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# The Canadian Independent.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

Vol. 28.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, July 8, 1880.

New Series. No. 2.

## Topics of the Week.

THE death of the Right Honourable William E. Baxter, M.P., of Dundee, Scotland, is announced. Mr. Baxter had long been before the public, and had made his mark as a public man. He was also well known as a Christian man, having long been connected with all the prominent movements of the Congregational churches in Scotland.

THE Congregational Home Missionary Board of Minnesota have issued circulars addressed to Congregationalists of New England and to those of Great Britain, calling attention to the opportunities there offered. Among other things it says: "We have 137 churches with 6,654 members, of which ninety are under the care of the Home Missionary Society. Thirteen of these were organized in 1879, and a larger number will doubtless be formed this year. We are now third on the list of distinctively Protestant denominations," and much more to the same import, for the purpose of encouraging the immigration of Congregationalists.

A CASE containing a wax figure lately arrived at New York from Rome. It was seized by the Custom House officers, who were about to break it open to ascertain the quantity of wax on which to charge duty, when appeal was made to the Collector, and the following facts were made known: The box was a reliquary, or shrine, containing the effigy of "Saint" Discolius, martyr. The bones of the Saint were discovered in 1802. They have been articulated and covered with wax, so as to reproduce the form of the original, who appears to have been a very young man, with long, fair hair and almost feminine features. The imitated flesh is semi-transparent, shewing the outlines of the bones beneath. On the forehead is a cut or scar, designed to shew the manner of death. The body is richly clothed in silk of various colours, magnificently embroidered with gold. Near the head is a glass bottle set in brass, and supposed to contain some of the blood of the martyr. The case is consigned to a nunnery at Cincinnati. Superstition doubtless sets a high value on such a relic, and when it reaches Cincinnati it will probably be deeply venerated, but to those who worship God in spirit and in truth the relic partakes of the character of the brazen serpent which Hezekiah broke up because the people burned incense to it (2 Kings xviii. 4).

THE "Society to Encourage Studies at Home" has become a woman's college of the most popular and economical sort. Miss Ticknor's report of last year's work shews how fruitful this effort to help young women to educate themselves in their homes has become: 887 persons entered themselves for study, counting, with double and treble courses of study, 1,137 correspondences; 242 took the first rank—that is, achieved decided success; 347 were noted for their diligence, and 90 did passably well. Ladies to the number of 155 have been engaged in the actual work of the society, and 22 who were once students are now on the staff of teachers, and 4 are on the committee which controls the society. The correspondence for instruction exceeded 8,000 letters written to students and about the same number received from them. In the list of studies, English literature was selected by 417, history by 331, science by 143, art by 120, German by 50, and French by 40. The students are found in 37 States, besides Canada. The lending library, the books being sent by mail, consists of 920 volumes, of which only one has ever failed to come back, and 940 books have gone to 330 persons from Boston alone. The teachers give their services. The

tuition fee is only \$2, and with an annual expense of \$1,732.64 Miss Ticknor is able to report \$491.87 in the treasury.

THE following Sabbath school statistics may be regarded as approximately correct:—

	Sabbath schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.
Canada.....	51,400	41,712	340,170
United States.....	82,261	886,328	6,623,124
England and Wales.....	422,250	422,250	3,800,000
Scotland.....	47,972	47,972	494,553
Ireland.....	32,548	32,548	384,627
Australia.....	3,910	3,910	57,915
New Zealand.....	1,101	1,101	9,947

The total number of teachers and scholars in the British dominions was 547,553 teachers and 5,067,102 scholars, or altogether 5,614,655 souls connected with Sunday school work in the British Empire, not including India. In the various countries of Europe there were 20,000 teachers and 100,000 scholars; in India, China, Africa, Polynesia and the West Indies 2,000 teachers and 100,000 scholars; in South America 3,000 teachers and 152,000 scholars. Added altogether there was this important exhibit: in the world, 1,460,881 teachers and 12,340,316 scholars, or a grand total of 13,801,197. In Europe the statistics of the number of Sunday schools in each country were as follows:—

Switzerland.....	405
Spain.....	100
Portugal.....	30
Italy.....	150
France.....	1,050
Germany.....	1,977

In Japan there were forty schools. All this accomplished within a hundred years. Who shall say what a mighty harmonizing as well as saving influence the work thus indicated has exerted all these years?

At the last anniversary of the General Prussian Bible Society, Professor Theodor Christlieb, of Bonn, spoke at some length concerning the spread of the Bible throughout the world, and its mission among many peoples. He said, in part: "In 2 Thessalonians iii. 1, the Apostle Paul urges: 'Finally brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you.' A Bible Society is really nothing more than the embodied prayer: 'Brethren, pray that the Word of the Lord may have free course.' The apostle stands at the beginning of the course, but sees the Word of God already upheld in this victorious course through manifold opposition, and therefore he speaks of bad and perverse people, and recognizes, as the right weapon to overcome all, the prayers of the believing Church. It is for that reason that he commends himself and his work to the intercession of the Thessalonians: 'Pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course.' Wherefore, then, does the Word of the Lord so wonderfully run, notwithstanding such opposition? Wherefore does it run, in that century when it is more than opposed, strongest and broadest as an infinite stream over the earth? We have the answer: It is a living power of God. At the commencement of this century we had translations of the Scriptures in about fifty languages, and about five million copies of the precious book were spread abroad; but to-day it is translated into three hundred and eight languages and dialects, and circulated to an extent of one hundred and fifty million copies. That I call a boundless course! It is my comfort, when I look out upon the adversaries of the Word, that the greater part of all the inhabitants of the earth, if they can read at all can read the Word of God. Then it is spread in those languages which are the most widely understood in the world. I may mention the sacred language of the

Mohammedans, the Arabic. In that a most excellent translation has appeared, and has already gone everywhere. From Fez and Morocco on through Africa, from Constantinople on through all Asia Minor to Persia, there are innumerable villages and cities, in which at least one copy of the Holy Scriptures is to be found. The Word of God is spread also through eastern Asia. For from thirty to forty years the Chinese have had the translation of the Bible made by Morrison, and to day they have a translation in a style as elegant as any in the world. I rejoice that the inhabitants of the world to-day, when they are able to read at all, can have access to the divine Word. Nor do I forget how many private Bible Societies the Lord has formed for himself. When our Rhineland missionaries came to Sumatra and Borneo, they found that the inhabitants had for the most part no writing at all; and as soon as any had learned writing, they wrote down sentence after sentence upon bamboo leaves, and took them to their woods, and read them to their whole tribes. That, too, is a kind of Bible Society, and one, indeed, which we will not despise. The Lord has many other ways and means to bring the Word into free course. It runs and makes itself felt everywhere as the living power of God. It has been said that a single chapter, that even one verse, has worked wonders. I remember how once in India a single chapter of the Holy Scriptures took mighty hold upon the inhabitants of a whole village. A man of the village had taken home a fragment of the Gospels, and read and re-read it several times. It made such an impression upon the village people that they resolved to destroy all their idols. Ten years afterwards a missionary reached them, and found, I will not say a Christian church, but the porch of a Christian church. Only one chapter, he heard to his great astonishment, had been publicly read and listened to again and again. He now opened to the village people the whole riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus."

## BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS!

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business; prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

THERE is more marrow in a wise man's jokes than in a fool's solemn inanities. But a wise man "sets a watch on his lips," even when he utters a pleasantry. Especially, he never jests at the wrong time, or about sacred things. He never utters puns and parodies on the Bible; for what men have once laughed at, they seldom reverence. Heartily do I wish that I had never uttered a ludicrous application of a Scripture-line, and had never heard one; for the profane or indecent burlesque will often shoot into my mind in the midst of a sermon or a prayer.—Cuyler

## FAMOUS PREACHERS.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF CHRYSOSTOM.

The following description of the eloquence of Chrysostom at Antioch is given in the "Leaders of our Church Universal:"

His first sermons produced a marvellous effect. People said such convincing preaching had never before been heard. Notwithstanding his repeated requests that they would leave off their pagan practices, he was once and again interrupted in his burning eloquence by loud and stormy manifestations of approval. And indeed his rhetoric, with all the enlightenment shed on it by the Gospel, had in it a strong flavour of Greek culture and an Attic elegance, reminding one of the eloquence of a Demosthenes, rather than the simple form of speech of the apostles and evangelists.

But the chief power of his sermons lay not in choice of language, nor turning of sentences, nor originality of simile and metaphor, but in their fulness of thought and striking argument, in their noble spontaneity, as of classic days, in their adaptation, and in the fresh, buoyant, nervous style of delivery—like a stream that has burst through its rocky barrier, gushing forth from the very depths of his heart. "I speak," he says of himself, "as the fountains bubble, and still continue to bubble, though none will come to draw. I preach as the rivers flow—the same, though no one drink of their flood of waters." . . . In his sermons he exposed with great fearlessness the moral sores he had found alike in high and low in the luxurious capital. He characterized the positive dogmatic tone affected by so many, as a mask behind which a child of hell might be concealed. He lashed, without sparing, the avarice of the rich, the extravagance in dress of the women, and the eager running of everybody to the theatre and circus—"those devil-kitchens of paganism." He insisted upon a spiritual frame of mind and its preservation in every relation. As in Antioch, here again, when uttering the most vital truths, he was frequently interrupted, to his sore pain, by the stentorian applause of the crowded congregation. "Friends," he cried out to the excited multitude, "what am I to do with your applause? It is the salvation of your souls I want. God is my witness what tears I have shed in my secret chamber that so many of you are still in your sins. Anxiety for your saving has almost made me forget to care for my own." His tears and prayers won a rich harvest of souls. Multitudes were by the word of fire from his tongue led to God. By degrees the city put on a different aspect. In him, it was said, the fable of Orpheus was verified—by the melody of his speech wolves and tigers were subdued and changed to gentle lambs.

## GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

This man, who now saunters up to join the assembly, is of a very different type from the gentlemen of the court. His brow is knit; at intervals he murmurs some word to himself as if he wished not to forget it; something very like a proof-sheet is peeping out of his pocket. People stare at him, half with curiosity, half with wonder, as though they were surprised to see him here. David Hume has, in truth, not much time to spare from his history, but he cannot deny himself such an intellectual treat as listening to Whitefield. In and out among the well dressed many, there moves a crowd of people who wear neither silk nor velvet. There is the artisan, with his wife and children, who have come out here chiefly for the sake of the fresh, sweet country air; there are the city clerk and his sweetheart doing a little flirting to while away the time; there is the poor needle-woman, whose pale face has such a wistful look, that we fancy her heart must be beginning dimly to guess that if she could grasp the meaning of the great preacher's words, it might possibly bring into her life even more warmth and colouring than there is in the dresses she stitches for the grand ladies. Suddenly the murmur of voices which has been running through the vast assembly is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward; the fans of the actresses cease to flutter; the mass of the people make a little rush all in the same direction. Every

eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand. At first sight there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely; when he turns towards the audience we see that he squints, and he has no especial beauty of feature. But the moment he begins to speak, his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord; how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear, that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly; and yet so sweet, that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face too, and his figure have changed since we last looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand; each feature answers to the theme upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above; his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher, or of him who cried against Nineveh. When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe he has been there; when he tells of the Saviour's love and sufferings, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at His side; when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly as though we really saw the scene he paints, with our bodily eyes. For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birthright of the toil-worn and weary; the actresses sob and faint; the great ladies actually sit upright to listen. The sterner sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling; the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself when the preacher in a lively parable is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him." No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness, that he hardly can go on; sometimes he even weeps. At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring prayer; then the crowd disperses, some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticise, some to forget, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts.—*Sunday Magazine*.

## DR. CHALMERS.

Those who never heard Chalmers never knew what true eloquence is—eloquence alike of speech and of the thing spoken—nor felt the mastery of it all their lives. I am sometimes conscious of a sort of pity for my younger brethren in the ministry, when I am reminded that, being "of yesterday," they really "know nothing" about it. They never can. Its effect was perfectly unique. We can all understand what it is to be impressed, riveted, charmed, even melted; and many of us can associate such pleasurable sensation with the preaching of such noble pulpit orators as were Andrew Thompson, Robert Gordon, James Buchanan, Robert Candlish, Thomas Guthrie, and not a few more—alas! no longer with us—without going beyond our own borders; but it was Chalmers alone who electrified, galvanized us. The difficulty in listening to him, was to remain seated or silent. Sometimes the whole congregation started from their seats under the dynamic power of his appeals. One felt inclined to shout, yet afraid to breathe, far more afraid to cough, for fear of losing a word. It is scarcely conceivable that Demosthenes could be a match for him. The quiet beauty of his "shining" was equal to its brilliancy. His life was as eloquent as were his lips. He was one of the most lovable of men. All good men loved him, and there was nobody of whom I ever heard, who hated or even disliked him. His students all but worshipped him. So catholic was he, that he was esteemed by Christians of every other denomination almost as much as by those of his own.

Edward Bickersteth, John Angell James, and he were the triumviri of the "Evangelical Alliance" at its formation. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, designated him as "The Apostle of Clarity." Though unquestionably of homely, if not somewhat uncouth exterior, his countenance was so beaming, "his eye, though turned on empty space, beamed so keen" with what was even more and better than "humour," that Tholuck, the great German theologian, spoke of him as "a beautiful old man." This man was "full of good works and alms-deeds which he did." He was not a meteor or a comet, but a star.—*Dr. Burns, in Free Church Assembly*.

## MAN-ISH BOYS.

We must coin a word to designate these nondescripts. When the English language was young they had no existence, or, at least, like fossils, were not sufficiently numerous to call for classification. This is our apology for our vocabulary, and our effort to enrich it. But names are only shadows of things. Grottesque objects cannot have genteel titles. Man-ish boys are not a fiction—would that they were!—but a most disagreeable fact.

The average boy, as God makes him, is about nine inches long. The rest of his length he grows. Providence may by sunshine stimulate, or by wrestling winds disfigure the stalk and stem of the sapling, but is not responsible in any moral way for the gnarled and gaunt trees of the forest. And human life does not differ greatly in the conditions of growth from plant development. There are freaks of nature in the family as well as in the field. We do not now speak of those sad physical malformations which are God's messengers to teach sympathy and all the passive virtues in the home and the world. These are parts and illustrations of that mystery of iniquity which no philosopher can solve, and by reason of which the whole creation groans. But moral partiality or positive evil may take upon itself the fairest form. The devil never loses his horns and hoofs, but he sometimes wears domino and buskin. Masquerade is his favourite mode in good society. Let men say what they choose, some depth of deformity is to be found in the youngest life. Let it be granted that the monad of one day is pure, but the monad becomes the monarch of the nursery, and before one year has passed will be found to demonstrate a naughtiness which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. This may all be the infection of family life but it is none the less a fact, as any parent knows to his sorrow. The unchildlike child is a monstrosity by development and not of divine creation.

Man-ishness manifests itself at different years and in different ways among differing nations. In England the child is kept in leading strings until tall enough to look over his mother's head. One of the farces on a London street is the overgrown boy dressed in roundabouts and decorated with the traditional tall hat. His manners are immature, but he is more wise concerning the evil than he appears to be. Some years since, we sat in a London restaurant very near two such young gentlemen. They talked so loudly that the deafest neighbour must have heard them. Every reference to their father identified him as "my governor." And "the old woman" seemed to be the pet name for the loving mother, who had by her tenderness deserved a better designation. Their special interest seemed to be the "bobs" and the "cobs" which they had been able to "squeeze" out of their parents for purposes of pleasure. They had the absurd folly dominating their words and actions that the rougher and coarser they could appear the nearer they approached real manliness. These same youths at home, or others of like look whom I have seen in family circles, could be as childlike and bland as "the heathen Chinee." The fiction of innocence was kept up to the standard of English domestic life, but when out of their parents' sight their ways became both devious and dark. That this international plague of "man-ish boys" is spreading its infection through English society is plain to the critical observer, and proved, notwithstanding all caveats, by the large number of sons of English gentlemen who are to be found

among the adventurers and vagrants of this and every other large community. Like the younger son of the parable, their imitation of the manners of "high life" first makes them discontented with the struggles of home industry and then scatters them in "a far country."

Among the French and Germans this development of false manhood is more slowly wrought. The peculiarity of their domestic and national customs tends to the suppression of this strange evolution. The schools are, for the most part, free from the taint. And the inveteracy of vice in the communities, being recognized by parents, is the reason of closer parental watch. Boys have almost attained their majority before they know much of the world among these nations. But how quickly they respond to the evil and measure themselves by the standard of the vulgar is the first conviction of a visitor at any of the German Universities or the Latin Quarter in Paris. The old perversion of Solomon's proverb is literally verified in their lives: "Train up a child, and away he will go." However desirable for the pursuit of certain technical studies may be the Continental schools, it is dangerous in the extreme to permit an American boy to remain abroad after he has attained his preparatory instruction, or to send him there for the attainment of special or professional knowledge until his religious principles are well rooted. Our fellow-countrymen in Europe, who know better than we the risks of their adopted homes, are, to a great extent, in the habit of sending their boys back to America during the callow days when they are likely to mistake man-ishness for manliness.

The manifestation of this false tendency in our own country was in the olden time called the "fifteen year old fever." But our foolish imitation of Continental habits in great cities, without their compensating restraints, has subjected our boys to the contagion of this evil at an earlier age. In country districts the normal maturity of boys is still maintained, and the evidences of man-ishness are neither as extreme in character nor as early in years. But sooner or later a boy must pass through this parenthesis of life. It is the period of slang words, rebellious actions, disagreeable tempers. To the parent it is the time for the trial of faith and patience, for the pain of deepest heart-ache. In later years the manly son remembers all this, and by tractableness and tenderness strives to make restitution for his wrong doing. If death remove his parents before the disease has run its course, he is afterwards the victim of a remorse which time can never silence. The symptoms of the malady, for we would place it in the same category with measles, vary according to constitution and surroundings. With some it begins by the affectation of manners of gentlemen, the most aggravated form of Beau Brummelism, and all the graces of the drawing-room. This is the mildest type, and may be viewed without serious apprehensions. Though there are by-ways from the gate of the Celestial City to the depths of sin, yet they are not the broad way. It may be that such a youth will form acquaintances in even refined society who will mislead him into vice which wears the guise of virtue. But if parents are wise in their generation they will be able to choose the companions of children having these social tendencies. Instead of over-riding the boy should be treated with a certain consideration, for the evil thing in him is only the excess of a good.

What, on the other hand, shall be said of that enlarging class of boys whose natures develop in an opposite direction? For everything low and debasing they seem to have an irresistible desire. Despite all example and pleading from parents they adopt the life of a loafer and a blackleg as the highest style of man. Oftentimes they manifest a hatred of truthfulness, as though their very instinct made the society of liars most congenial. In billiard saloons and places of worse repute they congregate, and vie with one another in a bravado of wickedness. I firmly believe that the majority of the supporters of vice in all cities are youths under twenty-five years of age. It would surprise some optimists to note the number of beardless and immature faces which issue during a single

evening from the doors of some places of ill repute in the better neighbourhoods. This form of man-ishness is the most hopeless. The probabilities are that the youth will bring to later life from this period of vulgar association an enfeebled body, a sceptical mind, irritable temper, and a lawless will. Culture will do nothing for such an one. He must be converted before he can eat honest bread.

The problem presented by this strange period is most difficult of solution. It involves all the tact of woman in the home. The only eradication of the evil is to be wrought by parental influence. The church and the community can do little for the exorcism of man-ishness if household disciplinarians will not have it so. Whatever may be the silliness and the sinfulness of parents there are few blind enough to desire this unnatural development in their children. Into the modes of home government in dealing with its cure we do not now enter; but for its prevention this one thing may be said with safety, and ought to be said with emphasis: that no one can do more harm to society and the Church of God than he who intrudes himself between parent and child. When there is a need to prevent cruelty or to remove from the contamination of crime, the community, as a whole, may rightly interfere and separate young lives from those who in the family are their enemies. This is the philosophy of our Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty, and various agencies of the State's authority. No one mind can be trusted to do such delicate work. But everyday life witnesses the sowing of suspicions, the education of distrust, the weakening of parental authority, by those who call themselves your child's friends. These are they whom Cicero so sternly denounced as the "perverters of youth." That which they would resent in their own families these busybodies in other men's matters make a trade. We could furnish a list of such officious Christians, who, whatever may be their motives, are doing deadly and the devil's work. For when a child's honour for parents is weakened the first step, according to the fifth commandment, is taken from "the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." When confidences are encouraged to which the father or mother cannot be made a party the seed of falsehood is sown. What shape it may assume in its after-growth, who can tell? When children are encouraged by outsiders to asperse their parents' motives and criticise their actions, their strongest link to virtue is forever broken. Who can wonder that they come to doubt all goodness and to rebel against all authority if by such subtle influences their confidence in those who stand to them as God's vicereagents in the family be destroyed? If our children are to be truly trained for God and usefulness there must be among all good people a recognition of the sacredness of the parental tie.

Another word of suggestion must be added, to those who do this same evil thing unconsciously. A wicked or a worldly life must taint the whole circle of childhood which surrounds it. It may be that for his own household a man is ready to assume all the responsibility of a vicious example; but what right has he to erect a standard of character and conduct which shall tone down the lives of other people's children? If there were no man-ishness among men it would soon die out among boys. But so long as the pestilence rages in a single home there is danger of its ravaging a city. More real manliness among men is the best prescription for the cure of man-ishness in boys.—*Dr. S. H. Tyng, jr.*

#### MINISTERIAL FIDELITY.

How may we maintain power in the pulpit? It is the Holy Ghost, not we, who wields converting power, yet He regards the law of fitness, of adaptation of means to an end.

1. Piety in the heart is of prime importance. We use fire to kindle fire, not a lens of ice! The Gospel demands your undivided allegiance. Preach as for yourself, and you will persuade others. The high priest made atonement first for himself, then for others.

2. Prayer in the closet. We who so often pray in the pulpit, the house, and the circle of prayer, are liable to insidious temptations on this point. We lose

our individuality. Public prayer cannot take the place of private communion with God. We must also intercede for others dead in sin, stretching over them, as it were, our hands to theirs, our lips to theirs, as did the prophet over the dead, and wrestle in prayer as he.

3. Work in the study. The Bar and the Senate demand closest application and preparation, but not more than does the pulpit. The preacher, unlike the barrister or evangelist, addresses the same audiences year after year. The pastor must bring the choicest fruits of study, and fear not the criticism passed on an ancient orator, that these "smell of the lamp." Yield not to the interruptions of your study hours. Why should you turn the grindstone that is to sharpen the axe of every adventurer? Give yourself to reading. Keep abreast of the age. A magnet attracts to itself, so will a homiletic instinct in the work of sermon making. Use not the sentences of others as your own, but use other minds to stimulate. As steel and flint by percussion emit sparks, so you may quicken and freshen the vigour of your own mind by coming into contact with other minds. Circumnavigate the globe of thought, but see to it that your first meridian passes through Calvary, and adjust all to that centre.

4. Christ crucified in the sermon. Preach about His nature, His atoning work, ascension, and return; do not hide His face with flowers, as did the artist who painted James II. Keep behind, not before the Cross. Yet let your individuality be respected.

5. Lastly, let there be holiness in the life you live. Intellectual vigour cannot atone for its lack. Be cheerful and natural, but deport yourself as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Beware of pride, self-indulgence, avarice. Remember you exist for the flock and not they for your sake. Be an example to them, your life becoming an eloquent sermon, rounding out to as grand a climax and close as was His whose voice seems yet to linger here! "Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way!"—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

#### DISOBLIGING PEOPLE.

It is easy to recognize your disobliging person. He has no idea of being put out for anybody. Money will not buy him, nor tears nor smiles; not even his own personal interest beyond the mere convenience of the moment. It is not enough to say that he is selfish, for there are other forms of selfishness, more intelligent or more cunning, which permit some degree of exertion for others with a view to personal benefit later. But your disobliging person has no such far-seeing philosophy. He holds his course and recognizes no reason why that should be crossed by what he calls the less important one of his neighbour; by his practice of not looking for opportunities to serve he ceases to see them, and all his circle ceases to ask or expect any consideration from him. Thus he reaps his reward, for it is undoubtedly true that disobliging people get through the world with a minimum of fatigue and exertion.

Where do these creatures come from? They must be born so, for in a young and growing family it often happens that there is one, thus labelled, "No thoroughfare," out of whom nothing is to be got. It is an accepted fact; happily the same circle almost inevitably possesses another member who will fetch and carry to any extent. Education and example do much. If the head of the family belongs to the race of the disobliging, the trait is pretty sure to run through the household down to the very dog upon the doorstep, who will not move for you to pass in or out; but if the general atmosphere of the house is one of mutual help and kindly interchange of services, the disobliging element must for very shame hide itself and disappear.

The words "unamiable" and "disobliging" are not synonymous terms, for the people now discussed are often delightful companions for the moment; the consciousness they have of never allowing themselves to be "put upon" expands over them a sort of affability; their minds may be well informed, their manners attractive, their charms irresistible. Only do not venture the experiment of asking them any favour, however trifling, unless you would risk the breaking of the spell.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THE  
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

All communications for the Editorial, News of Churches, and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 2648, P. O. Toronto

Pastors and church officers are particularly requested to forward items for "News of the Churches" column

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 8th, 1880.

THE Rev. John Burton, B.A., will take charge of the INDEPENDENT until the editor returns from England. Communications for the editor to be addressed as indicated above.

ASSUMING, for a few weeks, an editorial chair, we feel a freedom in this proposed article which could scarcely be felt by any whose relation to the paper has been closer and more responsible. We are a kind of in-looker rather than in-dweller, therefore we use our liberty to speak. It may be assumed that our Congregational churches have a place in the great Church work of the Christian world, if not, we had better disband. But we don't disband, therefore our place and work remain. Having no central authority in the form of Synod or Conference, and being in Canada widely scattered, we need more than other denominations a denominational paper. Yet those other denominations find a paper necessary, much more than we. It is a serious question whether, should our paper cease, the denomination would not be in danger of thorough disintegration. Yet it cannot stand without money, even though, as is the fact, its editorial work is freely given. The printer must be paid—and the post office. Now we are not begging, neither are we whining, but we expect every man to do his duty, which every man is *not* doing. Mark that *not*, gentle reader, and let it ring throughout that church with which you are connected. There is no reason why a copy of this paper should not find its way into every family in our churches; don't *borrows* your Church paper, it will not pay—the printer—no, nor yourselves; remember no good work is done without sacrifice, and it is a good work to extend the influence of the only means of keeping you acquainted with what your brethren are doing. Let us press the following: (1) Subscribers in arrears, kindly remit at once; we need it. I make a mistake, *we* don't get any—but the mechanic needs it, you who labour daily know what that means. (2) Let every subscriber seek to obtain another at once, or let individuals or churches purchase say ten or more copies for gratuitous distribution. It will pay, and more, it will aid the churches' work. (3) Remember, if quality is worth considering, the paper *is* worth its dollar per annum, and its improvement rests with you, give it a hearty support, and the management can undertake greater things. Already it has been characterized in England as "a plucky little paper," give it something to live upon and it will yet do good work for you, your family, your Church and your Master; and what your hand findeth to do, do it *now*, for the night cometh. Finally, why should any well-wisher of his Church *stop* the paper. A few, our business manager informs us, are sending their dollar and the order "stop." May I remind such that no money is made by this publication, it is carried on simply in the interest of the Congregational Church, and surely individuals when they get a *quid pro quo* can afford the subscription price while others are spending time and money to make our paper powerful for good. Kindly recall that "stop," my brother.

A MATTER FOR THOUGHT.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian churches of the Republic has had under consideration one matter which it would not harm many Canadian churches to ponder well. It found that very many churches were pastorless, and it bravely set itself to discover the secret of these vacant pulpits. The conclusion to which it came was that the calamity might very largely be traced to the popular idea so prevalent that the minister is responsible for the prosperity of

the church. The position of the present average church is that it is to succeed or fail according to the ability of the minister alone. On the man of the pulpit the burden of success is placed, while the men of the pews refuse to share that burden with him, no matter how heavily he may be weighted.

The inevitable outcome of such a condition of affairs is something like the following. The candidate for the pulpit is confronted with such questions as these: "How smart are you?" "Can you make the rental of these pews pay the salary and all current expenses?" "Can you steer successfully between the Scylla of orthodoxy and the Charybdis of liberalism?" It is not godliness but smartness that is sought in the minister. Not the salvation of men, but big pew rents, that becomes the highest consideration. Not the truth as Christ taught it, but the truckling to all opinions, it is that must characterize the sermon. And if the minister cannot meet these inordinate demands, he is starved out. Or if the church cannot find a pastor who would fulfil its foolish conditions, it is content to let its pulpit remain vacant until its *smart* man shall turn up.

There is a terrible force in these statements. There has been introduced into churches of late a great deal of vulgar ambition for success as a church in a purely material way, and to imagine a congregation in any growing town which would be content to worship in a little rude stone church, would be to imagine and not to realize. Brick, mortar, dressed stone, black walnut and upholstery, a high steeple with bells, and a big debt are preferred. And then we must have a preacher who can preach

"To please graceless sinners,  
And fill empty pews."

This is the *modus operandi* in too many cases, and it is a crying shame that such a state of things should appertain to any circle of men calling themselves by the name of the lowly Christ.

The Assembly has done good by calling attention to this matter. It needed a bold stroke of the sword, and it got it by the finding of the Assembly. It is degrading to the ministers of the Gospel to make them responsible for "drawing" crowds as if they were theatre actors. And yet this is altogether too common. And it often happens that preachers who are necessitated to do some work or suffer starvation are forced to become sensational or half-sceptical in their pulpit methods and efforts in order to draw. The piety of the pulpit cannot be sustained where there is the opinion prevalent in the pews that he must by his smartness make the church a financial and social success. In apostolic days the matter stood thus, "You (the people) must serve tables, that is, you must attend to the secular in the assembly, while we will give ourselves to the ministry of the Word and to prayer." And that should be the arrangement yet. For a minister has his hands full, who studies and preaches the Word. And the least any church can do is to relieve him from any financial consideration.

The curse of this day is its worship of smartness. Before that idol thousands bow the supple knee. It is more taking than goodness with many. But smartness lives very near to trickiness and shame. And in the same neighbourhood live worldliness and pride. What wonder when such a premium is placed on smart men just because they are smart, that many of them get intoxicated by the fulsome worship accorded them, and go down to ruin and drag their train of admirers with them into the slough. What the age wants is a downright respect for goodness and Christ-likeness and simplicity. These alone are the Church's ornament and strength.

CHEERY CHURCHES.

BEAUTY becometh God's house. But what kind of beauty is it which is to form a temple ornament? Is it, as some maintain, moral beauty alone, the symmetry of devout and righteous worshippers? Or does it also include material beauty, whatever from art or nature that can render the house of prayer attractive?

The sublimity of moral excellence is very becoming

to the place of worship. In fact, nothing can be a substitute for this. All the material decking in the world cannot take the place of righteousness. As the smothering of a man's coffin with rarest flowers cannot stand in lieu of the personal worth to be remembered, so most artistic arrangements of the house of God cannot stand for godliness. Flowers, kalsomining, stained glass, are a mockery in a church building without the grace of devout worship.

But provided that there is this character, beauty investing the worshippers, may there not be the addition of material loveliness? We do not ask for this in such profusion as to make it the prominent matter while worship is to sink into the subordinate place. But in a wisely arranged manner, may not flowers, for instance, help to render attractive the house of God during their season? After a calm consideration of the whole matter, we cannot see any force in the objections which many urge to the presence of flowers in the sanctuary. On the contrary we think that pleasant surroundings may help to fit the mind for a reverent worship and an attentive regard for the teaching.

It is amazing how long prejudices live, how tenacious they are of existence. The Lutheran Reformation drove out material beauty from the Christian sanctuaries because it had been so largely used by the Church of Rome. And barrenness and cheerlessness were the prevailing features of the church edifices of the Reformers. That prejudice—which is really no more than a prejudice—has come down to our own day, and still flourishes in many quarters. It would almost seem as if many place a premium on material dulness about the temple of prayer. Go to many of these places, especially in the country, and see the absolute lack of all adornment. Note the docks and thistles in the yard, the broken door-steps, the dilapidated fences, and then within, the severity in the appearance of seats and pulpit. Does not the aesthetic tastes of such persons as are comfortable under such things stand in sad need of cultivation?

God has made a beautiful world; the landscapes are glorious; the skies are usually in radiant dress; the flowers wave their censers in the sanctuary of the woods and ravines; why should there be so much enjoyment of the grandeur in nature, and then such an adherence to the cold, passionless, and unlovable in the Christian sanctuary?

Think over this, and don't, dear iconoclast, exclude the lovely lily and the fragrant rose from the house of God. Whatever can make that house attractive to the little children, and make them think it is the most delightful spot in this world, do not be afraid to bring in there. And the God who welcomes our worship will not forget our appreciation of all the beautiful things with which it is allied.

Literary Notices.

*Knight's Popular History of England.*

The eighth and last volume of Knight's Popular History of England, reprinted for the Standard Series by I. K. Funk & Co., New York, has been received. That what "The Times" characterized as "the history for English youth" should be placed within the reach of every home is no small boon to the public that should be a reading public. As the reprint is now complete, a few words upon the author and the book. Charles Knight was an Englishman, son of a bookseller, and himself a publisher whose whole energies have been devoted throughout an honourable and long career to the establishment of reliable and popular literature. He worked in a cause identical with that in which the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, spent their days and established their fame. The "Penny Cyclopædia," and the larger English one, the "Penny Magazine" and a "Pictorial Shakespeare" are among the works he edited or published. The "History of England" is the work of seven years, taken from the later and most mature part of his life. It is written in a clear, calm, bold style, and with a wonderful freedom from bias. We may differ, and think, e.g., he scarcely does justice to the fourth George, whose character he seems to sum up, in the estimate of



will, of course, be understood that without any connivance or action of mine, they would find their way to London and to the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society. I did not send them or connive at their being sent—had literally nothing to do with the matter. I suppose it is known that I have been the agent of this Society in Canada during forty-four years; it was by its help that I obtained for Zion Church, in 1849, nearly five thousand dollars; and it is not unnatural that it should take a lively interest in what concerns its first and oldest missionary agent. Nor is it surprising that the fate of Zion Church, to which institution it has often referred with pride in its annual reports, should be to it matter of great concern. Besides the very deacon who superintended the re-erection of the building in 1867 after it was destroyed by fire, is an active member of its Committee. Judging of the matter solely from the several letters in our newspapers, which regularly find their way thither, the Committee, I suppose, arrived at the conclusion that they ought publicly to protest against what they understood to be the course designed, hence their letter sent to be published on this side—sent not to me—sent without any conference with me or intervention by me. On reading it I wrote them of the proposal above narrated, and the deacons, I read in the papers, have disclaimed and resented, which was quite enough, and for which no one blames them. In the matter of my equitable claim the judgment of the Committee in London is in harmony with what, I venture to say, is almost the universal judgment here. Such are the facts.

It is at once strange and sad that a record for honesty and straightforwardness during more than fifty years should not protect a man from such charges as in some quarters seem to be against me.

HENRY WILKES.

Montreal, 26th June, 1880.

## News of the Churches.

**BRANTFORD.**—The Rev. A. E. K. not 1th, pastor of the Congregational church, opened his grounds, 25th ult., for the Ladies' Aid Society of the church to hold a lawn social. The attendance was good, and all present entered heartily into the spirit of the gathering.

**St. JOHN, N.B.**—The Congregational church has extended a call to the Rev. Addison Blanchard, superintendent of the missionary churches connected with the Congregational Conference of Maine. Mr. Blanchard has accepted the call, and at once enters upon the pastoral charge of the church.

## The Sunday School.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

#### LESSON XXIX.

July 18, } CAIN AND ABEL. { Gen. iv. 1880. } 3-15.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."—1 John iii. 15.

#### HOME STUDIES.

M. Gen. iii. 1-15. . . . . Cain and Abel.  
T. 1 John iii. 1-21. . . . . Hatred—Murder.  
W. Heb. xi. 1-10. . . . . Abel's better Offering.  
Th. Heb. xii. 22-29. . . . . The Blood of Sprinkling.  
F. Matt. vii. 13-29. . . . . Known by Fruits.  
S. 1 Kings iii. 1-20. . . . . Murder of Naboth.  
Sab. Matt. xxiii. 29-39. . . . . Blood of Abel.

#### HELPS TO STUDY.

The principal events which connect our last lesson with the present one are the expulsion of our first parents from Eden, and the birth of Cain and Abel.

The sad episode in the early history of our race with which we now have to do took place sometime during the first one hundred and thirty years of Adam's life. See Gen. iv. 25; v. 3.

Cain and Abel come before us as the exponents of two religions: a false religion, natural to fallen humanity, based on personal merit as the ground of acceptance with God; and the true religion, taught by the Holy Spirit, acknowledging sin, disclaiming personal meritorious righteousness, and resting acceptance on atonement.

Throughout the Bible the distinction between these two sets of religious views is marked as of vital importance; but nowhere are they placed in more striking contrast than in

the passage before us, except perhaps in the case of the Pharisee and the Publican (Luke xviii. 9-14).

The lesson may be divided as follows: (1) *The Accepted and Rejected Offerings*, (2) *Cain's Envy and Hatred of his Brother*, (3) *The First Murder*, (4) *The Curse of Cain*, (5) *Remorse, but no Repentance*.

**I. THE ACCEPTED AND REJECTED OFFERINGS.**—Vers. 3-5. The grand fact of the Christian religion—the death of Christ for the salvation of sinners—was first dimly shadowed forth to the early Church by means of animal sacrifices. Even Adam and Eve seem to have had it revealed to them that "without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22); and it is evident that their sons were not left without religious instruction.

**Cain brought of the fruit of the ground.** The fault was not in the material of the offering, but in the spirit of the worshipper; still, the nature of the offering is important as indicating the worshipper's creed. In Cain's offering there was no acknowledgment of sin, and no expression of the need of atonement, as there was in that of Abel, which consisted of the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain" (Heb. xi. 4); his faith—that is his faith in a coming innocent One who was to suffer in the room of the guilty—was manifested even in the selection of the material for his offering; and thus was Abel enrolled among the saints of God—"Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice" (Psalm l. 5).

**And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.** How this respect was shown is not stated, but the worshippers do not seem to have been left in any doubt about the matter. Our view of the grounds of acceptance in the one case and rejection in the other has been already given, but to support it we quote the following from a well-known writer in the "S. S. Times": "It is true, Abel's faith was simple and strong, a thorough conviction of things not seen; but this was expressed in his offering, which was brought not merely as a convenient and natural gift for a keeper of sheep, but as one which spoke of a religion of grace. It was a bloody sacrifice which he offered; and this involved a confession of sin, and at least some idea of the great doctrine of a satisfaction for sin. There must have been, of course, a previous divine intimation to this effect. They who deny this are bound to shew in what way a man would naturally come to think of pleasing God by the slaughter of an unoffending animal. Abel's worship was that of a pardoned sinner; Cain's, that of one conscious of no personal unworthiness. God accepted the penitent believer but rejected the self-righteous disciple of natural religion."

**II. CAIN'S ENVY AND HATRED OF HIS BROTHER.**—Vers. 5-7. The questions put to Cain were well calculated to convince him of the unreasonableness of his anger. No partiality had been shown. It was not because Abel's offering was accepted that Cain's was rejected. It was not a matter of competition at all.

**If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?** God's way of acceptance was still open to him, even after he had tried his own way and failed. His failure had not the most remote connection with his brother's success. It is so now; each individual stands by himself and is judged, not by comparison with his fellows, but by a divine standard.

**And if thou doest not well sin lieth at the door—or, is a croucher at the door—like a wild beast ready to spring. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him—or, perhaps, his (not Abel's but the croucher's) desire is against thee, but thou shalt not rule over him.** The passage is very obscure, and much has been written regarding it. The foregoing is perhaps the most intelligible of the many emendations proposed.

**III. THE FIRST MURDER.**—Ver. 8. "Wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous" (1 John iii. 12). Let the young learn how dangerous it is to indulge envious feelings. Envy leads to hatred, and "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer" (1 John iii. 15) in heart, and in great danger of becoming one outwardly.

**IV. THE CURSE OF CAIN.**—Vers. 9-12. Our duty to God involves the protection of our fellowmen from injury, and the promotion of their well-being, to the extent of our opportunity and power.

**Where is Abel thy brother?** Cain supposes this question to imply that he was responsible for his brother's safety, and Cain was right; that is exactly what the question implied.

**Am I my brother's keeper?** He ought to have been his brother's keeper, as already stated, to the extent of his power and opportunity; and if he had considered himself as such he would never have become his brother's murderer. The fratricide was driven forth from God and man, but judgment was tempered with mercy. He got time for repentance; and although the ground was forbidden to yield to him its strength, he was still permitted to wring from it at least a scanty subsistence.

**V. REMORSE, BUT NO REPENTANCE.**—Vers. 13-15. Cain's lament is only for the severity of his punishment, not for the guilt of his crime or for the fate of his victim. Of his subsequent history little is known, but he "went out from the presence of the Lord" impenitent. "Cain's career," says one, "shews how an evil heart can spread its blight over the nature till it destroys the affections, deadens the sensibilities, and closes up every avenue to the generous sympathies and nobler impulses of the soul. Love for a brother may fade out and die before it; the tenderest tie may snap at its touch, and the sweetest affections turn into gall. Without Christ we carry within us a deadly foe to our happiness."

## "CHALK YOUR OWN DOOR."

His proper name was Jeremiah Marden; but he had not been in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Marden, and within six months he was known as Jerry Muddler. But why Muddler? Who gave him that name, and why was it given? The giver is unknown—for who ever knows the giver of nick-names?—but the reason for its being bestowed was that Jerry was always muddled with drink.

He was a very good shoemaker, but he stood no chance with George Stevens, a sober man, and so drifted into becoming our cobbler. Jerry's one idea was to get a job, and having done it, to invest the proceeds in drink at his favourite beer shop. "The Oram Arms." The consequence was that Jerry was seldom sober, and had he not possessed an iron constitution, two years of such a life must have killed him; but he dragged on, working to-day and idling to-morrow, and drinking whenever drink could be got, and finally he drifted into debt.

His score at "The Oram Arms" was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers; but Jerry ignored their existence—paying off a little now and then, and drinking more, each time increasing the army of debt against him, until one evening Mr. Richard Rewitt, the landlord of the aforesaid "Oram Arms," cried "halt."

"I can't go on any longer, Jerry," he said. "The last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight."

"Work is slack," murmured Jerry; "but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their soling and heeling done, and I shall be able to pay you off."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Rewitt; "but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them! Those chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt aghast at the long list against him. The inner door of the bar was a regular black-book, and he trembled before it.

Now when Jerry first came to the "Oram Arms" the landlord was very polite, and spoke as softly as you please to him. No spider courteously entreating a fly to enter into his parlour could have been more oily-tongued, or smiled a more persuasive smile—that is presuming that spiders do smile, which is just possible; but when Jerry got into the toils, and had been well confined in the web, mine host put on another face and tone.

"If you drink," he said, "you must expect to pay for it. My brewer would stand no nonsense from me, and I must have my money from you."

"Only one pint," pleaded Jerry.

"Not half-a-pint," replied the landlord. "Go home and work, and pay your debts like a man."

The entrance of a customer with ready money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a pace or two while the other was being served. When that was done, and the beer drunk and the stranger gone, Jerry made a final appeal.

"I've been a good customer to you, Mr. Rewitt," he said. "Almost every penny I've earned has come into your till. I've nigh lived on beer, if living it can be called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread."

"That's nothing to me," said the landlord.

"Let me have one pint."

"Have you the impudence to ask for it with that shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?"

Jerry did not reply, but he took a long and earnest look at the recording files, and drawing his hand across his dry mouth, hurried out of "The Oram Arms."

"Who is that you've been talking to, Richard?" inquired Mrs. Rewitt, entering the bar from a room behind.

"Jerry Muddler," was the reply. "I've stopped his drink until he pays up."

"Then he will go to 'The Green Goose' and get his drink there," said Mrs. Rewitt.

"They won't trust him a penny," returned her husband with a grin—"he's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. If he doesn't pay up I'll make him."

"There's nothing to be got out of that house," said Mrs. Rewitt, shaking her head. "I've heard that there's not a chair for them to sit down upon; and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy as she manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman; and as for the children, I've seen 'em look quite ravenous at the dinners coming from the bake-house."

"That's Jerry's look-out," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "If he can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."

The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar; but not, as they supposed, for drink.

"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?"

"I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it is pressing I will reckon it up."

"It is pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," returned the poor woman, who was indeed wan and pale, and almost justified the title of "skeleton," which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord, and left the house.

"I suppose she is thinking of making an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt, addressing his better half, "and I

hope she will; but I fancy it will be a little too much for her."

For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

"Will you please take that off the account, sir," she said, "and give me a receipt?"

This was done with a gracious smile, and Jerry's wife departed. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shillings was paid, and then harvest came on—truly a harvest to the agricultural labourer, as at that time he gathers in clothes, and whatever necessities his harvest money will enable him to procure. All the little tradesmen in the village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full-handed. But he did not come near "The Oram Arms" for drink.

On the third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a good customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another instalment of his account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought out his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound; but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quietly done—but the happy light in the woman's eyes as she took the receipt, spoke more than mere words or actions.

"I have been hasty with Jerry," said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry appearing; "he promised to pay at harvest time, and he did it; but I have offended him, and 'The Green Goose' has caught his custom."

"Go and see him," suggested his wife.

"I intend to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots; they want a patch on the side, and it will be an excuse for my dropping in upon him."

"That isn't too much of a job for him, seeing that you give George Stevens the best of the work," said Mrs. Rewitt.

"Stevens works better than Jerry," replied her husband; "you can always trust him to do his work when it is promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together."

"That's true; but I've got a pair of boots that want new fronts, and I can wait a week or two. Take them."

"I'll take both," said Richard Rewitt; "nothing like baiting your hook well while you are about it."

Armed for the reconquest of Jerry, the landlord set forth in the morning—that being a slack time when he could be easily spared from home. Outside were a couple of loafers with no money and no credit, who touched their hats to him. Mr. Rewitt favoured them with a nod of lofty indifference.

Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the village, standing back about fifty feet from the road; and although its inside poverty had been well-known, the outside, thanks to his wife, looked quite as well as its neighbours'. Therefore Mr. Rewitt was not in the least surprised to see it look bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.

As he approached the door, he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer upon the lapstone, and, to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry carolling a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the taproom as the song of the thrush is to the hoarse note of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of "The Oram Arms" peeped in.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said.

"Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt?" replied Jerry, looking up.

"Come in."

Jerry looked wondrous clean, and had even been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on. Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.

"You look very well, Jerry," he said at last.

"Never felt better in all my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."

"I've—I've got a bit of a cold," replied the other, "and I've been shut up with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we have not seen you?"

"Well—the fact is, sir," said Jerry, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin, "I've been busy working off your score."

"But it is done, man," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully; "the door is quite clean as far as you are concerned."

"I am glad of that."

"Others have got their share," said the landlord, facetiously; "but I think we could make room for you, if you look us up."

"No, thank you, sir," returned Jerry. "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalks on my own."

"Chalks on your own!"

"Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn round and look behind you. There's my door half full."

"It's a wise thing to keep account yourself," said the landlord, who hardly knew what to make of it; "for mistakes will happen; but—"

"No mistake can happen, sir," interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party that keeps that account."

"But who trusts you to do that?"

"Nobody—I trust myself," replied Jerry. "The marks that were on your door shewed what I did drink, and them marks on mine shew what I don't drink."

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.

"That night when you spoke to me about the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my waking," continued Jerry. "No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch drink no more, and I came home and told my wife so, and we both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens and asked him how I could go about signing the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done."

With his eyes wandering to and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door, the amazed landlord still remained silent. Jerry went on:

"My wife wanted to work herself to death to keep me," he said; "but I said 'No. You do what you can to keep the children until my debts are paid, and then I'll keep you and the children too.' So I went to work, paying right and left; and when all was paid off, I began to do what I ought to have done years ago—fed my wife and children. I had enough and to spare, and I would have spent some with you. And many's the time I've been tempted to come—and I'm tempted still; but when the feeling comes over me I has a drink of water or a cup of tea, puts two-pence into a box I've got on purpose, and scoops a chalk on the door. All of them chalks are so many temptations and so many twopences saved."

Mr. Rewitt was still unable to make any particular remark; but he murmured in a confused manner; "You've got a lot of 'em."

"Yes; there's a large family," replied Jerry, complacently, "and the more I looks at 'em the better I likes 'em. There's not much standing disgrace about that lot; credit if anything."

"Oh! yes—yes," returned the landlord; "but—dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your twopences."

"When I get six together I takes them off to the post-office," replied Jerry; "there's a bank there better than any till. Tills give nothing out, but banks like that returns you more than you put in. Until I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much you till swallowed up. You would not trust me for a pint; but I can have my money out of the bank whenever I want it."

"That's something," said Mr. Rewitt, tartly.

"It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to keep," replied Jerry. "The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it's a great thing to have something to fall back upon. It is better to be able to keep yourself than to go to the parish. There's another thing, too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed; mine go down after that's done; and I think my chalks are the better of the two. So I says to all, 'Chalk your own door.'"

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men—in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," he replied, "except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."

Mr. Richard Rewitt of "The Oram Arms" was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled by right of birth, viz., that of Marden, has not touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this. His door has been filled again and again with the score which he records in his own favour; and the beer he has not drunk is everywhere around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the savings-bank, and a goodly investment in a building society. *Verbum sat sapienti*, which being freely interpreted means, "A word to you my reader, is sufficient"—"Chalk your own door."—*The British Workman*.

#### HUFFY PEOPLE.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the faculty which some people have for taking offence where no offence is meant—taking "huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without—making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with, of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom and unsuspectingness; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffiness, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as a high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is, in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who has self-respect, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status, and happy private condition, is never apt to take offence. Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people, and sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good-humouredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon be made to find out your mistake, and not infrequently

the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong, because a thin-skinned, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed sullenly, according to his or her individual disposition, and the direction of the wind at the time.—*Household*.

#### A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear  
My daily weight of woman's care,  
If it were not for this:

That Jesus seemeth always near,  
Unseen, but whispering in my ear  
Some tender word of love and cheer,  
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares  
That no one knows and no one shares,  
Too small for me to tell—  
Things, e'en my husband cannot see,  
Nor his dear love uplift from me,  
Each hour's unnamed perplexity  
That mothers know so well:

The failure of some household scheme,  
The ending of some pleasant dream,  
Deep hidden in my breast;  
The weariness of children's noise,  
The yearning for that subtle poise  
That turneth duty into joys,  
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,  
Are known to Jesus, each and all,  
And this thought brings me peace.  
I do not need to say one word,  
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,  
And by divine caress my Lord  
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then upon His loving breast,  
My weary head is laid at rest,  
In speechless ecstasy!  
Until it seemeth all in vain  
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain  
Should hope to drive me forth again  
From such felicity!

#### WOMAN'S BOTTOM GRIEVANCE.

This is mine to start with—that when God puts two creatures into the world (I hope that people of advanced intelligence will forgive the old-fashioned phraseology, which perhaps is behind the age,) it was not that one should be the servant to the other, but because there was for each a certain evident and sufficient work to do. It is needless to inquire which work was the highest. Judgment has been universally given in favour of the man's work, which is that of the protector and food-producer—though even here one cannot but feel that there is something to be said on the weaker side, and that it is possible that the rearing of children might seem in the eyes of the Maker, who is supposed to feel a special interest in the human race, as noble an occupation, in its way, as the other. To keep the world rolling on, as it has been doing for all these centuries, there have been needful two creatures, two types of creatures, the one an impossibility without the other. And it is a curious thought, when we come to consider it, that the man, who is such a fine fellow and thinks so much of himself, would after all be a complete nonentity without the woman whom he has hustled about and driven into a corner ever since she began to be. Now, it seems to me that the first, the largest, and the most fundamental of all the grievances of woman, is this: that they never have, since the world began, got the credit of that share of the work of the world which has fallen naturally to them, and which they have, on the whole, faithfully performed through all vicissitudes. It will be seen that I am not referring to the professions, which are the trades of men, according to universal acknowledgement, but to that common and general women's work, which is, without any grudging, acknowledged to be their sphere.

And I think it is one of the most astonishing things in the world to see how entirely all the honour and credit of this, all the importance of it, all its real value, is taken from the doers of it. That her children "may rise up and call her blessed" is allowed by Holy Writ, and there are vague and general permissions of praise given to those who take the woman's part in the conflict. It is allowed to be said that she is a ministering angel, a consoler, an encouragement to the exertions of the man, and a rewarder of his toil. She is given within due limitations a good deal of praise; but very rarely any justice. I scarcely remember any writer who has ever ventured to say that the half of the work of the world is actually accomplished by women; and very few husbands who would be otherwise than greatly startled and amazed, if not indignant, if not derisive, at the suggestion of such an idea as that the work of their wives was equal to their own. And yet for my part I think it is.—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"ALL good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others we enjoy only so much as we can use and no more. The German proverb of the key—"If I rest I rust"—is applicable to the labour of the hand and the mind and to the misuse or abuse of the gifts of God to us. Indolence is impotence. Rest is rust."

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