

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Current Topics.

Memorial tablets have been placed on the London residences of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Robert Walpole, and Hogarth, the painter. The house in which Peter the Great lived, while in the British metropolis, has been similarly marked.

—There has been an extended discussion in England on the question whether the Revised Version can be legally read in the churches of the Establishment. The general opinion is that it cannot be so read. Two legal journals give long opinions to this effect.

—In the Italian Chamber of Deputies a bill concerning the right of suffrage on all who can read or write was defeated by a vote of 220 to 154, which is a decided triumph for the government. An amendment in favour of universal suffrage was rejected by a vote of 314 to 39, and one in favour of female suffrage received but a single vote.

—A prominent "up town" Roman Catholic church of New York City is encumbered with a massive mortgage. High masses were offered for those who should contribute to its removal, but so few responded, the priest was disgusted. This kind of bait fails to secure its prey as enlightened reason takes the place of blind credulity.

—The recent court-martial of the Russian Nihilists at Kieff has resulted in the death sentence of two persons and the banishment to Siberia of the remaining eight. The Czar is reported to be surrounded by soldiery at his palace at Gatchina and access to the royal presence is well-nigh impossible. The strictest discipline prevails and every person entering the palace is carefully searched.

It is now two months since Messrs. Moody and Sankey left the Pacific coast, yet the gospel-meetings and the noon-day prayer-meetings have kept up with unabated interest; the former every night except Saturday, and the latter every day except Sunday. For each service the Hall is well-filled, and nightly there are many men remaining as inquirers. A great work of grace has been in progress during these past eight weeks, and at the Monday night testimony meetings many testify to an acceptance of Christ.

—The Dukedom of Albany, recently conferred upon Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, is a title which was associated with the Royal House of Stuart. James II. was Duke of York and Albany, and the County of Albany in this state was so called in compliment to him. It is thought that the Queen is reserving the more celebrated and historic title of Duke of York for Prince George of Wales, younger son of the Prince of Wales.

—A plan for the construction of a grand system of underground railways in Paris has recently been performed. If the scheme is carried out, a subvention of \$20,000,000 will be furnished by the state, the department of the Seine, and the city of Paris. The central terminus would be in the garden of the Palais royal, at a depth of about twenty-four feet, and from that point three main lines would branch off, so

as to reach and intersect the chief railway stations and other great points of the city, and a subsidiary line would run on the south bank of the river.

—Dr. Ginsburg has drawn attention to a coin from Gaza, now in the British Museum, which has upon it the representation of the Phœnician Zeus, in a chariot of fire, with the word "Yahu" (Jehovah) written above it in Old Phœnician characters. The coin is in every way remarkable. It shows that in the Greek period the inhabitants of Gaza had borrowed the name and worship of the God of Israel and had identified him with the Canaanite Sun-god. We are reminded by the impression of Elijah's chariot of fire, as well as of the comparison of the LORD to a "consuming fire."

—When the two sons of the Prince of Wales had an interview with Cete-wayo, the ex-king, received them with great cordiality, remarking that they were "fine boys"; and, after calling their attention to the picture of the Queen, which hung up in his room, asked them, in a very feeling way, to convey a message to Her Majesty requesting her to tell him what offence he had committed, and desiring to be allowed to visit England.

The autograph testimonial album to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, in honor of her allowing no intoxicating liquors at the entertainment in the White House when her husband was President, presented by the women of Illinois, has been finished. The work consists of six large volumes of 650 pages each. All through the volumes are scattered India-ink drawings. The inscription reads: "From the ladies of Illinois, who have admired the courage Mrs. Hayes has displayed in the administration of the hospitalities of the Executive Mansion. God grant that the influence of this signal and benign example may be felt more and more as age follows age in the life of this great Republic!"

Miss Gordon Cumming, the sister of the man who was in the habit of bagging six or seven lions and an elephant or two every day, in South Africa, has written a book on the Fiji Islands. It is most interesting. As regards the cannibalism, that is all over; but, now and then, a lingering regret for the human fleshpots is shown; as where we are told how "a horrible old ex-cannibal crept close to Mr. Langham, and then as if he could not refrain, put out his hand and stroked him down the thigh, licking his lips and exclaiming with delight, 'Oh, but you are nice and fat.'" They always eat human flesh with a sort of tomato sauce. One chief had eaten forty-eight; but becoming a Christian, was compelled to change his diet. Miss Cumming says: "Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasping it, while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; or those who were bound hand and foot, and laid on the ground to act as rollers, when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony; a time when there was not the slightest security for

life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbours with fresh meat." Just think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now, you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer."

MR. RAIKES' LETTER.

The following is the letter of Robt. Raikes, to which allusion is made elsewhere. It was addressed to Rev. Wm. Llewellyn, Dissenting Minister.

My GOOD FRIEND, Most cordially do I acquit you of any neglect. Though your letters delight, comfort, and quicken me yet I see by the tremulous strokes of your pen that writing is a task, irksome, and tedious to you, know this that your correspondence is highly prized by me, yet I would not that you should sacrifice too much to my gratification. Therefore, write to me only when it is pleasant to yourself. I should not have delayed for so many weeks a reply to your last, but just as I received it a multiplicity of business came upon my hands that I had no leisure to reply to you. This evening I determined to devote an hour to my friend. I consider you not a common friend of this world, but one with whom I hope to pass a blissful eternity. Our relish for David's Psalms is exactly similar. I am never in so proper a frame as when I am reading or repeating passages from that heavenly composition. They are my chief comfort and consolation when any distress approaches. They furnish the language of thanksgiving when the heart rejoices. Transmit me your versification for perusal if you have made any progress. Whether you intend for publication or not, I should be happy to see the production of your pen. I have lately had a new flock of children come about me from a singular circumstance. I was showing my Sunday-school scholars a little time ago how possible it is for an invisible power to exist in bodies which shall act in other bodies without our being able to perceive in what manner they act. This I proved to them by the powers of the magnet. They see the magnet draw the needle without touching it. Thus, I tell them I wish to draw them to the paths of duty, and thus lead them to heaven and happiness, and as they saw the needle when it had touched the magnet then capable of drawing another needle, thus when they become good they would be made the instruments in the hands of God very probably of making other boys good. Upon this idea those children are now endeavouring to bring other children to meet me at the

church, and you would be diverted to see with what a group I am surrounded every morning at seven o'clock prayers at the Cathedral, especially upon Sunday morning, at which time I give books, or combs, or other encouragements. Sometimes they read to me a part of the Gospel for the day, which I explain in a manner suited and applied to their situations and comprehensions. They were reading that verse in St. Luke, the other morning, where our Saviour says, "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, The Kingdom of God is within you." Who can tell me, said I, what we are to understand by that expression, "The Kingdom of God is within you." They were all silent for some minutes, at last the boy who was reading said, "I believe it means when the Spirit of God is within our hearts." Don't you think this an encouragement to cultivate the lower orders of the people? I could recount numberless incidents of this nature that occur to me to render my scheme of botanizing in human nature pleasant and agreeable. But I have been already too tedious and prolix. I wish you lived near me. I should receive aid and new degrees of strength and animation from you. But alas! now nobody regards the design I work alone. It seems as if I had discovered a new country, where no other adventurer chooses to follow. But if you were here, I am sure I should not travel alone. Then at a distance remember I am often conversing with you, and therefore think of me if you cannot write; but above all, remember most fervently to pray for the vilest, feeblest, weakest of your fellow-creatures—for your friend.

(Signed) R. RAIKES.
Glor. Nov. 8, 1795.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick meets in Noel, N.S., Friday, July 8. Would the friends from a distance kindly attend to the following directions: Come to Truro on Thursday, July 7th, thence to Maitland by express (15 miles), where carriages will be waiting to bring all on their way to our homes. We hope to see a goodly number with us. We are looking for a blessing. Come to us, therefore, brethren, in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

N.B.—Please send your name to me at once.

J. W. COX.
Noel, June 15, 1881.

CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK.

We gather from a circular issued by the President of the Publishing Company that the Year Book will be ready about the end of August. The price at which it is offered (\$12 per 100, post free) is lower than any similar publication, and should place a copy in the hands of every church member through the Province; all should have an interest in the work of the Churches, and in the Year Book they have reports of the work of all our societies for the year. No time should be lost in ordering copies.

We see that the Company will also supply the admirable addresses delivered at the last two meetings of the Union by the respective chairmen, for \$3 per 100. Scatter these widely.

KINDLY SPEECH.

A gentle Dove denotes the Love,
And tongues of fire the Power,
That win the lost for heaven above,
And here with goodness dower

No words can tell how strong the spell
Of truth in kindly speech,
O'er hearts that wrath would but repel,
And love ne'er fails to reach

It kindles life, it quenches strife,
It maketh hate to cease,
And souls, with sinful sorrows rife,
It fills with holy peace.

Lord, I beseech, that I may teach
With love like thine to me;
And so, with wise and loving speech,
Bring many a heart to Thee.

THOMAS DAVIS.

BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

(Continued.)

There stood the quiet bottles, a very common-looking, every-day sort of sight, and nothing else was to be seen but the shelves that held them, and a cork-screw depending from a nail. My eyes glanced downward to the floor, and on it was certainly a broad red stain, but I knew its cause too well to be alarmed at it. I hastened to explain.

'If any one has told you a foolish tale about that red mark, uncle, I can only say that they have spoken untruly. Archibald told me all about it; he had the misfortune to break a bottle one day, and the port wine flew about, and upon the floor; Susan has not managed to scrub it away, that's all.'

'Pooh,' replied my uncle, shortly. 'Do you think I am speaking of a matter of wine-stains? It is blood-stains I see, not that sort of thing.' And he put his foot contemptuously upon it. 'Has it never struck you, Henrietta, why I never take wine or ale or spirits? Why such a closet as this is not to be seen in my house? You have been over it often enough to know that it is so.'

'Because you are a teetotaler,' I stammered, 'and'

'You are so odd and absurd in so many other ways, that it is no wonder you are odd in that. Is not that what you wished to say? I daresay it is. I know what you fine, well brought up young ladies think. A little wine is so nice, so perfectly proper, too, that only the bears and bores of society refuse it and talk against it. But have you no serious moments? Do you never look around you with open eyes? Have you never thought on all the evils and misery wine-drinking brings even in circles like your own? How it dulls the eyes, and reddens the nose, and enlarges the waist, and turns the lady, that should be the quintessence of all that is graceful and beautiful and good, into a coarse ill-mannered sloven and vixen, an embodiment of vice, without modesty and shame?'

'But,' I pleaded, 'you see things so strongly. Those are only the exceptions. Hundreds and thousands take wine without the least harm.'

'That I do not admit,' was his reply. 'But, supposing it were so, how many hundreds and thousands perish, in longer or shorter periods, through its seduction, and by one of the most terrible of deaths, the double death, soul and body perishing at once? And do you call hundreds and thousands exceptions? If so they are exceptions that do anything but prove the rule.'

His words were certainly very strong and decided. His lance had no mercy in it. But I was in some degree thrust proof, for I had years ago been supplied, by my father's aid, and that of many friends and acquaintance, with a tolerable armour of unbelief, and a spirit of opposition to whatever my strange un-

worldly uncle Edward might say or insist upon. As to the blood and the murder and the Bluebeard closet, I understood him now. They were but some of his usual exaggerations. When my uncle paints a picture he uses no middle tints, it is all bright lights and the heaviest of heavy shadows with him—an intense lightning and thunder sort of chiaro oscuro. One can but shrug one's shoulders eternally and pass on. I suppose he saw some of the outward tokens of this internal shoulder-lifting: at all events, he suspected it. He turned away from the closet, with a grieved air that, I will confess, cut me to the heart, for I would not willingly annoy him.

In a repenting mood I took him by the hand. 'You wish me well, dear uncle, I know, and, though we may have differences of opinion, we can always understand each other. I will ever love you and respect your opinion, as yours, though I may not be able to make it my own.'

'I do not wish you to respect an opinion only because it is mine,' was his answer, in a milder voice. 'I would much rather you would respect it, for the truth that is in it. My words or my opinions are of no moment unless truth dictates them. And when I tell you that those bottles contain the seven devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene, and that from that closet has proceeded suicide and murder, I tell you a simple unexaggerated truth though you do not believe me. You say you did not know Adeline Grant, your husband's first wife: I did, both before her marriage and since, and have now in my possession some words she wrote down that it will be well for you to read. Your husband, too, was not unknown to me in his younger days, though I daresay he has forgotten me, and when I give you this record of a past life, once so dear to him, it is from the best of motives, both for your and his welfare. Will you promise to read it?'

I promised: and he took from his pocket and gave to me a small roll of paper, containing a manuscript of not the cleanest description. As I opened it, I read on the outside, 'If Archibald marries again, let his second wife see this.—A. G.'

With trembling fingers I held the roll, a sudden fear possessed me, for it seemed to me that my fate was contained in it, and a certain unwillingness to peruse it took possession of me. I was happy now, why should I disturb my happiness by reading of past miseries? Archibald seemed to me the personification of a good husband, why should I needlessly remove the mask, if mask there were? And, besides, what might not these ill-written lines contain?

My uncle saw my hesitation and divined its cause. 'Do not be afraid,' he said, encouragingly: 'though I have called Archibald Grant a Bluebeard, he has been one very unintentionally, and there is nothing in that paper that will make your husband less dear to you. Though I have been hard in my speech to you, and of you, I think you love him, and when a woman loves, there are no faults and follies she will not forgive. Go, take it with you to your chamber, and read when I am gone, alone, and at your leisure.'

I have done as he said, and now the manuscript lies before me, its contents all revealed to me. I transcribe it here.

'10th of June, 18— Ten years ago to day was my wedding day. I was then twenty; I am now only thirty, yet the doctor tells me I must die, and I have seen trouble enough in this world to say, "Let me die, then, it is better so." And yet the hereafter! what will that be? Were it not for that awful hereafter, how gladly would I die.'

'Ten years ago I was young and healthy and beautiful. Now, I am old,

yes, old at thirty, and worn out—the prey of a disease that must soon be fatal; and, as for beauty, let any one look at me now, and say what beauty there is remaining about this pinched, sallow face, these sunken eyes, this drawn mouth? Only the grave-worm would think me beautiful.

'We were very happy the first year or two of our marriage; Archibald was kind and indulgent, too indulgent; all I did, and all I said, was right in his eyes and perfectly good; and long, long after I had ceased to be a sober, virtuous wife, he shut his eyes to my faults and sins, and would not believe in them. He honoured me as his true wife long after the real crown of honour had fallen from my head low down beneath my feet, and though he guarded me not from my besetting sin, nay, even ignorantly led me into it, I have nothing but words of love to bestow upon him.

'We kept much company, for my husband was inclined to hospitality, and I was fond of society. Indulged and flattered and admired, I thought of little but my own pleasure; and, when seated as hostess at a plentiful table, did not deny myself any luxury, either of meats or drinks. I had no desire to be abstemious, why should I? The taste of wine was pleasant to me, for at my father's house I had been brought up to like it, and with the rest of the family had partaken of it daily. There could be no harm in it therefore, for my father was a member of a Christian church, of regular habits, and would not have suffered his children to use what he considered injurious or tending to bad morals. With his example and my mother's before me, for at the paternal home no one believed in or practised abstinence, I thought I was but pursuing the good old track of safety and honour long after I had passed the boundary line of temperance. I had no misgivings, but went on in my ignorance with a little more, a very little more each day of the dangerous stimulant, till my husband one day laughingly drew my attention to the quantity I had taken at dinner. Blushing with mingled shame and anger, I referred to his own liberal draughts of whiskey, and asked him if he grudged me a paltry glass or two of wine.

'No, my dear, neither a glass or two nor a bottle or two, if you like; you shall never say I am stingy; besides, it makes you so charmingly rosy. Here's to your health, my love.' And he drank off the remainder of his tumbler of spirits with a smile on his lips. How easily he might have controlled me then: why did he not? He must have known the danger more than I did at that time, yet he put no arm out to save me, he even encouraged me to my ruin. But why do I blame him? He was walking the same path himself, and no doubt thought I should have the same power to keep clear of the precipice that he had so far always managed to preserve.

'In awhile, business called him to be much away from home, and he was generally absent the greater part of the day. This naturally brought less society of other kinds to the house. Indolent by nature, and accustomed to be amused and flattered, I needed some excitement to pass the weary hours, and found it in the gentle exhilaration of intoxicating drinks. When time lay heavy on my hands, I soon discovered that I could make it lighter by mixing it with wine. The leaden moments lost their character and took wings when married to alcohol. And now, a closet that was in the dining-room, and whose key was in my possession, and where my husband kept a little store of wine and spirits, became a snare to me. I could go to this closet quietly and take there a glass or two of wine or spirits without being seen by prying eyes, and, locking the door, could then go away with no tell-tale scent let abroad in din-

ing or drawing-room for Juliette, the parlour-maid, to discover.

'When my husband returned home in the evening, he always found me cheerful and merry, with cheeks flushed just a little, and eyes twinkling bright as diamonds, to use his own expression, and he did not suspect the dangerous ally I had called in to aid me in passing away the tedious hours of his absence. So I was encouraged to go on. My mother was the first to perceive the strong hold the love of intoxicating drinks was getting upon me, and, with careful, motherly love, pointed out to me my danger, and besought me to greater temperance. I promised her, with some tears of shame, to refrain from excess for the future, but her own example of two glasses a day overcame the transitory effect of her precepts, for when with her I had taken a little, I knew not how to restrain the morbid craving that little aroused in me for more, and no sooner was she gone than my feet hastened almost mechanically to the too convenient closet. There I drowned my sense of shame, and the memory of her fears and admonitions, very speedily and effectually in so small a vessel as a wine glass.

'If my husband had but kept the key of the closet himself, all the misery that ensued might have been prevented. Or, much better still, if he had had no such closet; and wine and brandy and spirits had been exiled from the house for evermore,—ah, how different might all have been! Once or twice I have been inclined to give up to him the fatal key, tell him of my temptation, and beg him to remove me far away from the fearful snare; but my courage always failed, or rather, my evil appetite was become too powerful for my conscience to control. And so the days went on, and, as on a fast flowing river, I was borne swiftly and surely to destruction.

'In awhile a constant craving sickness pursued me. Too well I knew its cause. Low spirits, hysterics, nervousness, these were the names it went by, but the true name was drink-fever, that consumed the vital energies, while deceitfully it appeared to feed their flame, and kept me ever swinging backwards and forwards between 'the opposite poles of undue excitement, and extreme prostration.' Why do I write all this down? It is intense misery to me to go over again the memory of my downfall, and in some sort I do it as a penance. Much more, however, is it in the hope that by so doing the remaining oil of my life-lamp may show to others, if never so feebly, the dark and slimy steps by which I slipped down to bodily death and spiritual loss, and so they may be warned in time. We had still occasional visitors at our house, though my husband's business engagements, and my own ill-health, and growing indifference to fresh faces, made it a much quieter place than in former years. Among the rest was a neighbor, Colonel Baynes. Accomplished, handsome, a perfect gentleman, in the world's meaning of the term, he made himself especially pleasant, and soon especially dangerous to me. I was still what was called beautiful, and he, a libertine at heart, praised the beauty he deliberately intended to destroy. But had I not first given way to the seduction of wine, his seductions would have passed me by harmless. Do you ask me if I loved him? Ask the fly if she loves the spider when he lures her to his web! No, I had no love for him. But I was charmed by him, fascinated with him, though at times a strange horror seized me when in his presence, and an intense loathing, the last struggles of my higher nature. And, even now, it appears to me so strange that I should have ever cared for one look he gave me, or have listened for a moment to his polite accents and impure talk, that I can only account for it by believing that at that time I could never have been really and truly sober.

I do not believe Archibald knew the Colonel's character when he welcomed him as his guest. Perhaps, also, his better judgment was made dull and obscure by the stimulants he took daily—certainly, he left me much in his society and I fell.

Remorse seized me, as it always does the wrong-doer. In vain I tried to excuse my sin by remembering the time of its occurrence, a time when I was quite incapable of knowing right from wrong, through the drink my artful seducer had induced me to take, knowing, well as he did, my weakness. In vain I strove to forget my shame in intoxication. I was maddened by my own self-approaches. Sleep left me, or terrible dreams pursued me if I slept. I became reckless and careless of my life. My eyes were bloodshot, my flesh wasted away, an inward fever alone kept me up for awhile, and still I drank ever more and more to forget my misery.

At length I became seriously ill, my complaint, I believe, was called brain fever. I was delirious, outrageous, and endeavoured once or twice to end my miserable life. And now all was revealed to Archibald. My frenzy of intoxication, my wild unguarded words, the confessions of Juliette, who had long known more than she dared reveal, all enlightened him. He was inexpressibly shocked; he had loved, idolized, trusted me, and till this last month, when my wild manner and feverish craving for intoxicants had puzzled him, had suspected nothing. What was I now to him?

When I became sane, and saw his pale face and averted brow, I besought him to kill me, to let me die. I even pulled the bandages from my arm, where I had been bled, and prayed that I might be left to die thus, in my own guilty blood. And when not allowed to perish, I cursed the whole world, and my father and my mother, for having let me see the light, and more than all for having taught me the lust for wine. Ah, those were horrible moments. Yet the dreary secret was out that I had so carefully kept, the suspense was over that had been sapping the foundations of my life, and I could not, at all events, fall more deeply. So I thought.

With wonderful forbearance, Archibald forgave me, on my solemn promise that I would never again see or hear from the Colonel, and that I would never more touch wine or spirits. Gladly and eagerly I accepted both, and for awhile I kept both. The first was made easy to me. The Colonel was only too glad to leave the neighbourhood. He went abroad to India soon afterwards, and died of jungle fever. He and I never met again.

But the closet remained. My husband still drank his usual wine and whiskey, and his guests were still invited to partake of alcohol, and though now I passed much of my time in my own rooms, the scent of these insidious tempters reached me, and my promise fell before them.

Juliette had been dismissed, and in her place was a woman of mature age, who was to be at once lady's maid and guardian. It was my own desire it should be so, and yet, once having outwitted her, and tasted of drink, I lived for the future only to do the same again and again. Again and again I visited the closet, at midnight when she slept, at early morning, at twilight. I lied and robbed. I sold my wedding jewels, and stores of clothes, to obtain the coveted drink. There was at last no sin I was not willing to commit for it—there were few sins I did not commit. And now, in this lone house by the sea-shore, where I am dying of quickest consumption, I have a few hours of sober time to call my own, when I may look back with a shudder at the past, and give a hopeless stare into the future, the eternity, that beckons me. Through drink I am become a creature of ignominy and shame, spotted all over with sin, loathsome within

and without, without the love of a husband, the respect of friends; unlamented, unwept, I must go to the grave, a suicide in every deed. Let no holy words be said over my corpse, for I have not deserved them. Only let me die let me pass away. But, though dead, I would still speak, and tell my tale to the tempted. And should another wife sit beside the hearth where I sat so long as mistress, and writhed so long as slave, let me utter a warning word to her. To my husband I cannot speak. I have wronged him too much, but to her, all unknown as she is, I may say, beware of my temptation. *Lock up the fatal closet* where was shed my soul's blood, where I poured into my throat the sweet, seductive draught of hell. And touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. When tempted to take only a little, remember my fate. I began with a little, I thought it would never be more, and yet here I am. * * *

There were words missing, there were words misspelled, blots were on the paper, and many marks of tears on the apparently unfinished manuscript, yet I made it all out, as here I have written it, and underneath the last scratches of the trembling hand that is no more, I write, profoundly affected, "I am warned, and I obey, H. G." and "I intend when my husband comes home to get his signature underneath mine, and "Bluebeard's Closet" shall be a memory only.

My uncle adds, "Would that in all England I could believe there was no other wife-killer than the old cerulean-barbed Turk, and that "Bluebeard's Closet" was only to be found in the nursery tale. But alas! poor Adeline Grant is not the only one that has met her death by closet-tipping. An old schoolfellow of my father's, who told him her tale of woe in after-life, said, "Ah, sir, I have supped sorrow by spoonfuls." How many have supped death by glassfuls? When will the world be wiser?"

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, July 11

The Coming Deliverer, Ex. ii: 5-15.

GOLDEN TEXT. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Heb. xi. 24. Commit, vs. 9, 10.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

The cruelty of the Egyptians toward the Hebrews, which constituted a portion of our last lesson, culminated in an order that all their male children should be destroyed at birth. This is, probably, not to be understood of the entire Hebrew nation, but rather of the more prominent and influential families in and around the capital and chief cities. But this failing, another order was given—probably in this case to the captains and chief officers—to see to it that the male children were cast into the river.

We cannot suppose that in either case the king's orders were universal in respect to the Israelites; for that would have meant the extermination of the race in a short time. This plan seems also to have failed in a short time, there being no reason to suppose that any were sacrificed after the adoption of Moses by the king's daughter.

The history of Moses' birth, his being hidden in the bulrush ark among the flags by the river near the place where the princess was accustomed to bathe, the stationing of his sister to watch what would be done with him, was given in the opening portion of this chapter.

LESSON NOTES.

(5.) *The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself.* That the bathing of ladies in the Nile was frequent, is proved by the representations found on some of the ancient monuments of Egypt; and as the Nile was held in great reverence, bathing in its waters was an act of religious devotion. That part of the river which flowed near the temple was, we are told, esteemed peculiarly sacred and fenced off, to protect those who resorted to it from the attacks of crocodiles. It was probably in one of these comparatively secure places

that Moses was left; and, doubtless, too, with the knowledge, on the part of the mother, of the princess's custom to resort thither for the purpose of religious washings. *Her maidens* (while the princess was otherwise engaged) *walked along the river bank.* And when she (the princess) saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid (her one special attendant) to bring it.

(6.) *And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and behold the babe wept, and she had compassion on him, and said, this is one of the Hebrews' children.* One of the death-doomed little ones. No wonder her woman's heart was stirred with pity for the innocent babe! This story is too naturally and artlessly told to require or admit of comment.

(7.) *Then said his sister.* This, doubtless, was Miriam, mentioned later in the history. She had been stationed by her mother to watch, and had, undoubtedly, been instructed to hasten forward as soon as she saw the child was noticed, and ask—*shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?* All this had been carefully planned by the mother, and seems the work simply of her human wisdom; but in it all her mind and thought were guided by the Spirit of God: and it was because He would have it so that the heart of this heathen woman was disposed not only to pity, but to love and cherish the little babe, and adopt him as her own; thus putting him in a position to be trained for the highest distinction ever before or since enjoyed by man.

(8, 9.) *And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, go, and she went, and called the child's mother.* And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages. Thus the mother's plan had succeeded as God would have it, the child was not only rescued from destruction, but in effect adopted into the royal family of Egypt; and to the mother was afforded the most desirable privilege of not only caring for her boy, but of training him up in the knowledge of God and of His promises to Israel.

(10.) *And he became her son.* At what age Moses became permanently one of the royal household, we know not; it is probable, however, that it was not until he had been thoroughly taught in the Hebrew religion. Subsequently, he would, doubtless, have frequent opportunities to visit his nurse (mother), who would be constantly keeping him in mind of the truths she had already taught him; and, perhaps impressing upon him the importance of using his high station and great opportunities for learning in preparing himself for future usefulness towards his own nation.

(11, 12.) *And it came to pass when Moses was grown—not only in age and in stature, but in learning, and renown* (see Acts vii. 23, also Josephus' Antiquities b. 2, ch. 10, *that he went out unto his brethren.* It would seem from Heb. ix. 24-26, that Moses, previous to this time, had formally renounced his dignities and prospects as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and resolved to cast in his lot with his own nation. It is likely that he had already received some intimation of God's purpose in regard to himself, (Acts vii. 25,) but without waiting for any assurance that God's time to deliver Israel had arrived, interfered in their behalf, supposing that his brethren would have understood that God by his hand would deliver them. This supposing was a great mistake on Moses' part; subsequently he waited till he knew God's will; and even then went forward timidly and with great hesitation (ch. iv. 1-12. *And he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew—one of his brethren.* And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. Attempts have not been wanting to justify this act of Moses, but as the scriptures neither justify nor condemn it we can only judge of it by the principles of morality as they were then revealed and understood and by the light of its results. That he made a mistake is clear from Acts vii. 25. That his act was rash and ill advised, if not, indeed, sinful, is evident from what followed—he had to flee from Egypt, and remained a fugitive in the land of Midian for forty years.

(13-14.) *Two men of the Hebrews strove together.* Acting still upon the supposition that he would be recognized by his brethren as their deliverer, Moses interfered between the combatants, but met an unexpected rebuff—*who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me as thou killedst the Egyptian?* And Moses feared, &c. He saw that his deed of the

previous day was known; he knew that, in all human probability, his life would pay the forfeit, since even his own people whom in his warm-hearted zeal, he had sought to serve, were ready to turn against him; he had virtually raised the standard of rebellion, but no one was ready to rally to his support; and he fled from the face of Pharaoh, v. 15. This act of Moses is called (Heb. xi. 27) an act of faith, and we are there told that he took Egypt not fearing the wrath of the king. This seeming discrepancy is easily removed. His faith rose superior to his disappointed hopes and the difficulties that for the time had baffled him. While he feared the wrath of the king for himself, and fled accordingly, he did not fear the wrath of the king should ultimately defeat God's purpose in regard to Israel. He had faith, notwithstanding his own disappointment and discomfiture, that God was stronger than Pharaoh, and would fulfil all His promises. He ceased to look upon himself as essential to the deliverance of Israel, and fled in faith that God would, in His own time, defeat the wrath of the king by setting His people free. Moses was a warrior, and probably supposed that it was by the sword they were to conquer their oppressors. God was to teach him that it was not by the sword of man, but by His own arm that deliverance was to be achieved. Neither Moses nor Israel was at this time ready—forty long years were still needed to make them so.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Moses made the common mistake of ardent and zealous souls, of supposing himself essential to God's work, and God set him aside for forty years. This setting aside was just what was needful to the maturing of his faith and the developing his humility. Self-confidence gave place to confidence in God and thus faith achieved in him a signal triumph. God casts His people down from self-confidence, that He may lift up into the confidence of faith. Humility is the soil in which faith flourishes best. Forty years of prosperity had not fitted Moses for his work—forty years of adversity must needs be added before his preparation was complete.

QUESTION SUMMARY.

5.) What river is meant here? Who came down to the river? For what purpose? What did she see among the flags? Had any one put it there? What was in it? Can you describe this ark? Why did the mother put her baby in it? Did she expect God would take care of her baby? What would you say she had then? (6.) What happened when the lady opened the ark? What did she say? What is meant by *had compassion*? (7.) Who came up just at this moment? What did the little girl say? What was her name? (See note.) Do you think her mother had told her what to say? (8.) Did the princess give her leave to call a nurse for the baby? Whom did she call? (9.) What did the princess say to her? Was that just what the mother wanted her to say? (10.) What did the princess name him? Why? Did she adopt him? What do you mean by *adopt*? (11, 12.) What did Moses do when he grew to be a man? Had he made up his mind not to be the princess's son any longer? (See Heb. xi. 24.) Why did he kill the Egyptian? (13.) What did he see when he went out the next day? What did he say to them? (14.) Were the Hebrews pleased with Moses trying to get them to stop quarrelling? What did they say? How did Moses feel? What mistake had Moses made? The mistake of supposing that the people would accept him then as their deliverer. Why did they not? Because God's time had not come. Moses wanted to get the people free in his own way, but God made him wait until He should show him His way? Is God's way always better than ours.

FEAR OF CONSCIENCE. In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself—another is but one witness against thee, thou art a thousand, another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

A CHRISTIAN.—A Christian should look upon himself as something sacred and devoted, so that what involves but an ordinary degree of criminality in others, in him partakes of the nature of sacrilege; what is a breach of trust in others, is in him the profanation of a temple.

The Canadian Independent

Is published every Thursday, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States, or delivered free in the City of Toronto, for

One Dollar per Year.

Remittances to be addressed to THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 248, P.O. Toronto. All communications for the Editorial, News of Churches and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 248, P.O. Toronto.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1881

NOTICE!

Subscribers will take notice that all payments for the INDEPENDENT, whether for arrears or for current volume, must in future be made to Mr. W. Revell, Box 248, Toronto P. O.

We would call the attention of our readers to their labels. All whose subscriptions expired Jan., '81, or earlier, are now due another year. Will they please remit.

We want as many items of news of the churches as possible, but will our correspondents be brief; our space is limited, and we dislike to cut down.

THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. CONVENTION

The Third International Sunday-School Convention took place last week in Toronto, and whether we have regard to the attendance of delegates and visitors, the interest manifested by the citizens, as evinced by the very large gatherings at all the meetings, or the perfection of the arrangements and harmony of the whole, it was the most successful yet. We cannot give the history of these Conventions, more than to note that they grew out of the National Conventions held by the workers in the States. The growing identity of the work in Canada, the frequent visits of the best American S. S. men to take part in our Conventions and Institutes, together with the attendance of our workers at their gatherings, prepared the way for the acceptance of a resolution in 1872, that the next of these Conventions be "International;" accordingly the first International Convention was held at Baltimore, in 1875; and the second at Atlanta, in 1878. At that Convention, the Canadian delegates (notably Dr. Potts, whose absence this year has been a source of much regret) made such a marked impression upon the meetings, and so much good feeling was aroused on both sides, that the invitation to hold

THE 1881 MEETING IN TORONTO, was accepted most enthusiastically. And so in the rapid course of years it came to pass that Toronto has been honoured by the reception of a portion of that noble band of men and women that constitute the great army of S. S. workers. A mere list of delegates would say little, but we may note a few of the more prominent names: Governor Colquitt, of Georgia; Dr. Vincent, B. F. Jacobs and his brother; Dr. Meredith, of Boston; Mr. Clarke, the Editor of the *S. S. Times*; Mr. Hazard, the Editor of the *National S. S. Teacher*; Father Chidlaw, Rev. F. H. Marling, Rev. Mr. Schaffner, Mr. W. Reynolds, of Peoria, with one delegate only from England, but one who well represented and well sustained the honour of the mother country.—Mr. Belsey, of Rochester.

It would be impossible to give in the limited space at our command, even a summary of

THE THREE DAYS' MEETINGS:

but we may note a few things about them. That they were *enthusiastic* will go for the saying; there was no lack of warmth and fire, strange indeed would it have been otherwise, looking at the past, and looking at the circumstances under which they met quoting from the speech of Dr. Dochester:

"First, there was the progress of Sunday-schools during the last 100 years. In the British Isles in the year 1810 there were 300,000 scholars, 1830, 1,019,696, and in 1880 this number had increased to 4,615,453. In the United States and Canada there were in 1830 570,000 Sunday-school scholars, the figures for 1880 being 6,949,454. Including 100,000 in the rest of the world there was a grand total of 12,680,267 Sunday-school scholars in 1880."

A grand fact this, dead indeed must the man be whose soul would not be kindled on hearing it; and now, with the removal of prejudice, more knowledge, better appliances, and we trust a consecrated army of workers, what may not be expected?

Further, they were *practical*. While not entirely absent, we suppose *that* is impossible, there was far less than we have heard at such meetings of mutual admiration, of spread-eagles, and whatever is the kindred appellation on this side of the line, and an ignoring of other agencies for the same blessed result. The speeches were largely practical, went straight home to the questions, What do we want to do? and what is the best way to do it? As a result we are sure that all the workers present will return to their work with more practical ideas in, we trust, more fully consecrated minds.

They were marked by *increasing interest* from the first hour of the opening. We were surprised to see so many visitors filling the spacious gallery of the Horticultural Gardens, Pavilion at the first session of the Convention, and the interest grew hour by hour. The first evening, hundreds, some who were outside said from three to four thousand, went away unable to obtain admission. The second night the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, holding two thousand, was opened for an overflow, and numbers we are told passed from one place to the other unable to get into either. On the third night the Sherbourne St. Methodist Church was opened in addition, and while the audiences in the other two places were undiminished, a large number gathered there. The interest resembled more what we know about the Moody and Sankey meetings than anything in later times.

They were marked by a *spirit of devotion* and reliance upon God. Throughout there was an evidently felt as expressed, consciousness that without the help of God all would be in vain. The prayers offered were pointed and earnest, the reference to this fact were frequent, while the chairman, Mr S. H. Blake, strove to impress it again and again, on the mind of all present.

And now, *in bono*? What will the result be? Will it all pass away like a brilliant display of fireworks, and only leave rocket-sticks and burnt cases behind? We trust not. We think not; on the contrary, we verily believe that these delegates

will return to their respective spheres of labour with a new consecration and a fresh devotion, and that in circles hundreds, thousands it may be, of miles away, the influence of these meetings will be felt, and that by the blessing of God upon them fresh harvests of full-eared corn will be gathered to His glory.

One of the most striking incidents of the Convention was the appearance on the same platform speaking one after the other, of Rev. W. B. Arnett, of Wilberforce, Ohio, formerly a slave, and Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, formerly a slaveholder, that was on the afternoon of Friday, in the evening at the farewell meeting Mr. Arnett was called again to the platform. We abridge from a newspaper report its very condensed report of the evening speech:

"Rev. W. B. Arnett, of Wilberforce, Ohio, was called to the platform by the President, and on his way up was greeted with a perfect ovation. He then delivered the following address, undoubtedly the most eloquent and one of the most earnest utterances delivered in the Convention. He said—This is one of the occasions of my life when language is inadequate to express the sentiments of my heart. I do not take this as a personal reception but only that in the Providence of God I this moment represent a great principle which is dear to every Christian, and dear to every Sunday-school worker—the broad principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. As I came forward to this stand my eye touched your beautiful motto, 'We be brethren.' What does that mean to me to-night? 'We be brethren' in all that appertains to the responsibilities of that brotherhood of man. We are one in origin, equal in responsibility, and we are one in destiny. To you and to me is given the great problem of working out human life, and I, with you, must make the best of this life. Behind me I represent to-night six millions of men, women, and children, who but yesterday were in the night of their bondage, and to-night there yet lingers the mountain-top shadows of the darkness of that bondage; but before me, in this great audience, I see the morning sun of the glorious day of liberty to my race, (Cheers.) and, Sir, revealing to me the duties I owe to myself, my family, my country, and my God. Now, I ask you in God's name, to assist us in the mighty work before us. Six million heads to be trained to think—to know and to see God in nature. Six million hearts to be trained to love God and to love his fellow-man. Six million pairs of hands to be taught to work for humanity, and to help to lift up and save a fallen race. (Applause.) Pray that God will give us not merely intellectual power or culture, but the spirit of our Master, that we may do our duty here, and that you and I, having fought the great battle of life, and having conquered, may assist in singing that grand song, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let Angels prostrate fall.'"

There was one drawback, and only one so far as we know, and that one not a drawback to all—it was the coldness of the weather, the thermometer down to the forties in the morning and not rising very high in the shade all day sojourned our Southern visitors, of whom there was a large attendance, more than seventy from the State of Georgia alone. A delegate from South Carolina complained to us very much of the weather, these friends did not expect it and were not prepared.

Some of them had as a result to invest in warmer clothing. But it was a great comfort in the crowded meetings, the heat was quite sufficient there.

Notwithstanding, we think that the great bulk of them will carry away very pleasant remembrances of Toronto. The city, the people, the buildings, the place of meeting, and, above all, the hearty welcome and hospitality they had received were constant themes of talk among them, and which occasionally found utterance on the platform. We are sure that many of them will carry away such a pleasant report of Toronto that other visitors from their localities will find their way here. One of the delegates was so struck with the ruddy, healthy appearance of the people, in contrast, we suppose, to what he was accustomed to see, that he said the people appeared as if they "lived on new wine!"

The selection of Mr. ex-Vice-Chancellor Blake as President was a happy one, he presided over the meetings in an admirable manner on the whole, and though, perhaps, a little inclined to be impatient with the audience at times, he succeeded in making it pleasant for the speakers and for those who did want to hear.

Not the least interesting incident of the meeting was the reading by Dr. Vincent of a letter, never published, from Robert Raikes to a friend, which places that good man on a yet higher pedestal of admiration and reverence from its tone of humility and sincere piety. If we can find space we will publish it this week, if not, next week.

After the Centenary Meetings in London, last year, we had occasion to make some animadversions on Dr. Vincent in consequence of his speech at the Guildhall. We are glad to give unqualified praise to all his utterances at this Convention. His speeches have been terse, compact, full of sound, practical teaching, and, what we would more especially note, free from the disfigurements of nonsense and bad taste, which too often is manifest in them. Humour is one thing, foolery and offensiveness quite distinct. We heard him this time with great pleasure, and would have heard him more frequently.

To whomsoever is due the credit of suggesting the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens as a place of meeting, the thought was a happy one. The building is the largest in the city, the surroundings are very pleasant, and not a little of the success was due, we apprehend, to the place.

We must not omit to notice the hospitality of Col. Gzowski, at whose invitation the delegates with the ministers and Sunday-school superintendents of the city, assembled to a garden party, on Thursday afternoon. From 700 to 800 were present we believe. We can testify that they looked exceedingly happy, and that the strawberries and ice cream disappeared at a marvellous rate.

A QUESTION.

A congregation in the Presbyterian Church of Canada was, by a numerical majority, desirous of using in public worship not only the Psalms, but some so-called paraphrases. We say so-called, for the name was given merely to meet a prejudice, hymns they really are. The minister was conscientiously opposed to an "uninspired psalmody." At a business meeting of the congregation a motion was submitted to the effect that these paraphrases should find, as in other congregations, a place in the public service of praise. The minister refused to put the motion, on the ground that the ordering of the public worship is in the hands of the Session of Elders of which the minister is chairman. Presbyterially, the minister was undoubtedly in the right, the wisdom of his course may be questioned, especially as eventually he was forced to yield, the Session finding the congregational pressure too strong to be resisted, and therefore ordering the use of these objectionable paraphrases in the service along with the Psalms in the metrical version. The circumstance, however, is instructive, as illustrating the difference between the system of Presbytery and our Congregationalism. The Presbyterian congregation (congregationally the Church), having once elected its eldership, hands thereby over to them the ruling power which then remains with them perpetually. Can the Church lawfully delegate its *potestas* derived from Christ, in perpetuity to a selected few? We can readily understand how a committee or diaconate in special cases may be more safely entrusted with the ordering of some delicate matter, e. g., a special case of discipline, than the entire body of Church members, where youth and age, wise and unwise, all are gathered, but must not the Church first give that delegated power, and also ratify its exercise. And because single cases may then be wisely dealt with, can the Church quietly hand over in entail the entire oversight and authority on matters of doctrine order and discipline? The answer to this question virtually decides between us and our thoroughly Presbyterian brethren, we holding that no Church has a right to hand over its *potestas* or authority to any select body of men any more than that a father has a right to delegate his trust to another man regarding his child.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

The name of Lord Shaftesbury is a household word in Christian homes, a few words regarding that nobleman may be well permitted. By reason of strength his years have reached four-score, and in the Guildhall of London, on the 28th of April last, Cabinet ministers, ministers of the Gospel, working men and charity children gathered to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of his birth. The veteran of social reform may be pardoned for viewing that as the proudest moment of his life. The children of to-day have little conception of the child slavery many of us who have not lived more than half the years of the Earl of Shaftesbury witnessed in early life. The "Victorian Age" has witnessed, say

what we will, marvellous changes for the better, and the uneasy restlessness of society to-day is, after all, but the wild impatience of youth conscious of growing powers, awaiting the experience of years to guide. Lord Shaftesbury has done much to guide, his life work may be said to have begun with the passage of the Reform Bill, 1832. Whilst the Whig leaders were engaged in the political emancipation of the people, Earl Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, commenced to work for their social emancipation. The condition of the operatives in the factories, and of the miners in the coal pits, then really beggars description. The horrors of the middle passage, of African slavery, were equalled in the degradation of the working classes, women and children, of those days. The Southern slaveholder could truthfully retort to English remonstrance, "look at your own white slaves." The Factory Acts of 1833-47, carried in the face of bitter opposition, the early closing movement, sanitary reform in its first struggle, all bear testimony to the untiring energy of the indefatigable nobleman; and of the ragged school movement, ever in London to be associated with his name, the statement has been made that in London alone 300,000 poor children of both sexes have been already rescued from the criminal ranks of society and made loyal useful citizens. Lord Shaftesbury is not a Liberal either in theology or politics, his votes in the Lords are on the Conservative side; there have been occasions on which he has manifested in ecclesiastical matters something akin to intolerant narrowness, at least as we would view it; yet must he occupy, as one of his true admirers has expressed it, the proud pre-eminence of those over whose grave will hover "the blessings of the poor and of him who is ready to perish."

Though past eighty, his eye is still undimmed, and mental fire unabated.

Lord Shaftesbury presided at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, May 4th, from which, during the past year 2,846,029 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been issued. Receipts \$1,047,595.

Also at the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade on the part of the British Government, May 10th, \$7,500 have been spent last year in educating the people upon this most iniquitous traffic which is really a sacrifice of right at the shrine of Mammon.

The London Missionary Society held its Eighty-seventh Anniversary in Exeter Hall, May 12th, the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair. We shall take notice of some items therein next week. The work is continually opening up and fresh consecration of substance is urgently needed on the part of the Christian world.

Are we to have an auxiliary to the London Missionary Society? or shall our interest be divided with the American Board of Commissioners for F. M.? Will our correspondents reply?

News of the Churches.

STOUFFVILLE. On Tuesday 7th inst the Rev. A. E. Kinmonth, late of Brantford, was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church, Stouffville. There were present, Revs. H. D. Powis, Toronto; E. Ebbs, Unionville; E. D. Silcox, Embro, the former pastor of the same church; Percy, Tapscott, and Flint. The preliminary meeting of the ministers and representatives of the church was held for the purpose of examining credentials and ascertaining doctrinal views of pastor elect. Rev. E. Ebbs was appointed chairman. At the close of the examination, which was entirely satisfactory, the meeting adjourned till 2:30 p. m. when the public service of installation was proceeded with. Rev. E. Ebbs preached from the ninth Chap. Luke and the 65th verse "Let the dead bury their dead but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God." The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. H. D. Powis, after which the installing prayer was offered by the Rev. E. D. Silcox, followed by the address of welcome and right hand of fellowship on behalf of Central association by Rev. E. Ebbs. The Rev. Mr. Silcox then gave an address to the congregation, urging on them the importance of sustaining their pastor with their prayers, means, counsel, co-operation, sympathy and love. After the benediction by the pastor the congregation adjourned to the school-room, where a splendid repast was furnished by the ladies of the Church. This ended, the congregation gathered into the audience room of the church, when addresses were delivered by the following clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Percy, of the Christian Church, Moore, Baptist; Flint, Methodist, Ebbs, and E. D. Silcox. At the conclusion of Mr. Ebbs' address Rev. E. D. Silcox took the chair, and the new pastor presented his doctrinal views, dwelling in an interesting manner on the power of faith, the importance of a declaration of faith, uttered not alone by the lips, but by the daily life. At the close of Mr. Kinmonth's address, the Rev. Mr. Tapscott delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the sister churches of the village. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing and the pronouncing of the benediction. One of the pleasing features of the service was the hearty singing by the Sabbath school, and the tasteful floral decorations, which contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the occasion. *Stouffville Advertiser*.

Correspondence.

ARTICLE TO LAYMAN.

To the Editors of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR, Would you be kind enough to permit a word of reply to Layman in your last issue? I wish to relieve his fears for the ark of God, by assuring him that I and the brethren who voted with me in the Union, on the occasion alluded to, are sound in the faith and free from all tricks and vain novelty; in preaching the gospel. I am not so sure however about "Layman." It is said that the most pernicious heresy of the age is the want of charity. If this is true, I am afraid that Layman was hardly "in the Spirit" when he penned these lines:—

"Are the men who think it necessary or desirable to resort to *outré* methods to draw the crowds, *certain*, that they themselves are in their *proper sphere* as ministers of the gospel."

This spirit of unchristian judging and base suspicion has done more to disrupt fellowship, retard the Kingdom, and make infidels, than all the extravagant methods that have been employed in preaching, since the days of Peter the Hermit.

Layman refers to apostolic methods, and nails his views with Scripture. Well, it to be sensational means to produce a profound impression on the mind, and greatly excite the feelings, then the Great Teacher did such things, and "the people were astonished at His doctrine, for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the Scribes," and Nicodemus said, "Never man spake like this man."

Peter preached, and "the multitude were pricked in their hearts," and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Paul and Barnabas had the power of attracting crowds to hear. At Lystra, they must have been uncommonly sensational, when the Priests of Jupiter and the people cried out, "the God's have come down to us in the likeness of men;" and they were scarcely restrained from offering sacrifices to them.

But Layman asks three distinct questions, and I answer for myself, those who are classed with me are well able to speak for themselves. Am I certain that I am in my proper sphere as a minister of the gospel? I answer, yes, after a period of 35 years' service, I have a full assurance, a certainty, that amounts to a woe is me if I preach not the gospel. I have answered thus frankly, though I think the question a great importance.

2. Layman asks Has the gospel ceased to be the power of God? I answer, no. It has all its ancient energy and life giving influence; but the *preaching* of it is not always inspiring and effective.

3. Has the story of the Cross become less attractive? No, but often spoiled in telling.

In conclusion, I could wish that Layman were not so sensational and "hifalutin" in his style. It is difficult for simple country people to understand such phrases as "the gospel an *effete* thing," "*outré* methods," "days of drifting," and "entangling alliances." Surely Layman should be a preacher, indeed I think, beneath a simple Layman's garb, I spy a monk.

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM HAY.

LITERARY NOTES.

The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co. publishers of *Scribner's Monthly*, and *St. Nicholas*, has now been changed to The Century Co. The title of *Scribner's Monthly* will become *The Century*, with the next volume. *St. Nicholas* is slightly changed as to its sub-title, being now *St. Nicholas, an illustrated Magazine for Young Folks*. The July numbers of these magazines are the first to bear the new corporate imprint.

Scribner for July contains a paper of special and timely interest, "The People's Problem," in which the writer takes the ground that the time has come for the people of this country to exercise their right to "alter the government."

Besides a wealth of literary and illustrated matter, there are also, in this number, the concluding chapters of two brilliant novellettes, "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable (begun in May), and "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells (begun in June). The May, June and July numbers, containing these two complete novellettes, are offered for \$1.00.

The July number of *St. Nicholas* contains many brilliant features for vacation-time, including chapters of two capital serials for boys by ROSSITER JOYNSON and W. O. STODDARD: "How to Stock and Keep a Fresh-Water Aquarium"; a full-page portrait of DENZEL MONTE, the boy-violinist; "Stories of Art and Artists," with some exquisite reproductions, etc.

Price of *Scribner's Monthly*, \$4.00 a year; *St. Nicholas*, \$3.00 a year.

THE Rev. R. Wrench, for a few weeks (D.V.) will be open to pulpit engagements. Notice his new address, 135 Chestnut-street, Toronto.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"YES, yes, sonny, I'se mighty fo' handed, and no ways like poo whittet rash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified cold folk, dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody."

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl Melvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she became her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian," asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "I'm hop' I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckon! For dese last twenty-five years, I've been a mighty powerful one—no o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs. I is one of de house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints! What kind of saints are those?" asked the young North-erner.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never he'rd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lords, not one on 'em at any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that's you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me*."

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I mean dat I've been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I'se fairly on de very ruff, yes, on de very ridge pole—and dere I sits and sings and sees heaven, like you never sees it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there?"

"How does you get t'rough de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de stairs? Why, de builder has put sta'rs t'ar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same sta'rs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you, and yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up; less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leading up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blacking o' your boots, he's de husban' o' my bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor down-cellar sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whim' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't upstairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him 'Brudder' since he was born into de kingdom—" why don't you come up into de light?"

"O," says he, 'Sibby, I'se too unworthy; I don't deserve de light dat God has made for de holy ones."

"Phoo," says I, "dat's de way Adam s! Don't you 'member," says I, "when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice was as poor, as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar rite 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place at de head o' de table, and war all de lacy and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', 'I'se no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n Melvor's chil'en; but I'se de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan' for de mother of his chiln'; as she had a right to sav! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fetched him up! De deluded creature thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick in de cold dark cellar, when he mought live in delight and warmth, up on de house-top?"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den I!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up 'bove

all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you sonny, and on all de down cellar, an parlor, an' chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, Auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians honey? Why, dem is de ones dat get t'ar out o' de cellar and goes straightway an' forgets what kind o' creatures dey wa' down dere! They grow proud an' d'esses up fine, like de worl's folks, and d'esses, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her cold folk, wuss den old King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute the parson or any other good brudder or sister come 'long, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out."

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infirmities, but she didn't get very high up till de bride-room come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead o' night, 'Oh, Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'Oh, Sibby, if you could only go long o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting t'rough de shinin' gate!—your clothes, and your face, and your hands shine like silver, Sibby,' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine!—It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it, to shine on you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to catch de rays!'"

"Oh," says she, 'Sibby' when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God! and talkin' o' Him on de house top, I thought it was all substitution and ignorance. But now, Oh, Sibby I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could only ketch a glimpse o' Christ."

"Do you believe dat you's a sinner, missus?" says I.

"Yes, de chief o' sinners," says she, with a groan.

"Do you believe dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?" says I.

"Yes," says she.

"Well, den," says I, 'if you's sinner enough, and Christ is Saviour enough, what's to hinder your being saved? Just you quit looking at yourself, and look to Him!'"

"Den she ketch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; an' her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singing,—

"In my han' no price I bring,
Simply to dy cross I cling."

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de humiliation o' de cellar, and 'oused the privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things, but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, Auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber-saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps of de parlor, and got t'rough many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is o' rest. Dey say,—'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see the way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's only half-way up, and thinks dey's come off conquerors a-ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid Jeir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhere now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house, made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roosting-place. You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heard tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston, as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey fall asleep and loses de'r hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, Auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a continual watch, I keep de head ob

de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty gineral. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I have such power given me to stomp on him, dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly. I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heap o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a-ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has the impudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat are pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in de word o' Scripser, 'Clar out and get ahind my back, Satan! Dat are pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes basket; and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hymn to cheer up my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail, and slinks off, most gineral; and I goes 'bout my work a singing:—

'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,

And bind him wid a chain;

Come, brudders, hololuhah shout,

Wid all yer might and m in!

Hololuhah!"

"Does Satan always assail you t'rough your work?" asked the stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he tacks me t'rough my stummock; and dat's de way he tacks rich and grand folks most gineral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weapons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothing has power to separate me from Him I loves. I'se had sorrows enough to break a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only forced me nearer to Him. Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on deir way to glory, and swim into the shinin' harbor t'rough a sea of honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bear 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor, bruised, and wounded, and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la, honey, how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waiting beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gise Satan fresh vantage over him. Come up to my place some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, tellin' him to go to College and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. About the vacation the Judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to College this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on!"

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here: you must pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; he left home, made his way through college, and graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the United States, and has made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.

CHILD CRIMINALS.

A correspondent of the *Globe* who is evidently a close observer, and has had opportunities for studying the habits of the street children of our city, publishes some astounding revelations, the correctness of which has not been challenged. We republish the particulars as given by the writer, whom we believe to be a clergyman, in the hope that the attention and efforts of the Christian public may be devoted to a class of incipient criminals with whom neither law nor police can deal, and who must be influenced, if at all, by that Gospel which inculcates purity of life by implanting new motives and desires in the soul—removing stony hearts, and giving hearts of flesh. As a rule, says the writer, the children beg a few cents, with which they buy papers. These they sell in the streets, and soon become acclimatized to the life, prefer its concomitants of idleness and scanty profits to going to school and being obliged to stay within doors and under subjection for so many hours. In time they—especially the girls—manage to secure regular customers in their stores and offices, and go round at due intervals to leave their papers. This is often the turning-point for evil. Unconsidered trifles, in the way of odd cents, postage stamps, knives, and the like, lie about within reach, and are eagerly snapped up by the poor little waifs who know the flogging that awaits them if they cannot minister to the degrading wants of their parents, who not unusually are the look-out for them at the nearest corner to screw out of them all they have scraped together and then to send them out again. Hence they first become petty thieves and then thieves on a larger scale. The end is prison—the Penitentiary or the Mercer Reformatory—where, I am sorry to endorse your remarks, the process of corruption continues, and must continue, till a new system of complete isolation of the younger children from the elder obtains. Worse remains behind. The ranks of harlots are swelled by this system of taking no heed to these little ones. In many cases these nearly infant girls are debauched by those clerks and employers who work in these stores and offices, and tempted by a bribe in money. I have known it to be offered in cakes or candies. They yield themselves up daily to the lust of not one or two, but several, of these fellows, some of them married men and church members, and so are harlots almost before they know that they are sinning. The further fall these of children is a matter of course, and only to-day I saw three girls, not one of whom was more than thirteen at the outside, busily engaged in conversation with another, not yet far advanced in her teens, whom I know from more than repute to be the keeper of a notorious bagnio in this city. The police dare not interfere. Many of them have told me how, as fathers themselves, their hearts had bled to see the rapid decline of these poor children from the paths of comparative innocence to those of the foulest uncleanness and the grossest vice. And as with the girls, so with the boys, who are the pickpockets, the burglars, the ravishers and the murderers of the future, and all because of our own supineness in not insisting upon the compulsory clauses of the Education Act being carried out. What is wanted is prevention. Towards this, more truant officers, and not more policemen, must be employed; more schools—industrial if you please—not more reformatories, must be built; more teachers, and not more turnkeys and guards, must be hired. It will cost money to start with; but it will be cheaper in the end to raise good citizens than to pay for the seclusion and incarceration of a profitless criminal population.

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—Hooker.

LOCAL NOTICES.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is no mother on earth who has ever used it, who can not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where at 25 cents a bottle.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.—"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Soother, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Linctum in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician retiring from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and reliable cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAN, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



Chronic Looseness of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion, and through it from stomache irregularities and interruptions. Remove the cause, and of course Nature, unless overborne by drastics, will resume her work, reinforcing the bowels, and making them in their turn act properly.
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient is just the thing for this work. Its mission is to cleanse and fortify. It never fails!
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

750,000 Books given away Annually.

THE LI-QUOR TEA CO.

THE LARGEST AND BEST PACKET TEA COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Toronto, } 295 Yonge-street, } London, Eng. } 177 St. Lawrence } Montreal.
 } 446 & 448 Queen-st. W. } Main-street;

The Gift System and its Relation to Trade.

The only way the "BONUS" or "GIFT" System can be worked to the advantage of the Public, is for the Merchant to enjoy extraordinary facilities both for the purchase and disposal of his Wares, and also to hold—and therefore to deserve—the confidence and support of the Public.

IN THESE RESPECTS THE LI-QUOR TEA COMPANY STANDS UNRIVALLED AND ALONE.

It is the largest Packet Tea Company in the World.
There is an Immense Capital Sunk in the Enterprise.

They import their Teas direct from places of growth, and in larger quantities than any other Packet Tea House in that City of Mammoth Concerns London, England.

They purchase the Books in enormous quantities, and of many Works they publish their own editions.

Their Agencies are located in thousands of towns, cities and villages of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada and Australia.

By drinking the Li-Quor Tea, the consumer becomes a participator in the advantages which this Company possesses over all competitors, for he gets a better Tea at a lower price than can be procured elsewhere, and he shares in the inestimable benefits of a gigantic

CHOICE AND SELECT FREE LIBRARY.

NOTE.—The Canadian Agencies of this Company carry at all times a larger selection of Popular Works than any Book Store, either wholesale or retail, in Canada.

TORONTO AGENCIES—

295 YONGE ST. 446 & 448 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Please to show this to your Friends.

Sold throughout GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA and AUSTRALIA.

A Handsome Volume is given with every 3 lbs. of Tea.

OAK HALL!

GRAND CLEARING SALE of CLOTHING.

We have determined upon holding our Semi-Annual

CLEARING SALE

at once, in order that the people can buy the goods in season at

VERY LOW PRICES.

We have marked down every garment within our doors.

THE STOCK MUST BE REDUCED.



NOTE THE REDUCTIONS.

MEN'S TWEED SUITS.

\$8 00 Suits reduced to	\$6 00
9 00 " " "	7 50
10 00 " " "	8 00
11 50 " " "	9 50

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS.

\$6 00 Suits reduced to	\$4 50
7 00 " " "	5 00
7 50 " " "	5 75
8 50 " " "	7 00

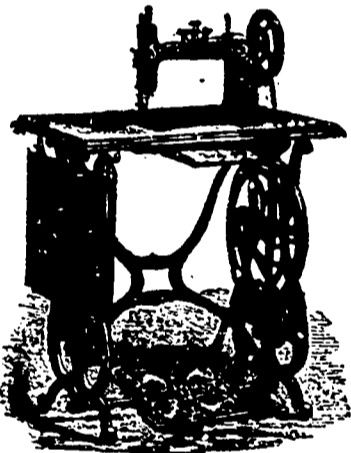
CHILD'S SUITS Reduced in Proportion.

Our Stock of BLACK and BLUE SERGE SUITS have all been brought down to cost. LINEN AND LUSTRE COATS and DUSTERS below cost.

We are determined to Clear Out all Summer Goods THIS MONTH. THIS SALE IS GENUINE. CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

OAK HALL, Nos. 115 to 121 King St. E., (opposite Cathedral.)

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.



WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS!

THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC"

IMITATED BY ALL, EQUALLED BY NONE. IT IS THE EASIEST TO LEARN, THE LIGHTEST TO RUN, AND CONSEQUENTLY THE BEST TO BUY.

Ladies, call and see it before purchasing elsewhere and save time and money.

A. W. BRAIN,
Sole Agent,
7 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for sale.

Domestic Paper Fashions for Sale.

C. PAGE & SONS,

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

LADIES' AND MISSES' UNDERCLOTHING, BABY LINEN, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

They were awarded at Toronto Exhibition Diplomas and several Extra Prizes for their beautifully made goods.

194 & 196 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MARTIN McMILLAN,

GROCEER, 395 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

A Complete Assortment of Choice Family Groceries always in Stock.

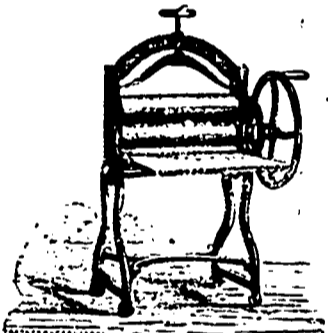
PURE TEAS AND COFFEES A SPECIALTY.

All Orders promptly delivered to any part of City

MARTIN McMILLAN, 395 Yonge St.

MANGLES

SEE & TRY THEM



SEE & TRY THEM

First Prize 2 and 3-Roller Mangles. J. TURNER & SON, Manufacturers, 477 & 479 Yonge St, Toronto.

First Number ready in a few Days.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN WORKMAN,

SUNDAY SCHOOL HELPER AND BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.

An Evangelical, 8-page, Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for the Workshop, Sunday School, Temperance Society and Home.

Very suitable for distribution in Reading Rooms, on Railway Trains, among Soldiers, Sailors, Firemen, and all classes.

ENGRAVINGS, RICH, CHOICE,

AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

READING matter selected with a view to interest, instruct and elevate. Contributions will be secured from American, English and Canadian writers of well-known ability. It will be printed on fine toned paper.

Subscription, 35c. per annum. In clubs of 20 to 50, 30c. each; over 50, 25c. each.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & CO., Publishers,

33 & 35 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

Mr. S. F. BRIGGS, Authorised Agent.

TORONTO, CANADA.

SEND 3c. STAMP FOR SPECIMEN COPY.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and out free. Address HARRITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

\$72 A WEEK - \$ a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TALK & Co Augustus, Maine.

CHARLES A. WALTON,

Architect, Constructive Engineer, and Building Surveyor.

100 Block, cor Toronto and Adelaide St TORONTO.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Stations, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VAUGHAN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY BIBLE DEPOT

COMPLETE AND AUTHORIZED REPORTS

OF THE International S. S. Convention (JUST CLOSED) Will be Ready in a few Weeks.

Price 25c.; post-paid 30c. SEND ORDERS SOON,

As limited number will be published.

SHAFTESBURY HALL TORONTO S. R. BRIGGS, MANAGER.

NORMAN'S ELECTROCURATIVE BELTS
Immediately relieve and permanently cure complaints of the Chest, Liver, Stomach, and Urinary organs. Circulate with testimonials and consultations free. A. NORMAN, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.

W. WEST & Co, 206 YONGE STREET,

'The Golden Boot,'

Have now on hand a Magnificent Stock of BOOTS, SHOES & SLIPPERS

Perfect Fitting, Elegant, Comfortable, Durable and Cheap

Everybody can get fitted at very low prices. CONE AND SEE. W. WEST & CO

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invested less than \$350 of it in this List, writes: Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID

It is not a Co-operative List. It is not a Cheap List. It is an Honest List.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST! When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$20. The price for one inch for one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,980.74. The list includes 952 newspapers, of which 187 are issued daily and 765 weekly. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List, and other information, address

GEO. P. ROWELL, to Spruce St., New York