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The Canadian Independent.

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

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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"THE CORE HAS A" POPULATION OF FROM TWELVE TO FIFTEEN MILLIONS, WHO HAVE NEVER YET HAD ANY PORTION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.

"PROFESSOR SWING" THINKS THAT ONE SERMON ON THE SABBATH IS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN TO PREACH. HE DOES NOT THINK IT BEST FOR A MAN TO "TO MAKE A MERE GUINEA-FOWL OF HIMSELF AND GUBBLE INCESSANTLY."

HAS YOUR CHURCH A DEBT? THEN GO AT IT. PAY IT OFF! TRY! WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY. IF YOU CANNOT PAY THE WHOLE, THEN CUT A SLICE FROM IT. START THE BALL YOURSELF AND OTHERS WILL FALL IN AND HELP.

PARIS IS WAITING TO GIVE A GRAND WELCOME TO THOSE WHO GO TO THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION MEETING, COMMENCING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14TH, AT THREE P.M. SHARP. BROTHERS SHOULD GO, AND FORETELL THEIR ARRIVAL BY A CARD TO REV. W. H. ALLWORTH.

THE BEST KNOWN OF THE RECENT HYMNS OF SANKEY, BLISS AND OTHERS BEING TRANSLATED INTO THE VERNACULAR BY THE REV. ISAAC FIELDBRAY, NATIVE PASTOR OF THE HINDOSTANI CHURCH AT LUCKNOW, INDIA. THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE MISSION SCHOOLS ARE ALREADY SINGING ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM.

WE ARE VERY SORRY TO LEARN THAT THE REV. MR. AND MRS. BROOKS, OF CONSTANTINOPLE, HAVE LOST THEIR SECOND CHILD, A BRIGHT LITTLE FELLOW OF TWENTY MONTHS, AFTER AN ILLNESS OF A VERY FEW DAYS. IT IS LONELY ENOUGH IN THE HOUR OF BEGRIEVEMENT FOR US WHEN RELATIVES SURROUND US, BUT IT MUST BE DOUBBLY LONELY WHEN SO FAR AWAY AS OUR FRIENDS MR. AND MRS. BROOKS ARE. WE TENDER THEM OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

CAPTAIN CAREY, THE BRITISH OFFICER WHO WAS SEVERELY CEASURED OR ACCOUNT OF HIS CONDUCT IN CONNECTION WITH THE SLAYING OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL BY THE ZULUS, IS A PRAYING SOLDIER. HE BESOUGHT THE LORD TO INTERPOSE IN HIS BEHALF AND REGARDS THE REMOVAL OF THE CENSURE AS AN ANSWER TO PRAYER. WE SEE NO OBJECTION TO HIS THEORY ALTHOUGH SOME JOURNALS HAVE SPOKEN OF IT AS EFFEMINATE. DOES NOT GOD HEAR THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER IN HIS HOUR OF NEED?

THE POPE'S LATEST ENCYCLICAL IS SUBSTANTIALLY A DENUNCIATION OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY IN ALL ITS FORMS, AND A PLEA FOR RETURNING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SCHOLASTICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, AMONG WHOM HE SPECIALLY ADMIRES THOMAS AQUINAS. GREGORY THE THIRTEENTH IS

wise in his generation. The Church of Rome properly belongs to those dark days. The light of modern times is rather strong for her eyesight. It will be much safer for her to amuse her students with the desultory speculations of mediæval metaphysics than allow them to pursue knowledge by the inductive method.

Will all our readers inform their friends that the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT will be sent fifteen months, from the first of October for one dollar. If a member in your church is not a subscriber let him know of this, and urge him to remit at once. Better still, get up a club. Any one sending us a club of five new subscribers will receive the paper fifteen months as our acknowledgement of his or her helpful efforts. We expect a greatly enlarged subscription list. Read our "Important Notice" in another column.

It was a compliment to a certain Western preacher worth getting, when a little child, whose friendship and love he had secured at the house which he was making his temporary abiding place, woke from her morning nap one Sabbath, found the people all at church, toddled to the place of worship, and came demurely down the aisle toward the pulpit to look up into the minister's face and say: "I guess you forgot me." Every step of true gospel progress, of which Sunday school life is an index, makes the ministers of that gospel less apt to forget the children, and certainly makes children less willing to be forgotten by them.

Eighty years ago the Porte allowed only three hundred Jews to reside in Jerusalem. There were 13,000 there in 1375. The Jews have bought up all the land that could be bought in the holy city, and have also built entire streets of houses outside the walls. The German Jews have no less than sixteen charity associations in the city. The religious congregations already number twenty-eight. Two journals have been started. In the Jewish hospitals 6,000 patients are treated annually. A Venetian Jew has given 60,000 francs to found a school of agriculture in Palestine. The value of land at the gates of the city has increased more than tenfold in ten years, and building and constructive work of all kinds is carried on night and day.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, in the course of a lecture which he recently delivered before a Young Men's Club in New York, made the following remarks: "Every man competes with some other man, every labourer with another labourer. In this competition time is an element as well as strength and skill, and when the latter are equal, time wins. He who rises earlier than his competitor, and works more hours, within the limits of healthful endurance, will carry off the prize." It is well for young men to bear this in mind. As Mr. Field also says, "It would indeed be well if men could support themselves on eight hours' work." But young men, until they get a start in life, will do wisely not to be too particular about limiting the number of hours they labour in laying the foundation of independence and prosperity for the whole future of their lives. In all our experience we never knew a poor young man starting out to make his fortune who succeeded without working "night and day," as the saying is. Certainly no one ever made a great success by stubbornly refusing to work more than eight hours a day. Nehemiah and his band, in the face of great difficulties succeeded, and the secret of their success is given "so we laboured in the work." These are the men that are wanted to-day. There are vacancies in the churches for them, vacancies in the pulpit, vacancies in the pew.

"THANK YOU"

BY REV. HUGH EDGAR, COBURG, ONT.

A little while ago I engaged a man to keep the grass cut about the house. The price was named. "Do I need to pay it before the fall?" I asked.

"No! (rather slowly); still if it would be convenient, I wouldn't mind taking a little as I go along."

"A little as I go along?" Well, it seems to me that there are others besides the old gardener who wouldn't be at all vexed if they were dealt with in that way. For instance, there is the preacher. If the New Testament be true, if the expectations of Paul are not a mere phantasm, there is reserved for the faithful minister of Jesus Christ a reward of surpassing glory. But this is in the distance, and therefore lacks the inspiring power that comes from what is near at hand. Could those who listen to him not say their "well done" now in anticipation of the final verdict of approval? Many of our best men are constantly weighted with a sense of failure. Dr. S. H. Tyng, in his earlier days the prince of extempore speakers, seldom left his pulpit without feeling that he had made a mess of it. In such cases as that a word or two, shewing that you have been helped by the sermon, will help the preacher of the sermon. Distinguish, though, between flattery, and thankful appreciation. You can say a kind word without being fulsome.

By the bye, it wouldn't be amiss for me in this connection to tell how a compliment was once received and killed almost in a breath. One Sunday evening, as a number of us were slowly walking homeward, a lady, who had that night been in our church for the first time, said to me rather abruptly, "Do you know, I think that sermon of yours was the best I have heard since I came to the country?" A little confused, by such an overwhelming dose I stammered out, "then you have been hearing pretty poor sermons since your arrival." "Yes indeed I have," was the answer *sotto voce*. I subsided into an embarrassed silence.

But I mustn't spend all my time talking about preachers. There are many other workers that would be wonderfully helped by a hearty "Thank you" neatly or even blunderingly expressed. Need I mention our public school teachers? I wonder how often fathers and mothers take the trouble to express their gratitude to these honourable public servants for the inestimable work they are doing.

Then, too, there are the teachers in the Sunday school. Here are men and women, some of them with little enough of time to spare, and all of them without salary of any kind, coming Sunday after Sunday to teach your children. True, the teacher has a reward in store. He will be welcomed into heaven with the most joyous of heaven's music, he will be crowned with one of its most resplendent diadems. No crown is so radiant as that which is gained with the spirits of those whom we have been helpful to here. Still the teacher would be none the worse for a little help by the way. Therefore, you that have children to be taught, see that you manifest a deep interest in the Sunday school. To it should be given your most earnest prayers, your most loving thoughts, your most genial and generous words. See that the sunny side of your heart is towards the teacher of your dear one. Let him know in your own way that his task is not an utterly thankless one.

Let me sum up this rambling talk. The true worker in the invisible realm of mind and spirit will some day see his harvest, and receive his recompense. And yet, because the flesh is weak, because the heart is liable to grow weary, because the fire of enthusiasm is apt to burn low, because faith sometimes loses its brightness, and hope its steadfastness, he is glad to

take a little as he goes along, and not least glad when that little wears the form of a fervent "God bless you," or a right hearty and honest "Thank you."

THE REST OF ROME AND THE REST OF PROTESTANTISM.

* * * * * The Roman theology destroys the possibility of religious rest even in the hearts of the staunchest believers. Why did Calvin speak so expressively of the "doubtful faith of Papists?" They are taught by their Tridentine guides that it is not possible in this life to attain that assurance of personal salvation which is such a leading element in the happiness of the most spiritually-minded Protestants. The doctrine of purgatory kills the last moments of Romanists with an alarm which no sacramental expedient can effectively dissipate. What is the true character of Catholic religious experience? Take even the religion of the converts, which contains implicitly some lingering elements of their old Protestantism in a world more of Jesus than of Mary. The spirit of such men, so ascetic-devotional, is not happy or joyous. They have not fully tasted the peace of the Gospel. They seem rather to be painfully seeking than to have joyfully found peace. Their piety is a severe, self-mortifying thing, a striving hard after the sacrifices of a broken heart, while the joy of God's salvation is little known. The keynote of their experience is "*Pietas irae, Pietas illa;*" and though its cheering "*Qu. m. tu. sal. as. solus. gratus*" may not, we trust, be entirely hid from them, yet like a faint star it has shone on them but dimly and unsteadily. We must, however, look into the religious experience of those born in the system. I have seen and known much of Roman Catholics of all ranks, and I have never known one who was happy in his religion. I cannot say that intellectual anxieties were much, if at all, in the way. But the religious anxieties were there in power. Everything is done in the Romish system to keep the intellect quiet, but the conscience is awake. The springs of feeling are sedulously fed. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, are all enlisted in this service. But the alarm of conscience cannot be assuaged by such expedients. As Roman theology knows nothing of the power of the blessed truth that, Christ having been once offered, the worshippers once purged have no more conscience of sins, it can find no substitute in sacraments either to quell the fears of conscience or to satisfy the hearts of earnest men. And be it observed, those who have watched the genuine fruits of living sacramentalism where it grows in its own native clime, far apart from Protestant checks or criticism, will know that it only too often serves to ossify religious feeling and to prompt to new acts of transgression. There is really no rest in Romanism. It is not to be found in the weary round of religious services. A devout Romanist girl once remarked to a young Protestant whom she loved—"The grave and all beyond it seems dark to me." I have seen much of votaries in Ireland, that is, of persons very earnestly devoted to all sorts of religious exercises, and they had one unvarying peculiarity—a severity, harshness, if not moroseness of disposition—which I have always attributed to the unrest of their minds. I once passed a night in a very poor inn in the south of Ireland. The mistress was an ardent devotee, but a bitter scold. Censures, gibes, and sneers, were always on her lips at the very time that she was handling her beads and saying her prayers. This was no singular experience. I have never known a dying Romanist look forward hopefully or joyously to the grave. A gentleman who had been very munificent in his gifts to the Church was dying and had received the last rites. The priest said that that was all he could do for him. The man was not happy, and complained bitterly that the Church left him helpless at the very time he most needed her assistance. There is no brightness of religious feeling in Catholic biography. We have indeed exceedingly little biography of that sort, but what there is of it shows that the prospect darkens towards the close of life. Take Maguire's "Life of Father Mathew," the founder of Temperance Societies, or the "Life of the Rev. Father Buckley,"

of Cork, a most genial and literary priest. There was no joy but deep despondency in their last hours. Protestant biography stands in a different atmosphere.

That of hope, joy, and even triumph! I attribute the happier tone of religion among Protestants under God to the habitual study of the Holy Scriptures. Better to use one single sentence from the lips of our Lord than a thousand priestly helps! The human soul cannot rest in a fiction or a negative. The weight of its infinite cares is too great for any mere opinion or theory, and therefore it seeks to place itself in the hands of an infinite Redeemer who is able to save to the uttermost. Romanists, ignorant of the true infallibility, the infallibility of God, rest in the false infallibility, the infallibility of the Church. We offer rest to the doubter in the bosom of that God who is the Father of Light, and in the truth of that Word of which one jot and one tittle shall not pass away till all be fulfilled. We must teach the Bible with firmness of tone, not only in its theological but on its moral side, exhibiting its doctrines not as so many propositions to be received, but as precious truths needed by man's soul, which alone can give to a struggling heart peace here and hereafter. There may still be doubts. If they arise out of the natural development of thought and knowledge, there is nothing for it but an expressly intellectual solvent. There are times when, like Thomas Arnold, we must be content to lie down in the presence of admitted mysteries. But as to questions which touch the central elements of our life, all we can do is to pray for light and guidance, keeping all the while in the path of duty and obedience so far as it is plainly before us, not doubting that there will be to us a fulfilment of the promise that "unto the upright light ariseth in the darkness."

Let us not think of giving way to the superstitious weakness that is at present manifest in so many parts of Christendom, to what Hare called the morbid hankering after leading-strings, which argues, after all, but a poor-spirited, faint-hearted temper that looks for religious certainty without rational conviction, and barter the moral and spiritual power of the Word of God for the magical influence of sacramental grace. There may be something in the statement of Sir James Stephen that there are natures formed for subservience to every form of superstitious terror, glad to get handsomely quit of free agency, and ready to submit to any priestly yoke that will rid them of the sense of responsibility. We know a better way. Our life is entrusted to our own responsibility; but can we not place ourselves in another's hands, and commit the keeping of ourselves to One who understands all the weaknesses and doubts and windings of our natures? Can we not do like Paul, and say like him—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day?" There is no rest for us apart from Jesus Christ. Shall we not, like Augustine, say that we desire no rest till we find it in Him? No theology can ever give us peace till we find it in Him who is our peace—the Alpha and Omega of thought and existence.—*Rev. Thos. Crokery, in the Evangelical Magazine.*

RIGHT WAY AND WRONG.

Two men, members of the Church, met with misfortune in their business. After having enjoyed long prosperity and lived in the decorous use of God's gifts, trouble beset them and they saw all their gains of former years fade away, and found themselves compelled to begin the world anew. One of them received his trial as a discipline sent of God, and in undoubting faith went on his way, serving his Master, who he was sure was still loving him. He even grew more devoted to every religious interest. His place was never vacant in the house of God. He made it a point to be present at every prayer meeting. He took a new interest in the affairs of the church, and so far as he had ability, he showed himself admirably liberal in the support and spread of the gospel. An air of improved piety appeared in his countenance and life. He was growing into a better man. His friend took the other direction. He was soured. He attended church but poorly, forsook all the interest he

formerly had in the work of the congregation, grew critical, severe, fault-finding, crotchety and disagreeable. His whole life changed into a contradiction to that he had formerly professed and practised, so that he was as gruff a backslider as he had once been an exemplary believer. Now mark the result: The one grew strong in all good fellowship, and cheerfully devoting himself to the work of repairing his broken fortunes, received the confidence and help of his brethren, and finally secured for himself such a footing that he was safe against all contingencies of want and fear. The other repelled friendly sympathies, sank into indolence and sloth, and both as to business and character, lived a wreck and warning to all who knew him. The moral is, that if misfortunes come they ought to be received in a Christian spirit. If they are not, they will but thicken and increase till the life is lost under their burden.

RELIGIOUS OBSTRUCTIVES.

Our Presbyterian system affords many opportunities for cultivating the spirit of active devotion to Christ, but, in a multitude of cases, these opportunities are neglected. And too often Presbyteries set the example. We hardly know a sadder spectacle than that of a large Presbytery occupying its time in considering the great question, "How not to do it." There are brethren that have a marvellous fertility in treating that question. They can ring the changes on it wonderfully. Some new method of activity has been brought into operation in their neighbourhood; it is new, therefore unconstitutional; and they cannot rest till they have repudiated and denounced it. There is something intensely saddening in the thought of men, able and good men in their way, signalling their life—if the word signalling may be used of anything so poor—by applying the drag and pulling the bridle against their more active and enterprising brethren. We remember once, in travelling along a Highland road, observing a heap of old shoes at the foot of a steep declivity; and on asking how they came there, we were informed that the driver of the public coach was in the habit, each morning as he set out, of nailing an old shoe on the face of the drag attached to the hind wheel, and then, when he came to the bottom of the hill, pulling it off, and consigning it to the heap. We know men whose whole public life would be fitly represented by such an ignoble heap—men who, deeming that the world's salvation depends on keeping things going in the old fashion, have delivered speech upon speech, year after year, for the purpose of obstructing the onward movements of the day! And all the while without any conception of the poverty of the role they have chosen, or the pitiable policy of stopping those who take a more vivid view than themselves of the needs of the world and the duty of the Church!—*Catholic Presbyterian.*

COME, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

No doubt it is advisable to keep dogs out of little shallow pools, for the water would soon become defiled, and the cattle would refuse it; but we do not need to preserve a great river, and no one cares to put up a notice informing the dogs that they may not wash in the sea, because there is no fear whatever that, come as many dogs as may, they will ever pollute old Father Thames, or defile the boundless sea. Where there is infinite abundance, there may well be unlimited freeness. The vilest dog of a sinner that ever ate the crumbs that fell from the Master's table is invited to plunge into the river of the water of life, which is clear as crystal still, though thousands of un-circumcised and defiled lips have drunk it, and myriads of foul souls have been washed whiter than snow in its streams. "Come and welcome, come and welcome," is the note which sounds from Calvary, from the wounds of the expiring Saviour; yea, it sweetly comes upon mine ear from the lips of the glorified Christ, who sits at the right hand of the Father. "Let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." No one can be an intruder when the call is so unconditional, and whoever tries to keep a sinner back i

doing the devil's work. They are trespassers who keep away from Jesus, and not those who come to Him. Some are afraid that they would be presumptuous should they believe on the Lord Jesus, but presumption lies in the opposite direction; it is the worst of presumption to dare to question the love of God, the efficacy of the blood of atonement, and the saving power of the Redeemer. Cease from such proud questions, and trust in Jesus.

Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ear—
O trembling sinner, come.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

Let us form one calculation of the public issue of the agencies now at work in the world, and especially upon the Indian field, with the full understanding that we have time before us. No reflecting person can avoid, whether he takes a religious ground or not, the conviction that the world's future is a striking and wonderful one; we feel morally certain that were even it revealed to us now, it would be inconceivably astonishing; we know that mighty changes must be in store; that things have been on the move since the beginning, and that they will continue to move after we are gone; we know, therefore, in general, that there must be some ultimate stupendous climax of such accumulated motion; we know that the future of prophecy is not at all more surprising than some or other result which must take place, and we can repose without distrust in the strength of those deep causes which point to the ultimate overthrow of all false religions, and the substitution of Christianity in their place.

On grounds of reason, then, and apart from the argument of Scripture prophecy, a certain mode of speaking of the conversion of India as if it were a simple impossibility is a mistake. Where does this impossibility lie? Is it that the race is unfitted for Christianity? The *Higdoos* is a man: nay, the scientific linguist informs us that he is a member of the same human race with ourselves. Is it in the philosophy of Brahmanism? The Gospel has conquered philosophy. Is it in philosophy and superstition combined? That was the very combination which encountered Christianity on its first start, and was surmounted. Is it a caste? Caste can do no more than intimidate and that is no new thing.—*Canon Mozley.*

IMPORTANT RULES OF CONDUCT.

The following suggestions are taken from "Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms:"

- Never exaggerate.
- Never betray a confidence.
- Never wantonly frighten others.
- Never leave home with unkind words.
- Never neglect to call upon your friends.
- Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
- Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.
- Never send a present hoping for one in return.
- Never speak much of your own performances.
- Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
- Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
- Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
- Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
- Never question a servant or child about family matters.
- Never refer to a gift you have made, or favour you have rendered.
- Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.
- Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
- Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.
- Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.
- Never, when travelling abroad, be over boastful of your own country.
- Never read an article you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company constantly upon yourself.

Never exhibit anger, or impatience or excitement when an accident happens.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

Never forget that, if you are faithful in a few things, you may be ruler over many.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so as to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by thirst. He called for water, but "at the instant," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, 'Either I shall die, or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more will suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning up my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.' Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better: I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following day it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would probably have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THREE TYPICAL PREACHERS.

It has been my recent privilege, says a correspondent of the "Examiner and Chronicle," to hear three London preachers who enjoy a world-wide renown. Poles apart in their ecclesiastical relations, schools of belief and methods of thought, they agree in the fact that each after his kind is a leading and representative man.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

Not much need be written of him who was first in the order of my hearing. It goes without saying that Mr. Spurgeon is a most royal preacher—considered merely as a preacher, probably the foremost man in Christendom. His Tabernacle constitutes one of the very biggest institutions in big London. It is now all but universally recognized as such. The newspapers that once sneered at him as a charlatan or mountebank have quite laid aside their contemptuous airs, and now speak of him with respect. It is at last pretty well understood that a man who for twenty-five years can hold a regular audience of from five to seven thousand people, must be a somewhat potential unit in this world's affairs. When I heard Mr. Spurgeon the other Sunday he was, I think, at his best—much better, according to the information

of friends, than on the Sunday immediately preceding and following.

Mr. Spurgeon I take to be the foremost preacher in the world, not because of pre-eminence in genius, but by virtue of the fact that he possesses nearly all the elements of good preaching in harmonious combination. Others surpass him easily enough in this or that particular quality of pulpit excellence, but none equal him in the happy union of all these qualities. Many preachers are more learned, more profound, more logical, more inspiring and suggestive to the intellect. Many surpass him in the lofty flight and broad sweep of their imagination. Many are more contagious and magnetic on the emotional side; but where is the man that has all these, and yet others, in such respectable degree and so admirably blended? And he has a voice such as nobody else possesses—a voice that gives to a platitude the dignity and effect of an apothegm. I suspect he could pronounce the word "*Mesopotamia*" in such way as to throw an audience into tears. Best of all, Mr. Spurgeon is an uncompromisingly loyal preacher of the gospel. He packs the Tabernacle by no sensations, but just by telling over the old, old story. For this I do greatly honour him. He has done a work of infinite value, by showing us that what we want "to draw" is not "another gospel," but the ancient Gospel uttered as if it were God's truth.

CARDINAL MANNING.

On the next Sunday, seeing Cardinal Manning announced to preach in the Pro-Cathedral, South Kensington, I went in search of his Eminence. (Rome is careful not to call things by names that anybody else uses. By Pro-Cathedral, I believe is meant a temporary Cathedral.) I sought the Cardinal with large expectations. I was prepared to see a splendid edifice crowded with a vast throng, and rather looked to find some diadem coronets at the door. Judge of my not unpleasant disappointment on being ushered into a house of exceedingly moderate pretensions, both as to its size and architectural character, not nearly filled, and the audience in social quality evidently not much above a Romish audience in America. It is said that the Cardinal is expecting to get back Westminster Abbey and the other edifices that Henry the Eighth stole from another Church, but judging from what I saw at the Pro-Cathedral, the day of this recovery is considerably distant.

Presently his Eminence mounted the pulpit, duly preceded and followed by candle-bearers, train-bearers and the rest. He is an old man of slender figure, with a sincere, benevolent, classical face, apparently worn with study and care. He somewhat resembles Dean Stanley. His preaching was simple, earnest, conversational in style, and characterized by admirably pure and nervous English. In substance and tone the sermon, as was to be expected, leaned towards the value of works and ascetical practices. In contrast with Spurgeon's sweet, encouraging presentation of divine truth, it adopted a strain somewhat harsh and depressing, though there was very little in its doctrine or spirit to which a Protestant hearer could take exception. The Sunday proved to be that of the unhappy St. Lawrence, whose pictorial agonies as he writhes on his burning gridiron are nearly as familiar to us, and much more horrible, than those of poor St. Sebastian, stuck as full of arrows as a pin-cushion is of pins. Glancing at the life of the martyr, the Cardinal said that the obvious lesson of his example was a lesson of "fortitude," and so, taking for a text the words, "Be strong in the Lord," he proceeded to enforce the importance of this virtue.

The sermon was able and interesting, though without anything to mark it as the work of about the most eminent Roman Catholic prelate in the world. In the course of his observations the Cardinal surprised me by asking his "children"—in this tender phrase he often addressed his hearers—"Who of you fasts now?" "Who abstains from meat on Fridays?" I was not prepared to hear from such lips the confession of extensive revolt against the absurd tyranny of the Church.

STEFFORD A. BROOKE.

In the evening of this same Sunday I listened to the above-named clergyman in his chapel in Bloomsbury. Said chapel is a miracle of inconvenience and discomfort, and would not tolerate for a day anywhere in the world but in dear, stupidly conservative old England. The perpendicular backs of the pews come up to the sinner's ears, and the ponderous galleries project themselves nearly into the middle of the audience-room. Mr. Brooke is a florid, buty, typical Englishman, some forty years of age. I should say, with what is very uncommon in this island, a bad voice, and what is lamentably common, a bad delivery. He has a little impediment in his speech that I rather like, which compels him to wrestle gently with the letter *r*, so that when he would say round or rain, he says round and rain.

Having in view the witty distribution of the English Church people into Plitudinarians, Attitudinarians and Latitudinarians, it is well known that Mr. Brooke is a shining light in the last division. On this occasion he stuck to his class. His sermon was a very nice little rhetorical homily on what constituted "the light of home." He described this light as consisting mainly in *sewage*, the allowance of freedom to the various members of the family, and in *work*. The discourse was put in very sweet and beautiful English. Some of its illustrations were exquisite, and I have no doubt that if printed, it would make very charming and useful reading. My feeling while hearing it was, that as an *avowed sermon* it was proper enough, especially if it had been somewhat tinged with the gospel; but regarded as regular Sunday food, it struck me that it would be gruel of a very watery sort.

London, August 13, 1879.

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1879

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

THE rather lengthy letter of our Nova Scotia brother, in last week's issue, on "The Fellowship of the Churches" calls forth a remark or two. The one distinct feature of the letter is this, that Mr. Hawes has a strong and decided preference for the American type of Congregationalism, a preference founded upon a twenty years' observation of it. In his judgment, the British type is not so good as the American, since it is destitute of what he esteems the valuable Council system followed by our brethren of the Republic. We admire brother Hawes' preference for something. His letter proves him to be a man who leans definitely to some one idea, to which he is anchored. And, in the main, anchorage is better than drifting. Even if we cannot see with another brother, yet we can honour him for his robustness of thought, and his sturdy defence of what he deems to be the wisest course.

But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hawes has been betrayed, through his favouritism for the plan he so long has followed, into wrong definitions of the system to which he is opposed. This is his definition of Independency, "the right to decide its own articles of faith and polity," and that "no other church has any right to interfere, for it stands entirely independent of and irresponsible to all other churches." Opposed to this he places Congregationalism, the distinguishing feature of which—in his judgment—is its demand for "fellowship and co-operation of churches of like faith and order." We venture to affirm that not one of our brethren will accept the definition of Independency, as destitute of fellowship with other churches, as a correct definition. Nor will they accept as a fact the hint that Congregationalism—as our friend seems to think—is the monopolizer of fellowship and co-operation. The difference between Mr. Hawes and others lies just here, that while he thinks that fellowship between churches is a duty, a necessity, something which ought to be, they believe that that fellowship is a privilege, a benefit, something which may be, with advantage to those fellowshipping. Our British brethren rather follow the latter idea, while our American brethren rather accept the former. Between them, it is not hard to choose, for we think—all things considered—our British friends with their voluntary fellowships have a decided advantage over our American friends with their necessary fellowships. In this opinion, we courteously differ from Mr. Hawes.

As to our friend's laudation of the American Council system, we can only say, we cannot agree with him. From a somewhat careful study of the system, we have seen enough

in it not to make us enamoured of it. Whether the Councilmen intend it or not, their declarations overstep the modesty of advice and reach dictation. Furthermore, it does permit—as it is generally administered—a good deal of petty officialism, red-tapeism, and interference, our brother's experience to the contrary. Mr. Hawes thinks Councils would save churches from the evil of getting bad men. And he instances Halifax as a case in point. We contend that Councils do not save churches from being victimized by unworthy men. The great need is that our churches should be a thousand fold more cautious than they are in calling men to the pastorate. With insufficient inquiry, with undue haste, men are called, and the mischief done. The churches have the remedy for this in their own hands; and used by them, it will be just as efficient as when administered by a Council.

We do not wish to be misunderstood, as if we did not believe in any Council system, because we thus speak. We do believe in Councils of advice, while we dissent from the Presbyterianized Council system across the lines. We want advice, and not semi-control. Mr. A. is a Christian gentleman. Upon a certain line of conduct he cannot decide for himself satisfactorily. So he asks Mr. B. and Mr. C., two Christian brethren, to come and talk over the matter with him, and thus help him to a decision. They come. Mr. C. don't move that Mr. B. be "Moderator of this meeting." Nor does Mr. B. move that Mr. C. be "Scribe of this Council." Without any formality, they listen to Mr. A.'s story of his difficulty, and then simply and fraternally advise him, leaving him then to act as he may deem best. This is the sample of the advice we want among our respective churches, true-hearted, genuine, simple advice, freed from the tinsel of officialism, destitute of the toggery of Presbyterianism, broad and liberal Christian advice. Such would help our churches; but we are inclined to think that this is one or two grades higher than the American Council system which our Nova Scotia brother is so partial to.

ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS.

DURING the past few weeks two great exhibitions have been held in Guelph and Toronto, and this week the Provincial Exhibition is being conducted in Ottawa. These are now well recognized institutions in the land. The progress which they evince as having been made in the past, is a happy augury of future success and prosperity in the same direction. It is not too much to say that these exhibitions have resulted more satisfactorily in every respect than could possibly have been anticipated at the outset.

The presence of the Vice-regal party is a point of resemblance in regard to all these exhibitions. On former occasions the popular representatives of the Queen, Lord and

Lady Dufferin, imparted much *eclat* to these demonstrations. But this year affords the gratifying fact of a daughter of Victoria adding grace and dignity to these Provincial institutions. The Princess has gained innumerable laurels of love and esteem from the manner in which she has conducted herself. Had Her Highness simply honoured our exhibitions with passing through them and bestowing here and there some appreciative glance, the people would have marked her condescension with approval. But she minutely inspected not only those exhibits which are supposed to be especially interesting to her sex; she added to this an intelligent appreciation of the well-conditioned live stock that were on view, and of the beautiful machinery and skilful agricultural contrivances that were displayed. Such attention on her part was sufficient to endear her to the hearts of all loyal Canadians. But when we remember the kindly visits she paid to our benevolent and educational institutions, she has commended herself besides as a noble woman to the affections of the people.

If the Queen's daughter has thus distinguished herself, the Governor-General has certainly not been behind-hand in his desire to please every one, and the intelligent interest he took in everything submitted to his inspection. Though but a young man he has displayed qualities that indicate a future of great influence amongst us. Not only has he shown an ability and humour that are hardly second to similar well recognized qualities that endeared Lord Dufferin to every Canadian heart, but he has literally made himself one of the people. His warm grasp of the hand will long be remembered. He evinced the deepest interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the country. With our University, our schools and colleges, he showed the greatest sympathy. He took much pride in the country which he has come to rule in the name of the Queen. And he was not far behind the Princess in his regard for those institutions which are created for the alleviation of human suffering and for the suppression of crime. The visit of the illustrious pair while adding to the distinction which these exhibitions from their own merits would have enjoyed, has given them a very valuable place in the esteem and affections of the nation.

Turning to the exhibitions themselves, they have furnished wonderful proofs of the material wealth of this country. During this year we have had to look with gratitude upon the many evidences of the bountiful harvest with which it has pleased Providence to bless the Dominion. Not only in grains and fruits of every description has the present outstripped past years; but in cattle and sheep and horses we have a suggestive proof of the capabilities of the land. These by themselves would suffice to show that this is a singularly favoured country. But in view of the disas-

tors which have come upon the mother country as well as other nations of Europe, they impress upon us our ability to aid the poor and suffering wherever they are to be found. If we grow rich, in supplying the wants of others let us show forth that wealth of sympathy which it becomes a Christian people to cherish. But these evidences of prosperity only constitute a foundation for advancement in educational, literary, scientific and social directions. Such exhibitions furnish a vast and interesting display of the inventions and discoveries which go to make a people prosperous in other senses than those which have reference to material wealth.

News of the Churches.

PLEASANT RIVER, N.S.—It would be extremely difficult to find a mission field which did not present its points of interest or impress one with some idea of its own peculiar importance. But all who have visited Pleasant River seem to regard it as the most interesting and important of our stations, at any rate in the Maritime Provinces. The church, or rather churches are comparatively young, but have made, notwithstanding external counter influences, remarkable progress in the way of extension. And although several preaching stations have been, one after another abandoned to other incoming builders on our foundation, and because too great a strain was exerted on the physical powers of the missionary, still three regular preaching stations remain, and one Sabbath school station in addition is supplied with a superintendent by the Pleasant River Church. In the three regular preaching places there is a membership of about 200, mostly of German descent, very genial and hospitable in their manners, especially to the missionary. The parent church at Pleasant River worships in its quaint old-fashioned meeting-house built only about seventeen years ago, but under the direction of an aged architect who said he had very pleasant memories of an old meeting-house in New England to which he, as a child, had been led, and desired as near as possible to reproduce it here. Ohio, or as it is now called Hemford, is eight miles away in the woods. Here an off-spring from Pleasant River has for about two years set up house keeping for itself, then with about forty members, but now increased. They worship in a school-house, built with a gallery; the builders having the object of religious meetings in view. This building is, however, altogether too small for Sabbath services, and has been so for years. A week evening meeting often fills it. A new church edifice is much needed there, and an eligible site has been offered, gratis, for the purpose of erecting a meeting-house upon. There is now more prospect of making the effort than there has been before. The other station, near what has been known as Baker's Settlement, has been remarkably energetic, and the people have about half built a new church to seat comfortably 200 persons; they expect to have it fit for use this coming winter. It has a good appearance architecturally, has a tower, also a minister's room back of the platform. Here is a church of over forty members, which is ten miles in another direction, over bad roads, from the parent church. The people here feel they are poor and unable to do but little to support a pastor, and they will feel so till they are more leavened by the Gospel, and educated into the duty and privilege of contributing more largely even of their little. This Orange Grove Church is still in connection, as a branch, with Pleasant River. These churches are just now pastorless, but they have decided to extend a call which they hope will be accepted. One pastor is not enough here; mission funds are needed.

It is said that so far as is known the first sermon on temperance, and announced by advertisement as such, in the old world, was preached by Rev. Dr. Edgar of Belfast, in 1829. A jubilee celebration of the occasion is to be held shortly.

CRITICISING MINISTERS.

There will be less of this for a few weeks to come than there was before the vacation. Absence and even death remind detractors of good points in their friends. Hence, at his funeral or while he is away on a journey, one hears little of a pastor's failings. But we fear the epidemic of fault-finding will return again. It did last year and the year before. People so young as otherwise to give no evidence of the critical power, can "talk about the minister." Persons who have an ingrained bent that way can, if they choose to, "find meet employ" for their "faculty" when the pastor is mentioned. People who are too busy in the summer to mind anybody's business but their own have long autumnal evenings now, and leisure to pick things to pieces. "I wish Mr. A. would exchange offices," said a silly Sabbath school teacher to her class after a stranger had preached. "What an unfortunate smile our minister has!" remarked another. "I have nothing 'personal' against our minister," said a prominent church-member, "it is his sermons; they don't feed us as do Dr. B.'s." "How I wish our minister would write more. His sermons show want of study. He gets a few ideas and trusts the inspiration of the moment, and fails to instruct us." "O why can't our minister leave those old 'notes' and stand out beside the pulpit and talk to us as Mr. C. does!" "Mr. D. isn't 'smart' enough for this place, that is evident!" "If we could only shut Mr. E. up the moment he finishes the services of the Sabbath and never see him till the next Sabbath nobody would find fault with him." "How I wish we could have a pastor! Our minister scarcely ever calls." "Mr. L. can never do me any good," remarked an irate sister going out of prayer-meeting. "He isn't spiritual." "We dismissed our pastor because his sermons were Biblical and not much else," said Deacon G. "We got rid of our minister because he was forever lugging in Huxley, Tyndall and all the philosophers," said Mr. H.

The above remarks were all made and "set down." We could continue to quote indefinitely. But we ask pardon of our readers for quoting at all. It is only to point out the silliness, if not the wickedness, of such talk that we do it. The criticisms are in general inconsistent with each other. They point out the folly of the speakers only, in most cases. Ministers are not perfect. Neither are wives or husbands or parents, or even children. They are not improved by detraction. He who will parade the faults of his pastor either has a false conception of the relation, or he is mean enough to do the same for a member of his own family. If you cannot conscientiously classify your pastor, as you ought, as among your dearest personal friends, to stab whose reputation would be to wound yourself, then class him among your enemies and fulfil the Lord's command, *pray for him*. Any good minister would prefer to have an enemy who should pray for him importunately, than a so-called friend and brother who should slander him. Help, brethren of the churches. Do not hinder. Our work, our aim, is one. Our spirit, our hearts, should be one, also.

Religious News.

The first church in Spain built in connection with the Church of England has just been opened.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, of Scotland, next March.

The French Protestants, numbering about 700,000 souls, contribute about \$200,000 for Home and Foreign Missions.

The richest University in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth over four million dollars.

The various Bible Societies in England and elsewhere have, since their formation, issued 147,947,520 copies of the Bible and New Testament.

The first Chinese Christian church in the Sandwich Islands has been organized in Honolulu, six persons uniting with it on profession of their faith.

The memory of the sweet poetess, Frances Ridley Havergal, is to be fitly cherished at Swansea, South Wales, by the formation of a Young Women's Christian Association.

The late Sir Rowland Hill, whose introduction of cheap postage proved him a public benefactor, was buried last week in Westminster Abbey, among those whom England delights to honour.

The Indianapolis and St. Louis Railway Directors are

consulting the public welfare as well as their own interests in their recent prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquors by their employees.

The use of alcoholic drinks is responsible for double the proportion of suicides in France within the last thirty years, according to the statement of the Secretary of the French Temperance Society.

Of the 515,780 members of the Church of Scotland a large majority of 297,375 are women. As women have equal voting power with the men, the balance of power in the Church lies with the women.

A Roman Catholic bishop in Poggia, Mantova, says Catholicism is rapidly losing ground, and unless the secular arm of Europe interferes Italy will be a reformed country at the beginning of the twentieth century.

For the Free Church Moderators'hip it is understood that the Rev. Dr. Hanna, son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, will be proposed, for the next Assembly, 1880, being the centenary of Dr. Chalmers' birth.

The death is announced of Mr. Joseph Gurney, Treasurer of the London Religious Tract Society. The excellent "Annotated Paragraph Bible," published by the Society, was prepared under his auspices.

In Central Africa a large number of Jewish negroes have been discovered. Nearly every family possesses the law of Moses on parchment. They trace their origin to the first captivity, when some of the natives fled to the desert and intermarried with the natives.

The Macrae case in Scotland is likely to lead to a law-suit to decide the ownership of the property. There is a minority of two elders and thirty communicants who desire to adhere to the United Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Gamble, the most liberal contributor to the congregation, does not now attend Mr. Macrae's services.

There are eighty colporteurs in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's church in London. They visit every month about 75,000 families. During the past year 162,000 tracts were distributed gratuitously, and over \$41,000 was realized from the sale of 927,000 separate publications. The total number of visits during the year was 926,290.

Shortly before the death of the late Baron Rothschild, he called at a bookseller's to inquire if he could furnish him with a hymn-book containing the precious hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Happy for him if in his closing days his mind and heart were turning to Him who is "the hope of Israel and Saviour thereof in time of trouble."

In Rome was recently ordained a coloured priest who was formerly a slave. He had suffered many indignities, and an Italian lady, learning his condition and character, purchased him and gave him his freedom. He was then sent to the Propaganda, and his ordination is the result. His field of work is Abyssinia, where he has been sent to labour among his own people.

Miss West writes from Smyrna that a Rest and Coffee Room has been opened in an admirable location, where British railway men and others are furnished with refreshing drinks, and opportunities are given for religious work among them and the natives who throng the place. It is meeting great favour with the Greek, Armenian, and Turkish residents. The preaching services on Sabbath evenings are crowded.

Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, coloured students of Mr. Spurgeon's college, who sailed from England last September, as missionaries to Bakunda, on the west coast of Africa, have gained already a very strong foothold among the people. Through the influence of the king all the boys in the village of 1,000 people have been sent to their school. When very sick last April, the king made his will, commending his youngest son to the care of the missionaries, and commanding his subjects to obey them and protect them and their wives.

The Convocation of York has been discussing the Athanasian Creed, but has come to no agreement. The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, said the use of the creed, which was not a creed in the proper sense, should be made optional, and he moved to amend the Rubric accordingly. He regarded the denunciations as a stumbling block. The Bishop's motion was lost, as was also one removing the Rubric. The English Church Union has addressed a paper to both Convocations, protesting against further license in respect to the use of the creed.

The question of intemperance is now attracting a good deal of attention in the Church of Scotland. The committee appointed by the Assembly, reporting on the evil, say the General Assembly will approve and encourage those who adopt the total abstinence policy; but, on the other hand, the committee would "urge on the abstainers of the Church the duty and expediency of respecting the convictions of those who cannot see their way to personal abstinence, but who are, nevertheless, anxious to see the reproach of drunkenness removed from the Church and the country, and who are willing to work for this great end in united and friendly effort."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, Wm. Leaney, Esq., Stouffville, on Friday, September 19, 1879, by the Rev. E. D. Selcox, Richard Rowan, chemist and druggist, of Stouffville, to Minnie Leaney, of the same place.

At Detroit, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. J. C. Higgins, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Allworth of Paris, Ont., Rev. John Allworth, M.A., late of Utica, Mich., to Mary L., daughter of J. P. Snyder, Esq., of Detroit.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XL.

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST { Heb. iv. 14-16 }
(1879)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. vii. 25.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Ex. xxviii. 1-12. Aaron's priesthood.
- T. Ps. cx. 1-7. A priest forever.
- W. Heb. iii. 1-19. The High Priest of our profession.
- Th. Heb. iv. 1-16. The throne of grace.
- F. Heb. v. 1-14. Calicé of God.
- S. Heb. vii. 1-28. After the order of Melchisedec.
- S. Heb. viii. 1-13. A better covenant.

HELPS TO STUDY.

The epistle which contains the present lesson was written to Israelites, in Palestine or elsewhere, who had embraced Christianity; and thus it is that we find it always takes for granted that its readers are well acquainted with the Old Testament Scriptures, with the rites of the temple service, and with the office of the Levitical priesthood. As indicated in the title in our English translation, its authorship has been generally attributed to the Apostle Paul, and although many eminent scholars, such as Erasmus, Calvin, Luther and Alford, questioned its Pauline authorship, the weight of modern scholarship seems to be in favour of the view that it was dictated by Paul and written from memory by Luke. The design of the epistle, the commentators say, is to shew the superiority of the Gospel to the Jewish covenant. It shews this, but it shews more than this. It teaches that the ceremonial dispensation—good and valuable in its own time and place—derived the whole of its value from the fact that it typified the Gospel dispensation; and that now, in the presence of the typified reality, the typical shadow was utterly useless and had no place. The great aim of our lesson seems to be to induce the Hebrews and others to turn away from the Atonic priesthood and from all other human mediation and to accept of Christ as their great High Priest and the only Mediator between God and man. The following topical division may be adopted: (1) Christ a Human Mediator, (2) Christ a Sinless High Priest, (3) Christ a Divine Mediator.

I. CHRIST A HUMAN MEDIATOR.—chap. iv. vers. 14-16. The great cause of the alienation of man from God is sin. On this account, if on no other, it was necessary that the Saviour should be human. The race that sinned must make full satisfaction to divine justice either in the persons of the individuals belonging to it or in the person of a duly qualified representative. Such a representative believers have in Christ. Unbelievers cannot claim Him as their representative, just because they will not. Christ, a man, representing, or standing in the place of, all the men, women and children who accept Him as their Saviour, suffered the punishment of sin for them, and His divine nature gave the sacrifice infinite value. Thus in Christ the principal and otherwise insurmountable obstacle in the way of man's approach to God is removed. But, be it real or imaginary, there is, at least in man's estimation, another obstacle. Man—so far correctly—regards God as the infinitely exalted and unapproachable Being whose thoughts are not as our thoughts nor His ways as our ways; between whom and himself there exists an infinite difference not only morally but intellectually and spiritually; who does not need, as we do, to remember the past, to reason about the present, or to forecast the future; whose knowledge of one thing does not result from His knowledge of other things, but is always direct; who has no personal experience of what it is to be ignorant, or weak, or changeable, or tempted; and, forgetting that God is still greater than all this—so great that while He rules the universe He also takes cognizance of the fall of a sparrow to the ground, numbers the hairs of our heads (Matt. x. 29, 30), and is acquainted with all our ways (Psalm cxxxix. 3)—man thinks that God cannot sympathize with him or compassionate him in his difficulties. Even this obstacle is removed in Christ, for we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He is human. He has "a true body and a reasonable soul." He has personally experienced the difficulties, the infirmities, the trials, the sorrows, the temptations of human life, yet without sin. Perfectly holy in His own person, He lived in a world oppressed with the curse of sin and was subject to all its miseries so far as these are not the consequence of personal transgression; He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" (Isaiah liii. 3). He is human still. In His person humanity is exalted to the throne of God. A man—a living, loving, thinking, reasoning, feeling man—is at God's right hand, and we are encouraged to speak to Him as we would to an elder brother—to come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and grace to help in time of need.

II. CHRIST A SINLESS HIGH PRIEST.—chap. v. vers. 1-3. Under the ceremonial law it was necessary for the priest, as for the people so also for himself to offer for sins. The priest himself was sinful. The sins that were removed by the animal sacrifices which he offered were breaches, not of the moral, but of the ceremonial law. And if real guilt was removed from priest, or people—as it undoubtedly was if they were true worshippers—that guilt was removed solely by the great sacrifice to be afterwards offered up by Christ, of which

sacrifice the animal sacrifices of the old dispensation were but types. Even the priest was typical, and to render him a fit type his own ceremonial defilement had to be taken away by sacrifice before he should attempt to offer on behalf of the people. The removal of real sin required a sinless sacrifice and a sinless priest; in Christ we have both of these requisites; He was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners" (Heb. vii. 26).

III. CHRIST A DIVINE MEDIATOR.—chap. v. vers. 4-6. A mediator is one who comes in between two parties who have been at variance, or to separate them, but to bring them together—to reconcile them. It is always an advantage that the mediator should be in some way connected with both parties; the more closely he can identify himself with both of them the more likely it is that his mediation will be successful. Christ, as we have seen, is man, and He can therefore speak to God on man's behalf; He is also God and can therefore speak to man on God's behalf. In the first part of the lesson we found that He had a human heart to feel for us; now we find that He has Divine power to relieve us: Thou art my Son. This is quoted from Psalm ii. 7. Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. This quotation is from Psalm cx. 4. There is now no earthly mediating or sacrificing priesthood authorized by the Word of God. If there is any shadow of a claim at all to exercise the functions of such an office it ought to be founded not on apostolic succession but on Atonic succession. Christ did not succeed to the Atonic high-priesthood, neither did His apostles. The office is vacant, and could only be filled, with any shew of right at all, by a person descended from Aaron. All his underlings also would require to belong to the tribe of Levi. There are in the present day those who call themselves ministers of the Christian religion and who also call themselves priests, and pretend to mediate and to offer sacrifice; but they are usurping an office to which the Word of God gives them no claim—an office which, under the Gospel dispensation, is not only utterly useless and out of place, but which leads inquirers away from the only way of salvation. We have a great High Priest. That is all we have and that is all we need. After giving Himself as a sacrifice for sin, He has passed into the heavens, or through the heavens—as the Jewish high priest used to pass through the outer courts of the temple into the holy place—into the presence of God, "not without blood," and, like the congregation of Israel, we are waiting till he comes out again. If Christ has been appointed "a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec," then there is no other priest or mediator; He is like Melchisedec, without a predecessor and without a successor in the office (Heb. vii.). His sacrificial work is finished, but "He ever liveth to make intercession" for us, and sinners are directed to come to God through Him and neither through saints in heaven nor through priests on earth. He is the only being who is qualified for the office of Mediator. He is God and man. Not partly God and partly man. He is as much God as if He were not man; and He is as much man as if He were not God. The fact of his being God does not take away from his manhood; neither does the fact of His being man detract from His divinity. We may, therefore, with the fullest confidence, count upon His human sympathy with us and His intense interest in us; and we may, with equal confidence, depend upon His divine power to keep that which we commit to His trust, and to overcome all enemies.

THE BIBLE IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

It is a mistake to complain that "the Bible is not used in the Sabbath school," it is as if one complained that figs do not grow of thistles. Teachers and scholars who have no use for the Bible there will not bring it, of course, and to force it into their hands is to do nothing towards its use. The evil is in the thistle. Let us have such teachers, and such scholars, and such a use of the lesson leaf, as that we shall not be able to get along without the Bible. Let us quit pleading for the shell of the virtue when we may have the virtue itself by a little effort in that direction. (1) Supply no Bibles in the Sabbath school; let them be owned and brought; present them if they cannot be afforded by the scholars. Ownership of a Bible is almost a prerequisite to its use. (2) Expect and promote the use of the references, both to verses and to incidents, as of chief importance in the study of the lesson out of school and in it. The best questions on the lesson arise out of a study of the text itself, and the best illustrations of our lessons are found in the Bible. Besides, a single lesson should promote a study of the Bible as a whole, in which each lesson ought to be made a sort of a key. (3) Let a lesson of Scripture elsewhere in the Bible be always read for opening, either relating to the lesson or of a devotional character, thus bringing all Bibles into use regularly.—S. S. Journal.

Around the Table.

NAN, THE NEWSBOY.

NAN, the newsboy, is among the latest of the odd characters which spring into fame from time to time out of the varied life of the great city of New York. A year ago he formed a little band, consisting of himself and two others, to patrol the East River

docks at night and rescue persons from drowning.

Some charitable persons heard of the boys, gave them a floating station to live in, boats, neat blue uniforms, and a small weekly salary, to devote their whole time to the work.

Nan's real name is William J. O'Neil. He is a thorough street Arab in his manners, and uses the dialect common among ragged newsboys and bootblacks.

The regulations by which the association should be governed, according to his idea, are few and simple. As jotted down with other matters in his rough log-book, they are:

1. Members shall do whatever the president orders them.
2. No one shall be a member who drinks or gets drunk.
3. Any members not down in Dover Dock, and miss one night except in sickness, shall be fined fifty cents by order of the president.
4. No cursing allowed.

Spelling is not Nan's strong point, and I have taken the liberty to arrange this according to the usual custom. Nor does he keep records in a scientific manner. Case four, in his list of rescued, sets down only "A Jew boy." Case five is "A red-headed boy who fell in the water, but could not find his name."

The first meeting of the association took place one pleasant day in June, 1878.

"We was a-sittin' on Dover Dock," Nan says, "tellin' stories. We got talkin' about how a body was took out 'most every day, and some said two hundred was took out in a year. We heard about life savin' on the Jersey coast, too. So I says: 'Say we makes a' s'ociation of it boys, for to go along the docks pickin' 'em up regular.' 'All right!' they says, and they nomernates me for president. We thought we might as well be doin' that as loafin' on the corners."

Might as well be brave and humane fellows, that is, as idle and dangerous loungers! Yes, indeed they might, and this modest way of putting it is infinitely to Nan's credit.

The three have nothing very distinctive in their appearance, excepting their plain uniform. Nan has a rosy complexion and a serious manner. He has sold papers almost ever since he can remember. Edward Kelly is paler and slighter, and has quite a decided air of dignity. Gilbert Long is sunbrowned, and has a merry twinkle in his eye. He looks as if likely to be the most recklessly persistent of the lot in any dangerous strait. The three boys were all born in Cherry street. Long has been a tinsmith's apprentice, and Kelly a leather-cutter.

They have also with them five unpaid volunteers who serve at night. The force is divided into three patrols.

Cherry street and its vicinity abound in tenements, sailor boarding-houses and drinking saloons. The upper part of South Street is a kind of breathing place for this squalid

quarter. It is much favoured by idle urchins especially, who find a hundred ways to amuse themselves among the boxes and bales. A breeze blows from the water across the edge of the dusty, coffee-coloured piers and gives a breath of fresh air.

The fish dock and the old "dirt" dock in Peek Slip on summer evenings are white with the figures of bathers. Often, too, even when the law was more stringent against it than now, they found means to swim in the daytime. They wrestle and tumble over one another, remain in the water for hours, swim across the swift stream to Brooklyn and back, and dive to the muddy bottom for coins thrown to them by spectators.

This was the training-school of our life-savers. Accidents were very frequent here, and the boys made many rescues without thinking much of them. Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it might be called, is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal-boat or two, to where it lies, wedged in, in the crowded basin. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran pattern.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove in a corner, and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend, after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "cordeen," and there is quite a social time.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row boat by the collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover Dock, and Kelley's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE RICH HUNCHBACK.

"OH, my! what a funny little old man!" said a thoughtless young girl in a loud whisper to her companion, at a prayer-meeting in a certain large manufacturing village in New England.

I glanced up. There was a funny little old man indeed, walking with a painful limp up the aisle in quest of a vacant seat.

"It is old Uncle Jerry Phillips, the hump-back shoemaker. Prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise if he takes a part in the meeting, as he doubtless will," explained the friend at my side.

It was a pleasant social gathering. A deep devotional feeling seemed to prevail, and one after another spoke words of faith and hope and promise.

By-and-by there came a lull, and then Uncle Jerry's gray, bushy head appeared just above the tops of the settees. He began his remarks in a sweet, pathetic, trembling voice.

"Friends, it would no doubt seem to many here a very sad thing to be only Jerry Phillips, the poor, old, cross-eyed, crooked-limbed, humpback shoemaker; to be without relatives; to be often without work; to sometimes be hungry; to have no home except one little bare room; to be often laid up with rheumatism, and for days not to see a human face excepting now and then when a kind-hearted neighbour looks in.

"All these things are very sad; but, dear friends, there are sadder things. It is sad to be poor as regards this life, but it is sadder to be poor in reference to the life that is to come. I am a poverty-stricken, 'funny'-looking old man in the estimation of most of you, but I am rich in faith, and through the blessed faith Jesus clothes me in the robe of his righteousness, and feeds me with the bread of heaven.

"This unsightly hump on my back is far less onerous than the load of anxiety, remorse, and sin, carried by many rich people who ride in fine carriages, and are clothed in goodly apparel. I shall drop it off some day, after I have borne it long enough to fulfil His purpose, and with it I shall lose my crooked limbs and cross eyes.

"These deformities, I must confess, have been something of a burden to me all my life; but whenever the thoughtless jeer at me, I remember that the Master always looked kindly upon the halt and the maimed. Jesus, too, was the friend of the poor when He was in this world, and He is so still.

"Do you not remember? 'He had not where to lay his head.' And do you not recall the words of James? 'Has not God chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?' Yes, I speak from my heart when I say to you that I had rather be poor in purse and rich in faith, than poor in faith and rich in purse.

I hope none of you will be poor in both ways. If you should be, the fault will be at your own door, for every one of you can be rich by taking Jesus as your friend. And I trust that those who are already rich in this world's goods will so live as to share in the riches of the world to come. It would be unspeakably unfortunate my friends, oh, far more unfortunate than anything that has yet befallen me in this life, to pass out of worldly wealth into eternal poverty."

The old man sat down, and Col. Rogers, the

so-called richest man in town, sank upon his knees, saying with much emotion, "Let us pray." The supposed wealthy manufacturer offered a petition, with a true prayerful unction, for faith and grace and strength and charity, and for a thorough cleansing from all moral and spiritual deformity, that found a response in many hearts and brought the tears to many eyes.

The next day the entire community was electrified by the news that Col. Rogers had failed, and assigned his property for the benefit of his creditors. All who had been present at that meeting the previous evening recalled the now ruined manufacturer's prayer, and said that the poor man must have been passing through a fierce mental struggle at the time.

He met Uncle Jerry Phillips in the street that day, and taking him by the hand, said, "I am as poor as you are this afternoon, Uncle Jerry, I have thrown up the hump of 'anxiety, remorse, and sin,' but I am weak from carrying it so long. And although I did not realize it before your most opportune words of last night, I think I had been looking in all directions for the main chance in business so long that I was getting to be cross-eyed myself.

"Now, Uncle Jerry, I want you to pray that I may become as rich as you are, for it was your talk at the prayer-meeting that prompted me to make the move I have. I had my plans all perfected by which I was to fail 'successfully' in my business, that is to make a compromise with my creditors, offer to them a certain per cent. of my indebtedness, and go on again. But instead of that I have turned over everything to my principal creditor, who will carry on the business. By doing what I have, I am enabled to pay every cent I owe. I could not bear the idea of 'eternal poverty,' Uncle Jerry."

"I hated to speak," said the deformed little man. "It is always a cross for me, and it was more of a cross last evening than ever, because I heard some girls giggling about me when I came in. But something kept whispering, 'Get up and tell them that you are not so poor and forlorn as you seem,' so I spoke the words that the Lord gave me."

THE USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.

HOW pleasant it is to see a little girl trying to be useful. There is little Rhoda May sitting in old Mrs. Cooper's cottage, and writing a letter for her to her absent son. It seems but a trifling act of kindness, and yet it is one of great value to the old lady, for she does not know how to write herself, and would not be able to let her "dear boy John" hear from her at all if some one did not write instead of her. That "some one" is good little Rhoda. She has given up her play this afternoon, and no one loves play more dearly than Rhoda in order that she may, in this way, help old Mrs. Cooper. Rhoda wishes very much to be useful. I wonder whether you are like her.

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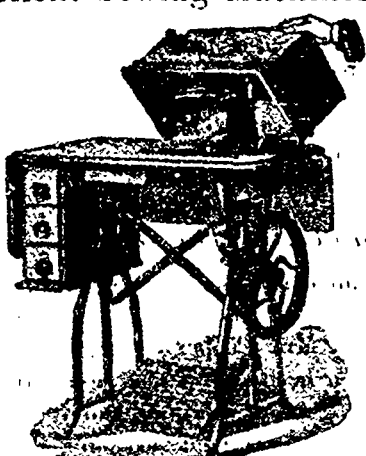
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