

"Fair England's queen is sovereign here;
Her laws protect! Ho, men draw near!"
But while the groups are stirred
With wonder at the strange command,
The priest has slipped aside.
Official search is all in vain,
But from that mother's mind a chain
Was snapped, and fallen wide.

She hears the story of the cross,
Of Jesus who will save;
No more can superstition bind
Her wakened heart; she gropes to find
The love which spans the grave. . . .
Oh, bear the glorious tidings on
To every burdened breast,
That Christ has died! has risen! now pleads
For sinners' hearts; each wound still bleeds
With precious drops; He feels our needs;
'Tis thus His tender message reads:
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them to his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first: "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?"
"I rushed in after him and brought him out."
"You did well; here is your reward."
"And what did you do?" turning to the second.
"I helped to carry him home."
"That was right; here is your reward."
"And what did you do, when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old.
"I prayed, papa."
"You did your part, too, and well; here is a book for you, too."

THERE WERE TWO.

People say sometimes, "I shall take my chance with the dying thief." Ah! but which one of them? There were two.
These were the words I heard from some one preaching in the open air, as I passed the railway station at —, and my mind has again and again

recalled that solemn story of Luke xxiii. "There were two." Yes, indeed. One went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God; the other went to reap eternally the wages of his sin.

Reader, "there were two." With which of them will you spend eternity? Ah! ponder at the solemn thought, the awful alternative; an eternity of unsullied bliss with Jesus, or the blackness of darkness forever with the devil and his angels.

"Be reconciled to God." That gracious Saviour's heart is the same to day as when He hung upon the cross. He says still, "Come unto Me."

INJURIOUS HELP.

An exchange, in protesting against the habit of unduly aiding children, says: A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her until she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her.

The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than no mistakes, because, when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something.

A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and has nothing to do with his food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight and solid and comely and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.

RECEIVE, I pray thee, the law from His mouth, and lay up His words in thine heart.

To know God in His greatness, Christ in His goodness, the world in its vanity, and sin in the danger thereof, will be means to stir up the soul to watchfulness.

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