

## THE RAINBOW.

The beautiful rainbow, whose radiance fills the sky, is formed out of the union of the three primary colours. All these lovely tints in that celestial arch are formed by these three in combination

I think the rainbow is a rebuke to those who are slow to serve the Lord Jesus, because they say they have so few talents. Every child in our Sabbath schools has at least three talents: a talent of loving, a talent of thinking, and a talent of praying. Use your three talents, and you will make of your life a beautiful service.

## THE HONEY BEE.

What a little thing is a honey bee? Yet how wise and clever it is. Think! It is an architect, a chemist, a merchant, a traveller, and a soldier.

If you watch the flight of a honey bee in your garden you will notice that it does not get the sweet nectar from every flower. Some of the most beautiful of our flowers—the tulips, for example—have a nectar which is hurtful and deadly. The bee obtains the sweetest and most delicate nectar from the humblest of our garden plants—the sweet marjoram, the sage, and the rosemary.

Surely the honey bee in the sunshine is one of God's object lessons, teaching us to work well and wisely, and not to despise any work however simple or lowly.

Let us work the works of righteousness well, as the goldfinches sing, though the eye of man be not present to regard, nor his hands to applaud.

## The Best.

"I'm tired of making the best of things,"

She said with a little sigh;  
Of smoothing the hard, rough places,  
And straightening things awry.

"Of taking the snarled and broken ends  
Of many a worry and pain,  
And trying to make from the tangled threads,  
A beautiful, even skein.

"I wish just once, for a little while  
I could stop the struggle and strife,  
And have for my own, a great broad piece  
From the very best of life.

"A piece all fresh and beautiful,  
Not saddened like the rest;  
That I need not make, because it was,  
Already, the very best.

"Just once I would feel it through and through,  
With all the joy it brings;  
And then more willingly I'd go back,  
To make the best of things."

We thought of her words as we folded  
Her patient hands in their rest,  
And said in low, broken voices—  
"Dear heart, she has found the best!"

## "Don't Say That, Jack."

 GOD-FEARING lad was reasoning with a companion about his continuance in a wicked course. The rejoinder was: "It is the right thing for you, Harry, to be good, for you have lots of people who care for you; but as for me, nobody prays for me. I'm so bad that nobody thinks it worth while to pray for me; if they ever did pray for me they have given it up now."

"Don't say that, Jack; God is my witness that I never lie down without praying, 'O God, bring dear Jack into the fold of Christ!'"

Jack wept and repented. Let no perishing schoolfellow be able to say: "You would not *take the trouble* to pray for me, or you might have saved my soul."

HE who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

THE self-seeker, echoing popular opinion, is speedily left behind in the world's progress, and soon despised and forgotten. The man of truth and integrity, though for a moment he forfeit popular applause, is sure to command universal respect and to win at last.

## NOTICE.

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