ignorant or too bitter against foreigners to distinguish between the French and other nationalities, and they hate the Christians because of their having embraced a "foreign doctrine." Several chapels have been "looted," and, although the magistrates issue proclamations forbidding the people to molest the Christians, some of them stand by quietly while the mob is at work. The situation of the native Christians is truly pitiable.

Violence at Canton.—Since the above paragraph was prepared a letter has appeared in the *Foreign Missionary* reporting the attack of the mob upon native Christians in Canton. A wife of a preacher connected with the English Church Mission was seized and cruelly beaten, and an old man was injured so that he probably cannot live. Many have been imprisoned, and their experiences while in prison were like those of Paul and Silas. The prisoners heard them as they prayed and sang praises. Rev. Mr. Butler, from Ningpo, also reports that the city is deserted, and the stampede is ended simply because there are no more to go. The people flee into the country villages or to the hills.

Shanse.—The English Baptist Missionaries who are at Tai-yuen-fu report that there is no disturbance in Shanse because of the French assault. The people are quiet and peaceable, not turbulent as in other sections of China. These missionaries believe that if there was a general war they would be safer in the interior than on the coast, and that they have nothing to fear, either from the French or the Chinese. In April last they received nine men to the Church by baptism, and they are greatly cheered by the knowledge that many who have not as yet courage to forsake all for Christ, are now persuaded of the truth of the Gospel, and are nearly ready to confess the Saviour.

This from *Africa*.—

STATEMENTS made by Mr. H. M. Stanley, at the great anti-slave demonstration at Manchester, attended by some 5,000 persons, concerning the effect of a terrible slave raid by Arabs on the Upper Congo, at the end of last year. After passing through many miles of what had been on a former visit a fertile and populous country, he found nothing left but marks of

fire and ruined villages. There were only a few survivors, who told him that a band of men, clothed as he was—in white cloth—and carrying hollow tubes that vomited fire, had come down from the north, shot down all the men that could not escape, and carried into captivity the women and children. Mr. Stanley supposed, from the description, that they must be Arab slave hunters, from the neighbourhood of Khar-toum; and this proved to be true. A day or two afterwards he reached the spot where they were encamped. Boldly approaching the camp, he found there a body of three hundred fighting men, keeping in manacles and fetters 2,300 naked women and children, their bodies emaciated and encrusted with dirt, having for food but a bunch of bananas, or a load of cassava roots, such as a farmer's wife might throw into a pig-trough. It was like a ravening human kennel; a rancid effluvia of unwashed humanity filled the air, a meaningless chatter of wretched mortals filled the ears, and the eyes were satiated with extreme misery. Mr. Stanley calculated that the waters of the Congo would receive the corpses of very many, and that only some 800, certainly not 900, would reach their destination.

And an example of student life in Japan. Each from the *Missionary Herald* of the A. B. C. F. M.

FROM THE GRADUATION ESSAY OF A KIOTO STUDENT.

To my thought the Japanese mind is in a very favourable condition for a fair study of theology because of its perfect freedom from prepossessions and prejudices of any kind. We have no creed with which the affectionate memory of our fathers is associated. We have no current sentiment, no ecclesiastical authority, to bind and control our thoughts. Traditions and genuine experience are very often confounded, and very often this confusion gives rise to fierce and dishonourable struggles, which have not seldom stained the history of theology. I deem it one of the things for which we should be glad that we have as yet no traditional theology. The despotism of hereditary and current sentiments is often so formidable as to require the travail of a century, or the indefatigable heroism of the greatest genius, to loose a nation from its bondage.

I suppose it is not out of place to say a few words to illustrate this. One of the features of the Latin theology, which distinguishes it from the Greek, is its conception of God. The Latins conceived God as a being apart from the world, and governing it from a distance; while to the Greeks He is a spirit who pervades the universe and is ever present in the life of humanity. This conception of God as an extra-mundane being underlies the whole theology of the Latin Church from its earliest time. It underlies the theological system of Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers. From this root-conception of God, joined with the heathen ideas introduced into the church from the time of Constantine, there sprung up sundry erroneous doctrines. Is not Mariolatry a substitute for the worship of the absent God? Is not a saint or an angel a nearer object of worship than the distant Sovereign? Would not Christ be localized in the sacred elements if He be not present, spiritually, in and with His believers? Remember that even Luther, who almost completely shook off the Romish tradi-

tions, still clung to one of the absurdest of doctrinal errors ever imagined by the Church. See what a formidable power one traditional idea has over many nations through many centuries.

But this is not a matter to be surprised at. Education and authority, civil and ecclesiastical, tend to keep men, quietly or forcibly, within the boundary of the sentiments of their age. It is a hard thing for a man to spurn authority or popularity. Such an heroic act almost always ends in his shame or destruction. Again, there is a tendency among men to regard anything which comes down to them from time immemorial as peculiarly sacred and inviolable. These causes combine to level down the men of an age to the same one hereditary and current belief.

Here I wish to call your attention to another thought: it is that prejudice not only has an almost unshakable hold on the men of an age, but it is very often confronted by a counter-prejudice. It is one weakness of men that they can but scarcely hold the golden mean. Men's opinions are like the pendulum: it swings to right and left. Let me give an example. The Unitarian movement in America was at least partly due to the re-action against the extravagant forms of the old Calvinistic system. At the close of the seventeenth century the old faith began to lose its hold on many in New England. Against this relaxation there arose, in the next century, the defenders of the old system, led by Jonathan Edwards and his followers. This return to the received faith in some respects was pushed to an extreme by the theologians and the Hopkinsian school. Then a reaction followed. This reaction, accompanied by the growth of literary culture, which led to a latitudinarian tendency in matters of belief, resulted in the Unitarian movement in New England. And the final outcome of this movement is that radical Unitarianism which retains not a central doctrine of Christianity. We have no time to dwell on the evils which came from this action and reaction in the theology of New England. The Japanese as yet do not know these movements and counter-movements. They have no attachment to any side. They have no prejudices of any kind. I say this state of mind is very favourable for a sound study of theology. The history of our future theology depends much upon what theology the students of the present age adopt, and with what spirit they study it. We can as yet have any theology and acquire any spirit.

While the advantages of mental freedom in theological study cannot be spoken of too highly, there may be, also, some dangers connected with it. Free steps, instead of treading in the right path, often rove and wander in forbidden regions. Free minds, as a general rule, are very fond of adventures. The Japanese mind is yet neutral; and to which pole it will swing in the future is a very delicate question. The so-called free-thinkers have too powerful attractions for young and adventurous minds. We have no experience to guide and restrain us. Hence the danger which attends our study of theology, and hence the importance of building our theology on the sure foundation of the experience of the Christian Church during eighteen centuries. Let us economize our time and energy by not going over the once-trodden path of failure, errors, and struggles.

THE WAY AND THE END.

Oh, Thou who only art the end,
Thou art the only way;
And in our suffering Master's track
Through many a weary day,
I've journeyed on, and oft have said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But quickly Thou hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

How long, Oh Lord, Oh Lord the End,
Wilt thou be but a way?
Frail, sinful men, my fathers were,
Not better I than they;
Oh, take me to Thyself, I said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But Thou again hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

Shall I, who chose Thee for the end,
Refuse Thee as the way?
Thou, too, wert watched by evil eyes,
Men sought Thee for their prey;
I'm weary of the strife, I said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But Thou once more hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

—LYNGH

THREE BOYS.

"Wint is having a rough time of it, trying to climb up Zion's hill. He'd better backslide and be done with it. He'll find it more comfortable!"

"You see he's trying an impossibility. How is it the Bible has it? To 'serve two masters.' Yes, and it says, likewise, it can't be done. All the same, poor old Wint is trying hard to—"

"Serve one and get the credit of serving the other," said Joe, finishing Bert's speech. "Pshaw! I'm sorry."

The two lads lay in the shadow of a haystack, this fair vacation day, cooling off after their chase of a fleet hare.

Wint had been with them in the start, but as they turned a fence corner, all in a bunch, Joe's and Wint's heads had come into violent collision, and Wint, becoming very angry, said some coarse, bad words, and refused to run with his companions any farther. Dot, the dog, had caught the hare, the boys had skinned and dressed it, and carried it to the house, and having refreshed themselves with a drink of buttermilk, had gone out into the backyard to loll and chat for a bit before the noonday meal. Wint was nowhere to be seen. They whistled, but no answering whistle came.

"He's mad yet, let him go," said Bert, as he threw himself lightly on the loose hay at the foot of the fragrant stack. "He's got a mean temper."

"Seems to me he uses a lot of bad words for a professor," Joe answered.

And then Bert had made the declaration referred to in our first sentence.

"I believe you," said Bert, in reply to Joe's 'I'm sorry.' "So am I sorry. I used to think Wint was in earnest, and meant to practice what he professed, but I've about changed my opinion. I don't pretend to be a Christian and let my light shine, and all that, but I'd be ashamed to do some things that Wint does—get mad as fury at nothing, and then be too mulish to own that I was in the wrong when I was convinced of my mistake. And—well—it's mean to be cutting up a fellow behind his back. Don't let's say any more."

"No," said Joe, slowly, "we won't. Only I'm sorry Wint has petered out so. He had an opportunity—and he's missed it. You see when Wint stood up there and gave his experience, and talked so nice in that prayer-meeting, you remember, he talked just the way I felt, precisely, only I couldn't have got it off in that slick fashion. And I said to myself, 'Now, old Joe, if Wint stands up to all that and makes a good fight, and comes out ahead, why, you'll start in, that's all.'"

"Why didn't you go in then, if you felt that way?" asked Bert, turning his astonished eyes on his companion. "You act enough more like a Christian than Wint does."

Joe shook his head,

"I was afraid I wouldn't hold out. Wint is smarter than either you or me. I thought it was well enough to let him try first. If he held out—then—"

"Yes," said Bert, "he'd have been a help to us, I know. I thought of it, too, at the time. But it looked to me as if there ought to be some change in a fellow when he professed to be converted and born again, and starting in a new life."

"He isn't making much progress in the Christian life, certain," trying to laugh. "He'd better do as I said, backslide and done with it. Then he won't be a hypocrite, and that's what he is now, or I'm—but there, we said we wouldn't backbite, and here I am at it again. Come on, let's run down to the pond and take a paddle. Dinner won't be ready for a half-hour."

Dinner time came, and Joe and Bert, fresh from their bath in the mill-pond came too. They had quite forgotten the slight collision of the hare-hunt, and wondered that Wint was not on hand, especially as he knew there was to be a peach pudding for dessert. Joe called, Bert whistled, and Phillis blew the tin horn, but no Wint responded to either familiar summons.

"He must have gone up to the apple picking at Sykes's," said Joe's uncle. "The Sykes boys were over here about eleven o'clock, and I saw Wint coming across the barn-yard just as they came in the big gate."

After dinner Joe and Bert went into town to do

some errands for Joe's uncle, on whose farm the three lads were visiting. They did not return till late.

"What sent Wint off in such a hurry?" asked Uncle Joe, as they sat down to the supper that was waiting them. "No bad news, eh?"

"Wint? Is he gone?" the lads asked in one voice of surprise.

"Packed his traps and left on the three o'clock train. Looked mighty down in the mouth, but said you boys would understand."

The boys did not understand, however, until they went to their room at night.

"I do wonder what happened to Wint?" was Joe's first word on entering their snuggery.

"Perhaps this will tell," said Bert, as his eyes fell on a note, addressed, in Wint's bold hand to "Bert and Joe."

"Read it, Joe."

And Joe read:

"Dear Fellows: Forgive me. I'm going home; I'm not fit company for you; I've done you all the harm I am willing to do. I ask your forgiveness, and beg you not to think that there is nothing worth having in religion because I have disgraced my profession. I was on the other side of the haystack, where—you won't believe me, but it is true—I was kneeling and praying for help to conquer my hateful temper and to control my wicked tongue, when you two came there. I heard all you said. If you are right Bert, and I am only a hypocrite, then, may God be merciful to me, a sinner. There is no other prayer that I can pray. But if, as I humbly trust, in spite of all my wicked disloyalty, I am a disciple of Christ, then, too, I must pray, God be merciful to me, and forgive me that I have so dishonoured my Saviour. O fellows, can't you help me? I know that I ought to have been a help to you, and I've only been a hindrance. But I did want to live so as to win you both to Christ. I have missed my opportunity, as you say, Joe, and what can I do now but pray that you may not miss yours, and that my extremity may prove to be God's opportunity? Oh, pray for me, I am very wretched; what you said this morning, Joe, in answer to my cruel coarseness, opened my eyes. I saw myself as you see me, and hate myself. Of course, after the way I have lived, and the dead failure I have made in the Christian life, nothing that I can say will be likely to influence you, yet I will say that if I never tried before to 'climb up Zion's hill,' I mean, by God's help to try now. O fellows, I love you both, and I ask your pardon for all the harm I have done you. If you love me, forgive me, and pray for your penitent
WINT."

Joe's voice had trembled as he read. As he concluded he raised his eyes to Bert's, and saw them filled with tears.

"I declare, Joe, I wouldn't have hurt the old fellow's feelings so for anything," said Bert, gulping down a sob.

"I don't know," said Joe, "maybe it was best. Wint does not lie; it cost him dear to ask our pardon so humble. I believe in him, after all. And I am not so sure he has altogether missed his opportunity. I think we might do worse than to pray for him, and for ourselves too."

"So do I," said Bert, turning away.

After a few moments he came over to the table beside which Joe yet stood, re-reading Wint's confession and appeal.

"I say, Joe," he began, in a low voice, "shall we write to Wint and promise him that we will?"

"Pray for him and for ourselves? Yes. Only it will be more comfort to him to hear that we had prayed. I was horrid mean this morning, answering him so."

"And I was mean, saying he'd better backslide, and all that," added Bert. "I ought to ask his pardon."

"Bert," said Joe, seriously, "let's join in, and help one another. You know the Bible says, 'a threefold cord is not quickly broken.'"

"Well," said Bert, "I will."

The boys fell on their knees, and Joe prayed aloud.

Bert joined in the Amen with earnest voice. They rose from their knees and clasped hands in token of a new and sacred fellowship.

A few days later, Wint read a letter signed by Joe and Bert, telling of their new resolve, their prayer for him, and their fellowship with him. And when he had read it he laid his head upon his arm and cried for joy. For he received it as a word of forgiveness and assurance from the Saviour whom he had so wronged, and to whom he had so earnestly cried, that for His own mercy's sake he would not suffer his disloyalty to destroy the souls or hinder the conversion of the friends he loved.

From that hour Wint was a loyal soldier of the cross. And daily he thanks God that his extremity was so signally made God's opportunity for the salvation of the souls of Bert and Joe.

And the threefold cord still holds.—*Christian at Home.*

THE crisis in Plymouth Church is past. The annual auction of pews in that sacred edifice did not bring such extravagant prices as in former years, yet the shrinkage is by no means alarming. The total sales aggregated \$15,400. With rentals added, the amount realized is \$27,000, against \$34,800 last year. The highest ever realized was in 1875, when the amount was \$68,997. Mr. Beecher, it is said, felt exceedingly cheerful at the conclusion of the sale,

News of the Churches.

CHEBROQUE, N. S.—The Sabbath-School of Zion Congregational Church held a festival on Christmas eve. Although the night was not inviting, either above or beneath, the church was well-filled, and the Christmas tree looked just the thing. A picked tree, dressed with taste by the ladies, it was justly commended. A good programme of singing, recitations, and readings was ably sustained by members of the school, and the superintendent gave us an excellent address, reviewing the history of the school in the past. The pastor received a handsome study lamp and bronzed irkstand, besides stationery and other things; Mrs. Watson a nice set of china and other gifts. After a most enjoyable evening the company separated, trusting that though this was the first Christmas tree in this church, it would not prove the last.

EATON.—The Rev. Geo. Skinner is doing a good work in the name of his Lord and Master. There have been additions to the church and prospect of more. Mr. Gay; Evangelist, from Toronto, laboured here a few days the early part of December. There has been good seed sown in this place and faith awaits the increase. H. F.

KINCARDINE.—Rev. C. L. Ross, writing from this field, says: "The Lord is blessing us here. The work of grace commenced in the Kincardine church during the services of the week of prayer, and is still going on. Many have been awakened. Some have found peace, others earnestly seeking. We have services in the sanctuary every evening. The Lord's people seem to be wonderfully revived."

MIDDLEVILLE.—The proverbial delays in building are delaying the opening of the new church edifice here, but our Brother McColl, writes cheerfully, and hopes to give an account of completion in our next issue.

PINE GROVE.—The annual Sabbath-School entertainment and distribution of prizes took place on New Year's evening. In the absence of the pastor, the chair was taken by W. A. Wallis, Esq. The Rev. Mr. Reid, Presbyterian minister, was present, and gave an appropriate address. The children and some friends sang and recited suitable pieces, which gave pleasure and satisfaction to the audience. The trees were well laden with presents, the organist and pastor being specially remembered, the former receiving a handsome cruet and other presents, the latter a handsome cutter robe. The church was nearly filled, and the funds of the school increased by \$27. After meeting all expenses for the past year the treasurer reports a balance on hand of \$20. The annual church meeting of the above was held on Jan. 11th. The secre-

tary reported an increase of sixteen to the membership during the past year, most of whom were on profession and the loss of one by death leaving a net gain of fifteen for the year. The average attendance at the communion being over two-thirds. The treasurer presented his report, which showed, after meeting all liabilities, a balance due to him of \$16. The Secretary's report of the Ladies' Aid Society was a very encouraging one, showing a total expenditure of \$25, total income \$70,61, leaving a balance on hand of \$45.46.

STRATFORD has of late been the scene of a very blessed work of revival in which all the churches have participated. The apparent indifference to religion among the hearers of the word, and lack of devout energetic spirit among the members of the churches a few months ago, led some of the ministers to make the existing state of things the subject of earnest prayer and consideration, and in November last two brethren (Rev. H. T. Crossley and J. E. Hunter, appointed by the Methodist Conference to the work of evangelists) came to labour with the Methodist body, during which time the Ministerial Association met and the matter of united services, under the leadership of these brethren, was discussed and referred to the several churches for approval and found unanimous support. Daily afternoon prayer meetings were convened in the smaller churches, which were often crowded to their utmost capacity and formed a very special feature of success. The local ministers would give brief addresses and the meeting would be thrown open for prayer, praise, and testimony, proving very helpful to believers. The evening meetings were generally crowded to excess, and were conducted chiefly by the evangelists, Brother Crossley preaching and singing the gospel, and Brother Hunter exhorting to a present decision for Christ, the ministers of the town taking special charge of the inquiry meetings, and now after the anxiety and arduous labours of some eight weeks services there is the joy of knowing that several hundred people have confessed Christ as a personal Saviour. Sceptics have believed, Roman Catholics have turned from their confession to man to God, and the outwardly moral have felt their need of a new birth, old and young alike are rejoicing in new experiences in Christ Jesus. The whole church life of the town has been quickened and a spirit of consecration is very manifest, and the end is not yet.

Mr. Gay, the evangelist, who has been labouring in the Eastern Townships, is now in the West. He began at Stratford on the 11th inst. With a devout spirit, an earnest heart, scriptural teaching and pleasing manner, his services have found here very great acceptance. The church has been nightly crowded. Many from other churches have attended and one and

all speak in the most appreciative terms of the success of our brother.

Just a year ago the Rev. C. E. Gordon Smith settled here under by no means inviting circumstances. An almost empty church, a meagre membership, a very feeble Sabbath School, and a church debt of most crushing character with its interest greatly in arrears, but with God's blessing on united, active labour, spiritually a much brighter prospect presents itself. The congregations are exceedingly good, especially that of the Sunday evening. The church has more than doubled its membership, and the Sabbath School has very greatly increased and is now in a very hopeful condition, with a goodly band of teachers under the able superintendence of the Rev. Geo. Jamieson, a Congregational minister from the States, who has recently settled here. The only drawback is a financial one. The balance sheet of the year shows no lack of liberality, the circumstances being considered, yet the liabilities, by reason of the heavy debt and arrears of interest almost dishearten, and certainly prevents the more rapid prosperity of the church. If the denomination could only raise a Loan Fund by which churches in this position could have money advanced to be repaid by instalments without interest, it would give new life to Congregationalism which under such burdens (wisely or unwisely contracted) are dying away. But with church property of such character and value as that of Stratford, and such prospects of building up in time a strong church as the people there now have, it is of the greatest moment that liberal Congregationalists of Canada come to the rescue.

TORONTO, RIVERSIDE.—The annual reports for 1884 are very encouraging. The Sabbath-School raised \$339.28, including sums from picnic and concerts; but expense of picnic, prizes, and all other expenses of the school left \$204.79 for the use of the church. Their regular Sabbath collections in the school amounted to about \$205. Total receipts of church and Sabbath-School were \$681.25, an increase of \$65.83 over previous year. Pastor's salary \$260; and \$70 have been deposited in the bank towards Sinking Fund of church debt (\$600). The attendance at the Sabbath-School increased twelve per cent. over previous year, aggregate attendance of scholars being 294, and of teachers twenty-three. The average attendance of pupils was 270. I do not know the exact church increase, but it was better than ever before; and so was the congregational increase.

MR. EDITOR,—Please allow me to acknowledge, with many thanks, through the columns of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, the donations so far received, outside of Mount Zion Congregational Church, towards the expense of enlarging their building, and oblige.

Yours, etc., E. BARKER.

Toronto, Jan. 15th, 1885.

From Toronto.—John Wickson, \$15; Ald. Turner, \$5; J. Kent, sen'r., \$5; J. Kent, jun'r., \$5; Miss Cunningham, \$2; B. Langley, M. F. Smith, W. H. Doel, Smith & Bowick, Mrs. Courtney, B. Tomlin, W. Ash down, Mrs. Woods, \$1 each (\$8); J. Haynes' family, seventy-five cents; J. McFadyen and J. Halt, fifty cents each (\$1); Jas. Findlay and three "Friends," twenty-five cents each (\$1). Total, Toronto, \$42.75.

Outside of Toronto.—Bowmanville Congregational Church, \$10; Humber Summit Ladies' Auxiliary, \$10; Brantford Congregational Church, \$10; Mrs. J. P. C. Burpee, St. John, N. B., \$10; Miss Upton, St. John, N. B., \$5; Pastor Witherell, St. Catharines, \$1; F. G. Tupper, Horton Landing, N. S., \$1; Miss Whitmarsh, Buffalo, N. Y., \$1. Total outside of Toronto, \$48. Total of both, \$90.75.

OUR good brother Barker is still labouring with his hands, ministering to his necessities. We trust ere long his undivided attention may be secured to his pastoral work, but alas, our Mission funds are weak.

WINNIPEG.—The anniversary social of the Church was one of the most successful ever held. During the evening the pastor was completely surprised by being presented with a pair of fur gauntlets, and a purse containing \$125 in gold, as a Christmas present from the church and congregation. The gift was accompanied by an address expressing the strongest affection of the people for the pastor. Two years ago the church was dedicated. The Ladies' Aid Society at that time carpeted and cushioned the church at a cost of about \$2,000. They have now completely paid this, and begin the new year free from debt. Every department of the church has worked harmoniously during the year, and has prospered. The Sunday School Christmas tree was a happy affair. The school numbers about 200. New members have been added to the church at nearly every communion. The collapse of the boom has affected every one financially in this city. Men who two years ago were rated as fifty-thousand and twenty-thousand men are now "land poor." Notwithstanding this, the finances of the church will show larger giving than any year in its history. Dr. MacLagan, formerly of the Cathedral, Montreal, has been appointed organist, and is supported by a superior choir. A city paper recently stated that the finest church music is to be heard in the Congregational Church. The lawsuit has not yet been settled. The case came before the Judge four months ago, but owing to the illness of the Judge a decision has not been given. Altogether the past year has been one of the best in the church's history. Although this is the only Congregational Church in this great North-West, yet we are not lonely; for we are in the closest sympathy and fellowship with all the other churches of Christ here. Christian fellowship is often times a better thing than church fellowship. At our

anniversary social Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of St. Andrew's Church, spoke strongly and wisely of the amalgamating of all the Christian forces in this new land. It would not perhaps be prudent to put the new wine of Christian unity into the old bottles in the East, but here we have the new bottles, and why not put in them the new wine. It is a sin to multiply church organization and waste men and money simply to have a church of "our order" in this and that village or town. Our Church has taken up collections for Methodist missions among the Black Feet Indians at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and it is possible that before the year closes we will take up a collection to assist Presbyterian missions. I see that the Revs. Robert and John Brown have united with the Rock Lake Presbytery, and are preaching the Gospel of Christ in the Presbyterian Church. Inasmuch as the Canada Congregational Missionary Society does not consider Manitoba and the Northwest Territories a part of Canada, and therefore out of their field, the course taken by Brother Brown is an eminently wise one. It is far more important that the Gospel shall be preached in this new land than that Congregational Churches should be established. Let us pray that God may abundantly bless our brethren in their new relations.

"Enough and too much of the sect and the name,
What matters our label though truth be our aim?"

Winnipeg, Dec. 31st, 1884.

J. B. S.

MELBOURNE AND DURHAM.—Our anniversary Sunday School Christmas Tree festivals have come and gone and left good will behind. The former took place on Friday evening, the 26th of December, the latter on Tuesday evening following. Each building respectively was crowded to its utmost capacity. The reports of each school made manifest a year of steady progress. New growth and life made more hopeful the Melbourne review. Entertainment by the schools and appropriate addresses and well-laden gift-trees gave cheer to the young folks and all appeared to feel that it was "more blessed to give than to receive." The Sabbath School work of the new year begins with hope and gratitude to the Giver of all Good. The churches of Melbourne and Durham continue in the fellowship of the Master's work. The ladies' auxiliaries, their help by zeal and prayer and gifts, merit commendation. The public services on the Lord's day have been generally well attended. We have had additions to our membership. Some profess to have found peace by believing in Jesus, and others are now enquiring the way. We do need a building to meet the requirements of the growing congregation now worshipping in the Richmond Town Hall. The pastor and his helpmate have been the recipients of much sympathy and good will from the people. The last kind expression was the valuable and beauti-

ful Astrachan coat to the pastor, truly a happy Christmas surprise. Altogether we are encouraged in this large and scattered parish to thank God and go forward.

UNIONVILLE.—According to the advice of a Council held on the 12th Dec., 1884, with one held some time before, at the request of the Congregational Church there, Mr. Wilmot was ordained by prayer and laying on of hands of the presbytery, on the 22nd of the same month, as pastor of the Unionville church, the following brethren assisting in the ordination: Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Toronto, as President of acting Council; Rev. J. Salmon, of Toronto, introductory exercises; Rev. J. Unsworth, address on Our Distinctive Principles; ordination prayer by Rev. T. Hall, General Missionary Superintendent; Rev. H. D. Powis, of Toronto, address to the newly ordained pastor, and Rev. A. McGregor, address to the members of the church. Benediction by the pastor. The circumstances attending the settlement of our young brother, with the revived experience of the church assure us of Unionville occupying a place for Christ among the churches in the future as well as in the past.

Literary Notices.

MANUALS OF CONGREGATIONAL PRINCIPLES.—Dale and Johnson. The Hon. and Rev. B. Musgrave, who has so frequently contributed to our columns, has written in a private letter some sentences on these Manuals, which, according to request, we had forwarded to him. The notes were not sent for publication, our brother will pardon our use of them, but as the views of Dr. Dale have been severely criticised, and we purpose to say a few words thereon in our next, we give Mr. Musgrave's jottings:

"I am enjoying these Manuals. Johnson's as to baptism, expresses almost perfectly my own thought. And Dale gives the essence of my conviction about the Supper when he says (in addition to i. which is obvious and undisputed, concerning the commemoration,); II. 'In the Lord's Supper Christ communicates to the Church (i.e., to believers) whatever is represented by the bread and the wine.' This is the gracious truth which has been slighted. I thank God that He has suggested to His servant to put it so plainly. This double affirmation of the value of the ordinance as commemorative to the world, and communicative to believers, is essential in reverence to the Saviour's own plain words, 'Take ye,' or 'Receive ye,' or 'Eat ye.' I think Dale and Johnson both fail to explain the separate, or rather the distinct but conjoined, spiritual benefits which are represented by the bread and by the wine respectively. But I should be content to partake with those who hold that Christ does communicate 'whatever is repre-

mented by the bread and by the wine.' This statement, of course, asserts the Supper to be more than 'a memorial service,' and affirms it to be a means of grace in some sort to believing participants. I have endeavoured to explain, in my paper which you published in the July number of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, 1883, p. 201, in what sort each of the symbols represent a vital spiritual benefit which Christ pledges to communicate to the believing recipient. Indeed that paper desires to show how the believer can 'spiritually eat the flesh of Christ,' and can spiritually drink His blood.' Both Dale and Johnson agree with me that 'the subjects of baptism' are not required to be 'believers.' But they fail to present the point that the proper subjects of this ordinance are sinners. They (both) see and declare that baptism is an ordinance exhibiting Christ's grace, i. e.; God's grace in Christ. But they stop short of seeing that God's grace begins with sinners, as sinners. 'Good and upright is Jehovah, therefore will He teach sinners in the way.' 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' All Baptism implies discipleship to some teaching. But both in John's and in Christian baptism, there is the acknowledgment of sin on the part of the subjects. 'They were baptized of John in Jordan confessing their sins,' not professing their faith. And St. Paul is told to 'arise and baptise (for himself, in the middle voice) and wash away his sins.'

Then even after he an apostle had received the Holy Ghost he was required to take the sinner's place in baptism, by looking to the Saviour of sinners who had said, 'If I wash thee not thou hast no part with Me.' Baptism is evidently a symbolical cleansing—a ceremonial washing, pointing to a real spiritual washing. To whom does it belong, or in other words, who are the proper subjects of it? Sinners as sinners, disciples as sinners, and believers, even Apostles (witness the case of St. Paul) as sinners. Baptism as an ordinance in the Church testifies to God's Grace, ('The Grace of God which is saving to all hath shown forth teaching us,' etc., etc., Titus,) and also acknowledges the sinfulness of the recipient. I say heartily with Dale, 'Baptism is a strong support to faith.' It continually declares God's teaching grace for sinners; as the Supper declares Christ's sustaining and gladdening grace for believers."

THE EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY, edited by John E. Bryant, M.A., and published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company, is a new candidate for public favour, devoted specially to the educational interests of the Dominion. Should the quality of its early numbers be maintained in paper, typography and matter, this venture will prove more than a respectable addition to our Canadian literature,

*THE WEEK has more than entered upon its second year. The notes of *Bystander* are always worth reading, whether accepted or not. The writer not only wields a bold and ready pen, his wide culture and complete mastery of the English language give an educational value to the notes. Then the entire tone of the journal lifts it out from the atmosphere of bitterness and coarse personalities of very much of our secular press.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Guardian*, began the year with a much improved appearance, being less of the newspaper, more of the journal. We congratulate our friend.

THE MIDWINTER (February) CENTURY contains an article by Dr. W. George Beers, of Montreal, on "Canada as a Winter Resort," profusely illustrated by Henry Sandham, with views of tobogganing, curling, racing on snow-shoes, etc. The Montreal carnival will give this paper an especial timeliness. Two full-page illustrations of Mr. Howells's article on "A Florentine Mosaic," are remarkable reproductions by the wood-engraver of etchings. Mr. Pennell, the artist, was sent to Italy by the publishers of *The Century* to illustrate Mr. Howells's series of Italian cities, of which this is the first paper.

WE have received from Messrs. W. Drysdale and Company, Montreal "The Pastor's Diary and Clerical Record for 1885." For an orderly keeping of engagements, recording sermons preached, visits made, things to be remembered, etc., this little pocket volume seems just about perfect. Certainly any pastor who uses it faithfully will find time economized to the very utmost. The price is fifty cents.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1885 is before us. This annual comes bright and cheery as ever with its profusely illustrated catalogue of seeds and coloured frontispiece. Its artistic cover and clear print make it more than a mere index. It has a seemly appearance which secures it from being lightly thrown aside. The seeds of James Vick, Rochester, have long and deservedly stood in the very front of the market. We have tried them several years, and found them ever choice.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. By E. U. Emerson and G. Swayne. (Ditson & Co. : Boston and New York.) A pleasing collection of nursery airs, grave and gay, prettily illustrated, clearly printed. Any one who can enter into the spirit of childhood will appreciate these gems, for gems they are.

DIDLEY DUMPS; OR, JOHN ELLARD, THE NEWSBOY. By F. Ratchford Starr, M.A. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 166. Price, 75 cents.—Newsboys constitute a peculiar species of the human family. City dwellers are often amused at their pranks or amazed at their audacity,

and never feel sure that they may not be startled by some new development. Christian men have studied these waifs with the view to make them better, and this book is the record of such experiences. The author was among the pioneers in extending a helpful hand to the newsboys. He was their friend, and they knew it. Didley Dumps, the hero of this narrative, was a deformed newsboy in Philadelphia. His character, adventures, pranks, bright sayings and early end are sympathetically portrayed. With him in the Newsboys' Home were others of his kind. Several letters are inserted, which are at once amusing and pathetic, as showing with what eyes such lads look at life. The book is valuable as a record of good work in a hard field. Every purchaser of the volume may feel that, while gratifying himself he is also contributing towards the help of the lads who have such a hard struggle, since the author generously donates all the royalty derived from the sale of the book to the "Newsboys' Aid Society" of Philadelphia. The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bible House, New York.

THE PULPIT OF TO-DAY is the first number of the consolidated *English Pulpit of To-Day and Plymouth Pulpit*, forming a very strong and attractive combination. The January number contains sermons by Revs. Canon Farrar, Arthur Mursell, Principal Stubbs, Joseph Parker, and two by Henry Ward Beecher; Sermonic outlines by Principal Fairburn, Wm. F. Faber, Arthur Mursell, and others, besides the usual amount of miscellaneous matter. The low price of the magazine has helped it into public favour and gained for it the largest circulation of any homiletic magazine in America. One dollar a year; specimen copies, 10 cents. A. E. Rose, publisher, Westfield, N. Y.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The second quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society was held in Kingston on December 29th and 30th, 1884, at which meeting the following facts relating to the work of the past six months were presented, and are by direction of the Committee given to the churches.

1. A union between this Society and that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick has been consummated, which went into effect on the first of July, so that now all the Provinces of the Dominion are united in one Congregational Missionary Society.

2. The number of churches and preaching stations now under the care of the Society and its missionaries is sixty-seven, and of this number thirty-five are in Ontario, twelve in Quebec, and twenty in the Maritime Provinces. They include the Indian Church at

Saugeen with its native pastor, and the French Church at Belle Riviere with its pastor, Rev. A. F. Rivard.

3. The following churches were supplied during the summer college vacation by students, namely : Alton and North Erin by Mr. J. W. Pedley ; Manilla by Mr. George Whyte ; Brockville by Mr. A. W. Gerrie ; Vankleek Hill and Hawkesbury, by Mr. W. C. Currie. During the present session the following churches are supplied by the students : Franklin Centre, Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill, and Brockville.

4. There have been the following resignations of charges : Newmarket, Ont., Rev. W. W. Smith ; Wingham, Ont., Rev. J. B. Sayer, B.D. ; Turnbury and Howick, Ont., Rev. Joseph Watt ; Tilbury, Ont., Rev. E. J. Burgess ; Belleville, Ont., Rev. William Tracey ; Economy, N. S., Rev. A. W. Main ; Keswick Bridge, N. B., Rev. D. W. Cameron.

5. The following settlements have taken place : Rev. Wm. Walker, Saugeen, Ont. ; Mr. A. W. Richardson, B. A., South Caledon and Churchill, Ont. ; Rev. J. C. Wright, Dalston, Ont., in connection with his former charge ; Rev. A. W. Main, Belleville, Ont. ; Mr. W. F. Wilmot, Unionville, Ont. ; Mr. Hector McIntyre, B.D., Montreal, Que. ; Rev. J. B. Sayer, B.D., St. John, N. B. ; Mr. W. H. Watson, Cheboque, N. S.

6. New Congregational Churches have been organized in the following places : St. Thomas, Ont. ; Dalston, Ont. ; Hawkesbury, Ont. ; Belle Riviere, Que.

7. New church properties have been acquired as follows : Forest, Lake Shore, Ont., new church purchased ; St. Thomas, Ont., church and parsonage purchased ; Dalston, Ont., new church built ; Garafraxa, Ont., new parsonage built in place of the one burned ; Noel, N. S., a glebe of eighteen acres with house and barn, purchased.

8. The expenditure for the half year ending with December 31st, has been \$3,738.68 ; the receipts from the churches for the same period amounts to \$629.07 ; the excess of expenditure over receipts from the churches is \$3,109.61. While it is true the greater number of the churches take up their collections for the Society in the last half of the missionary year, the above figures and facts should call for earnest prayer and liberal giving. The amount received for the first half of the former missionary year was \$749.

SAMUEL R. JACKSON,

Kingston, Jan. 6th, 1885. Secretary.

UNION NOTICE.

MR. EDITOR.—I beg to suggest to the pastors and deacons of the various churches, the desirability of appointing delegates to the Union meetings at the church meeting held at the beginning of April ; when this is left till May, there is too short a time for necessary arrangements being made. Pastors or Sec-

retaries of Churches will confer a favour by notifying me of the names of delegates as soon as possible after appointment.

Yours truly,

HENRY H. LAING.

January 8th, 1885. 90 King St West, Hamilton.

MR. EDITOR,—I annex hereto a list of receipts from churches and individuals, in response to our special appeal, since my cash acknowledgment in September.

I am glad to be able to acknowledge subscriptions from so many of our churches, and I do so very thankfully.

Still there are a large number who have, hitherto at least, not responded ; and some one or two who have declined to contribute at all. No doubt some of the churches will send their subscriptions during the winter season. To those who have not taken the matter into their consideration, I should like to make a further most urgent appeal for help in this benevolent cause. The amount we have asked from each church is not large ; but in the aggregate it would be a great help ; and if the churches would assist us over the difficulty for a year or two now, the fund would speedily recuperate ; and have a long career of usefulness before it.

We have as annuitants ten widows and seven children ; and the churches will not surely by their apathy, compel us to reduce the present small annuity of one hundred dollars to the widows.

Hoping I may have further receipts to acknowledge before long, I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

CHAS R. BLACK,

Sec.-Treas. Congregational Prov. Fund Society.

United thanksgiving service Zion and Northern Churches. Toronto, \$35.30 ; Guelph church, \$25 ; Brantford church, \$20 ; Yarmouth church, \$20 ; Georgetown church, \$16.50 ; Frome and Shedden church, \$13 ; Yorkville church, \$10 ; St. Catharines church, \$10 ; Embro church, \$8 ; Mount Zion Church, Toronto, \$5 ; Kincardine church, \$5 ; Cheboque church, \$5 ; Sarnia church, \$4. Donation from Rev. Thomas Baker, Hamilton, \$30 ; Kingston First Church, \$66.94 ; Northern Church, Toronto, \$50 ; Lanark Church \$22.83 ; Brockville Church, \$10 ; Coldsprings Church, \$10 ; Garafraxa Church, \$7.10 Donation from Rev. Jacob Whitman, \$1.

CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE C. C. M. SOCIETY—1884.

Collected at annual meeting, \$24.25 ; Northern Congregational Church, Toronto, \$200 ; Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, \$41.75 ; Manilla Church, \$21.05 ; Bequest, Norman Hamilton, Paris, \$50 ; Baddeck C. B., \$6.33 ; Margaree, C. B., \$5.17 ; St. Peters, C. B.,

\$3.06; Mrs. Maria M. Parker, \$20; Waterville Church, \$8; Fitch Bay, \$3.20; North Stanstead, \$7.80; Boynton, \$3.02; Mount Zion Sunday School, \$10; Estate of George Robertson, \$500; Melbourne and Richmond Ladies' Missionary Society, \$12; Hamilton Church, \$10.25; James Ball, Hamilton, \$10; Jacob Whitman, Manchester, N. S., \$5; Ulverton Ladies' Aid Society, \$11.15; Rev. Thomas Baker, Hamilton, \$25; John Porteous, 20; Vankleek Hill, collections, \$2; Stedden, \$3.92; Frome, \$3; Watford, \$4; Watford, Zion Church, \$2.36; Ebenezer Church, \$2.25; Forest Church, \$3; Listowel, \$14.50; Listowel Ladies' Association, \$10; George S. Armstrong, Fergus, \$10; Speedside, collections, \$4; South Caledon, collections, \$15.57; Emmanuel Church, Montreal, \$75.

B. W. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*

Kingston, Ont., January 1st, 1885.

THE CLERGYMAN.

SOME OF HIS DIFFICULTIES RECOUNTED.

(*Washington Star*)

A man whom all may criticise,
The old, the young, the foolish, wise;
Who always must be keen and bright,
Though dealing with the old and trite;
Who ne'er must show the least displeasure
Or grumble in the slightest measure,
If, after working all the week,
On Sunday when he comes to speak
The handful that his preaching draws
Only respond by nods and snores;
Who daily must his visits make,
Though many a precious hour it take;
Must visit sick and visit well,
Where live the rich, where paupers dwell;
Must wed his flock, their young baptize,
And say some nice thing when one dies;
A man in whose unwilling ear
Are poured all scandals far and near;
To whom all come with care and care;
Who must his people's burdens bear;
A man whom men folk patronize
And whom the women idolize;
A man we laugh at when we can—
Such, reader, is the clergyman.

The clergyman, children, is probably the most curious specimen in our collection. His whole business consists in an endeavour to make men good, not thinking, apparently, that if all were good he would have to go out of business.

The clergyman has other duties, such, for instance, as engineering fairs, making oyster stews and lemonade, and curing love-sick people by joining them in marriage.

The clergyman is also expected to make the rounds of his parish weekly. This is not a very onerous task. It does not take all of his time. He has a few hours each week for sermon writing and sleep.

As the flock sleep while the clergyman is preparing

his sermon, they think it no more than fair that they should sleep while he is reading it.

It must be said, however, to the credit of the ladies, that they seldom go to sleep in church. They generally keep their eyes open during the service. New bonnets are worn to church.

The clergyman is paid for praying for people who would never think of praying for themselves. They know how much praying for they need, probably, and shrink from undertaking the task.

The clergyman is supposed to know everything, and yet everybody in the congregation thinks he knows more than the clergyman.

If the clergyman sticks to religion, pure and simple, the congregation complain that he gives them nothing new; if he touches upon living questions, they accuse him of preaching politics.

If the clergyman does not visit his parishioners every day or two, they say he is a very poor pastor; if he makes his visits regularly, they soon discover that he is a very poor preacher.

If he extemporizes, they complain that his discourse is rambling; if he preaches from notes, they say any fool can do that.

If a clergyman says but little at a funeral, he is called cold and unsympathetic; if he says much he is accused of gushing.

The clergyman is the last person many a man would help support, and he is the last man many ask a favour of. He is not called in till the funeral is appointed.

A man who never helped pay the clergyman while alive cannot be expected to give him anything when dead.

If a clergyman does not keep abreast of the literature of the day, the congregation say he is behind the time; if he gives them an epitome of the best thoughts of the best writers, they accuse him of plagiarism and stealing.

If a clergyman preaches short sermons, he is accused of laziness; if he preaches long sermons, the people vote him tedious.

If he dresses like other people, his appearance is said to be unministerial; if he dresses in sombre black or dons a white choker, he is charged with affectation.

If he busies himself at the fair and social, it is said that he had better put more time in his sermons; if he gives his whole time to his sermons, he is said to be a poor worker.

The clergyman, it is said, lives on the ignorance of mankind. If this be true, he should have the best of living; but a good living is a difficult thing for a clergyman to get.

When you grow up, children, if you would be rich, you should all be clergymen, but it would be better to try something else first.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

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

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

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

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

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

—Selected.

WAITING.

BY M. G. FRASER.

Very frail was dear old granny,
 And her hair was like the snow,
 Sitting dreaming in her rocker,
 Moving gently to and fro.

And her eyes were soft and tender,
 Velvet violets bathed in dew,
 When I knelt beside her pleading,
 "Tell me something, something new."

Danced and gleamed the golden fire-light,
 Forming pictures strange and rare,
 Casting quaint fantastic shadows
 O'er the walls so old and bare.

Changing rustic forms and tables
 Into regal chairs of state,
 Like the carved couch where reposes
 Some grand mediæval saint.

Then dear granny murmured, softly,
 "There is nothing new you know,"
 Gently, gently, went the rocker,
 Swaying softly to and fro.

"Many years ago, my darling,
 I was young and blithe like you,
 Hair in auburn ringlets falling,
 Eyes of heaven's deepest blue.

And one day I crossed the moorland,
 When the night was falling fast,
 And the storm-clouds, black and heavy,
 On my path dark shadows cast.

Till at last I stood in terror—
 Stood bewildered—all alone
 For the fen was deep and dreary,
 One false step, and I was gone.

For long hours I waited, weeping,
 Knowing not which way to turn,
 Until glimmering in the distance ;
 Child, I saw a lantern burn.

Then I knew it was my father,
 Knew that none but he would come,
 O'er the marshland in the tempest,
 Safe to bear his lassie home.

Many years since then have glided,
 Grievs I've had, shed many a tear,
 But while waiting for my father
 What cause could I have to fear ?

So dear granny there is sitting,
 The last waiting she shall know,
 And while she sits dreaming, dreaming,
 Moves the rocker to and fro.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
 Love him. Yes, and let him know
 That you love him ere life's evening
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow ;
 Why should good words no'er be said
 Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
 Sung by any child of song,
 Praise it. Do not let the singer
 Wait deserved praises long ;
 Why should one that thrills your heart
 Lack the joy it may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
 By its humble, pleading tone,
 Join in. Do not let the speaker
 Bow before his God alone ;
 Why should not your brother share
 The strength of "two or three" in prayer ?

If you see the hot tears falling
 From a loving brother's eyes,
 Share them, and by sharing,
 Own your kinship with the skies ;
 Why should any one be glad
 When his brother's heart is sad ?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
 Through the sunshine on his face,
 Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
 For both grief and joy a place ;
 There's health and goodness in the mirth
 In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
 By a friendly, helping hand,

Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A NEGATIVE AFFAIR.

Written by one whose preaching was styled negative because wanting in the sharp lines of dogmatic theology.

When sugar in the lump I see,
I know that it is there,
Melt it, and then I soon suspect
A negative affair.

Where is the sugar, sir? I say,
Let me both touch and see:
Sweetness instead of sugar, sir
You'll not palm off on me.

Don't tell me that the sugar lumps,
When dropped in water clear,
That they may make the water sweet,
Themselves must disappear.

For common sense, sir, such as mine,
The lump themselves must see;
Sweetness, instead of sugar, sir
You'll not palm off on me.

For instance, sir, in every hymn
Sound doctrine you should state,
As clearly as a dead man's name
Is on his coffin-plate.

Religion, sir, is only fudge,
Let's have theology:
Sweetness, instead of sugar, sir
You'll not palm off on me.

T. T. L.

Children's Corner.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE

"Once to every man and nation comes
The moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for
The good or evil side."

No one who has read biography with carefulness has failed to see certain little things, especially in the lives of great men, which have turned them away from ignorance, or idleness, or error, to a life distinguished for its intelligence and earnestness. Sometimes the turning-point is early in life. It is said of Voltaire that at the age of five years he committed to memory an infi-

del poem, and was never after that able to free himself from its pernicious influence.

William Wilberforce when a child was placed under the training of a pious aunt; and although much was done in his early manhood to erase the impressions received from his aunt, his whole life was moulded and coloured by that training.

Hume was quite young when he took the wrong side in a debate, and he embraced and defended through life the position taken at that time.

Scott, the commentator, in a despairing mood, read a hymn of Dr. Watts' on the all-seeing God, and was turned from his sin and idleness to a life of usefulness.

The rebuke of a teacher and the taunt of a schoolmate, aroused Clarke, the distinguished divine, who, up to that time, was very slow in attaining knowledge.

The turning-point in Doddridge's life was when Clarke took him under his care. The first year he made great progress in study, and soon developed into a man of learning and influence.

Aaron Burr sought spiritual advice in a revival at college, but his counsellor told him that the work was not genuine. His anxieties were dissipated, and from that time his downward career has been dated.

Robert Moffat, the distinguished missionary, as he read a placard announcing a missionary meeting, was led to devote his life to the benefit of the heathen.

Thus it is that the character, and years of usefulness, often depend on one little event of circumstance.

But it would be a great mistake for any boys or girls who read of these instances to wait in expectation that something very unusual will some day occur to them which will make a sudden change in their character, and result in their becoming useful and perhaps distinguished men and women.

The reading of this very article is just such a turning-point as those mentioned above. Your attention is now drawn to the fact that some young persons have, through their own resolution and effort, changed the whole course of their lives. An apparently trivial incident may have led to the formation of the resolution; but it was the

resolution itself, faithfully carried out, that made the great change in their life and character.

"But," says some one, "good resolutions, are not kept." If good resolutions, whenever or however formed, were never kept, Wilberforce and Scott and Clarke and Doddridge and Moffat and a host of others, would never have become distinguished.

And now, if any young reader has not only the desire but the determination to do better, he should definitely fix in his own mind the defects he wishes to cure, the excellence he wishes to attain, the work he desires to accomplish, and should courageously and continuously bend his energies to the accomplishment of the work he has undertaken. The Christian boy or girl will not fail to ask God's help and guidance in commencing and continuing the work of self-improvement.

ONE LITTLE GIRL.

She was a little girl not more than ten years old. A faded calico dress, not over clean, a pair of shoes with more buttons missing than were present, made up by a no means fashionable toilet. Her eyes were not "large and dark;" in fact, she was a very commonplace looking little girl. If you met her on the street, it is quite certain that you would not look at her twice, for in New York there are many little girls not so clean, and with clothes more ragged than Rose's.

She came into a court room in New York one day two or three days since, leading by the hand a little boy with bare feet, ragged clothes, and a hat with a torn crown. He was crying very hard, and once in a while would say, between his sobs:

"I won't do it again, Rosie; I won't do it again."

But Rosie shut her lips tight, and walked through the little iron gate and stood on the platform before the judge. She was not afraid of the good-natured looking man who was the judge that morning.

"Please, sir, will you please take care of Johnny? he is too much for me. I can mind the baby all right, but Johnny runs away."

"I won't do it again," wailed Johnny.

"Where is your mother," said the judge.

A crimson wave flashed over the face of the lit-

tle woman, and with eyes looking on the ground she said:

"On the Island."

"Why?"

"She got drunk."

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know; and please, will you take care of Johnny?"

After much questioning the story was told.

Little Rose for eight weeks had been taking care of a baby sister eight months old and Johnny.

Now Johnny would not stay at home, and Rose had heard that there was a big house up town where he could not run away, and she came to the judge to have him sent to that place.

Rose really took care of Johnny and the baby. She earned money by selling papers and "minding" the babies of two or three mothers who lived in a big tenement-house in which she lived, who had to go away from home to earn money. She paid the rent of the one room she called home, and was father and mother to her brother and sister.

The judge did send Johnny to the place up town where Rose wanted him sent. How he cried when the big policeman took him away from Rose. And Rose cried; the great tears rolled down her cheeks as she went out on the street, and she waited around the door, with the baby in her arms, till it was almost dark, to see Johnny go away. Perhaps it was best that Johnny went out by another door while she was waiting.

Now Johnny plays on a big lawn with a lot of other little boys. His face and clothes are clean, and when Rose goes up to see him she will be surprised to see how fat and happy he is.

Some people went down to see Rose, and tried to persuade her to put the baby in a home and go to another home herself. But Rose said "No;" she must keep the house and the baby until her mother got back, and she could not be separated from the baby. She was so womanly, so motherly in her determination, that she was permitted to do as she wished.

To day, if you should go into the tenement houses near that gloomy building called the Tombs, you would find Rose living with the baby, and if it was the afternoon you would find three other babies with her, to whom she proves a good nurse.



ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

CONTENT AS A KING.

Once upon a time,—so runs the story, and a pleasant story it is—when Louis XII. of France was at the Royal Castle of Plessis les Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roasting of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly bright-looking face, keen, bright eyes, and features really fine; and his appearance greatly prepossessed the king in his favour.

Laying a hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was.

The boy, looking up and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking with one of the grooms or perhaps chief riders of the royal stables.

He answered, very modestly, that his name was Simon. He said he came from La Roche, and that his parents were both dead.

“And are you content with this sort of work?” Louis asked.

“Why not?” answered the boy, with a twinkle in his eye and a suggestive nod. “I am as well off as the best of them. The king himself is no better.”

“Indeed How do you make that out?”

“Well, fair sir, the king lives, and so do I. He

can do no more than live. Further, I am content. Is the king that?”

Louis walked away in a fit of thought deep and searching.

“THE PICKET-GUARD.”

It is composed of eight boys. It meets quarterly in the pastor's study. A map of the village, the population of which is four thousand and two hundred, is divided into eight parts, one part being assigned to each boy. It is his business to know who lives in every house in his district, and what church each family attends. At the meeting he reports changes of residence and other facts which he may think the pastor would be glad to learn. The houses on the map are all numbered, and lists correspondingly numbered are made of the families.

This plan interests the boys in the work of the church. It saves the pastor much labour, and makes him well acquainted with his field. It brings the boys to the study, where, aside from the work of the evening, they have a social visit and slight refreshments. The opportunity is afforded to give instruction upon some religious topic, and to engage with them in prayer. The plan having been tested, it is confidently recommended to those in similar circumstances.

NOTICE.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, published monthly, will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum.

All communications regarding the subject-matter of the magazine, to be addressed to Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, Box 2648, Toronto.

All business correspondence to be directed to the “Business Manager,” Box 2648, Toronto, except those regarding advertisements, which are to be addressed to C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Pastors, Secretaries of Churches, or any interested friend of the cause, are requested to send for insertion items of Church News. To ensure insertion in the number of the coming month, such items, correspondence, etc., must be on hand not later than 20th of the current month.