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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1881.

[New Series. No. 40

Current Topics.

—More than five per cent. of the revenue of Greece is expended for educational purposes.

—The Salvation Army, which began work in this country a little over a year ago, claims that it now has in one or two of our larger cities twelve corps, which hold 172 meetings weekly, and that over 1,500 conversions have already attended their work.

—Some 80,000 acres of land between Joppa and Jerusalem, having been secured from the Turkish Government, a colony is being formed for the persecuted Jews of the Continent. Already a goodly number of families have established themselves upon the land.

—The last expedition sent out by the London Missionary Society to East Central Africa, under Mr. Pooley, arrived at Urambo, the capital of King Mirambo in Uyamwezi, in September; and a telegram has been received announcing that they reached Lake Tanganyika in October.

—Dr. Ledge, the professor of Chinese in Oxford University, says, "If the present rate of the conversion of Chinese to Christianity continues, by the year 1913 there will be twenty-six millions of church members, and one hundred millions of professing Christians in the Chinese empire, or one-fourth the population."

—At an anti-slavery meeting in Madrid, on the 25th inst., resolutions were adopted declaring the law of February, 1880, in regard to slavery in Cuba to be contrary to the principles of right and justice, and condemning the regulations in regard to holding slaves. The Anti-slavery Society has declared its intention of continuing its propaganda until slavery in all the Spanish colonies is completely abolished.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury recently said that there are 500,000 persons in London who never hear the gospel from year's end to year's end, and that the only way to reach them with it is by special services in the theatres and mission halls. He expresses his depressing conviction that the masses are spiritually ten times worse than they were twenty years ago.

—Up to 1870 there was no provision for common-school education in England; but now both in England and Scotland, parents are required by law to provide elementary education for their children between the years of five and thirteen. In 1879 there were 10,111 prosecutions in London for not sending children to school according to law, 5,648 in Liverpool, and 2,556 in Birmingham, and the law is felt to be a valuable assistance.

—Ancient Nazareth is now the site of an orphanage under the supervision of the Education Society of England. It has been opened four years, and there are in it now thirty six girls of ages varying from four to fifteen. Here, whether of Greek or Latin, Moslem or Jewish parentage, they are all taught to love the one true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. They have a beautiful home, built by the generosity of English travellers. — *Women's Work for Women.*

—Rev. Dr. Williamson, of the English Presbyterian Church, seventeen years

resident in China, has produced a translation of the New Testament into Chinese, said to be far in advance of any previous editions, and such as to mark a new era in Bible circulation in that land. Dr. Williamson was several years connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society in China, author of several scientific works in Chinese, some of which have been translated into Japanese.

—There are as brave men and women in the world as any of the heroes of the golden ages. The other day two workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad — John Sullivan and his brother Michael, had lifted a rail, to straighten it. A heavy passenger-train came along, turning the curve suddenly, and was sure to be thrown down a bank, with an appalling loss of life, if they could not get the bar out and the rail in place. The men seized the bar and worked frantically. At last they succeeded in loosening the bar and replacing the rail just in season to save the train: but the engine struck and killed them both. We don't believe they were detained in Purgatory. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

—A road was needed in Bonny, Africa, from the rear of a church to another highway. The members came voluntarily, cut the road, laid large trees in the marshy parts, after felling them, and filled in two feet of earth for four hundred yards, the women putting sand on the top. These people, over two hundred of them, worked daily for three weeks without pay, with no quarreling, where formerly, says *Evangelical Christendom*, a touch of the elbow was sufficient cause for civil war. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ wrought this generosity and peaceful spirit. Can we not learn lessons even from Africa?

The new temperance law just passed by the Kansas Legislature strives to meet all the usual evasions. Giving liquor to customers is construed as selling; clubs for procuring a common stock of liquors are treated as places of common sale. Sheriffs and constables and county attorneys are charged with the duty of enforcing the law, and become liable to penalty if they neglect their duty in this respect. Places where liquors are sold are counted as common nuisances, and the proper officers are required to close them. Only druggists, under ample bonds, are permitted to sell for "medical, mechanical and scientific purposes." With the held of the strong public sentiment against it in Kansas, the use of liquor for drinking purposes ought now to be reduced to a minimum in that State.

Mr. Wm. E. Gould, in a paper read recently before Portland Congregational Club, furnished some facts that are full of interest. In that city he finds that the 8,126 hands employed in the various industries are paid a trifle over \$200 apiece yearly. Of these, 2,500 mechanics do not receive over \$600 a year, and having families to support they say that an elegant church is not the place for them, and they cannot pay pew rent. They find that they must take a back seat, behind a big pillar, or go into the gallery. In too many cases the parents send the children to the Sunday school because it costs nothing, and they themselves stay at home, and that costs nothing. These are serious truths that wealthy churches are called upon to meet. It is a many-sided problem, how best to reach the masses with the gospel.

It is said to be clear that the late Czar's murder was planned outside of Russia, and in that country much annoyance is expressed that Switzerland should allow her territory to be used so freely as a headquarters of conspirators. The Czar's funeral was held on Sunday, his remains being deposited in the imperial vault in the church of the Petropalovsky fortress at St. Petersburg. The new Emperor invited the German Crown Prince to a private interview before the funeral, evidently for state reasons. In case of the death of the new Emperor, he has appointed the Grand Duke Vladimir to be regent of his heir during the latter's minority. The Princess Dolgorouky, the late Czar's wife, has gone to Venice. The policy of the new administration, as far as announced, is conciliatory and is aimed at the more rapid development of the resources of the nation and the improvement of the people. If it be allowed a chance, it will create a better feeling without doubt.

Apropos of the determination of the Imperial Government to gradually discontinue the ecclesiastical grants in Ceylon, *The Lucknow Witness*, says: "Another forward step has been made in the great cause of religious equality, or the freedom of religion from State patronage and State control. The home authorities have announced the gradual cessation of all payments from the public treasury to the Episcopal and Presbyterian chaplains and bishop in Ceylon. No more bishops and chaplains are to be appointed, and after each vacancy from death or retirement a period of five years is allowed for the congregations concerned to put their affairs in order and arrange for meeting their own expenses. It will be seen that the arrangement is a most liberal one, and full provision is made for all vested interests. It is only a few years since the formal agitation of this question was taken up in Ceylon, and now its promoters have the satisfaction of knowing that in ten or fifteen years all vestiges of this unjust favoritism will have vanished. It is a signal triumph. When will it be India's turn?"

The Gospel in all Lands, thus speaks of mission-work throughout the world: "The year upon which we have entered begins with the whole world open to the Gospel, with an army of nearly three thousand foreign missionaries encircling the globe, with one hundred and fifty million copies of the Holy Bible, proclaiming their message in two hundred and fifty tongues, and with a great multitude of nearly two million converts from heathenism as the first fruits of the Gentiles. More than one thousand seraglios in India are open to the missionaries of our women's boards: imperial palaces in China are open to our medical missionaries and imperial patronage is fostering our missionary hospitals: pagan religions are becoming effete, and even Mohammedanism is at last beginning to yield to the Gospel."

The colored population of the United States is anything but dying out. According to the returns of the recent census, in the fifteen ex-slave States not including Texas, that population in 1880 was 5,643,891 against 4,242,003 in 1870. This is an increase of more than 33 per cent. The increase for the ten years between 1860 and 1870 was about 5 1/2 per cent., and in the previous decade when slavery was in full force the in-

crease was only 16 per cent., while between 1840 and 1850 the increase was 25 per cent. In short, the colored population of the States has never increased so rapidly as during the last ten years, the threats and the prophecies of the pro-slavery advocates to the contrary notwithstanding. This shows a wonderful and most gratifying improvement in their material and social condition, and proves to a demonstration that the old talk about the negroes needing some one to take care of them is pure nonsense, if not something a great deal worse. We were told that as soon as slavery ceased the colored people would die off like flies, that the most of the children could not survive infancy, etc. The answer to all this, as given by the census return, ought to be sufficient for a good while to come. In fact the increase is greater than that of the whites, though of course there has been in the case of the colored population no immigration to swell the numbers. The whites may just as well sooner or later settle that the negroes are in the States to stay and try to make the best of that fact.

A missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel writes from Basutoland that the Basuto war has broken up entirely missionary work at Thlotse Heights and scattered both European and native congregations to the winds. The following shows what serious effects this most wicked war, waged by the British rulers, had on British churches and missions:—"I am thankful to say that at this trying crisis not one of our native converts has joined the rebels. They have all proved loyal, and I have had to suffer accordingly, having been promptly and effectually 'eaten up' by their rebellious and, at the present moment, prosperous brethren. Six of our mission huts have been sacked and four of them burned down by the insurgents. Our church has been looted in every direction by the government, and is now used as a barrack. The enemy has taken care not to spare it either, and the whole building is riddled with shot. Our school has shared a like fate. Our new native training college, only partially completed, has been leveled almost to its foundation, and all our walls have been thrown down, by the authorities, in order that the rebels might find no cover behind them. The garden of the native training college, upon which so much care has been expended by my brother priest, the Rev. R. K. Champernowne, and upon which we mainly depend for our supply of vegetables, has been completely destroyed, a troop of the Kimberley Light Horse being at present quartered in it. The season being unusually wet, and fuel being consequently very scarce, the timber and galvanized iron which arrived a short time since for the roof of the native training college — most expensive articles in these regions — have been appropriated by the volunteers, and 30,000 of our unburnt bricks, which the iron used to cover are gently melting away. Even our little cemetery has not been spared, the walls having been thrown down and the gate carried off and chopped up for fuel. Fortunately, we were able before the outbreak took place to remove some of our furniture and books to the Free State, but a great many of the things that still remained have been stolen by the rebels, and three of our four horses have shared the same fate."

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERV- ING

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet :
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most com-
plete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt at-
tention—

That He some sweetest secret may impart :
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence,
That heart finds deepest fellowship with
heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has
placed us

Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an on-
trance ;

There's only room to suffer—to endure.
Well, God loves patience : souls that dwell
in stillness,

Doing the little things or resting quiet,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission.
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see,
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis
given

By grateful love that clothes itself in deed.
But work that's done beneath the scourge of
duty,

Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him whatso'er He bids
thee ;

Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still !
'T will matter little by what path He led us.
If in it all we sought to do His will.

—Selected.

From the Sunday at Home.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

Ishmael sat silent, with his eyes fastened
on the pale yellow light in the sky
behind the tops of the trees, across which
a bat was flitting to and fro ; but he did
not see the sunset light, or the flight
of the bat.

"Ay!" she said, almost joyously, "and
to-day I knew He'd heard ; for Mrs. Clift
and Miss Elsie came to see me ; and Ish-
mael, my lad, they brought grand news for
thee. They're going away across the seas
to that country where folks go for a better
chance than they've got here ; and they've
promised to take thee with them ; for Mrs.
Clift said, 'It was all along of Elsie that
Ishmael got into trouble and disgrace ; and
folks won't think badly of him there ; and
I'll be like a mother to him,' said Mrs.
Clift. And I knew then that God had
heard my affliction again."

"Oh mother!" cried Ishmael, "I couldn't
leave thee, never ; not if the Queen of Eng-
land sent for me to go."

"But oh, my lad," she answered, "if
the Lord doesn't take me home afore the
time comes for thee to go, thee must leave
me. Ay, and I should die happier,
knowin' thee were safe away, and havin' a
chance to be a good man, than leavin' thee
here to be tempted and drove into sin.
Ishmael, promise me thee'll go, whether
I'm alive or dead, when the time comes.
Oh, my dear, dear lad, promise to obey
me."

"I cannot, mother, I cannot," he
sobbed ; "I'll go gladly if thee art dead ;
but so long as thee can speak to me, and I
can look at thee, I cannot go."

"They're not goin' afore hay-harvest,"
she said softly, "and, please God, I may
be dead by then."

But as she lay awake at night, thinking
of Ishmael, who was sleeping soundly in his
old shelter, the cave in the limestone rock,
she wondered what would become of him
if she could not prevail upon him to leave
her for ever, whilst she was still living.
There would be no one who loved her to
close her dying eyes, and hold her dying
hand, and whisper last words of love into
her dying ear, if Ishmael were gone.
But oh, how gladly would she rather die in
utter loneliness if she knew that he was safe,
and would have a new start in life.

The days passed slowly ; and the grass
grew in the fields around, and blossomed,
and ripened for the scythe ; but still life
seemed to cling to Ruth, weary as she
was to die and set Ishmael free. She
could no longer come down the ladder
which led to the loft where she lay in

darkness, but whenever Humphrey was
away, Ishmael was beside her in the
darkness, within reach of her hand, as in
the old time when he was a child. There
was no stint of food for him now, for Mrs.
Clift came every day with Elsie, and Mrs.
Chipchase sent from the farm, or called in
to see Ruth herself, and neither of them
came empty handed. It was only when
the time came each day for him to escape
out of the way of his father that he felt him-
self still an exile from his home.

"I'll not leave thee to-night," he said,
one evening when she seemed worse than
he had ever seen her before ; "I can't leave
thee to-night. Maybe thou'rt dyin'."

"Nay," she answered with a long, low,
sad sigh, "nay, Ishmael, there musn't be
a fight 'twixt thy father and thee over my
dyin' bed."

"He'll come home drunk," he said
almost fiercely, "and I can't leave thee
alone with him."

"I'm not afraid to be left alone with
thy father," she replied. "He was a good
husband to me once, and he is not be hard
with me when I'm dyin'. I wasn't always
as good a wife as I might ha' been ; and
I've a many things to say to him. Hark !
they're runnin' to tell thee he's comin' up
the lane. Go, Ishmael ; kiss me, and go
quickly."

"I cannot go," he cried clinging to
her ; "pr'aps I shall never see thy face
again, never ! Oh, mother, I cannot go !"

But as he still held her in his arms, and
she pushed him feebly away, Elsie's clear
young voice was heard in the kitchen be-
low, calling hurriedly.

"Ishmael," she cried, "little Willie Nut-
kin is lost in the old quarry behind the
cave, and we want you. Nutkin, and the
squire, and everybody ; we all want you."

CHAPTER VII.—HER LAST COMMAND.

Ishmael loosed his hold of his mother,
but he did not rise from the place where
he was kneeling beside her. A faint gleam
coming up from the room below lit up
Ruth's face as she looked earnestly and
searchingly into his.

"I can't quit my mother," he answered,
speaking in a loud but forced tone ; "she's
dyin' and if I go maybe I shall never see
her again."

"Ishmael," said Ruth, "thee has never
forgiven Nutkin yet."

"Nay," he muttered, "no, it's been too
much to forgive. He drove me away
from home ; and I'd have been a man by
now, instead of a wastrel, if he hadn't
been hard on me. Thee'd not ha' worked
thyself to death, mother, if it hadn't been
for him. No ; I've not forgiven him. Let
him find his little lad for himself."

"You must come, Ishmael," called Elsie.
"Willie's been missing five hours or more ;
and we can hear him crying in the old
quarry ; and nobody knows it like you do ;
and the opening's too small for a man to
crawl through, and it's no use sending in a
boy, if any of them would go alone. Oh,
come quickly ! Suppose he strayed into one
of those pools you told me of, and was
drowned. Come down this minute !"

But Ishmael did not move, holding his
mother's hand between his own, and gazing
mournfully into her beseeching face.

"If I bid thee go," she murmured, "thee
would not disobey me now I'm dyin' ?"

"Don't send me," he cried ; "don't bid
me go."

"Nay," she said tenderly. "I'm bound
to bid thee, and thee art bound to go. It
'ud be no comfort to see thee nigh me,
if I couldn't die happy for thinkin' of the
little lad in the pit. And it's partly be-
cause thee hasn't forgiven Nutkin. And
if we forgive not men their sins, neither
will our heavenly Father forgive ours.
That's what the blessed Lord says. And
oh, if thee forgives him, the Lord will for-
give thee. Go, Ishmael, I shall see thee
again—not here, maybe—but in some
better place."

"I'll go," he said, looking into her face
very sorrowfully ; "but, oh, if I never see
thee again in this world, it'll seem hard to
wait till we get to heaven."

Still Elsie's impatient and entreating
voice reached their ears, urging him to
make haste, and his mother's sunken eyes
were fastened upon him with a look in
them as if she was beseeching him to go.
It might be the last time he would ever see
her face. With a deep and heavy sob Ish-
mael stooped to kiss her, and as if afraid
to trust himself to linger another moment,
he sprang down the ladder, and pushing on
through bramble and brushwood, quickly
reached the entrance of the cave.

It was no longer dark and solitary
Many of the villagers were there, and the
glimmer of several lanterns produced a lurid
and fitful light. Nutkin knelt at the far
end of the cave before the low and narrow
inlet, through which, when there was a
moment's silence, he fancied he could hear
in the black darkness the voice of his child
crying.

"The men will be here with pick-axes
soon, Nutkin," said the squire, who stood
beside him, "and we'll get the little fellow
out in a very short time, my man."

"I'm more afraid of the picks bring-
ing the old roof in than aught else, sir,"
answered Nutkin, in a voice of despair,
"there's been a deal o' heavy rain o' late,
and there's been two or three hollows given
in above ground ; and if the roof gave way
betwixt us and the little lad he'd die o'
fright before we could dig him out. If the
hole was but big enough for a man to
creep through ! But nobody could creep
through a hole no bigger than a rabbit-
bury ; only a teeny creature like little
Willie."

A profound silence followed Nutkin's
speech, for no man or woman there could
risk the life of any of their boys by sending
them into the workings of the old quarry.
And amid the silence there was heard plain-
ly enough a low, stifled voice speaking.

"I can crawl through," it said ; "I know
every step o' the old pit."

"Ishmael Medway!" shouted half-a-
dozen voices, joyously, "he's the lad, if
there is one."

He felt himself pushed forward to the far
end of the cave, where the light was strong-
est. The thin, stunted, under-sized lad, in
his tattered clothing, and with his mournful
face, stood in front of the squire, and of his
old enemy, who gazed at him half in
shame and half in hope.

"Mother's sent me," he said, touching
his old ragged cap to the squire. "She's
dyin', and I don't s'pose as I shall ever
see her again ; but she couldn't die happy
with the little lad lost in the pit. And
mother says if I forgive him here God'll
forgive me ; and take me some day, some-
where, to the place where she's goin' ! I
slept here last night, and I heard the
ground give way. Don't set any picks at
work."

Ishmael did not wait for an answer, but
lying down on the ground, crept through
the narrow, winding tunnel he had often
crawled through as a boy. He called
back to them when he had reached the
shaft, where he could stand upright, and
they saw that he had struck a light ; but
presently all sound and sign of him was
lost, and Nutkin and the squire rose from
their knees where they had been watching
and listening, and the fitful light of the
lanterns shone upon the tears in their eyes.

"I'll make a man of that lad," said the
squire, in a broken voice.

"God Almighty bring him and Willie
safe back," cried Nutkin, sinking down on
his knees again, "and I'll treat him as my
own son, I will ; as long as ever I live. So
help me, God !"

So silent for some time was the crowd
of villagers now thronging the cave that
they could hear the heavy splashes of
water falling from the rain-sodden earth
into the little pools collected below in the
subterranean alleys of the old pit ; and
once a low rumbling like distant thunder,
telling of the earth giving way in one of
the many galleries, made them hold their
breath in speechless dread, and look anx-
iously into one another's faces. But as if
Ishmael too had heard it, and wished to
reassure them, there came the sound of his
voice, calling back to them from the hidden
pathways.

"God bless him!" exclaimed the squire,
a smile for a moment crossing his anxious
and clouded face.

"Ay!" cried Chipchase, "he was as
good a lad as ever breathed before he went
to gaol for stealing them pheasant's eggs ;
and old Ruth, his mother, you might trust
her in a room full of golden guineas. She's
as good an old soul as ever lived. Ish-
mael said she was a-dying, didn't he, sir ?"

"Yes," answered the squire.
"And she'd send him away from her to
save Nutkin's little lad!" said Chipchase,
"that's what I call being a Christian. Any
minute might bring the roof over his head,
and bury him alive ; and old Ruth knows
it. But if any soul in Broadmore be-
lieves in God, it's Ruth ; and please God,
I'll be a better man myself from this day
forth."

The farmer's voice trembled as he fin-
ished speaking, and he turned his face

away from the light, ashamed to let his
neighbors see how much he felt.

"Old Ruth's had a hard, bitter life,"
said Mrs. Chipchase, sobbing ; "she was
near broken-hearted when Ishmael went
to gaol ; and she's never been the same
woman since. He was like the apple of her
eye. Ishmael was ; and he'd worse luck
than any of her children, thanks to Nut-
kin, I always said, and always shall say to
my dying day. What was a boy's taking
a few paltry eggs, I'd like to know."

"I'll treat him like my own son," mut-
tered Nutkin, not looking up.

"We must make it up to him," added
the squire. "If I'd known he was a good
lad, he should never have gone to gaol."

"Hush!" cried Elsie, who was stand-
ing beside Mrs. Chipchase. Instantly there
was a breathless stillness in the cave, and
every eye was turned towards the low outer
entrance, through which they could hear
the dragging of weary footsteps. Bent
almost double, and tottering as if every
step must be the last, came old Ruth her-
self.

"Where's Ishmael?" she asked, look-
ing round at her neighbors' faces with eyes
dim and glazed.

(To be continued.)

TEXTS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

BY REV. E. PANTON HOOD.

No doubt texts have been used, for
the most part, merely as mottoes, but
still, even in that case, descriptive of
the topic of a discourse ; and sometimes
they have had so mysterious a ring
that the mode of their treatment has,
at first, seemed enigmatical. But
these are exceptions to the general law
in the choice of texts, and the great
principle has always been homage to
the Book. Thus chapters are selected
from it as lessons in the service, and
texts are taken from it because every
minister is supposed to believe that this
Book is singular and solitary among
all books and all literature—a super-
natural voice—that it alone of all books
has such an accent as entitles the
Christian teacher to call it the Word of
God. This sets aside, then, at once,
the foolish talk and more foolish usage
of those who select texts from Shake-
speare or Goethe ; from the Koran or
the Vedas ; from Homer or Plato.
From all these sources, and countless
others, great texts might be taken and
good sermons preached. Shakespeare
is full of texts ; but, however great such
writers may be, the Christian minister
does not confound their authority with
the absolute authoritativeness of the
Bible. As to Voltaire's nonsense about
a short text being made the subject of
a long discourse, it would be just as
reasonable to ridicule the idea of a
small seed being the first substance of
a large tree. All the great words of
the Bible are seminal. It cannot be too
constantly remembered that all the an-
ecdotes, narratives, stories and histor-
ies of the Bible are great doctrines ; and,
besides this, all teachers utter lengthy
discourses on short texts—the chemist,
the geologist, the astronomer, the meta-
physician. The elucidation of a sum-
mary aphorism may be even neces-
sarily extended over an hour—perhaps
through many discourses ; so that,
from every point of view, human and
divine, reasons alike warrant and au-
thenticate the minister of the Word in
always prefacing his discourse by words
from the Bible.

It is true that texts have very often
been taken very much as mottoes—per-
haps very justifiable and very remem-
berable mottoes—to a train of thought.
Perhaps this has been especially the
case with funeral sermons. John Howe
has been regarded as truly seraphic in
the reverence of his nature ; but there
was something exceedingly apt in his
text, in 1690, for the funeral sermon
of Esther, the wife of Dr. Henry Samp-
son, a physician, both members of his
church. The lady died on a Sunday,

after a lingering illness of eighteen years, and his text was from Luke xiii. 16: "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, to be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" It was a marvellously apt and beautiful text. And when the great naturalist and sacred scientist, the Rev. Professor Hitchcock—a man remarkable for his acquaintance with geology, chemistry, botany and zoology—died, the Rev. Dr. Tyler took for his text, in preaching his funeral sermon, 1 Kings vi. 33: "And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

Old Matthew Wilkes was every way an oddity in the pulpit, and was fond of taking texts of one word; he was, in spite of his eccentricities, an eminently useful man, and a very good preacher. We remember a fair illustration of his style in a text of this sort from John: "Afterwards." He began by deprecating the idea that he had taken the text for the purpose of showing the superior abilities of the preacher, remarking that "vanity is hateful in any place, but most in the pulpit; hateful in any person, but most in the minister; hateful in any age, but most in the age of gray hairs." Then followed a set of very natural divisions. "I. Men are indisposed to give up sin until they have felt the power of judgment, as the Lord said, 'I will yet bring one more plague upon Pharaoh, and afterwards he will let you go.' II. The power of remorse, as in Esau, 'Afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, there was found no place for repentance.' III. As furnishing the point of view for earthly trouble: 'No afflictions are joyous, but grievous, but afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' IV. Suggesting the anticipations of Heaven—'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.' V. Suggesting warning for impenitence—'After death the judgment!' etc. A very brief outline of what seems to have been a very impressive sermon, and the very practical turn of which saves it from the appearance of being founded on a mere eccentricity. As singular an appropriation of a text as we ever remember to have met with was made by an obscure minister in a little seaboard village on the south coast, upon the occasion of its remoteness and isolation being invaded by a railway and its attendant train. Our old friend improved the occasion by discoursing from Nahum 1:4: "Chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against the other in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Such illustrations as these do not offend good taste, and sometimes a text may be so impressive as to be really, in itself a sermon; it at once points and fixes the meditation of the hearer; and it has been very truly said by Dr. Leonard Withington, "I suppose a preacher may write a sermon on every text in the Book of Proverbs, and not forget the theme of Jesus Christ and him crucified, only it should be the determination of the preacher not to cramp a noble maxim in a narrow mind." It is the coarse and narrow mind which either, on the one hand, selects a text simply because it, perhaps, has a grotesqueness, or, having selected it, narrows it to a range of little and inconsequential observations.

This is very different from the folly and frippery of a preacher of whom we have heard, and whose sermons we

possess, who sought to crowd his empty pews by announcing, on successive Sunday evenings, such texts as "Nine-and-twenty knives," "A time to dance," "Alas, master, for it was borrowed," and so on.

Some ministers seem to deal with texts only in the method announced once by old Rowland Hill in happy irony, when he said, "First, we shall go through the text; second, we shall go round about the text; and third we shall go away from the text altogether." They take the third division at once, and go away from the text altogether, as we read of a clergyman, who, taking the text, " whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," devoted the entire sermon to an epitome of Sir Charles Bell's treatise on the anatomical and physiological properties of the human hand; another wrenched a text right away from its context, taking Judges iv. 20, when Sisera said to Jael, "Stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be, when any man doth come and inquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No!" The last four words were his text, "Thou shalt say, No," for a sermon on the importance of decision of character.

We should require much space, even if it were seemly for us to attempt to recite a title of the anecdotes of what may be called the reprehensible use of texts. There are stories of the selection of texts which only show an entire absence of every sentiment of reverence and proper regard for the sanctity of the divine Word. They remind us of the reproof given to that prelate who, when asked by some person, "Who preached to-day?" replied, "I preached myself." "Did you, indeed?" said his interrogator. "That is what Paul did not do; he preached Christ crucified!" When we hear of the ingenious handling of grotesque texts, we usually feel that the preacher has thought more of his ingenuity than his mission. Hamiton Paul must have been such a man. He took for a text for his farewell sermon at Ayr, "All wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him;" and for a funeral sermon for one of his parishioners of an exceedingly doubtful character, named Moses Marshall, "As for this Moses, we wot not what has become of him."—*Sunday at Home.*

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

(Specially prepared for the Christian Helper by Mrs. J. C. Felt.)

Sunday, April 17.

THE PHARISEES REPROVED.—Luke xi. 37-47.

GOLDEN TEXT, Matt. xxiii. 3.—All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say, and do not.

Commit—39-41.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Between our last lesson and this, we have several matters of great interest—as a visit of Jesus at the house of Mary and Martha; the model prayer He taught His disciples, and the accompanying instructions in regard to prayer: the casting out of a deaf and dumb devil, and sundry teachings which followed; but the length of time these occupied, and whether we find them related in the exact order of their occurrence or not, it is not easy to decide.

LESSON NOTES.

(37.) A certain Pharisee besought Him to dine with him, and He went in, and sat down to meat. These occasions were frequently made use of by the Pharisees for entrapping Jesus in His conversation; or for watching His actions and words, in order to find something of which to accuse Him. Jesus, on the other hand, availed Himself of them to teach them useful lessons; or to point out their false doctrines, and unmask their hypocritical pretences.

(38.) And when the Pharisee saw it—that is, that Jesus neglected the customary ablutions—he marvelled &c. The Jews had

become so accustomed to follow the Rabbinical traditions, that they accepted them as God's law; and submitted to them as binding, while many of them were not only not required by it, but were clearly opposed to its spirit. Among these were the ceremonial washing of hands when coming in from the markets, from business, from the courts of justice, and many other places where they had come in contact with those they called "sinners;" and also certain stipulated washings of cups, pots, brazen vessels, tables, &c.; not so much for the purpose of cleanliness, as for removing certain fancied moral pollutions.

Jesus, on several occasions, pointedly rebuked these hypocritical customs falsely called law; and exposed the baseness of those who made it their business to teach and enforce them. On the present occasion He ignored the custom of hand-washing altogether; and thus drew upon Himself the ill-disguised contempt of His host, who was only too glad of any occasion to find fault with Him.

(39.) It is not to be supposed that either the Pharisee or his guests were at all careful to conceal their surprise and displeasure at Jesus' neglect, and thus they drew upon themselves one of the most scathing and terrible of rebukes. And the Lord said unto him—answered to his probably unspoken thought—now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and platter &c. As if he had said—you attach great religious or ceremonial importance to outward observance, but do not look within into your own hearts—to see the corruption that reigns there;—your inward part is full of ravening (rapacity, violence) and wickedness. Though cloaked under the outward guise of sanctity and virtue, the Lord saw their hearts full of selfishness and base hypocrisy.

(40.) Fools, (senseless, unreasoning ones,) did not He that made that which is without—that which is apparent to the eye of man—make that which is within also?—And though the latter is hidden from man, are not both naked and open to His eye? and will not He demand cleanness of heart, without which all your outward ceremonies are only a vain and empty show?

(41.) But rather (than attending to the outward, and losing sight of the inward cleansing) give alms—that is, show kindness, pity to the poor, and such other heavenly graces as flow from inward purity. Of such things as ye have of your own, not of what you have extorted from others by rapacity and injustice. And behold all things are clean unto you—that is, having the inward cleansing that manifests itself in such actions, this external and pretentious show of outward cleansing will lose its importance.

(42.) Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe (pay tithes of) mint and rue, and all manner of herbs—keep up the appearance of great sanctity in little, and comparatively unimportant things—and pass over—(utterly neglect)—judgment—just and upright dealing with men) and the love of God. Paying tithes was all right in itself, but could not make up for the lack of holiness of heart and life. These—judgment and the love of God—ought ye to have done—they were of the first importance—and not to have left the other undone. The former—paying tithes and other legal observances—should be only the visible expression of the inward principle of holiness.

(43.) Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats (seats of honor) in the synagogues, and greetings (such as are offered to superiors only) in the markets. The pride and self-complicity of the Pharisees are vividly exposed in the story of the Pharisee and Publican—ch. xviii. 10-12.

(44.) Woe unto you, Scribes (the copyists and expounders of the law, and learned men of the nation, otherwise called doctors of the law and lawyers) and Pharisees, hypocrites, (pretenders,—a name for both—) for ye are as graves that appear not, &c. The law made one that touched a grave ceremonially unclean—(Num. xix. 16). So all that came in contact with these men might account themselves polluted. See also Matt. xxiii. 27.

(45.) One of the lawyers said, &c. Being one of the same learned and influential class, this man could not but feel himself included in this censure, as indeed he was.

(46.) Woe unto you, lawyers! Why? Because ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, &c. These were tasks and im-

positions of various kinds which they claimed as legal, and enforced with the utmost rigor, while their own lives were made shamelessly inconsistent—(Matt. xxiii. 4).

(47.) Woe unto you (all,—see Matt. xxiii. 29). Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.

This, too, was done in hypocritical pretence, and accompanied by the sanctimonious cant—if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets: while all the time they possessed the same murderous spirit, as soon after appeared in their treatment of Christ and the apostles, and was, even then, clearly manifested in them—(see Matt. xxiii. 31).

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

No man is so mad as the hypocrite. His whole aim is to deceive men in regard to his real character, forgetting or ignoring the fact that God knows him as he is, and will by and by expose him with all his sins upon his head.

The blackest of all hypocrites is he who hides himself under the mask of religion—and especially under that of a religious teacher, while serving Satan and misleading souls.

Hypocrisy defeats its own ends, which are honor, influence, and reward; for soon exposed to bathing and contempt. Even hypocrites detest a hypocrite.

The life of the hypocrite is a gigantic lie towards men, and a prolonged insult and defiance of God. Of all such the Saviour's utterance is, woe, woe—only woe!

QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the children.)

(37.) To whose house was Jesus invited? What did the Pharisee marvel at? Was this washing of hands just for cleanliness? No; it was a custom they followed, under pretence of having become unclean through touching or speaking to some one not as good as themselves. Why did Jesus not wash? Because it was not God's law, and was not necessary. (38.) What did Jesus say to the Pharisee? What did He mean? That he was making a great ado about outward things, forgetting the filth of his own heart. (40.) Why did He call the Pharisee fool? Because he forgot that God made him to be clean with a first of all; and if he was not clean in his heart, his outward cleansing would do him no good. (41.) What did He tell them all to do? What did He mean? That they were to show by kind and loving deeds that they had clean hearts. (42.) Why did He pronounce a woe upon them? Was that because they gave tithes (teachings) of those little things? No; but because they passed over (did not practise) something much more important—What was that? What did He mean by these?—What by the other? Then ought they to have done both? Which was most important? (43.) What two things is the woe for in this verse? What was the harm in the first?—in the second? See note. (44.) What did Jesus tell them they were like? What did He mean? See note. (45.) What did the lawyer say? Did he think Jesus meant him? (46.) Did Jesus mean him, too? What did He say to the lawyer? What did He mean? See note. Did they themselves do the things they made the people do? Ought they to? Yes, if they were right. If not, they should not have made the people do them. What terrible name did Jesus call them all? What is a hypocrite? Is a hypocrite, then, one of the wickedest of liars? What, then, will become of him, if he does not repent? (Rev. xxi. 8.)

—A lady who had been spending the summer at Lake Chautauqua says that on one of the steamers that passed Fair Point at the time when the great Sabbath-school convention was in progress, were three women, rather gaudily dressed, and wearing diamonds enough to indicate that they had plenty of money. Their conversation was carried on in a loud voice, and attracted considerable attention. In front of Fair Point stands a statue of Faith. "See that piece of statuary," said number one. "I wonder who it is. It must be Jupiter." "No," said number two, "it looks more like Venus." "Well," said number three, "anyway it's one of those people in the Bible."—*Troy Times.*

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TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1881.

NOTICE!

Mr. Wm. Revell has kindly undertaken the business management of the INDEPENDENT. In the future, therefore, all remittances and letters about the subscription, or complaints, should be addressed to him, Box 2618, P. O. Toronto, and all articles for insertion, news of churches, &c., to the Managing Editor, same address.

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

We would call the attention of our readers to their labels. All whose subscriptions expired Jan., '81, or earlier, are now due another year. Will they please remit.

We want as many items of news of the churches as possible, but will our correspondents be BRIEF, our space is limited and we dislike to cut down.

BAPTISTS ON MODES OF BAPTISM.

A controversy is agitating our Baptist brethren in England, which if it does not produce immediate results, as we hardly suppose that it will, is at any rate indicative of the setting in of a tide of opinion which may ultimately overflow the old landmarks and change materially the position of the Baptist churches and their relation to ourselves.

The point is as to the mode of baptism, and the question is asked, practically, if it is not time to cease insisting on immersion, and admit the equal validity of sprinkling in the case of those who, from conscientious or physical reasons, prefer it? The opening of the controversy was by a letter from Mr. Samuel Watson, who appears to be a man of position, as he is undoubtedly of large views. He made the rather startling suggestion, coming from such a source, that the time had come when it would strengthen, not weaken, their position "to confess that the spirit and meaning of the ordinance is not dependent upon the form." And he goes on to state what, we confess, we should hardly have expected, that such is the growing reluctance among the young people of education and refinement to submit to the ordeal, that in some (Baptist) churches they actually admit young people to membership without baptism at all.

Of course, such an utterance as this was like the letting out of waters, and the Baptist papers have given insertion to a large number of letters, pro and con, most of them, as might be expected, opposed to such revolutionary sentiments. The conclusion set forth by these being that it was commanded by Christ, in the very mode that it was intended to exist to the end of the world, and that any avoidance of it would be treason to the truth. It is noticeable, however, that while there is feeling, prejudice, and, we would add, true piety, variously shown in the letters advocating the retention of the mode: the arguments for the modification are, to our minds, very strong, and the motives of the writers are as pure and loyal to the truth as their opponents'. We quote some extracts

from what is the longest letter in the *Nonconformist's* summary, and which very calmly, and yet very forcibly, puts the points for a modification in the cast-iron rule of immersion.

"Mr James Harvey, of Mount Grove, Hampstead, (whom the *Freeman* refers to as one who 'has assuredly a right to a hearing on any matter pertaining to our denomination'), says: 'It may be that some of us will have to make the admission that our fathers in the Baptist denomination, and we their successors, have not been right in maintaining that immersion is the only mode of baptism authorized in Scripture. If truth should require this admission to be made, I hope we one and all shall be ready to make it, and rejoice in any further light which may be thrown on the sacred page. Our appeal, however, must be to the Scriptures, and not merely to our preferences. We ought not to beg the question by saying, 'This is settled, there is the command, the mode is one and unalterable, and you are inconsistent in not obeying it.' If the question has been settled twenty times over, or rather considered to have been so settled, it will not do to plead such supposed settlement when a new inquiry is instituted.' Comparing Acts ii. 1-4, 14-18, with Acts i. 4, 5, he remarks: "In these Scriptures two things are clearly stated, the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel in pouring out of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and the analogy between the baptism of John and that of the Holy Ghost. It follows that if we have clearly stated the mode of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, we have an unquestionable clue to the mode of the baptism of John. . . . Whatever may have been the copiousness of the gift of the Spirit, the mode was a 'pouring out,' a 'coming upon,' the disciples." Much argument may be fairly used to show the reasonableness of an alternative mode of baptism. For instance, Palestine is a country which is barely ten degrees from the Tropic of Cancer, and in which loose garments are worn and but few needed. To throw off the upper flowing robe and plunge into the stream of Jordan was a rite in harmony with the nature of the country, and fitted to symbolise at least one Scriptural meaning of the act on the part of the disciple as a profession of 'death unto sin and a new life unto righteousness.' So also in Asia Minor and in the southern countries of Europe. But is immersion equally suitable in England or still colder countries? For the administration of baptism, our ordinary clothes must be taken off and a special suit put on. After the rite has been gone through, the wet garments have to be removed and the body well rubbed from head to foot and dry clothes resumed. Was this required in apostolic days? Had John need of many dressing rooms, special suits of clothes and a large supply of dry towels on the banks of Jordan? Again, take the case of a convert in a critical or a permanently delicate state of health, whose medical attendant absolutely prohibits a sudden plunge into the water. Has our Lord, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, made no provision for such an one to obey His command to be baptized? And must such an one be deprived for life of church fellowship? *A priori* we should certainly conclude that an ordinance instituted for all people and all ages would be applicable to such a case. The Sabbath, notwithstanding its sacredness, and the stringent commands and severe penalties attached thereto under the Jewish economy, was, we are told by our Lord, made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' May we not fairly apply this principle to baptism, and say, 'It was made for Christians, and not Christians for baptism.' Reason seems to indicate that the probability is on the side of a rite applicable to all ages, all climates, and all people. The words of our Lord and the practice of His apostles

appear to confirm the result of our reasoning, and to show that baptizing by immersion is not the only mode recognised in Scripture. John baptized with water, Jesus baptized with the Spirit. The mode of the baptism of the Spirit was by 'pouring out,' 'coming upon'—*ergo*, the mode of baptism by water may be, and probably was, carried out in the same manner."

As we said at the beginning, we do not anticipate any immediate results, but if such sentiments as we have quoted prevail to any large extent in the Baptist body, or even if it is only a small but a working leaven, the time will come when the whole lump will be leavened. On principle we welcome such a tendency, not because it would involve any weakening of the Baptists as a denomination, which it need not do, but because it would bring that denomination nearer, as we think, to the light and spirit of the Master's teachings.

MADAGASCAR.

This island, as a mission field, has been called the crown of the London Missionary Society, which first planted, and for nearly two generations solely maintained, the Gospel there, until, in 1848, Christianity was made the religion of the State, and heathenism disowned. It was scarcely to be supposed that such a field should be allowed to remain solely in the hands of an undenominational Society, for denominationalism has a much stronger hold on many minds than simple Christianity, so the Propagation (High Church) Society established, 1874, a bishopric there to proselyte rather than Christianize. The Quakers have also established a mission, not, however, antagonistic, but specially directed towards the complete emancipation of the slaves.

Madagascar equals in extent Great Britain and Ireland, and has a population about equal with that of Canada. Unitedly the inhabitants are called the *Malagasy*, though there are at least four distinct classes:—the ruling race of the Hovas, who, of a light olive complexion, seem almost a Caucasian race; the Betanimena, who inhabit the lowlands, as the Hovas the highlands, and who somewhat resemble each other; the Betsileos, a copper-colored, heavy-featured race, peaceful, patriarchal and contented, seldom straying from their ancestral home; the Sakalavas, with the crisp hair and dark features of the negro, of fine presence, bold, firm, intelligent, said to be, though not the ruling, yet the finest race of Madagascar. In the forests, skirting the great mountain range which forms the backbone of the island, live the hewers of wood, the miners, charcoal-burners, and mechanics, whose occupations never change, being handed down from father to son continually. Though reckoned free their services are at the disposal of the king, and of him alone, for which services no pay is received; apart from this, every one for himself or by his *slaves* builds his own house and looks after his own affairs. Slaves—no spot on that island is free from the blight of slavery, which Christinity, as yet, has only lightened. The slaves are not a distinct race. Captives in war, criminals, debtors, become slaves; their children perpetuate the class. Then on the south-east coast there has been

for centuries a settlement chiefly of Arabs, who in charms, jugglery, fortune-telling, and such like superstitions, have established an intercourse and trade with the native tribes, who have become so thoroughly influenced thereby that every act, such as the setting out upon a journey, or the location of a dwelling, is regulated by these superstitions. Such in brief are the inhabitants of this island.

The general shape and geographical position of the island will be familiar by the map of Africa, to which it bears a relation similar to that which England bears to Europe. A mountain range, rising in its peaks from 6,000 to 10,000 and even 12,000 feet, runs through the centre of the island along its length, and on its high table-lands live the Hovas; there, too, is Antananarivo, "City of a Thousand Towns" (the capital). On the mountain sides, below these heights of table-lands and peaks, a circling forest of nearly forty miles in width runs riot over rock, and vale, and wilderness; huge tree ferns and bamboos and forest monarchs, that one can readily imagine began their race in patriarchal days. We have already indicated the class who hew out homes in this vast barricade through which all travellers must pass from the sea coasts to the central province of Ankovy. Lower down there are continuous terraces, hills, and valleys, covered with the rank vegetation of the tropics; snake-like roots overground, huge flowers, trees that shoot as an arrow upward, and then spread out in an umbrella form of waving plumes; tangled vines twisting in inextricable confusion; the whole resounding with the chattering of innumerable monkeys, and the sharp chirping of the paroquet. Streams, hidden beneath the dense foliage, and cataracts, whose muffled roar you hear, but whose rush you see not until almost ready to take your leap with them into the wilderness below. Down and beyond all this the lowlands of the coast, broad or narrow according as they reach up to the side of the mountain range, or are narrowed by the projecting spurs of the mountains, in some places a hundred miles from the heights to the sea. Here grow the mango-tree, the cocoa-palm, and the gorgeous magnolia; there, too, lurk the deadly fevers from the swampy miasma of this tropical luxuriance.

Such is the island which within this century has caught the spirit of the world's progress under the gospel of the Nazarene, and has made rapid advancement towards a Christian civilization.

The representatives of the civilized world at Tamatave—the chief port of Madagascar, midway on the eastern coast—in 1808 were slave-traders, who did not scruple to steal as well as to buy the subjects of their infamous traffic. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that in the days of our fathers, in the early part of this nineteenth century, men from our fatherland could traffic in human lives and human misery. The spirit is not dead, for even now money is made at the price of human virtue, and unsuspecting girls in our civilized cities led to infamy for gain. "Who stands guiltless forth?"

In 1818 the first missionary began the work of preparation upon the island. Radama, the first of that

name, was the then king of the Ilovas. A beardless youth of sixteen, with morals so pure that he was deemed a man of feeble character by his father and his counsellors, who actually employed persons to allure him from the path of virtue as a necessary part of the education of him who was destined to rule a deceitful and licentious people. Don't start, reader, there are circumstances now in which we estimate strength of character by the wild oats sown. There was, however, no lack of character in Radama; from the time that he became king renown and power were ends energetically sought, not covertly, but openly, for till his dying day he shunned and hated a lie. His dying father's charge was to become possessed of the sovereignty of the entire island, and there is reason to believe that the favor with which he received the first missionaries was due very largely to the fact that they represented the religion of the people from whom he expected to learn the most in raising his people to supreme power, and to a rank among the more civilized nations of the earth. The "beardless youth of sixteen" in four years made himself master of the island, put a stop to the slave trade, encouraged missions, and then issued this proclamation:—"The whole island is now mine. It is governed by one king, ruled by the same laws, and must perform the same service. There are no more wars. Guns and spears may sleep. I am the father of the orphan, the protector of the widow and the oppressed, the avenger of evils and wrongs, and the rewarder of the good and just. With regard to yourselves, you must now work. Cultivate the waste lands. Rushes grow from the earth, gold and silver will not be poured down upon you from the skies." Under his patronage the missions prospered, the idols were discredited, many superstitions were weakened, some completely overthrown, schools were established, churches planted, laws framed against infanticide and intemperance, the Bible was translated and books of Christian tone to the number of five thousand printed. Not that the people were all won, but Radama was firm and the work went steadily on.

The king died, 1828: then came intrigue and plotting. Ranavalona, the senior of the king's twelve wives, (though it would appear only one, Kasatino, was formally recognized), was declared queen. The missionaries were at once distrusted—their services gradually dispensed with. Radame had so interwoven their work with his rule that prudence forbade their sudden suppression. Old customs were encouraged, superstition again lifted up its head, until in 1836 the missionaries were compelled by royal will to leave the island. For twenty-five years, with greater or less severity, persecution against the Christians prevailed. They were literally torn asunder, pierced with spears, burned, hurled from precipices; the queen had declared that "the bowels of the earth must be searched, and the rivers and the lakes dragged with nets" till the Christians should be destroyed. Yet her son was a follower of the Nazarene! Think of it. Ten years had so established Christianity in that island that eight years

of royal discouragement, where royalty was absolute, followed by twenty-five years of relentless persecution even unto death could not efface it; so that upon the queen's death, in 1861, her Christian son, Radama II., with acclamation ascended the throne. missionaries were welcomed back, and the great work goes on.

In a future article we shall speak of subsequent changes and of present work; meanwhile, this closing sentence must suffice as to the position.

Members in full communion with the churches in Madagascar now number sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty. Ordained native pastors, 368; evangelists, 156; local preachers or teachers, 3,468; 44,800 children in the schools, of whom 20,000 can read. Blessings on the martyr church of Madagascar; we can still say as of old. What hath God wrought? "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

OUR excellent contemporary, *The Canadian Baptist*, has fallen into an error in its issue of last week, with respect to the Stannard case in England, at which we are a little surprised. It heads the article "Congregational Heresy Case," which is itself an error, there can no more be a "Heresy Case" amongst the Congregationalists than among the Baptists. *The Baptist* says:—"The proceedings raise some important questions such as, "Does the judge appointed by the Queen not in this case virtually try Mr. Stannard as to his soundness in the faith? If he does, is this not placing the State above the Church?" Certainly not. The judge was simply asked to decide if Mr. Stannard had fulfilled an engagement into which he entered when he became pastor of Ramsden Street Chapel, just as he might have been called to decide if he had fulfilled any other contract, say, for the delivery of a cargo of wheat, or the erecting of a machine to do certain work. The "heresy" or orthodoxy of Mr. Stannard had absolutely nothing to do with the Vice-Chancellor's decision: simply, did he (Mr. S.) preach the doctrines he undertook to preach when he entered upon the pastorate of the church? which it was found he had not done. Had the thing been reversed, and the trust-deeds of the chapel framed on what our contemporary calls "heresy," and Mr. Stannard preached what is deemed "orthodoxy," the judgment must have been the same. It was clearly a case of breach of contract, and as such was decided. *The Canada Presbyterian* says correctly that it was a case of "hard law." On another point we most heartily agree with the *Canadian Baptist* when it says:—"Better, in our opinion, if this case had been settled by Christian arbitration than by a court of law." Surely, yes; and we shall be mistaken if that is not the conviction of those who pushed it to the bitter end before many years are past.

—We insert a communication from Rev. W. H. Allworth on the article of Mr. Hannay, although we must honestly confess to our surprise on reading it. Mr. Allworth cannot seriously expect that we, or any of

our correspondents, are to furnish "a reliable list of the churches that have been dragged into the ditch by clerical adventurers." Does Mr. A. want all the dirty puddles of the last fifty years stirred up afresh; are we to exhume the well-nigh forgotten troubles of churches, open afresh old wounds, and revive old irritations and bitterness? Even were there no other objections—which there are many—that reason would be sufficient. The fact is certain, question it, although Mr. Allworth may. Our only concern now should be to avoid a repetition of old errors. As to the effect of the "Bond Street mistake," our good friend thinks it "more imaginary than otherwise;" we can assure him that his opinion is not shared by many in Toronto who are in the best position to judge.

HOW TO HELP MISSION WORK.

Certain friends of Missions who are strongly convinced of the paramount duty of the churches in regard to them, and who are persuaded that none can prosper who neglect their claims, have just put forth a successful effort to awaken a deeper interest in the great cause so dear to the Saviour. They called together representatives of the churches in Montreal, who cheerfully co-operated in asking a visit on the part of the Revs. Drs. Clark and Means, secretaries of the American Board in Boston, and of Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, formerly superintendent of our Home Missions. Very cheerfully did these brethren consent, and on the third Sunday of this month the two Boston ministers occupied four pulpits, namely those of Emmanuel, Calvary, and Wesley Congregational, and of the American Presbyterian churches. Sketches of the discourses appeared in the *Montreal Witness*, and less fully in some other journals. That to which the writer listened was of surpassing excellence as an address on Missions, a large map being suspended at the back of the pulpit. No one who loves the Lord Jesus and His kingdom could fail to be stirred in heart and purpose by the facts and principles brought out in a manner singularly interesting. And four congregations were placed under the spell of a similar influence. It was shown that all missions might now be called home ones, as the word foreign was hardly applicable in this age of prompt and rapid intercourse, of telegraph and telephone, of steamships and steam printing press.

On the following evening a united meeting was held in Emmanuel Church, which was addressed by Mr. Wood on behalf of the Cong. Miss. Soc., Dr. Stevenson for the Cong. Indian Mission, Rev. G. H. Wells, of the Am. Pres. Church, in relation to the Labrador Mission, Mr. Geo. Hague (Merchant's Bank) on behalf of the Infant Mission in Manitoba. The chair was occupied by Dr. Wilkes, who made a few remarks. The latter half of the time was occupied to excellent purpose by Drs. Clarke and Means, to whom the thanks of the audience and of the churches were accorded. Dr. Clark left for home the next morning, but Dr. Means remained over by request in order to give to us his comprehensive and able lecture on Africa as a field for Missions, on Tuesday evening. This was listened to with much delight and profit, by a large audience in Wesley Congregational Church, and Dr. Means bade us farewell. The writer believes that the collections amounted to a considerable sum, even after needful expenses were paid, and it is hoped that the good effects of this movement will be seen from this time onward in our churches in Montreal.

It will hardly be deemed impertinent

to suggest that a similar course might be adopted in all our cities. Why not ask some able minister, full of the spirit of missions, or a missionary who may be at home on furlough, either of whom might probably be found in Western New York, in Ohio, or in Michigan, just bordering Ontario, to visit the church or churches in our cities on one Lord's Day, and in connection with our valued brethren in the neighborhood hold a stirring missionary meeting on Monday evening? It were vain to expect real prosperity in our churches without practical interest in the great work of Christian Missions.

H. W.

Montreal, 31st March, 1881.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Canadian Independent*.

DEAR SIR,—In the letter of the Rev. A. Hannay from the *Congregationalist*, on the causes of what is termed the "weakness of Congregationalism" in Canada, we find the statement that "some of our churches, with a credulity which it is difficult to understand, putting their trust in men of this class (clerical adventurers) have fallen with them into the ditch. The annals of Congregationalism in Canada contain some surprising records of this kind. But these are after all exceptional," &c.

These statements, in some sense correct—that is, with the qualification that the cases are *exceptional*—are nevertheless calculated to mislead in the connection in which they are found, they leave the impression that we have been weakened by putting our trust in "clerical adventurers," and Mr. Hannay alone should be responsible for what he says.

But I suppose he received his impression from the brethren who met in Conference with him, whom he naturally supposed to be the representatives of congregationalism in Canada. Would it be too much to ask you, Mr. Editor, or through you anybody that can furnish it, for a *reliable list of the churches that have been dragged into the ditch by clerical adventurers*, or how much we have been weakened by that sort of thing.

I do not refer to ministerial mistakes, or imprudences, for these are legion in every age, and every country. But I refer to the cases wherein our churches for want of a council have been dragged in the ditch or destroyed. We ought to know the magnitude of this evil. Some of us have seen, we think, much more of it in other denominations, and with a few exceptional cases, lately, we do not see how we have been weakened this way. "Breeze" evidently deceived the Presbyterians and Methodists, as documents laid before the membership committee showed, before he deceived one of our churches, and he got the cold shoulder from the whole body, and the damage he did was very circumscribed. The Forest case is yet undecided, and they say their man has been a blessing to them. It is rather premature to ascribe our weakness to that matter.

As to the damage done the body by the Bond Street mistake in the matter of Handford, it is more imaginary than otherwise; nobody who understands our principles will hold any of the churches responsible but the church who were deceived, and many at a distance regard that church as more sinned against than sinning.

I am aware that the Methodists and Presbyterians are trying their best to make capital out of this case, to bring our system into disrepute, they have had nothing like it *outside their own lines* during our history, and they work it up, forgetting that we could pounce on similarly disreputable cases which other systems cover up.

I should like to see a published list of the cases in our denomination, if any brother can give it—wherein our

churches have been imposed on by "clerical adventurers." Some of us think *general charges* should be superseded by *facts*. If I have asked too much, pardon me. I do not wish to impose unnecessary trouble on you.

I remain, yours very truly,
W. H. ALLWORTH.
Paris, March 29th, 1881.

REV.

To the Editor of the Independent:

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with your correspondent with reference to the title *Rev.* It certainly is not Scriptural. It would indeed sound strange to hear Paul addressed as "*Rev. Mr. Paul.*" I presume, however, it is simply used as a term to designate the office of pastor, (except in case of those who are the rightful successors of the apostles), (?) and as such I do not see any particular sin in it, though I prefer the term *Pastor.* Yet it is not ministers' faults for being thus styled. They scarcely ever style themselves as *Rev.* I should more strongly object to the title *Rev. Dr.*, especially when the *Dr.* part of it has to do with a spurious M. D. diploma, which the person may hold, and which cost him say \$30. A good deal of light has been thrown on this subject by the arrest of one "*Buchanan*" across the lines, who acknowledges to having issued thousands of such diplomas and sold them as low as \$5. Any title that is *genuine denotes worth* and should be recognized, but a spurious one should be stamped under foot.

PASTOR S.

Embros, April 2, 1881.

News of the Churches.

LONDON.—According to reports the church here is prospering under its new Pastor, Rev. H. D. Hunter.

MANILLA.—Rev. D. McKinnon has resigned the pastorate and intends returning to Scotland early in April. He will be away about two months.

STOFFVILLE.—The church is being supplied by local preachers and students from the Presbyterian College, Toronto. They hope soon to have a permanent ministry.

PERSONAL.—The friends at Cowansville and Brigham have presented to the Rev. Geo. Willett a purse of \$243, as an expression of their sympathy on account of his losses by the recent fire at the parsonage buildings.

MIDDLEVILLE.—The parsonage was invaded on the eve of the 16th ult. by about forty-five people from various sections of the parish, and after a social repast, and spending a few hours in social enjoyment, they left for home, leaving the pastor and his family greatly improved in circumstances. Had it not been for the bad state of the roads, and the prevalence of scarlet fever in Middleville, the party would have been much larger.

UNIONVILLE.—The Congregational Church here was re-opened on Sunday, March 20th. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. E. Ebbs, preached from Ex. xx. 24 "In all places where I record my name," &c. In the evening Rev. D. McIntosh (Presb.) preached from the words—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me."

On the following Monday afternoon and evening a tea meeting and concert was held, which was well attended, considering the bad state of the roads and disagreeable weather. The proceeds amounted to \$118.50.

The damage to the church by the late fire has been repaired by the insurance company; the ceiling and walls recalcimined, and the wood-work varnished.

WINNIPEG.—Rev. J. B. Silcox is being very much encouraged in his work here. In a private letter he says: "The con-

gregations are continually getting larger, especially the evening. Last Sunday night the hall was filled—600 present, and fully half of them were young men. It is a grand opportunity to do good. The thing promises to be a success. The prayer meetings are also growing. This North-west will be one of the finest mission fields in the world for a few years. A good class of settlers are coming in. English Congregationalists should send men and money here. It will yield a good return.

Thousands will go into the interior this year and we should have churches in all the important centres. So soon as we get a good foothold here we must branch out.

Mrs Silcox and family will leave for Winnipeg early in April."

LITERARY NOTES.

THE ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK for 1881 is now before us—a volume of over five hundred pages, and containing several papers read before the English Union together with general denominational information. One marked feature is a map of London, England, with the various Congregational churches marked—over two hundred. A glance at the map seems to show that our London brethren have wisely distributed themselves the city over, and not, in general, crowded against each other. We miss in the *Year Book* of the Fatherland statistics, which though not fully reliable, afford an approximation which gives some satisfaction, therefore we are unable to gather items of progress or of work. Its papers, at least some of them, we shall draw attention to from time to time. We gladly recognize in its editor our genial friend Mr. Hannay, and feel none the less little on finding that our Canadian list of Congregational pastors and churches fills a respectable series of pages in the enumeration of the Congregational host.

"A FAIR BARBARIAN," by F. H. Burnett. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Mrs. Burnett is not unknown in literary circles, having written for *Scribner's Monthly*, where she first attracted general attention. At least two other stories beyond that which appeared in *Scribner's* have been given to the public ere this present and latest issue from her pen. As a novel it has several negative virtues, not to be underestimated. It is not sensational, has no silly, love-sick swain, nor mercenary moral, neither is there an intimate plot to unravel in the ordinary way of popular novels. The heroine is a typical American girl, open, generous, utterly unconscious of conventionality, who thoroughly shocks the *ton* of a staid English town where a faded aristocracy was all in all. It is a simple story well told without any effort, that carries you through two extreme national types without weariness, and leaves you the lighter-hearted for the excursion. It will while away an otherwise weary hour of enforced leisure without suggesting a doubt or a false emotion, and leave you as one who has had a pleasant visit returning home refreshed.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

On the third day of June, 1879, Frances Ridley Havergal, one of the purest, sweetest spirits which ever dwelt in a house of clay, passed from this world to her everlasting home in heaven. It would seem to be preposterous to say that she died; for such as she was "never to see death." She was the daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, the author of very much of our sweetest Church music. She inherited from her father a very superior musical talent, and was not only a very fine singer, but, also, a musical composer. She wrote a number of very beautiful hymns, such as, "I gave my life for thee," and many others in "The Ministry of Song," and "Songs of Peace and Joy," and she composed the music as well as the hymns. She was a frail, delicate child, often hindered in her efforts to obtain an education by severe and protracted illness; and yet she acquired knowledge with remarkable facility. This was

especially true of the languages. She was an excellent French, German and Italian scholar, and read her Hebrew Bible and her Greek Testament with great ease and profit. She was a most thorough Bible student, and seemed to have much more than an ordinary insight into the deep meaning of the divine word. In her later years she frequently gave Bible readings, which, from the brief outlines furnished in her biography, must have been models of simplicity, careful research, and clear conceptions of the truth.

In the year 1873 she received a little book from a friend, entitled "All for Jesus." It presented before her mind a richness and fullness of Christian experience to which she had been hitherto a stranger. She knew how clearly she had been saved at first—how she had for many years loved the Lord, and delighted in His service; but she now saw that there was a fullness in Christ, and an earnest longing took possession of her heart to "know the length and breadth and depth and height of that love which passeth knowledge." She had been walking so long on the borderline of this promised country that it was with little effort that she passed over into its rich and joyful experiences. A friend wrote to her "on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and of the continually present power of His blood to cleanse from all sin." Her faith at once grasped the truth, and, believing, she entered into rest. She wrote at once "I see it all, and I have the blessing." This was on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2, 1873. Speaking of this a short time afterward to her sister, she said: "I saw it (the blessedness of true consecration) as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee." There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences: man's teaching has, consequently, had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me."

This experience tallies well with that of Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Mortimer, Lady Fitzgerald, and many other elect women of Methodism. She, however, clearly recognised, as they did, that purity is not maturity; that sanctification, even entire sanctification, is a progressive work; that there may "be a renewal of the surrender, and a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made." This blessing, she testified joyfully, had "lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fullness of summer glory." In this clear light she walked to the close of her beautiful life, and it culminated amid the glories of an endless day. Months after she had come into this experience she writes as follows: "One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word 'cleanseth.' The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing in its fullness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of Heaven. I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two letters from a stranger were little. All the rest was, I am sure, God's own direct teaching. I am so conscious of this, through His word and His Spirit in the matter, that I cannot think I can ever unsee it again. I

have waited many months before writing this, so it is no new and untested theory to me; and, in fact, *experience* came to me before *theory*, and is more to me than any theory." So for nearly six years she walked in the light of the Lord.

But her constant labors with her pen and her voice, and her frequent exposures, were too much for a frame so slight as hers. She, although an Englishwoman, born and bred amid polite society, and mingling all her life with cultured and refined persons, had, from conviction, become a total abstainer, and devoted much of the later years of her life to the work of temperance reform. It was so ordered that her last public service was on this line. She had promised to meet some men and boys on the village bank in May. The day was damp, and, standing a long time on this cold, damp spot, heavy clouds came up from the Channel, and she returned wet and chilly with the rain and mist. Fever came on; still she continued to work, writing letters, correcting proofs, until inflammation came on, and her agony was so intense that she could do no more. In sweet submission she said, "God's will is *delicious*. He makes no mistakes." When informed that she was seriously ill, she said, "I thought so; but, if I am going, it is too good to be true." Bidding one of her doctors good-bye, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Probably." And she replied, "Beautiful; too good to be true;" and, looking up with a smile, continued, "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven." At length the moment of departure arrived. There was a rush of convulsive sickness, then, nestling down into the pillows, she folded her hands upon her breast, saying, "There, now, it is all over! blessed rest!" Her countenance now became radiant with the glory breaking upon her soul, and for some minutes it seemed, to those who watched her, that she had met and was conversing with the King in His beauty. She tried to sing; but after one sweet, high note, "He—," her voice failed, and she was gone—satisfied, glorified, with her Lord.

So she took . . .

The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light;
The zenith of the earthly life was come.

She was buried in Astley churchyard, and on the north side of her father's tomb are the following inscriptions:

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W. J. SMYTH,

Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Quaker Hill, Uxbridge.

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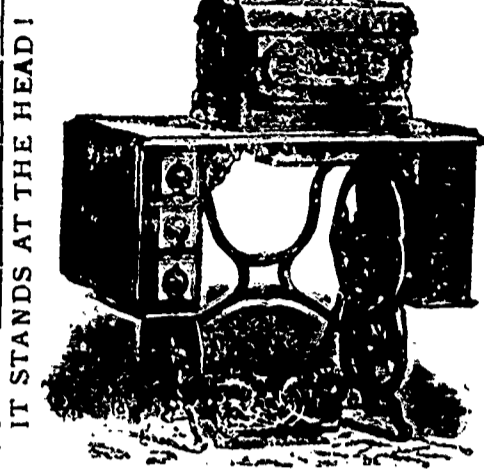
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