

“through Jesus Christ our Saviour.” But it is not the less, on that account, held forth in the Scriptures for your imitation. Is not the Lord saying to you, in the early character and life of Samuel, “My son, give me thine heart”?

### Early Called.

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

A little darling, full of grace,

Was on her pillow lying;

The bloom had faded from her face,

And she had run her Christian race,

For now she lay a-dying.

She was my Sabbath scholar, and

In all her work, delighted

To hear about the “Better Land,”

Where ransomed dear ones glorious stand,

In holy love united.

She dearly loved—with all her heart—

Her Saviour, ever gracious;

And prayed, “Oh Jesus, now impart

To me, where Thou in glory art,

Thy light and love so precious.”

That prayer was heard—a glory bright

To that young saint was given;

Her visage shone with wondrous light,

Ere her sweet spirit took its flight

To her dear home in heaven.

And softly then she said—and smiled—

“I hear the angels singing;

Yes they have come, in mercy mild,

To take away your little child

Where ceaseless praise is ringing.”

And so it was—she fell asleep—

And now in glory liveth:—

It is not ours for her to weep,

But ever God’s pure precepts keep,

Who grace and glory giveth.

Sweet Spring has come, and lovely flowers

Around her grave are blooming;

Her simple life and faith be ours,

Till we shall meet in heavenly bowers,

God’s perfect light illuming.

*A. Young, Author of “There is a Happy Land.”*

### Homes.

HOME ought to be the most pleasant and comfortable spot on earth. Better be provoking anywhere else than at home. One should never plant thorns where he has to spend so much of his time himself. A little self-denial, a habit of pleasant speaking, a consideration of the wants of others—these make home delightful. Oh the eternal nagging and fault-finding and carping that go on in many a family! Every little personal, every little harmless pet indulgence, every ingrained trait on either side, comes in for a pestering fire of unpleasant remarks, that prick and scarify and sting until that house is no more fit to live in than a patch of nettles is for a tired man’s bed.”

### “My Mother’s Bible.”

“WHAT is the meaning of this?” said a minister, coming into a house and taking up a tattered copy of part of the Scriptures. “I don’t like to see God’s word used so,” for, indeed, the book had been torn right in two.

“O, sir,” said the owner of the half-Bible, “don’t scold till you hear how it came to be thus. This was *my mother’s Bible*; and when she died I couldn’t part with it; and my brother could not part with it; and we just cut it in two; and *his* half has been the power of God unto salvation to *his* soul; and *my* half the power of God unto salvation to *mine*.”

What a change came over the good man’s countenance after this more than satisfactory explanation! And he left more than ever convinced that there is a mighty transforming power in God’s word.

A BOOK is a living voice. It is a spirit walking upon the face of the earth. It continues to be the living thought of a person separated from us by space and time. Men pass away; monuments crumble to dust—what remains and survives is human thought.

### NOTICE.

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