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# The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 30.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881.

[New Series. No. 5

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

Father, our evening prayer  
We now present to thee,  
O hear us while we call  
On bended knee.

Our many sins forgive  
Humbly, with tears, confessed;  
Our many wants supply  
To thee known best.

To thee we tell the griefs  
Upon our hearts that weigh,  
To thee we bring our fears  
To chase away.

With thankful hearts we own  
Thy ever watchful care,  
Anew, each day and night  
Thy gifts we share.

We thank thee for our friends,  
A bright and loving band,  
With hearts so kind and true  
And helping hand.

We thank thee for our health,  
For food and fruit and flowers,  
For sunshine and for clouds  
With genial showers.

Thanks for the lawn so green,  
The cooling shade of trees.  
Thanks for the song of birds,  
The hum of bees.

The insects chirp their thanks  
Throughout the livelong night,  
The birds take up the strain  
With morning light.

With all our powers of song  
We'll join the hymn of praise,  
The instrument and voice  
Aloud we'll raise.

Praise for the wondrous grace  
To us poor mortals given,  
Praise for the power to make,  
Of earth a heaven.

Our evening song and prayer  
We thus present to thee,  
O hear us while we cry  
On bended knee.

J. B. OSBORNE.

## A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MY DEAR SIR, I have for a long while been intending to write to you, but the pressure of other duties has intervened, and when one's hands are full of pleasant work, time flies as if on eagles' wings.

Away for my holidays at this beautiful sea side resort, I feel it to be a privilege to send you a few lines.

Eastbourne is indeed a delightful spot. Its streets are shaded with trees, which in some places form overhead quite an arch of verdure. The air is pure, and bracing, and bright, and brilliant as a Canadian sky.

Yesterday I visited Lewes, a quaint old-fashioned town. From the castle, now partly in ruins, a splendid view of the surrounding country can be obtained. On the high street there is still standing the house where Tom Paine, the infidel, once lived. It is known to the visitor by the figure of a crouching monkey supporting a projecting angle. I could not help thinking, that, compared with Paine, the monkey was the wiser of the two, for "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

As you are aware, this year is specially remarkable among us, as Congregationalists, as the jubilee year of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It has been decided to raise a Jubilee fund, and one of our wealthy merchant princes has headed the list with the

noble donation of £20,000. It is intended to appropriate the amount raised to different objects, the Congregational Church Aid Society, building of new chapels in London, the scheme suggested by my colleague, Rev. W. Tyler, for the abolition of chapel debts &c., &c.

Mr. Tyler's proposal seems to me to be very appropriate, especially when we remember that when the year of Jubilee arrived under the Mosaic dispensation, debts were cancelled, as well as prisoners set free. We are expecting in October next a number of visitors from across the sea, and I was glad to read in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, that the friends of the Northern Church, Toronto, with their accustomed liberality have decided to send their pastor as delegate to the meetings.

We anticipate moreover in August to see many of our American and Canadian brethren at the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, which will be held at Exeter Hall.

The last report of the Toronto Association has been sent me. It was read with joy and gratitude to God. Well do I remember the little hand that met in the basement of the Temperance Hall in 1864 to organize the Association, and how earnestly and prayerfully he launched out the little bark upon the stream of time; and when we think of the prosperous and successful voyage it has had so far, well may we exclaim "What hath God wrought!" "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"

We are having very delightful weather in England this year. The farmers are greatly pleased, and are hoping for the blessing of an abundant harvest. In every season alas! Death has a harvest, and the stern reaper has been very busy among all ranks and classes of the land. Sir Charles Reed, M.P., Thomas Carlyle the 'Sage of Chelsea,' The Earl of Beaconsfield, and many others have been called from time into eternity. Among those most deservedly lamented, of course, has been Dr. Punshon, the eloquent orator, and devoted Christian. His dying words have suggested to me the following lines:—

### A BRIGHT REALITY.

The sands of life were flowing one by one,  
The Christian's course on earth was nearly run,  
But ere his spirit passed to heaven away,  
The dying saint was heard to sweetly say—  
"My Jesus is to me  
A bright reality."

O, I would take those words, and make them mine!  
Jesus—the Sun of Righteousness divine  
Is not a vision fair—a poet's dream,  
A meteor shining with a transient gleam,  
But Jesus is to me  
A bright reality.

The joys that charmed me once in Pleasure's bower,  
No longer have for me attractive power,  
The electric light puts others in the shade—  
All earthly joys at once began to fade,  
When Christ became to me  
A bright reality.

Wherever I may be—a traveller here,  
His presence dissipates each rising fear;  
If in my home I stay—abroad may rove,  
Bright as a sunbeam shines His heavenly love;  
Yes, Jesus is to me  
A bright reality.

Arise my soul! anticipate the day  
When all the veil of time, removed away,

My King in all His beauty I shall see,  
And gazing on His face with ecstasy  
Say "Jesus is to me  
A bright reality."

Here in this world the half could not be told;  
Our Lord in heaven His beauties shall unfold,  
For ages countless as morn's gems of dew  
I'll sing for aye—His loveliness in view—  
"My Jesus is to me  
A bright reality!"

Believe me, yours sincerely,  
R. T. THOMAS.  
Eastbourne, July 13th, 1881.

## THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

The revision has now been for some weeks before the religious world, and has called forth not only an unprecedented excitement in the issue, but many and various criticisms. It was to be expected that any change in words so justly revered as those of the old version, interwoven as they were with the most sacred memories and hallowed associations, would elicit from all who do not view novelties as necessarily true, at least a momentary shudder, and a rising distrust. That, however, is passing, and we are settling down, to a calm, dispassionate view of that which has been accomplished. We desire to add a few words to what has already appeared in our columns on this question.

And here firstly: the feeling which shrank from the change we highly esteem, and desire to record our full sympathy therewith. We hold as of little value the spirit that readily parts with a friend that, notwithstanding some imperfections, has never proved false when simply trusted, and has been a console in life's most trying hours. They who the most readily fell in with the novelty will the sooner find their interest fail, and are not to be reckoned for the most part as among the staunchest friends. As, however, the first irritation felt at the alteration made in words consecrated by numberless associations passes away, we are ready to believe what Dr. Henry Robert Reynolds in the *Evangelical Magazine* of July writes:—"Now the Biblical scholar, the newspaper critic, and the ordinary English reader are one by one coming to admit that a great task has been accomplished, and that it has been, upon the whole, nobly, impartially and learnedly done." Indeed it will be found difficult to estimate too highly the painstaking fidelity and reverent scholarship which has been brought to bear upon this undertaking, indeed we have sometimes been tempted to speak of over conscientiousness therein. We will explain what we mean by over conscientiousness. Confessedly the endeavour has been made to place the English reader as near as possible to the Greek text, thus minimizing the disadvantage of translation. To this end the order of the Greek words has, when possible, been followed in the English. Yet it may be open to question whether in many cases it were well to break the continuity of association for that cause in such passages as Luke ii. 29, where the order of the Greek is, "Now lettest thou depart the servant thy O Lord according to thy word in peace." The revised maintains the order better than the old, and were it with us for the first time would sound as musical,

yet for the sake of a change so slight it does seem a change uncalled for. We may say, however, that the change brings it more in accord with the Rheims N. T. and thus may prepare the way for its acceptance not only by the Protestant churches, but by the Roman Catholic laity also. It is not necessary to multiply examples in this particular, but the remarks thereon will tend to show the extreme care of our revisers in their effort to give a faithful transcript of the original.

In the following remarks we shall indicate and justify changes that have been made from each of the following causes: Obsolete words; changes made in the direction of uniformity in translating; many renderings corrected; corrections due to a better knowledge of the Greek MSS.

1. Obsolete words. "Coast" now is confined to land bordering on the sea, but formerly included the border land of a country or province, whether maritime or inland. "Borders" now more correctly represents the meaning, and therefore in such places as Matt. ii. 16., viii. 34., has been substituted. "By and by" with us means after a while, in the N. T. invariably "immediately or quickly," hence has been disused in such passages as Matt. xiii. 21; Luke xxi. 9. The word "corn" is no longer used by us in the sense of a single grain, it was so used by Wickliffe and Tyndale, "no but a corn of wheat falling to the earth shall be dead," hence the change found in John xii. 24. "Let" had a double meaning, (probably two different roots that attained like orthography at last), to hinder and to allow. To remove the ambiguity we find the change in Rom. i. 13. II Thess. ii. 7. A similar ambiguity obtains in the word "prevent," which, formed from the Latin *prevenire*, often means to anticipate, take precedence of, hence the change in I Thess. iv. 15. "Jangling," which with us is allied to quarrelling, originally meant foolish talk; our revisers have therefore substituted "talking" for "jangling" in I Tim. i. 6. We are thankful, however, that the archaic "which" is retained in the Lord's prayer, notwithstanding the avowed preference for "who" by the American Committee. Etymologically it is an error to call *which* the neuter of *who*, though now used as such, "which" is in reality a compound word (*who ilk*) and is not synonymous with "who," but is the *ilka who*. In this connection the use of the definite article with "which" may be noted James ii. 7.

## NOTICE.

The brethren of the Western District will please to notice that Rev. C. Duff, of Speedside, is District Secretary, and not the undersigned.

W. H. ALLWORTH.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We regularly receive the numbers of *Littell's Living Age*, one of the best series of extracts from the European press that we know of. This is a good time to subscribe, as a new volume commences with July. Subscription is only \$5.00 per year, which is very low for the quantity of matter given. Littell & Co. Boston.

—Nine per cent. of the population of Connecticut, it is said, is in Congregational churches. This cannot be said of any other State or country,

## REQUIREMENT.

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,

Nature's and duty's, never are at odds. What asks our Father of his children save Justice, and mercy, and humility.

A reasonable service of good deeds, Pure living, tenderness to human needs; Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see

The Master's footprints in our daily ways? No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife, But the calm beauty of an ordered life, Whose very breathing is unworded praise— A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,

Fast rooted in the faith that God is good.—*Christian Union.*

## THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

There was promise of a capital hay-day; so Silas Rogers decided as he stood in the back porch after milking, polishing his face with a coarse towel and noting the weather signs between the rubs. A capital hay-day; but a "spell of weather" might be expected soon; for did not the almanac say "About this time look out for storms?" So all hands were warned to be in readiness to mow the lower intervals in the morning and lose no time in getting at it, for the intervals was swampy after a rain.

The chores were done, the supper was eaten; Silas, with his chair tilted against the wall, was sleeping the sleep of the just, while his good wife pattered about the kitchen setting her sponge, beating up some "riz griddle cakes" for breakfast, grinding the coffee, and, in a dozen provident ways, squeezing out of the tired day a little help for the morrow. Reuben went to the store for a new scythe snath; Abner, the hired man, hung over the barnyard gate with the beloved pipe that tried the housewife's soul, and pretty Mistress Hetty wrinkled her forehead and pricked her fingers over the new dress she was trying to make in the few leisure minutes snatched from house-work. She made a charming picture in the frame of the vine wreathed window, her sleeves still rolled above her plump elbows, the bright hair drawn back from the rosy face which was turned full to the lamp as she threaded her needle, or paused to flirt some poor deluded moth away from the dangerous flame that fascinated him. A charming picture, but no one to look at it, for the great Norway pine held up a screen of solid blackness between the window and the road even if any belated traveller had chanced to pass that way, and only Hetty's white cap crept stealthily along the top of the garden-fence with murderous designs upon an untimely brood of chipping birds in the currant-bushes. Only this—ah, beware, Mistress Hetty! evil eyes are looking at you, eyes from which even a heathen mother would cover your face with her hands, and breathe a prayer to break the unholy spell they might cast upon you—a woman's eyes peeping from the thick jungle of lilacs and syringas so near it seems as if Hetty must feel them. But Hetty feels nothing, sees nothing, but the troublesome dress, and as the perplexing ruffles are conquered one by one her heart grows light, the little frown smooths away, and Hetty begins to sing. What a sweet voice she has! It reaches the tired mother, and lightens her heart too. It wakens her father and then lulls him pleasantly to sleep again. Now Abner hears it and draws his hickory shirt-sleeve across his eyes; and that watcher in the green tangle—who can guess what she thinks or feels as she sinks down with her chin upon her hands, and her face quite in the dark, and listens to the pathetic story of "The Ninety and Nine"? Hetty herself is not half-conscious of the pathos with which she bewails the lost one,

"Away on the mountains bleak and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care,"

and goes on through the tender story to the final rejoicing, when the Shepherd brings back his own. She is still humming it fitfully over and over when her mother opens the door of the keeping-room and bids her go to bed, and not ruin her eyes with sewing by lamplight.

"Just a minute," says Hetty; "as soon as I finish this sleeve." And the minutes glide on and on, the sleeve is finished, held up and admired, and Mistress Hetty takes off her shoes and slips softly upstairs to bed. She does not even close the window. What should come into the house unbidden, save the cat and the cool night-air? Everything is silent. The mother bird broods her little ones securely, unconscious of the cruel eyes near by, until Reuben comes whistling along the road, and, boy-like, stops to shy a stone at the tempting white mark on the garden fence, the prowler leaps away with long bounds over the wet grass, and a tragedy is averted with nothing to show for it but dirty tracks upon the piece of "factory" spread out to bleach. By and by there is a little stir in the lilac jungle; a woman comes cautiously out of her hiding, and steals away to the barn. The cows are lying here and there under the long shed, sleeping, perhaps, in a cow's uneasy fashion, but with a certain air of motherliness and content about them. They do not even wonder at the late comer as she threads her way among them, enters the barn, mounts the scaffold already well filled with the sweet new hay, and is soon asleep, hearing now and then a broken twitter from the restless swallows under the eaves, or perchance a faint, sweet voice singing, with lingering pity in its tone,

"Sick, and wounded, and ready to die."

Who can tell when the summer day begins? One instant a dusky silence, cool, moist, and fragrant, hanging over the hills, the next a burst of song from some tree-top, caught up from a hundred green coverts, swelled and repeated and prolonged in a mad chorus that presently settles again into silence. Then the slow stir of life awakening, the hustle among the poultry, the lowing of some impatient cow, or the steady sound of her companions nipping the short juicy grass, the unwilling creak of a rheumatic pump-handle, and here and there the dull thud of an improvised ax preparing the kindlings for the kitchen fire.

The day was well under way in Silas Roger's household before the majority of his neighbours had reached this point. The cows were milked and turned into the green lane to make their own way to the pasture, the steady "crrr" of the grindstone and the sharp ring of steel told that the moments before breakfast were being made the most of, and even at table there were few words spoken, and no useless lingering. But after breakfast Silas Rogers took down the leather covered Bible that had been his old mother's daily companion for eighty years, and all the family sat reverently down to worship. The golden moments might speed as they would, but no day in that household began without its portion from the Bible. It might have been a lingering recollection of Hetty's song, it might have been one of those celestial providences which we call chance, which led him to read from the gospels the story of the wandering sheep and the lost piece of silver. It is doubtful if any of them were very deeply touched by it. It was a familiar story to the good wife, and she could not keep her thoughts from straying anxiously to the loaves rising perilously in the pans, while Hetty glanced at the clock and secretly hoped her father had not chanced upon a long chapter. The reading came abruptly to an end with the heavenly rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth, and with an earnest though homely prayer the service was ended. Abner and Reuben almost stumbled over a woman sitting absorbed

in the doorway. Silas looked at her but did not stop to question, and when they were gone she rose and said abruptly, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She saw a tall and not uncomely woman of about thirty, but with something indefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth, the bold defiant eyes repelled her, yet seemed as if any instant they might break into scornful tears.

"Who are you?" asked the good wife, coming nearer with her pan of bread in her hand. Again the face lightened and darkened, grew hard, and then yielding, with the sudden declaration:

"I am the piece that was lost."

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the Scripture, therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not a woman to refuse bread to the hungry, so she placed food upon the table and motioned the woman to a chair, with a brief "Set up and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating, and she did not hasten, her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, until Martha Rogers grew nervous, and sent Hetty to "red up the chambers."

As soon as she was gone the woman turned abruptly from her breakfast.

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded rather than asked.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Rogers again, simply to gain time.

"I thought you knew. I am Moll Pritchett: they have turned me out of my house, burned it over my head," and the eyes grew lurid with evil.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers feebly.

"Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women."

"Are you a good woman?"

The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Pritchett, a woman who lived alone in an old tumble-down hut below the saw-mill, and won a meagre living by weaving rag-carpets, picking berries for sale, and it was suspected in less reputable ways; but Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumours. If she had not divine compassion she had something very like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame than the tender mercies of the wicked.

The woman looked at her curiously. At first with a mocking smile, then with a sullen, and at last with a defiant expression.

"Is it likely?" she said fiercely. "A good woman! How should I be a good woman? I tell you I'm 'the piece that was lost,' and nobody ever looked for me. If I was a good woman do you suppose I should be where I be—only twenty-eight years old, well and hearty, and every door in the world shet in my face? I tell ye the man that wrote that story didn't know women; they don't hunt for the piece that's lost; they just let it go. There's enough on 'em that don't get lost."

Poor Martha Rogers was sorely perplexed, all the more that her way had lain so smooth and plain before her that she might have walked in it blindfolded. If this was a lost piece of silver it was not she who lost it; but what if it were the Master's, precious to His heart, and a careless hand had dropped it, and left it to lie in the dust? And what if He bade her seek it, and find it, for Him? Should she dare refuse? On this very day, when she needed so sorely the help which she had looked for in vain, had not this woman been sent to her very door, and was it not a plain leading of Providence? It is a blessed thing for us that we are usually driven to act first and

theorize afterwards, even though the after-thought sometimes brings repentance. The bread was ready for the oven and the wood-box was empty.

"You may fetch in some wood," said Martha Rogers, and the woman promptly obeyed, filling the box with one load of her sinewy arms, and then stood dumbly waiting. Hetty came into the kitchen and began to clear the table, but her mother took the dishes from her hands.

"Go up-stairs and fetch a big apron and one of your sweeping caps, and then you may get at your sewing and see if you can finish up your dress."

Away went Hetty, her light heart bounding with the unexpected release, and her mother turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel and sent her to the wash-house for a thorough purification. Half an hour afterwards, with her hair hidden in the muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the clean calico apron, a comely woman was silently engaged in household tasks, doing her work with such rapid skill that the critical housewife drew a sigh of relief.

"There's a han'ful of towels and coarse clothes left from the ironing; you might put the irons on, Mary, and smooth 'em out."

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes, but something—was it a tear?—rolled down the swarthy cheek, and mingled with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever been called Mary? When had she heard any name but Moll? Not since away among New Hampshire hills a pale woman had laid her hand upon the tangled curls of her little daughter, and prayed that from the strange world to which she was speeding she might be allowed to watch over these wayward feet lest they should go astray. Had she watched? Did she know? Moll hoped not; it made her shudder to think of it. What would heaven be worth if she could see and know? and yet, what did she hear about joy in heaven over one sinner that repented? If there was joy it must be that they knew, or perhaps only good news was carried there.

That night Hetty sang again at her sewing by the lamp, and from the attic window, far above her head, the wanderer leaned out into the dark to listen. The little chamber was bare of ornament, there was not a picture on the cleanly-whitewashed walls, and the straight curtain was for decency, not drapery; but it seemed to this lost one a very chamber of peace. The great Norway pine almost brushed her cheek with its resinous plumes, balmy with the moist night air, and a bird, hidden somewhere among its branches, sent out a startled, half-awake cry, and then dropped off to sleep again. There was a pale young moon low in the western sky, with black clouds scudding across it, and the dull, steady sound of the river, pouring over the great dam in the valley, seemed to come nearer and nearer, like the tramp of feet. Martha Rogers went out to the milk-room and stood for a moment in the door, shading the flickering candle in her hand. She was only taking a housewifely observation upon the gathering storm, but it seemed to the wanderer that she might well be the woman who had lighted a candle to search for the lost piece of silver, and with a dim comprehension of love on earth and joy in heaven she tried to pray and fell asleep.

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers. He may be forgiven if his thoughts sometimes wandered to the hay so fortunately secured from the storm, or ran over the grist to be sent to the mill in the morning, if it proved a wet day, or speculated curiously on the superhuman knowledge of alman-

ac men; but, on the whole, he was tolerably attentive, and certainly grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper.

"It seems a risk to run," said Martha, anxiously; "and I don't know but it's presumptuous; there's Hetty, and there's Reuben."

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife.

"Yes," said Martha, with a little start, "and I can't quite get rid of what she said about the piece that was lost, though, to be sure, the woman that lost it ought to hunt it."

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find, 'tain't many of 'em can say, 'those that thou hast given me have I kept, right straight along."

"But if you lose your own piece looking after other folks's—"

Silas cut off his waxed end and gave the harness an experimental pull before he answered.

"Well, there's risks, as you say, but I'd rather take a risk for the Lord than agin Him."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord and He abundantly justified and rewarded her faith. For the piece that was lost becomes my piece to the heart that finds it and lays it again in the Master's hand, and locking the story of the wanderer in her own breast it was only to the angels that she said, "Rejoice with me."

And when, years afterward, the woman herself said before the committee of the church, "I am a woman over whom there is great joy in heaven," there were not wanting those who thought she was presumptuously claiming to be a saint.—*Christian Union.*

THE DARWINS.

Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather, was born at Elston, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, on December 12th, 1731. He was sprung, we are told, of "a gouty family," members of which fought for Charles I, and were patronized by Charles II. His father adopted a metrical litany, one triplet of which, in seeking deliverance from sundry evils, ran thus:—

"From a morning that doth shine,  
From a boy that drinketh wine,  
From a wife that talketh Latine!"

Hence it is surmised that he was an advocate of temperance, and that his wife, the mother of Erasmus, was not a blue stocking. Erasmus in his boyhood was very fond of poetry, and very fond also of mechanics, and both tastes prevailed in him, and showed themselves to the end of his life. At ten years old he was sent to the Grammar School at Chesterfield, under the Rev. Mr. Eurrows, and there he remained nine years, a long term of schooling, during which he had plenty of Latin and Greek drilled into him; for he speaks feelingly in after years against "those classical schools which not only overcome the struggling efforts of genius and binds his protens forms till he speak the language they require, but divert his attention from the nice comparison of things with each other, and from associating the ideas of causes with their effects, and amuse him with the looser analogies, the vain verbal allusions which constitute the ornaments of poetry and of oratory."

He obtained a scholarship of £16 a year at St. John's, Cambridge, and afterwards studied medicine at Edinburgh. He attempted to begin practice as a physician in Nottingham, but in three months removed (November, 1756) to Lichfield, where, by successfully treating some important cases, he soon won an extensive practice, and married Mary Howard, aged 17, daughter of a respectable inhabitant

of Lichfield, a superior and charming girl. By her he had three sons: Charles, a youth of high promise, who died in his twentieth year; Erasmus, a man of retiring disposition, a solicitor who, in a fit of temporary insanity, committed suicide in his fortieth year; and Robert Waring, the father of the present Mr Charles Darwin. Their mother died, after a long and suffering illness, in 1770. In 1781 Dr. Erasmus Darwin married the widow of Colonel Pole, a brilliant, accomplished lady, with a jointure of £600 a year, and thereupon he removed to Derby, where after many years practice in his profession, and much literary labour, he died very suddenly in the year 1802, aged seventy-one years.

Mr. Charles Darwin's book entitled "The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection" created considerable stir, not only in the scientific but in the religious world. It speedily passed through several editions, and was translated into most European languages. "Natural Selection" became either a watchword or a by-word. Caricatures of monkeys and gorillas developing into men filled the comic prints, and magazines and reviews, quarterly and monthly, abounded in articles pro or con upon the work. By its champions the rejection of the fashionable theory was regarded with scorn as a mark of ignorance and bigotry; by some who rejected it in religious grounds its espousal was branded as Atheism. The investigations of some eminent men of science led them to reject the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin as unsupported by facts. In particular Mr. W. Carruthers, F. R. S., Keeper of the Botanic Collection in the British Museum, and President of the Geologists' Association, has published the results of many years' inquiry, and affirms that the whole evidence supplied by fossil plants is opposed to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of genetic evolution. Mr. Darwin's popular work upon the "Origin of Species" was followed by a succession of works in its support—the "Fertilization of Orchids" in 1862, "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication" in 1867, the "Descent of Man and Selections in relation to Race" in 1871. This last-named book reveals fully the bearing of the theory upon morals and religion, man's moral nature as well as his intellect and physical form being explained as a natural outgrowth from his ape-like progenitors. Here Mr. Darwin's avowed purpose is to show that a man is certainly descended from some ape-like creature, and this not only as to his body, but as to his mind, conscience, and emotion. "In a series of forms graduating insensibly from some ape-like creature, to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point when the term 'man' ought to be used. But this is a matter of very little importance." "The so-called moral sense is aboriginally derived from social instincts," which must have been acquired even by his early ape-like progenitors. To turn from this book of Mr. Darwin's to the Bible declarations concerning man in Genesis, Job, or the Psalms, is like passing out from the sickening air of a menagerie to a clear mountain top with its bracing breezes.—*Leisure Hour.*

**A YOUNG MAN, (MARRIED) IS DESIROUS** of a place as Secretary of Y. M. C. A., or a field of labour as Evangelist. Can sing with fair expression. Address, **MISSIONARY,** Post Office, Brantford, Ont

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, Aug. 14.

The Red Sea, Ex. xiv. 18-27. B.C. 1491.

GOLDEN TEXT, v. 15.—Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward. Commit vs. 26, 27.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Between our last lesson and this we have the further events of the night of the Pass-over; the judgment of God in the slaying of the first-born of Egypt; His gracious preservation of Israel; the urgency with which the affrighted Egyptians sent them forth; their journey from Rameses, in a north-easterly direction, to Succoth, and thence easterly to a tenting place at Etham in the edge of the wilderness. Here were of those who went out, besides women, children, flocks, &c., about six hundred thousand men. From Etham, by the Lord's command, they turned south to a locality called Pihahiroth, having Migdol nearly behind them, and Baal-Zophon and the Red Sea in front. At this point the Egyptians and Pharaoh overtook them.

LESSON NOTES.

(19.) *The Angel of the Lord which went before the camp of Israel.* This Angel has already been identified as the Lord (ch. xii. 21); or, no other than Christ Himself. *Which went before the camp of Israel* (in a pillar of cloud by day to lead them, and of fire by night to light them), *removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them.* This was to serve the double object of helping the Israelites by at the same time giving them light and hiding them from the view of their pursuers, and hindering the Egyptians by involving them in darkness.

(20.) *And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel.* Thus the Lord Himself, in a cloudy pillar, separated completely the Israelites from their enemies. To them the cloud was light, which implies favour; to the Egyptians it was darkness, which implies wrath. To the one it was guidance, safety, comfort; to the other it was hindrance, danger, discomfort.

(21.) *And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea.* This was in obedience to the command of God (v. 16), who was about to interpose in a most signal manner in behalf of His people. Seeing this rod in the hand of Moses, and witnessing the stupendous miracle which followed, would be a signal proof to the Israelites of his divine commission. *The Lord caused a strong east wind, &c.* The sea at the place where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed is said by some to be about four leagues across, and some fourteen fathoms deep. From this it will be seen that the east wind could not have been employed for the purpose of opening the passage through the sea, since the Israelites, who were facing it, could never have stood against such a tremendous force. It seems probable, therefore, as Dr. Clarke suggests, that this wind was sent for the purpose of drying the ground; and probably, too, as it must have been a hot wind, for the purpose of warming a passage which otherwise would have been extremely cold, especially for the young and feeble both of the people and the flocks.

(22.) *And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.* Attempts have not been wanting to explain away the miraculous character of this event, but they are too absurd to be worthy of comment. Our common sense revolts at the idea that any power less than that of the Almighty Himself could, not only open a passage like that, but hold the water in a solid wall on both sides of them for any time; to say nothing of the length of time necessary for such an immense multitude to pass over. We must either believe that it is a miraculous work of God, or, that it never happened. To those, however, who believe in God, as He is revealed in the Bible, the subject presents no difficulties.

(23.) *And the Egyptians pursued.* As soon as God's hand was removed, the Egyptians went back to their old hardness, intensified by oft-repeated revolts against God, and, quite regardless of the fearful risk they were running by plunging into the terrible darkness before them, they rushed madly into the unknown passage. Such is avarice and human greed left to itself, with no check or restraint from the hand of God.

(24.) And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, &c., &c. The night, or the time between sunset and sunrise, was divided into four watches of three hours each. If this was at the beginning of the fourth watch—as it seems probable—it would have been, at that season of the year, about three o'clock in the morning. *The Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.* Probably it was the strong light which flashed out from the hitherto dark portion of the cloud, which terrified the Egyptians, by not only showing them their danger, but frightening their horses, so that the whole cavalcade was thrown into the direst confusion.

(25.) *Took off the chariot wheels, &c.* Probably this resulted in great part from the horses becoming unmanageable, and the chariots clashing against each other. *The Egyptians said, let us flee.* Some gather from Psalm lxxv. 17-23, that there was a storm of lightning and thunder which added to the confusion and terror of the Egyptians. *The Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.* They had discovered the real truth of the matter but it was too late to profit by it. They had resisted God for a very long time, but the time had at length come when resistance was useless; there was no more mercy to be tampered with, no more forbearance to be sought. It was during this terror and confusion that the Israelites safely reached the opposite shore.

(26.) *And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and upon their horsemen.* The Lord worked through Moses both in the opening and the closing of the Red Sea. He who had brought salvation to Israel was to bring ruin to the Egyptians, Israel's enemies.

(27.) *And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength, &c.* The sea had, as it were, been rendered strengthless. The gravitating force of the waters had been overcome, and for several hours they were unable to return to their natural level. But when God withdrew His hand it returned to its strength, and recoiled with tremendous force upon the unholy hosts of Egypt, who had presumed to enter unbidden its awful domain. *And the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew* (shook off) *the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.* Here a whole chapter of horrors is compressed into the short space of seventeen words—how different from man's wordy descriptions! God's purpose in all this was not simply the deliverance of Israel and the punishment of the Egyptians, for He could much more easily—according to our ideas of what is easy or difficult—have accomplished both in some other way. But He wished to make an ineffaceable impression upon men's minds—to show forth His power in such a way that it could never after be questioned.—to impress the world, but particularly His people, with an abiding consciousness that nothing was too hard for Him either in salvation or in judgment.

GOOD RULES FOR BOYS.

Boys, do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:—

- Hold integrity sacred.
- Observe good manners.
- Endure trials patiently.
- Be prompt in all things.
- Make few acquaintances.
- Yield not to discouragements.
- Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
- Watch carefully over your passions.
- Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
- Consider well, then decide positively.
- Sacrifice money rather than principle.
- Use all your leisure time for improvement.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

A BIBLE DEFINITION.—A friend of ours, who was one day hearing his little six-year old Alice say her "definitions," asked her the meaning of "earthquake" and "volcano," when she replied, "I know, father; God tells us in the Bible what they are." "Does he? Why, where, Allie?" "In the 104th Psalm, 42nd verse." Now turn to that passage and see if this little student of the Bible didn't make a good answer.

## The Canadian Independent

Is published every Thursday, and will be sent Free to any part of Canada or the United States, or delivered Free in the City of Toronto, for One Dollar per Year.

HENRY J. CLARK, Managing Editor.  
REV. JOHN BURTON, B. D., Associate Editor.  
WILLIAM RIVELL, Business Manager.

All communications for the paper, items of news, correspondence, etc., to be addressed to the Editors, Box 2648, P. O., Toronto.

All subscriptions, current or back, notices of change of address, and other matters connected with the business of the paper, to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 2648, P. O., Toronto.

All communications should be received not later than Monday. Short items of news may be in time on Tuesday morning.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1881.

### GAVAZZI.

The Gavazzi riots in Quebec and Montreal (1852) are still in remembrance, which, with other recollections, are evoked by the visit last Sunday to this city of the Italian patriot, now seventy-three years old, tall, erect, still burning with Italian fire. In youth he was a Barnabite monk, but soon evidenced more of the patriot than of the ecclesiastic, and with Garibaldi may be said to have been the popular instruments of enkindling among the Italian people the fire which eventually was to fuse discordant elements, and form an united Italy. No ordinary man could have aroused the Italian spirit which gathered together 25,000 men ready to hurl themselves on the Austrian battalions and redeem Venetia, but the new republic he and his coadjutor had formed soon yielded to French bayonets, and Gavazzi was an exile. As an exile he visited these shores; now as a patriot, who has lived to see many of the dreams of his youth realized, and Italy united.

He gradually broke with Papal Rome, but has never pronounced in favour of any of the Protestant bodies, save in general sympathy. He appears to aim for the establishment of an Italian Church, maintaining national traditions and history, not a reformed (for Rome to him now appears hopelessly beyond reform), but a resuscitated Evangelical Church of Rome. The nucleus of that church he finds in the "Free Christian Church in Italy," in the College of which at Rome he now holds a professorship, his colleague being Rev. J. Henderson, M.A., formerly of the Free Church of Scotland.

"THE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN ITALY" presents some features of denominational interest. It issued unanimously at Milan, June, 1870, from its assembly or union, a declaration of Principles which avowedly "does not pretend to infallibility, the Word of God being alone infallible and immutable"—the declaration is "simply the outward bond of unity in the faith, and the banner of the church."

The eighth and last article is Millenarian in its utterance, which gives that church a somewhat unique position among the Protestant bodies, especially as the declaration is not designed as a creed.

The sixth article thus reads, "Believers, regenerated in Christ, form the Church, which cannot perish or apostatize, being the body of the

Lord Jesus." From this root principle starting we are not surprised to read in its constitution, "The Free Italian Church in Italy is established on the basis of independence; that is to say, each assembly or particular church, in its local affairs, is independent of all the others, being united with them only in the same faith, the same constitution, and the same work." Article Four reads, "Gifts are recognized and acknowledged, according to the Word of God, by each particular church at will, but these gifts cannot be exercised in the other churches of the Union without previous recognition and acknowledgment by the Assembly." In fact their polity is essentially that of American Congregationalism, and yet they are admitted freely into the Great Presbyterian Alliance which has twice met, at Edinburgh and Philadelphia. The Church at present numbers seventy-one individual churches, 2,000 members, and 1,000 Sabbath-school children.

There is also the native "Evangelical Vaudois Church of Italy," which is the result of earnest mission work on the part of the Vaudois, who thus bring back to the people that have so often wasted them with fire and sword the blessings of peace and of God's good will. The Vaudois Church as at present constituted is formed after the model of the Reformed Churches of the Continent, with its consistories and synods, and in its earnest missionary spirit manifests much of the zeal which has given to the Vaudois Valleys an undying interest in the annals of the Christian Church. It would seem to us to be distinguished from the Free Church chiefly by its more pronounced church polity. Certainly the Church of Gavazzi, notwithstanding its position in the Alliance, is more Congregational than otherwise, and in that sense Free.

### DR. CUMMING.

There are probably but few of our readers who have reached middle age and have not heard of, even if they have not heard, Dr. Cumming, at one time the most popular preacher in London. They may have seen lately short paragraphs going the round of the papers announcing first his sickness, then the failure of his mind, and, following very quickly, his death. The *Times* devotes a lengthy article to his life, which Dr. Parker reprints in the *Fountain* with the following introduction:—

"The following tribute and criticism, taken from the columns of the *Times*, give the best view of the delicate subject we have yet seen":—

We omit the latter portion of the article as it is too long to insert entire; this portion is, however, complete in itself:—

"Something more than a brief obituary notice is due to a luminary that less than twenty years ago was blazing in the mid heavens, and outshining the light of day. It is not that distance of time since Dr. Cumming occupied, not merely the principal niche, but the very pinnacle, of the Temple of Fame. His name was everywhere; his announcements were on every wall and in every journal; his publications were innumerable, and on every table. In one way or another his figure was as familiar to most people as that of a near relative. To multitudes, not of the poor

and unlearned, but of the high and the cultivated, he was the Heaven-sent seer, commissioned to receive the light of prophecy and throw it over the dark and stormy course of human affairs. No prophet or fortune-teller of the professional class ever achieved such a hold upon the frequenters of his shrine. Nature, it must be said, had been kind to Dr. Cumming. He was handsome and of a good figure. His bearing denoted perfect self-confidence and absolute certainty of conviction. He showed the gaiety and cheerfulness of a man who had every reason to be satisfied with himself, and who had the good word of everybody he cared for. Notwithstanding his immense labours, and the awful gravity of the utterances of which he was the authorised and inspired medium, he was a boy to the last. Though he was loyal to the Kirk, and proud of his loyalty, his position amounted to a practical independence, which he knew how to turn to the best account. In the sober lines of an establishment, and on its own native soil, few preachers would find it easy to go on for a whole generation delivering a rapid succession of new prophecies seriously affecting the churches, the races, and the destinies of man. Their congregations would rebel, their ministerial brethren would protest, and their Church would decline to be compromised. But Dr. Cumming had all the metropolis and its country visitors to draw upon. No matter to what order country people belonged, they could not return home without being asked whether they had heard Dr. Cumming. He preached twice before the Queen, and people were charmed to read the sermons which he had preached and Her Majesty had listened to. His church was in a quiet little court, where you might fancy yourself, if you pleased, on Sunday at least, in the dullest part of a small country town. But it was in the immediate vicinity of some of the noisiest and busiest institutions in the British Isles: the two great theatres, Covent-garden Market, and the central police-court. Within a few yards of the brilliant crowd at the opera or the ballet, Dr. Cumming was soon to pour out the vials or the bowels of divine wrath, over peoples, lands and seas; to track the course of divine vengeance, to prefigure Anti-christ, and to assign to all nations their part in the great drama and their shares in the approaching doom. As there is no such solitude as in a crowd, the locality was the more awful through its strange surroundings. For many years Dr. Cumming had a body of believers and devotees that a man of the highest genius and the most undoubted probity might have envied. In at least half the religious households of this country a guest would have to consider well before he intimated the least misgivings of his piety or his sagacity. With such personal qualities and such miraculous gifts it was no wonder that he occupied a large place in the affection of those good ladies who can reserve a special corner in their heart, over and above its strictly loyal obligations, for a spiritual and sympathetic guide. His great frankness and simplicity secured him from ill surmises, and though he certainly did sometimes amuse the captious and suspicious, nobody had a word to say against him in the matter of his social relations.

"Yet now for some years this luminary has set, and, it must be added, has set in darkness, and, if not in actual disgrace, in much disparagement. We have to ask how this was, for it is one of the notes of a good career that it should endure to the end, and shine all the brighter when the shadows grow long and the night closes in. Dr. Cumming unwittingly educated his crowd of dupes not only to credulity,

but also to increased greediness and voracity for positive, particular, and circumstantial predictions. Every fresh publication gratified them one day only to make them more hungry for the like aliment the next. There are children who as soon as you have told them a monstrous story insist on you telling them another still more monstrous. They will have minute descriptions, the very numbers and dimensions, and the characteristics that most simulate truth. Perhaps Dr. Cumming might have been content to place his terrible prophecies a long way off and after his own probable lifetime; but this would not satisfy his readers, and it is quite possible that his own mind was undergoing the same development, and that he became his own dupe. He became more and more positive and definite. About twenty years ago something induced him to name the year 1868 as that in which very terrible events were to take place. The year was not without events, but they failed to satisfy the strong and yet fastidious appetite of his followers. Dr. Cumming employed an immense amount of ingenuity to prove that what he had prophesied had come to pass, but he laboured in vain, and from that time his popularity declined. Then followed blow after blow. Family troubles, not to say family disgrace, supervened, and the rewards of divination had to be spent in the discharge of bills and loans. Dr. Cumming had one infirmity in common with the majority of literary men, reformers, preachers of faiths, propounders of philosophies, and teachers of morals. He was not a business man. He was generous before he was just. He spent other people's money freely in good causes, and his own money freely too. He had always something to be done, and it was always something that cost money. It came out at last that he was penniless, and his admirers, even though they had ceased to put implicit confidence in his forecasts of the future, subscribed handsomely to place him above difficulty and want. Perhaps his nature was one that required the support of flattery and the stimulus of a cause. Two years ago he began to fail, his heart probably leading the way, and his death at an age when many men are still in possession of all their spirits and their mental powers is now but the fall of a leaf in the midst of more real or more serious changes."

### PITCAIRN.

Among the newspaper items we read that the Queen has presented the Pitcairn Islanders with a fine organ, which arrived by H. M. S. *Opal*, at night. Wading out to the boat through the surf, the sturdy islanders bore it royally on their shoulders to the church, where the people assembled, and the first tune played we can readily understand was "God save the Queen."

The history of the Pitcairn Islanders has its religious teachings, for the sake of which we will briefly recapitulate an oft-told tale. The *Bounty*, under Captain Bligh, was sent out in 1787 to Tahiti, one of the Society Islands in the South Pacific, to obtain bread-fruit-tree plants for the West India colonies. Bligh was evidently an energetic and capable officer, but an exacting disciplinarian. At Tahiti the vessel remained six months. The seamen ashore had contracted alliances with the native women. The climate is luxurious, land naturally fertile, tropic skies and vegetation, rendering life in its necessities comparatively free from

toil. The severity of Bligh and the temptations of the island induced the larger part of the crew to mutiny. The captain and eighteen men were put into the ship's launch, and after suffering incredible hardships, performing a voyage of 3,600 miles, they arrived at Timor, an island east of Java, in the Asiatic Archipelago, and finally obtained passage home. The leader of the mutineers, after remaining some time at Tahiti, removed to Pitcairn's Island with eight of his comrades, six Tahitian men, and twelve women. Of the sixteen that remained at Tahiti, fourteen were captured by a British man-of-war sent out for the purpose, and the leaders executed.

Pitcairn Island is wholly surrounded by rocks, about two miles long, and one half as wide. Alone, unrestrained, we can readily imagine the society they formed; free from all rule, they had truly cut all bands asunder, and cast all cords from them—and the dread description of the Psalm was terribly verified, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." In the course of a few years all the men save one had died, mostly violent deaths; disease, too, made havoc among the rest. Alexander Smith, the one survivor of the mutineers (whose name afterwards was John Adams), when he found all his old companions dead, like to the prodigal in the far country, began to be in want, and remembering his Father's house, fled for refuge to the hope of the gospel. A changed man, surrounded by his own children and those of his dead companions, he became the patriarch of the colony, instructing them in knowledge and in the Christian faith. From forgotten corners the old sailors' Bibles were brought forth, and the Word of God found favour, giving grace. Till 1808 they lived there unknown; in that year an American ship discovered the colony growing up in virtue, love and truth. As the colony increased the island became too strait, and obtaining the protection and aid of the British Government, Norfolk Island, now denuded of its penal settlement, was given to the Pitcairners for their future home. Several still remained in, or returned to, their old home, and those two islands, first known as homes of violence and crime, are now the abodes of a new race of English and Tahitian blood, who for law-abiding and God-fearing spirit have no superior, we fear no equal, in Christian lands. Their laws are simple; swearing is penal, but no violation has been known for years. They are, as a colony, small, but they rank among the brightest of the gems which gleam in the many-jewelled crown of Victoria's realm.

"The mutiny of the *Bounty*" we seldom see now on the shelves of our youth's library, yet with the addenda of subsequent years it would point many a moral as well as adorn a tale, evidencing that the gospel, practically believed, makes even the deserts to bloom; whilst the want of it, with the natural man unrestrained, can make the sunny isles of the peaceful ocean a pandemonium—a home of violence and of shame. We wonder not at the interest taken by our Queen in Pitcairn Island, for among the trophies of grace few are

more marked than John Adams, the transformed mutineer, with his youthful colony trained up in virtue and peace, making in truth an Eden restored, and amidst the swelling waters, far from the enterprise of those great centres where mammon hath its seat, establishing "a little heaven below."

ADVANTAGES AND DUTY.

It is one of the advantages of our ministers in these times of upturning and conflict of opinion that they have simply to inquire "What saith the Lord?" without much care as to what creeds and confessions may say. To entertain breadth and largeness of view is in no wise inconsistent with firm adherence to the great truths which constitute the gospel of the grace of God. And surely in such times as these it is of great moment that our ministers should cultivate the former while they hold fast the latter. They should know what men are thinking on these great themes, and why they so think. A man who would do the Master's work to purpose should endeavour to eliminate from the human forms in which divine verities have been expressed whatever will not bear intelligent examination. And this can be done. For example, he may expound with all clearness the grand doctrine of God's sovereignty and equity, taking care that no logical inference can be drawn from his discourse that God ordains men to perdition and that there are little children in hell. He may exhibit with fulness of evidence that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and that in the Scriptures of truth we have God's messages and God's teaching, without maintaining in detail impossible theories, or any theory of inspiration.

He may realize the infinite tenderness of compassion towards all His children of our Heavenly Father, and at the same time maintain the essential truths, not only that God is just and holy and is always on the side of righteousness, but that He is in a new and specially high and holy sense the Father of them that believe, namely, of such as are adopted into His family through Christ and are joint heirs with Him. In other words, that the divine fatherhood of universal man is a different relation from the divine fatherhood of His regenerate children. Without recognizing this distinction there must be great blundering in the interpretation of the sacred Scriptures.

Again, while it is not his business to discuss scientific questions as such, yet he should know how they are dealt with by those whose office it is to discuss them, so that when they come in his way it should be seen that he is not ignorant of their nature and bearing. The fact is, that to be thoroughly effective as a teacher of Divine verity, he must be more or less abreast of the thinking of the age; and this, not that his pulpit be in any sense an arena of constant battle with error, for that would not be a wise use of it, but that all may understand as he preaches truth in its positive forms, that he knows what has been said against it. One word more. Let our people, especially our young men and women, be made aware of

the downright impudence of many who write or speak adversely. Utterances such as these are quite common: "No sensible man now believes in miracles." "It is admitted by all thoughtful persons that Moses did not write the Pentateuch." "The notion of direct creation is quite exploded." And they reason as if the doctrine of evolution was scientifically established. The whole of this is absolutely untrue. This general consent does not exist among thoughtful, intelligent, scientific men. Many a fact will have to be explained, and many a knotty question will have to be settled before such utterances can be otherwise than impertinent.

This work of the Christian ministry is eminently Christ-like, ever teaching and ever stimulating. It enlightens, and it arouses and purifies. It has lost none of its power when exercised in the fear and love of God and in living dependence on the Holy Spirit.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MR. EDITOR,—Spiritual life, whether in the individual, or in the church, if at all vigorous, will express itself in practical effort to bring men to Christ. Hence, the degree of self denial practiced in the support of missionary effort, will at least approximately indicate the spiritual condition of any denomination.

In home missions there is, or should be, an additional element of power. The strong ought to help the weak; and when brethren are struggling under trying circumstances to maintain our distinctive principles, and to preach the gospel, the duty of rendering them assistance is clearly imperative.

The cheerful acknowledgment of this duty will greatly depend on the spiritual tone of the churches. We are thus furnished with a two-fold test. How far it may be creditably applied to our denomination, facts must attest.

I fear the following facts will too plainly show that the missionary spirit is painfully on the decline amongst us. They are taken from the year books, refer exclusively to Ontario and Quebec, and the comparison extends over five years.

The churches, in the two provinces just mentioned, raised for home missions in

Year	Sum	Less than previous year.
1875-6, the sum of \$4,213.		
1876-7, " " 3,516		\$697
1877-8, " " 3,324		192
1878-9, " " 2,678		646
1879-80, " " 2,616		62

N. B.—The amount for 1880-1 has not yet been published.

The decrease on the above five years amounts to the alarmingly large sum of \$1,597, being more than one-third of the whole amount.

The membership of the churches in 1875-6, according to statistical table, was 4,702; of total attendance at all stations, 12,260. Thus in that year each member contributed an average of 89 cts. or each attendant, 34 cts.

The membership in 1879-80 was reported 5,397, the attendance at 9,945, hence the average contributions for each member was 48½ cts.—for each attendant, 26 cents. The discrepancy between the reported attendance of these two years, may be accounted for, partly, by the fact that some of the larger churches had not sent in their statistics in 1879-80, Had they done so the average would have been still smaller.

So depleted had the Treasury become in the last mentioned year, that the last

quarter's grants to the missionaries had to be raised by a special effort. Eight hundred dollars were thus obtained. As this effort was special, and confined to comparatively few it cannot properly be reckoned in the present argument.

These facts are given to furnish reliable data for future remarks—in the meanwhile let them be pondered by the members of our churches, and by their pastors.

We are making progress in our home missions, but the progress is beyond doubt—downwards.

Yours truly,

MINASON.

LITERARY NOTE.

*The Salon of Madame Necker*, Vol. III. Standard Series. I. K. Funk & Co., New York. We have already noticed the issue of Vols. I. II. This opens up some interesting features of the early life of M. Necker's celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël, as well as some hitherto unpublished matter connected with the financial career of the celebrated administrator of French finances during the reign of Louis XVI. A few reminiscences may not be uninteresting to the reader regarding Jacques Necker, the husband of Mme. Necker, whose Salon is here published. The ubiquitous Scotchman has a rival in the Irishman, whose claims can only be passed over by allowing him equal Celtic rights. On the honour rolls of European history, "in all that great battlefield that lay between Dunkirk and Belgrade," Irish names are to be found; half the European States number among their leaders men of Irish blood." Wherever life was to be lost or deeds of bravery to be done, there flocked the exiles of Erin. Not only was their blood shed, and sinew spent, but brain power was supplied. The MacMahons are to-day a household name in France, and at least one of the name died an Austrian colonel. M. Necker was born at Geneva, where his father, a native of Brandenburg, practised law, yet the family was not German but of Irish descent, another Celtic tribute to the history of the Continent. During the "Seven Years' War," (1756-63), as a banker, he acquired a large fortune, and gained great credit in financial dexterity. This induced Louis XVI, at whose Court he attended as representative of his native city, Geneva, to invite him to take charge of the disordered finances of the government. M. Necker, however, belonged to "the religion falsely called Reformed," a minister of which, fourteen years previously, had been by the Parliament of Toulouse condemned to torture and to death. Yet so great was the reputation of the Genevan banker, so urgent the necessities of the Court, that M. Necker was eventually made General Director of Finances in France, a position held for five years, when, doubtless owing to his Protestantism, and retrenchments made affecting the royal household, he was summarily dismissed. Yet the King found himself under the necessity of recalling his banished minister seven years after, who however, not proving subservient to the royal will, was again dismissed, the dismissal at this time being the proximate cause of the disturbances which hurled Louis XVI. from his throne, and established the revolution in Paris. Throughout all this stormy period, his drawing-room, presided over by his talented and almost puritanical wife, where, too, his soon to be famous daughter won universal admiration, was the resort of talent, wealth, rank, and no doubt there were to be seen some of the secret springs which moved the actors on the stage of European politics. He died on his estate of Coppot, near Geneva, at the age of seventy-two.

COMFORT.

If the night is dreary,  
It leads to the day;  
If the heart is weary,  
It learns to pray.  
If, standing lonely,  
The tears fall fast,  
We know it is only  
Till life is passed.

'Tis all in measure  
Of each day's share—  
The pain and the pleasure,  
The joy and despair.  
We lose on the morrow  
The ache of to-day;  
The sweet and the bitter  
Must both pass away.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

—Of the 2,255 scholars belonging to the schools of the East London Auxiliary of the London Sunday-school Union, 1,652 presented themselves at the recent examination. Of these, fifty-four received prizes, and sixty received honourable mention. First-class certificates were gained by 394, and second-class certificates by 770. The proportion of successful candidates is somewhat lower than that of last year.

—Mr. H. S. Newman tells in *The London Christian* of the introduction of Sunday-schools into India: "A young American lands at Lucknow. He has been active in Sunday-schools in his own land, and longs to engage in the same work in India. But the senior missionaries shake their heads and say, 'We must stop Craven's Sunday-schools, or the Hindus will take their children from our day-schools.' Just then Dr. Thorburn of Calcutta steps in and says: 'He is a young man with a lot of fresh zeal. Let him alone awhile.' Young Craven is let alone, others come to help him, and when I lately visited Lucknow there were a thousand heathens attending the American Sunday-schools in that city."

## MISSION NOTES.

(From *Missionary Herald*.)

—Though the Roman Catholics have had a mission at Monastir, European Turkey, for more than fifty years, they have not had a single convert there. One priest said the only hope he had was that Austria would take Macedonia into her hands.

—The cup of sorrow which the people of Turkey are compelled to drink is very full indeed. In addition to other calamities there comes just now, from Constantinople, a report of a plague of locusts on a fearful scale, and the destruction of all crops in certain districts is threatened.

—Over five million pages in *Bulgarian* were issued from the Mission press at Constantinople during the last year. Our newspapers in that language, though maintaining a decidedly evangelical character, have more subscribers than have any other papers printed in European Turkey or in Bulgaria.

—In consequence of a disturbance that occurred at a Mohammedan gathering in the streets of Calcutta, Protestant missionaries were recently forbidden all kinds of open-air services, without a written permission from the government. Refusing to submit to this interference with their liberty, the matter was carried to the local court, and the case was decided in favour of the missionaries.

—The Christians on the Hawaiian Islands seem to be alert in their efforts to reach the 14,000 Chinese who have come among them. On all the islands evangelical agencies are said to be at work, with promising results. Mr. Sit Moon, the pastor of the Chinese Church at Honolulu, reports that two hundred and forty-eight of his countrymen at the Islands are Christians.

—At the May anniversaries in London, fifty-seven British Societies for Home and Foreign Missions reported receipts for the year 1880-1, amounting in the aggregate to \$8,668,195. This is an increase of \$45,570 over the preceding year. Of this amount the eight principal Foreign Missionary Societies received \$3,388,805, which indicates a falling off in their receipts from the year 1879-80 of \$155,995.

—On her present trip to Micronesia the *Morning Star* will carry 3,278 volumes in the language of the Gilbert Islands, 678 of these volumes being New Testaments, the remainder being chiefly books of Bible stories and Hymn Books. The

*Star* carries also a new edition of a Marshall Island Hymn Book, besides 400 copies of the Gospels in Ponapean, and 2,000 Mortlock Reading Books. How the waiting isles will rejoice in the coming to them of the law of the Lord!

—The last tidings from Natal are that the new expedition to Umzila's Kingdom was on the eve of starting. Mr. Jourdan, who was with Mr. Pinkerton, had gone on one week in advance to Inhambane to secure carriers, and Mr. Richards with native Zulu assistants, was to sail from Durban on the 21st of May, in the schooner *Dee*, and taking up Mr. Jourdan and the carriers at Inhambane, proceed direct to Chiluan, from thence on foot to the interior. Let the prayers of Christian people follow them.

—It was a remarkable scene at Oberlin, Ohio, when on Sabbath evening, June 26, six young men of the graduating class of the Theological Seminary were ordained to the ministry with a view of entering upon foreign missionary service. Two other members of the class, eight in all, are under appointment to foreign fields: three of them to North China, two of them to Bihe, West Africa: one to Natal, one to Umzila's kingdom, and one to India. Others of the class may yet offer themselves, while from classes not yet graduated several have decided to labour abroad. This is a noble contribution for one theological seminary to make to the cause of foreign missions. The means will surely not be wanting when the men are ready.

—A Chinese hospital, wholly under native management, has been opened at Hankow, by Yang Kien-Tang. He was employed as chief assistant in the hospital under the care of the London Missionary Society, but left to organize this new work. Some of the chief officials and wealthy men of the place contributed to the enterprise, and his private practice outside the hospital is among people of influence. Each patient pays a small admission fee, sufficient to cover incidental expenses. Everything is conducted on Christian principles, and there are daily religious services in the building. It is a new thing for the Chinese to tolerate the teaching of a foreign faith in institutions established and supported by themselves.

—Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., has for many years made a study of the religious statistics of our own and other lands, and has recently given several addresses of marked interest and value upon questions relating to the progress of Christianity in these latter days. A volume from Dr. Dorchester's pen, entitled *The Problem of Religious Progress*, has been placed upon our table, but too late for full notice this month. It is enough to say now that the book, though in compact form, gives a vast amount of statistical information, indicating the substantial advance made within the century in faith and morals and spiritual vitality. It is a good book to put into the hands of any one who has doubts as to the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of God. (Dr. Dorchester gave some interesting extracts from his book at the Toronto International S. S. Convention.)

—There lies before us a printed copy of an official notification from the Japanese Government that the *Shunki Kōrei-Sai* (Vernal Ceremonies to the Remains of the Emperors) will be observed on the 5th of April. The Government does not formally break with the old official religion, though the chief object seems to be to gratify the people by giving them their usual holidays and sports. But Mr. Jencks writes to us that inasmuch as the people do not enter heartily into these pagan ceremonies, men have to be hired with liquor and food to make up the processions, and carry the lanterns and banners. It is a critical hour for a nation when its old faiths have lost their hold

Atheism is certainly no better than paganism, and Christians should not felicitate themselves on the weakness of Buddhism and Shintoism in Japan, unless they are ready and determined to give something better.

—The *Missionary Herald* for August gives an interesting account of the first interview of the West Central Africa missionaries with the King of Bailunda. After a tedious waiting in front of his house, during which time some hundred men and boys collected to see the sight, the King came forward and squatted down in their midst. Their present to his majesty consisted of four pieces of large handkerchiefs (twelve in a piece), two fancy shirts for himself, and six cheap cotton shirts, two strong clasp knives, one copper tea-kettle, one concertina, two pairs of cheap bracelets. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Bagster explained the object of their visit, and asked if they could settle in his country. He replied that he was an old man but that they might come and live in his country a thousand years if they liked, but that when he died he could not say any more. He seemed pleased with his visitors, and it is desirable to secure his friendship.

—The opening of a new college at Antananaribo, Madagascar, Jan. 20, shows a long stride from the heathenism of fifty years ago. It was begun in 1869 as a training school for native pastors and evangelists, and 109 have been sent forth, twenty-seven of whom are still connected with the mission. The English Prime Minister, the United States consul, and representatives from various religious societies were present, and the number of about 350 admitted by ticket only. There were speeches by members of the government and court, and an address by the Prime Minister, followed by a social gathering in which music, singing of English songs, and magic lantern views formed part of the entertainment. The natives wonder what is to be done with such a large, and to them, strange looking edifice; but those who have been carrying on their teaching in miserable sheds for the last six years, understand the need of good buildings and all the appliances for securing a liberal education.

—The progress of mission work in India since 1871 is full of encouragement. There are 689 workers, representing 32 societies, an increase of 67 during the last nine years. Of this number England furnishes 244, Germany 131, and the United States 117; Ohio sends 18, and seems to be the banner State for missionaries as well as for presidents. But the gain in native missionaries during this time has been even greater, 161 having joined the ranks, though many of them could receive larger salaries by remaining in government service. When we remember that the great work of evangelization can be better done by these natives, who thoroughly understand the language, than by foreigners, there is a grand significance in this fact. The number of native Christians has increased 62 per cent., notwithstanding the death rate in India is much higher than at home. Only the adult community is represented among the communicants, and these have doubled since 1871. Besides 340,000 native Christians there are multitudes of adherents—people who are almost Christians, in various stages of education and of nearness to Christ. While these figures are cause for rejoicing, there is still only one out of every 700 who has so much as heard whether there be a Saviour for lost men.

## UNCLE TIM'S TALENT.

Uncle Tim held up his saw, and squinted along the teeth to see whether it was "losing its set." He failed to

decide in his surprise at finding that he was taking aim at the minister, who stepped into range just at that moment on the street side of the fence. His eyes came into gear again as he laid his saw on the wood-pile and stepped up to the fence, saying, "Well, it is queer. It's only a minute ago I was thinkin' about you. I was thinkin' what a good sermon that was you gave us last Sunday mornin', an' how I would tell you so the first time I saw you."

Uncle Tim was the wood-sawyer and day's work factotum for the village. Unlearned as he was, the minister always missed him if he was absent from church—he was such a helpful listener. And to Uncle Tim's compliment he replied: "You told me that you thought it was at the time, in the way you listened to it; though for that matter you always seem to be interested. I don't suppose you know what a comfort such a hearer is to a minister. If all the congregation were like you I think it would turn my poor sermons into good ones." "Thank you," said Uncle Tim. "I don't always get the hang of everything that's said, but I should get less if I didn't give attention. An' I always say to myself, 'The minister, he works hard to write his sermons, an' if folks don't listen to 'em, it's pretty discouragin'.' And I says, 'You can't put much in the contribution-box, Tim, an' you can't talk in prayer-meetin', but you can count one in listenin'; you can try to 'preciate what other folks do.' "The talent for appreciation is an excellent one to have," remarked the minister. "Well, as I look at it, it's one as isn't denied to anybody," said Uncle Tim. "An' if it's the only one I've got, I'll try not to wrap it in a napkin. When Deacon Mason does me good by one of his experience talks in prayer-meeting, I think it's no more than right he should know it. Praps he has times of thinkin' that he can't say anything worth while, and it stands to reason he can talk better if he knows he's doing somebody some good. An' when Widder Hatch is makin' such a gritty fight to keep her children together an' give 'em an education, I think mebber it makes it a little easier to stand up to it if a neighbour drops a word of 'preciation once in a while." The minister said nothing, but there was a look of "preciation" on his face, and Uncle Tim continued, "The other day I see the school-ma'am was looking worn out and sobered like. I 'maged them big boys from the Holler was worrying the life out of her. An' I didn't know how I could help that. But at noon I just went down to the school-house to a purpose to tell her how nice our gran'son was getting along with his rithmetic. An' she said it was better than half-a-dozen cups of tea for cheerin' her up—she did."

"An' when I see Sanford's boy take a little Irish girl's part that other boys were tormenting an' they jeerin' him, I went up to him an' I says, 'Uncle Tim's nothin' but a wood-sawyer, but he knows enough to see that you've got the stuff of a gentleman in you.' You see, old folks don't notice the young enough. An' there's Jim Brady, a drinkin', card-playin', shootin'-match creetur, who goes round a good deal like a dog without any owner. He knows folks despise him. But Jim's right handy with tools, an' when I take my saw to him to have it filed, and tell him he does that job better'n any man I know, I think it helps him to have a little more respect for himself, I do. You see, it's dreadful easy to look at faults—at faults in children, an' faults in hired folks, an' faults in tavern-keepers, an' faults in prayer-meetin's. But as I look at it we'd do a great deal better to think about the good things in 'em."—*Selected.*



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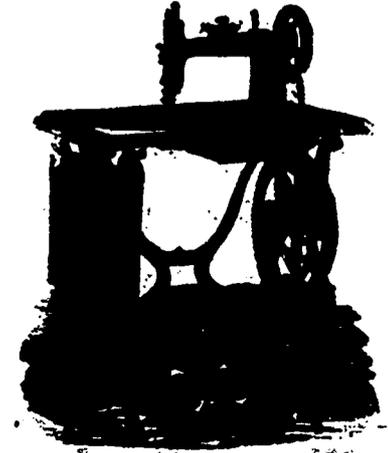
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