

"space"? And the same argument that assists us in believing that God never had a beginning—namely that when in imagination we go back to that 'beginning,' and ask, 'What was *before* it?' will assist us here. At the supposed 'bound' of the universe, we ask, 'What is beyond?' And so we judge Addison to be mistaken in his conclusion; and though he says, 'There is no doubt that the universe has bounds,' we doubt it and believe the contrary.

"And then, Harry, these thoughts are exercise, like gymnastics to the mind. This stretches and strengthens your power of thought. Make free use of your imagination and powers of reasoning. It will benefit yourself, while it is at the same time a pleasure to you, and will benefit the world."

S.

MAUD'S EASTER OFFERING.

It was the Thursday evening before Easter. The darkness was gathering fast, and not yet had brightness come with the evening lamp, because Maud, the petted child and autocrat of the Sinclair home, had begged to wait for this until she could see the first star. Her big brother, Henry, was at home for the holidays, and this made her reign with all the more authority, as is sometimes the way with little sisters. This brother was a Rutgers' student, and within the last year had determined to devote his life to the work of the ministry. At this home-coming he seemed particularly tender and thoughtful.

At the hour of which we write, Maud was seated in his lap, the favorite place for both brother and sister, and they were watching the coming of the star together. While waiting they talked of the star that had many years ago marked the birthplace of the One whose resurrection was so soon to be celebrated. With each new year the birth, death and resurrection of Jesus seem to be remembered with increased emphasis in every Christian home.

But already the star had come for which Maud waited. Lamps were then lighted, and as the evenings were yet cool, a blazing log lay on the hearth thus making the room very attractive. The merry voices of the entire family made happiness complete. During the evening Harry, whose love for music made song easy, sang:

"There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

Every one was thrilled as this beautiful composition of Gounod was given, telling the lesson better than anything else might have done of the pain indescribable which gave us the gladness of the Easter festival.

Poor little Maud was heart-broken, and implored her brother to sing an Easter anthem. In this request the entire family joined. So ever do we like to hear notes of joy.

After this the hours passed rapidly, until it was indeed Easter morning. Then Maud could have been seen walking to church, her little hand holding close to that of her big brother. Her delight was inexpressible as she saw the azalias, hyacinths, roses and lilies. When the sweet-voiced choir sang "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day," she knew she had never before felt so happy.

Very eloquent was the good pastor that morning. His words seemed so earnest, his manner so magnetic. And, as he closed, he tenderly talked of the Easter offering which he hoped all had given, or would give before the day should close—the best offering which any one could make. All felt how true and powerful were his words, and none were more impressed than little Maud, quietly listening in her pew.

The service had closed. The music of the Easter morning had ceased, and yet Maud waited.

"I want to tell my pastor about my Easter offering," were the words she spoke to her brother, and he, too, waited. After what seemed a long time, the good man, with thoughtful face, came down the aisle. He was wondering whether he had chosen the right words for the people whom he loved. Seeing Maud and Henry he advanced to meet them.

"I want to tell you," Maud said, "about my offering." Then reverently she added, "I have given myself to-day to Jesus."

Can anyone measure the joy that came with these unexpected words? No longer did the pastor doubt whether he had spoken rightly that morning. As for the brother and little Maud, to them the fulness of Easter had come.—*Intelligencer*.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—New subscribers, in order to a trial of the INDEPENDENT, will be put on our list for six months at half price, 25cts. If desired longer it must then be ordered and paid for. Local agents will kindly see to these renewals; for the "trial trip" itself—and then to end—is of no benefit to the magazine.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Editor, is published on the first of every month, and sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. *Cash in advance* is required of new subscribers. Published solely in the interests of the *Congregational churches* of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly, local items of church news, or communications of general interest. As we go to press in advance of the date, news items should be in before the 18th of each month. To subscribers in the United Kingdom, including postage, 5s. per annum. All communications, business or otherwise, to be addressed: REV. W. W. SMITH, Newmarket, Ont.