

Society.)—This is a neat little volume of very short addresses, specially adapted for the young. Each address is a theme, a print of the Redeemer's foot. A capital fund of suggestion for children's sermons. Most heartily commended.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION (Chestnut Street, Philadelphia) have put forth from their press lately the following books suited for the young: BARBARA'S BROTHERS. By Evelyn E. Green, 448 pp., \$1.50.

OUT OF THE SHADOW. By Mary Hubbard Howell, 370 pp., \$1.50.

THE GOSPEL STORY for the Young, 303 pp., \$1.

PEARL'S LIGHT. By Ruby, 138 pp., 75 cents.

They are all prettily bound and fairly illustrated. As our prevailing Sunday School literature goes, these volumes are pleasant reading and free from all objectionable matter. Indeed our experience of the issues from this society has been that they may be accepted without question. For ourselves we must say in general that we are not *en rapport* with the prevailing tone of our Sunday School libraries, but accepting things as they are, we cordially commend as suitable Christmas presents all the volumes we have here noted, and in general the issues of the American Sunday School Union.

A RAILWAY LESSON.

It was a hot, dusty day when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and shiniest of stand-up collars.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said she tremulously. "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! by stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to friends in the East. My husband—my—"

"Ah yes; I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of

crape in the little travelling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now, you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam?" The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now."

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection—the American citizen's last resort. I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and quarters and ten cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke, and the money was given her. She tried to thank us all, but failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—C. H. Sheldon, in *Companion*.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. W. W. Smith, Editor, will be published (D.V.) on the first of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. 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. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the twenty-fifth of each month.

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