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# The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

[New Series. No. 48

## Current Topics.

—May 23, 1881. "Examining the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so."

—It is said that Newgate prison in London is to be removed to make room for the Central Parcels Post-Office.

—"In loving remembrance" of Dr. Punshon, Lord Mayor McArthur has given £1,000 to the Wesleyan Missions.

—Professor Robertson Smith has been elected a commissioner to the Free Church Assembly by the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

—A Turkish translation of Mr. Smiles's "Self Help," has recently appeared. The work is now published in the native language of every European nation.

—Another year of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt has advanced the membership of the Evangelical Church of Egypt from 985 to 1,036, a net gain of 51.

—On the first Sunday in May Dr. Talmage received three hundred and ten new members in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, making the total membership two thousand five hundred and nine.

—The American Baptist Home Mission Society increased both its receipts and its debt the past year—the former by \$69,580, the latter by \$11,581. The total of receipts was \$235,032. The debt is \$29,955.

—Russell McCoy, a descendant of the famous mutineers of Her Majesty's ship *Bounty*, is in London and has held a reception at the Royal Aquarium. He is the first native who has ever left Pitcairn Island.

—The International Conference of Y. M. C. Associations will be held in Exeter Hall, London, England, July 30—August 6. America will be largely represented. Among other topics discussed will be the best methods of reaching the young men of the working class, and those inclined to socialistic views.

—The Synod of Caithness and Sutherland has adopted an overture to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland asking that prompt and suitable action be taken against authors of discourses in "Scotch Sermons," who are members of the Church of Scotland, to protect congregations from "pernicious error."

—Pastor Josef Renstle, the first Romish priest who refused to accept the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, after its promulgation, has just died at Sauldorf, Baden. He was pastor at Meering at the time of his conflict with the authorities, and his parish stood by him without an exception. He was a man of great learning as a theologian, historian and naturalist.

—There has been a powerful work of grace in British Guiana. Forty years ago a young man commenced work there, and waited five years for his first convert. Quite recently 1,398 of the natives of Potaro and the neighboring tribes were baptized, among whom were some who had come a two weeks' journey and were living on quarter rations rather than be unbaptized.

—The London Temperance Hospital, established seven years ago for the treatment of medical and surgical cases without alcohol, though in extraordinary cases it might be used, has treated 9,239 cases, and used alcohol only once, and then the result was not beneficial. The hospital has become so popular on account of its temperance principles that new buildings are to be erected.

—Alcoholism is, according to the keeper of the New York Morgue, the cause of the death, directly or indirectly, of four-fifths of the five thousand persons whose bodies annually find their way into that ghastly place. Does the rumseller want any better proof of the disastrous nature of his horrid work? and does the moderate drinker ever consider that these most unhappy ones were once what he is—and yet they at last found a resting-place on the cold marble of the dead-house!

—The famous anti-Jewish petition has at last been sent in to Prince Bismarck. It is in twenty-six volumes and contains 255,000 signatures.

—During Holy Week in Paris many fashionable ladies retired to a convent, where they slept on hard iron beds in small white-washed cells, with a crucifix as the sole ornament. A robe of sackcloth was offered them upon entering. Such a mode of life for a week must give one great aspirations heavenward!

—A touching story is told of a Karen village in Burmah where the people had become so poor that they were obliged to eat rats to keep from starvation. As the missionary was leaving recently, a member of the church put ten rupees, about five dollars, into his hand, saying, "This is our annual contribution to foreign missions. We can live upon the rats, but the Ka-Khyens cannot live without the gospel." Could heathendom teach us a more impressive lesson of Christian benevolence and sympathy?

—The aborigines in Australia, says the *Illustrated Missionary News*, are fast dying out. The last of the Tasmanians died in 1876. The wives are treated with the greatest barbarity among them. They are often knocked on the head with heavy clubs, speared through the legs and arms, or deeply gashed with flints so that their bodies are usually a mass of scars. They die generally before they are thirty. No one is ever allowed to take a woman's part. They are often not buried at all, while in some tribes they are killed and eaten as they become older. A fair number of these people, degraded as they are, have been converted.

—The Custom House Statistics of the Sandwich Islands for 1880 show at a glance the commercial prosperity of the islands. The exports for the year amounted in value to \$4,968,194.40, the imports to \$3,673,268.41, making an excess in exports of \$1,294,925.99. The statistics of emigration and immigration show that the arrivals exceeded the departures by 3,665. Whatever may become of the native population the Sandwich Islands are clearly destined to hold an important position in the Western world.

—The king of the Sandwich Islands, now on his way around the world, happened to be in Japan on the ninth anni-

versary of the organization of the "Union Church" of Yokohama. Towards the erection of the meeting-house of that church the Christians of Hawaii had contributed \$1,000, and in remembrance of that gift the church invited King Kalakaua to attend its anniversary celebration held on the 10th of March last. The king was welcomed in an address by Dr. T. W. Gulick, a native of Hawaii, but now a native of Japan, and replied in a pleasant speech, accepting with hearty thanks the gift of a Japanese Testament which was there made him. What would have been thought sixty years ago of a suggestion that the king of Hawaii should give an address in a Christian church of Japan! "If the Lord would make windows in heaven might this thing be?"

—Some private conferences of ministers and elders have been held on the eve of the meeting of the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on the case of Professor Smith. A conference of the traditional party has been held in Edinburgh, in which representatives from nearly all the presbyteries were present, among whom were Sir Henry Moncreiff and Drs. Wilson, Symington, Adam, Begg, and Brown. The feeling of the meeting, it is said, was that the Assembly ought finally to dispose of the case, and that Professor Smith ought not to resume the teaching of his classes. The issue of his recent book "Biblical Criticism" was referred to as giving evidence of more advanced views than anything before published, and the members of the conference were advised to study it carefully, in view of future proceedings. In the same city the friends of the accused Professor have held a private meeting, to consider what action should be taken when the Assembly is asked to approve the proceedings of the commission. The conference inclined to the view that if further proceedings are contemplated against Professor Smith, they must be taken by libel.

—The Rev. Mr. Syvert, a Methodist missionary in the town of Hull, Quebec, has appealed to the authorities for protection against Catholic persecution. He publishes a statement as follows: "For nearly four years, as a missionary in Hull, I have borne insults and abuse from emissaries of Rome night and day. Priests in the pulpits have represented me as a serpent that either must be crushed or fled from. Their people, in response, have hissed at me constantly. Rotten eggs and dirt have been thrown against my house, and our meeting place is almost every Sunday surrounded with rowdies, who rap and kick at our doors during the service. The members of my congregation are insulted as they go in and out of the church. They are followed and insulted as they come, and in some instances stones and rubbish have been thrown at them. Stones have been thrown through my windows during divine service. Groups of young roughs are allowed to collect at the corners of the streets, to annoy and insult us as we pass by, and no one seems to try to stop it. Yesterday evening, after service, as I was quietly reading in my study, about ten o'clock, two stones were thrown through my windows, one of them evidently aimed at me. It very nearly

struck me, and rebounded at my feet." It is surely a great deal more than time that this sort of work were put an effectual stop to. Things must have come to a poor pass down about Hull and the capital when such things are possible, and possible apparently without even an attempt being made to apply a remedy.

—The London Missionary Society has received reports from its missionaries on the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, concerning the climate and people of Uguha. The population is from 15,000 to 20,000, its chief town being Ruanda, having some 500 houses. The mission station is Mtowa. The natives are peaceable and industrious, and of fine physical development, dressing their hair in peculiar fashion, and chipping the two front teeth. Some of the chiefs are said to have as many as 400 wives. The men deal in ivory, and of late years are disposed to travel, going even as far as Zanzibar. Of their religious notions it is said: "The nearest approach to the idea of a divine being is in the belief in their great spirit *Calumba*. To him they assign a certain location, but they do not point upwards to the heavens as we do. They say *Anakaa ndani* ('he dwells inside'), as if trying to express some unknown country, or more properly some unknown world or other. In this indefinite place *Calumba* dwells, and to this place, wherever it is, the departed spirits go after death. They are welcomed by hosts of *wamangulwa* (angels?), and they are brought before the great spirit *Calumba*, who judges of their previous life, and rewards the good and punishes the evil."

—There comes from the Methodist Mission Rooms, New York, a "comparative view of mission work in Utah," which gives some valuable information. The Presbyterian Church has forty-four commissioned missionaries in the Territory. Of this number eleven are ministers and thirty-three are teachers. It costs that Church \$26,000 annually to pay these missionaries, and from \$5,000 to \$10,000 more each year to build chapels, furnish school-houses, etc. They will expend \$10,000 for the erection of a school-building at Ogden, and smaller sums at other points. At least seven new ministers and additional teachers are to be put in the field to open new stations. Their superintendent and the principal of the Collegiate Institute are now in the East, soliciting men and means to enlarge their work. The Congregationalists have two ministers and nine teachers in the territory. They will erect a \$20,000 school building this summer at Salt Lake City. They have received lately an endowment fund of \$30,000 to sustain a free primary school, which will be a feeder to the academy. Their board sustain their workers and work by liberal expenditures. The Episcopalians are well sustained in their church, school, and hospital work. The Methodists have ten ministers and eight teachers. Two of the clergymen and four of the teachers receive no missionary support. One other teacher is supported by the Woman's Home Missionary Society. The Missionary Society appropriates to carry on this work only \$6,200. Some of the teachers receive only \$20 a month salary.

## THE HEARTS SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom door!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;  
'Tis thy heart of sin:  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
Rise, and let Me in.

Death comes down with reckless footstep  
To the hall or hut;  
Think you death shall stand a knocking  
Where the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;  
But thy door is fast!  
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth—  
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
Christ to let thee in;  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin.  
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot,  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
But He knows thee not.

## A STORY OF THE ENGLISH DERBY DAY.

(Continued.)

'I hope you're not ill, ma'am,' Julia ventured at last to say, as the lady still remained, growing paler and paler, at least so she fancied.

'I'm not well, Mrs. Meadows,' was the answer, 'I never am now; but is Mr. Meadows gone to the races?'

'Oh yes, ma'am, he's gone, and it's a fine day for him to enjoy himself. I want him at home very much; but he must have a holiday sometimes, though it's happened unfortunate to-day.' She was thinking of the lost customers.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Roberts, in a pre-occupied way, tapping her parasol absently on the shop floor and looking down.

Julia thought she might be displeased that George had not accepted her husband's invitation, so she hastened to make apology. 'I was sorry that he shouldn't have taken the seat in the carriage that Mr. Roberts so kindly offered him. It would have saved him expense, and have been so much pleasanter.'

'Did my husband offer him a seat in the carriage?' asked Mrs. Roberts, looking up.

'Yes ma'am. Mr. Roberts told me so this morning, when he came to buy some gloves.'

'And he didn't go with him, you say?'

'No, ma'am. He went in the omnibus.'

'You may be thankful,' was the answer, to Julia's great surprise, 'and tell him from me, that when Mr. Roberts invites him to anything, the best word he can say is "No!"' She said this in a sharp tremulous voice, yet with more energy than could be supposed was possible to her. Julia did not know what to reply. This was so strange a thing to say: she doubted for a moment whether the poor lady was in her right mind this morning. Sickness and neglect brought on queer fancies, and perhaps this was the case now. Why should George refuse the society of a man so much above him in wealth? It might be a great advantage to him in his business to have a friend with plenty of money like Mr. Roberts. She changed the subject.

'The air's so pleasant, it would have done you good to have gone out yourself to-day, ma'am.'

'So it would,' said Mrs. Roberts, 'but my husband has other use for the carriage, as you saw—as everybody saw. When I married, I didn't think I should come to this—to be left without a penny to spend in my own house, and to find my carriage used to take swindlers and gamblers to Epsom! He's going the way to ruin, is my hus-

band. I've long suspected it, and this morning I've discovered it. I've found his betting-book, Mrs. Meadows, and, though I don't know much about betting books, I've seen enough to convince me he's a thorough gambler, and his friends are the same. But what remedy have I? Thank God on your knees that your husband didn't go to the downs with him! For he'll not only ruin himself and me, but he'll ruin everybody that comes near him. What should he seek Mr. Meadows's company for, but to ruin him? I know him pretty well by this time, to my cost, and I tell you it is so. He would have fleeced him of every penny; he's a blackleg and a scoundrel! And having said all this in an excited voice, Mrs. Roberts concluded by falling into a strong fit of hysterics.

Julia took her as soon as possible from the publicity of the shop to the little parlour at the back. It had never been dusted or arranged that morning, for she had been too busy to attend to it; but this was no time to think of such things. The poor excited lady demanded all her care for a full half hour, and when she came to, sufficiently to be quiet, and to let the tears flow more calmly, she began to talk to her young neighbor and impromptu friend of her married griefs and cares, and Julia had to listen to many things that it would have been better never to have named. But Mrs. Roberts's heart was very full, and she had had no friend near her for many a day in whom she could confide. The fountain of bitterness overflowed, and Julia, with sympathising heart and sorrowful face, listened to her story and gave ejaculatory consolation and replies, scarcely knowing what she said, only feeling that it was necessary to soothe and comfort her neighbor as she best could. Bitter and long were Mrs. Roberts's complaints. Her husband was miserly, refusing to let her have what money she needed to support her position in the world, refusing even needful things for the house, and carefully doling out the pence to her, who had so unwisely given him unlimited possession of her thousands of pounds. Her little niece was just now staying with her—an orphan—and poor—and she would fain have had her in the house as her home; but Mr. Roberts grudged the extra food, and clothes, and medicine the child had required in the three months of her stay, and to-morrow she was to return to her father's relatives in Wales—poor people who could ill afford to keep her. He was jealous of her friends, and had purposely offended them all, that she might be more completely in his power. He even grudged her the commiseration of her servants, and had given one woman warning for showing her deference. He humiliated her before his guests by treating her as a child, and he abused and ill-treated her in private. A long, strange catalogue of privations and indignities the young wife listened to in the intervals between snatches of attention to shop and house and baby and servant, for Mrs. Roberts seemed in no hurry to depart. What miseries are so miserable and hopeless as home miseries? The miseries that arise between two unhappy contradictory hearts tied together perforce by the chain of matrimony, and grinding each other like the wheel and the axle when the oil is gone. Mrs. Roberts's chief complaint, however, was that there was but one heart in the case here. And as a climax to these miseries was this morning's discovery, that her money had been withdrawn from the funds to pay her husband's 'debts of honor'—more truly of 'dishonor'—and that he was now staking a large sum, perhaps their all, upon the running of a horse at Epsom. 'Why do they talk of gambling not being permitted?' asked the

agitated wife, who, as she proceeded in the capitulation of her troubles, became again excited. 'What better is it than the gambling tables of Hamburg and Baden, this insane betting upon horses? What is the race-course at Epsom but a great gambling table, open not only to the rich, but the poor—the poorest? Encouraged by the aristocracy, by the highest in the land—the Prince of Wales will be there, they say—the Prime Minister, members of Parliament, the noble and rich—all will be there, to gamble and to smile at the gambling! Oh, if they could but know the misery that comes from it! the wrong, the degradation! Even my husband wasn't so bad till those rogues of the race-course inoculated him and gave him the betting fever. And now I suppose he'll never stop till we're both in the workhouse. It wanted but this to fill up the measure of his crimes against me. To bet away my money, to gamble it away on the gallop of a horse's hoof—for it was all my money, Mrs. Meadows! But why do I talk? Wasn't I the first gambler when I staked myself and all I possessed on the lottery of a man's face and a marriage license? I needn't blame him so much, I was the first fool. But who was the rogue? Mr. Roberts, and such men as he is, that made the law robbing the wife of all she has in that moment of trusting love and extreme faith when she takes a husband at the altar. I was told but didn't believe it, how it would be. I loved him too much, and the law takes advantage of a woman's love in that way, and the Church sanctions the robbery! I can't bring myself to believe that Mr. Roberts contemplated being such a rogue as he has proved. And yet —' Alas! there were many more 'and yet's' to be heard against Mr. Roberts.

The unhappy wife went away at last, and Julia bore about her for the rest of the day an unusual look of care. The little woman began to wonder how it might be with her in nine years time—just the time Mrs. Roberts had been married. She had brought no money to her husband on the wedding-day, so there could be no unjust plunder on his part as a commencement to a life of love and union: but if George were ever to prove a tyrant? If he were to turn idle and dissipated, and demand to live upon her earnings, as a master lives upon the earnings of a slave, what help would she have? None, for she was a wife, a word of wide meaning, embracing sometimes amongst others that of bondwoman in England, if compulsory life-service to a hard master means bondage; if life passed in indignity and hardship, and semi-starvation without help from the law, means bondage; if all work and no pay from youth to old age, with the bare reward of having performed your slave-duties, means bondage. But no, it was not possible! Her George was true and good. He would never forget to protect and care for her and her baby. He would never cease to love her. He would eschew gamblers and blacklegs. Had he not already turned shy with Mr. Roberts? Perhaps he had had an idea of what Mr. Roberts was!

Seven o'clock came, and the people were returning from the great race of the year. Mrs. Meadows's shop faced the high road from Epsom, and with the rest of her neighbors she gazed out at the long stream of carriages and vehicles of all kinds that never ceased flowing for three long hours. The horses looked tired and melancholy as they prepared to mount the coming hill with their unconscionable burdens; but who cared for the horses? Not, certainly, the people whom they carried along at as rapid a rate as the weary legs of over-driven animals could manage, the people who were crowded and crammed in carts and omnibuses and hack carriages of all descriptions, and were smiling, joking,

laughing, shouting, bowing, and posturing to the crowds gathered on the pavement. It was an amusing sight if the meaning of it could be forgotten. The people had been out for a holiday, where wild, rollicking, careless fun was rampant and fashionable; where absurdity crowned itself with paper wreaths and brightly colored hats, and amused itself openly with dolls and toys, with jeers and practical jokes, uproar and nonsense; where the highest and lowest flaunted in elbow by elbow, with the very highest, and where poverty parodied fashion and gloried in extravagance of dress and demeanour, and was not ashamed to show that it was poverty, holding up its colored rags and paper, and smoking its vile tobacco with an air of jollity that was infectious, and that fairly outrivalled the merriment of the well-to-do and wealthy. He who had not a gallant steed to himself had at least an eighth part of a bare-boned pony to carry him back to London. He who had not a new coat, had a ragged one or a patched one; and he who rode not on cushions, rode on deal. What did it matter? The steed and the new coat and the cushions had had no better sight of the races than the bare-boned pony and the patched coat, mayhap, and if they had, what matter? A gay heart did not ask for new broadcloth and fine linen to cover it, and a man could laugh and joke as well from a sweep's coat as a lord's. The only thing, or the chief thing was to laugh and joke, for that seemed the work of the evening or these sight-seers and pleasure-mongers of the great day of the English carnival.

(To be continued.)

## A SLEIGH-RIDE FOR LIFE.

The month of February was drawing to a close. There had been a thaw, with a warm, drizzling rain, all day; but just before dark the wind changed, and great masses of inky clouds rolled up from the northwest. It grew cold very rapidly, and before 9 o'clock the soft "sposhy" snow had become a frozen mass of ice. The morning dawned clear and bright, with the mercury only four degrees above zero. Frosty particles glittered in the air, and the cleared fields at the base of the distant blue Oquago mountain seemed cased in fetters of ice.

"Boys," said father, rising from the table and going where the warm fire was glowing like molten gold in the open grate, "can't you take Mr. Fenton's sleigh home this morning as you go to school? It's down hill most of the way, and you can draw it easily by hand. You will have plenty of time before school commences, and then you'll not be bothered to come home with the horses."

Of course, we could take it, just as well as not. John was 17, and I was 19, hale and hearty; and with strength of muscle and ambitious spirits, we undoubtedly felt, as most young men of that age do, that we were a "full team" for almost anything. The long, yellow sleigh, with three seats and heavy swan-necks in front, was soon at the door. The dinner basket and books were placed therein, and each took his place at the pole, for a brisk run along the icy road.

"Let me say one word to you, boys, before you go," said father, coming out upon the stone steps. "Don't undertake to ride down hill. It's icy and it's dangerous. Remember what I tell you."

"All right," we replied in concert as we started on a run. The half mile that intervened between our place and the school house was soon passed. A number of girls and boys were running about the yard as we came up.

"Hurrah for a sleigh-ride—a genuine old-fashioned good one!" I shouted, as we halted before the door.



"Come, boys and girls, get in. Load up the old sleigh, and go down to Mr. Fenton's with us. We'll have a glorious time, and we can all get back before school commences. Come!"

Alas, in our moments of excitement and hilarity, how soon was the admonition of a kind father forgotten!

"Good!" ejaculated Harry Siggars, buttoning up his coat and drawing on his mittens. "Girls, get your cloaks and shawls, and bundle up, and we'll have a half-hour's fun fit for a king."

In less than five minutes the long sleigh was well filled with a laughing, merry crowd, and we were ready to start. Billy Smith stood up in front to hold the pole and two of the larger boys took their places on the sides to steer. Herb Martin stepped behind and pushed the sleigh two or three rods as fast as he could run, and then leaped aboard. We were fairly under way. Before we had passed over 10 rods, I began to see that we had undertaken a dangerous ride. On we flew, gathering speed faster and faster with every rod we passed over, until the keen air blew in our faces, and the trees and fences seemed to dash past us at an amazing rate of speed. What if we should happen to meet a loaded vehicle? I could not help shuddering at the thought. The boys who were acting as steersmen were stout fellows, who knew their duty well; but I noticed they already had hard work, and the sleigh, with its heavy load of human freight, was getting beyond their control. We had not taken into consideration the icy road, and the load that was propelling the smooth steel sleigh-shoes with almost irresistible power.

We had a good mile of down grade to ride, and scarce a quarter of the distance had yet been passed. A short way below us the road made an abrupt turn to the right, round a spur of the steep hill-side. The ground had slid away on the lower side of the road around this turn, and an almost sheer precipice yawned below for more than 150 feet. Could we make the turn? We had little time to think. A loaded sleigh had passed along the road the night before, and the runners had cut deep furrows in the soft slush, which was now frozen like adamant. Doubtless these aided greatly in keeping our sleigh in its proper position. We dashed around the dangerous turn like wildfire. I shuddered as I caught an instantaneous glimpse of the tall tree-tops away below us, and lower still the clusters of willow that lined the icy shore of the river.

At the same moment a column of white steam shot up from the foot of the bank directly below us, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive rang fearfully in our ears. It was the up mail-train, sounding its approach to the station.

The road extended along the steep hill-side in a southwest direction for half a mile or more; when it crossed the railroad, near the foot of the descent. In many places the rocks had been sliced down to 40 or 50 feet to form the road-bed, and a precipitous cliff extended below to the railroad track. Neck and neck we flew along, even with the great puffing iron monster below. It was a wild race for life; for if we met the train at the crossing no earthly power could save us.

The engineer saw us, and promptly sounded the danger signal—sharp and distinct. It rang alarmingly in our ears, like the knell of approaching death. The steersmen grasped the side of the sleigh with the energy of despair, and setting their teeth together, made a last concentrated effort to check our lightning-like career. But the moment their feet touched the surface they were thrown upward, nearly jerking them from their positions, and

the mad run-away sleigh dashed on as before.

The engineer seeing our situation—as we afterwards learned—opened the throttle and threw on every pound of steam the engine was made to bear. Fearing for our lives, he made the effort to pass the crossing before we reached there. It was an awful moment. The sleigh-track spun out behind us like silver ribbons, and the stumps and corners of fences seemed to dash past like flashes of lightning. Little pieces of ice from the road-bed flew spitefully in our faces, and the wind blew so hard we could scarcely breathe.

Oh, how forcibly did father's kind words of warning come back to our recollection now, and pierce our disobedient hearts with mental anguish! Thoughts of home and eternity passed vividly through our minds in quick succession. The girls clasped each other's hands, and with staring eyes and bated breath tremblingly awaited the dread moment. A moment only we had to think; and we were at the crossing, and the crisis was at hand.

The sleigh struck the iron rails just ahead of the cow-catcher, and with a sudden shock, leaped forward and upward. There was a frightful clanging and hissing around us, and a deafening screech from the steam valve, as we leaped the track. The hot breath of the fiery monster fairly swept in our faces as we dashed before him; and he even left his mark, in the shape of a long and deep indentation, on the rear of the sleigh-box.

The girls uttered a wild shriek of despair, and two of them fainted in each other's arms. Billy Smith sank down, pale and trembling, and the steersmen tottered and shook as though their almost palsied limbs were struck with deadly weakness.

It was all over, however. We had won the race; we were at the bottom of the hill, and we were safe. The engineer and firemen swung their hats, and a score of handkerchiefs fluttered at the car-windows, as they dashed past us; but we were too much frightened and excited to return the congratulation.

Our rate of speed diminished rapidly as we crossed the little flat, and, shortly after we struck the ascending grade, ceased altogether. The shock to our nervous system had been considerable; but nevertheless we soon recuperated, and while the girls slowly wended their way back to the school-house, we drew the sleigh to its destination.

We returned to the school-room that morning ten minutes late. The teacher had heard the story of our narrow escape, but did not mention it to us then. Perhaps our blanched faces and nervous glances revealed the fact that we had learned a lesson we were not soon to forget.

Aye, so it was! For weeks after that exciting event I often saw in my dreams the great hissing iron steed just dashing upon me, and with the alarming scream of the steam-whistle I would give back the answer with a despairing shriek, and awake trembling with mortal terror. Father kindly forgave us when he heard of it, but it was the last of our riding down hill; and from that day to this I cannot witness the sport anywhere near the railway without recalling my fearful experience, when so many of us passed through such a narrow escape from a death so horrible.

—A wealthy man, displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir? What do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them; and what more can you do with them yourself?"

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, June 12.

The Walk to Emmaus, Luke xxiv. 13-32.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—And they said one to another, did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

Commit vs. 26-27.

## INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

Our last lesson was on the crucifixion and death of our Lord,—our present gives us one event of His risen life. The intervening Scriptures inform us of the act of the soldier in piercing His side, His removal from the cross, His burial, the sealing of the tomb, His resurrection, and some of the circumstances that render so memorable that eventful morning. The incident of our present study occurred near evening of the same day.

## LESSON NOTES.

(13.) *And behold*—words introductory to some highly important statement. *Two of them.* One of these was Cleopas, a disciple; the other is supposed by some to have been Luke himself. *Went that same day (the first day of the week) to a village called Emmaus*—from Jerusalem about sixty furlongs (7½ miles).

(14.) *All these things.* All (vs. 18-24) for the things meant.

(15, 16.) *Jesus Himself*,—the resurrected Lord, under a different aspect from that under which He had been seen in the morning (Mark xvi. 12); and *went with (in company with) them. Their eyes were holden.* They were not permitted to recognize Him. It was the Lord's purpose not to be known just then.

(17.) *What manner of communication*,—in other words, of what are you conversing? *As ye walk and are sad.* Their dejection and grief were apparent, hence this remark elicited no surprise on their part.

(18.) *Cleopas, answering, said—Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?*

(19-24.) *What things?* The Lord's asking this question was no affectation of ignorance, but for the purpose of leading those men to open their minds fully to Him; and thus affording Himself an opportunity for naturally and unobtrusively instructing them in relation to Himself and the things that seemed to them so inexplicable and confusing. *Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people; and how the chief priests (chief of the priests) and our rulers (the Jewish Sanhedrim) delivered Him (to the Romans) to be (in order to be;—the Jews had no power to inflict the death punishment) condemned to death; and have crucified Him.* The act of crucifying, though really performed by the Romans is here spoken of as having been done by the chief priests and our rulers. These were the specially responsible parties (Matt. xxvii. 25); hence (see Acts ii. 23, 36, vii. 53.) *But we (we who loved Him) trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel (from Roman servitude), and besides all this to-day is the third day, &c.*—an expression of utter hopelessness in regard to the deliverance of the nation. *Yea, and certain women . . . made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre: and when they found not His body they came, saying, &c.*

This *astonishment* shows that the disciples were unprepared for their Lord's rising. They had heard Him say He would rise, yet they had had no faith that His words would be fulfilled. *Him they found not.* It was indisputable that His body was gone,—quite true that living witnesses had declared they had seen Him, but there was no faith to accept the report for *Him they saw not!* How merciful was the Lord to condescend to their obstinacy of unbelief, and show Himself to so many persons and under so many different circumstances.

(25.) *O fools!* This has not the offensive sense that with us attaches to the word. It simply means unreasoning, unreflecting ones. *Slow of heart to believe, &c.*—not only slow of head, but slow of heart. There was a lack of both intellectual discernment and heart-readiness to believe what the prophets had said.

(26.) *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?* *Ought* implies duty, obligation. Had Christ any duty or obligation in this matter? Yes; because He had voluntarily assumed it. He had covenanted with His Father to do all the work He had undertaken (Ps. xl. 7). By virtue of this

covenant, His people had been chosen in Him for countless ages (Eph. i. 4). His death had, accordingly, been an accepted fact from the foundation of the world (Rev. xiii. 8). He had assumed man's nature and announced to men His purpose to save them (Matt. xviii. 11; John xii. 47); and, therefore, He *ought to have suffered those things. And to enter into His glory. Ought He also to do this?* Yes; because the work He was pledged to perform could not be successfully accomplished otherwise (John xvi. 7-11; Acts ii. 30-36; iii. 21).

(27.) *Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself* (see Gen. iii. 15; Dent. xviii. 15; Is. lvi). The whole Old Testament is little more than the simplifying and elucidating of what is found in these references.

(28.) *Made as though he would, &c.*—that is, He kept on His way as one would who intended to go further.

(29.) *They constrained (urgently entreated). Abide with us*—an invitation;—*to-ward evening—day far spent*—arguments for His remaining with them. *He went in.*—Matt. xviii. 19.

(30.) *As they sat (reclined) at meat, He took bread, &c., &c.* Though a guest, the Lord took the position at table of a host, and served His entertainers—see John xiv. 23.

(31, 32.) *And their eyes were opened*,—that is, He caused Himself to be seen. *And He vanished (disappeared) from their sight.* Thus, to the other evidences which He had given them, and which they at once recognized as from Himself, was added visual evidence,—they had seen the Lord. *Did not our hearts burn*,—as if they had said—why, we ought to have known it was He, while He talked with us by the way. Who else could have moved us so? Who else could so have opened the Scriptures to us? Thus Christ had first informed their inner consciousness, and then, as if to "make assurance doubly sure," had revealed Himself to their bodily perceptions.

## SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Christ reveals Himself to the hearts of all who hold spiritual communion with Him; and this revelation is so palpable and real that it has a more permanent and convincing effect than sight alone could have. Christ is always nearer to us than we suppose. Unbelief thinks of Him as far away, overlooking us, forgetting us; but by and by some tender warning of the heart, some gentle stirring of the Spirit, some quiet inflow of Scriptural consolation reveals the fact that He has indeed been beside us, communing with us, and gently revealing Himself to our spirits.

## QUESTION SUMMARY.

(For the Children.)

(13.) Who were going to Emmaus? (see v. 19, also note.) (14.) What were they talking about? (15.) Who joined them in their walk? (16.) Did they know Him? Why not? What is meant by *their eyes were holden*? (see note.) (17.) What did Jesus ask them? (18.) What was Cleopas' reply? Why did he seem so much astonished? (19-21.) Why did Jesus say—*what things?* when he knew all about it? (see note.) Read or repeat the answer of Cleopas. What did Cleopas call Jesus? Who did he say crucified Him? Did he mean that they had really nailed Him to the cross themselves? (see note.) What did He say that they (the disciples) had trusted? What did He mean by that? (22, 23.) Who did He say had made them astonished—full of wonder? By telling them what? (24.) Did any go and see if the women's story was true? Did they find it true? Did they believe it? Why not? Because they had not seen Him themselves? (25-26.) What did Jesus say to them? (27.) Whom was He teaching them of? Out of what writings did He teach them? If the Old Testament is so full of Jesus, ought you not to study it very carefully? (28.) When they reached Emmaus, what did it seem that the Lord intended to do? (29.) Did they urge Him to stay with them? Did He do so? (30.) What did He say and do at table? (31.) What happened? What is meant by *vanished*? What did the two disciples say between themselves? Did it seem to them they ought to have known Him sooner? Why? Does Jesus ever speak to your hearts? Yes: He does by His word, by your teachers, and in many other ways. Will you not then listen, and give Him your hearts now?

## The Canadian Independent

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

One Dollar per Year.

Remittances to be addressed to THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2618, P. O., Toronto. All communications for the Editorial, News of Churches and Correspondence Columns should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 2614, P. O. Toronto.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 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 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.

### THE LONDON DISASTER.

The old Hebrew conception of God in everything, must be the conception ever of the religious world, and from that standpoint we would read a few lessons from the roll written within and without by the late London disaster, with lamentation and mourning and woe. There are many events from which comfort may be drawn; the cherub boy removed to anchor our affections more firmly in heaven; the aged friend taken, a shock of corn fully ripe, to fill the garner of God; the loss on the battle field, from which heroism and patriotism may be enkindled, or, when smitten by pestilence, the submissive cry may be wrung, "Not my will, but Thine be done." It seems impossible to read such lines as these in connexion with this London calamity. They who mourn can only look back upon pleasure thoughtlessly pursued, and carelessness which seems to rise even to criminality. No rising of the elements, simply neglect in many ways, tending to the ruin. Who was to blame? Was the boat a coffin ship? If so, where was the inspector? Yet if we enquire as to our own discharge of duties which involve the rights of others, how perfunctorily it is done. We may well stay condemnation. Is the captain to blame for permitting the acknowledged overcrowding? Yet were we of those who were left behind by the captain's adherence to principle, and the boat had got safely home, would we not then rather have cursed him for his obstinacy? Are the steamboat companies to be blamed for their avarice? Crowds are the exception, and companies only provide for general traffic, nor would they unwillingly submit to provision for safety. It is not avarice that crowds the street cars of this city at certain hours. Were the people to blame? Not one of us, we suspect, ever stayed off from a crowded street car or excursion boat from principle. Fear may have turned us away in such cases, when did the mere sense of right prevail? True, we believe there ought, and trust that there will be a more careful discharge of steamboat inspection duty,

greater feeling of responsibility on the part of captains and of companies, less eagerness, too, on the part of pleasure seekers; there are other principles, however, which may be profitably touched. Why should God write this roll of lamentation?

The truth should be realized. God has a controversy with us, with the spirit of the age where each seeks his own, and, to the enquiry regarding our relation to each other, is ever ready with Cain's scornful reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We may escape the catastrophe, but be fostering similar tendencies to those which culminated in the dread crash on that London holiday eve. The commercial spirit, which builds with regard to interest on capital, not respecting the claim of humanity, the eagerness of each to get his turn served and not give up his chance to another, the reckless determination of life to have one's own way, and, gain one's own end, provided our tracks may be covered, the intense self-seeking spirit the world evinces, all these tendencies, encouraged by too many of us day by day, are the true causes of calamities such as that which has filled our sister city with mourning and loss.

Perhaps we may tarry a moment to listen to the declaration this and every misfortune makes. *God is not to be trifled with*; forbearance has a limit, to Him definite, beyond there is no remedy. Pharaoh hardened his heart once too often, and the first-born fell, once more and in waves and quicksands Egypt's hosts sank like a stone; limits of safety were passed by the ill-fated *Victoria*—childhood's bright eye and golden curls, youth's innocent merriment and buoyant heart, homes which needed—how much, none can tell—a mother's heart, a wife's care, the anticipated joy of newly wedded life—not one or all combined could enter a prevailing plea. In one moment the crash came. Tender youth and manhood's prime, maiden blush and infant glee, with boisterous mirth and thoughtless daring, alike were whelmed in one dire ruin. Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

We desire not to dogmatize upon such a subject as eternal punishment or death, but we do desire that our readers should calmly consider the fact of the Providence under which we live. There are limits beyond which the overstrained cord gives way no matter how great the destiny which hangs thereon. There are men under the pressure of habit who can truly say, "I once could say no, but now it is beyond my power." Sentiment is good, but may mislead; sentiment may say, "God will not permit men to throw themselves away," but facts declare God *does* permit men to rush to ruin, and His laws falter not, His mandate knows no change. There was no holding back or faltering, though two hundred and fifty hearts must cease to beat in the *Victoria's* overthrow. The logic of fact is a surer guide: whereby to read the revelation of God than a sentiment which will not meet the actuality of life.

This realized, we need to walk circumspectly. Was the boiler imperfectly fastened? or a damage imperfectly repaired? Yet the workmen meant no evil: only did what thousands do unchallenged—slighted their work. Let us say, life is

too earnest, death too solemn, to trust rotten planks or to embark on faulty vessels, or to trifle with those many springs of life by which some other voyager over life's ofttime troubled sea may be wrecked. It cannot be too earnestly considered that we need a conscientious performance of duty ever, not knowing the consequences which may hang upon a single act or word.

What life can endure the strain of such responsibility? Our answer is simple. Of duty, as of heaven, it may be said, it is not in the heights to be brought down, nor in the abyss to be dragged up, but nigh thee, *now and here*. Do the work of the hour. Have principle for action, be guarded by truth—not selfish expediency, by things eternal rather than by things seen, and if these lessons be more deeply impressed, the London disaster will not be an unmitigated evil.

We cut both the following paragraphs from the New York *Independent*. We have not seen the book, so cannot say more than they tell us of its contents.

The Congregational Year Book has at last appeared, and it promises to be more punctual hereafter. The net increase of members in 1880 was very small, being only 1,792. The total is 384,332. The churches number 3,745, a gain of 71. The total of ministers is 3,577, of whom 2,412 are in pastoral work—872 as pastors and 1,540 as acting pastors. Of the 3,745 churches 945 are vacant. The total of benevolent contributions was \$1,032,272; of home expenditures, \$3,446,489.

We do not wonder that the Congregational Year Book is so belated. Now that it has appeared, while creditable in its execution, it presents anything but a creditable showing of denominational increase. The gain in churches is only 9 over last year; and in members, 1,792, or about half a member to a church, being the smallest gain since 1865. This, though bad enough, is not so bad as a Boston correspondent of *The Sun* represents, who says that in New England alone the Episcopalians had 2,868 confirmations, or "1,076 more additions than the Congregationalists record for the whole country." He has confounded net increase with additions. The Congregationalists report 4,486 additions by confession in New England in 1880.

Does the following extract from the *Congregationalist* fit any of our churches? If we are correctly informed, such a thing is not altogether unknown.

Can any better specimen of credulity be found than is sometimes exhibited by a supply committee, or even by a church itself, in calling to its pulpit permanently or even temporarily a man whom a competent and impartial council has decided is unfit for such a position? Yet just such cases occur from month to month, far more confidence being placed apparently in the "smart" manner and "eloquent" sermons, or the statements of the candidate himself, than in the opinion and the testimony of neighboring ministers who have no possible motive to do the man injustice. A letter now before us cites one of these instances in which a man holds a unanimous call to a church in Vermont, and yet the facts are such that no fairly called council would or a moment indorse him as a fit man for the pastorate. A burnt child dreads the fire, and the number of grown-up people seems to be legion who are slow to learn till actually singed themselves.

## Official.

### CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

*Reduced Fares.*—The Grand Trunk and Great Western Railway Co's. will grant return tickets to those attending the meeting, on presentation of certificates signed by myself, at a fare and a third. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. will give return tickets at the following rates, which include meals and berths:—Port Hope, \$3; Cobourg, \$3.50; Kingston, \$7.50; Brockville, \$9.75; Prescott, \$10.25; Cornwall, \$12; Montreal, \$15; Quebec to Montreal and return \$3, (meals extra); Hamilton to Toronto and return, \$1, (meals extra); Bowmanville, do., \$2.

The Ogdensburg Line will carry at the following rates, including meals and state-room Prescott or Brockville to Toronto and return, \$7.20, Kingston do., \$5.85. Tickets by this line at the reduced rates named, can be procured *only by remitting the amount to me*. Boats leave Prescott Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 3.10 p.m.; Kingston, about 9 p.m.

The annual meeting will be held in Zion Church, Toronto, commencing June 8th at 7.30, when the Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. L. Foster, of Montreal.

The earnest attention of pastors and deacons is again called to the 12th Standing Rule of the Union (*Year Book* for 1880-81, page 59), which requires annually from "each church" in connection with it, a collection for its funds. Last year only forty-six out of seventy-eight churches on its roll of membership conformed to this requirement, and \$4 in consequence had to be deducted from the claims of each minister and delegate present. Such a deficit, if repeated, will seriously interfere with the success of the Union, and of all the societies which annually meet along with it, and it is earnestly hoped that every church connected with it will take up a collection on its behalf, on or before June 5th, and forward it to the Secretary-Treasurer at the meeting in Toronto.

JOHN WOOD,  
Sec. C. U. of O. and Q.  
Ottawa.

The committee of the Union (for names, see *Year Book*, page 57) will meet in the vestry of Zion Church, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, June 7th, at 7.30 o'clock, to receive the Report, and prepare business for the Union. A full attendance is requested.

J. WOOD, Secretary.  
Ottawa, May 20th, 1881.

### CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The annual meeting of the Congregational College of B. N. A. will be held in Zion Church, Toronto, June 10th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL. D.  
Secretary.

Montreal, May 21st, 1881.

### CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society will be held in Zion Church, Toronto, on Thursday, June 9th, at 3 p. m.

A meeting of the General Committee of the Society will be held in the vestry of the same church on Wednesday, June 8th, at 3 p. m.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,  
Home Secretary.  
Kingston, May 19th, 1881.

### CANADA CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK.

In order to bring out the edition of the Year Book for 1881-2 in proper time, it will be necessary that the reports and proceedings of the various societies should be in the hands of the Editor immediately after the annual meetings in June. Will secretaries and others interested, kindly remember this, and if possible furnish me with their MSS. at the close of the Toronto meetings, and greatly oblige

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,  
Editor C. C. Y. B.  
Kingston, May 19th, 1881.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL  
INDIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above Society will be held during the sessions of the Canadian Congregational Union, immediately following the annual meeting of the Canada Congregational Home Missionary Society.

JAMES HOWELL,  
Secretary.

Orangeville, May 13, 1881.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT  
FUND.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held in connection with the meeting of the Congregational Union, in Toronto, on Friday afternoon, the 10th of June, in Zion Church, at 4.30 o'clock, immediately upon the adjournment of the Corporation of the Congregational College of B. N. A.

C. R. BLACK,  
Secretary.

Montreal, May 27th, 1881.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING  
COMPANY.

The annual general meeting of the Company will be held in Zion Church, Adelaide St., Toronto, on Saturday, the 11th June, at 2 o'clock, p.m.

ALEX. CHRISTIE,  
Sec.-Treas.

## CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Central Association met at Edgar, on May 24th, and as that date is the time of the annual union social of the Congregational Churches of Rugby, Edgar, and Vespra, the brethren were invited by the Committee to speak in the evening. Some 500 people had assembled, and the occasion was one of both pleasure and profit.

There were present Revs. H. D. Powis; J. Burton, B. D.; A. F. McGregor, B.A.; W. H. Warriner, B.A.; J. Unsworth; M. S. Gray; W. W. Smith, and J. I. Hindley, M.A.

Rev. M. S. Gray read an essay on "Our Missionary Society's Work," which the Association desired him to epitomize, and lay before the General Missionary Committee, with the intention of its being read before the Union.

A discussion took place anent "Our Congregational College," and the following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this Association has had under consideration the question of the College in its present relation, and would suggest to the College Board the propriety of requesting Dr. Wilkes to continue in his present position for another session, and in the meantime recommend the appointment of a representative Committee to take into careful consideration the entire College question, and to report some recommendation at the next Union meeting as to future action.

"The Association would further commend to the consideration of the Board the advisability of still further increasing the educational staff by creating additional lectureships."

The Indian Mission was also discussed at length; and the opinion seemed to prevail that the missionaries employed should study the Indian language, and that the Committee might consider the wisdom of removing the mission to Manitoba, where there are 3000 Indians, whereas there are only a few hundred on the North Shore.

The evening meeting was deeply interesting. Rev. W. H. Warriner spoke on "Our Principles," Rev. J. Burton on "Our Outlook," Rev. J. Unsworth on "Our Obstacles," and Rev. H. D. Powis on "The Necessity for an Educated Ministry."

The Association accepted the invitation of the church at Georgetown to meet there in October.

J. I. HINDLEY, Secy.

## Correspondence.

MR. ALLWORTH AND THE  
LETTERS OF A PRACTICAL  
MAN.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

SIR,—Mr. Allworth, without knowing it, is one of those ecclesiastical Tories, whose answer to all proposals for reform is a simple reference to the law as it stands. Now, while God's law is unchangeable, and Divine precepts are not to be challenged, there is nothing human, not even the ordinances of the Congregational churches of Canada, but may be both challenged and improved.

The liberty to do this is part of our boasted right. If a ban is put upon all change, we fall behind even the most bigoted of churches—Rome herself has constantly adapted herself to circumstances. We are bound by our rules so long as they are unaltered. But the liberty to alter them with a view to greater usefulness is a liberty which no body of men would sacrifice who care one jot for their accountability to God.

In connection with this matter, let us hear some weighty words from the chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The Rev. Dr. Allon's loyalty to our churches will not, I suppose, be impugned, even by the severe critics of Western Canada.

In his recent address he says:—"If any church system shows itself to be incapable of efficiently doing the proper work of a church, it is, so far, self-condemned. True principles are of value, only so far as they propagate truth.

"Much as I admire Congregationalism, if I thought its defects inherent, that it could not do the proper aggressive work of Christ's kingdom, I would abandon it for any system that could. In a sinful, needy world such as this, we cannot dream away life in ecclesiastical Utopia.

"It behoves us honestly to recognize, and practically to remedy, whatever may be defective in the working of our church system. One holds very cheaply the poor enthusiasm that vaunts a principle, and does not concern itself about its efficacy.

"That our churches should devise means for the realization of a more practical brotherhood and for more effectively applying their aggressive power, is both an imperative obligation and a practical necessity."

A very practical utterance indeed, and most applicable to Canada at the present moment.

One word more.—It is not often that the personal element is of importance in controversy, but as Mr. Allworth has attempted to break the force of argument by impugning the good faith and loyalty of the writer, it may be well to state as follows:

1. The letters of a Practical Man are those of a real person, and not the production of a clique.

2. Their sentiments are his own, and as they were written without concert or co-operation, he alone is responsible for them.

3. The writer is a member and an officer of a Congregational church. He has had an unbroken connection with Congregational churches for forty years, and has been a deacon more than twenty. He has taken part in nearly all the work of the denomination in Canada for the latter period: and—speaking as a fool—following therein a most venerable precedent, he may say that his gifts to Congregational objects in Canada have, in more ways than one, exceeded in amount the whole contributions of Western Ontario to the Missionary Society and College put together. "Verbum sap." Finally, is it not time we ceased to talk like a parcel of school-boys about this "bugaboo" of Presbyterianism. "In malice

be ye children, but in understanding be men."

Montreal, May 30.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

SHALL WE HAVE A CATECHISM?  
To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—Some friends were discussing the tendency of the younger members of our Congregational families (those of deacons and others), to wander off to the Episcopal and other churches.

Among the prominent causes—perhaps the most prominent—we decided the want of a Catechism in our Sunday schools.

We have thought this a very important "Union" question, and that, if you could publish the enclosed, before the Union, it might work for good.

Yours truly,  
A CONGREGATIONALIST.  
May 26th, 1881.

## THE LONDON ACCIDENT.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent:

LONDON, May 29th.—The services held here to-day were of a very solemn and impressive character, being a memorial for those who so suddenly met their death on the evening of the 24th, at the foundering of the steamer "Victoria" on the river Thames. The church and schoolroom were heavily draped in mourning, and presented a very solemn appearance. In the afternoon, Mr. A. T. H. Johnston, the superintendent of the Sunday School, made feeling reference to the loss of Annie Baker, one of the scholars, and the only one connected with the church among the missing, although there were quite a number on the boat at the time of the accident. Our pastor himself had a very narrow escape, having purchased his ticket, and was about to embark on the doomed steamer, when, by urgent request of a friend he was induced to wait for the next boat. In the evening the memorial service proper was held, and was one which will be long remembered by the large audience who were present. The usual opening exercises being gone through, the choir rendered in a feeling manner, "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," after which the pastor gave a very effective address on the late disaster, and the lessons to be learned therefrom. The service throughout was of a very impressive character, and at times the whole audience seemed deeply affected.

J. G. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson. You will see that your communication was anticipated in our last issue.

## News of the Churches.

BRANTFORD.—The Rev. J. W. Cutler, of Leamington, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Brantford, entering upon his duties yesterday.

GEO. E. ADAMS,  
Secretary.

REV. G. T. GIBBS.—We regret to learn by the daily papers that our old and esteemed friend had a stroke of paralysis while preaching in the Bowmanville church, for Rev. Her de Bouch, last Sunday. We are sure that all who know him will earnestly ask for his speedy and complete recovery.

GARAFRANA FIRST CHURCH.—This church has just had the iron fence, erected in front of the building last fall, painted; also the windows and doors. The walls have been whitened, the pulpit placed forward about ten feet in order to make room for the new organ and choir. The organ is from the manufactory of Bell & Co., of Guelph, and adds greatly to the interest of the services. The money for its payment is all sub-

scribed for—altogether there are few country churches which present a neater appearance.

The pastor, who has been laid aside for about two months through a severe illness, seems to be on the way now to recovery. The Rev. Mr. Griffith, of Hamilton, preached here last Sunday.

NEWMARKET.—At the request of the pastor and the church in Newmarket, a council convened on the morning of the 26th ult., for the purpose of recognition, our old and valued friend, Rev. W. W. Smith, having accepted the pastorate there. There were two services; that in the morning private, the public service in the afternoon. At the morning service an account was given of the church, its history and its struggles, its encouragements, hopes, and fears. Mr. Smith also spoke feelingly of his first entry upon and continuance in the pastoral work, expressing hopefulness in the relation upon which he was now entering. Mr. Mortimer, who spoke on behalf of the church, said that our old friend, Mr. Millard, has engaged on his own responsibility to refit and improve the church building at an estimated cost of about \$1,500. This will bring the building into keeping with the continually improving appearance of that thriving town.

The attendance at the afternoon meeting was fair, the weather being very sultry. Rev. H. D. Powis presided, and preached from 2 Cor. iv. 18, urging that the unseen should be more thoroughly realized, as the abiding, in contrast with those works which pass away. He then offered a prayer for divine blessing upon the pastor and church, and gave an account of the meeting held in the morning; after which the Rev. E. Ebbs, of Unionville, addressed the pastor in words of counsel and of cheer. The Rev. J. Burton then spoke to the people upon the true nature of church work, and their duty to sustain the pastor therein, and the pleasant and refreshing services were brought to a close, Rev. J. Vickery, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, leading in prayer, the pastor, Rev. W. W. Smith, dismissing with the benediction.

## LITERARY NOTES.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE.—The children's magazine, ST. NICHOLAS, is, in the present volume, fully satisfying the demands of those parents who desire that their children's reading shall be not merely interesting, but instructive. It is now presenting, in serial form, two "features" which combine entertainment with a rich store of information. The first of these, "The Treasure-box of English Literature," has proved exceedingly popular with young readers, and, under the careful guidance of the editor, it has done much to awaken a wholesome interest in the masters of literature. Quotations from the best works of Hawthorne, Irving, Bryant, Scott, Thackeray, Longfellow, and Lowell, with many new illustrations, already have appeared in this department, which will probably be continued into the next volume. Besides this "The Stories of Art and Artists," by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, give to young readers a thorough and simple outline of art from the Grecian era to the close of the Middle Ages. This series has now progressed as far as the early Italian painters, and in this field many new and striking things may be expected. Combined with the beautiful illustrations always to be found in ST. NICHOLAS, these features show the earnest purpose of the editor to make the magazine throughout bright and wholesome, as well as entertaining.

THE ROUND ROBIN SERIES, of James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, has given the first instalment on "The Nameless Nobleman," and the second, "A Lesson in Love," is in press. "The Nameless Nobleman" is well written; the volume in appearance is more than pleasing. Our personal tastes do not lie in the direction, though we are bound to say that for those whose tastes do, the Round Robin Series, if it keeps up to this its first instalment, will supply novel reading, not of the first order, but certainly of more than average merit, and free from those glaring defects which have rendered the use of novels, in so many instances, a curse rather than a comfort.



### THREE YEARS IN A CATECHISM.

BY REV. A. H. ROSS, D.D., PORT HURON, MICHIGAN.

1. *The Catechism used.* It is that prepared by Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., L.L.D., and now published by the American Sunday School Union. It is unsectarian, containing fifty-two chapters, and about four hundred and fifty questions.

2. *How we came to use it.* The primary reason was the painful contrast in precision of definition, in logical arrangement, in symmetry of development, and in thoroughness of treatment, between religious and secular text-books. That contrast is so great in this scientific age as to become the peril of the church, unless her children can be more logically and thoroughly trained. To put the root of the matter in its true light, we affirm that no secular text-book constructed after the model of the International Lessons could find admission into a single school district in our land. We felt that a bright boy could not pass from the precision, and logic, and system of the day school into the Sunday School, where pious talk takes the place of these, without peril to his soul by losing respect for the gospel. Besides, from no point of view can a lesson talked about be held to be equal to a lesson learned. The children must know what it is, when it is to come, and that it will be heard in the very words of the text.

We believed also in the Socratic method of question and answer, and that the answers should be framed by the wisest and best men, and learned by heart. If our theologians find it so difficult to put into fit words the great answers about God, and salvation, and duty, it is as unsafe as it is absurd to leave the answers to be framed by boys and girls and Sunday school teachers.

But, if the answers are given, our question book becomes a catechism; and that catechism can be as exact in definition, as logical in development, as symmetrical, as comprehensive, as it is possible for men guided by the Holy Ghost to frame out of the Word of God. Believing that the scientific in nature needs to be thus supplemented and balanced by the scientific in grace, I preached these things, and called for a class in Schaff's catechism to meet Saturday afternoons.

This was in January, 1878. The class was so well attended that in a few weeks, by vote of the teachers, the catechism was transferred to the Sunday school as an extra lesson to be heard by the pastor at the close of the regular lesson in the International Series. Strangely the catechism grew in favor until it was unanimously voted to give up the International Lessons, and take nothing but the catechism and the Bible for 1879; and we have used nothing else to the present time. Thus the catechism grew into our school, surpassing our utmost hope.

3. *How we use it.* We assign a fixed lesson for all, and each scholar, except those in one adult class, is expected to get it by heart, and as many proof-texts as he may. Teachers first hear the lesson, then mark against each name the number of perfect answers given by the scholar. A perfect lesson is the ready and full recitation of all the answers in the lesson for the day. In addition the teacher hears and marks back lessons and proofs, if any are given. Then the references are called for, the whole class looking up the same reference. In this way we habituate the scholars in the right use of the Bible as the proof of doctrine and duty, and in the ready finding of books, chapters and verses. We know thus what our teachers teach and what our pupils learn, which was not the case under the old system.

At the close the pastor reviews the

school on the lesson, hearing them say it in concert or class by class. He calls upon each teacher to report aloud the number of scholars present and the number of perfect lessons recited in his class.

4. *The results.* These, in our opinion, warrant the above description.

While the school has held its own in numbers, it has increased greatly in habits of study. The scholars generally get the lesson for the day, and even back lessons, if they have been absent. Under the International Lessons, we think that ten per cent. of perfect lessons was a fair average, confirmed by the fact that no pastor whom we have inquired of has placed the per cent. in his school at a higher figure. But, under the catechism, the per cent. of perfect lessons for the quarter, ending September 30, was, class by class, as follows: 83, 77, 64, 53, 58, 41, 38, 33, 30, 26, 25, 20, 10, 37, 70, 48, 46, 58, 24, 43, 34; average 43 5-7. This was attained in the summer quarter. Let us take two Sundays in October last, for which no special preparation had been made, and see how the record stands. October 17 the perfect lessons for the school stood 77 per cent.; including back lessons, 96 per cent. October 24, on the lesson for the day, 90 per cent.; including back lessons, 103 per cent. The back lessons were recited by those absent the previous Sunday. Since then the average has been nearly or quite as high, and it approaches, at least, the thoroughness of secular schools.

But it may be said that our experiment has been tried under the most favorable circumstances; that in a mixed school it would fail. Well, a deacon of my church, Mr. C. G. Meisel, has a pioneer school, three miles out of the city, into which are gathered children and adults of many denominations, and he has used the same catechism for the same time and with similar success. When, one year ago, the question was put, without a word on his part favoring it, every scholar, teacher, and officer voted to retain the catechism for 1880—during which year they, as we, will complete the book.

These two experiments we think indicate: (1) That catechisms can be restored and used in our Sunday schools. (2) That children will learn the catechism if encouraged to do so. (3) That the thoroughness of the secular schools can be attained. (4) That parents will co-operate in the most thorough study of God's truth, if they get a chance. (5) That the precision, system, and science admired in secular knowledge can be introduced into the study of spiritual things. Doctrine and duty are above science and art, and demand the best possible methods. (6) That pastors, by pointing out the striking contrast between the training acquired in secular schools and the want of it in Sunday schools, can preface the way for such religious education of the young as will fortify them in head and heart against the materialism which distresses Church and State alike.

We add, in conclusion, that Christianity can prove itself to be divine only by showing itself to be a scheme of life and thought and act more logical, complete, consistent with facts, and harmonious with all truth than any other; and the greatest peril it encounters to-day is the sad failure of the churches to teach it, in its divine breadth and beauty, as a system, to the children of the faithful.—*Congregationalist.*

### SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS ON A DYING BED.

BY WOLCOTT CALKINS.

There was an old man who came every day to the reading-room of a city in the south of France where I was spending the winter. His form

was bent, his manner was timid, and he never entered into conversation with the gentlemen around him. I took him for an Englishman, as I always found the *Times* in his hands if he arrived in advance of me, as he usually did. It was impossible not to notice the gray-haired man, with looks averted from others, and an expression upon his face of settled melancholy. But, as month after month passed without so much as the recognition of our casual meetings, I despaired of ever knowing anything about the strange, silent man.

On Christmas Eve, however, I received a note from my friend the Waldensian minister of the city, asking me to call upon a countryman of mine who was dangerously sick in the same hotel where I was living. The family had sent for him, and as he was himself too ill to go out, he asked me to take his place. I found the strange, silent man! We had lived under the same roof, and had only met in the distant library. He recognized me at once, and seemed glad to have an American with him at this solemn time. At his own request I told him very frankly that the physician had no hope of his recovery, and that he probably had but few days to live. Then came the great question:

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

He answered without a moment's hesitation, "I do, most firmly."

"And what is your own hope for the future?"

"I hope to be happy forever in Heaven."

"Will you tell me the ground of your hope?"

"Yes, willingly. I have never done anything very bad in this world. My little faults, such as are common to all men, I am sure God will overlook. But in all serious matters my account is clear. I depend upon the exact awards of justice, and I expect to receive for the deeds done in the body a welcome to everlasting life beyond the grave."

I was speechless. I had often heard such protestations in health, but never before from the lips of a dying man. A great terror took hold upon me, and I felt my blood chill to my extremities. It seemed to me that I never could break that awful silence, and he had to appeal to me, and ask me if I did not think this a good ground of hope, before I could open my lips. Then with an earnest appeal to that explicit promise which I believe was intended for just such emergencies: "It shall be given you in that same hour, what ye shall speak," I began to preach to him Jesus.

I need not, in fact, I could not, after all these years, repeat what I said. I tried, as I well remember, to be very simple and tender. His Roman Catholic wife and daughter were sitting by, and educated as they had been to a religion of good works, they were very soon convinced that his hope was a rope of sand. They joined their entreaties to mine, that he would renounce his self-righteousness, and commit his soul to the Saviour of sinners, but it was all in vain. At last I rose to go.

"But are you not going to pray with me?" he asked, with surprise.

"Why should I pray with you?" I replied, "I cannot offer your prayer: 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men.' 'You cannot offer my prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' How then can we pray together, my dear friend?"

This seemed to startle him a little. But he evidently thought it was a sort of puzzle which he was too weak to guess, and so he begged me to pray just as my own feelings prompted. So I did commit him to the Saviour of sinners, and entreated the Holy

Spirit to reveal to him his own heart, and his need of forgiveness.

But he never modified in the least his confession of faith. He lingered many days. He repeated often his little creed. It was faith in *himself*. He was satisfied with his own life. He asked only for a strict and just account. But he kept sending for me. Often I would be called in the night to go and pray with him. He would have no one else to give him any spiritual advice. He died without a word of repentance, and our only consolation was that he loved to hear one talk and pray who knew nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

On my return to America, I was commissioned by his wife and child to find his brothers and family friends and deliver to them some articles which might be associated with his memory. They were very courteous to me, but they did not care to talk about him. At last I appealed to one of them, a distant relative by marriage only, to tell me what it all meant.

"You are entitled to know," he replied. "I cannot understand how the man could have died without telling you. He was a forger. He lived and died in France to escape arrest for his crime. His family are suffering yet for the disgrace of forgery and embezzlement in a public office!"

I commend this true story to all of my readers who are "trusting in themselves, that they are righteous." Does it not seem to be, after all, a very easy thing to believe a lie? The things which are against the self-righteous man, are "little faults, common to all men, not serious." And it is just as easy to place forgery and embezzlement among them as idle words, loss of temper, selfish desires. Worst of all, the approach of death does not always shatter the delusion.

### LITERARY NOTES.

SCRIBNER for June is to hand, and is full of excellent reading and fine illustrations, that merely to name them would take a column. We just mention two or three of the articles and refer to the magazine itself for a full feast. There is the second part of Col. Waring's "Sanitary Condition of New York," entitled "The Remedy," and recommending a complete system of house and street drainage, applicable to any house or locality. The opening article is a description, by R. W. Gilder, of "The Farragut Monument," about to be erected in Union Square, New York, this paper includes a brief biographical sketch of the artist, and is accompanied by a full-page engraving, by Cole, of the figure, and by illustrations of other parts of the monument, a general view, etc. In connection with this subject is "An August Morning with Farragut"—a vivid account of the great admiral's famous victory at Mobile, by Lieutenant J. C. Kinney, who was on board the *Hartford* throughout the fight. Other papers which come under the head of "seasonable," are: a brief sketch of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, accompanied by a full-page portrait, engraved by Cole, together with an unpublished sonnet written by Disraeli in 1839: "Some New Berries," including late news from the fruit world, by E. P. Roe, with three illustrations of natural size; also, a paper on "Practical Floriculture," by Peter Henderson, the well-known floriculturist, with numerous illustrations by Brennan and others.

Lovers of light reading will find plenty to interest them in this number. There is the opening installment of several pages of "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells (the "fearful responsibility" being an American girl), with other stories and light sketches.

These contributions, together with the six departments, make this a number of great variety and timely interest.

—After the passage of the Land Bill it is thought that Mr. Gladstone will accept a peerage and take his seat in the House of Lords. The London *Cuckoo* announces his probable title as the Earl of Oyford, while other society journals think he will be created Earl of Hawarden.

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Toronto, Ont., Oct. 22nd, 1878.

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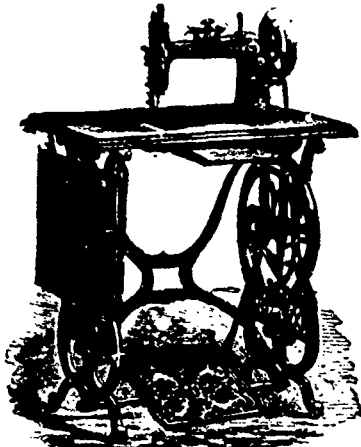
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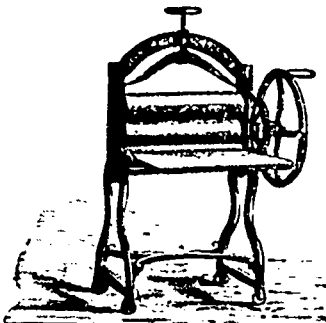
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