



New Series.

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Editorial Gottings.



On the Monday day of the Union Rev. Thos. Hall spoke of the Maritime Provinces. He said business was poor; the churches were rather decreasing in membership—a great emigration from the country going on—Didn't know the reason—[A voice, "The N. P."] Yarmouth, a fine seaport place, where Bro. Mackintosh was, had 8,000 inhabitants. It was practically "prohibition" there; for not a license had been granted for fifty years! He invited the members to "come down there!" "Come down," he said, "and pay us a visit! All ministers have half-fare on stages and steamers; and it is a fine country, a fine healthy country to visit." It was certainly, as one of the brethren had it, "a healthy invitation!"

ALL Christians will be glad to see it noted in the papers, that the British and American department at the World's Exposition in Paris are closed on the Lord's Day.

TORONTO READERS.—Will those readers of the INDEPENDENT whose "numbers" have been changed in the recent municipal "improvements," kindly give us the new and

proper "number" of their houses, to correct our list?

ACKNOWLEDGMENT—Nearly all the British items in this issue of the INDEPENDENT, are taken from the *Christian World*, and the *Christian*, of London. We find these papers exceedingly valuable. And by the way, we desire to thank the kind friend in Montreal, who, for the second year, is furnishing us, through a newsdealer, with a copy of the *Christian*.

THE terrible calamity at Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, is evoking the utmost sympathy everywhere. The extreme estimates are now somewhat reduced; but none think that less than 5,000 lives have been lost. The South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, who owned and used the reservoir, are blamed for their criminal carelessness. The flood-gates were long disused, for fear of the fish escaping; and, with an extraordinary rainfall, flood, disaster, death!

FRONTISPIECE.—We give this month, as a frontispiece, a portrait of Rev. Joseph Unsworth, of Stouffville. We are making experiments, from time to time, in engravings. This is by the same process as that of the late Mr. Ross in our last; only printed in lighter tint, which softens down the lines: for it is in reality a pen and ink sketch, executed by Mr. F. Bridgen.

THE extraordinary sharpening of some senses when others decay, or are wanting, suggests possibilities many have never dreamed of. Of Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf mute, who died a few weeks ago, it is stated in a