

he has a family of little children). And being a bee-fancier, and as bee-pasture in Barrie got rather bare in the end of July, he takes several hives of bees with him also. And there he was, in literal milk and honey; and gaining good health; polishing up some of his old sermons; catching black bass in the twilight, and planning new raids on the street-Arabs. If we had not been at the time a thousand fathoms deep in the *Year-Book* compilation, we should certainly have rung his door-bell, and left our card; and made enquiries after the black bass of the (henceforth) classical Nottawasaga!

A GREAT ROOT-PRINCIPLE.

"Never object to anything unless you have something better to propose!" "Oh, yes," you say, "that is a good principle!" Well, *carry it out!* How many things have you grumbled at last week? And could you in anywise, had you been in the place of those grumbled at, have done things (those very things) better? There is no use in carrying a "good principle"—any more than a good hat—without making *use* of it! We might take it into our head that we owned all Toronto; but if some "other fellow," or five thousand "other fellows" had claims and possession, that came in between us and the real use of the property, wherein were we the richer or the better? It were a mere castle in Spain.

But a use *may* be made of this principle: It will hinder us from grumbling at many things; it will often bring up the question, "How can I assist in that matter?" It will make us more sympathetic, and more tender of others feelings.

"Our minister preached a poor sermon Sunday morning!" Well, I won't *say* anything about it, but I'll so cheer him up all this week, in all practical ways, that he'll preach (I warrant!) better next Sunday.

"Our church ought really to be ashamed of giving so little for missions and College!" Perfectly true; but unwise to *say* so. Let us try the Systematic Giving; and do so much better this year, that there need not be said another word about it!

"My soul is like a garden full of weeds. I don't *get on* in spiritual things?" Well, I will

try the tonic of more prayer; and quit thinking about myself, and begin thinking about Christ; for he thinks of *me* I know!

"Our magazine has never been, and is not, what it should be!" *Nobody knows that better than the one who has the steering oar!* Is that so? Then I'll help to fill up "The News of the Churches," and the "Correspondence" column better, and that will all help.

"But I can't pray; I can't speak in prayer meeting; I can't write; I can't do anything!" There, grumbling again! Of course you must *begin* before you can do anything. About praying—use the very best language you can command in your family prayers; and don't omit them if some neighbor drops in just at prayer time! About speaking—ask some question about some spiritual things at next prayer meeting. That will be a good beginning. About writing—send the INDEPENDENT a short account of your S. S. picnic, or your church anniversary service—just like writing a short letter—and a beginning is made. As to "doing nothing," the case is simple—begin and *do* something!

At any rate, quit grumbling. Somebody once asked *Jean*, "If Burns was ever ill-tempered toward her or the children?" "Na, puir fellow!" she said, "He never compleened o' me, or the children. A' his complaints were about his sel', puir fellow!"

Our Contributors.

A HARD BONE TO PICK.

Missionary Bone has the Welland Canal for his field. All the sailors know him; and he desires to know them, that he may do them good. And though Jack may sometimes play a trick or two on him—such as shutting him down, "accidentally," in the hold of a schooner, till they get through the next lock—still they all know he is their friend; and the Friend he always introduces to them infinitely better yet!

The last time I saw him was at a Temperance Restaurant in Toronto, where he had given the extravagant order of a bowl of Scotch *kail*, and where, in the midst of our chat, Mayor Howland came over from another table, to say something