

TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Limp Tim" come among them in a quiet way and to hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfullest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said:

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aiged three yeres. Funeral to-morrer, gon up to Hevin, left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointep to the notice on the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck wher he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by a crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Poetry.

WHAT TO BELIEVE.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Is there anything in these days of change and doubt that one can believe?" (*A Letter.*)

He has no joy who hath no trust!

The greatest faith brings greatest pleasure.

And I would believe because I must;

And would believe in perfect measure.

Therefore I send

To you my friend,

This key to open mines of treasure—

Whatever else your hands restrain,

Let faith be free and trust remain.

Believe in summer's sun and shade,

Although to-day the snow be falling;

Expect glad voices in the glade,

Though now the winds alone are calling.

Have eyes to see

How fair things be;

Let Hope, not Fear, prove most enthralling.

And skies that shine will ofteneat be

Stretched lovingly o'er thine and thee.

Have loyal faith in all thy kin,

Believe the best of one another:

One Father's heart takes all men in,

Be not suspicious of thy brother.

If one deceive

Why disbelieve

The rest, and so all blindness smother!

Who the most looks for love will find

Most certainly that hearts are kind.

Regard the age with hopeful thought,

Not it but thou thyself art debtor;

Behold what wonders have been wrought,

Believe the world is getting better.

(Oh, be thou brave

To help, and save.

And free men's hands from every fetter,

Yet know that cheery hopefulness

Is the great factor in success.

Above all things in God believe,

And in his love that lasts forever.

No changeful friend thy heart to grieve,

Is He who will forsake thee never.

In shine or shower,

His blessings dower

The souls that trust with strong endeavor.

Believe, believe, for faith is best,

Believe, and find unbroken rest.

—*Christian World.*

Literary Notices.

THE ENGLISH PULPIT OF TO-DAY.—Alfred E. Rose, Westfield, N. Y. The April Number is before us as we write. It is certainly a choice selection of sermons and of sermon framework which all with pleasurable profit may read. It contains a sermon on "Despondency," by Canon Farrar, and a unique one by Charles Leach, "On the Wing;" one on "Christ and the people," by Dr. Benson; an expository discourse on "Christ, the bread of the world," by Dr. MacLaren, together with considerable homiletic matter, including a prayer meeting talk, missionary service, sermon outlines and reviews. Yearly \$1.50; Clergymen \$1.00. Single number 15 cents.

OUR LITTLE ONES—The Russell Publishing Co., Boston, is again to hand, to the great joy of our little ones.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D.V.) on the first and fifteenth 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 interest 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 tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

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