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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 30.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1881.

[New Series. No 12

BUILDING AND BEING.

The king would build, so legend says,
The finest of all palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The king's great treasure was placed at
hand,
And with it the sovereign's one com-
mand,—

"Build well, O builder so good and great!
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare my wealth to show
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.
St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a king's wealth was blessed
before.

The king came back from his journey long,
But found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well spent gold;
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore and said
That the builder's folly should cost his
head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment dire was
passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it
That the king's own brother in death lay
low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From the sleep of dust he strangely woke,
And thus to the brother the king he
spoke:—

"I have been to Paradise, O my king!
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw, by the gates of gold,
A palace finer than tongue has told;

"Its walls and towers were lifted high
In beautiful grace to the bending sky;

"Its glories, there, in that radiant place,
Shone forth like a smile from the dear
Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and
care

"For our fellow men that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The king this vision pondered well,
Till he took St. Thomas from dun-
geon-cell,

And said, "O builder! he is most wise
Who buildeth ever for Paradise."

—From *Geraldine*.

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

[The following from *The Religious Herald* of Hartford will be interesting to us in the Dominion. Although we have no connection with the organization we can learn something from its action and memorial.—
ED. C. L.]

At a meeting of "The Congregational Congress" held in connection with the New England Assembly at Framingham, Mass., Aug. 31, 1881, the following Preamble and Resolution, together with the accompanying Memorial, were unanimously adopted; and the Secretary, by vote of the Congress, instructed to forward a copy of the Memorial to each of the Congregational Theological Semin-

aries in the country; and a copy of the Resolution to each of the Religious (Congregational) Newspapers for publication, and also to the Scribe of General Association or Organization of each State. In compliance with said action, a copy is now forwarded to you.

Whereas: Many of the leading Christian denominations recognizing the importance of Sunday-school work, have thoroughly organized their forces, and placed them under competent leadership; and

Whereas: Congregationalists have been singularly dilatory in united and organized Sunday-school effort; therefore, we, the members of Congregational Churches attending the New England Assembly, RESOLVE:

First. That we gladly hail the appointment of Rev. A. E. Dunning, as General Secretary, and pledge him our hearty support in organizing this Denomination for more efficient Sunday-school work.

Secondly. We recommend a more substantial co-operation with the Publishing Society of the Denomination, and suggest that the churches purchase their Sunday-school Literature at their own Headquarters.

Thirdly. That we earnestly request all our churches to give greater prominence to the Sunday-school, in its plans for Christian work; that larger and more regular contributions be made to the Sunday-school fund; that the Sunday-school have a more prominent place among the Departments of Christian Evangelization.

Fourthly. That we heartily approve the plan and purpose of the N. E. Assembly, and advise all Sunday-school workers to avail themselves of its privileges.

Fifthly. That we recommend a hearty co-operation in the general work of the State Sunday-school Associations in their plans to organize every County and Township.

Sixthly. That we recommend to the general Associations of our Denomination in each state, to give the Sunday-school Department of work a prominent place in their meeting for their furtherance of the interests of the Denomination.

MEMORIAL.

Whereas: God's blessing has rested in a marked degree upon the labour of His Church in the direction of Sunday-school instruction, so that to-day more than twelve millions of scholars are enrolled in the rank of the Sunday-school, and,

Whereas: The call for instructed teachers and officers in this Department of Christian activity grows louder every year; and

Whereas: The Churches must ever look to their Pastor as the duly instituted Leaders in all things pertaining to religious work; therefore,

Resolved: That the Congregationalists gathered in Conference at the New England Assembly, do hereby earnestly petition the Faculties of our Theological Seminaries, to add to their course of instruction, in such a manner as shall be deemed wise, a course of Lectures on the various Departments of Sunday-school work, and

Resolved: That the aforesaid Faculties be requested to make, if possible, such arrangements, as to give "the Lectures on Sunday-school work a posi-

tion as prominent as that assigned to the departments of Church History or Homiletics."

In behalf of the Congress.

A true copy—Attest.

WEBSTER WOODBURY, Chairman.

G. H. DEBEVOISE, Sec'y. Pro Tem.

News of the Churches.

VESPERA.—Twelve were lately added to the Church here, and a good state of things exists in the Church.

J. I. HINDLEY, Pastor.

WINGHAM.—We understand that a communication giving an account of the organization of a Congregational Church at Wingham, Ontario, has been sent; but it has, as yet, failed to reach us. We believe that it was organized by Council on Tuesday, the 22nd of August, with forty-one members. We wish the new Church every prosperity, and should the article referred to come to hand, though now late, we shall gladly give it a place in our columns.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

Life refuses to be so adjusted as to eliminate from it all strife and conflict and pain. There are a thousand tasks that, in larger interests than ours, must be done, whether we want them or no. The world refuses to walk upon tip-toe so that we may be able to sleep. It gets up very early and stays up very late, and all the while there is the conflict of ten million hammers and axes with the stubborn material that in no other way can be made to serve its use and do its work for man. And then, too, these hammers and axes are not wielded without strain or pang, but wring from the millions of toilers who labour with them, cries and groans and tears. Nay, our own toil, our temple-building, whether it be for God or man, exacts its bitter toll and fills life with cries and blows. The thousand rivalries of our daily business, the fierce animosities when we are beaten, the even fiercer exultation when we have beaten, the crashing blows of disaster, the piercing scream of defeat,—these things we have not yet gotten rid of, nor in this life ever will.

Why should we wish to get rid of them? You are here, my brother, to be hewn and planed and hammered in God's quarry and on God's anvil for a nobler life to come. We are wont when we look at life in its highest aspect to dwell chiefly upon its individual needs and its personal destiny. And this is right. There is no question in all the world so important to you, to me, as the question—What is your personal relation—what is mine—to the Being who has made us and redeemed us? But even in answering that question we can not leave out of sight the fact that our life is not merely individual but also related. We are solitary souls. Yes. But then we are associated souls. The family means that. The Church means that. Society and the State mean that. And the family here means a family there. The Church and the State and society here, mean a higher and diviner society yet to be, of which these earthly fellowships are at once the training-school and the vestibule. But is any one of us here ready for that upper fellowship; meet for that heavenly temple, as He is?

What is it that makes the discipline of life so necessary even for those of us who have no conception or aspiration beyond the present? We would gladly house our children from the rough usage of the world and hedge them about by the gentler handling of their homes. But we say, nevertheless, that it is well for a boy to go out into the world—to face the contradictions and collisions of life—to have, as we phrase it, the "rough corners knocked off from him," and we are right. But the boy's need is ours as well. There is many a tall cedar of Lebanon the rank luxuriance of whose growth means only ultimate rot and ruin. A man, like a tree, if he is to serve his noblest use, needs to be hewn and seasoned. The axe must be laid at the root of many a stately oak, not that it may die, but that it may live. The sharp discipline of pain, the keen blade that lops away the superfluous branches, the crashing fall that lays us low now, so that finally we may be lifted up on high.—these are the things which can not be left out of any life, any more than blows and axes and hammers can be spared from any earthly building. What is more horrible than war? and yet the most memorable wars have simply been God driving a nail on which to hang some eternal principle of truth and righteousness, or quarrying foundations on which have arisen the enduring greatness of whole peoples.—H. C. Potter.

WOMANLY PROTECTION.—Sanctuary privilege, which granted protection to murderer, thief or other wicked doer, existed in the early ages, but was only to be found within the walls of sacred places. There any man was safe, and the abolition of this privilege brought grief to many an erring one. In Arabia, however, a country that has never been cited as inclining to woman's rights, or as affected by any of the questions which agitate the world in regard to her power, a singular custom prevails. A woman can protect anything. At her approach, at her command, the scimitar lifted to put a fellow-creature to death must fall harmless to the ground. All quarrelling must cease, and the weaker side may take refuge in her shadow. Truly, her weakness is her strength! Even a murderer is safe if a woman takes him under her protection. If a criminal has been judged and pronounced guilty, he will make an effort to flee to the tents where the women abide, well knowing that the minute he announces "I am under the protection of the harem," he is saved; for the women, without appearing, will then call out, "Fly from him;" and if all the princes of the tribe had been his judges, his punishment must be remitted without hesitation. There seems a poetic justice in this custom, that is delicious to the heart of the average woman; for it proves that in one country where woman is hidden from sight and allowed to be little better than a petted child, her influence in some extreme cases is greater than that of the king upon his throne.

Golden Rule: More of the fibre of practical business management is needed in the conduct of church affairs, and more of common sense waiting as a handmaid upon faith. Superstitious idleness is not Christian trust. Men are to work as well as pray, and wilful neglect of ordinary precautions has no gospel to justify it, and no divine promise that its losses shall be made good.

IMMORTALITY.

Are they looking down upon us,
Loved ones who have gone before?
In a world of light and glory,
Do they love us as of yore?
Are the bright eyes, closed in slumber,
Oped and gazing from on high.
Beaming with a clearer vision,
Watching o'er us—yea, for aye?

Do they know our thoughts and feelings,
Know our inmost hearts to read?
Do they mourn when we are tempted?
When we fail to sow good seed!
Are they watching, are they waiting
For the coming of our feet?
Will the same fond hearts receive us?
Will the same sweet voices greet?

Who shall say they are not with us?
Men of science and of lore!
Can you tell us with your wisdom,
As you o'er your volumes pore,—
If the heavens are far beyond us,
If those realms are high above?
Or a region all around us,
Where God's messengers of love

Are uplifting human creatures,
Helping them each day and hour
Better to sustain their burdens,—
Better yet to know His power?
Or is it a world of glory,
All divided from our own,
Where no influence can mingle
With the trials earth hath known?

Oh, for hope that comes to gladden!
Oh, for faith that doth assure
That our lov'd ones have not left us,
Though immortal now and pure—
They are still beside us walking,
Though unseen by mortal eye!
They are working in His vineyard,—
They are with the Father, nigh!

THE WATCHMAN AND THE STRANGER.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

When the hum of business had ceased, the evening shadows had fallen, and the city lamps were lighted,—then began the duties of Captain Earnshaw, a private night watch. Every one in the square of which he had charge will remember the stately man of military bearing, who was so vigilant and faithful; no unlocked door, no gas left burning by careless clerk, escaped his eye.

"If Earnshaw owned the square, he wouldn't be more careful," was often said. The captain's heart glowed with pride at the compliments he received,—very substantial ones at Christmas from some of the merchants whom he served.

Late one summer evening as he was pacing the square, he heard footsteps approaching. It was seldom that anyone passed through these business streets at night, except an officer or some drunken person mistaken in his way. The captain paused in the shadow. Soon a tall figure passed under a lamp, a little distance off, but the keen eye of the watch had scanned his dress and knew that he was not an officer. He was a stranger, apparently, for he was looking from right to left as if doubtful of his course. When he reached the Captain he paused.

"Are you an officer, friend, and will you direct one who was never before in your city?"

The quaint address and deep rich voice were peculiarly winning. He appeared like a clergyman, but his shabby dress and sailor-like bundle puzzled Captain Earnshaw.

"What do you want at this time of night?" was the gruff response.

"I came on a coasting schooner," returned the stranger, adding with great simplicity, "Do you know Andrew Smith? I go to his house to-night."

Captain Earnshaw would have smiled, but could not before that benign countenance with the flowing patriarchal beard. He told him respectfully that he did not know Andrew Smith, but if he had the street and number, the stationed police would show him the way.

"Will you permit me to rest a bit on these steps?" asked the old man. "I am too weary to go on."

"Certainly," said the watch. "You should have left the schooner earlier, sir; this is no time to enter a strange city."

"I landed before dark," was the reply, "But my Master's business kept me. That is always my first concern."

"I took you to be on your own hook," said the captain. "I should not think he'd expect one of your age to be about wharves after dark. It isn't safe. Desperate characters are there, who come out with the rats and the darkness."

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

The stranger repeated this slowly, with mournful emphasis.

"That's Scriptur, I s'pose," said Captain Earnshaw, who had never heard a text when on duty, "but it's true."

He thought this a pious reflection, but his strange visitor did not seem satisfied, for he said earnestly,—

"I trust that you believe in the Holy Scriptures, friend; all that is written therein is 'upright, even words of truth.'"

The watchman suddenly thought he had "better be moving on." When he came on again he found the old man was asleep.

"Why, sir, you'll be robbed and murdered yet!" cried the captain, arousing him.

"My Master cares for me," was the calm reply. "I sleep unharmed among the violent. They care not for my treasures,—my Bible and these tracts," lifting his bundle, "but sometimes they listen a moment, so I go among them. On the sea-coast I am well known. They call me Father Gwynn. When they are in trouble I comfort them with God's word. I preach on land and sea to those who do not go to church. I have no home, but there is always a place to lay my head, and that is more than my blessed Master had, for it is written, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.'"

Captain Earnshaw was silent.

"I talked on the wharf to-night with men that had never heard of Christ. Perhaps good seed was sown. In a few days I hope to return to the coast," then suddenly raising his eyes to the motionless guard, he said, "I must ask after your soul's welfare, friend! The Lord led me to you for some wise purpose."

All the unbelief in his listener's heart burst forth.

"So you think it's the Lord's doings? Now I say, you chanced to cross my beat when I was civil. But we all look at things differently; it'll be the same in the end!"

"My friend, you are greatly mistaken!" returned Father Gwynn. "It makes an eternity's difference whether one has the right belief or not. You are a watchman, I presume?"

This introduced the captain's favourite topic. With visible pride he told how he had guarded the square for twelve years.

"There's millions o' property here, sir, and the buildings are all in my charge. Nothing has happened since I took the position!"

"Have you had no robberies?"

"No, sir," said the night-watch, with emphasis. "They've had them in other parts of the city, but I keep on the move, and if any suspicious persons appear, I call the police."

"Have there been no fires in all these years?"

"Not here. I'm on the watch, you see!"

The stranger's next question was solemn and searching.

"Have you returned thanks for this long season of prosperity?"

"Why should I?" replied Captain

Earnshaw almost angrily. "Haven't I been careful and faithful, never sleeping at my post? Why should I thank the Lord for my own prudence?"

Father Gwynn was silent, but his sad, shocked face subdued the other, for he added, kindly,—

"But you and I won't quarrel about this. It is now time to go if we would meet the police."

When they parted Father Gwynn said,—

"We may never meet again, friend. I wish I could convince you that God directs the smallest affairs of life. 'Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit,' saith the Lord of hosts.' O my friend, will you not look into this matter?"

"And remember this," he continued, with the majestic severity that the old prophets might have shown, "it is written in God's Word, and He will yet prove it,—'Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

Father Gwynn repeated the passage again, impressively, and went away.

"He'd give the Lord the credit of everything!" muttered Captain Earnshaw, "but there'd be queer doings if it wasn't for us watchmen!"

But it was long before he ceased to think of his midnight visitor and the text that rang in his ears like a prophecy.

Some months later, as Captain Earnshaw was on guard, a gust of wind suddenly swept the square. Thinking it might betoken rain, he lifted his eyes to the sky. The blood leaped into his bronzed face; there was a lurid gleam in Warrenton, Power and Co.'s store,—fire in his own square! The captain instantly gave the alarm. The firemen were soon on the spot. But the building was so secured by bolts and iron shutters that they could not get inside, and the fire was in the upper story.

"I'll go to Warrenton for the key," cried Captain Earnshaw, starting on the run.

But he had not gone far before something new occurred to the athletic man,—terrible in the present crisis. His step faltered, his feet would scarce support his trembling frame; like one in a nightmare, no effort of will hastened his progress. He met no one whom he could send ahead; he could only go slowly on, knowing that each moment was an advantage to the fire fiend. He groaned aloud as he thought of the property he had so proudly guarded. He reached Mr. Warrenton's house too exhausted to pull the bell.

The Captain says he was insensible about twenty minutes. When he came to himself he heard the clang of bells, and as distinctly as if he were beside him, the stranger's words,—

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

He realized that at his midnight visitor was right.

The square burned that night. It is rebuilt. Captain Earnshaw does not go there. The story of that terrible war was not believed; forgotten were the twelve years of faithfulness under the smart of the calamity; he was dismissed with a severe rebuke.

The old watchman bears his bitter punishment patiently, for he has learned to rely upon the Lord whom he once despised. He earns his bread by watching in an obscure store near the scene of his former labours; but every night he visits the old square, hoping to aid if there is trouble, and perhaps regain his reputation. And often as he goes the rounds in the silent night, he repeats,— "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Boston Watchman.*

It is a maxim among us Christians that we cannot possibly suffer any real hurt if we cannot be convicted of doing any real harm. You may kill, indeed, but you cannot hurt us.

THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY.

"The Shut-in Society" was formed nearly three years ago and has for its object the cheering and comforting of afflicted ones; "to relieve and cheer the monotony of the sick room." The Band now comprises nearly three hundred names, and by joining it "these afflicted ones may be brought together, and their lives cheered by the interchange of thought and feeling and varied gifts."

A dear sister, whom the Lord had "shut-in" for three years, said, "I am going to pray that I may find some one else who is shut-in, some one to write to, to do good to, and to receive good from." She first gave the name of "Shut-ins, to those who thus began to make the acquaintance of each other by written communications."

There are no rules or laws governing the society, and once introduced, as already intimated, "united prayer holds all together." Concerts of prayer have been agreed upon—one on Tuesday mornings at ten o'clock, and another at the twilight-hour. Thus two prayer-meetings are held, a daily and a weekly, "at which, 'though sundered far,' these afflicted ones, bound in the fellowship of suffering, by faith meet to implore blessings on one another, and gather strength, hope, and cheer for themselves." It should be added that "the society is in no way designed to be a charitable association," and that any one may become a member by sending name to Mrs. H. E. Brown, 29 East 29th St., New York.

It should also be stated that it is not necessary to be an invalid to become a member of the society. Many prominent men and women are contributing with pencil and pen to make happy the hearts of the members. Few persons realize how much good a few lines written on a postal card (it may be but a verse of a familiar hymn), or a flower sent in an envelope, will do to some poor sufferer in a hospital ward, or a remote sombre chamber. And so oftentimes when we are weak and weary, if we would only think "of some one else as weak and weary as ourselves, and bring to themselves a draught from the wells of salvation," we should ourselves be refreshed, and perchance hear the Master saying "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—*George Quinan, in Evangelist.*

—I O V

in spite of differences, in spite of faults, in spite of the excesses of one or the defects of another. Love one another, and make the best of one another, as He loved us who, for the sake of saving what was good in the human soul, forgot, forgave, put out of sight what was bad—who saw and loved what was good even in the publican Zaccheus, even in the penitent Magdalen, even in the expiring malefactor, even in the heretical Samaritan, even in the Pharisee Nicodemus, even in the heathen soldier, even in the outcast Canaanite. Make the most of what there is good in institutions, in opinions, in communities, in individuals. It is very easy to do the reverse, to make the worst of what there is of evil, absurd and erroneous. By so doing we shall have no difficulty in making estrangements more wide, and hatreds and strifes more abundant, and errors more extreme. It is very easy to fix our attention only on the weak points of those around us, to magnify them, to irritate them, to aggravate them; and by so doing we can make the burden of life unendurable, and can destroy our own and others' happiness and usefulness wherever we go. But this is not the new love wherewith we are to love one another. That love is universal, because in its spirit we overcome evil simply by doing good. We drive out error simply by telling the truth. We strive to look on both sides of the shield of truth. We strive to speak the truth in love, that is, without exaggeration or misrepresentation; concealing nothing, promising nothing, but with the effort to

understand each other, to discover the truth which lies at the bottom of the error; with the determination cordially to love whatever is lovable even in those in whom we cordially detest what is detestable. And, in proportion as we endeavour to do this, there may be a hope that men will see that there are, after all, some true disciples of Christ left in the world, "because they have love one to another."—*Dean Stanley.*

International S. S. Lesson.

October 9th.

THE TABERNACLE.—Ex. 40: 1-16.

(From the S. S. World.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the Glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle.—Ex. 40: 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord gives access to Himself.

LESSON EXPLANATIONS.

BY JOHN HALL, D.D., NEW YORK.

(1) In our last lesson we saw the way in which the Hebrews responded to the call for the means of setting up the tabernacle. Now we are to look at the tabernacle itself. It was worth to the Hebrews all it costs and unspeakably more, just as churches and seminaries and other Christian institutions are worth far more than the labour and money needed for their erection and maintenance.

(2) In reading the Scriptures, one finds many allusions to the tabernacle and its services, which we cannot understand without reference to the original account. In mastering the truth of this lesson, therefore, we are acquiring the means of understanding large portions of our Bible.

The connection is to be noticed. The chapters immediately before give an account of the making of the sacred structure, its furniture, court-hangings, etc. The time needed for the doing of all this brought the people up to the beginning of the second year out of Egypt. Hence the direction in v. 2, "On the first day of the first month"—*Abib*, on the 14th of which came the Passover (and which after the captivity was called *Nisan*). It would then be ready for the second Passover (v. 2).

What was the tabernacle? The people had no buildings, only tents to dwell in. Their place of worship was of the same kind as their dwellings, just as when they became settled, and had houses, a solid edifice was built. (God's house should not be poor and mean, while the worshippers are rich and luxuriously lodged). Pillars of brass eight feet high were set up. They supported curtains or screens making a court seventy-five feet front and twice as wide in depth. In this stood a tent thirty feet in front and sixty in depth, its sides about seven and a half feet in height, and its sloping roof at the ridge about three times that height. Within this was a smaller structure, of costly wooden walls fifteen feet high and wide, and forty-five feet long, richly decorated. It was divided by a rich screen into two rooms or apartments, called the inner and the outer. The outer and larger was the Holy Place; the inner and smaller was the "Holy of Holies." None but Aaron and his successors in the highpriesthood could enter the latter; other priests ministered in the outer.

This holy edifice is called by various names in Scripture, as "tent" (Num. 9: 15), "house" (Josh. 6: 24), "sanctuary" (Lev. 12: 4), "temple" (1 Sam. 1: 9), "tabernacle of the congregation" (Ex. 29: 42-46), and "tabernacle of witness" (Num. 17: 7). (So we speak of "the church," "the church-building," "the house of God," "the sanctuary," or as our fathers, in so many cases, spoke of the "meeting-house.") So much in explanation of v. 2.

In v. 8 we have the "ark of the testimony," described in Ex. 25: 10-22 (which see), the place of God's meeting with the people, through His servants. (See Ex. 25: 22.) It was the sacred symbol of Jehovah's presence. It is enclosed, shut in, only approached in prescribed ways, that men might learn the holiness and the majesty of God, and that He can only be approached in the way He ordains. It was not to be danced about with impure revellings, like the golden calf. When it is said, "Cover the ark with the veil," it means conceal it from sight with the curtain; which has thus a solemn meaning. It was this veil that was rent at the crucifixion (Matt. 27: 51).

Now we come (v. 4) to the furniture of the outer, larger room, the holy place. It had a table, with certain things on it, as directed (in Lev. 24: 5-9). In this God in a degree came near to the Jewish Church, through the priesthood. There was also a candlestick, described in Ex. 25: 31-40, on one side, and an altar of gold for incense, described in Ex. 30: 1-9. The lamps of the candlestick were to be lighted. The table of shew-bread (fellowship with God) is attended by the enlightenment of the soul.

Then (v. 5) directions are given for the placing in the holy place of the altar of incense, on which the priests offered incense, as men meet God in praise and prayer. The hanging of the door screened this from common view.

Then outside the holy place (v. 6), in the court, was placed the altar of burnt offering. No approach, it says, to God and no communion with him but through atonement. This the people could see. Christ was publicly crucified.

Nearer to the holy place than this (v. 7) was the laver—not holy water for every one, as in the Roman Catholic arrangement, but for the priests (see Ex. 30: 17-21), indicating that along with atonement, legal justification, there must be with him who would have fellowship with God, purity of heart. The Holy Ghost is given after Christ's sacrifice. He who believes Christ receives the Holy Ghost.

V. 8 orders the setting up of the hanging of the court. The church is an enclosure, not the world. The heathen could not go into it; nor could the defiled Israelite.

So much for the arrangements; now we have in the remainder of the lesson (vs. 9-15), the anointing, or consecration, first of the places (vs. 9-11), then of the priests (vs. 12-15). The "oil" is defined in Ex. 30: 22-23. There was to be nothing like it (see v. 23). There is but one Holy Ghost, and no rite, or priest, or penal suffering can do His work.

The sprinkling of the holy place and furniture said in effect that the real value of all to be done depended on the work of the Holy Ghost. It is the type of that which Jesus described (John 4: 23, 24). No matter how rich the gift laid on the altar of burnt offering, the spiritual element is that which God values.

The persons as well as the places are anointed (for the way, see Lev. 8: 10-12): Aaron and his sons, after washing with water, for this priesthood is to be continuous, going from father to son. It is a unity, "a perpetual priesthood," a type of the one—the only one—of real power, the priesthood of the true Melchizedek. Their garments, made by divine directions, are similarly anointed. The carrying out of this is detailed in Lev. 8.

The last verse of our lesson describes the fidelity of Moses. He did not please his own taste or sense of fitness, but did as the Lord commanded him. So should we do.

To see the lesson of this arrangement, we must remember the state of head and heart of the people to be taught, as illustrated in their making and worshipping of the calf. They have to be taught the holiness of God and the spirituality of His worship. Hence these arrangements. (Illustrate from a school-room for deaf-mutes and the blind, and its odd and cumbersome apparatus.)

(a) This tabernacle was the centre around which the people encamped. So the cross, the atonement, is the central point round which all God's people rally. Leave it out, and Christians subdivide endlessly.

(b) It was an outward picture of the way of spiritual access to God. (See foregoing.)

(c) It indicates that God could only be known and approached as He ordained. He is "a God that hideth Himself," not a familiar object made by smith and carpenter.

(d) All who come to Him must be holy. His people are now a holy priesthood (1 Pet. 2: 9), cleansed, anointed, ordained to offer sacrifices.

(e) Indirectly we may learn how we can be temples of God, the law (ark) hidden in our hearts, every part of our lives according to God's word, and we ourselves so living as to invite others into fellowship with God.

—Somebody asked Mr. Moody at the Northfield convocation, "What do you think of the present system of training in our theological seminaries?" "I have no opinion about it," was the reply; "I never went through a theological seminary, and I never talk about anything I know nothing about." What a pity there are not more Moodys!

LIVING FOR GOD.

Not always, nor often, does God invite us to do some great thing for Him. Isaiah volunteered to go to his own people, his own neighbours, and try, with his cleansed lips, to make their lips clean. And though at times he had to rebuke princes and to pronounce the doom of nations, yet it was his whole life which he dedicated to God, with all its petty details of daily conduct. It was part of his work to live with the prophetess he took to wife according to a Divine law, to name and train his children so that little Immanuel and little Mahershalah-hash-baz should be "for signs and for wonders in Israel from the Lord of hosts."

And, in like manner, God sends us to our own people, to our kinsfolk and acquaintance. We have been cleansed that we may cleanse them. And we are not to wait for great opportunities which seldom come, which may never come to us, and for which we might not prove fit if they did come. We are to endeavour so to order our own life by a divine law that, even in the trivial round and common task, we may show that we have taken God for our King, and that we delight to do His will. It is by this patient and constant heed to the little things of daily conduct that we are gradually to build up a character and life wholly consecrated to Him; and if we do but take the trivial occasions for self-conquest and self-denial, for resisting evil and doing good, which every day affords, we may safely leave God to link on day to day, and duty to duty, and to draw all our poor and imperfect acts of service into the large and effectual ministry by which He is teaching and saving the world.

This, then, is our high calling and vocation,—to live for God, so that our very lives may speak for Him. To this service we are invited to volunteer, that, while serving, we may be free. For this service, if only we choose it, God qualifies us by revealing to us the sacred and abiding realities which underlie all the shadows and changes of time. And, indeed, the service is often so hard, and appears so unsuccessful, that we cannot hope to be steadfast in it unless we see all that Isaiah saw, and share his strong persuasion that God rules over all and rules for all good. If we would understand what the difficulties of this divine service are and where lies our hope of being faithful to it, we have but to consider the task which the prophet was called upon to undertake, and the motives which secured his fidelity.

MAKING HERSELF USEFUL.

One day Flora thought to herself, "What a useless little girl I am! I let mother do everything. She mends my clothes, she combs my hair, she waters the plants, and she feeds the canary-bird. Surely I am old enough to take some of the trouble off her hands. She has now gone to market, I will surprise her when she comes back."

So Flora looked around to see what she should put her hand to first. She spied the big watering-pot, "I know what I will do!" she said. Then she took the watering-pot, and setting it down in the sink in the wash-room, she turned the faucet and let the water flow in. As soon as the pot was half full, she lifted it out, though not without wetting her frock somewhat.

Taking the watering-pot into the hall, where the flower-pots were, she began watering a plant that had been placed on one of the hall chairs. But for ten drops that reached the plant, a thousand fell on the chair, and dripped on to the floor. "How it behaves!" said Flora.

So after she had produced a great puddle on the floor, she set the watering-pot down. Not discouraged by her awk-

wardness, she now thought she would attend to the canary-bird. To do this she had to stand on a chair and lift the cage from its hook. This she did pretty well.

Then she set the cage down on the floor and opened the door of the cage, to put in fresh water and seed. But before she could do this, little Dicky, the bird, flew out and perched on the back of a chair. No sooner was he there than Old Claw, the cat, came in and made a leap for poor Dicky.

"Oh, you bad bad cat!" screamed Flora; but Claw did not heed her. He failed in seizing Dicky, and the little frightened bird was flying round, not knowing where to alight.

At this crisis, Flora's mother came in. Dicky at once alighted on her head and felt safe. "What is the meaning of all this?" said Mamma. "Who left the water running in the wash-room? Who has been spilling water in the hall? Who has let poor Dicky out of his cage?"

Flora hung her head, "I wanted to be useful, mamma," said she, ready to cry.

"Drive the cat out of the room and then come to me, my child," said mamma.

So when Claw had vanished, and the door had been shut, and Dicky had been put back in his cage, mamma took Flora on her knee, kissed her and said, "There is an old proverb, my dear, and it is this: 'The more haste the less speed.' My little girl must not try to do things till she can do them safely. Such attempts will lead her into mischief. When you want to be useful let me know, and I will give you a task."

Flora promised that she would remember this.—*Ida Fay in the Nursery.*

OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Dr. Lyman Beecher: I defy any one to show that rum-sellers are not murderers.

John Wesley: "They murder by wholesale, neither doth their eyes pity or spare, and the inheritance of blood is theirs."

Senator Morrill in the United States Senate: "The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes in this age, and particularly in this country."

The Bishop of Manchester, England: "Beer and wine shops with vaults are gateways to hell."

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York: "The alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine, ale, or whiskey, and is killing the race of men."

John Williams, the martyr missionary of the Pacific Islands: "I dread the arrival of an American ship, for though she may have more missionaries in her cabin, she brings in her hold the deathwaters of damnation."

Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, 1833: "It is plain to me, as the sun in a clear summer sky, that the license laws of our country constitute one of the main pillars on which the stupendous fabric of intemperance now rests."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce: "People talk about regulating liquor traffic; they might as well try to regulate the toothache, when the true remedy is to extract." The advocates of the license law would say: "Tie a stringent rag around the jaw, and leave the affected molar to throb and 'stoon.' Drawing the tooth would savor too much of coercive legislation."

The London Times: "It is far too favourable a view to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. It would have been better if the corn had mildewed in the ear. No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society as to annihilate the manufacture of ardent spirits, consisting as they do of an infinité waste and unmixed evil."

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TORONTO, SEPT. 29, 1881.

TEMPTATION.

We pray constantly, "Lead us not into temptation," sometimes, it is to be feared, with a very inadequate idea of the petition we are presenting, and what is worse, with scarcely an attempt to keep ourselves out of temptation, we ask God to do for us what we hardly care to do for ourselves. A desire for gain or for enjoyment, will draw us into scenes and circumstances in which we know full well that we shall be exposed to temptation, and yet we expect our prayers to be answered! It is not, however, so much on that aspect of the subject we want to utter a word as on the still more serious one of Christians becoming tempters of others; for, sad as it may be to say it, Christians do sometimes become tempters to bad courses; and we have in our mind more than one life that has been wrecked on the rocks of sin, turned into the fatal course first by those who ought of all people to have cautioned against it. That it is done thoughtlessly there is no doubt, hence the more need for an earnest protest and warning.

It is in the customs and practices of social life that the wrong is done; scruples and teachings are laughed away, reluctance is overcome, and then, these barriers overcome, the *facilis descensus averti* is often, alas, too sadly realized.

Let us illustrate from actual experience what we mean. Here is a young man carefully trained by Christian parents, taught to look upon the wine-cup as a snare and a curse, as one great cause of the sin and misery by which we are surrounded. He grows up and associates with professedly Christian people, members it may be of the same church, possibly, workers for the Master. He finds wine used at their table; he is not surprised at that, for he has long ago learned that all do not look at this question in the same light, nor feel its importance in the same degree. But the passive temptation is not all, were it, although a temptation, it might not be very powerful; he is met with "Take a glass of wine, it will do you no harm," or the fair hand of the hostess places a glass in his, he cannot resist, takes it, and has made one downward step to darkness and death. It may be said that no Christian people would do such a thing, induce a young man to break away from the teachings and practice of home in so important a matter. The reply is simple. They

should not, but unfortunately they have done so, and will do it again.

It may be done in ignorance, and the fault then rests mainly with the moral cowardice of the young man who shrinks to declare his principles, but whatever the cause the evil is perpetrated, temptation is offered, and is successful.

Or again, a young girl who has been taught that dancing is improper; that, harmless enough, perhaps, among a few young friends, it is the open door to wantonness, indelicacy, and improper acquaintance,—is invited to spend an evening in the home of Christian people, dancing is almost the only amusement. She is invited, pressed to take part, and, unless she has the firmness of strong convictions, she consents, or if unable from ignorance to do so, goes away with rebellion in heart against those whose teachings have deprived her of this pleasure. Now, we say most emphatically, that no one has a right—and above all should not Christians attempt—to induce others, young people, their visitors, to do anything that home teaching has forbidden. It is an offence against the family and against God. But it may be asked, "What are we to do, then? are we to give up the thing to which we have been accustomed for the sake of one trained in such a narrow way?" Yes, if you desire to have that one in your home, but if you cannot give it up, then the kindest way is not to seek for your guests those to whom it may be a temptation. We are persuaded that there is not a father or mother living who have conscientiously trained their sons and daughters on the lines we have indicated, who would not a thousand times rather that their children were left out from all invitations, than that the teachings of their lives should be imperilled. Brethren and sisters, when you pray again, "Lead us not into temptation," resolve that for your part, God helping you, you will not be one to lead others into temptation.—"Let—no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

WE are sure that we need only reprint the following paragraph to call forth the sympathy of our readers for that large class of men who, with the "beautiful Liturgy of the Prayer-book," could not find a petition suitable for the wounded President, and were obliged to extemporize. It was hard indeed; let us hope that it was also "for their own good."

It has been noticed that with all the beautiful liturgy of the Prayer-book used by the Protestant Episcopal Church, that there has been found no prayer suitable for such a calamity as now exists, and for what is now feared in relation to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Many who would have gladly availed themselves of a form have been compelled, perhaps for their own good, virtually to extemporize in this exigency.

WE have not hesitated on more than one occasion to speak strongly on what we are sorry to believe is a growing evil—the practice of dancing. Some of our readers have thought we were unnecessarily severe in our remarks, that the practice is harmless enough, that no evil can flow from it, and so on. To all such we commend

the following extract from the *New York Journal of Education*. It puts strongly the fact we have striven to emphasize, that in this, as in drinking and similar things, the only safety and the true temperance is total abstinence. It will be borne in mind that the paper from which the quotation is made is not a religious paper; that it only views the question from the standpoint of civil well-being.

"A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the Chief of Police of New York City says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skillful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlour dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlour dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlour dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality, and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

THE death last week of Mrs. Bromfield, wife of Rev. E. T. Bromfield, of Glenbrook, in this town, has called forth many expressions of sympathy. The funeral took place on the 8th inst. from the Presbyterian Church. The deceased lady was in the prime of life—a little over fifty—and had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, till a few years ago, when she contracted malarial fever and ague, which developed into catarrhal consumption, from which she died. About ten months ago she was seized with spitting of blood, which was the first intimation of any fatal difficulty. She was the mother of fifteen children, twelve of whom survive her and followed her to the grave. Mrs. Bromfield was a native of London, England, and came to this country with her husband about forty years ago. She was a pious, compassionate and sympathetic Christian woman, and her death is widely lamented. — *Saturday Advocate, Conn., U. S.*

WE are sure that those of our readers in Toronto and Hamilton who remember Mr. Bromfield will sympathize with him in this bereavement. An intimacy covering the whole period of his residence in the city of Toronto enables us to speak with knowledge and feeling. Fondly attached to the wife of his youth and struggles, Mr. Bromfield will keenly feel his loss. May he have the sustaining hand of the Saviour, whom he has so long served.

WE made reference last week to what we considered the unfortunate "side-shows" to which the promoters of the Toronto Exhibition lent themselves in order to draw the public to the city, and presumably increase their receipts at the gates. We did not then, however, allude to the worst feature of the Exhibition,

and which has been seen this year for the first time, the open and wide-spread sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds. In previous years there has been a show of observing the law and respecting the feelings of large numbers of visitors, by allowing nothing stronger than lager beer to be sold, and that only on the plea that it was a non-intoxicant! This year there was no pretence of the kind. Anything could be had, we are told, either in the Dining Hall or at the various stalls. We say nothing of the legality of the action, that has been called in question, and we hope that some individual or society will test the point. To us it appears like a violation of the law and a fraud on the revenue, but apart from that, we would strongly urge that, in the interests of morality, the citizens of Toronto will so unmistakably indicate their feelings on the subject that the offence will not be repeated.

A SUNDAY ON SHIP BOARD.

(From a Nonconformist or Dissenter's standpoint.)

Five days of wind and rain and mist, and with a burst of sunshine the Sunday dawned, hearts grew lighter, faces brighter as the five days' dead reckoning was verified, land nearing, and the Sabbath called to praise. Breakfast over, the bell rang for service, according to the rules of the ship the service of the Book of Common Prayer was read (put an emphasis upon that word *read*), a few hymns sung, and a collection taken up in aid of the Liverpool Seaman's Home, which last act was an act of worship, the rough weather of the week had brought the seamen nearer to the heart, and certainly our crew had been exemplary. Then on deck to view the calming ocean, catch the gleams of sunshine thro' the rifted clouds, and watch the sea gulls rising and falling with billowy motion over the wave. After dinner a few friends gathered for an hour in the saloon for a few simple words of prayer. There were

the four of us on the morning of the 29th. The morning was a fine one, the sun was shining, the shadows fell, the sky was partly overcast but peaceful, the water had the long ocean swell and ripple sufficient to avoid that death-like stillness when a perfect calm makes the surface glassy, the ship gently listed with the wave, and glided at full speed through the water; there was not solitude but calm, not stillness but peace; the decks were quietly paced, it was a Sabbath eve. About nine o'clock (canonical hours had long been past) we paused at the open door of the smoking-room. Several sailors were gazing in, the fumes of liquor and of tobacco polluted the air, the usual company was gathered, three of the five clergymen were seated within, two of them being the absentees from the afternoon meeting. They were all drinking toasts. The hero for the moment was one of those unfortunately amiable and clever men who, "without a bit of harm in them," are jolly good fellows and charming company; he was talking patriotically, interrupted every moment or so by his listeners, specially by the friend who had read the morning prayers, it was

not a drunken, but a sober bar-room scene, and we moralized.

The friend who had conducted the two services on board was apparently a church aristocrat, between the wind and whose nobility no meaner flesh must come. The sailors had attended his services, they saw him on the evening of the same day engaged as *mutatis mutandis* they might be in a Liverpool bar-room, and that on Sunday night. Is the inference far to seek! Each evening also that friend was at the card table, another sipping in the room on deck. There was also a lottery based upon the ship's daily log; at noon, after emerging from the reading service, our friend had it announced to him that his number had won that day. We were nearing England, where dissent and non-conformity have meanings, and happening to know that our friend represented what had been a prevailing class in the establishment, the question pressed in view of the fact that nonconformity exists, "Is there not a cause?" Earnest men, who sigh and cry for the abominations which are in the land, and, looking to their spiritual guides, as by law established, for redress, find them walking heedless of their brother stumbling, thus disappointing their hopes, must either let things helplessly alone or fly elsewhere for work and sympathy. Too much is the ministry made a profession, and thus the churches become shorn of power, and Christ becomes wounded in the house of his friends. Could our genial, jolly friend be won back to sobriety by the act of two clergymen laughing at and joining with him in his drink and frolic, which, to him, were sore temptations, or were the witnessing sailors strengthened in any desire they might have to shun the seductions of Liverpool's drinking dens? To some this may seem "puritanical;" be it so; life is earnest, even were it admitted that "moderation" is not sin, and a harmless game of cards may pass unchallenged, the circumstances we have described are an indulgence indefensible, seeing that the same was a snare to those whose infirmity strong should bear; and the Church is to be pitied, though Established, and in the line of direct succession, whose leaders can thus ignore the obligation of only following those things which are of good report. I will not say our churches are free, these lines are not written in denominational zeal, but for the purpose of pressing a question with which we close; dissent was the seeking for a closer walk with God than establishments then permitted, are we maintaining our testimony for purity of heart and life? Only as we do, and that intelligently, can we justify our denominational integrity, or manifest our right to that independence which we claim as a distinctive principle.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Central Association will meet in Georgetown, on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1881.
First session at 2.30 p.m.
Paper by the Rev. W. W. Smith, "Orthodoxy—what is it?"
Sermon in the evening by the Rev. J. Burton, B.A.; alternate, Rev. R. Hay.
Second session, Oct. 12th. Prayer meeting at 9.20 a.m.

10.30. Paper by Rev. E. Ebbs, "Life in Christ, its nature and functions."

11.30. Paper by Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., "Church Life, evidences of its healthy vigour."

P.M. Session, 2.30. Conference on the ordination of the Rev. W. Kaye, South Caledon.

Paper by Rev. J. I. Hindley, "Woman as a Christian power in the Church."

EVENING MEETING.

Ten minute speeches by the brethren. N.B. It is desirable that collections be taken up by the churches associated on the Sabbath preceding the meeting.

J. I. HINDLEY, M.A., Secretary.

Correspondence.

THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—Before passing from the important subject introduced in last letter, a remark or two on possible changes will not be inappropriate. These remarks, your reader will please keep in mind, will have exclusive reference to the full course.

That the present arrangement is working perniciously to the theological interests of the College, and cannot by any possibility be made to work otherwise, will be apparent to most who have pondered the facts adduced in my last communication.

Shall it be continued? If not, then, what ought to be done?

The only really satisfactory course will be the adoption of the original plan;—namely, to make it imperative that every student received into the full course shall be a graduate of some University, or shall have an equivalent arts training, before entering the Theological College. Were this plan adopted, then the following benefits would be secured:—

1. A complete University education. This, at present, as already explained, our students do not obtain. The "exemptions" now made would then cease; and the degrees taken would have their full University significance.

2. A more thorough theological training. The three sessions with which the College is at present credited would then mean three; and not, as now, one with the fragments of two. Members of the staff would have the opportunity of their work with some measure of thoroughness; time would be secured for disciplinary and mental development; and should competent lecturers be obtained, and the resources of the College admit, Lectureships might be advantageously instituted.

3. The arts course, if desirable, might be taken in any University—in Toronto, Cobourg, Kingston or Montreal. This, in the case of students in circumstances to support themselves while attending the University, would often be of considerable advantage; while it would not prevent the College from granting pecuniary aid in cases where such help was really necessary.

The sharp experience of the past suggests the propriety of adopting some precaution for securing the immediate repayment of money thus received by students, who, on the completion of their University course, would decline honourably to complete their theological training in the College. Without this, it is more that possible that some would make use of the College merely to obtain a University education, and then, to hide their dishonourable retreat, endeavour to defame it.

What has been, may be again.

Should our College ever be placed on a right educational basis, I am convinced the ground plan advocated in

this letter will have to be adopted. Its adoption, however, would necessarily involve a seven, instead of a five years' period of study. But no additional expense would be incurred for teaching; although a larger amount would be required to assist the students, either in the form of "exhibitions" or of direct grants. The additional outlay would certainly be money well spent. It would also involve two extra years from the students; but no young man having adequate views of the vast importance of the work before him, and with sufficient ambition to qualify himself for his high vocation, would shrink from freely giving the extra time.

A University training, however important, and let me once more emphasize its immense value, is nevertheless only the foundation on which a sound theological training should rest. In the present day, there are demands on the Christian ministry which can only be met by those who have been well grounded in studies, which even in their elements require patient and thorough training. I am aware of the ever changing phases of "modern thought;" I know full well that no staff of professors can complete the education of the rising ministry:—new forms of error ever demand new forms of truth; and the progress of Theological and Biblical study require new adaptations of the old and ever-abiding truth to the claims of the age. I am aware of all this, but am nevertheless confident that the sound inculcation of fundamental principles, and the discipline and habits thereby promoted, will place the diligent student on high vantage ground, which, with subsequent application, will enable him to cope successfully with doubt in its newest forms, and skilfully adapt his methods of presenting the truth to the ever-recurring and ever-pressing exigencies of his own times.

Other possible changes in our present arrangement will be considered in my next.

Yours truly,

MNASON.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received the first number of the *New England Pictorial*, a new venture on the old established lines of such papers; it is well printed on good paper, and the illustrations are of average excellence. It is always unfair to judge of a publication by a first number, as so many things have to work harmoniously to produce the best results, and it is rarely accomplished in the beginning. There is no reason that it should not be successful. Boston should surely have an illustrated paper.

GERALDINE, A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence, is the title of a new work issued by J. R. Osgood & Co. It is, what is rare, a romance in verse; rare, we suppose, simply because the ability to procure such works is rare also. It is not every framer of a plot who can throw it into verse as Owen Meredith has done "Lucile," and Dr. Holland "Katrina." The author of this, whoever he or she may be, has achieved a success. With but few characters and a simple plot, the interest is sustained to the end, nay, is intensified so as to make it impossible to lay down the book. The charm to us is, however, some exquisite bits of word painting, in this the author excels. Take the following vignette of mountain-climbing for instance:

"Through the white atmosphere
We could see other peaks lifted far to blue
Of the sky; while the distance took boundaries new
As he slowly ascended, and range after range
In sublimity rose, till an ocean of strange
Rocky billows rolled far all around him, their
tips
Only swept by the wandering, vanishing ships
Of the clouds, that before a warm breeze were
adrift,
And their hues ever shifting and changing, as
swift
The hot sun, the cool shadow, went by. The
dark green
Of the timber-lines everywhere belted between

The light gray of the summits, and, sleeping below,
The soft green of those valleys where musical
flow
The mad streams of the mountains; the glimmering gleams
Of white ledges shone out on the silvering
beams
Of the sun, and gave light to the soberer veins
Lurking lower; and broad in the east the great
plains
Rolled away from his vision, vast reaches of
yellow,
Dry sod, with long swells like the sea, and a
mellow
Haze marking their splendour remote."

There are two or three ballads interspersed which show the author's ability in a different style of versification; one of these we reprint on our first page, "Building and Being," embodying an old familiar legend. The scene of action is principally on the shores of St. Lawrence, its islands and its cities, Montreal and Quebec.

Scribner's Monthly for October is duly received, and is of usual excellence. Among the illustrated articles we find "Old Yorktown," "Primeval California," "Bear Hunting in the South," "Peter the Great," "The first Editor," and the conclusion of "The Coniferous Forests of the Sierra Nevada." Some of the illustrations are simply marvels of excellence. A new tale by Mrs. Burnett is promised for the November number, which will be the beginning of a new volume.

The School Hymnal, The Infant Class Hymnal. London, E. Marlborough & Co.; Toronto, R. O. Smith & Co. We have carefully looked through these little books, and can very cordially commend them to the attention of our Sunday-schools. Not so pretentious as the work of a similar character we noticed a week or two ago; they are in some respects even more acceptable. The first named is divided into two parts, the first of which, specially adapted for the Infant Class, is published separately under the second title as above. Each of the parts contain some of the good old hymns that have interested our children for two or three generations, and in the more advanced part we find a number of pieces quite new to us, by modern writers, unequal in merit, as may be supposed, but on the whole exceedingly good. The collection has answered well to one test we applied, to find hymns suitable to a number of different lessons, a matter that always troubles the superintendent who wishes to have his services of teaching and song in unison. There are hymns that we should have been glad to use with some of the late International Lessons. The price is moderate, 10 cents per copy for the complete book, 5 cents for the Infant class section.

—THE ALL-COMPREHENSIVE NAME.—Yesterday my window was completely frosted over with beautiful sparkling crystals. A schoolgirl's impulse impelled me to write my name there, when a sudden thought stayed my hand; was my name good enough to mar this snowy page—page not made with human hands?

Ah, I thought, only the sweetest names ever uttered are worthy to be inscribed on this purest page ever fashioned, and so my pencil traced the monosyllables "God—Love—Home." I paused for another; were those all? Did those three comprehend everything sweet and pure and lovely? Then came the second thought. Had I not too many already? Why, yes. Home means love; love is the essential essence of home; so I drew a line through Home, and I had only two left, "God and Love." "God and Love!" And while I stood murmuring them over the sentence on my lips changed, and I whispered, "God is Love."

So I took a new pane, and on it I wrote the single word, "God." The page was completed—a volume in itself.—*Rose Latimore.*

—CHINESE PARENTAL VENERATION.—There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy, he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said, "I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?" "Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me." "It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story."

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—There is said to be an evangelical church of 1,400 members at Ur of the Chaldees.

—The Churches of Protestant Switzerland have fixed upon January 1st, 1884, as the 300th anniversary of the birth of Zwingle, the immortal reformer of Zurich.

—The success of the evangelistic work carried forward in the Italian army is manifested by the fact that within the last nine years 700 of its soldiers have professed their faith in Christ.

—The Gospel in All Lands estimates that 100,000 Jews have been converted to Christianity during this century and that about 1,000 embrace the Gospel every year. Of those about one fourth become connected with Protestant churches. The rest go into the Greek and Roman communions.

—A church in Denver, Colorado, has a mission among the Chinamen. Several among them have been converted, and their testimony has touched the hearts of some "Melican" men. A young man testifies, "I resisted all that I could, but when the Chinaman began to plead and tell of Jesus, I couldn't hold out."

—A Swedish Congregational church of seventy-four members has recently been recognized in Worcester, Mass. This movement is in sympathy with the reformation which is represented by the Swedish Ansgau and Mission Synod, who receive none to the communion except on the evidence of regeneration.

—An Armenian weaver was converted at Aintab, and, returning to Urfa, engaged in evangelistic work. The result was the formation of an evangelical church which now numbers 1,400 souls. Is God, then, raising up "children unto Abraham" on the very spot where Abraham lived and prayed in the days of his youth and early manhood four thousand years ago? It is even so, if the Modern Urfa, as it is generally supposed to be, the ancient "Ur of the Chaldees."

—Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, has made a new offer to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of £2,000 (\$10,000), conditioned upon the Society providing £8,000 (40,000) more for opening a mission from the East Coast of Central Africa to the Victoria Nyanza and doing its best to keep it open, and for giving to its populations (particularly the Wamasai, the Wakaurher, and the Wakuafi) portions of the New Testament—viz., the Gospel of Luke, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel of John. He expects the young men of the connection to undertake the support of the mission and proposes to have it called the "Punshon Memorial Mission to Central Africa."

—The Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, of Bedford row, London, England, has just issued an appeal to the public, printed on a large six-sheet double crown bill, as follows: "The Sabbath was made for man. Why not for the railway man? Why not for the cab, omnibus, and tramway men? Thousands of these working men have no day of rest. They work ten to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. Englishmen! do not enslave your fellow-men by employing them in needless Sunday work. If you would not like to work yourselves on Sundays, don't make others work for you on that day." The opinion of the late Lord Beaconsfield is quoted. He said: "Of all divine institutions the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilization, and its removal might even affect the health of the people." Mr. Gladstone's opinion is also given as follows: "The religious observance of Sunday is

a main prop of religious character of the country. From a moral, social, and physical point of view, the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

(From S. S. Times.)

—A new temperance colony has been organized in New Zealand. It occupies lands about seventy miles from Auckland.

—Army Coffee Taverns are being established for the British soldier. The Queen, it is said, is greatly interested in the movement.

—A thousand dollars has been given by a friend of temperance in Holland to aid in placing Dr. Richardson's Temperance Lesson Book in the schools of that country.

—It was decided at the recent State Prohibition Convention in Mississippi that an attempt should be made to secure a prohibitory constitutional amendment from the next legislature.

—Queen Victoria is reported to have declined the gift of an elegant barrel of "Victoria Whiskey" from a Kentucky distiller. Her good sense gave the associations an unpleasant flavour.

—Australia pays a compliment to Mr. Gough in the establishment of Gough Town. The new town is to be strictly temperance; no intoxicants will be sold within its boundaries, and the streets are to be named after well-known temperance workers.

—The *Retailer*, of New York, a journal issued in the interests of the liquor trade, is seriously alarmed on account of the free ice-water fountains, which it considers a public danger. It is not often that the *Retailer* shows such a zeal for the public health.

—That is a good example which is given by the African King Merambo, who, ruling over a territory of from ten to fifteen thousand square miles, is himself a total abstainer, and is doing all he can to encourage the spread of temperance principles among his people.

—Cigarette smoking is on the increase, if the recently issued statistics of the International Revenue Department are to be taken as a criterion. The increase of revenue from this source for the year ending June 30, 1881, over that of the preceding year, was about twenty-eight per cent. Evidently it is time that a little knowledge respecting the composition of the trade cigarette were diffused among our youth.

—Three premiums of a hundred, fifty, and twenty-five dollars respectively, are offered by the National Temperance Society for tracts bearing on the importance of abstinence among, or the evils of intemperance to, railway employees. Three similar premiums are offered for the three best pictorial sketches bearing on the same subject. Each manuscript or drawing should be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by an envelope bearing the same motto and containing the competitor's name and address. The competition is open until November 1.

—Now that the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill has passed both Houses of Parliament, and has received the Royal assent, England is the only section of the United Kingdom in which the public selling of liquor on Sunday is legal. In some sections of the Kingdom, however, the Sunday liquor laws are practically dead letter, on account of the privileges granted to hotels to supply travellers, who are such in good faith, with liquor. On the highways leading to and from some of the large towns, a steady stream of habitual drinkers may be seen tramping out three or four miles to the nearest country hotel, there to announce themselves as *bona fide* travellers, and to obtain the

much desired alcoholic refreshment. So great did this evil become, that, in Scotland for instance, the term "*bona fide* traveller" in popular slang denotes an habitual drunkard. Of late years, this evil has been much checked by sharp police surveillance of the lower class of hotels.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The national debt of Great Britain was reduced by only \$31,453,580 during the last year.

—Stephen Paxton, the well-known Sabbath-school missionary, who recently died, is said to have organized in the Western States 1,400 Sabbath-schools, with 11,000 teachers and 70,000 scholars.

—Rev. Alex. Stark of Tighnabruach, Scotland, almost the last of the Disruption worthies, and Father of the Free Church of Scotland, recently died at the age of ninety-six years, in the seventy-fourth year of his ministry.

—It is said that an aged rag-picker, who died at the age of ninety-nine, was she who, in the Reign of Terror in Paris, was adored as the Goddess of Reason. If true, it is a striking instance of the "revenge of history," and the "wages of sin."

—The *Athenaeum* says that the last literary work done by Dean Stanley was the article on Robertson of Brighton, which was intended for *Scribner's*, and which the *Century* people have been obliged to send back to England to be translated into English that can be read.

—Bishop D. W. Clark tells us that when the celebrated Neander was asked the cause of the defection of the German churches from sound doctrine, he replied, "A dead orthodoxy." There is nothing that can so guard the purity of the Christian faith as spiritual vitality in the Church.

—"Ecclesiastical freebooters," is the title applied by a lecturer to those pastors who seek by their pastoral visits to gain over adherents from other churches. The same authority calls those who always find fault with the preaching "constitutional and perennial ecclesiastical growlers."

—According to the *London Standard's* correspondence at Rome, the report of the Pope's leaving that city was circulated from the Vatican with the intent of arousing the Roman Catholics abroad, and embarrassing the Italian government. The Catholic Powers continue to advise the Pope not to leave Rome.

—At a meeting in the chapel of one of the hill towns of Connecticut a short time since, while the lady was playing the cabinet organ and the congregation singing a hymn, an adder some three feet long crawled out from under the organ, lifted his head and apparently listened to the music. The lady had presence of mind to continue her playing till the hymn was sung.

—The Chinese Government, some years ago, tore up the only railroad in the empire, a "Celestial" wisdom like that which for many years refused to work their coal mines, lest the removal of so much ballast should upset the earth. But the late war with Russia disclosed to military men the worth of the rails. And now they are to be laid, post haste, from the capital to Tien-Tsin, and from there to the river Yang-tse-Kiang, 500 miles farther south.

—Polygamous Mormonism is extending from Utah into the neighbouring territories and bull fights are passing over from Spain into France. There have lately been such public exhibitions at Nimes, at Avignon, and at Marseilles, and they have been accompanied with shocking loss of life. Were it not that our own country is so gentle with polygamy, we should allow ourselves to be shocked at the barbarism of France.

—Now and then a Bishop loses patience and frees his mind. The Bishop of Bangor in the course of his late triennial charge said he could not disguise his feelings of shame and indignation at the manner in which lay ecclesiastical patronage was exercised. Most unfit and incompetent men were preferred for livings owing to political sympathy or family ties, and when inducted they alienated Churchmen, owing to their indifference and negligence. He hoped the time would come when the parishioners would at least have a negative voice in the selection of the man to whom their spiritual welfare was intrusted. The advertisements of sales of livings in ecclesiastical journals were scandalous.

—The British Museum contains a very interesting coin, which came from Gaza, and is probably of the fourth century B. C. On one side is a helmeted Greek face, only partly in profile; on the other the sun-god, in the form of the Greek Zeus, seated in a chariot of fire. Above his head are the old Phœnician letters Y-H-U; i. e., *Yahw*, or Jehovah. It would appear from this that the Philistines of Gaza had adopted the national god of the Jews, and identified him with their own Baal or Sun-god. We know from Neh. xiii. 23, that the Jews intermarried with the people of Ashdod. It is clear that in the fourth century B. C. a superstitious dislike to pronounce the sacred name had not yet grown up among the Jews.

—A singular treatment of the ruins of Babylon, and one which might readily be overlooked in its bearing upon the predictions of Scripture in minute detail respecting this city, has not escaped the observation of Mr. H. Rassam, a thorough explorer of the site.

"There is one fact connected with the destruction of Babylon and the marvellous fulfilment of prophecy which struck me more than anything else, which fact seems never to have been noticed by any traveller, and that is the non-existence in the several modern buildings in the neighbourhood of Babylon of any sign of stone which had been dug up from its ancient ruins, because it seems that, in digging for old materials, the Arabs used the bricks for building purposes, but always burnt the stone thus discovered for lime, which fact wonderfully fulfils the divine words of Jeremiah—namely: 'And they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundations; but thou shalt be desolations forever, saith the Lord'" (ch. li. 26).

—Praying for the dead is, according to general Protestant tradition, a great offence. We suppose that is because it is supposed that the prayer is only for delivery of the soul from the pains of Purgatory, the aforesaid Purgatory being a "Romish invention." But, if the prayers be not for deliverance from purgatorial pains, but the expression of a longing desire before God for the supreme bliss of those we loved on earth, it is difficult to conceive in what the imagined offence can lie. There is certainly no doctrinal heresy involved. Such seems to be idea of the Brahma Somaj of India. In *The New Dispensation*, which is devoted to the expression of their practical and devotional sentiments, we find the following prayer for the soul of the Dean of Westminster:—

"Eternal Life, we ask thee to bless the departed Dean Stanley. He lived and worked here on earth as one of the most large-hearted servants of Christ. He has left an example of uncommon Christian fidelity and unselfishness. He deeply appreciated and sympathized with the spirit of the New Dispensation in India. Let the celestial perfume of his holy and sweet life incite us to do the work of our lives faithfully and joyfully. Confer on him; O God, a rich crown for the noble services he has rendered to thee here and open his eye to behold thee face to face."

To which we say Amen. May his soul rest in peace.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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(Signed)

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- ROBERT BOYLE, P. M. Minister, Brampton.
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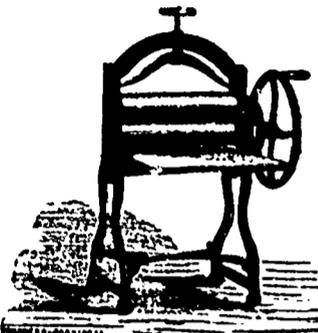
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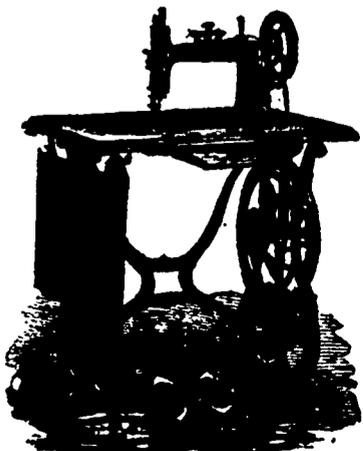
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