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# The Canadian Independent.

Wm Reid  
478 Guy st  
1 July, 81

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881.

[New Series. No. 44

## Current Topics.

--Bishop Potter, of New York, has appointed a committee to devise measures for raising a permanent fund of \$1,000,000, the income of which shall be devoted to the building of new Protestant Episcopal churches. The benefits of this fund are not to be restricted territorially.

—The London Times says that thirty-eight miles of new streets, on which houses are rapidly built, are annually added to the city of London. Such a huge city, growing at this rate, indicates the immense industrial and commercial thrift of Great Britain.

—The corner stone of a new Protestant Episcopal church was laid on the 24th ult. in Paris. The structure is to cost \$500,000, of which \$228,000 is already subscribed. Father Hyacinthe and his wife attended the ceremonies, and there was an immense throng present.

—A Young Men's Christian Association has been formed at Philippopolis, European Turkey, which has done especially good work in the night schools. The bishop has tried to persuade the leader to leave the Protestant faith, offering him almost any ecclesiastical position, and telling him that he would be free to believe what he liked.

—The census of 1880 gives the Chinese population in this country as 105,000. The tendency to migrate hither has of late diminished. It is stated that the Chinese of California have produced as much wealth as all the mines of the State combined with those of Nevada and Dakota—some sixty to eighty or ninety millions a year.

—Pope Leo XIII. in a recent encyclical letter says the Protestant missionaries are "deceivers who disseminate error, imitate the apostles of Christ, usurp the office of the Catholic priesthood," etc. *Les Missions Catholiques* in thanking the Pope for this says: "If our contributions increase, we shall be able to open a Catholic school at the side of each Protestant school. This must be our policy in every Christian settlement."

—The terms of peace exacted of Peru by Chili are of the severest. The amount of indemnity for expenses of the war, embracing every expense directly caused to Chili by the war, which is imposed on the conquered country, will fall with crushing weight. But there is *this* condition which will be to Peru's advantage: She is forbidden to undertake to fortify her forts for fifty years, or to raise an army or acquire a navy for forty years! That much of expense will be saved.

—By a curious coincidence, while New York Israelites were commemorating the deliverance of their ancestors from Haman's wicked designs March 22 Rabbi Joseph Misrachi, a native Shushan, Persia, the city of Esther, Mordecai, and Haman, arrived here in quest of money to repair the tomb of the beautiful Queen of Ahasuerus and the defiant Mordecai, who lie side by side in that Oriental city during twenty centuries, the Jews of Shushan have striven to preserve this memorial, and have succeeded in doing so; but now the whole of the structure is gradually falling away.—*Christian Register*.

—The Rev. J. A. Dobson of Muncie, Ind., who has left the Universalists to become a Congregationalist, does not speak very highly of the former denomination. He stated recently that there is no Christianity in Universalism, and that he had been frozen out; that there are over 60 organizations of that denomination in Indiana and none of them have regular services; over 90 in Ohio, and only 10 have services every Sunday, and that the church is going down because of its unbelief.

—A remarkable work of grace seems to be going on at present in Edinburgh, Scotland, in connection with a visit there of Major Whittle, the American Evangelist, who is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan. A number of leading ministers in Edinburgh, including such men as Dr. Horatius Bonar, Dr. Blakie and Rev. J. H. Wilson are taking part in the work. The meetings day and evening are densely crowded, and the number of anxious inquirers is steadily increasing.

—There is hope for the old land yet, when even civic festivities can be carried out on total abstinence principles. The Mayor of Leeds recently entertained nine teetotal mayors at a banquet, among them being the Lord Mayor of York, and the Mayors of Winchester and Worcester. This evidence of the progress of temperance principles in England is very encouraging, especially as the example of those in authority counts for much there, and demonstrates that the class most difficult to turn from old habits and customs is beginning to perceive the evils of drinking.

—The electric lighting of the city of London, England, has proved a great success. The whole circuit of the lamps, from London-bridge to Blackfriars, by way of Cheapside, St. Paul's churchyard, and Ludgate-hill, were lit simultaneously, for electricity abolishes the lamplighter. Almost anywhere in the streets the smallest print could be read with ease, so radiant was the pure white light. Near the Mansion House three lofty lamps, each 75 feet high, and some 3,000 candle power, shed a splendid light on the surrounding area, rendering the view of the Royal Exchange, Bank, and Civic Palace a sight well worth beholding. The gas-lamps were entirely eclipsed.

—Dr. Irving gives, in the April number of the *Foreign Missionary*, a valuable table presenting the results of missionary operations in India. According to this table there are now in India 644 foreign missionaries, 682 native preachers, 6,836 native helpers, and 130,958 communicants. The most striking fact which these results indicate has reference to the increase of native preachers within the past thirty years. In 1850 there were in India and Burmah 48 native preachers; in 1880, 682, an increase of *fourteenfold*. The communicants have increased sevenfold within the same period, while the number of foreign missionaries has not so much as doubled. The growth of the native agency is the surest sign of the progress of the evangelical work.

—From the recently issued and interesting report of the Free Christian Church in Italy, under the presidency

of Signor Alessandro Gavazzi, we extract the following statistics. This is a noble work, every way worthy of the help of all who have the will and power to aid it. We hope from it great things for Italy. The Church now has 14 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 48 elders, 70 deacons, 13 deaconesses, 3 colporteurs, 1200 average Sabbath morning attendance, 2200 average Sabbath evening attendance, 1600 weekday attendance, 1780 communicants, 254 catechumens, 51 Sabbath school teachers, 710 Sabbath school children, 21 day and night school teachers, 1300 day and night school pupils; 35 churches, large and small; 37 out stations.

—A correspondent of the *Nonconformist* who was at Constantinople on the 7th of April sends a remark or two on the situation there, which will be read with interest. He says:—"Constantinople is in a deplorable state. I never was in any place so poverty-stricken. Nobody ventures out into the streets at night without a revolver; and the outrages are excused because committed by people who are starving. The belief of the inhabitants seems to be that there will be war. That is HOBART PASHA'S opinion. Shipload after shipload of military material is being sent off, and the idea appears to be that, when the contending Powers meet on the frontier, they will certainly come to blows. Something is needed to bring the Turkish Government to an end. It is regarded by all as hopeless."

—"Our Correspondents" nowadays are not only important personages, but run imminent risks, as witness the campaigns in Afghanistan and Zululand. Four of these gallant and adventurous gentlemen are known to have had a narrow escape in the last disastrous conflict with the Boers. This was the case with the correspondent of the *Standard*, who telegraphed so graphic an account of the desperate encounter on the Ingogo river, and who was on Sunday knocked down by the rush, captured, and released. The *Times*' special also nearly fell a victim to the Boer rifleman on the fatal heights of Majuba. When the hail of bullets was mowing down the defenders of the mountain, he was able to hide himself in a donga and surrender quietly to the Boers, who took him to identify the lifeless body of Sir George Colley, and then generously released him. Nothing has yet been heard of one of the *Daily News*' correspondents; another was wounded and taken prisoner. How far the specials, to whom we are so much indebted for early news of these terrible conflicts are officers on service, we cannot say. But whether or not, they carry their lives in their hands when they move in the *entourage* of so daring a commander as General Colley, and within reach of the rifles of Boer sharpshooters.

—Mr. J. W. Horsley, Chaplain at the Clerkenwell Prison, London, England, relates, in the *Fortnightly Review*, the experience of himself and his predecessors for a series of years of the suicide mania. It is a very elaborate and instructive paper. Last year no less than 341 persons who had attempted self-murder were committed to this gaol, of whom all but 35, who were

Roman Catholics, received Mr. Horsley's special attention. He gives us the sex, condition, occupation, and age of 300 of these unhappy people. Females were the most numerous. Of the 300 cases 117 were males, and 183 females. As to condition, 90 were single, 131 married, 30 widows or widowers, 40 married but separated from their husbands or wives, and 22 were living in concubinage—some of these latter being included under one of the former headings. Nearly all were in the humbler walks of life. Higher class attempts at suicide do not frequently come under the notice of the police. Their ages varied from 13 to 88, every year being represented with the exception of 48 and 57. The cases, however, between 20 and 30 years of age were by far the most numerous. That decade is said to be the worst for nearly every species of crime. Mr. Horsley states that of the 300 cases in question, 145 were caused solely by drunkenness; and of the others his opinion is that drink had more or less to do with them all, with the exception of 3 only!

—From time to time we get inklings of many superstitions fostered under the shadow of the State Church. "A Vicar," writing in the *Church Times*, notes the fear entertained by some candidates for confirmation as to the results which may follow the Bishop's left hand being placed upon their heads, and writes dubiously as to his own opinion, "whether the objection to left-handed Confirmation be a superstition or not." It will not be the fault of the Ritualistic clergy if this crop of degrading superstitions is not marvellously increased during the coming years. At St. Barnabas, Holbeck, Leeds, a commencement has been made towards the reintroduction of the mummeries which in mediæval times were associated with "Palm Sunday," when the benediction of the priest was supposed to endow boughs of trees with magical virtues. At the morning service, there was a "procession of palms," one feature of which was "a brass crucifix enclosed in crape, with a shear of palm above it;" the priest had the distinction of "carrying a larger palm than any other in the procession." During the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, "a bell inside and one outside the church were tolled a few strokes at the elevation of the palm and chalice respectively." During the service, the prayers of the congregation were desired for the repose of the soul of one of the Sunday school boys, who had met with a fatal accident. The *Church Review* sighs over the abandonment of the practices of blessing ashes on Ash-Wednesday, of "the reservation of the pre-sanctified elements on Maundy Thursday for Communion on the next day," of the creeping to the cross on Good Friday, and of the priestly blessing of newly-kindled fire at Easter. "OSMUND," writing in the same paper, gives the key-note of the future movements, when he writes: "The essence of Catholicity is obedience to authority, and the authority for English Catholics is the *pre-Reformation Church* of England. . . . We must submit ourselves and dislikes to authority. Blecticism is fatal to unity."

## "DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

From an old English Parsonage,  
Down by the sea,  
The sun in the twilight,  
A message to me,  
Its quaint Saxon legend,  
Deeply engraven,  
Hath, as it seems to me,  
Teaching for heaven;  
And on through the hours,  
The quiet words ring,  
Like a low inspiration  
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Many a questioning,  
Many a fear,  
Many a doubt,  
Hath its quieting here.  
Moment by moment,  
Let down from Heaven,  
Time, opportunity,  
Guidance, are given.  
Fear not to-morrow,  
Child of the King:  
Trust them with Jesus!  
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Oh! He would have thee  
Daily more free;  
Knowing the might  
Of thy royal degree.  
Ever in waiting,  
Glad for His call;  
Tranquil in chastening,  
Trusting through all.  
Comings and goings,  
No turmoil need bring;  
His all thy future:  
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Do it immediately,  
Do it with prayer;  
Do it reliantly,  
Casting all care;  
Do it with reverence,  
Tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before thee  
With earnest command.  
Stayed on Omnipotence,  
Safe 'neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings;  
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Looking to Jesus,  
Ever serene,  
Working or suffering,  
Be thy demeanour.  
In the shade of His presence,  
The rest of His calm,  
The light of His countenance,  
Live out thy psalm.  
Strong in His faithfulness,  
Praise Him and sing;  
Then, as He beckons thee,  
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

## FOR LIFE

A STORY OF LONDON EXPERIENCE.

## PART II.—THE DARKENED LIFE.

Some years passed away; I had taken a partnership in a large practice in a great commercial town. I had had experience of paupers and criminals; and what I saw in the dwellings, —too often the hovels, of the poor, in the workhouse, and in the gaol, deepened the conviction that the drinking customs are the fruitful source of at least eighty per cent. of our disease and crime. I was not content, as some of my medical brethren were, with signing testimonials and certificates to that effect. I was eccentric enough to believe that a man's opinion, to be influential, must be corroborated by his practice; so I adhered to the resolution formed on that memorable night of my student life, whose experiences I have recorded. It may sound strange to my readers, but I can assure them that my plan of total abstinence did not promote my interests in my profession. A man with life and death coming constantly before him, required to deal with their myriad forms, should surely be a man so sober that even the slightest suspicion of tampering with the drunkard's drink should not attach to him. Yet, while I had much respect, I had few patients among the more wealthy classes; and the practice that fell to my share was chiefly among the poor. I found no fault with this; but I could not avoid the mental comment, that the physician is best liked whose prescriptions are most agreeable.

One evening I was suddenly summoned to a very crowded part of the town. The messenger was a slipshod sort of servant or errand-girl. She was crying; and I returned with her to the scene where my services were required.

I passed through a crowd of people at the doorway, up a very dirty staircase into a back room on the second floor. The first object I saw was a large, florid man, lying on the hearth-rug, sleeping the heavy sleep of intoxication. It was a disgusting rather than an alarming sight; for the man looked strong, and was sleeping off the effects of his potations. I had hardly at a glance taken in this, when my attention was called to a bed in the corner, where a young boy lay insensible; and bending over him, calling him by every name of fond endearment, was a little, attenuated woman—the mother I saw at once. I examined the child as I made my inquiries.

"He—he—Oh, sir!—he fell down stairs," said the poor woman, in an agitated voice.

"How long since?"

"Two hours ago I picked him up, and my neighbors helped me up stairs with him. I thought he was stunned, sir, and would soon recover; but he does not move. Oh, Archy, my dear boy!—Archy, love, open your eyes!—My darling, look at your mother—my boy—my boy!"

I put her gently aside with a "hush," and took my seat by the bed. I soon ascertained there was no hope. I sent for a medical friend; but the fall had caused concussion of the brain. The child was dying.

Meanwhile the man on the hearth-rug still slept. I looked at him, and asked how long he had lain there. The errand-girl answered, "Since four o'clock." I calculated the time; it was the time of the child's fall. The mother, in her passion of grief, did not hear me ask these questions. She had become very quiet, white, and cold. Her thin, weary face somehow seemed not unknown to me. Suddenly there was a cry from a cradle in a remote corner. Mechanically the mother took up a wretched, sickly-looking baby, and hushed it on her bosom. In a moment the mist of years rolled away; I saw again before me the wife and mother on whom I had once intruded. I cannot explain how I recognized her, for no change—not death itself—could have been more complete. The blooming little fairy I remembered, with her lambent eyes, was now a withered, sharp-featured, faded woman—her eyes sunk and dim, her hair thin and neglected like her garb; "tired out" was the most expressive description of her looks. The poor feeble baby that tugged at her wrinkled bosom, the dying boy silently passing away on his tattered bed, and the bloated snoring mass wallowing on the hearth-rug, made such a combination of the wretched and the odious, that, accustomed as I was to scenes of misery, it sorely tasked my patience. I approached the reeking heap on the rug and shook him. "Rouse, man!" I said, though to call him "man" seemed a libel on humanity, "and see to your wife and boy." He turned, looked up, rose on his elbow. The wife, with a pitiful cry, like a wounded hare, ran to him—"O Fred!" "Keep off," he muttered stupidly, adding a volley of oaths as he pushed her with his disengaged hand so roughly that she fell back with her head on the edge of the bed, where the unconscious boy lay. She quickly gathered herself up, and the loathsome creature—husband and father, oh me!—turned over and began to snore before the feeble wail of the baby that had shared its mother's fall was stilled.

My medical colleague arrived, but the boy's last breath had been drawn ere he entered the room, and before

the poor mother was aware that hope and help were past. I was unwilling to leave the scene. Poor neighbors came in, and gradually the truth broke upon the hapless mourner's mind. She did not weep. A sudden strength seemed to enter her feeble frame, and a new spirit to possess her. I gazed in wonder at her face, as she clutched her sickly baby to her breast with one hand, and stroked the dead boy's hair with the other, her white lips moving but uttering no word. Suddenly she looked round—her gaze fell on the sleeper—and a gleam of such fierce light leaped from her sunken eyes—such a flash of hatred and scorn as I never can forget. The ill usage of many years—the shattering of every hope—the blasting of every holy emotion, seemed to be expressed in that one glance. She turned away, and I saw she resolutely avoided looking on the rug again.

"How did he fall down stairs?" asked a woman present.

There was a momentary struggle I saw, but the mother moaned out—"The stairs are narrow and steep—and—and—God help me!" she shrieked and fell into a fit. I assisted them a while, but on her recovery I left the room with its peaceful dead—its miserable living. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "accidental death." The child had gone to help his father up stairs, and his foot had slipped at an awkward turn, it was said, and the fall had proved fatal. There was no evidence to contradict this; but I had my own opinion, strong to me as a demonstration, that the wretched drunkard, quarrelsome as I had seen, had struck the boy and made him fall, and I felt sure that the mother knew this.

I called again after the funeral, but the family had removed. I learned that this Warner had begun life, not only with very good prospects, but good possessions. He was an architect, the only son of a small but prosperous London builder, and inherited his father's business and several houses. I learned that he had been the injury, if not the ruin of many; for that it was his custom, after selling the private houses that he built, to erect a fine gin palace, or a spacious tavern near, and in this way injure the property and the neighborhood. The very first night I had met him he had sold the house his wife and himself lived in, for a public-house; and the consequence was, the value of the whole street was deteriorated. He did not prosper. He met with swindlers in his transactions, and was so often the dupe of others, as well as the victim of his own appetite, that he had to sacrifice his property, raise money at a ruinous rate of interest to complete contracts, and in seven years from the time I first met him he was a ruined man.

He had skill in his business, and came down to superintend the building of a new church in which my practice lay. But his earnings barely supplied his own wants, and his wife and children were in great poverty. I learned that there had been several children between the eldest boy and the present sickly baby, but they were all dead.

As a medical man I knew enough of infant mortality in a drunkard's home: the wickedness and misery of the parents are such, I do not say they kill the children, but I do say, they let them die; nay, they make it next to impossible that they should live. Infant life must be carefully sheltered, otherwise it goes out as surely as a taper held in a high wind.

Once soon after the inquest, I met Mrs Warner. She looked thin, sallow, spiritless. She avoided me, and I saw that from henceforth hers must be a darkened life.

(To be continued.)

## MANNERS.

BY J. L. B.

"Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world." *Earl of Chesterfield.*

Manners, a general term signifying becoming behavior, would scarcely be too much dignified by a place among the sciences, or in the still more exalted realm of the fine arts.

Courtesy is at least the "open sesame" to good society, and all who aspire to enter its charmed precincts must know somewhat of its magic.

The world panders much to genius though unadorned by conventional graces, yet genius would be no less resplendent in the royal purple of fine manners, and who shall say how much of its lustre is dimmed by gross behaviour!

Tennyson says manners are "the fruit of a loyal nature, and a noble mind." Thus it would seem, if the graces of the heart are cultivated, good manners will naturally follow. This is true to an extent, yet some observance of the social code is also necessary. That many of its laws are arbitrary, and amount to but little of themselves, may be true, but they originated in some need or convenience, and have been perpetuated by common consent, and it is the part of good sense to submit to them with the grace that comes only from practice.

The lack of a "loyal nature" is no excuse for bad manners, and society will not accept it.

Shams are a shame, but there is no harm, but tact rather, in draping an awkward pine table with dainty muslin and so converting it into a thing of beauty. As well find fault with the clinging vines that hide the scars the storms and lightning have left upon the oak. A rose has much of beauty and fragrance, but with the fairy's gift of moss it becomes indeed the queen of flowers. So graces of manner may hide natural defects or enhance beauty.

Who plead for "naturalness" and frown at "conventionalities" should remember that naturalness, pure and simple, would preclude culture of any sort.

Poets, orators, and philosophers have paid tribute to courtesy. It is, indeed, the *law of the best*, and, if analyzed, will be found to contain both moral and intellectual qualities.

Defect in manners, says Emerson, is usually the defect of pure perceptions. Perfect good-breeding has tact, appropriateness, repose,—the "ignoring eye which does not see the annoyances and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive,"—the happy word that fits the occasion; the serenity that comes from entire possession of self, which is gained by self-respect and independence, not by conceit and arrogance.

Politeness is not an accomplishment to be taken as a post-graduate finish to education, but should be inculcated in childhood so it may become a part of one's personality, and thus attain to the ideal perfection.

But it is the "small sweet courtesies" that make life pleasant. Every one can render these and not be abashed even in the presence of kings, for they are based on the golden rule, and made of self-sacrifice, which gives comeliness and grace to one unversed in court-customs or the etiquette of society. Of such can it be said:

"His actions win such reverence sweet  
As hides all measure of the feat."

Character is the base of manners. With sound morality, good intellect, and a right heart, will always be found delicacy, and refinement, and all the winsomeness that comes therefrom. To be honest and frank, it is not necessary to be rough and boorish.



One has no more moral right to offend his neighbors by uncouth and barbarous manners than to assault them with clubs and missiles.

Other things being equal, a well-bred person wields twice the power of a boor, for graceful manners convey a compliment to one's associates that is scarcely to be resisted.

No one can afford to ignore the value of politeness. It is the bond that holds society together. Without the restraints which it imposes, many would lapse into the familiarity that breeds contempt, or the lawlessness of savagery. Deference to the laws of good-breeding is concession to the "forms of things" which is beauty, and,

"Tis the eternal law  
That first in beauty shall be first in might."

#### ANTIPATHIES.

It is well-known that the vanity of King James I. never overcame his weakness of being unable to look on a naked sword. Sir Kenelm Digby was proud to relate that when he was knighted at Hinchinbrooke, near Huntingdon, the King turned his face away, and nearly wounded him. This may be accounted for, as his mother Mary, Queen of Scots, shortly before his birth, had a great shock given to her on seeing her favorite, David Rizzio, killed in her presence. We are told of Uladislau, King of Poland, that he could not bear to see apples. Pennant, the eminent traveller, had a great aversion to wigs, which was also transferred to their wearer for the time. Once, in the presence of the Mayor of Chester, who wore a powdered wig, he got very excited and nervous, and angrily made some strong remarks about the Mayor to a companion. At last, losing all control over his feelings, he rushed at the Mayor, pulled off his wig, and ran with it out of the house and down the street, waving it aloft as he went. The Mayor followed, to the amusement of the populace, and this curious race was afterward known as the "Mayor and Mr. Pennant's Tour through Chester." It is said of the Duke of Schomberg that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and we have heard of a person with so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal, that he would not even pass under a sign-board with a cat painted on it! It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet from his sixth to his fourteenth year could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens, because they were watered by the River Mosera; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not endure any musical instrument, although he delighted in thunder. Grebry the composer, and Anne of Austria were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses. The learned Dr. Beattie tells us of healthy, strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman, the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pansy an abomination; and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Cardan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a sprig of rue.

#### A FATHER'S SORROW.

Says the *Youth's Companion*: "No more moving incident than the following has been told in all the heartrending story of the wreck and burning of the steamer *Seawanhaka*, in the early part of the summer. "A little baby," says the *New York Times*, "about five months old, was taken from Randall's Island to the morgue late in the afternoon. It was well dressed, and had an ivory ring around its neck. It was entirely uninjured, and Keeper White put it in the *post mortem* room in a large coffin filled with ice. At nine in the evening, three gentlemen called, and one of them a young man, with his right hand in a sling, inquired whether any more bodies had been found. He was told about the baby, and replied that he was afraid it was his. He was taken into a ghastly room, where the wind was blowing the gas-lights so furiously that half the time the place was almost dark. The pieces of ice were lifted away, and there lay the pretty little baby. 'It is my little girl!' he said, and burst into tears. For some time, he could hardly control himself. 'Oh, how I loved that baby!' he said. 'She was half my life. I have not cried before for fifteen years.' His wife, with the baby, was on her way to Glen Cove to spend a few weeks. While the steamer was burning, a gentleman, seeing the mother helpless, with her baby, got her a life-preserver, and saying that he would save the child, told her to jump. She did as she was bid, and was saved. Capt. Kerr, steward of the hospital at Randall's Island, some time afterward saw a baby floating in the water, not far from shore. He procured a boat and went after it. When he picked it out of the water, the baby looked up in his face and laughed. He was rowed ashore, carrying the child, but the bright little girl died in his arms almost as soon as he reached the shore. He carried it home, laid it tenderly on a sofa, and applied restoratives, but in vain. The little victim of the disaster was Mamie Gray, her young parents' only surviving child."

#### SELF-SACRIFICE.

Self-sacrifice is at the root of all the blossoms of goodness that have survived the wreck of paradise. There never was a heart but had gleams of it. Shining at times in some royal natures diffusive as the light of day without clouds, there is yet no life so dark and clouded but it sends a golden shaft though some opening rift. To be great-hearted, for the love we bear to our divine Master, and in imitation of Him, is the ideal of Christianity, for it is the religion of Him whose life and death were self-sacrifice. If we are to follow, we must, like Him, bear a cross. It has been so from the beginning. Call the dead roll of the world's worthies—its prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints, the great teachers of mankind, the architects of our liberties, the heroes of civilization, the ministering angels who have blessed the poor, the sick, the dying, the helpless. Has not the measure of their goodness been that of self-denial? They have suffered, that others might suffer less: they have died for the truth, that other might live; they have defended human rights by enduring unspeakable wrongs—the tears and blood. Love, like the fabled bird pierces his own bosom to feed his loved ones. Is not itself to be reached though death? The Blessed One entered not into His glory until He had been crucified.

The leaders of mankind have had to tread a blackened and scorched path of suffering, and we enter into their labors without their sorrows. White angles of earthly saintship, like those of heaven, are only gained through much tribulation. Every thing good costs self-denial.—*F. C. Geikie.*

#### INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, May 15.

The Rich Man and Lazarus Luke xvi. 19-31

GOLDEN TEXT, Proverbs xiv. 32.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death. Commit v. 25, 26.

#### INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Our present lesson is closely connected with the last; the jealous petulance of the elder brother at the rejoicing over the prodigal's return—(ch. xv. 25-32), the story of the unjust steward, and some general teaching based upon it, are the principal points of interest that intervene. The covetousness of the Pharisees, who openly derided Christ's teaching (v. 14), was, probably, the immediate occasion for the utterance of the words that constitute our present lesson.

#### LESSON NOTES.

(19.) *There was a certain rich man.* A rich man is one of the central figures in this story, and a poor man the other; not because the rich are necessarily bad and the poor necessarily good, but because of the covetous spirit of the Pharisees to whom it was spoken, and of whom many were rich; and who not only despised the poor, but treated them with neglect and scorn. *Clad in purple and fine linen.* Fine linen was the clothing of persons of great wealth. Purple, a color obtained from a rare shell found near Tyre. *Fared sumptuously* (luxuriously) every day,—knew not even the semblance of want.

(20.) *A certain beggar named Lazarus* (assistance of God). The name of the one is not mentioned, that of the other is kept in perpetual remembrance—(Prov. x. 7). *Laid at his gate*—in the hope that he might receive pity from one so well able to give it. *Full of sores*—he was the victim of some loathsome eruptive disease.

(21.) *Desiring to be fed, &c.* In his wretchedness he scarcely hoped for more; and yet it does not appear that he received even that. *Dogs came and licked his sores.* These sympathetic animals were more pitiful than the rich man. Strange to see the compassion of dogs set in such sharp contrast with man's inhumanity!

(22, 23.) *The beggar died—the rich man died.* The same event happened to both, but under widely different circumstances; the one, alone and neglected by men,—the other, surrounded by pomp, and ministered to by servile hands; the one, probably, cast as refuse in some hastily-prepared receptacle for the poor, the other borne to his gorgeous tomb with all the pomp and parade of wealth. So much for their bodies; and now what of their souls? *Lazarus was carried by angels* (Heb. i. 14) *into Abraham's bosom*—a figurative expression signifying the resting-place of the true children of Abraham (Christ)—a local place where the righteous remain in conscious felicity until the resurrection of the just. *And in hell*—the abode of lost souls,—a local place where the wicked remain in conscious misery until the resurrection of the dead (Dan. xii. 2; Rev. xx. 12-15). The rich man *lifted up his eyes, being in torments; and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.* Abraham in life was a type of Christ, and stood, *representatively*, as Christ does *really*, at the head of the household of faith. Therefore, we are here to understand, not literally Abraham, but Christ. We cannot suppose that between the saved and lost there is literally any communication; but we may suppose it possible and even probable that it may exist between them and Christ during the period that intervenes between death and the resurrection.

(24.) *And he cried, and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send, &c.* The state of this man was one of inconceivable anguish, of which the torment of material flames was the only earthly symbol by which men could gain any approximate idea. He felt that, might even the once despised Lazarus, he sent to him, he might, and doubtless would, impart to him some faint consolation—possibly, some hope of ultimate change for the better.

(25.) *But Abraham said to him.* Even the cry of a lost spirit was not disregarded, but the answer went quickly back over the abyss between—*Son, remember*—ah, memory is the dreadful faculty that keeps alive the undying fire of remorse—*that thou in thy life-time receivest thy goods things.* He had received good things in lavish abundance, but he had chosen the pleasures of a selfish existence, and, more than that, had shut his heart against the anguish of others. He had lavished all his care upon the body,

forgetting that he had an undying soul; and now the body had perished, the soul was lost, and he alone was to blame. *Like-wise Lazarus evil things*—anguish of body, homelessness, beggary, with only dogs to pity him, and yet, through it all, he had loved and honored God. *And now he* (who had no earthly comforts) *is comforted*, and *thou* (who hadst so many earthly comforts) *art tormented.* Why comforted? Not because he had been poor, but because that, in spite of his poverty, Lazarus had made God his trust. Why tormented? Not because he had been rich, but because that, making riches his god, the rich man had put his trust in, and set his affections upon them.

(26.) *And, besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf, that is, a moral condition which placed them hopelessly and for ever apart. Fixed*—unalterable, unchangeable—Rev. xxii. 11, *so that they who would pass* (a supposition merely) *hence to you cannot* (their moral character rendering it impossible); *neither can they* (for the same reason) *pass to us that would come from thence.* Holiness is Heaven, unholiness is Hell; and between these two extremes there is an eternal and impassable gulf.

(27, 28.) *Send him to my father's house, &c.* This request embodies a reflection upon the wisdom and goodness of God; and implies that He has withheld adequate information from men in regard to their danger.

(29.) This is met by the quiet, but awfully condemnatory answer, *they hear Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.* It is as if He had said,—God has already given them amply sufficient. If they will but heed these great teachers, the danger may be escaped.

(30.) *Nay, but if one went from the dead, &c., &c.*; still the base reflection upon God's wisdom and goodness is continued; showing that, while earnestly longing now for the escape of his friends, he still questions the sufficiency of the means God has provided, by impiously urging his own opinion in the matter.

(31.) *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead;* Moses and the prophets gave them God's testimony direct;—men, going back to them from the dead, could only bring their own experience. He that will not be convinced by men,—the case of such is absolutely hopeless.

#### SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

This lesson is sufficient, by itself, to settle forever the much disputed question of the conscious existence of the soul between death and the resurrection, the felicity of the one, and misery of the other, and the perpetuity of both; especially when studied in connection with 2nd Thess. i. 9 and Rev. xxii. 11. The great gulf fixed has an awfulness of meaning which men will do well to ponder deeply before they seek to bridge it over with rotten theories.

#### QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the Children.)

(19.) What is said of the rich man? Of Lazarus? (21.) Why was Lazarus laid at the rich man's gate? Does it appear that the rich man did anything for him? Who were more pitiful than he? (22.) What happened to both? What was done for the rich man after death. Does that mean a grand funeral and a costly tomb? Had Lazarus any funeral, do you think? What became of Lazarus' soul? What is the meaning of *Abraham's bosom*? Who carried Lazarus to Heaven? What became of the rich man's soul? (23.) What was the rich man permitted to see? (24.) What request did he make? (25.) What answer came back to him? Was Lazarus comforted because he had been poor? Why then? Was the rich man tormented because he had been rich? Why then? (See note for answer to both.) (26.) What was fixed between those places? Could either have passed over it to the other had he wished? (27, 28.) What other request did the rich man make? Why send Lazarus there? Was he proposing what he thought a better plan for warning men than God's plan was? (29.) What answer was given him (30.) Did the rich man urge his own opinion; or did he say that doubtless God's plan was best? Do you think that a man who thinks his own way is so much better than God's way is fit for Heaven? What is said here about it? What lessons may you learn from this story?

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TORONTO, MAY 5, 1881.

### NOTICE:

Mr. Wm. Revell has kindly undertaken the business management of the INDEPENDENT. In the future, therefore, all remittances and letters about the subscription, or complaints, should be addressed to him, Box 2648, P. O., Toronto, and all articles for insertion, news of churches, &c., to Managing Editor, same address.

Mr. A. Christie, 9 Wilton Avenue, will continue to attend to the business of the Congregational Publishing Company, including arrears for the INDEPENDENT and the Year Book.

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.

## AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In former articles brief accounts have been given of the World's Mission field, of the functions of the London Missionary Society, and of its crowning triumph, Madagascar. We propose in this article to give an account of the origin, functions, and extent of the work of another Society intimately connected with the Congregational name—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This Board, like to its elder sister, the London Missionary Society, though undenominational, is virtually carried on by the churches of the Congregational body, and had its rise from deep personal conviction on the part of individuals regarding Christian duty in spreading the glad tidings of Christ's salvation through the dark places of the earth. The history of its rise has many suggestions and incentives to earnestness. May we all profit thereby.

Nearly a century ago (1783) in a village of Connecticut was born, in a Puritan parsonage, one who from infancy had been consecrated by his mother to the service of Christ and of His gospel. The New England churches, planted in what was then a wilderness, had in their struggles with the forests and the Indians not entirely forgotten the extent of the Church's mission "to every creature," though in the old records of those days there is a quaint mixture of pity for the poor savage with bitter yet patriotic hatred. The evident relish with which, in an old history of Cotton Mather, the story is told of a captive woman with her nurse re-enacting on a larger scale the tragedy of Jael and Sisera, by burying the hatchets of the sleeping Indians deep in their owners' brains, so that "at the feet of these poor prisoners they bowed, they fell, they lay down; where they bowed they fell down dead," does contrast strangely with the history of John Eliot, who devotedly, through a long life, proclaimed the peace and goodwill of the Saviour Jesus to these same poor Indian tribes, especially when related, as they are, in the same volume. We are reminded often by those days of an heroic sternness which recalls the intense

patriotism and fervor of the days of ancient Israel. However, in this Connecticut parsonage the growing child was told of such men as Brainerd and Eliot who had followed apostolic footsteps and, unarmed, save with the sword of the Spirit, had brought the wild Indian to sit and learn at the Saviour's feet; a somewhat more hopeful work than that of braining them with their own tomahawks. The missionary today, as then, is a better pioneer than the reckless bushranger. There was also considerable missionary intelligence circulated in the pages of such papers as the *New York Magazine* and the *Evangelical Magazine of Connecticut*. Papers and periodicals were not certainly so plentiful and prompt then as now, it may be questioned, however, whether we are not with our dailies and weeklies surfeited; what few periodicals were then published were read and conned over with a relish and a thoroughness that left certainly impressions behind; we hurry over and forget. Thus the home where Samuel John Mills grew from childhood up to manhood preserved a missionary atmosphere. In the spring of 1806 Mills entered William's College, Massachusetts. While there, the burden of souls being upon him, on a certain day he with two or three fellow-students retired to a meadow, and there by the side of a stack of hay—in God's own glorious temple—they devoted the day to prayer and converse upon the all-important theme of missions. Gordon Hall and James Richards, two of these companions, both became missionaries. This spot on the Hoosac river was a frequent resort of these earnest spirits, who at length formed a society, with perhaps six names, in one of the rooms of the College building. Strong only in faith they drew up their constitution, which breathes the true spirit of individual consecration and determined co-operation. These are the *ipsissima verba*:

"The object of this Society shall be to effect, in the persons of its members, a mission or missions to the heathen.

"No person shall be admitted who is under any engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen.

"Each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which, after his prayerful attention and after consultation with his brethren, shall be deemed incompatible with the object of this Society, and shall hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call."

Some of these youths separated to other colleges that they might form kindred associations there. At their own expense they re-published two missionary sermons at that time delivered—one before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church by Dr. Griffin, and the other before the New York Missionary Society. They put themselves in communication with several leading clergymen; Mills applied to Dr. Griffin for instruction in divinity, but it was soon evident that the study of divinity was a secondary object; that the chief was to gain a hearing on behalf of missionary enterprise. After the movement had assumed shape Dr. Griffin then writes, "I have been

in situations to know that from the counsels formed in that sacred convocation (the association above noticed), or from the mind of Mills himself, arose the A. B. of C. F. M., the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, and the African School. If I had any instrumentality in originating any of these measures, I here publicly declare that in every instance I received the first impulse from Samuel J. Mills." These individual reminiscences are given because in the bustle of life its silent and yet most powerful influences are oft times lost to view, and because sometimes faith faints where immediate results are not apparent. By patient labor we enter into rest.

Three other names now appear, Judson, Nott, and Newell, who with Mills, in June, 1810, joined in a memorial to the General Association of Massachusetts, asking advice from their "fathers in the Church," whether they should renounce the object of missions as visionary and impracticable, where they ought to direct their attention, and whether they could rely upon patronage and support.

The result was the appointment of a Board of Commissioners, which has marked an era in the history of American churches, and though at this time "there were wars and rumors of wars, and distress of nations," the mission spirit spread, and Judson, Nott, Newell and Hall were soon on the way for service in India. Judson's views on the subject of baptism changed on his passage out, which circumstance did much in establishing the later Board of Foreign Missions under the direction of the American Baptists.

The following summary will manifest the growth of these humble beginnings a quarter of a century after this. Seven missionaries, of whom two were physicians, were in Africa. Seven male, three female, and five native assistants carried on the work in Constantinople and Athens. Seventeen male and nineteen female missionaries labored in Bible lands—alas, to think that the land from whence the light burst forth should have so persistently refused the glory of Messiah's reign as to need a mission! Some fifty more, with about an equal number of female missionaries, six physicians, and three printers, were scattered throughout India, Ceylon, China, and Australasia, seventy-nine laborers were among the Sandwich Islands; and among the native Indians of the continent missionaries, teachers, and farmers, sought to press and spread the Christian rule of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Comparing the summary then given with the present position of the work, we would note the following facts:—

The Sandwich Islands, with a population of 67,000, have been turned into an evangelical land, and the further work of the Gospel has been virtually left in native hands, who are themselves organized into an association for spreading the truth among the islands of the sea. Extraordinary results have already been obtained in missionary enterprise by the educating of the Christian natives to self-support and missionary activity.

Counting out these islands which

have been won, the forty-four churches and two thousand members of 1837 have increased to 273 churches with 17,000 members in 1880, and seventy-seven native pastors have grown to be four hundred and sixty-five. It is safe to say that during the last forty years the work has grown seven hundred per cent.

Among the native Indians, from causes we can readily understand, no statistical progress can be recorded. The red man fades before the advance of the pale face, yet nineteen missionaries under this board still labor among the Dakotas. The Society extends its operations the wide world over, India, China, Turkey, Syria, Africa, Polynesia, Spain, Mexico, and Austria, having a total force of 1,427 laborers in the field.

Its finances must be economically managed, notwithstanding the cruel sneer that for every dollar sent for the heathen two remain at home. Three per cent. of the contributions are expended in diffusing information, three per cent. in management, and ninety-four per cent. goes directly to the various missions under the charge of the Board.

In view of this work, as in view of the establishment and work of the London Missionary Society, we may well exclaim, "What hath the Lord wrought?" and we shall best serve our own longed-for increase of love and zeal by placing ourselves in the circuit of this Christian life, that we may be charged with the same electric fire, and find thereby our strength, our peace, our joy, and exceeding great reward.

It may be permissible here to remind our readers that in contributions to missions the Congregational churches of the United States stand in the first rank, the average contribution per member being one dollar; the Presbyterian churches average ninety cents per head; the Methodist and Baptist denominations give respectively about seven and ten cents per member. These latter denominations, however, are working largely among the negroes and the settlements of the West.

In concluding this article we quote a paragraph from Dr. Christlieb's survey of missions as applicable *mutatis mutandis* to ourselves equally as to the German churches: "We should turn time and strength to the work among the heathen. To be sure, the state of the case at home, as regards morality, is crying enough; therefore, all respect to the home mission, and to all zeal for the fulfilment of her growing task. But is it not a sign of weakness in the Church, when she studies only her own wants? Does not the refusal of all co-operation abroad work back upon the Church at home like mildew? Must not the word of life, from its very nature, run and extend itself? You cannot gather the waters in heaps unless you let them freeze! The more we spread religion abroad, so much the more have we remaining, and so much the more richly does it flow back. This is equally true of the financial part. No one has yet bled to death in giving to missions. And if any one believes that that instrument, unpleasant to so many, the 'missionary contribution screw,' cannot bear one turn more, let me remind him kindly

that in Rhineland, *e. g.*, during the carnival, more is spent for pieces of foolery in a few days than is contributed during the whole year for the cause of missions, Protestant and Catholic: and that England spends annually over seventy million pounds for intoxicating drinks, and not one million for foreign missions." Can the parallel be drawn nearer home?

**THE POSITION AND PROSPECT OF OUR CHURCHES.**

11.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent:

SIR,—In a former letter on this subject I traced the progress made during the first twenty-five years of the existence of our body in Canada. I now have to call attention to the state of matters which has supervened during the twenty-five years that have since transpired.

In the proceedings of the Congregational Union for the year 1854, I find a paper read by one of our younger ministers of that time on the suggestive subject—"Is our amalgamation with any other denomination practicable?" Even then, it seems, we were considering the vital question whether there was a reason for our existence in Canada at all. The answer was doubtless in the negative, for no action followed thereupon. In the same year, in reporting on the condition of one of the churches, the pastor thereof, writing under discouraging circumstances, comforted himself, and sought to comfort the Union, by the stirring appeal—"Are not our principles divine? and will they not therefore ultimately be victorious?"

This last goes to the very root of the matter, it must be confessed. Viewed in the light of mere expediency, the question has again and again been considered, whether we are not wasting the forces of our church life by maintaining so small an organization as we have so far developed in Canada. And some have practically answered in the affirmative by retiring from us. This is one phase of thought. The other, and at the opposite pole, appeals to what are considered principles of eternal right and immutable equity and justice as opposed to mere policy and expediency. From such a stand-point as this we are bound to endeavor after a separate existence, no matter what the discouragements, or how small our organization.

But other consequences immediately follow. If our principles are divine we are bound not only to hold, but to extend them. We have a debt to discharge to the whole population of Canada who can understand the language we speak. If we are made the custodians of divine principles, we are recreants to our duty if we leave large masses of the people of Canada in entire ignorance of them. It is not simply a matter of policy, but of the most pressing and imperative duty to maintain and carry out an aggressive attitude, and to plant in every town and village throughout Canada a church of the Congregational order. It must not be forgotten that there are two forms of Congregationalism, in both of which the essential principles above spoken of are equally maintained. The Baptist churches are as strictly congregational as our own. And it must be confessed, they have always acted as if they believed their principles to be of supreme importance to the whole country.

During the last twenty-five years we have not been entirely unmindful of such a mission as this. Comparing the statistics of 1880 with those of 1855 we find the following new churches:—

Douglas, Embro, Edgeworth, Forest, Fergus, Garafraxa (2 churches), Guelph (2nd), Howick, Kelvin, Kingston (2nd), Listowel, Manilla, Middleville, North Derby, North Erin, Ottawa, South Kep-

pel, St. Catharines; Toronto,—Northern, Western, Yorkville, Montreal,—Calvary, Wesley.

To these may properly be added the church at Winnipeg. Although it is beyond the borders of Ontario and Quebec, its origin and maintenance was entirely due to the churches now in existence there, and to the aid of the Colonial Society.

This list, it must be confessed, is not so satisfactory as that presented last week. Twenty-five years ago we had occupied every city, but two-thirds of the towns were still unoccupied. It cannot but be a matter of deep concern, and shall I say it, of shame, that two-thirds were still unoccupied in 1880. As in 1855, so now, we have no church in Chatham, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Peterboro, Lindsay, Port Hope, Goderich, Barrie, and other important centres, all of which have grown in population, wealth and business during the last quarter of a century, and have the elements of growth in them still. We have broken ground during this long and stirring period, so far as the towns are concerned, only in two places, viz., at Ottawa, now a city, and St. Catharines, also a city. We have planted new churches in Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, and Guelph, but all the rest of our increase has been in country districts, and has in most cases been simply the consolidation of preaching stations into churches. The only entirely new ground we have occupied has been at Ottawa and St. Catharines.

We had no churches in twenty out of thirty towns in 1855.

We have no churches now in twenty-five out of thirty-five.

The region along the Grand Trunk Railway, west of Stratford, which was all but a wilderness twenty-five years ago, is now full of thriving centres of population. We have scarcely a church there.

The region along the Stratford and Goderich line was then only beginning to emerge from the forest. Now it is covered with rising towns and villages. There is not a Congregational church there.

The whole region north of the Grand Trunk and west of Guelph, now traversed by the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, the Stratford and Lake Huron, with their branches and extensions, was practically in the remote backwoods then. What numbers of fine rising towns it contains now! We had a few stations then in those remote regions. We have no more now, though the whole district has since been gridironed with railways.

North of Lake Simcoe a vast development has taken place, and an entirely new region of country opened up. Not a single church has been planted there.

In the County of Simcoe we had three village churches. We have three still. But the towns have trebled their population, and we have not a church in one of them.

There has been equal development along the line of the Great Western, the Canada Southern, the Lake Erie Shore, as well as the regions between the Great Western and the Grand Trunk. Here are still large tracts of fine, wealthy and populous country, in which not a single Congregational church is found.

Let us come now to statistics. These, it must be confessed, are imperfect, and they are not formulated with the intelligence that statistics require to make them a valuable medium of information. But though not absolutely perfect, they are near enough to accuracy for practical purposes, when allowances are made for omissions, changes of name, and other matters needful to be taken into account. The figures for 1880 are as follows:—

Of churches, we are said to have 90, but making allowance for duplicate stations, the real number is about 81

The total number of preaching stations is given (including some from whom no reports were received) at 131. This would make of stations, not churches 50 (Some of these are undoubtedly defunct.)

Of church members we have, as nearly as can be ascertained 6070  
Of persons in attendance, not members, we have in addition, about 7500

Total persons attending our churches 13500

Of Sunday Schools we appear to have one for every church. Whether these are all, our tables say not. Probably some preaching stations have schools also, but it is impossible to gather this from the returns.

Taking each church as having a school, we have a total, as before of 81  
Of scholars on the roll, there are stated to be 6,606; adding 750 for returns omitted, we have a total of 7300

The statistical tables of the year book are not creditable to the compiler. The grave error is committed of casting up columns of totals while numbers of returns have been omitted. No estimate is made of what these omissions would amount to. The totals, therefore, are valueless and misleading. The above figures, however, make the necessary allowances, and are approximately correct. These statements, when placed alongside those of 1850, suggest some grave reflections. Thus—

In 1855 we had of churches, 59.  
In 1880 these had increased to 81.

This increase, so far as numbers go, may be received with some satisfaction.

Of church members we had in 1855... 3080  
And we had in 1880 ..... 6000

This increase is very satisfactory.

Of Sunday School scholars we had in 1855 ..... 3450  
And we had in 1880 ..... 7300

Evidently our Sunday Schools have been actively and vigorously worked.

But the most striking fact in these statistics is this—

In 1855 we had gathered within the walls of our churches and stations a total of—members and hearers together— 12600

In 1880 the number amounts to no more than 13500

I should be inclined to doubt the correctness of the last figures, but for two well-known facts—

1. The number of members, in a majority of our churches, is now very large in proportion to the total congregation.

2. We have, as a rule, no large congregations, either in our city, town, or rural churches.

Taking these figures, then, as a basis, they clearly point to the following conclusions:—

1st. In the matter of consolidating stations into churches by the gathering in of hearers to the fold of Christ, there has been considerable work done. Our 60 churches have increased to 81.

2nd. Evidently there has been continuous and successful labor in the conversion of those, who, during the first twenty-five years, had been gathered within the walls of our buildings as hearers, the membership having increased from 3080 to 6,000.

3rd. But there has been an almost absolute failure in any attempts made (taking our work as a whole) to reach the multitudes without. We have scarcely any more persons under pastoral care, members and hearers together, than we had twenty-five years ago. Of hearers, not being members, we have far less.

We have failed, during the last twenty-five years, for some reason or reasons,

to attract any considerable additional number of the people of Canada within the doors of Congregational churches.

If the population of the country had been stationary during the last quarter of a century this might not have been a matter of severe reproach. But every one acquainted with the country is aware that the last twenty-five years has been a period of an immense increase of population. The eastern townships, where we have some churches, have not increased in the ratio of Ontario, but they have not been standing still by any means. The cities of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and London, have nearly doubled since 1855. Guelph, Brantford, and Belleville have all of them largely increased. Whole districts in Ontario are now full of people that were mere masses of forest or half cleared country a quarter of a century ago.

Barely then to hold our own with the increase of population, the number of adherents should have been nearly doubled. As they have remained stationary it is evident we have gone backward.

I am afraid the backward movement, if measured arithmetically, would have to be placed at nearly fifty per cent.

4th. But the mere increase with the increase of the population ought not to have satisfied us. Holding Divine principles in our keeping we were bound to look out to the regions beyond and endeavor to leaven them with our doctrine. If we do hold such principles we are debtors to the whole people of Canada, as Paul was to Greek and Barbarian. Have we endeavored to discharge this debt? Have we had comprehensive aims, which have taken shape in well-devised plans for reaching every county, town, and village in the country?

It is to be feared we have not. The question is put, your readers will observe, in the plural. I ask, whether we have had such aims.

In so putting the case, the question at once suggests itself—who are we? Are we a body, a confederation, an association? Have we, in short, any practical united existence, or are we a number of isolated particles of church life? This letter is, however, sufficiently long.

If you will extend the courtesy of your columns for another letter, I will endeavor to unfold what are the reasons for unfavorable developments in the past, and to suggest a policy for the future.

Yours,  
A PRACTICAL MAN.

**News of the Churches.**

SCOTLAND.—The result of special services, held here since the week of prayer, has been the addition to our membership of 31 persons, 16 of these were baptized, one case of household baptism. The youngest of the number was eleven years, and the eldest sixty. At Burford, last communion, we received them.

W. Hay.

April 18th, 1881.

We cut the following from the *Victoria Independent*. We confess to ignorance of the Rev. J. Grieve. Who knows him? what is his record here? "The Rev. J. Grieve, formerly of Canada, arrived, with Mrs. Grieve, by the *Chimborazo*. Mr. Grieve has been sent out by the Colonial Missionary Society especially for country, and, indeed, for bush work. For laborers willing to bear such burdens we have plenty of room. We trust our brother will soon find a sphere hard enough for even his energies." We are curious to know about this brother, who, apparently, has not found a sphere "hard enough" for him in Canada.



### MR. HAMMOND'S FAREWELL MEETING FOR TORONTO\*

Was held in Elm Street Church on Monday, the 18th inst. Young converts and Christian friends flocked from all parts of the city to bid good-bye to the evangelist whom they love, and for whose coming to Toronto they will have reason to thank God to all eternity.

The continuous singing of his "Hymns of Salvation," which is so marked a feature of all work in which Mr. Hammond engages, as usual preceded the commencing of the meeting.

Mr. Hammond's opening words were on Acts viii., and graphic, original, practical, stirring comments flew forth like sparks from the anvil of a master smith.

Mr. Hammond also very clearly and happily explained the mutual relationship of pastor and evangelist.

These having been union meetings in which Mr. Hammond has been working, he took rather an amusing way of practically illustrating the fact to the assembly, for as he called on ministers after minister to give an address, he introduced each new speaker with a few friendly words about some special denomination to which all would naturally suppose the minister belonged; but when the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, of Sherbourne Street, a well known Methodist, stepped forward, and Mr. Hammond announced him as "Bishop Clarkson, of the Church of England," a genial smile passed over the sea of faces, and further explanation as to union was needless.

Mr. Clarkson gave glory to God for the work he had lately witnessed, for God's grace alone can convict and convert. He bore witness to the number of young converts in his church rejoicing in Jesus, and he said it was the minister's business to keep the "fire" burning (referring to an illustration of Mr. Hammond's), that it is the inner heat that burns strongest—white heat. Then affectionately addressing Mr. Hammond, he said, "A few weeks ago I alone met you at the station, and then facing round, and with arms extended to Mr. Hammond, he exclaimed, "and behold the multitudes to bid you good-bye!"

Rev. George Cochran, (Queen Street Church), formerly missionary to Japan, was next introduced as a "Presbyterian" by Mr. Hammond. He said this peculiar meeting was the result of ten weeks' labor. When he heard of Mr. Hammond coming to Toronto he determined to share in the blessing himself, and to seek it for his congregation. He related the history of the work in his own church, beginning with the children's meeting; and how the meetings were kept up even after Mr. Hammond had gone to labor in another part of the city. He gave thanks to God for the refreshment granted to his own heart, to his congregation, and to the city, and he desired that the Divine blessing would rest on Brother Hammond where ever the Spirit might direct him in time to come.

Mr. Hammond next told how in London he had lived sixteen weeks with a Baptist, and worked with Baptists, and finally ended with Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. So he called upon Mr. McGregor of the Baptist Church to speak.

Rev. D. A. McGregor (Congregationalist), smiling, rose and said he believed in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. He had been the better of knowing Mr. Hammond, his Church had been blessed, but chiefly his Sunday School. There was a great deal of latent scepticism in people's minds about the conversion of children, and he urged Christians to pay attention to bring on those who had given their hearts to Christ.

Mr. Hammond now told how his forefathers belonged to the Congrega-

tional Church, and so he introduced Mr. Salmon. Rev. J. Salmon (College Street Baptist Church), who worked with Mr. Hammond in London, Ontario, and who has continuously helped him here, said he thought Mr. Hammond's power was due to his being a man of prayer. If the work is to go on it must be in answer to prayer. God's power must accompany His own Word. The very constant way in which Mr. Hammond worked struck him, and he felt that we must work and pray, and pray and work.

Mr. Hammond here made a few remarks about Christians keeping aloof from revival work, and looking on.

Then he called on his "Quaker Brother" to speak, and Rev. I. Tovel (Richmond Street Methodist Church) came forward saying, "I am a friend of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ." He said Mr. Hammond was a workman, he prays, he sings, he works. He, Mr. Tovel, had learned that individual effort, with God's Spirit, is the kind of work which is bound to bring souls to Christ, and that Mr. Hammond's work, if it had accomplished nothing else, had taught us that the Lord's work in the salvation of souls is not to be left to preachers and teachers only.

Mr. Hammond, in illustrating the power of earnest personal effort, mentioned that the conversion of the Princess Alice was due to the faithful words of a poor old Scotch woman, and we know that when death came suddenly, she was ready.

Rev. S. J. Hunter (Elm St. Church), said: "This meeting is an expression of sympathy to Mr. Hammond as a man and as an evangelist." Among other things he mentioned that at the commencement of the work here he had overheard two little girls talking in Terauley St., and he caught Mr. Hammond's name. He was interested to hear opinions then, so listened to the conversation. "Have you been to Mr. Hammond's meetings yet?" No, but I am going to-morrow." "You'll like them, I didn't, and my auntie didn't, at first, but Mr. Hammond spoke to us all very kindly. I've bought a telegraph look, and I am going to ask him to write his name in it!"

Rev. F. H. Wallace (Yorkville), who had been introduced as a "Moravian Brother," said Mr. Hammond would have been a man after Count Zinzendorf's own heart, whose motto was: "I have one passion, and it is He." In Yorkville we were a unit, and I see no reason why any "contention" should ever "divide this happy band."

Rev. P. McF. McLeod (Central Presbyterian Church) said that there was quite sufficient token that God had been doing a mighty work. There are people who object when you mention results, and who say, "wait a year and we shall see how they stand." No doubt some will wither away, and all are it is "Mr. Hammond's work" the sooner it comes to an end the better, but God's Work will stand forever. Mr. McLeod went to Peterboro ten weeks after Mr. Hammond left it, attending the first Communion that had been held in the Presbyterian Church since Mr. Hammond's visit. One hundred and fifty converts sat down to acknowledge Christ at the Communion table. It was a very solemn scene when, on the previous Friday night, the 150 stood up to be received into the Church, they were of all ages and ranks, some of the faces bearing marks of how far they had gone astray; there were some wonderful cases of conversion of notorious reprobates in the neighborhood. The minister had said to Mr. McLeod: "Do not imagine that this is all the result, there is not a member of my church that has not been stirred, even those who at first stood aloof." One of the blessed results of Mr. Hammond's work in every place,

is the testimony that the gainsayers have been put to shame. At Peterboro, it has been a bad time for the hotel-keepers. A farmer drove into town and could not find any one to whom to give his horse to put up; he asked if Peterboro were always like this, and he was answered "No, the whole population are at the meetings."

Mr. Hammond did not come here as he went to Peterborough. There had been no preparation here beforehand. God has owned and blessed his labors, and we are not met to thank him, but God, counting up results, not thinking of Mr. Hammond's honor—he seeks not that, but the glory of God.

Mr. Hammond here began to sing a verse or two of the hymn he often sings, varying and adapting it with so much blessing, "I hope to meet you in the promised land." Then he called on the Rev. W. Brookman (Yorkville Baptist Church), who expressed his hearty sympathy with all the proceedings, and said he hoped people would see that the gifts of the pastor, teacher, and evangelist are separate, and are rarely combined in one man.

Rev. W. F. Blackstock (Berkeley-street Church), urgently pleaded to have another farewell meeting in his own church.

All the above addresses were interspersed with hymns and prayers.

The lateness of the hour prevented Mr. Hammond from giving any lengthened address. He expressed warm thanks to the fifty pastors and ministers who had aided him in this city and its suburbs, as well as to all other Christian workers and helpers, including the singers, and for the hospitality he and Mrs. Hammond had been received with. At the commencement of the meetings he had explained about the "Covenant" which he invites young converts to sign, which simply expresses the conviction of the person signing it that he has given his heart to the Lord, and promises to be His faithful follower. About 2,400 have signed this in Toronto.

Mr. Hammond's last words were an appeal to those who might still be unconverted. It seemed as if no sinner could remain away from Christ after that.

The meeting was long of dispersing, for loving and grateful hearts found it hard to bid a last good-bye.

### Obituary.

#### MRS. H. N. JACKSON.

Eliza M. Hollister, wife of H. N. Jackson, who died at Cote St. Paul, Montreal, April 14th, in the eightieth year of her age, was born in Hinesburgh, Vermont, July 21st, 1801. When thirteen years of age she was sent to a ladies' boarding school at Vergens, and afterwards to one at Middlebury, under the charge of the celebrated teacher, Mrs. Willard. Thus receiving a superior education, she at the age of twenty began the profession of teaching, which she continuously followed for ten years.

When the valley of the Mississippi began to be settled, the Roman Catholic Church made a strenuous effort to take and hold spiritual possession of the country. To meet this an urgent call was made for Christian teachers. Miss Hollister, who had just recovered from a protracted sickness, felt this to be a call to her, and, after fasting and prayer, resolved to enter upon that work. Her mother being irreconcilable to such a separation, she by the advice of her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Goodhue, reluctantly refrained from carrying out her cherished project of entering into that missionary field. Soon after a similar call for teachers for Lower Canada was made, and some quaker gentlemen searching for one for a school in Frost Village, Eastern Townships, were

directed to her. The result was that in 1830 she came to Canada as a teacher. The following year, while in charge of a select school in Brome, she became acquainted with the Rev. John Jackson's family, and married the youngest son in the year 1833, in which place they continued to reside for thirty-seven years.

The subject of this notice, as far back as she can remember, received deep religious impressions from her mother, as also from Bible stories related by her grandfather, Dr. Samuel Farrand. In 1821 she became a member of the Congregational Church at Hinesburgh, where her name has remained on the roll until the present time, a certificate of membership having been given her on going to Canada, instead of a letter of transference. During the succeeding sixty years she maintained a Christian character marked by its depth, fulness, and fervor. She was never known to compromise her Christian principles, and seldom did she neglect an opportunity to sow the seeds of Christian truth. Her quiet yet powerful influence for good among all classes is declared by all who knew her. Her disposition was essentially unselfish, and she was constantly seeking to do others good.

From the organization of the Congregational Church in Brome in 1844, until she removed from the place, her love and interest in the cause was ceaseless, and many were her tears and prayers and self-denying labors to promote the prosperity of that mission. From deep conviction, as well as early training, she was a Congregationalist of the Congregationalists, thoroughly understanding its principles and practices. She ever took a deep interest in all our denominational enterprises, and has constantly received and read the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT since its first issue.

For some time she has quietly waited for her final call, and when the message came in the last sickness she received it in calm composure, feeling a desire "to depart and be with Christ." She said God had graciously answered her prayers, and there was nothing now left but to die. To her the "last enemy" was disarmed, and without a cloud upon her faculties or over her soul, without a struggle or a sigh, she "fell asleep."

She left behind her a husband and three sons, over which family the shadow of death had never before come. Her second son is the pastor of the First Congregational in Kingston, and her other sons are in the medical profession, namely, Dr. J. A. Jackson, of Manchester, N.H., and the Hon. J. H. Jackson, M. D., of Barrie, Vt. All are members of Congregational churches. Of this beloved wife, mother, and Christian who has gone to rest it may truly be said, "She hath done what she could."

#### LITERARY NOTES.

SCRIBNER for May is, as usual, very strong in its illustrations. The frontispiece is a portrait of Thomas Carlyle, engraved by Cole after the photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron. Unlike most portraits of the Chelsea sage, this does not represent him in decrepitude. Another engraving of great excellence is a full page portrait of Jenny Lind, from a beautiful daguerrotype taken in America in 1850 and never before engraved. Other portraits of popular interest are Mr. Blum's half-length of "Lieut. Schwatka in Esquimaux Dress," and Mr. Birch's "Artemus Ward as a Lecturer," based on an old sketch in the now defunct "London Illustrated Times" and vouched for by Browne's friends as the most faithful portrait. Among the other illustrations are drawings of scenes from Dickens; four strikingly finished drawings by Blum of Roman subjects in the first century—the Augurs, the Vestal Virgins, the Flavian Arena, etc.; a map of the Schwatka sledge journeys and sketches of related incidents; finely engraved heads of merino ram and wild sheep of the Sierra, with other sketches; two large Cossack pictures, and a reliable map of the original topography of New York City, reconstructed from old data.

\*Abridged from a privately printed report.

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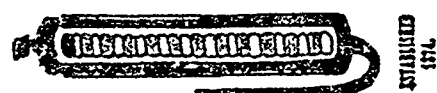
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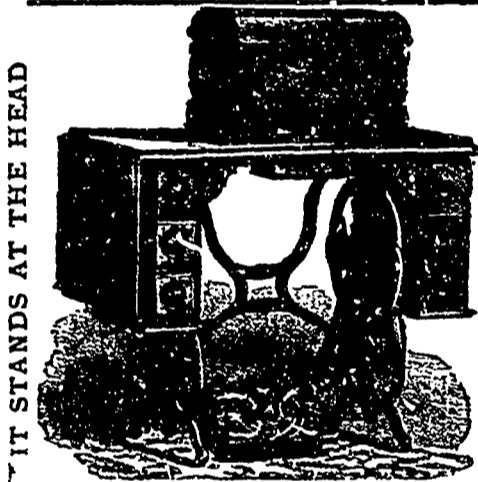
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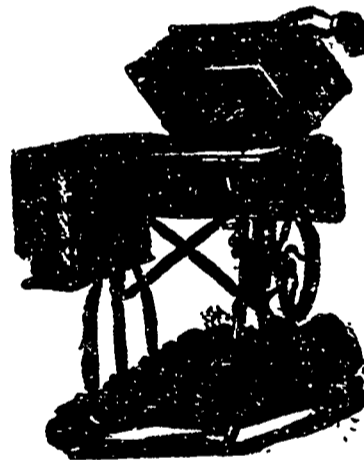
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