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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 28.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, July 22, 1880.

New Series. No. 4.

Topics of the Week.

THE Natal "Mercury" says: Many of the Christian Caffres in South Africa still sell their daughters for cattle, and practise polygamy as formerly. So hard it is to entirely root out the established habits and customs of a people; but it is not strange when we look upon it in connection with the many sad delinquencies in Christian character among those trained under all the highest Christian civilization.

THERE are funereal ministers, says Dr. John Hall, gentlemen who carry around with them an air of professional solemnity; they carry it even in their handkerchiefs and pocket handkerchiefs, and look as if genteely laid out in their coffins. There was a minister of this sort called on to marry a young couple; he stretched out his hands, and unconsciously commenced the burial service. "Sir," spoke up the young man, "we came to be wedded, not buried!" To which the gentleman of the cloth responded, "It won't be many years before you'll wish you had been buried." Ministers should be men first, then ministers—manliness and godliness are twin qualifications.

THE trustees of Liberia College, West Africa, have resolved upon the removal of that institution to some point in the interior more salubrious and more advantageous to the interests of the country. The fact that many chiefs of border tribes are seeking an education for their sons is a great incentive in this enterprise. Dr. Blyden is the president of this institution; and, considering the wide-spread use of the Arabic language in the country of the Mandingos and Foulahs just back of Liberia, a native African professor of Arabic is to be added to the faculty. In February last Dr. Blyden sent 1,200 Arabic Bibles into the interior, the gift of a benevolent Christian lady.

It has been asserted that certain of the later manuscripts of President Edwards have been kept from publication, because in them this eminent theologian had expressed views at variance with his earlier writings, and had notably given utterance to opinions on the Atonement differing from those which are held by Evangelical Christians. Dr. Tryon Edwards, in whose hands all the manuscripts of President Edwards were placed, has written a letter in which he contradicts these rumours. He says: "I know of *no suppression of any of the opinions of Edwards, much less of any omission or change of expression that would in the least modify his well-known theological or doctrinal views.*"

CARLYLE said with a great deal of truth when discoursing on the Jesuits, a good many years ago: "Ignatius' black militia have been campaigning over all the world for about three hundred years, and openly or secretly have done a mighty work everywhere. Who can count what a work! When you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of the falsehoods, and and the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of unsaint Ignatius; not till the last of these men has vanished from the earth will our account with Ignatius be quite settled, and his black militia have got their mittimus to chaos again."

THE three Waganda chiefs, Mtesa's ambassadors, have been made the objects of special attention in England. They were honoured with seats on the platform at the late eighty-first anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, where they were surrounded by lords and bishops and archdeacons. They

have witnessed a royal review of the troops, "their carriage being allowed a place only a few yards from Her Majesty." They have been tendered a special reception by the Queen, have attended church at St. Paul's, and have visited the Woolwich Arsenal. They express themselves as pleased with everything, but the only remark which has been quoted across the Atlantic was the single statement made by one of them that he "had not yet seen anything bad in England." He hadn't fathomed London.

AN archaeological and scientific expedition is now *en route* to Central America, under the joint auspices of the Governments of the United States and France. The main objects of the expedition are the investigation, with some approach to thoroughness and scientific method, of the monumental and other remains of early civilization in the nucleus of New Spain—Yucatan, Guatemala, and the adjoining provinces of Mexico—and generally the collection of such *data* as may tend to throw light on the many intricate problems connected with the mysterious races of Anahuac. The expedition will, for the first time, take casts of all important bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and thus do for the antiquities of Central America what has already been done so amply for Egyptian and Assyrian remains, and perhaps ultimately render possible the solution of the linguistic problem. One collection of these reproductions will be offered to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and another will find a resting place in the Trocadero of Paris.

THE missionaries of the China Inland Mission often meet with native Roman Catholics, some of whom are of families which have professed the "Jesus" religion through six or seven generations. Their numbers must be considerable. Mr. Nicoll writes that when he was in Yunnan he was told, at a village where he rested over night, that there was a family of Roman Catholics in the place. He started out in the morning with a hope that he might meet some one of the family. He was more successful than he expected, easily singling out a shop in which a picture of Jesus hung. Stopping to look at the picture, the owner of the shop came forward, with the eager inquiry: "Do you praise Jesus?" The missionary says this little incident gave him more pleasure than anything else that occurred during his journey. Mr. Nicoll was accompanied by his wife, whose presence excited great curiosity. At Chung-k'ing, for the first two weeks, from 100 to 200 women called daily to see Mrs. Nicoll, and subsequently the number of callers increased to from 400 to 500. There has been a most excellent opportunity for preaching to them.

THE incomes of the heads of the Episcopal Church are as follows. The Archbishop of Canterbury, £15,000 per annum; the Archbishop of York, £10,000 per annum; the Bishop of London, £10,000 per annum; the Bishop of Durham, £8,000 per annum; the Bishop of Winchester, £7,000 per annum; the Bishop of Ely, £5,500 per annum; the Bishop of St. Asaph, £5,200 per annum; and the remainder not less than £4,000 nor more than £5,000 per annum, the proper average to be maintained by a revision of the revenues of the various Sees every seven years. In addition to his salary, the Primate of England possesses two palaces—one at Lambeth and the other at Addington, near Croydon—and that in connection with the latter he was given the title to a pleasure garden (by an order of Her Majesty's Privy Council on the 27th of August, 1869), consisting of over 467 acres. The amount of personal property amassed by twenty-four bishops who died during the fifteen years preceding the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Commission and

the three subsequent years is stated by Albany Fonblanque to have amounted to nearly an average of £70,000 for each bishop.

It seems that attention is being specially drawn in England to the evil effects of smoking as practised by boys. One English physician is mentioned particularly as having examined thirty-eight of these precocious smokers, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age. In twenty-two of these cases he found various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked inclination for strong drink. Twelve were subject to frequent bleeding at the nose and an equal number had slight ulceration of the mouth. All this is the most natural thing in the world, as can be seen in thousands of cases everywhere. We don't need to go to England for illustrations. All over Canada we see these juvenile smokers by the hundred, puny, spindle-shanked, tallow faced, stupid-eyed, nervous nincompoops, just not quite so dazed and mindless as the Chinese opium smoker but not much better. Whether or not it be a mark of genius in a man to smoke tobacco we shall not stay at present to inquire, only remarking by the way that we have met with a very considerable number of adult and most vigorous worshippers of the weed who certainly gave not the slightest intimation of having genius of any kind. As far, however, as boys are concerned we may safely affirm that universal experience goes to shew that if they betake themselves in their teens or even sooner to the tobacco or the cigar, they will soon get quit of any symptoms of genius they ever possessed.

HOW WEEDS MULTIPLY.

Sixty thousand mullein seeds have been produced from a single stalk. Patient and careful counting have shewn that a single plant of purslane produces a million matured seeds. The counting is achieved by first counting the pods, then the seeds in a single pod. The seed from a single plant will furnish a seed for every square foot in twenty-three acres. If each of them produced a million seeds, then we should have the amazing amount of 1,000,000,000,000 seeds from one plant in two years.

The Bible uses weeds as its illustration of sin. A vivid illustration it is. Weeds pollute the air, exhaust the ground, destroy all useful vegetation, and spread with amazing rapidity. So does sin. It mars the moral atmosphere and surroundings of the man, it uses up the strength which might be used for good, it destroys his love for the good and noble in life, it influences his fellows in a million deleterious ways. Shall we not hate it? Shall we not dread it?

The suggestion which flows from these facts about the rapid multiplication of weeds is equally significant (or much more significant) with regard to sin. For sin multiplies its influences with the same rapidity. Fallen human nature is a soil specially adapted to the growth and propagation of wickedness, and every sin planted in this soil will certainly bear thirty-fold, a hundred-fold, or a thousand-fold, unless restrained by the hand of God. And each one of these new plants will be a new seed-bearer, scattering in turn its evil influences, until the world would become (did not God restrain it) as full of evil as it was before the flood. For there is no remedy save the regenerating and sanctifying influences of God. —*Christian Observer.*

AN old clergyman said. "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

HOW IS THIS?

Mr. Mill again is satisfied with the affirmation that the genius and moral qualities of Jesus are sufficient to account for all the effects which we have described. Here are his words and very remarkable ones they are as coming from him: "About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision, where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth even in the estimation of those who have no belief in His inspiration in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." But I submit, that it is not possible to go so far as this without, for the sake of logical consistency going much farther. For genius alone will not account for the effect which even Mr. Mill recognizes was produced on men by the life of Christ. No. Not even when it is allied with the qualities of a moral reformer and a martyr. Even if we admit that such genius as Jesus possessed is not itself the very thing to be accounted for, considering the surroundings of His youth and manhood, it remains a fact that the world has never been regenerated by genius, or moved to offer such homage to those who were dowered with it, as men pay to Jesus. Homer did not become a deity to the Greeks nor Virgil to the Romans. No name of genius is more honoured to-day in Germany than that of Goethe; but what a difference is there between the feelings of his admirers toward him and those cherished—I will not say merely by Christians, but by the world at large—toward Jesus! At the mention of the name of Robert Burns every Scotchman's "blood" (to use his own words regarding Wallace) "boils up in a spring-tide flood," but who thinks of him as a regenerator of society? Or who would organize a mission to carry his life-story to heathen nations? Probably the most cosmopolitan specimen of genius the world has ever seen was that of William Shakespeare; but who does not feel as wide a divergence between his writings, admirable as they are, and these four Gospels, as there is between the electric light and a star; between the finest specimens of the architect's handiwork and the magnificent cathedral rocks that rise sheer and high on the side of the Yosemite? for the one is human in its origin, and the other is the handiwork of God.

Nay, even when to the element of genius we add those of the moral reformer and the martyr, we are not perceptibly nearer giving any adequate explanation of the effects produced on humanity by the life of Christ than we were before. For we find genius, reforming energy, and martyrdom, all combined in the story of Socrates, which always, as I read it, seems to me to constitute the high water mark of mere unaided manhood. But what is Socrates to men to-day? What churches have been founded for his worship? What missionary associations have been instituted for the translation and diffusion of the "Phædo," the "Crito," and the "Apology?" And who among the children of men is moved to abstain from doing wrong or to persevere in doing right for the sake of the son of Sophroniscus? While, on the other hand, with a vast multitude of mankind, there is no motive so powerful as the "for my sake" from the lips of the Son of Mary. There is here, therefore, in the life of Christ, some quality that is not found in manhood, as such. What is that quality if it is not supernatural? What is it, if it is not divine? It is at least, all history being the witness, superhuman; and yet it has become so mighty on our race because the superhuman operated through One, who, whatever else He was, was also really a man. Here is a moral miracle which

renders credible the physical signs and wonders with which its manifestation to men was accomplished.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

RECEIVING CHRIST.

Reception of any blessing is conditioned by the tender of it. It is so both with respect to the manner of securing it and the method of enjoying it. If something I desire is offered for sale, I can obtain it only by the payment of the price demanded for it. If offered for exchange, I can secure it only by furnishing that which is desire in exchange. If offered gratuitously, I secure it by merely accepting it. If the offer be absolutely free, the acceptance is such. If it be conditional, such also must the acceptance be. In all human intercourse reception of anything is conditioned by its tender. In no case can anything be legitimately secured otherwise than by compliance with the terms on which it is offered.

Neither can it in any case be otherwise legitimately enjoyed. If I have received of a physician a liquid to be used as a lotion, I may not use it as a potion. If I have received of him liquor for medicine, I may not use it as a beverage. If a person tenders me his services as a physician, I have no right to expect his services as a lawyer. If he tenders me his services as a teacher, I have no right to seek his services as a tailor.

In all the varied activities of life, individual men have their individual pursuits. They qualify themselves for their respective callings. They offer their services to their fellows in these respective callings. They claim proficiency, offer service in no other avocations. I have no right to expect of any a service he does not tender.

Upon these principles I act in all my intercourse with my fellow-men. If my horse needs to be shod I take him to the blacksmith. If my watch needs repairing I take it to the silversmith. If my health is failing I go to a physician. If I am threatened with litigation I go to a lawyer. If I seek an education for myself or my child I look up a teacher or a school. Having wants of any kind, I look up those who tender supply for such wants, and from them seek what I need. Where there are rival offers, I choose that one which on the whole promises the best supply at the least cost. Having chosen my supply, I yield myself to it as completely as the grounds of my confidence in it will permit.

In sickness I surrender myself to my physician—comply with his directions and take his prescriptions. In litigation I abide by the advice of my counsel and do as he directs. In education I defer to my teacher credit his statements and study the books of his selection.

The same principles essentially apply in the intercourse of a sinner with the Saviour. In this respect I have wants. I am a lost sinner and need salvation. It matters not how I have reached that knowledge, or come to that feeling. It is enough that I know I am lost and that I feel my need of a Saviour. I learn that there is such a Saviour as I need. Full account of Him is given in God's Word. I there learn His history—His character, His claims, and something of what He has done. I learn His conception of my case and how it is to be treated, His qualifications for the work and the conditions on which He will undertake it.

I there learn that my condition involves a three-fold danger. I am ignorant, guilty and depraved. I am ignorant of God, alienated from Him and disloyal to Him. My ignorance must be removed, my guilt must be expiated, and my character must be renewed. Christ tenders me His services to accomplish these results.

He offers Himself as the way, the truth and the life—the only one through whom I can have access to God. He offers Himself in a three-fold character corresponding to the three-fold work to be accomplished. He is Prophet, Priest and King. In this three-fold character He tenders His services gratuitously. He offers them without money and without price. He asks only that my trust in Him be absolute and my committal of myself to Him be without

reserve. All other efforts to secure salvation must be abandoned, all other rivals must be discarded. In Christ, and in Him alone, I must put my trust. His teaching is to be authoritative and final, His mediation perfect, His supremacy absolute.

When, convinced that Christ is worthy of such trust, I thus give myself to Him, I receive Him; but not till then. It is only thus that He offers Himself to me in the Gospel, and, as noticed above, in all cases reception must correspond to tender. Such surrender to Christ constitutes conversion—is possible only in genuine conversion. Writing to the Corinthians, Paul says, "I give you to understand . . . that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. xii. 3). It is easy enough otherwise to acknowledge that Jesus is a teacher, a priest, a king. But not otherwise can the acknowledgment come that He is *the teacher, the priest, the king.*

There is here a characteristic difference between Protestantism and Romanism. The former exalts Christ, the latter exalts the Church. The former quickens conscience, the latter benumbs it. The former sends the penitent to Christ, the latter directs him to the confessional. Rome relieves the burdened conscience of its load and assumes the responsibility of making peace with God. She relieves the Christian of the task of earnest study of God's Word and herself infallibly proclaims His truth. She relieves him from the necessity of knowing His law and herself furnishes the code for his life, with convenient compensations for transgressions of it.

But there is reason to fear the difference is sometimes more theoretical than practical—that even in Protestant Churches Protestant principles are disregarded. A person may be a real Christian and yet be a very imperfect one. His knowledge may be very limited, his character very defective. He may not receive as truth very much which you and I believe and which our Church professes. He may esteem many things to be lawful which you and I condemn, and which our Church forbids, and yet be a Christian. Does he bow to Christ? Does he accept Christ's revelation as the final test of truth, His righteousness as the only ground of acceptance with God, His will as the supreme rule of conduct? Then is he a Christian, and as such I must receive him. Then it is mine to persuade him that the doctrines I believe are those which Christ teaches, the laws I obey and maintain are those which Christ has enacted. Convincing him of this I have a right to ask his acceptance of my teaching, obedience to my law. "Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ." But I have no right otherwise. I am not lord of God's heritage, but only an example to the flock.—*Rev. D. F. Bonner.*

WORK VS. POVERTY.

In a Prussian roadside inn one hot summer's day several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the way in which Providence did her work, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a loafer about. I'd soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever anyone would hear me, I scraped my violin,

but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow like I was ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upsidedown that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books); he kept glancing at me and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Shew me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in these arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In a war against your misery?" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. Good heavens! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war."

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."—*From the German of Thckla von Gumpert.*

KEEP IN THE SCHOOL.

This is a law of Christian life which no one can neglect without loss. When such an intellect as that of St. Paul was brought to face the service of Christ it required special teaching. The Ethiopian eunuch could not understand the prophecy which he was reading until Philip explained it. The wisest worldly mind must enter the kingdom of heaven as a child. Many persons about entering upon a religious life seem but half conscious of their spiritual ignorance. They come up to the services and instructions of the church irregularly—being present at one opportunity and absent from another, thus losing often the very teaching intended for them.

There is not a better sign of the new life than a deep hungering for instruction. There is not a surer path towards religious growth than that which goes through every lesson. Real force of character resides in that conception of duty which consents to lose no opportunity. Irregularity in secular education makes a half-taught and a superficial scholar. The same course in spiritual culture leads to the same result. It is disheartening to see what defective Christian lives, what feeble and flabby examples, what sickly shams of religious character, come out of the half-schooling with which so many Christians content themselves. The church is God's school. All its ordinances, all its services go to make up the curriculum of religious education.

Half-doing is the bane of Christian life. It loosens the joints of the harness and opens the armour to let in the devil's arrows. Half-doing is worse to-day for Christianity than philosophical speculation. These free-thinkers are constantly fooling themselves, and are coming to spots which they can cross only on bridges of the most enormous credulity. A positive

and honest Christian living will hold its own against speculation. One hundred persons eagerly seeking knowledge and honestly *doing Christianity* every day will put to flight a thousand philosophical doubters. Keep yourself in the school then, young Christian. Get every lesson. Be at every recitation. Shew an example of simple and steadfast sticking to it. Take your life purpose from Psalm cxix. 35: "I have stuck unto Thy testimonies," and see what wonderful strength will grow upon the life of any one who will begin, no matter where, and simply keep learning and keep doing the things which Christ is teaching us in the duties of church life.

EVENING, AND MORNING, AND AT NOON WILL I PRAY.

O God, abide with me,
For darkness falls,
And while I lay me down to sleep, to Thee
My spirit calls,
To Thee, to Thee:
Do Thou be with me through the hours of night,
Shine on my soul and make its darkness bright,
Till I become, in Thy most blessed light,
Like Thee, like Thee.

O God, abide with me,
For morning shines,
With it I rise and give myself to Thee,
My soul inclines
To Thee, O Lord:
O guide me through the dangers of this day,
Keep Thou my heart lest I be led astray,
Keep Thou my tongue lest evil things I say,
Nor heed Thy Word.

O God, abide with me,
'Tis noontide now,
O keep me watchful, waiting, Christ, for Thee,
Nor, Lord, allow,
Throughout the strife,
That aught be suffered to usurp Thy place,
Obscure the shining of Thy blessed face,
Or hinder me to run the holy race
That leads to life.

O God, abide with me,
'Tis night once more,
And now my soul sings hymns of praise to Thee,
Whom I adore,
And, longing, turns
Her latest, as her earliest, thoughts to Thee,
That Thou the first, and Thou the last, mayst be,
Desiring in all things Thy hand to see,
While life's lamp burns.

"MUST I JOIN THE CHURCH?"

This was, no doubt, an honest question in the inquirer, but it revealed an enormous weakness. It was a young person who asked the question as he was looking out from a world-life into the new life of a Christian. He had been loitering near the door a long time. He was often greatly moved towards entering. He had long ago learned what Christ taught as to the terms of discipleship. The cross, the yoke, the confession, were familiar terms—even threadbare in pulpit teaching, and yet ever requiring repetition. But this youth had marked out a by-way for himself. It was aside from the thoroughfare of common Christians. It was smooth, well shaded from the sun of trial, and pretty free from the hills of difficulty. His religion he thought to put away secretly in his heart. His charities should be known only to God. His confessions of Christ were to be so indirect and inferential that common people could hardly suspect the real secret of his life.

In some such state of mind as this our young friend saw his companions leaving him to join the Church. They were coming to the front of Christian living, and were going to find out what cross, if any, might lie in the path of open and honest discipleship. The flaw in his experience was revealed in the question at the head of this article. He had been smothering a Christian life, feeble enough at best, under the non-committalism of a secret religion.

Of course, there can be but one answer to the state of mind disclosed in this question. God may, indeed, make exceptions to the privileges of a Christian life. He may lay upon us what disabilities he will. But aside from such barriers, nothing is more sure than that real love to Christ is an outpushing, and not a secretive principle. God only knows in what shades

it is possible for the plant of faith to live. He only can tell how sickly a Christian life may be, and yet be a Christian life. He only can tell us how little of courage and heartiness one may use, and yet creep into heaven. But the whole Bible is witness to the fact that Christ's type of religion is one which holds sincerity and purpose and pluck. The feeblest flower seed has to push hard against the overlying clay. And if the world is to enjoy the odour of its blossom there must be quite a battle with scorching sun and sweeping storm.

The real religion of Jesus Christ goes beyond this question, ordinarily with a single bound. It is very sure that all the workings and successes of Christianity are achieved by another and a higher principle.

The remedy for such a questioner lies not in answering his query so much as in finding, deep down in his soul, a spring—a nervous, spiritual principle—which pushes itself up and comes to the surface as unconsciously as the seed germ. The religion of Jesus Christ does not wait for a "must," because it is busied in asking, *What may I do for Him who died for me?*—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

A PEASANT AND A NOBLEMAN.

Men who have risen from humble life to wealth and high social rank, have often been ashamed of their parents, and shewn them little attention or respect. Such treatment indicates a vulgar mind. True nobility follows a different method. Richard Hurd, an eminent bishop of the Church of England at the close of the last century, was a man of courtly manners, of great learning, who moved with distinction in the best society in the kingdom. George III. pronounced him "the most naturally polite man he had ever known." He, however, never failed to shew the utmost respect for his mother, a farmer's wife, of no education, but of sterling character. When he entertained large companies at the Episcopal Palace he led her with a stately courtesy to the head of the table, and paid her the greatest deference. The high-born families who sat at his table revered his conduct, so becoming to a son and a gentleman.

THINGS SWEET AND PLEASANT.

Those things that are pleasant to us are generally good for us. We were taught somewhat differently when we were boys and girls, perhaps to save the contents of the sugar basin. We were solemnly informed of dangers to teeth and stomach in the consumption of sweets. But negroes in the cane fields who eat large quantities of sugar do not spoil their teeth or stomachs in doing so. The things that are sweet and pleasant to the unsophisticated palate, and that our natural appetite desires, instead of being bad for us are commonly good for us. You may take that as a safe general rule. Animals follow it, and we are animals in our material structure, and we do well to follow our instincts in this direction even as they do. Of course we are reasoning animals, and I must add that these instincts are consequently to be followed within rational limits.—*The Human Body and its Functions.*

AN ARCTIC NOON, MUSSEL BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

One day Nordenskiöld and I walked out to the end of the ice, to enjoy near at hand the sight of the waves dancing in joyous motion and the ice blocks swimming quietly about. Our way was over the ice and walking was exceedingly difficult. When we reached the farthest part of the archipelago, we threw ourselves down to rest and take a view of our surroundings. They were surprisingly grand. The south-western part of the vault of heaven was lighted by the circum-polar moon. In the flood of light which streamed out from her there swam some few long drawn out clouds. Right to the south near the horizon there was visible a faint reddish glimmer, clearly and sharply distinguishable from the white moonlight. Here the sun had gone down, when the long polar night had begun; it was the last glimpse of his light that we now saw. In the south-east some few rays of light changing every moment in strength, colour and position—in fact, the aurora in the form it commonly takes here—raised themselves toward the horizon. Above our heads glows the pole star, everywhere over the sky sparkle stars, darting stronger or weaker differently coloured lights, and on the north or northeastern horizon rests the deep darkness of the polar night. I will not try to paint the rich changing play of colour and the *chiaroscuro* full of effect. Add to this glorious heaven a wide stretching sea glittering in the moonlight, the white surface of Mussel Bay with three vessels standing out against it, the dark, precipitous fell sides that surround it, and the little building on land from whose every window lamp-light streams—and the main points of the panorama are enumerated. It is difficult to believe that noon is approaching; it might rather be taken for evening, a quiet winter evening in the country. A grave stillness and tranquility hangs over the neighbourhood. Only, now and then the deep silence is broken by a low grating sound. It is heard in the direction of the edge of the ice, and is produced by the rubbing of the ice blocks against each other when they are moved by the swell.—*Adolf Nordenskiöld.*

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

All communications for the Editorial, News of Churches, and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 2648, P.O. Toronto.

Pastors and church officers are particularly requested to forward items for "News of the Churches" column.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 22nd, 1880.

OUR respected editor is expected home next week. We had expected to hear from him *officially*, but have not up to the time of going to press. A private letter speaks of health and profit, and we may expect after next issue to hear him speak for himself.

THE McALL MISSION.

OUR eye caught an extract in a contemporary from some magazine article in which we read: "It is not enough that the minister should be well read in church history, not enough that he should be able to expound in logical fashion the Church doctrines of the Trinity, atonement, etc.—he should strike down through the sand of traditional belief to the solid rock of ascertained fact. He should be qualified to master the great flood of free thinking that, instead of laying waste all that is fairest and best in our life, it shall be as the broad river which fertilizes and clothes with beauty all the land through which it sweeps in its stately course," etc., etc. We drew breath—this great flood to be mastered and utilized! And gasping after some glimpse of the attainments necessary for such an undertaking we uttered a sigh of relief as we found in a short record of the above mission that the Gospel has not lost its old-fashioned power to elevate and bless. Yes, and old-fashioned words do not need reforming to be true—publicans and harlots enter Christ's kingdom before the Pharisees. R. W. McAll, minister of a Congregational church in Lancashire, son of Dr. McAll, of Manchester, in August, 1871, was visiting Paris. Let him introduce his own story:

"No thought was more remote than that of quitting friends and country in order to become workers in France. The eager reception of the tracts we offered first impressed us. At that period the populace, fresh from heart-rending disasters, seemed specially responsive to any manifestation of kind feeling. We would not leave the city until we had taken tracts into the heart of the artisan district—Belleville. We contrived to meet the workmen as they returned homeward at night. At the corner of two great thoroughfares a large group gathered round us. One intelligent man, who could speak a little English, stood forward and asked if I were not a Christian minister. Then, as I asked if I spoke to this effect, 'Sir, I have seen you very earnestly, he said, 'Throughout this whole district, everything to tell you of our workers, we have, to a man, containing tens of thousands cannot accept an *imposed* religion, done with the priests. We come to teach us a religion. But if anyone would freedom and realize religion of another kind, a religion of the people, many of us are ready for it.'"

The appeal was answered, and severing home ties he with his wife returned to take up their abode in the midst of the Communists, the dread of everybody. Belleville is one of the most healthy parts for situation of the city, but morally, socially, the Five Points of New York and St. Giles's of London are but mild types:

"A very large amount of misery, poverty and sin, is concentrated here; and from the dens with which its lanes abound went forth the communists or levellers, who with 'liberty, equality and fraternity' on their banners, once sought to sweep away not only rank, but property, going out through the city as murderers or incendiaries. Soured against the wealthy, and enraged against a priesthood who never approached them but for money, they struck right and left when their opportunity came. Nor could anyone say that their provocation had not been great, though their revenge was terrible."

The dreadful massacre of priests during the riots of the Commune was perpetrated by the men of this Belleville, and fearfully did the army of Versailles avenge the deed. Here Mr and Mrs. McAll began their work amidst the warnings of their friends. The mission was opened in 1872. Forty first gathered, no disturbance; one hundred came the second Sunday to hear the ordinary prosaic work of Gospel preaching and teaching, of house to house visiting and individual appeal, has gone on regularly since, and those wild men, whose hands were red with the

blood of their fellows and old religious leaders, have been subdued; peace and order reign where the influence of this mission extends. Even the political excitement of 1877 passed without commotion. In the report of last year the following general totals are given:

Religious meetings for adults.....	3,774
Aggregate attendance at ditto.....	423,676
Sunday schools and juvenile meetings.....	2,133
Aggregate attendance at ditto.....	101,560
Total attendance at religious meetings for the year, exclusive of mothers' meetings, etc.....	525,236
Bibles, New Testaments and Scripture Portions circulated, about.....	14,413
Tracts, etc., distributed, about.....	158,920

No moral results can be estimated by statistics, but this is certain, that whilst the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church has been whereas-ing and resolving how to silence in four churches the pipes of organs, and have not yet succeeded, Mr. and Mrs. McAll with the Gospel gladness have made a wilderness begin to bloom and blossom. Nor is the mission a new departure, it is but the result of the old-fashioned way, and speaks volumes for us that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Perhaps the Irish Presbyterian Church is not the only body of Christian men engaged in foibles whilst the old cry rises from the sin-smitten world, Come over and help us. Do not let slip from the memory the McAll mission in Paris.

"MISTER HORN."

THE above is the title of a book professing to be the biography of a Methodist local preacher of the olden time. It is related of King George that during the days of the Wesley and Whitefield revival he replied to those who insinuated that Wesley was mad, "What, what, what! mad! I wish he would bite some of my bishops." Mister Horn had a hobby; we are rather afraid of hobby-riding men. He promises to manifest no sign of fear should his hobby become general. Mister Horn's peculiarity was in giving, and he gathered around him friends likeminded. Many a worried, discouraged pastor would like to introduce Mister Horn to his congregation; we will endeavour to aid therein and spread his madness.

Mister Horn has overtaken Bill Smith, a big, broad-shouldered blacksmith. "The Lord loves to give, Bill," remarks Mister Horn. "Ay," is the response, "and yet it is strange what a hindrance it was to me when I first set out, thinking of what religion would cost. Why, I soon found out that religion saved me four times as much as it ever cost." Mister Horn interjects, "I do wish the grumblers would think of it that way, Bill. Why there's Sally Green, the silly creature, before her husband got converted she used to reckon herself lucky if she got half Jack's wages, and only a slight thrashing besides; and now he brings it all home, and is a decent fellow, she goes grumbling at what he gives to the Lord's cause." This Sally Green lived in the west of England; there are some brothers and sisters of hers over here. Mr. Joseph Cook reminded his Boston audience, some time since, that for the past forty years the military operations of the natives against the Indians has cost on the average \$12,000,000 annually. He insinuated that missionary operations might be cheaper and do the work more effectually. This aspect of Mister Horn's hobby should not be lost sight of in an age which ever inquires—does it pay?

Mister Horn enjoyed at night, when no one could be offended thereby, a quiet smoke in his chimney corner (our editorial chair is never lost in tobacco smoke). When the time came for the renewal of quarterly tickets, the leader headed the list with "a beggarly threepenny bit." "Why," said Mister Horn indignantly, "the fellow spends twice as much in the week on tobacco—sixpence for smoke and threepence for God." Mister Horn's pipe had a conscience; many pipes have not.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and here we may look into the ground of our friend's cheerfulness in giving. The clear frosty air of early winter made the sky to sparkle brilliantly with the stars. Mister

Horn surveyed the heavens in the light of his hobby, "He giveth the stars, Oh! how He loves to give—He might have doled one here and another there. But that would not be like Him. Myriads, myriads, O my God and Father what a great giving is Thine! Right royal! Nay, never a king gave so, 'tis only like Thyself—Thou lovest to give"—and a deeper emotion came over him as he added, "He loved me and gave Himself for me. *Himself for me.*" A chapel was to be built (we want a chapel building fund), and Mister Horn must give. "He loved me and gave *Himself*" dwelt on his heart. He had saved a little; he resolved to live on that saving for one year; never worked he more industriously than during that year. He had grown miserly working, rising early and sitting up late. Neighbours wondered—they wondered more when, at a meeting for the new chapel a paper with an enclosure was placed in the minister's hands, "One-year's work, £100. 'He loved me and gave *Himself* for me.' J. H." "That was a happy year" was the reminiscence of after days.

All Mister Horn's acquaintances were not of his way of thinking, in fact the Christian world don't follow this hobby, and Mister Horn occasionally had a plain talk with such acquaintances. To one who "fared sumptuously every day" he went for arrears of church money—the old (not the *good* old) cry met him—"times are hard," and Mister Horn turns to depart with some such remarks as these, "Jesus gave gifts among men, some apostles, and some evangelists, and some prophets, but he didn't give any beggars, and I don't believe he wants any either. I like my yes or no when I come in the Master's name, and then I go straight back and tell Him what answer I get."

Some, of course, disliked Mister Horn; he was too strict, believed no one was right but himself. No human life is perfect, but we freely pardon the faults for the sterling worth of a man we would gladly see in our pulpits, airing his hobby in the light of the sun of righteousness, telling us when complaining of many calls and hard times "there is nothing that heals in the gloom of righteousness, nothing that heals in the chill, sunless religion that goes through its duty cold and unrejoicing, like a November day. They don't do much good who have stayed in the thunder till it has turned their milk of human kindness sour." Courteous reader, permit me to introduce to your conscience Mister Horn.

A RE-FORMED CHURCH.

WITHOUT doubt we need more honesty—commercially, politically, religiously, within our professed Church lines. A writer in "Lancet's Living Age," copied from "Blackwood," presents some novel suggestions as to this need in an article on "The Reconstruction of Sheepfolds." The author professes to be the fourth son of an impecunious peer, picking up a living in the city out of the financial street sweepings. His second brother had entered the Church, was trained in casuistry and a Ritualist. Having some conscience qualms about his method of "Earning an honest living" he determined to lay his case before his brother, deeming an affirmative opinion from one in holy orders an assurance to the conscience. To his surprise he was informed that the question was not one of morals but of law; and that the proper person to consult was a solicitor. This he had already done, and after taking three days to consult authorities the solicitor gave the opinion that no law existed which could reach him. He had then inquired whether his methods, though legally safe, were morally right, to which the solicitor replied that he was paid merely for a legal opinion, and with that politely bowed him out. Upon explaining this interview to his honourable and reverend brother, the priest said that the question of morals and of law were so inextricably involved that he could give no opinion without being familiar with the legal bearings of the case and also the custom which prevailed in the city. He said that morals in matters of finance were relative, differing in different countries, and that it was impossible to fix a standard applicable to all. That this is the prevailing practical opinion even

within the church is unfortunately too true, though few have the honesty to say so, even to themselves. Thus craving for moral—indeed it would not be too much to say for spiritual—counsel, our friend finds no rest, and falls into certain reflections we may profitably listen too. He finds that people don't like to be preached at, and this he in some measure understands. Yet how are men to be convicted of individual sins? The members of the various congregations "know they are miserable sinners, and are not particularly ashamed of publicly saying so, *provided they are all miserable together*; but nobody likes to be considered an especially miserable sinner, nor to have his particular sin pointed out." He comes to the conclusion that women, "who all have consciences," would continue to go even to be preached at, that indeed the more faithful the preacher is the more they would flock to hear him, the only danger being that they would all end by adoring him, but the men would if preached at stay away, and thus opportunity would be lost. Now the way our friend suggests, to obviate any appearance of invidious preaching, and at the same time to ensure adequate treatment, is to re-distribute the cures of souls. Instead of having the country divided territorially for ecclesiastical purposes, he would have it spiritually divided as well. "According to the special moral requirements of classes and groups, why, for instance, should there not be a properly qualified ministry set apart to instruct the laity as to the economic relations which should subsist between man and man—a body of clergy at the large commercial centres—specially to preach sermons on financial morality, and to advise applicants on all matters of conscience connected with business." Sermons might be preached on "rigging" and "cornering" and "making a market." What a comfort it would be to know when it was—not financially but morally—right to be a "bull," and to hear truthfully about the great "bear" movement of the week. Could not also a sermon be framed with profit upon some such text as this: Thou shalt not adulterate? A Trades' Diocese and another for Fashion would find much profitable work. "In the House of Commons also the devotional exercises should not be limited to a prayer which members avail themselves of, not for purposes of worship, but of securing a seat for the impending debate." (We have seen something akin to this last in ecclesiastical assemblings.) Our friend acknowledges these ideas to be too crude for practical effect as they are, but we may agree with him that these crude ideas have described "a few social symptoms which are tending to a general demoralization, and which do not seem to have been sufficiently brought to the notice of our spiritual physicians. The fact is modern civilization has developed a quantity of new views in all ranks and classes and occupations in life, for which no provision seems to have been made morally in theology," and we may believe the writer when he says many poor straying sheep are eagerly looking for shepherds to whom, were they assured of right leading in such paths as specified, they would flock without looking to see whether they had the right kind of crook or not.

Literary Notices.

THE last issue received from I. K. Funk & Co., Standard Series, is "Mr. Horn and his Friends," (upon whose old acquaintance, thus revived, we have presumed to speak in our Editorial columns), and Vol. I. of "Leland's Orations of Demosthenes." The calm, clear, earnest speeches of this, the world's great orator, could be profitably studied in a day when clatter, sensation, grandiloquence, catch the ear. No wandering among the stars or gazing into the depths. Listen to one of his perorations which justly describe his power: "You have now heard truth of the highest moment urged with freedom, simplicity and zeal. You have heard a speech not filled with flattery, danger and deceit, calculated to bring gold to the speaker and to reduce the state into the power of its enemies. It remains therefore that the whole tenor of your conduct be reformed, if not, that utter desolation which will be found in your affairs must be imputed wholly

to yourselves." Rev. Mr. Declamer would do well to obtain this copy, and copy closely. Demosthenes had something to say and said it.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the "Living Age" for the weeks ending July 10th and 17th, respectively, contain the following articles: The Development of Buddhism in India, "Fortnightly;" Suicide, and the Reconstruction of Sheepfolds, "Blackwood;" What Shakspere Learnt at School, and Diamonds, Natural and Artificial, "Fraser;" A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century, and The Sculptures on the Façade of St. Mark's, Venice, "Macmillan;" Henry David Thoreau, his Character and Opinions, "Cornhill;" College Life, and the Empress of Russia, "Pall Mall;" Thoreau's Pity and Humour, "Spectator;" and for fiction, "The Guinea Box," "Drunk in the Streets," the conclusion of "The Crookit Meg," and an instalment of "Adam and Eve," with the usual amount of poetry. A new volume began with July 1st. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the "Living Age" for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers. This magazine sustains its reputation of being one of the very best serials the country affords, with no engravings to attract, it keeps the even tenor of its way by the excellence of its selections.

News of the Churches.

REV. R. WRENCH is still labouring at Whitby; more than that, he is doing something for the "Independent" for which he has an encouraging word *and act*.

THE Rev. Edward Ebbs is at Unionville with a view to settlement. We shall gladly welcome Mr. Ebbs back to our midst, and pray that under his care our Unionville friends in their new and beautiful church may have a renewed era of prosperity and peace.

PRIVATE word has been heard from Rev. John Brown, now in Manitoba. Bad roads have interfered with the making of appointments, which were, however, begun about the middle of last month with two services and a walk of eighteen miles. We have faith in Manitoba when it thus calls forth energy.

STOFFVILLE.—Under our active brother, E. D. Silcox, the Sunday School Centenary could not be forgotten. A special service was held in the morning and a mass meeting of children in the afternoon. God grant that these Centenary services may bring down anew the baptism of fire upon our Sabbath schools.

COWANSVILLE loses in Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Carter, who are about to sail for England, two most efficient church workers and earnest friends. On the 5th inst. a farewell garden party took place on their grounds. We sympathize with the Cowansville Church in their loss, knowing what it is to lose old friends, and unite with them in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Carter *bon voyage*. Mr. George Robertson, student of C.C.B.V.A., is supplying there, and it would seem with acceptance and success.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Write as briefly as possible—our space is limited—on one side of the paper only.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

MR. EDITOR.—The remarks of the "Canadian Spectator," admitted into the columns of your paper, on Ministerial Education in Canada, exhibit a singular want of acquaintance with the circumstances of the country, and the condition and antecedents of our churches; they display, too, not a little ignorance of human nature, and of other things which a journalist who discusses the proceedings of Christian bodies ought to know.

1. Of the circumstances of the country which for a whole generation have sprung up in Canada under the operation of one of the finest school systems in the world, in Ontario at

least, where most of our Churches are to be found—The old days of backwoods ignorance are past; the remote and isolated forest settlements of forty years ago have given place to the towns, villages, and cities, full of life and intelligence, which make up the Protestant portion of the Canada of the present. In these towns and villages people are to be found who are just as well read and intelligent as the majority of the people of the cities; and plenty of these are shrewd enough to detect the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of the ecclesiastical charlatan should he chance to stray in their direction.

2. Of the condition and antecedents of our churches. The defective appliances formerly at the command of the Congregational churches for the education of ministers, are very well known to those who have lived long in Canada. By none were these defects more keenly deplored than by the men who had to submit to the disadvantages they entailed. Times, however, have changed. A thorough University course is open almost free of charge to any man who has the capacity to enter upon and follow it up. Our leading Universities are unsectarian. That in Toronto was wrested, largely by our own efforts, from the grasp of a dominant Church. There are no insuperable difficulties, therefore, in the way of any young man who has set his mind on obtaining a thorough education.

The time, then, seems to have come when we may reasonably say to every man who feels himself moved to enter on ministerial work. *The times demand an educated ministry.* The country has provided the means by which it may be attained; moreover, our common and high schools are training up educated hearers. Even in the village and rural districts you will have to preach, if you preach at all, to men well able to judge of what you say. The doors of the Universities have been opened by ourselves. If then, you are in earnest in the intention to serve your generation by this vocation, make full proof of it by getting a thorough preliminary grounding. This will be a solid platform on which subsequent theological training can rest. Half and half measures are suitable only to a transition state; they belong to the days of imperfection—to the backwoods era—in fact, but that is past, and its methods should pass with it.

It cannot, Mr. Editor, be disputed that there is no Christian body in which so much depends on the attainments and character of the individual pastor. The minister, humanly speaking, largely makes the church, and he thus largely shapes his own career. The "Canadian Spectator" is not satisfied either with the condition of the churches or the prospects of their ministers. There are others also who are not satisfied, but while the "Spectator" is content with a cynical sneer, others desire to work. Their knowledge of men and things teaches them that, other things being equal, the more highly educated ministry will gather and keep larger congregations, and build up more prosperous churches; other things, I say, being equal, for no amount of education, and no brilliancy of talent, will lead to good results if divorced from common sense and consistent living. Nor will education and talent avail a man who, while pastor of a Congregational church, sets at defiance every rule and principle which constitute the *raison d'être* of such churches, and give them the right and place to be.

The "Spectator" asks what sphere Congregationalism in Canada has to offer to men who have fulfilled a University course, and sneers at the pittance of six or eight hundred dollars a year that awaits them. On this I have two or three remarks to make.

In the first place, such an income as this is as high as awaits almost any young professional man at the outset of his career. In making this remark I speak after the manner of the "Spectator," and look at the ministry simply as one of various professions—law, medicine, the stage, politics, etc., of which that one is to be chosen by which a man can make the most money. This view of course conflicts with the doctrines and principles of a certain religion, which it is supposed to be the object of its ministry to advance and promulgate. But so much the worse for the religion. For certainly, in days when freedom of thought is carried out into license of action, if the religion a man professes interfere with his disposition to get and spend as he pleases as much money as he can, if one of the two things has to give way, it must certainly be his religion. But further, and simply as a matter of finance, this six or eight hundred dollars a year in many spheres of pastoral labour, will have a purchasing power equal to double or quadruple the same number of dollars in another sphere. It will not enable him to command such luxuries as wines, cigars, and dinners at the club, but it will place him on a par with the majority of his flock; and as time passes and expenses increase, if he be a good man and true, and bring out of his treasure things new and old, he may depend upon it his income will increase too. But even when a young man commences his ministry in the

city, the disadvantage of the relatively smaller income will be amply compensated by the wider opening and better prospects (speaking again *à la* "Spectator") that are there opened out to him. Hence his University education will tell, and along with sense, work, and Christian living, it will result in the gathering a people about him who will take good care that he has a sufficient income. But a truce to this style of thing, any pastoral change, no matter how obscure the sphere, or how small the income, has in it the element of a career which would satisfy the ambition of any honest man. The cure of souls, and the opportunity of preaching Christ and the Christian religion, are great things to those who have been really called to them. "The labourer is worthy of his hire"—granted. "They that preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel"—granted. But he that enters on the labour for the sake of the hire, he that preaches the Gospel with an eye mainly to the money it brings him, is a hireling and not a true shepherd. There are shepherds who eat the fat, and clothe themselves with the wool, who feed not the flock, the sheep meanwhile becoming "scattered through all the mountains and upon every high hill;" and God declares "He will require His flock at their hand." Many a true shepherd has spent the fruit of high education in quiet and obscure spheres. Many a Charles Kingsley has had no better field than a population of rustics like that of Eversley, and he has done honour to his field and to the religion he professes, by laboriously cultivating it. Such men do not make the world stare and wonder, but they do their life work faithfully and well, and they look for their reward in the salvation of men and in the gathering in and building up of churches that are what churches should be—the salt of the earth.

More might be said, but for the time this is sufficient. I write from a practical point of view, and subscribe myself,
Montréal, July 12, 1880. COMMON SENSE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SHUT UP THE TRAPS THAT CATCH US.

A few years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sabbath evening from ministerial duties, I was accosted by a man who, though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship, but then the public houses are open. I get past one or two, and at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to work hard all the week, and to struggle at the same time with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober they should shut up the traps that catch us."

HOW MISS WESTON BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

"I had been working in the temperance cause for some time, inviting others to follow a course which I had not entered on myself, when suddenly I was pulled up short in a very unlooked-for and unmistakable way. At the close of one of our temperance meetings, a desperate drunkard came up to me, wishing to sign the pledge. He was a chimney-sweeper, and well known to us all. I was eager to get hold of him, knowing his past history, but as he took the pen in hand, he suddenly looked up into my face, and said, inquiringly, 'If you please, Miss Weston, be you a teetotaler?' Somewhat disconcerted by this direct appeal, I replied that I only took a glass of wine occasionally, of course in strict moderation, upon which he laid down the pen, and said, 'Well, I think I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in moderation.' No entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge, neither could he keep within the bounds of moderation; he went back to his old life, saying that he would do as the lady did." On reaching home, she signed the pledge-book, regretting the resolution had not been taken earlier; and after many years of experience she is able to testify: "Although I have worked harder with brain, muscle, and nerve than I ever worked before, travelling thousands of miles, frequently holding two meetings a day, and standing at the helm of the ship entrusted to my care, I may safely say that I never enjoyed better health. Rest and food are the only doctors I have had to employ."—From "Miss Weston and the Sailors," by G. Holden Pike, in "The Fireside."

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

The results, in part, have been and are these: There is not a distillery, brewery, or wine factory in the State, open or secret. They have been summarily suppressed by the law. The liquor traffic has been extinguished generally throughout the State. In a large part of our territory, it is very nearly unknown; that is, in our small towns, villages and rural districts where it abounded before the law. The traffic lingers more or less secretly in some of our larger towns and cities, notably in Bangor, but that is the centre of a vast "lumbering" business, which brings a great number of

"logging" men, "river drivers," "mill men" and other rough characters into its taverns, shanties and streets. The execution of the law there has been capricious and fitful. Sometimes it has been well enforced, and the liquor traffic has been driven into dens, cellars and other secret places. But just now it is not enforced. The reason must be this: the "better part" of the people there must be very few or very cowardly. At any rate their influence is not felt for good. It is *nil*. But in Portland, the largest town in the State, there is no open liquor traffic. What exists here is on a very small scale, carried on very secretly, in the lowest, dirtiest parts of the city. We have many officers here whose sole business is to hunt rumsellers. Wherever they hear of one or suspect one to be, they are after him, as a man waging deadly war against society—as a "poisoner-general of the people," Wesley said; as "an artist in human slaughter," Lord Chesterfield said; as "a murderer," old Dr. Beecher said; as a man guilty of "the gigantic crime of crimes," Mr. Morrill said on the floor of the United States Senate. The result of this sharp and determined warfare against the grogshops is that the traffic is as disreputable in Maine as the keeping of a brothel probably is in Norwich or New Haven. It is under the ban of the law, which is upheld in this State by an overwhelming public opinion. We had many distilleries in Maine—seven large ones in Portland (drunkard factories) where their dreadful trade was actually piled night and day. Their fires never went out, except on the Sabbaths. At the same time we had West India rum imported into the State by the cargo—many great cargoes. Acres of rum puncheons spread out on our wharves. Now no liquor is brought into the State for unlawful sale except in small packages, which can be quickly handled, generally concealed in flour barrels, sugar barrels, rice-tierces, and boxes, packed generally in sawdust. I have seen it packed in corn, sugar and chaff.—Neil Dow.

WORDS.

By the words of malice spoken,
 Half in earnest, half in jest,
 Loving hearts are daily broken,
 Hearts the purest and the best.
 Listen, brothers, be discreet,
 Words of malice ne'er repeat;
 Loving hearts are tender things,
 Words of malice deadly sting.

By the words of love when spoken
 To the lowly and oppress'd,
 Loving hearts, tho' almost broken,
 Feel as if forever bless'd.
 Sisters, brothers, comfort, cheer,
 Banish thus the silent tear,
 Words of love you may be sure,
 Wounded hearts can quickly cure.

Words of truth when boldly spoken,
 Faithfully reproving sin,
 Ever is the surest token
 Of a spirit pure within.
 Sisters, brothers, guard the tongue,
 Utter not a word that's wrong,
 Boldly speak the words of truth,
 Thus become the guide of youth.

THE ORATORY OF DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. John Brown, in his "Hore Subsecivæ," gives an instance of his listening to Dr. Chalmers, when he was only a youth in the High School of Edinburgh. It was a wild moorland district on a summer evening. Brown and some of his fellow students, bright, gay, thoughtless lads, fascinated by the charm of the great name, had walked over to the kirk among the moors. "As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell:

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
 There was a hardness in his eye."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The minister came in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The tide set in; everything aided its power; deep called to deep. How astonishing and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears were running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion, and when the wonderful speaker sat down, how beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look. We went home quieter than we came; we thought of other things—that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence, that piercing, shattering voice!"

A PHYSICIAN gives this opinion on studying at an early age: A healthy child may, perhaps, safely enter the primary school at seven years of age. If nervous, or inclined to talk, or be restless in sleep, better wait another year. Then eight years in the current of graded schools will bring one, at fifteen or sixteen, prepared in brain power and attainment to enter the high-school. If any are to attend college or higher seminaries, nineteen or twenty years is young enough to enter them, as the brain is then beginning to grow still slower, and has attained more firmness to bear labour.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXI.

Aug. 1, 1880. } THE CALL OF ABRAHAM. } Gen. xi. 31. 32; xii. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."—Gen. xii. 3.

HOMR STUDIES.

M. Gen. xi. 1-11..... Babel.
 T. Gen. xi. 12-32..... From Noah to Abram.
 W. Gen. xii. 1-10..... The Call of Abram.
 Th. Ps. cv. 1-22..... The Covenant Remembered.
 F. Gal. iii. 1-9..... Abraham's Faith.
 S. Ps. lxxxiv. 1-12..... The Tabernacle of the Lord.
 Sab. Acts. vii. 1-7..... Abram's Obedience.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Besides the record of the covenant which formed the subject of our last lesson the ninth chapter of the Book of Genesis contains a short account of the life of Noah subsequent to the flood, detailing the circumstances which furnished the occasion for his prophecy regarding his three sons and the destiny of their descendants. Noah lived long enough to have held intelligent converse for many years with Terah, the father of Abraham.

The tenth chapter contains "The Generations of the Sons of Noah," each line of descent being traced far enough to shew the manner in which "by these the nations were divided in the earth after the flood."

In the eleventh chapter, after the account of the building of Babel, and the subsequent dispersion, the narrative, true to its main purpose—the history of redemption—returns to the line of Shem and traces the genealogy of Abram, whose "call" from among his idolatrous kindred to be a witness for the true God and the "father of the faithful," forms the subject of our present lesson, which may be divided as follows: (1) *Departure from Ur of the Chaldees*, (2) *Sojourn in Haran*, (3) *Death of Terah*, (4) *The Call*, (5) *The Promise*, (6) *Abram's Faith and Obedience*, (7) *Arrival in Canaan*, (8) *An Altar Erected*, (9) *No Continuing City*.

I. DEPARTURE FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES.—Chap. xi. ver. 31. The opening words of Joshua's last address to the Israelites are "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood (the Euphrates) in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods" (Josh. xxiv. 2). The descendants of Shem, in common with those of Noah's other two sons, appear to have very speedily fallen into the sin of idolatry. Was Shem himself among those "fathers" who "served other gods"? In the days of his youth Methuselah and Lamech had, no doubt, given him the account of the creation which they had received from Adam's own lips, and he himself had seen the wonderful power of God in the flood; and he was still alive when Terah and Abraham departed from Ur. Must we count Shem among those who "forgot God." It is sad to think that not a sound of his voice comes down to us in protest against the prevailing idolatry of his day.

II. SOJOURN IN HARAN.—Chap. xi. ver. 31. The opening words of another dying speech—that of Stephen—are, "Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken; The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charan, and said unto him get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee" (Acts vii. 2, 3). Thus it appears that not only the departure from Haran, but also the original departure from Ur, was in obedience to the call of God, although, on account of Terah's great age and infirmity, or for some other reason, the family sojourned in Haran (still on the east side of the Euphrates) for some (probably five) years.

III. DEATH OF TERAH.—Chap. xi. ver. 32. A hasty reference to verse 26 might lead the student to suppose that Terah was only seventy years old when Abram was born. If so, then Abram must have been one hundred and thirty-five years old when Terah died, aged two hundred and five. But we find (chap. xii. ver. 4) that Abram was only seventy-five years old when he left Haran, and that he did not leave Haran till after his father's death (Acts vii. 4). This ought to lead to a closer examination of chap. xi. ver. 26, which only states that Terah lived seventy years before any of his three sons were born, of whom Abram, though first mentioned, may have been the youngest. This explanation is very generally adopted, though some, for the text of chap. xi. ver. 32, substitute that of the Samaritan Pentateuch which gives the years of Terah's life as one hundred and forty-five.

IV. THE CALL.—Chap. xii. ver. 1. Most people would consider the command given to Abram as most unreasonable, and "the world" of that day would call him foolish for acting upon it; but in this as in some other instances the world's fool was God's wise man. Notice (1) the strength of the ties to be broken—out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house; (2) the loss of inheritance and of the prospect of high social and civic position; (3) the indefiniteness of the destination—unto a land that I will shew thee.

V. THE PROMISE.—Vers. 2, 3. (1) A personal temporal and spiritual blessing is to be found in the path of duty and obedience—I will bless thee. (2) I will make of thee a great nation. This part of the promise was temporal, and was fulfilled in the great power and prosperity of the Israelitish nation, which culminated in the time of

David and Solomon. (3) And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. This is a promise of salvation to men of all nations through Christ (descended from Abram), and cannot be twisted into anything else—"Moreover the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the nations by faith, proclaimed beforehand the glad tidings unto Abraham, saying In thee shall all the nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8).

VI. ABRAM'S FAITH AND OBEEDIENCE.—Ver. 4. To yield obedience to the commands of God with alacrity and without question was characteristic of Abram. The delay at Haran was, no doubt, by God's command or permission. Some commentators say that after the death of Terah the call was repeated. At any rate there was now no hindrance, and Abram departed as the Lord had spoken to him. "He went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8).

VII. ARRIVAL IN CANAAN.—Vers. 5, 6. The distance from Haran to the Land of Canaan was not more than from three hundred to four hundred miles, but the journey probably occupied a considerable portion of time. Abram, with Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered (stocks and herds probably), and the souls that they had gotten in Haran (bond-servants), travelled by easy stages and probably on a circuitous course, seeking pasture. He entered Canaan, not like a tramp, but as a man of substance, who could command the respect of the inhabitants. And the Canaanite was then in the land. Seeing that the narrative was written by Moses, at a time when the Canaanite was still in the land, the force of the word "then" in this sentence must be *even at that early period*.

VIII. AN ALTAR ERECTED.—Ver. 7. As soon as Abram reached the centre of the promised land his first care was to set up the worship of God in the appointed way. An altar is for sacrifice, which Abram, no doubt, offered.

IX. NO CONTINUING CITY.—Vers. 9, 10. To Abram, Canaan was the land of promise and nothing more. "He gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on" (Acts. vii. 5). "He sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles . . . for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 9, 10).

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to add up bills. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wear a cheerful smile. Teach them to wear thick, warm clothes. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of beaux. Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear their own hair, and to dress it neatly. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlour. Teach them to cultivate a garden, and to drive a road team or farm wagon. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them that the more one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse.

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe*.

I HAVE read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others, for lawyers, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Webster*.

"WHEN did you first become a Child of God?" was asked of one who at once replied, with earnestness and solemnity, "I was converted when religion ceased to be a duty, and became a pleasure."

A SWIMMER becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practise always in shallow water, your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.—*J. Stuart Blackie*.

GOD walks with the simple; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest.—*Admiral Farragut*.

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

Around the Table.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you He left His home on high;
For you to earth He came to die!
For you He slumbered in a manger;
For you to Egypt fled, a stranger;
For you He dwelt with fishermen;
For you He slept in cave or glen;
For you abuse He meekly bore;
For you a crown of thorns He wore;
For you He braved Gethsemane;
For you He hung upon the tree;
For you His soul least was made;
For you by Judas was betrayed;
For you by Peter was denied;
For you by Pilate crucified!
For you His precious blood was shed;
For you He slept among the dead!
For you He rose with night at last;
For you beyond the skies He passed;
For you He came, at God's command;
For you He sits at His right hand!

LITTLE THINGS.

"Though little I bring,"
Said the tiny spring,
As it burst from the mighty hill,
"Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow,
The pastures grow greener still."

And the drops of rain,
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which drooped in 'ho bowers,
And hung their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
Yet, taking them all,
Each one doing all that it can
To fulfil the design
Of its Maker divine,
What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil
All His righteous will
Who formed the whole earth by His word!
Creator Divine,
We would ever be thine,
And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

HEARING THE SERMON.

"MOTHER," said a little boy one Sabbath, "mayn't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" "No, *not one word*," he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his limbs and pouted his lips, and said he didn't want to go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand *one word* the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could.

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters, with a man, occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm,

and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I *did* get *one word* out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God, all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants; He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God *didn't* make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth He created the substance of brass for the button makers to use."

"Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a great, good God He is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It *was* bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind *kept* on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet, if we encourage them to *try* to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed-thought, even no bigger than *one word*, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died; but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume, and shewed bright blossoms, and pleased everybody that looked at it. A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. Kind words and bright smiles make people happy.

He who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

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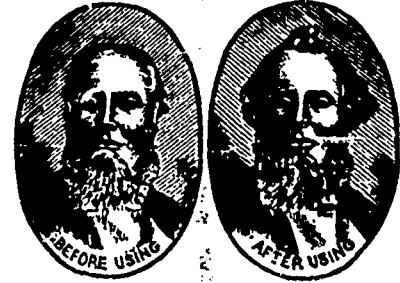
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