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The Canadian Independent.

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

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THE English Catholic Union want a few English saints. They ask for the canonization of Sir Thomas More among others. How much better will they be if their request is granted?

THE inhabitants of Deccan are reported to have abjured idolatry and professed Christianity. The beginning of this work was the reading of a single gospel and a few tracts left among them by a merchant.

WE see that a new Bishop of Jerusalem has been appointed. The man chosen is Rev. Dr. Joseph Barclay, Rector of Stapleford, Hertford, England. The appointment was made on the recommendation of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

REV. GEO. F. HERRICK, of Turkey, reports that the circulation of Bibles and religious literature in that country now numbers about 140,000 volumes a year. The only mission, he says, which can reach Turkey is a women's mission.

ON the 27th ult. a Protestant school-house in a rural parish in the County of Galway, Ireland, was sacked by an organized band of thirty Roman Catholics from a distance. They took particular care to throw all the Bibles they could lay their hands on into the sea.

THE Jesuits are prohibited by law from having any organizations or holding any property in France. Where they have any footing, they exist only by toleration. Nevertheless, they know how to take care of themselves, for they number 1,509 in the country, and have 27 schools, with 9,000 pupils.

THE Roman Catholic Church is the richest ecclesiastical body in the United States. Its priests in that country now number 5,074, and its churches and chapels are 6,528. It has 33 theological seminaries, 63 colleges, 557 academies, 645 parochial schools, 214 asylums and 96 hospitals. The population to which it ministers, or which it claims, is 6,375,630.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States (North), at its late meeting at Saratoga, adopted the following resolution: "That in view of the increased attendance of church members at theatres and operas the Assembly bears earnest and solemn testimony against this practice as inconsistent with Christian duty, since it not only gives counten-

ance and support to an institution justly described by a former Assembly as a school of immorality, but is in itself spiritually hurtful, and tends to obliterate the line which should always be plainly visible between the followers of Christ and the world."

THE sixth Council of the Union of American Hebrew congregations was held in New York city on the 8th, 9th and 10th of July. The question of keeping exclusively to the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath was brought up; but the matter was left as before. Some congregations of liberal tendencies observe our Sunday. Another proposal to form Jewish agricultural colonies met with favour and a resolution was passed approving of the scheme. A dinner at Delmonico's closed the sessions. Dr. Howard Crosby was present and responded to the toast, "Our Seats of Learning." Judaism on this continent is not altogether stationary. It is learning a great deal from Christianity. When will its adherents learn the soul and substance of Christianity? But, say what you will, free intercourse between Jews and Christians will do good.

A BEAUTIFUL SERVICE.—The Congregational Church on Sabbath evening, July 13th, presented a scene that is not often witnessed in London. A floral service was held, on which occasion the altar and pulpit of the Church were decorated with choice plants, presenting a lovely appearance. The scholars and teachers of the Sunday school—each of whom possessed a bouquet—occupied the gallery, and during the evening sang a number of appropriate selections, under the leadership of Mr. A. T. H. Johnston. The pastor of the Church, Rev. R. W. Wallace, delivered an address on "Flowers," taking as his text a passage in the song of Solomon, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." This proved very interesting, notwithstanding that the heat was very oppressive, the large congregation remaining interested to the close. It was a very general remark that great taste had been displayed in the arrangement of the flowers, much praise being given to all who carried out the beautiful design of the floral service. The flowers were afterwards sent by the fairy hands of little girls to the City Hospital, to brighten up the wards.—*Advertiser.*

FROM our English Congregational papers we glean some further items concerning College anniversaries. Cheshunt held its one hundred and eleventh annual meeting on the 26th ult. Rev. Henry Simon of Westminster, preached the sermon. At the anniversary meeting, Henry Wright, Esq., presided. The report was read by Dr. Reynolds, and addresses were delivered by Drs. Allon, Newth, and others. The treasurer reported a deficiency of some four hundred pounds; but the work of the College during the year had been eminently satisfactory. The annual gathering of the friends and supporters of New College was held on the following day, the 27th. The Principal, Dr. Newth, was in the chair and Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A., spoke to the students on ministerial work. This College also closed the year with a balance of nearly five hundred pounds against it. The meeting of Hackney College was held in the lecture-room of Lewisham High-road Church, on the 30th, S. Morley, Esq., M.P., in the chair. This institution shows a balance on the right side. Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Roberts, of Holloway, Dr. McAuslane, Rev. George Martin, and Principal McAll. Rotherham held its convocation on the 25th. The principal speaker was Rev. John Calvert; his theme, "Spiritual Life." Twenty-seven students attended the College during a part of the session.

HOLY LIVING.

The prevalent ambition to number converts and accessions to the Church, we fear, is operating largely to induce indifference to the character of these accessions. It is considered the criterion of success, the only sure seal of ministerial fidelity and ability, the chief mark of superiority in a church. This produces a rivalry which is almost sure to disregard the tests of piety and the credibility of professions. It is a sad confession that many a church and its minister look too much to its growth in numbers compared with surrounding churches. Members are received on the most slender evidence of conversion. We do not demand to be assured on this point, cannot read the heart, and are bound to accept a credible profession. But then all professions are not credible; and the painful fact is that we hear of very, very few instances of rejection or postponement for further trial. This is thought to risk too seriously the entire loss of such applicants to the church which ventures to hesitate or postpone. The result is the admission of very many unfit members. Thus the church is weakened. Its very character is changed. Its moral beauty is marred, and it ceases to that extent, to honour God.

We do not accept the theory that the church is the place intended and suited to acquire the first experience of conversion. Once received, the disposition of most persons is to assume that they are certainly Christians. If they doubted before, from their own knowledge of themselves, they consider the disposition of the Session as settling the question. It is hard to get them to re-open it, and they are prepared to resist all tests, however searching. In the Church is a very unfavourable place for correcting or even discovering the fearful mistake of a premature profession.

It is a more reasonable enquiry to ask, How many more such accessions can the Church stand? or how many more, in order to break down all its moral power in the world? We know well enough that the argument involved in such a damaging influence is entirely unsound, and that it is enough for all purposes of a true logic that there are millions whom even the captious must acknowledge to be genuine Christians according to the true standard. But we know as well the common tendency to turn away from these and look at the unfavourable examples. We know that "one sinner destroyeth much good," especially if he is a church member. And then we cannot shut our eyes to the painful fact that thousands have crowded into the Church that had better be anywhere else, whose lives are either palpably unchristian or so entirely worldly, that but for the church roll they would never be suspected of being professors of religion. It is the sorest evil under the sun. It is worse than non-profession, or open vice, or infidelity. It more dishonours God, more disparages Christianity, and its effect upon ignorant and doubting minds is worse than all these other evils combined. We have no fear of infidelity or of any of the assaults of open wickedness; but we are alarmed at the numbers of unconverted persons in the Church, the sins seemingly sanctioned by false professions made and accepted, and the low standard of piety that prevails in many quarters in God's visible kingdom.

The attention of the whole Church needs to be turned earnestly in this direction, and every possible effort should be made to abate this evil. We must seek to have a purer membership—a higher standard for reception, and a higher standard of conduct after reception. We urge no rash and violent pulling up of the tares, but we do think there is a loud call for greater care in the admission of applicants for church privileges, more diligent training especially of recent professors, and a firmer discipline in dealing with

offenders. Of course this discipline should be at first mild, and always kind and adapted to recover and save rather than to drive off and punish; but the mind of the whole Church needs to be directed most positively to the purification of the lives of its membership, and to the elevation of the entire moral and spiritual tone of our people. We need revivals in the Church.

TRY IT.

When S. T. Coleridge was asked, Can you prove the truth of Christianity? he answered, "Yes; try it." We do not underrate the other evidences of Christianity. To many, they are altogether convincing. But the evidence which is always convincing, is simple experiment. Let a man honestly try the power of religion in his own life, and the result will always be satisfactory. Did any man ever live a truly religious life, and afterwards regret it, or doubt the power and truth of religion? There is no such case on record. Men often have doubts about the truth of religion because they do not fairly weigh the evidence. Bishop Butler well said, "If there are any persons who never set themselves heartily and in earnest to be informed in religion; if there are any who secretly wish it may not prove true; and are less attentive to evidence than to difficulties, and more to objections than to what is said in answer to them, these persons will scarce be thought in a likely way of seeing the evidence of religion though it were most certainly true and capable of being ever so fully proved." There is profound wisdom in these words. No man ever had a more correct knowledge of human nature than Joseph Butler. In the words we have quoted he gives the true explanation of much of the unbelief in the world, but he does not account for all. There are honest minded men, who are never satisfied about the truth of religion because they look for a kind of proof that it does not admit of, and overlook evidence which is quite satisfactory.

It may be just as true that a certain medicine will cure a certain disease, as that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. But it cannot be proved in the same way. To know that the medicine will cure the disease, you must try it. So a man may satisfy himself of the power and truth of religion. Let him try it. Christianity is the cure for sin. The man that fairly tries it will be satisfied. The evidences of religion are many, and when taken together are conclusive; yet the truth of religion cannot be demonstrated by the mathematical process. The subject does not admit of this kind of proof, but it does admit of proof quite as satisfactory; proof as convincing as that food will satisfy hunger, and sustain strength and life. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

When a man has honestly and thoroughly tried religion and found it worthless, let him discard it. Such a man has nowhere been found.—*Exchange.*

ANOTHER REFORMATION.

FROM "RELIGION AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS," BY REV. R. J. LAIDLAW, OF HAMILTON.

"But the demand for Reformation which includes all others is, that mankind have need to be taught what true religion is,—that it does not now prevail in any country in the world; that men are mistaken when they suppose that the religion we call ours, and which is truly ours, is the religion of the Bible. We have not copied from the Bible. We have copied from our fellow-men. Men who were only awaking from the dreadful nightmare of heathen superstition have been our models;—men whose voices were the first to be heard as the dreary winter of Romish tyranny was passing away—blessed voices they were; yet hoarse as that of the first raven in spring which only tells that the time of the singing of birds is near. Yet we who come after them and should be the birds of song, have been content to copy their notes, instead of going still farther back to learn the sweet notes of the turtle dove of the former spring. . . . We do need another Reformation; yet not another man as a Reformer. We have had enough of men. We have had enough of external methods of every kind. We can-

not be redeemed by appliances that are only human and earthly. It is unsafe to ply us with these. We fall down and worship them. We place them between ourselves and God. Moses must be buried out of sight and where no man shall know of his sepulchre. Even Jesus must not remain long on the earth, lest men take to worshipping His manhood alone. And even so, men have exalted a frail man to be His representative, and have called him 'Father' contrary to the Saviour's word, and have bowed down and kissed his feet. And those who refuse this homage are still unable to lose sight of men. They too have their Pope—one who never needs a successor, seeing he never dies, but is already dead and sainted; yet who rules the Church and whose word is law to the utmost corner of the world. With some his name is Luther, with others Calvin, with others Wesley, with others other saints who would weep even now did they know how men have deified them and taken their word as the Word of God. We have had enough of men—and men have had enough of us! However the world may treat its saints after they are gone, it treats them cruelly enough while here. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? Our next Reformer must be one whom we cannot stone, nor saw asunder, nor nail to any cross, 'One whom we can worship, but worship only with the heart, in spirit and in truth.' Hark! It is the Saviour's voice! 'It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.' And as Jesus speaks, all the voices that have been slumbering for ages among the hoary Old Testament hills, awake and proclaim anew the coming of *the World's Complete Restorer, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of the Father and the Son.*"

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

A minister of the gospel was asked to visit a poor dying woman. The messenger being ignorant, could give no account of her state, except that she was a very good woman and very happy, and was now at the end of a *well-spent life*; therefore sure of going to heaven. The minister went, saw she was very ill, and after a few kindly enquiries about her bodily condition said: "Well, I understand you are in a very peaceful state of mind, depending upon a well-spent life." The dying woman looked hard at him and said: "Yes, I am in the enjoyment of peace. You are quite right; sweet peace, and that from a well-spent life. But it is the *well-spent life of Jesus; not my doings, but His; not my merits, but His blood.*"

Yes. Only one man has spent a life that has met all the requirements of God's holy law, and on which we can rest before God. Yet it is also true that they who most absolutely rest thus through life on the merits of Christ alone, are those who, by His grace, so live as to have the testimony of the conscience to their sincere aim to "live holily, righteously, and godly in the world," and often, as in this case, to win the testimony of others to their "well-spent life."—*British Messenger.*

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

THE Christian is not one who looks up from earth to heaven, but one who looks down from heaven to earth.—*Lady Powerscourt.*

WHAT I admire in Columbus is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.—*Turgot.*

AS a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.—*Jacobi.*

WHEN men persistently thrust themselves behind the veil and presume to snatch away the unrevealed secrets of the world beyond, they are often permitted to fall into wild delusions and to believe a lie.—*Zion's Herald.*

LET us say with Asaph, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High; surely I will remember His wonders of old." Many of our failures, especially in thankfulness and confidence, are to be traced to a bad memory.

"ACCIDENT OR MURDER?"

"BARNESBY.—This afternoon an inquest was held here touching the death of John Ives, forty-seven, a shoemaker, who fell into a water-wheel at Barrough Corn-mill on Monday while intoxicated, and was literally dragged to pieces. A verdict of accidental death was returned."—*The Daily Telegraph,* Oct. 17, 1878.

The perusal of the above paragraph carried my mind back to an event which happened five years ago. It made a deep impression upon me, and helped materially to form the convictions I now hold upon the temperance question.

I was staying in a village on the south coast of England, with the twofold object of enjoying the society of some friends and recruiting my health, which was very much impaired by labour and anxiety, arising from family trouble. The inhabitants of the place, I was informed, numbered upwards of five hundred, but the cottages were so scattered, that I did not at first give it credit for possessing half that number. In consideration of the surviving relatives of the persons who will appear in this short sketch, I give the village a fictitious name; feeling assured that any investigation into the truth of the narrative would, while affirming all I state, only tend to reopen old wounds, and awaken a sorrow which I trust is slumbering in the breasts of some good, honest, simple people. For the same reasons the names of the people are given by myself as substitutes for the real ones.

Among the labouring people none were more respected than Stephen Daker and his wife. Stephen was a man with a mind more active than one usually finds among his class, and in his young days had been rather wild and restless in spirit—not dissipated, but unsettled and dissatisfied with things around him—and in common with many like him entertained wild views of equality, and wealth and prosperity for all, hoping, as others did, to obtain all these by a political movement which was to uproot the whole constitution of England and its society, and put the untried and ridiculous idea of equality to work in its place. He joined the Chartists, and would have figured prominently in the miserable disturbances of 1848, if he had not fallen in love with a good sensible girl, who afterwards became his wife. It was her sound sense that checked him in his foolish career, and sent him back to his work to prepare a home for her, instead of poverty, and perhaps a prison, for himself.

He was ever after thankful that he had been guided to take the advice of his wife, and, unlike many men, was never ashamed to own the fact.

At the end of the first year of his married life his wife gave birth to twins, both boys. They were named Mark and Luke respectively, and both were healthy, and stronger than the general run of infants. It needed no mother's eye to see how really fair and sturdy they were, and it is of these twins I am about to write.

They grew up in form and feature so exactly alike that nobody but their parents could tell them apart, but in disposition there was a wide difference. Mark had the wild, turbulent nature which marred his father's youth; and Luke the mild forbearance and the sober good sense of his mother. Their affection for each other, as is generally the case with twins, was stronger than that of ordinary brotherhood.

But deeply as Luke undoubtedly loved his brother, he had within him a wilful disposition, a perversity which that brother could not often guide or govern, and what Luke failed to do the parents found out of their power to accomplish.

In boyhood Mark gave a great deal of trouble, was a bad attendant at school, playing the truant, and now and then inducing the quiet Luke to follow him in his wicked ways. When punished for their misdeeds Luke bore it quietly, but Mark was often rebellious, which brought upon him further castigation.

As in boyhood so in youth. Mark and Luke worked on the same farm, and mixing with men, began, as youths are fond of doing, to ape men's ways. Mark set the example in smoking and drinking, and in time Luke, notwithstanding the promptings of his conscience, followed him. This falling off was marked with pain by their parents, who admonished and besought in vain. Mark was immovable, and Luke, linked to him by the twin tie of birth, continued to follow the teachings of his brother, even to leaving the parental roof.

"We are earning good wages," said Mark, "and we can lodge out, like men."

They were about nineteen then, and were two of the finest young fellows in those parts. Mark was the favourite, for he was the gayest; but Luke—quiet, gentle Luke—had plenty of sober people who were his friends. After leaving their home they only saw their father once a week or so, as he worked on the other side of the village, but the mother who yearned over them came nearly every night. Sometimes she found them at home, but that was at the end of the week. Up to Wednesday they were generally at the inn, where Mark drank with the best or worst of them, and Luke hesitatingly followed in the same track.

Luke, I was told, was always urging his brother to give up his wild companions, but Mark either did not heed him when he spoke, or with a few kind words and a smile which Luke could not resist, asked him, "Not to preach," but "be a man, as he was."

"A little drink cheers us," Mark would say, "so have your mug filled again, Luke, and be merry with the rest of us."

At last the time came when Luke would drink no more, and his reformation came about in this way. Stephen Daker a total abstainer since his marriage, came down one night to the public-house to see if he could not help his unhappy children. It was not the first attempt by many he had

made, but hitherto Mark had put him away with kind words and promises, none of which he kept.

On this night Mark was very much the worse for drink, and Stephen, who entered the tap-room boldly to rescue his children, said a few hard but justifiable things to the elder members of the assembled company. Some of them resented it, the landlord came in and gave his opinion, and finally Mark with only a few preliminary words got up and struck his father. Luke, who was sitting in a corner, was between them in a moment. Mark, grumbling and cursing under his breath, resumed his seat, and Stephen Daker went sorrowfully home.

From this hour a great change came over Luke. Horrified by the unnatural scene he had witnessed, which he rightfully charged to the influence of drink, he gave up the public-house, abandoned all intoxicating liquors, and exerted himself to the utmost to induce his brother to do the same.

But Mark would not listen. Perversely he kept up his old courses, and would have lost his work again and again if it had not been for Luke, whose good character helped them both. Their employer feared if he sent one away he would lose the other, and Luke was too good a servant to be parted with.

At home there was much sorrow. Stephen Daker and his wife mourned over their wild son more than they would if he had been dead, and Luke came to see them and join in their grief. After that night when he struck his father, Mark never came near his parents, or even asked after them.

From bad to worse the doomed youth went. Lower and lower down the scale—less at his work and more at the public-house as the weeks sped by. Through all Luke never deserted him, or ceased to persuade him to turn his back upon what was causing his ruin. Luke would not enter the public-house except to urge his brother to leave, and the ribald jests of the taproom and the angry reproach of his brother did no more than send him outside, where he waited in all weathers to take home the fallen Mark.

But was Mark indifferent to this affliction? Was all that was good and noble dead within him? No; for when sober he would talk to his brother as he did of old—call him "Dear Luke," and listen with attention to his exhortations; but anon, some drinking companion would come that way and hold out the old temptation, and Mark would fall again. Through all and in all Luke never deserted him until one winter's eve.

They were homeward-bound from their work, and Luke had hopes of getting his brother past the public-house, for he had no money left, and his credit was as good as stopped. Mark had been drinking during the day, and was, as drunkards say, "a little gone"; not intoxicated, but on that dangerous middle-ground where a man has his ears open to the voice of the tempter, and sees naught but the gloss he puts over the advancing ruin. "We will go home to-night," Luke kept saying. "Ay, ay," replied Mark, "we will go home," but the tone was that of indifference.

The shortest way home was unfortunately past the inn, and owing to the great rains, the path across the fields was very heavy travelling; but Luke would even then have gone the latter way if he could have induced Mark to do so. Mark, however, was firm.

"I'll not go in," he said; "there'll be nobody there to-night."

Opposite the public-house they met one of his old companions, an idle, dissolute fellow, some twelve years the senior of the two brothers, ruined in mind, body, and character, and fallen to the terribly low level of one who took delight in compassing the ruin of others, especially the young.

"Ha! Mark," he said, "I am glad to see you; come in and have a glass."

"I have no money," said Mark.

"Nay, lad, don't let that hinder you," said the other. "I have a shilling—it's enough for two. The room is empty to-night, and I am lonely there?"

"Why not go home?" asked Luke; "you will not find it lonely with your wife and children."

"I want the company of men," was the answer; "not drivelling women and crying children. Come, Mark, one glass, and you shall go home in half an hour."

"Don't go," pleaded Luke, clutching his brother by the arm; "it's no good to you, and the money that man is going to spend is wanted at home."

"Nay, he'll spend it all on himself if he give none to me," replied Mark, shaking off his brother. "I've stood to him many a time, and it's now his turn to stand to me. You go home, and I'll follow."

More urgent pleadings had no effect. Mark went inside with his sottish companion, and Luke was left outside. It was a bitter night, early in winter, with a wind unusually cold—heavy dull clouds in the sky, and a few flakes of snow falling. For a moment the glowing fire of the taproom had its allurements for Luke, but he shook them off, and walked quietly up and down waiting for his brother. His heart was heavier than usual; there was the dim shadow of coming evil which we call presentiment upon him, and he could not put it away.

"I'll wait for him if he is there till midnight," he said.

But he had to leave, for presently one of the villagers came by, and asked him if he had heard the news at home.

"What news?" asked Luke.

"Your mother is very ill," was the reply; taken this morning and has been bad all day. The doctor is with her now."

Luke thanked the bearer of this sad news, and hurried into the taproom where Mark and his friend were drinking. Mark was now on the high road to intoxication. He heard

the tidings of his mother's illness with drunken indifference, and supposed it was a "little attack of something."

"But you go on, Luke," he said, "and I'll come directly."

"No, now—this moment," replied his brother. "I have a feeling in me that this is no common illness."

But Mark would not come, and Luke went alone. At home he found his sad presentiment more than fulfilled. His mother was at death's door, and in half an hour she was gone. She died with one hand in Luke's, and the other held by her husband, blessing them both. Of the deep sorrow which Mark's absence must have caused her she made no mention. She asked a dozen times simply if he had come, and her attention was often directed to the sound of footsteps outside, hoping they might be his; but that was all.

Luke's grief, born of a double sorrow, was intense. That his mother should die so suddenly, and his brother be so indifferent, bowed him down, and brought such tears from his heart as strong men shed in their agony.

Two hours elapsed, and Mark not coming, Luke set out again in quest of him. Outside the night had grown very dark and cold, and the air was full of sleet and snow. Luke with his head bent down to meet the wind, plodded back to the inn. The taproom was empty, and the landlord in the bar, smoking, without a customer to converse with.

"Where is Mark?" asked Luke.

"Left an hour ago," replied the landlord, slowly. "He said something about going home to see his mother, but I fancy he was a little too far gone for that."

Luke could have said something not very pleasant for that landlord to hear, but he refrained, and hurried off to the house where he and Mark lodged. There he learned that his brother had not been near. From there he hastened home, but gained no news of Mark.

He spent all that night in going to and fro in search of his brother; he also went over to the house of the man he had left him with. There all was dark, but he heard sounds of quarrelling, and the voice of the dissolute drunkard high above all, cursing—oh, so fearfully!

"Mark is not there," he said, and went home again sorrowfully, to console his afflicted father, as best he could.

A sad night—a long, weary night, and then the cold dawn. Father and son sat by the fire hand-in-hand.

"Mark has not come home," said the father.

"I will go and seek him again," said Luke.

He went back to their lodging-place, to and fro, to this place and that, where Mark was likely to be found, but there were no signs of him. The morning passed, and afternoon came, and he was still away.

But why dwell upon that dreadful time? Mark was missing for two whole days, and then was found dead in the river that ran through the village. His body was discovered near the mill, but it was conjectured that he had mistaken his path in the darkness, and walked into the water much higher up. But, however it came about, he was dead, and all the world could not bring him to life again.

An inquest was held, and I with many others attended it. I call to mind now that scene. The inquest, mark you, was held in the very room where Mark had taken the poison that lured him to death. The coroner, a kindly gentleman at home I have no doubt, but used to such scenes, and anxious to get away to escape a cold drive through the country in the dark; a dozen labourers summoned to act as jurymen, myself and half a dozen lawyers, and the few witnesses who had anything to say about the case were present; Luke in a corner of the room weeping bitterly.

Mark's loafing friend was there, the worse for drink of course, and from his stammering utterances it was gathered that he and Mark left the house together, but parted outside, as their ways were in different directions.

"Was he sober?" asked the coroner.

"I dunnow," replied the sot; "I was drunk, and maybe he was about the same."

"Ah! a clear case," said the coroner. "What say you gentlemen of the jury? These lamentable accidents are of frequent occurrence."

The jury took the hint from the coroner, and returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." But the moment it passed their lips, Luke stepped forward to protest against it.

"Call that an accidental death!" he said, with a face burning with indignation, and speaking with forcible rugged pathos; "accidental death! why I tell you he was *murdered!*"

"Murdered!" exclaimed the coroner.

"Yes," continued Luke, "by the poison he drank here. He was as good as a dead man before he left here, as he had not so much reason and sense left as ought to be in a brute beast."

"Well, that's a social question I have nothing to do with," said the coroner, calmly putting on his gloves. "The death in the eye of the law is accidental. Twelve intelligent men have returned a verdict to that effect, and I have nothing to do with your private opinions upon the question of drink."

Then he buttoned his gloves and went his way; and the jury, half inclined to smile at the words spoken by Luke in his agony, went into the bar to spend the money allowed them by law for their attendance.

And Luke, what of him? He went home and wailed all night over the dead body of his brother. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," but Luke said it was "Murder." Was he right or was he wrong? I personally have examined the scene of this untoward disaster, and cannot conceive how a sober man could have mistaken his way. His road to his house was to the right, that to the stream to the left; one way uphill the other downhill. It was suggested that he committed suicide; but does that make matters any better? Would he, a sober man, have gone that dark night

deliberately down to the stream and destroyed the life God had given him? Certainly not.

It was a pitiful story from beginning to end. The great tie between the brothers as twins made the sorrow of Luke all the greater, in any case it would have been had enough, but in this it seemed as if his heart had really broken.

Mother and son were buried together, and Luke and his father were not the only mourners. Many friends came to pay a last tribute of respect to the really noble woman who had saved Stephen Daker from ruin. He had said so fifty times in her hearing, and it is his belief that she would eventually have drawn her son out of the pit if they had lived.

In the telling of this story I have not dwelt much upon her efforts, as it was my purpose to depict the relative positions of the two brothers; but all that a tender-hearted mother and a Christian woman could do was done in vain, we know, but that does not in any detract from her love and goodness.

After the funeral, Luke Daker could not rest in the place, and went over the sea to America. The last I heard of him was in the columns of a New York paper, wherein I learned he had become one of those rugged but powerful speakers who have their whole heart in the cause they espouse. The subject of the lecture was, "The Murder of Mark Daker," wherein he charged the laws of this country and the pernicious sale of intoxicating liquors with the death of his brother. Was he right, or was he wrong?—*British Workman.*

SOME WONDERFUL FACTS ABOUT YOUR BODY.

Supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles. Your blood weighs twenty-five pounds. Your heart is nearly five inches in length—it beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,792,000 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown from it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to a square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a draining-tile, one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost twenty miles long.

THE LARGEST ISLAND.

Immediately north of Australia, and separated from it at Torres Straits by less than a hundred miles of sea, is the largest island on the globe,—New Guinea,—a country of surpassing interest, whether as regards its natural productions or its human inhabitants, but which remains to this day less known than any accessible portion of the earth's surface. Within the last few years considerable attention has been attracted toward it by surveys which have completed our knowledge of its outline and dimensions, by the settlement of English missionaries on its southern coasts, by the exploration of several European naturalists, and by the visits of Australian miners attracted by the alleged discovery of gold in the sands of its rivers. From these various sources there has resulted a somewhat sudden increase in our still scanty knowledge of this hitherto unknown land; and we therefore propose to give a general sketch of the island and of the peculiar forms of life that inhabit it, and to discuss briefly some of the interesting problems connected with its indigenous races.

It has hitherto been the custom of geographers to give the palm to Borneo as the largest island in the world, but this is decidedly an error. A careful estimate, founded on the most recent maps, shows that New Guinea is considerably the larger, and must for the future be accorded the first place. In shape, this island differs greatly from Borneo, being irregular, and much extended in a north-west and south-east direction, so that its greatest length is little short of 1,500 miles; a distance as great as the whole width of Australia from Adelaide to Port Darwin, or of Europe from London to Constantinople. Its greatest width is 410 miles; and omitting the great peninsulas which form its two extremities, the central mass is about 700 miles long, with an average width of 320 miles; a country about the size of the Austrian Empire, and, with the exception of the course of one large river, an absolute blank upon our maps.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

It appears that in the late contest in the Irish Presbyterian Assembly on the use of instruments in the church praise service, the majority of the ministerial delegates were in favour of their introduction, while a large majority of the lay delegates were opposed, and succeeded in maintaining the Assembly's testimony against the innovation.

"MONEY MAKING WAYS OF WALL STREET."

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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 24th, 1879.

"ARE YOU SAVED?"

THIS serious and searching question was so put the other day, in our presence, by an earnest Christian man to a person whose attention he wished to call to the things that concerned his everlasting well-being. In our judgment it was not a wise question. The intention was good. The appeal was one of the most momentous character. In some sense it was according to the Apostle's direction, to be "in season and out of season." And yet it grated upon our sensibilities, and made us doubt more than ever the propriety of such a mode of address. The person to whom it was put was an entire stranger to the person who put it, and it was addressed to him in the presence of a third party—both circumstances, in our opinion, grave objections, unless in exceptional cases, to such a method of seeking to do good. We can scarcely conceive of our Lord, or of the Apostle whose words we have quoted, adopting such an abrupt mode of dealing with those whom they incidentally met upon the highway. We are enjoined to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," and to us such a question addressed to a stranger in such a way seems far from wise.

But we object to the terms of the query as much as to the manner of putting it. To be "saved" is nowhere used in Scripture as the equivalent of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, or of being forgiven. It means much more than that. It means the deliverance of the soul from sin and its defilement, as well as from the curse of the law, and therefore is used in the New Testament generally in the future tense—"He that believeth shall be saved"—"through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." The exceptions to this use of the phrase are few, and quite consistent with the view we have expressed.

We believe in the final perseverance of the saints. The Saviour himself declares that he that believeth "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;" but He did not ask the blind man to whom He had given sight if he were "saved," or if he were "converted," but, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" His enquiry directed the sinner's attention to the *object* of faith, not to the *subject* of it, or to the feelings within, which for the moment possessed him.

This distinction in the use of language is by no means unimportant. It is always better to abide by the exact phraseology of Holy Scripture if we can. Paul was a pardoned soul, and had a "hope full of immortality," when he wrote to the Philippians that he yet

counted all things but loss that he might "win Christ." He was not yet "saved" in the highest and most comprehensive sense of the word. There was infinitely more of blessing yet to attain to before he could know its full meaning. For that, he must wait, as we all must do, till we are like our Divine Example, and see Him as He is.

No doubt there is altogether too little of direct personal appeal to the unconverted to receive the Gospel, and we would not say a word therefore that could be construed into an apology for the guilty silence of many Christian professors in the presence of their friends. But let us carefully guard against giving occasion to any who may desire it, for resisting our entreaty, because of the unsuitable time or manner of our efforts to do them good.

SHEPHERDING.

UNDER this fanciful name, some of our British brethren have been discussing the vexed question of pastoral visitation. The "English Independent" has given them full scope in its columns. The pros and cons have been stated with a great deal of vigour, though we fancy that the views advanced have been somewhat extreme.

One writer lampoons the system of making pastoral calls. He declares that the great duty of the minister is to preach. And to fulfil this duty in a manner acceptable and useful to this age will tax all his energies for the six days of preparation. He derides the men who try to hold their churches together by calling, who listen to the advice that they should "look after" Mrs. Jones, and that Mrs. Smith is rather "peculiar," and a call would be advisable as soon as possible. And he also derides the congregations who are willing to put up with crude and ill-digested thought in the pulpit, pardoning ministerial offences in this line because of the pleasant pastoral visits they receive. Things have come to such a pass, that—unless a man be a star preacher—he had better neglect preparation for the pulpit than visiting to the pew. The writer adds his fear that ministers "may be yielding to a foolish and encraving custom, and too freely using artificial means to attain spiritual ends."

On the other hand, sturdy defences of pastoral visitation are made. It is claimed that the word *pastor* necessarily encloses the work of "shepherding" the flock. A minister can never know his people except he sees them in their homes. Pastoral oversight develops the family feeling in the Church. Sympathy between minister and people will be quickened by meeting. And if a minister cannot keep people together by his preaching, and can do so by visiting, let him use the plan which is most effective. When a man knows something of the character, circumstances, dangers and struggles of his people, he is able to bring the quality of adaptation into

his preaching, and that is a prime element of ministerial power.

It seems to us that on this matter it is impossible to lay down any specific rules. There are men who in the pulpit are able to do efficient work for their generation, but are not qualified for visitation. There are others not very strong on the rostrum, who are very strong and useful in their family calls. There are small churches which a man may "shepherd" with comparative ease. There are larger churches where the pastor is positively unable to see all his people in their homes. So there can be no universal rule governing ministerial work in this line. It is well however that every minister should remember this, that he is not only called upon to be a pulpit power, but also a social power. And whatever can add to his efficiency, he should cultivate assiduously. Each duty belonging to the pastor's office should have its due place and proportion. No man can afford without serious loss to his influence to be perpetually in his study, and no man can afford to be perpetually "teasing" with this parishoner and that. Great wisdom is required in the allotment of clerical hours; for on the one hand books may become unduly fascinating, while on the other the popular clamor for pastoral visits may become altogether too exacting and dogmatic.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. THOMAS RATTRAY was born in Dundee, Scotland, July 23rd, 1814; was educated in the University of St. Andrew's; and in 1831 came to Canada. It appears that his spiritual life began in Montreal, though by what particular means or in what manner I do not know. When I went to Montreal to minister in 1835-6, I found him not only a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Body but accustomed to aid in leading the devotions of the prayer-meeting. He was then a partner in a large mercantile house, but about ten years afterwards, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in Upper Canada, and was two years in St. Catharines and two in Hamilton. On retiring from the Methodist Body, he became a Congregational minister at Drummondville, then at Cowansville, and then at Salisbury, New Hampshire. A very severe affliction, in the last mentioned place, compelled him to relinquish all pastoral work in 1857; from which time till 1864, he resided at Concord, N. H., then till 1870 at Concord, Mass., and then till his death in Toronto. After his retirement from the Pastorate, he addicted himself, more than ever, to Biblical study. His intellect was clear, calm and critical; and the great object of his pursuit was the revealed truth of God. In Toronto, his Biblical studies were chiefly in Eschatology, with which, as it is usually taught, he was much dissatisfied. He felt that only the doctrine of a historical Regal advent could give the key to the meaning and harmony of very many Scripture passages, and serve as the principle of a true Eschatology. With this conviction, he read and wrote very extensively; and in 1878 published a discourse on the Regal advent and emancipation from Sheol, as historical events. He also corresponded on this and kindred points with authors and ministers of ability and repute, and was most earnest for the recognition and extension of Biblical teaching. My own intercourse with him on these things was unreserved and very pleasant. Six months before his death, his health began to fail; but for a good while without any serious indication. By the advice of his Physician and friends, he repaired to Lachine, to the

house of his nephew, Mr. Marshall, on the 13th ult., but with a strong impression that he would not recover, which proved, alas, too well-founded, for about three o'clock in the morning of the 7th inst., he calmly passed away from the friends he loved below to the innumerable multitude above.

There were three things in the religious character of our lamented friend that ought to be noted and remembered, because they were the principle and pivot of his own spiritual life, and are of the greatest importance to every man. The first that appears in the order of time is his CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, or what perhaps might be best termed his conscientious consistency. He gave up a very lucrative business in Montreal on account of his aversion to the liquor trade; and he changed his ecclesiastical connection as a minister on account of divergence in some unessential points. He was so thoroughly and transparently honest that he could neither conceal his divergence nor practically disregard it.

Another element of his character was his FAITH IN THE BIBLE. The divine authority and sufficiency of the Scriptures he held most firmly, and felt that without them there was no certainty or anchorage in spiritual things.

The third element was FAITH IN CHRIST,—faith in him as supreme, faith in him as the supreme redemptive Ruler of the world. On this, as I have known him, there was no halting or hesitancy, no misgiving or compromise. With such vital conscientiousness and conviction, he had done his work, and was pursuing his Biblical studies and the extension of the truth, with the kindness, courtesy and liberality that never failed to distinguish him.

The large gathering of intelligent acquaintances and friends at his funeral, on the 9th inst., in Toonto evinced how much he was respected and regretted. He was indeed a man that no one could know without esteem. His name was one that could never cause shame. His memory is lovingly cherished by many. His very failings leaned to virtue's side, and need not be recalled. His departure has made a gap in many hearts that cannot be filled, and shaded many a circle of kinship and acquaintance. His friends in Christ glorify the grace of God in him, and by the same grace are on their way to the Reunion of the skies.

Toronto, July, 1879.

J. G. MANLY.

Correspondence.

HANLAN!

To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

SIR,—Hitherto the "press" of the churches has been silent about Hanlan. If the outbursts of enthusiasm every day appearing in your secular contemporaries can be justified it appears to me that you would be doing good service by adding your panegyric, or better still perhaps a liberal Divine might invite the hero to take part in a Church service (he could surely give out a hymn) and take up a special collection for the "Homestead" fund. The "Wards" and the "Davises" might be included in the programme and add *vocal* to the occasion. But, Sir, however we may admire the skill, the prowess—call it what you will—which has characterized and given success to Hanlan in his aquatic performances, I venture the opinion that all this bubble and blow of which the "reception" and "homestead" schemes are the outcome is a serious mistake. We teach our children that it is "righteousness" that exalteth a nation. It may be taken that is a mistaken shibboleth for boating, betting and beer is to be in the future the trinity at whose shrine we are to bow.

This is the burden of the teaching of the secular press—it is now time for the religious element of our national life to raise its voice. Yours, &c., EDNA.

Hamilton, July 14th, 1879.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER has withdrawn from the arrangement to supply Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

MR. GLADSTONE is ready to take up the question of disestablishment of the Scotch Church when the Scotch people desire that consummation.

Religious News.

THE "Scriptural Reading Union" commenced its fourth year July 1, with over 20,000 members in all parts of the world.

THERE have been 3,000 mission churches established throughout the world by the various foreign missionary societies.

MR. HENRY VARLEY, after two years' evangelizing labours in Australia, has returned to London, and had a public reception June 9, at his old church, the Tabernacle on Notting Hill.

A SERIES of resolutions was adopted by the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, expressing firm adherence to the principle of united non-sectarian as opposed to denominational education.

FIVE hundred French Canadians have come from Rhode Island on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the shore of the St. Lawrence, near Quebec. Are there no saints in New England?

As the workmen were demolishing a house at Perth Amboy, built in 1684, they found an old Danish Bible that had been printed in 1664, in the mason work, half of which was in a good state of preservation.

THE Rev. Neil D. MacLachlan, has been chosen to fill temporarily the chair in Aberdeen College from which Prof. Robertson Smith has been suspended. He is a B.D. recently licensed by the Greenock Presbytery.

HIDDERSFIELD Magistrates ordered the destruction of 200,000 small bills and 150,000 pamphlets alleged to be of an indecent and immoral character, which the police had seized on the premises of a quack doctor or herbalist.

By 225 votes against 157, the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church has refused to appoint a committee to prepare a selection of hymns. The Assembly by 313 to 278 votes also refused to sanction the use of instrumental music.

THERE has been an increase of about 56,000 members of the Established Church of Scotland since the last return five years ago. This increase has been at the rate of 12 per cent. while the population of Scotland has only increased 4 per cent.

THE publisher of a new religious paper in Silesia, has improved on the plan of giving chromos, which has been so popular elsewhere. He promises to give to each new subscriber a small portion of earth from the graves of martyrs at Rome that has been enriched by their blood. And to those who procure new subscribers he offers seeds and cuttings of plants from the garden of the Vatican, that had been touched by Pius IX., and earth out of the catacombs!

A GREAT movement has just been inaugurated against intemperance. It is the formation of a joint-stock company with a million of capital in shares of one pound each, to provide temperance coffee-houses and temperance places all over the kingdom. The Archbishop of Canterbury is at the top of the list of clergy, and as many names followed in the prospectus, as advertised in the "Times" as nearly fill a column. The coffee-houses already established have done well, and it is quite expected that this new scheme will pay.

THE Pope has addressed a letter to some Italian prelates in reference to the civil marriage laws in the Italian Parliament, in which he says: "The Government designs to separate the contract from the sacrament, and to permit the Church no other share in the marriage rite than that of a liturgical benediction. The principle upon which Italian marriage legislation is founded destroys the fundamental idea of Christian marriage. The state has taken on itself the melancholy work of forming a matrimonial morality of its own, purely human in its character, altogether civil in its forms and guaranties, substitutes it for the sacrament, without which marriage among Christians is neither permissible nor durable, and imposes it on the public conscience by force."

THE first real Indian Pandit who has ever visited England has, says Professor Monier Williams, just been admitted a member of Oxford University. He is scarcely twenty-three years of age. Professor Williams says: "We have had others here who have borne the name; but no real Sanskrit scholar has ever before had the courage to break the rules of caste, give offense to his own family, incur the odium and contempt of the whole fraternity of his brother Pandits, and expose himself to the certainty of excommunication on his return to India." Mr. Williams regards his arrival in England as a remarkable sign of the times. It proves, he says, that the educated classes of India are beginning to be intolerant of caste prohibitions. "They are beginning to find out that caste was made for man, and not man for caste; and that it is better to make caste their slave, retaining all that is good and useful in its rules, than be themselves the slaves of caste."

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B.N.A.—The forty-first Session will be opened with the usual public service on Wednesday, September 17th, 1879. Candidates for admission are requested to forward to me their applications, with testimonials of pastors and recommendations of churches, without delay, that there may be time for necessary correspondence. My address till September 10th will be box 28, P.O., Cacouna, Que. GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D., Sec. Congregational College, B.N.A. Cacouna, July 15th, 1879.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXI.

Aug. 3, 1879. } THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION. } 2 Cor. v. 14-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Matt. x. 1-20. . . . The twelve apostles sent forth.
- T. Mark xvii. 14-20. . . . The commission.
- W. 2 Cor. iv. 1-18. . . . Christ Jesus the Lord.
- Th. 2 Cor. v. 14-21. . . . The ministry of reconciliation.
- F. 1 Cor. ii. 1-16. . . . The testimony of God.
- S. 1 Cor. iv. 1-15. . . . Ministers of Christ.
- S. Col. iii. 1-29. . . . "Whom we preach."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Our lesson supplies part of the answer to the question "How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?" It teaches us that He once offered Himself up as a sacrifice to satisfy Divine justice, and reconcile us to God. To reconcile is to bring into accord, and the term is only applicable to parties who have been at variance. When two persons quarrel, perhaps a mutual friend tries to reconcile them—remove the enmity that is between them, and make them friends. In the case of God and man the enmity is all on one side. Man is naturally at enmity with God, but God is not at enmity with man. On this account, and because the Supreme Being is unchangeable, some have objected to the use of the word *reconcile* in speaking of God, wishing to restrict it to man as in the text of our lesson. But there is a sense in which God may be said to be reconciled to the believer by the death of Christ; for the death of Christ satisfied Divine justice, which would otherwise inflict eternal punishment upon the sinner; and again, God cannot be pleased with the sinner so long as he continues in his sins and in a state of rebellion, but when the sinner becomes a believer in Christ, "in Him" God is "well pleased." On this point Dr. A. A. Hodge tells us that the same Greek word is translated *atonement* and *reconciliation* in the New Testament, and that "throughout the Old Testament the Hebrew word for atonement is constantly used to signify the reconciliation of God, by means of bloody sacrifices, to men alienated from Him by the guilt of sin." Perhaps the following is as natural and convenient a division of the lesson as any:

I. SUBSTITUTION AND SATISFACTION.—Vers. 14, 15, 21. The doctrine of substitution—that is the Saviour taking the place of the sinner, and the imputation, in the eye of God's law and justice, of the believer's sins to Christ, and of Christ's righteousness to the believer—is most clearly taught in the last verse of the chapter: "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Without doing any violence to the text, two of the clauses might be transposed so as to make the meaning plainer to some, thus: For He hath made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us, etc. The same doctrine is indicated by the word for in the 14th verse: "if One died for all then were all dead—not actually, but legally dead. It once happened in France, during a time of war, that a man was drafted to serve in the army; but, instead of serving, he by some means got another man to take his place; and the latter was shortly afterwards killed in battle. A second time the man was drafted; but he refused to serve. On being brought before the judge he stated his case, and the judge said to the officers, "You cannot make this man serve; this man is dead; he sent a substitute to the war; his substitute was killed; and that, in the eye of the law, is the same thing as if he had been killed himself."

II. REGENERATION.—Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new. He is born again—born into the kingdom of heaven. He has received spiritual life and sight and feeling. A revolution has taken place in his views and opinions. He hates sin, which he formerly loved, and he loves holiness, which he formerly hated. This great change is the work of the Holy Spirit.

III. RECONCILIATION.—The primary object of Christ's death, as we have already seen, was to satisfy Divine justice in behalf of sinners; but, by a sort of reflex action on the minds of men, the manifestation of Divine love in the death of the Saviour is used by the Holy Spirit as the most effective means of melting and subduing the hard and hostile heart, and reconciling man to God. Doubtless it is matter of astonishment to high and holy beings when they are made aware of the necessity of God's reconciling the world to Himself—reconciling the guilty offenders to the just and righteous Law-giver. They will probably think that man ought to be but too glad to be reconciled, and that the difficulty ought to be on God's part. But the Gospel reveals to us that there is no difficulty whatever on His part; and if any of us are lost it will be, not because God is not reconciled to us, but because we are not willing to be reconciled to Him.

We can scarcely do better than conclude this lesson with a few sentences from the writings of Dr. Chalmers. Commenting on this very passage, he says: "What a basis for the evangelical obedience of new creatures in Jesus Christ! What a mighty change is implied in our becoming Christians!—with new aims, new habits, new affections, new objects of pursuit; and yet what a free opening to this great enlargement—this vast revolution in the character and state of man. All is of God, who bestows the power to enter up-

on and persevere in this altogether new life; and who most welcome, and with perfect good-will, invites us to the commencement of this new era in our moral and spiritual history. What can be more encouraging or attractive? God Himself holding out to us the right hand of reconciliation—blotting out our trespasses—beseeching us to make it up with Him—sending ambassadors, and written as well as oral messages into the world, full of entreaty, nay of prayer, that we should come into agreement and friendship with God. Verily, what more could He have done for His vineyard that He hath not done for it? And to make it a sure way of access, a way to sustain us in our approaches to the great Law-giver on high, hath He instituted this double exchange between the sinner and the Saviour—our sins laid to His account, and He bearing the whole burden of them; His righteousness laid to our account, and we admitted to the full reward of it. O let me flee to this place of safety and take my abode under the ample canopy of His mediatorship—for how shall I escape if I neglect so great a salvation!

Around the Table.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD SAID.

Once upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler
said,

While a father's arms caressing,
Round the precious form were pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty, curl-ringed
head:

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober, solemn air?
How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty, thank-you
prayer.

"And I wondered all about it,
For, of course, I couldn't doubt it
Was a funny way tho' made us be so kind to one another,
To say 'thank you' for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it, so I asked my darling
mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her. But I want to know real bad—"
Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—
"Is it treating God politely,
When he gives us things, to never mind, nor tell him we are
glad?"

"And since then I've been a thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking?"
For a low sob shook the strong man as each keen, uncon-
scious word
Pierced him, all the past unveiling,
All the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the heedless heart
was stirred!

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And His sacred arms caressed them,"
Murmuring thus he touched the child-brow with a passionate,
swift kiss,
Of the little one beside him,
Of the angel sent to chide him,
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, nevermore his living lips
shall miss.

THE KING AND HIS JUDGMENTS.

THERE was a certain king who was reputed to be very wise. There came a judge from a far country to see him, and to prove his wisdom. As the judge rode towards the city of the great king, he passed a poor man upon the road, who was sick and very weak; and he made the poor man ride behind him upon his horse, as he found they were going to the same place.

But when they reached the city, the poor man claimed the judge's horse, maintaining that it belonged to him. The judge was much displeased with this; but he was also very glad, because he thought he should now be able to test the wisdom of the king, and to know whether what he had heard of it was true.

The two went to the king with their case.

The king said:—"Leave the horse here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

While they yet stood before the king, there came into his presence also a butcher and an oil-dealer, disputing about a purse of money, which the butcher said was his, and which the oil-dealer said was his. The king said, "Leave the purse here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

No sooner was this said, than there came a scribe and a muleteer, with a woman whom each of the two men claimed as his wife. The king said to the men, "Leave the woman here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

Noon of next day came, and all the men stood a second time before the king. First addressing the poor man, he said, "Go and point out which of all those horses belongs to you." The man obeyed. Then the king addressed the like command to the judge; and he obeyed. Thereupon the king said, "Give the horse to the judge, and give the beggar forty stripes." He said also, "Give the purse to the butcher, and give the oil-dealer forty stripes." He said finally, "Give the woman to the scribe, for she is his wife; and give the muleteer forty stripes."

After this the judge, being permitted to speak privately with the great king, asked him how he had been able to judge as he had done; for in each case it appeared that the judgment was just. The king said, "When the poor man went up to the horse, the animal did not recognize him—he knew the horse, but the horse did not know him; but when you went he recognized you, and from the tips of his ears downwards he was all over smiles. Then as to the purse; I ordered it to be boiled for a time; and bye-and-bye there were clear signs of fat, but no signs of oil. And in regard to the woman, she was ordered by me to provide barley for a lot of mules, and she could not do it; but she succeeded beautifully in arranging the papers and other writing materials of a scribe."

The judge was greatly pleased with the wisdom and justice of the king; the king, too, was greatly taken with this judge who appreciated him, and made him stay with him ever after, to help him in his judgments.

BRAVE BEN.

"A BOY WANTED," said Ben, reading the notice in a bar-room window, as he passed a comfortable-looking country hotel. "I wonder if I would do for the place? I must do something to earn some money, or how will poor mother be able to live? I believe I'll step in and ask about it."

So Ben went in. It was the first time he had ever stepped over the threshold of a bar-room door, and although the place looked neat and clean, and there were no loafers around, yet the odour was sickening, and Ben's taste revolted from such a place. The proprietor was a German, a good-natured look-

ing man, who offered Ben in payment for his services his meals, and the various sums he could make by holding horses, and making himself generally useful to travellers. For these privileges he was to turn his hand to almost anything connected with the hotel business, and in the absence of the proprietor he was to pour out drinks from the glittering bottles, and hand them to any poor wretches who came in and could pay for them.

"Well, now," said the proprietor, after giving Ben this account of what would be expected of him, "you have heard what I want you to do, are you ready to begin work?"

"Give me a few minutes to think it over," said Ben, "and I will make up my mind one way or the other."

"Well, you may think about it, but I get plenty more boys if you not like it," said the man, a little angry, and speaking somewhat brokenly, as he always did at such times.

Ben said nothing, but went out to the pump to get a drink, and then threw himself down to think over the offer he had received. "What would his mother think of her son in a bar-room? He would probably make money enough to support her, but with her strong prejudice against selling liquor, would she enjoy using the money made from it? Then," continued Ben, "what would God think of it? Is there not somewhere in the Bible a curse pronounced on him who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips? and if I accustomed myself to sell liquor, would not I soon learn to drink it? No, I cannot think of taking such a place as that," and when his noble decision was made, Ben returned to the tavern.

The proprietor stood on the porch. "Well, boy, what you think of my offer?" he enquired.

"I think I cannot take the place," replied Ben boldly. "I want work very much, but there are three reasons why I cannot work for you. One is that God would not like it, another is that my mother would disapprove of it, and a third that I should be afraid of becoming a drunkard myself. Good morning, sir."

Ben walked away, leaving the German trying to get through his head what he meant. But there was another person present who understood him perfectly. A gentleman had driven up in a buggy to enquire the way to a neighbouring town, and was so much pleased with Ben's fearless answer, that he overtook him and invited him to ride, saying that he wished to have a little talk with him.

"Young man," he began, "I honour you for refusing to serve where liquor is sold, and on that account you will be just the one for me. I want a clerk that I can trust, and a boy who obeys God and his mother, I know will prove honest and faithful." Then he named a very generous sum he was willing to give, and Ben went home to his mother that day as happy a boy as could well be found.—*Child's World.*

Gleanings.

THE Christian life is not knowing nor hearing, but doing.

A MAN that is young in years may be old in honour, if he has lost no time.

GOD'S favour must be sought in time, if we would enjoy it either in time or eternity.

THERE is no right faith in believing what is true unless we believe it because it is true.

THE most dangerous of all flattery is the very common kind that we bestow upon ourselves.

HUMANITY is of all the graces the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all.

THE loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

VENTURE not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join.—*Fuller.*

THE man whose sole ambition is to win applause of the world is sure to be disappointed, whether he wins or loses.

WE may know enough to satisfy ourselves, yet not be able to say enough to silence the cavils of a subtle adversary.

WHEN we would have others to do that which is good, we must act toward them prudently, and tenderly, and give them time.

BE thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—*Quarles.*

HAPPY is he who has learned this one thing, to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

VIRTUOUS and gracious affections are excited by good society, and Christians warm one another by provoking one another to love and good words.

HANNAH MORE says that there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed.

IF a man have a thought which will bless the world, but which he selfishly withholds, he is an enemy to his race. And so small and yet so great as this is the difference between the benefactor and the wrong-doer.

FAITH demonstrates to the eye of the mind the reality of those things that cannot be discerned by the eye of the body. It is the firm assent of the soul to the divine revelation and every part of it, and sets to its seal that God is true.

AS even the sparrows are not over-looked by our Heavenly father, so nothing, whether good or ill, ever happens to His children without His provident care and will, and all the things are surely working out in the end, the highest good they will permit.

FLATTER not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbour; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbour, if thou wantest faith in God—when they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.

EVEN our natural love of destruction can be changed into a love of creation. Look at Paul. He wanted to destroy the Christian Church, but God changed his nature, and killed the old lion in him, and "out of the eater came forth meat."—*Dr. Richard Newton.*

O LORD JESUS, when we see that Thou hast burst the gates of death, that Thou hast trodden on the neck of sin, that Thou hast broken the head of Satan, that Thou hast led captivity captive, and opened the gates of heaven for believers, we may well sing, "Thou hast a mighty arm."—*Spurgeon.*

CHRISTIANITY is the true citizenship of the world; and universal peace, and the free exchange of all lands and tribes of their several peculiar goods and gifts are possible only as all are grouped around, and united by, the cross of a common Redeemer and the hope of a common heaven.—*Wm. R. Williams.*

THERE is no portion of our time that is our time, and the rest God's; there is no portion of money that is our money, and the rest God's money. It is all His; He made it all, gives it all, and He has simply trusted it to us for His service. A servant has two purses, the master's and his own; but we have only one.—*Adonai.*

PRACTICAL Christianity is no sanctuary sensation, no Sabbath-day service. It is the conscientious discharge of all duty, with a desire therein to honour Jehovah. It makes the whole world a temple and the whole life a priesthood, "eating and drinking, and doing all things to the glory of God."

FOR a long time I felt myself to be a lost sheep, not knowing on whom to rely; and now, with the deepest consciousness that I have at last attained rest, I exclaim, "The Lord is my shepherd; what is there that can harm me?" And as I look forward into the future, I exclaim with David, "I shall not want."—*Aug. Tholuck.*

WE are opposed to enlarging the list of holy days, because we believe that the creation or acceptance of other such days besides the Sabbath tends—we speak in the light of the history of them—to weaken the sense of obligation to observe the Sabbath, and to reduce all such days to the character of holidays.—*Methodist.*

TO him whom the science of nature delights, every object brings new proof of the existence of a Deity, and everything that proves this gives cause for admiration. If he lifts his eyes to the clouds, finds he not the heavens full of wonders? If he looks down to the earth, does not the worm proclaim a Maker? Could less than Omnipotence have formed and framed these things?

"THROUGH flood and flames, if Jesus leads, I'll follow where He goes." We like to hear you sing that; but how about making up to that neighbour to whom you have not spoken for some time, and how about your failing to pay what you promised the pastor? And then, too, how much have you given to missions within twelve months?—*Religious Herald.*

All this world is God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield; Wheat and tares therein are sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown; Ripening with a wondrous power Till the final harvest hour: Grant, O Lord of life, that we, Holy grain and pure may be.—*Dean Alford.*

IN all Buddhist temples a tall and broad-leaved lily stands directly on the front of the altar. Its idea is as beautiful as its workmanship. It represents that, just as the pure white flower may grow out of the mire and filth, and blossom into loveliness, so may the heart of man raise itself above the wickedness and corruption of the world into a state of spotless purity.

"I CAN conceive," said Lord Erskine, "a distressed but virtuous man, surrounded by his children, looking up to him for bread when he has none to give them, sinking under his last day's labour, and unequal to the next, yet still supported by confidence in the hour when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence, which he adores, and anticipating with exultation the revealed promise of his Creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest of mankind."

AS I stood musing at a window, I saw a fly upon it, and made a brush with my hand to catch it. When I opened my hand the fly was not inside, but still in the same place on the glass. Scarcely thinking what I did I made another brush with my hand, and thought that I had captured the insect, but with the same result. There was the victim quietly retaining his place in spite of me. It was on the other side of the glass. When I saw it was so, I smiled at my folly. Those who attempt to find pleasure outside of Christ will experience a like failure, for they are seeking on the wrong side of the glass.—*Spurgeon.*

MINISTERS make a great mistake when they introduce into their sermons and speeches language that is indelicate. Sometimes, for the sake of the supposed wit they contain, they relate stories that are coarse and offensive, or make use of illustrations that are immodest. Worse than this, they may so far forget themselves on special occasions, when the license is supposed to be unusual, as to be indecent. But they make a mistake—because it is in bad taste and is dishonouring to their culture and profession; and because the people whom they ought to be most anxious to please are offended by their grotesqueness. The applause of a few "lewd fellows of the baser sort" is a poor compensation for the withdrawal of their good opinion by those who are pure and respectable.

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. (No. 235.)
PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

The United States Centennial Commission has examined the report of the Judges, and accepted the following reasons, and decreed an award in conformity therewith.
PHILADELPHIA, December 9th, 1876.

REPORT ON AWARDS.
Product, REED ORGANS. Name and address of Exhibitor, DOMINION ORGAN CO., Bowmanville, Canada.

The undersigned, having examined the product herein described, respectfully recommends the same to the United States Centennial Commission for Award, for the following reasons, viz:—
"Because they have produced in their instruments a pure and satisfying tone, by their method of voicing, and have a simple and efficient stop-action, with satisfying musical combinations, an elastic touch, and good general workmanship."

H. K. OLIVER, Signature of the Judge.
APPROVAL OF GROUP JUDGES.
J. SCHINDMAYER, WILLIAM THOMSON, E. LEVASSER, JAMES C. WATSON, ED. FAVRE PRERRE, JOSEPH HENRY, GEO. F. BRISTOW, J. E. HILGARD, P. F. KYKA, F. A. P. BARNARD
A true copy of the Record. FRANCIS A. WALKER, Chief of the Bureau of Awards.
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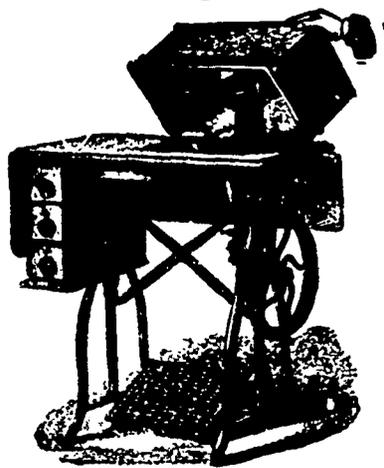
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