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"One is Your Master, even Christ, and all ye are Brethren."

THE
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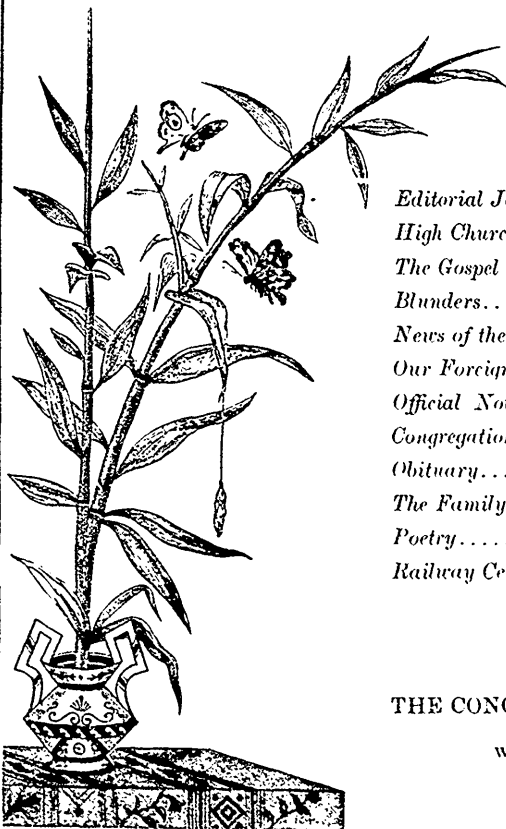
THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. V. (NEW SERIES) No. 11.

JUNE 1.

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1886.

No. 11

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

THERE ever liveth one, making intercession for us at the Father's right hand, who, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, can enter into our trials, joys, endeavors. Do we use him to anything like the extent of our privilege? With us always, his presence strengthens, cheers; with God ever, he brings us very near the throne;

"So near, so very near to God
I cannot nearer be,
For in the person of the Son
I am as near as He."

Why walk as beggars with such a princely Saviour? Reader, draw near and receive as God bestows.

WE find the following sonnet in *The Christian World*, and commend it to the consideration of our esteemed friend *The Morning Star*. *The Canadian Baptist* might not injure its eyesight by reading:

BAPTIST AND CONGREGATIONALIST.

"Only a little water!" shall a rill
A child could span arrest and paralyse
Two great Denominations' sympathies,
Which, with united force, concentrated will,
Could so well serve the Master, and fulfil
His great commission? To His larger eyes,
How small must seem our shibboleths; unwise
Our meaningless contentions; watch-words shrill!
Put on thy strength, O Zion; gird thy sword,
Cut through these withes; all things Thy coming
wait.

Commerce its sails doth spread, with hope elate;
Knowledge her lamp doth trim, and avarice hoard
His treasure—and the world cries out for God!
Shall our phylacteries obstruct His road?

THE English Presbyterian Church Synod is busy formulating a declaration that shall soften some of the hard lines of the Calvinism of the Westminster Confession. There appears to be

virtual unanimity in the movement, only Presbyterian wheels revolve slowly. There is also a very decided movement in favor of adopting something like a liturgy; and a committee has been entrusted with giving definite shape to the same. The most encouraging feature of such movements is the constant approach to that scriptural principle for which the Independent churches have always contended, and for which they exist to-day. No binding of church or conscience save by the word of the living God. Liturgy or No Liturgy is not a test of Christian fellowship, nor a controversial creed, like that of Westminster, with all its excellencies, a basis upon which Christian unity can be reached; but the Word of God, which abideth ever, is a sure ground of confidence and of life.

WE gather from that well tried and steadfast journal, the *Nonconformist and Independent*, the following items concerning our Scottish brethren at their Union meeting which began on Tuesday, April 27th:

The annual meetings of this Union—its seventy-fourth anniversary—were held in Edinburgh. The Rev. Dr. Bevan was present as delegate from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and officiated on the Sunday previous to the meetings in two of the churches of the denomination in the city. On Tuesday morning the business proceedings of the Union were commenced, Rev. J. Garvie, Greenock, presiding. The report of the Provident Fund showed receipts for the past year to the amount of £641, and a balance of £113 to be carried to the capital account, which stood at £10,941. Ten aged brethren had received annuities from the fund of £50 each. A report of a still more satisfactory nature was given in with regard to the Widows' Fund. The grants in this case were £592, and a legacy of £528 had been received during the year, in addition to an ordinary revenue of £657. Reports with reference to the Theological Hall were submitted. It was stated that the Union was now in the happy position of having a well-equipped seminary, fitted for carrying on the work of theological education, entirely free

from debt. The total income of the Hall Fund was £4,131, with a balance of £477 over expenditure. Subsequently a prolonged discussion took place as to some proposed changes in the curriculum, and in the end it was agreed by a majority that the whole matter be referred back to the committee.

On Tuesday evening a public meeting of the Union was held in Augustine Church, Rev. G. McHardy, Kirkcaldy, chairman. Mr. McHardy delivered an address on "The Work of the Church, and the Wants of Our Time." One marked feature of our time was, he said, the prevailing unsettlement of theological opinion. This state of things must be faced, not mourned over; and the first imperative obligation resting on the Church now was to make clear as day that it was not enlisted on the side of any hard and fast theological system which it had a vested interest in maintaining, but that it was enlisted solely on the side of the truth; and that it existed and worked entirely for the sake of cheering man's life and elevating his soul. As to social restlessness and dissatisfaction, which was another marked feature of our time, he was of opinion that this was rather evidence of progress and promise of better things to come, and the Church's duty was, as far as possible, to guide that restlessness and infuse into it a higher tone. A third feature of our time was the deep craving for religious unity. This could never be attained till the Church declined all formal alliance with the State, and trusted to the strength of its own spiritual resources. Mr. McHardy then spoke of the isolated position of the working-classes as another marked feature of our time; and, in conclusion, alluded to the distinctive features of Congregationalism and its advantages.

At the Deacons' and Delegates' breakfast on Wednesday morning a report was submitted to the conference between lay office-bearers of the Congregational and Evangelical Unions, and the committee was encouraged to prosecute their good work in preparing the way for union. Meetings were held during the forenoon in connection with the Chapel Building Society and Supplementary Stipend Fund. The business meeting of the Union was afterwards held in Augustine church. The yearly report alluded to the deaths since last annual meeting of two ministers, to the changes which had taken place in the pastorate of churches aided by the Union, and to the distribution of the funds for 1886-7.

The grants recommended from the Ordinary Fund amounted to £1,038; Special Purpose Fund, £75; and New Churches Organisation Fund £90.

In addition to our notes in the last issue regarding the North-west territories, we would give these, as indicating the growing importance of those districts, and the necessity of our watchfulness in view of future mission work. From the census noted we find that there is already invested, in the three territories named, in various industrial pursuits, \$771,451; \$180,917 have been paid in wages, for the purchase of raw material \$518,423, while the total value of articles produced was \$1,029,235. To invested capital there appears to have been twenty-five per cent. added. This in what a short

time ago was a desolation. Emigrants, we learn, are already entering, and it is our earnest hope that ere long, in some neglected field, the name Congregational will be seen over more than one church entrance.

AMONG the questions which will be before us at our annual meeting, the financial will rightly occupy a foremost place. There are one or two suggestions we would make. Let us understand our positions as stewards of God's manifold gifts. If the work we have on hand is needed in light of the great eternity stretching on before us, then it is not self-denial, but simple joy to forego luxuries to the end that the great work may be done. Heb. x. 34. Our second reflection is this. *We should meet this question ourselves.* No Congregational church should go round hat in hand to the politician, who gives that he may not lose a vote, to the business man, appealing to his interest that a customer may be retained. The church should depend upon itself, not upon the world, for the sinews of war. We do not say that we should play the Pharisee and divert freewill offerings because we do not endorse the source; nor that appeals may not be made to brethren. We do say that our business is to develop our own resources, and set our faces as a flint against all attempts to bribe or force the world or other denominations to do our work. We want to develop and maintain a spirit of manly independence, which, without upishness, maintains becoming dignity, and scorns to use unworthy motives that the treasury of the Lord may be filled.

THE Freewill Baptist Year Book has come to our hand. We are glad to have before us information regarding this body, so closely akin to our own. Their position in the United States appears, *mutatis mutandis*, to be very similar to our own. 1,490 churches are reported throughout the Union; 1,262 ordained pastors; a net increase to the membership during the past year of 1,178; and a total membership of 77,827, being an average to each church of 52.23.

For foreign missions the sum of \$11,495 was raised, for home work \$11,938; for educational purposes \$3,442. We are glad to make better acquaintance with this body of fellow Christians, and only trust that in the good providence of God their principle of open communion may,

with increasing rapidity prevail, until we can not only shake hands, but join forces, in speaking the word for Christ and for christian liberty which it is our special mission for to speak.

THE conflict between Labour and Capital still continues with ever varying phases. The wrong is not altogether on one side. Capital has too frequently ground the face of the poor, been heartless; and when charitably disposed has dispensed charity with a patronizing air. On the other hand, labour has been rebellious, unreasonable, and manifested too often that there is no tyranny equal to that of a mob. The Street Car Company of Toronto may be unwise in demanding of the men they employ that they should not join any trade union, yet the demand is plainly within their right. No man is obliged to work for the company, and when they engage, they engage on certain conditions. Nor can the practice be justified of compelling men to be union men by refusing to work with such, as is often done. Freedom of contract cannot be destroyed, and social harmony remain. That these upheavings will do good in the end we believe, men will be brought face to face with each other, and the interdependence of labour and capital better understood; meanwhile much loss is being sustained on all sides capital is suspicious, labour uneasy; only by the restoration of confidence can business resume its wonted course. In this restoration of confidence the church has an important mission to perform, in inculcating upon the capitalist that wealth has its obligations as well as its privileges; and upon all, that the only way of peace is by following the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they under similar circumstances should do unto us. And the gospel is the only agency by which this way can be established.

WE have just time to note the meeting of the English Union, and the enthusiastic reception given to Dr. Wilkes, whose valor and earnestness appears to have called forth the sympathetic wonder of our Old Country friends. He modestly asks for £3000 for our College.

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the man was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave. It was right for you to give even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

HIGH CHURCHISM.

Wm. Land, Archbishop of Canterbury under the first Charles of England, has earned the position of being called the father of modern High Churchism. As some points in his life will present in concrete form the truths we seek to press, we shall pass in review some of his history.

His character has been variously estimated; Macaulay writes bitterly of "the mean forehead, the pinched nose, and the piercing eye of the prelate as suiting admirably with his disposition." Carlyle simply says "Little Dr. Land," while the present occupant of the prelatical throne of Canterbury gave in some quarters grave offence by speaking of the "martyred Land." An impartial observer will see in Land a man of unwavering courageous purpose, and of extremely narrow sympathies. Theologically his opinions were formed at the early age of twenty. After threescore years and ten had passed in work and stormy changes he could say, "I have ever since I understood aught in divinity kept one constant tenour in this my profession, without variation or shifting from one opinion to another for any worldly ends." It was this tenacity of opinion once formed, and thorough steadfastness of purpose, which made Land the power for evil or for good he confessedly was. This purpose was to establish the Episcopal Church of England in its full priestly character, and in the enjoyment of its Divine prerogatives. The Calvinistic and non-Episcopal religious communities were no churches in his eyes, however excellent their members might be, however sincere their religious convictions. Hence co-operation and union were alike impossible. He was not a Romanist, indeed his attitude towards the Papal power was consistently antagonistic. It was a church because it kept inviolate its episcopate, and held to the Nicene creed, but it was a church woefully corrupted; union with Rome he would gladly have accepted had Rome given up her errors, and put aside her corruptions, but Rome was as determined as he, and therefore Land strove for Anglican supremacy pure and simple. Of toleration Land had no conception—the external unity of the church, his church, must be attained at any cost, and maintained at all hazards. His principles in this particular may be given in his own words: "I laboured nothing more than that the public

external worship of God—too much slighted in most parts of this kingdom—might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be, being still of opinion that unity cannot continue long in the church when uniformity is shut out of the church doors. And I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God,—which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour." This may be the Jingoism of Christianity; the spirit of ritualism, the rudiments of Judaism, it is not Christianity, nor the teaching of the old prophets; no, nor the aim of the Levitical law which was the shadow of good things to come, and destined to pass away. Isaiah taught new moons and Sabbaths, "public external worship," to be an abomination where God had not cleansed, and men were not learning to do well.

In the true spirit of High Churchism Land was bosom friend of Buckingham, a thorough-going court profligate, and condoned his vices because of his subserviency to, or observance of, the requirements of "public external worship." One is reminded thereby of the attitude of contemporary Roman Catholic dignitaries towards the Waldenses, whose sole heresy was that "they denied the church of Rome to be the Holy Mother Church, and would not obey her traditions;" otherwise they are described as "staid in their manner of life,—abstemious, laborious, devout and holy." "Christlike, blameless, making good their faith by their actions," but the heresy of "non-conformity" overbalanced all, they were ecclesiastically cursed, and ravaged with fire and sword. Organization rather than life, the casket before the pearl, uniformity beyond all else. This was Land's single aim: this is High Churchism still.—Spurgeon is a heretic pure and simple, the fox-hunting parson, a little too free; the guinea's stamp, not the gold, is the standard of value here. How thoroughly anti-scriptural all this let such passages as Isaiah i. 16 declare. That externals have influence, must be admitted. It is true as Mozley observes in his university sermons "that we cannot make ourselves feel by an act of the will, for feeling is a divine gift; nevertheless the formation of habits by acts of the will against inclination, is indeed the working of the law by which the mind is

prepared for a higher state." The assembling of ourselves together need not be slovenly to be spiritual; the very colouring of the walls will have its influence upon the worshippers, but it manifests supreme folly to take that as the gauge of christian life. A library is not to be estimated by the uniformity of the binding, but by that which the books contain. You can bind uniformly and label learnedly quires of packing paper, no student would find life therein; you may secure uniformity in form and public seemliness and have a national church not only dead but deadly. Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-27 is the spirit of the old and the manifest teaching of the new dispensation. High Churchism is false because it inverts this divine will and places its stress upon a form as the criterion of a spiritual presence. High Churchism is magnified egotism, and as such separates where God has not separated. By insisting upon an uniform height of say five feet ten inches, a commander may secure a stately and efficient regiment, but may exclude thereby many of the bravest of the brave from his service. Were Christ to offer salvation only through a church formed outwardly from a divine model, they who by reason of infirmity or ignorance could not conform must be consigned to despair. If a piece of consecrated ground secures a surer rest in resurrection hope, it were a tenfold calamity to be committed to the deep, or to die as brave men have died to be buried on the field their valour only hath made holy. Nothing so thoroughly separates in the religious sphere as this struggle for uniformity in polity worship or creed, which is the essence of High Churchism. It is related of one who never moved beyond his own parish limits, that he excused himself for not being touched by a sermon of singular power by saying "He is not of our parish." There is a sense most truly in which a man should be loyal to the church of his convictions or circumstances. "He who provideth not for his own, and specially for his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever," but that does not lead him to exclude himself from the warmest fellowship, sympathy with other homes afford. It was a cause of rebuke of apostolic sorrow, that at Corinth one said I am of Paul, another I of Apollis, still others I of Cephas and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was the indignant question. Yet if the one insisted I of Paul, the responsibility of schism

rested with him, not with those that refused the cry. The Established Church of England, in carrying out the policy of Land is responsible for the schism of non-conformity, even as the High Churchism of King George's bishop was responsible for the separation of the Wesleys. And to-day the divisions among christians are due to the tendencies of men not only to enjoy their own methods and forms of religious thought but to impose those forms on others. The true remedy for which consists in recognizing that the unity of the church is the unity of life. "My son give me thine heart" is the cry, that given we realize "The church of Christ to be one." One fold, one shepherd; one kingdom, one king; one family, Father, redeemer, brother, Christ; or as our magazine motto has it, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

THE GOSPEL IN SONG.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH.

There is now such an interchange of intelligence between all parts of the world, that anything of value discovered, invented, or practised in one part, soon finds its way to other parts. The "Gospel in Song," lately made so prominent by Philip Phillips, and by Sankey in connection with Moody's meetings, has found its way very widely to the world. I have in my desk forty of the Sankey hymns in Ojibway; and not long since a Swede sweetly sang 'u my house "Shall we gather at the river?" which he had learned at home. And we know the Arab children in Asia Minor sing the Sankey hymns in their own tongues. Rev. W. F. Crafts says "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Hold the Fort," etc., have been translated into the language of almost every nation;" and he speaks of hearing Arab boys at Nazareth, singing, in their own language, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" and adds, "some of them have learned to love and obey him." From the awakening in Russia, growing out of Lord Radstock's preaching in St. Petersburg and elsewhere, has arisen a Tract Society. Among their publications are the Moody and Sankey Hymns, done into Russ; and these have elicited an echo in the hearts of the Russian peasant, just as they have become popular in other lands. And the eminent missionary, Dr. Murray Mitnell, testifies that in Western India "heathens would sit for hours, to listen to declarations of Gospel truth in the form of songs." Is it too much to look forward to the breaking forth of some great poetical star from among the children of the 2,500 christian schools in India? a Ferdousi of the

farther east, who shall give his people in their own tongue, the sublime principles and beautiful narrative of the Bible, in flowing verse? The more immediate wonder is that no missionary—skilful as many of them are in the native tongues—has yet thought of taking up, to any extent, so desirable a work.

And here is a hint for Africa. There is perhaps no people so full of song as the Africans. Even the slave gangs seen by Dr. Livingstone marching to a hopeless doom, and many of them dying of heart-break and hardships on the way, stepped to the weird music of improvised songs, in which they would be revenged on their heartless captors, by returning after death to haunt and plague them. And the plantation songs of the Southern States, brought to our ears by the jubilee singers of Fisk University and others, have opened our minds to the fact that the African has capabilities for appreciating and originating song, that we were before only partially aware of. Dr. Livingstone had not a grain of poetry in his composition, but some of his followers and converts have; and a native "singing pilgrim" (for instance in the Sechuana language, spoken from the Orange river in the south, to the great lakes in the centre,) would not only be a new thing in the world, but might be the origin of the greatest revolution Africa has yet seen.

In connection with a recent "Annual Missionary conference" in Bengal, it was afterward stated that "one of the streams flowing from that conference was a very successful and large christian procession, with singing, prayer, preaching and music, in Serampore; and ever since small daily processions in the streets and by-lanes of Calcutta on the same plan. The processionists are frequently asked into Hindoo houses, to sing their christian songs, even to the inmates of the zenanas, or women's apartments." "I think," the speaker added, "that in the future history of the propagation of christianity in India, the musical procession with prayer and preaching, will occupy a far more important place than it has hitherto done." One of the conditions of the success attending the Salvation Army, so called, has been its musical processions. It is good, and productive only of good, to accept light from every source. Rev. W. N. Boso said at the Decennial conference in Calcutta, Dec. 1882, "I think that bazaar-preaching and street-preaching should be accompanied with singing and prayer. We may thus teach the heathen to pray. Moreover, by passing along the streets singing, we reach the ears of the captive inmates of the zenanas. This kind of preaching should always be followed with house to house visitation."

Dr. Livingstone never appears, in his journals, as given to singing, but he was very solicitous that his example and teaching respecting prayer should bear fruit. So

we are told that he always, when among the heathen, knelt, and shut his eyes in prayer. He thought it gave the poor ignorant natives a better idea of worshipping the Supreme Being. And a touching illustration of this constant habit of his is found in the fact that the whisper of God's messenger came to him when he was on his knees, in his poor grass hut in Illala. Rev. W. C. Park writes of an old Hindu in Western India, who deeply felt the burden of sin on his conscience, and had studied all the doctrines of a great many Hindu sects, hoping to find relief in some of them—but in vain. At last some young christians of his own race came to his village to preach; and began singing, to attract the attention of the people,—

“Lord, give me Thy true Peace!”

and the old man would have them sing it again—for peace was what he sought, “Oh,” said he, “let me hear that hymn every morning and every evening till I die.” They often sang it to him. He professed Christ, and was baptized; and his few remaining days were made glad and bright by Him.

From Japan we have the same testimony. Miss Sands writes, “we spoke to the people from the upper verandah of our hotel. Our Bible-seller put up his book of white cloth, got out his white flag, and spread his bibles for sale in front of the hotel. From the upper verandah we sang hymns to fix the attention of the crowd, and then addressed them by turns, with hymns between, from one till four o'clock; and whenever we stopped they called for more preaching.”

With respect to the American nation, it is remarked by the missionaries, that the natural love of music in them reminds them of the Germans. And we have it from many authorities, and expressed in many forms, that “Gospel Singing is a power in Turkey.

BLUNDERS.

C. E. GORDON-SMITH.

Clerical errors are sometimes arising. We remember reading an advertisement of the Railway Co. re. some uncalled-for goods in which the letter “i” being dropped from the word lawful, made it read, “people to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the ‘awful’ charges on the same”—which if there was monopoly, might be strictly correct. Again, we read under the heading “Lost.”—A small lady's watch with a white face; also two ivory young ladies' work-boxes, a mahogany gentleman's dressing case, and a small pony, belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail.” Here is certainly a considerable mixing up of things. Bulls, or blunders in speech,

may be the outflow of natural wit, as illustrated in many effusions from the Emerald Isle, and sometimes they are the innocent results of nervousness, and want of coolness and self-possession. It was certainly haste and excitement that caused an awkward blunder when a manufacturer met with an accident in which his nose received an ugly scratch; having no court plaster at hand, he stuck on the injured organ one of his gum labels, bearing the unusual inscription, “Guaranteed length 350 yds.” But most of the blunders of life occur through thoughtlessness or ignorance, and occasion much inconvenience that with forethought and knowledge might be prevented. In the old country an article of winter luxury in the way of a warming pan, is frequently used to take the chill off the bedclothes where stoves are less common than in Canada. In Ireland this article is known by the term “friar.” A servant, who had just come to an hotel, and had never heard of such a thing in her life, though she regularly confessed to a Friar once a year, when on a cold drizzly night a priest took lodging there, being tired retired early. Soon after, the mistress called to Biddy to put the friar (warming-pan) into No. 6. Up she went to the Priest and said, “If you please, your riverince must go to No. 6,” so he donned the dressing gown and went to No. 6. In about 15 minutes the mistress called, “put the friar in No. 4.” Up went Biddy, and the unhappy priest, despite his angry protestations was obliged to turn out of No. 6, and get into No. 4. But a little while elapsed before the girl was told to put the friar into No. 8, and the poor priest, thinking everybody in the house was insane, resolved to quit next day, but crept into the damp sheets of No. 8; but he was to enjoy no peace there, as Biddy was again ordered to put the friar in No. 3, and with tears in her eyes, she obeyed. In about an hour the lady concluded to go to bed, and the friar was ordered into her room. Wondering what it all meant, Biddy roused the priest and told him he must go to No. 11. The monk crossed himself, counted his beads, and went. It so happened the husband, who was troubled with the green-eyed monster, going up to his room before his wife, his suspicions were aroused by seeing a man there sound asleep. To rouse him and kick him into the street was the work of but a moment, nor was the mistake explained till next day, when the priest informed the innkeeper what outrages had been committed on him, when he learned to his amazement he had been serving all night as a warming pan. Sometimes absence of mind may cause some strange mistakes. I have known an Edinburgh D.D. so thoroughly engrossed with some obtruse theme while walking on the street, that while the rain was coming down he would be holding up a walking stick instead of an umbrella, and all unconscious of the mistake, but

which blunder was more pardonable than that of Sir Isaac Newton, who, being singularly fond of his pipe, and visiting a house where a young lady was more than attached to him, seated on the sofa with her who longed for him to propose the all-important question, to which she was ready to respond. Smoking away, deeply absorbed in thought, his hand came in contact with the lady's, which he gently pressed; on the tiptoe of expectation that the long-looked-for hour had come, she allowed her hand to be raised which she thought he was going to kiss, when horror of horrors, taking hold of the fourth finger, he gradually brought it to the head of his pipe, and with it stopped down the tobacco. The lady was much offended, but a blunder from absence of mind it must have been, as Sir Isaac declared afterwards he had no recollection of the circumstance. But most of the mistakes in life are the result of ignorance, hence we have abounding errors respecting the economy of man, many believing, for instance, that a man has one rib less than a woman, because in Genesis it is recorded that Eve was framed of a rib of Adam; but this will not agree with fact, as the study of a skeleton of both sexes proves to us that men and women have four and twenty ribs. If even Adam lost one rib that is no reason that his posterity should want the same, for mutilations are not transmitted from parent to child else by this time the Chinese would have no feet left, and some of the fashionable ladies would be but head and limbs, stuck on the extremes of the spinal cord, as their waists have been narrowed and tightened till bye and bye as the songster says, "They'll have none at all." The heart is said to be on the left side, which strictly speaking, is not true, being as nearly as possible in the middle of the chest, and if a line were drawn down the centre of the breast bone, to divide the heart into two portions, we should find rather the larger on the right side: the point is directed towards the left side, close to the fifth rib, and the reason we attribute its position there, rather than the right, is, that we can more readily feel the pulsation on that side, because the last of the four great cavities of the heart is placed on the left side, from which the blood is forced over the whole system, and we readily feel its pumping action through the ribs. Ignorance also accounts for erroneous views of natural phenomena, errors in the progress of society, in science, art and invention, and mistakes in natural and domestic history, although to this cause we can scarcely ascribe the blunder of an idiot in a farmer's family in Scotland, who before going to church told daft Jamie he must not look into the broth pot, on the fire, as the cat was in it, and if he did, she would jump out. After their departure Jamie helped himself freely to the broth. Afterwards seeing the cat asleep under the table, thought she must have got

out, accordingly caught her up and dropped her into the pot, and replaced the lid. On the return of the family, when asked whether he had looked into the pot, replied, "No, you'll find the cat still there," and so they did. A common blunder with many outside the ranks of Temperance reform, and more especially in the old country is, that alcohol is a necessary of life, giving physical strength, which, I think the following record of experiment will confute. The late Dr. Parkes at Netley hospital, England, selected three men, who volunteered to undergo experiments for a week, in the shape of marches, carrying a total weight of 51 lbs. Having breakfasted at 6, they started at 7, marched 13½ miles without halt or refreshment of any kind. This was done in 4 hours and 20 minutes. After resting an hour they received either rum or extract of meat or coffee, then marched 4½ miles, another halt and allowance, and 3 miles more brought them to their dinner. This was continued for six days, each having had rum on 2 days, (but not on successive days,) meat extract on 2 days, and coffee on 2 days, when they concluded the meat extract gave the most strength, coffee next, and rum the least. Experiments have proved there is no effort of physical strength, energy, courage, exposure to extremes of heat and cold that cannot be accomplished without alcohol. Weston, the English champion pedestrian, is an abstainer, as is also Sir Garnet Wolseley, and expressly on the ground that he believes all men would be better without stimulants of an alcoholic kind, without which, he and his men crushed the rebellion on Red River in the depth of a true Canadian winter, and dashed through the Ashantee jungle and captured Coomassie under the fiery sun of Africa, without which he fought at Sebastopol, in India and China, and laid his left hand on the Suez canal, and his right on the vast encroachments of Tel-el-Keber, and in a few hours overthrew that great Egyptian revolution. It is a mistake that alcohol gives permanent heat. This notion is due to the sensation of warmth, to the glow which results from the blood vessels becoming dilated, and hence prompts the driver to take a glass at each hotel before whose door his stage draws up, but really it is the cause of a reduction of temperature by permitting a rapid cooling of the blood when the surface is exposed to cold, making the cold more difficult to bear, as Admiral Inglefield, of the arctic expedition says, "to take alcoholic stimulants to keep cold out is a fallacy, and nothing is more useful for this than a good fatty diet with hot tea or coffee, and not spirits, as a drink." We are glad to see the mistaken notion of Old England in relation to the drinking customs is being removed, and that without any legislation in the form of a Scott Act, as for this she is by no means ready, but to moral evasion she has

grandly yielded, as the recent budget has revealed in the immense loss of revenue from that source, and the increasing loss year by year. Blunders, blunders, they are on every hand, and concern every topic, whether domestic, commercial or political, but the most serious are in reference to things religious. Alas how many blunder about vital godliness, forgetting that one blunder in principle is worse than a thousand errors in opinion. Yet many mistake religion and die in their sins. Let not life itself be a blunder, for how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, and "what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

News of the Churches.

MARGAREE, C. B.—The "little leaven" in this church is evidently active; and while we have that "hidden fire" of prayerful emotion, we know there is a possibility at any time of an outburst of visible and general christian effort. Such activity on the part of a church is always successful in one way or another. The debt on the church property is almost wiped out. An Easter concert helped in this direction. The young people wrought zealously both in practice and execution to make the concert a success, and were not disappointed. The Pastor had the misfortune to lose his cow about this time; but the next day some young men quietly went to work and replaced the lost animal by presenting to their minister a fine Durham, said to be twice as valuable as the lost one. We have some fine young fellows at Margaree; one left us for our college two sessions ago and is now laboring at Cornwallis during the vacation. Another promising lad was received into the church at the last communion. We sometimes however, wish we could stop the exodus of our young people to the U. S., so that a well-sustained and vigorous church might exist here, instead of our struggling and going hat in hand to the C. C. M. S. But then, self-sustention is not a church's greatest work; and missionary churches supply most of the missionaries, and although we may send some strength and muscle to help Uncle Sam in his church and mission work, the Lord's work is being done somewhere, and we ought to be satisfied, as "the day will declare it."

MONTREAL, EMMANUEL.—The year book of this church has been received. From the Secretary's report we gather that during the year 1885 ten were admitted to fellowship by profession, one restored, and six received by letter; there were fourteen removals, the present membership being 241. The report further speaks of a marked improvement, both in the attendance and in the spirit of the week-evening service, due to an awakened interest and a higher appreciation of the value of this service as a means of elevating the spiritual tone of individual members and, through them, of the church as a whole. During the year, a young men's prayer-meeting before the service on Sunday mornings, has been organized and kept up. Another gratifying feature to be noted, is the larger number of our young people who are deciding to give themselves to Christ and his church. This church maintains its character for liberality. There has been contributed during the

year covered by the report to objects outside the individual church: Cong. College of B. N. A., \$607.62; Canada Cong. Miss. Society, \$495.32; Cong. Union, \$50; Foreign Missions, \$214.96; House of Industry and Refuge and poor, \$102.10. We regret to notice a deficiency in the ordinary revenue, but have little fear of that being allowed to remain. The opening sentences of the Pastor's address may close this very brief resume:—"By the mercy of God we have been preserved, in our relation as Pastor and Church, through another year. There are many points of view in which the call for gratitude is loud and clear in our hearing. All our church agencies are in an encouraging state. The congregations, evening as well as morning, are good. Our peace with each other remains unbroken. I think I am speaking within the strict limits of moderation when I say that the pulse of the church's life beats with increased fulness and with a healthy vigour."

MONTREAL, ZION.—On 13th ult. there was a very pleasant gathering of this church to listen to annual reports of church associations. The pastor, Rev. H. McIntyre, was in the chair. The report of the Young People's Association showed an average attendance of fifty at the semi-weekly meetings, and six cents after paying expenses. The Sunday school report showed the total number on the roll for the year to be 180, an increase of 75 over last year, \$158.16 expended and \$21.18 on hand. During the year the Ladies' Association, consisting of twenty ladies of the church, raised, by means of entertainments and a "dime fund" to which every lady of the congregation contributed ten cents monthly, the sum of \$179.85. Of this amount \$152.78 had been expended in the relief of patients in the small-pox hospital and for garments distributed among the needy children of the Sunday school. The report of the Financial Committee shows \$2,159.36 expended and \$10.04 on hand. During the year fifty-two new members have been added to the roll. Mr. Hill, the pastor of Calvary, was present, and gave an appropriate address. We must congratulate Old Zion upon its renewed growth and increasing usefulness.

BADDECK.—The Apostle says, "when I am weak then am I strong," and this is the sentiment of the little weak church at Baddeck, as is the little flock is of one mind. No one opposes church work internally, and external pressure has been the means of cementing the bonds of union. The interior of the neat church edifice is now completed, tastefully painted, grained and platform carpeted. The latter is the work of two of the ladies of the congregation. There is still a standing debt on the building, but this has not been increased by the finishing which has all been paid for by means of strenuous efforts. \$150 would cover all of this church's indebtedness, while a desirable property in every way well furnished is added to the possession of the denomination within the space of about two years. Before that time but one Congregational church existed in C. B. Now there are two and others are calling "come over and help us." Student Braithwaite, B. A., is expected to labor in this church during the vacation. Student Gerrie's successful work here last year makes the congregation eager to welcome another of our College boys. This supply will ensure regular preaching every Sabbath at both Margaree and Baddeck, by relieving the pastor of both churches of part of his usual work.

STRATFORD.—During the last month very special efforts have been made by the friends to clear off what remains of the \$700 debt of arrears of interest, and when one church which has kindly promised help fulfills its promise the financial burden in this respect will be a thing of the past. To all outside helpers the church presents her thanks. For some time the Sabbath evening services have been a great success, the attendance being very large. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith, having been preaching a series of sermons on "social life and relationships," which have proved themselves interesting and acceptable to the people. A great loss is sustained here in the removal of the large family of Mr. Joseph Sharman, who have gone to settle in the Northwest, and as the summer approaches we expect several others to leave us, at least for awhile, by reason of the great attraction of that Beulah land.

WOODSTOCK.—We regret very much to know that the esteemed pastor of this church has been very much hampered in his work by a lameness brought about by a fall while visiting Toronto some months past. His pulpit duties have not been seriously interfered with, but his pastoral work has. Added to which, his youngest daughter has been confined to her room for several weeks. There is reason to believe however that both afflictions are passing away, and we hope to have the pleasure of Mr. Cuthbertson's presence at our Union gathering. Meantime he has, with his loved ones, our warmest sympathy.

TORONTO, WESTERN.—From conversation with the esteemed pastor of this church we are glad to learn that the past year, though not adding so largely as others to the fellowship number, has been marked by increasing unity, devotion, and financial results. This church sadly needs a new building. As a denomination we shall never be in a vigorous state until we do something towards a church building fund.

PARIS.—Indirectly we learn that Mr. Hughes' pastorate over this church ends about the time this come into the hands of our readers. Mr. Hughes intends, we believe, to return to England. We can only wish our brother all prosperity; the church a speedy and happy settlement.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES ON THE SEA.

A letter from them dated Lisbon, May 1st says: "We arrived at Liverpool on the 13th of April after a very calm passage. Both of us in good health. In Liverpool we remained one day and on the following went to London, stopping at Bedford, and reaching our destination in the evening of the same day. We remained in London ten days, procuring portions of our outfit and making arrangements for our future supplies. On the 24th we left Southampton by S. S. Tamar for Lisbon. The early part of our journey was performed in calm and pleasant weather, but during the latter part we had some strong weather and all of our party except myself were quite sick. So calm has been the water throughout however, that we believe God has been answering the prayers of the friends at home for our safety. We arrived here last Wednesday evening and are comfortably situated in an English Hotel. We will not be able to leave before the 6th of May, and

then we take ship in a vessel that sails directly to Beaguela." I send this portion of a letter because I know all our churches will want to follow this and other missionaries at home and abroad, just as they follow their own children when away from home. They will want to read every scrap of news around the church fireside, and talk of our far away brother and sister to the children, until interest in missions grow in their hearts. Knowledge and interest will grow to love, and then we will have plenty of laborers in the vineyard.

THE SECRETARY.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A general meeting of the shareholders of the above Company will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, on Friday, June 11th, at 4 o'clock, p.m.

W. H. WARRINER,
Sec'y-Treasurer.

Bowmanville, May 19th, 1886.

CONGREGATIONAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1. The annual meeting of Directors will be held in the Congregational Church in Ottawa, Wednesday, June 9th, at 5 o'clock p.m.

2. The annual meeting of the Members will be held at the same place, on Thursday, immediately after the Home Missionary Society meeting.

EDWARD M. HILL,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 20, 1886.

C. C. M. S.

1. The annual meeting of the Corporation of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, on Thursday, June 10th, at 2 p.m.

2. The Public Missionary Meeting will be held on the evening of the same day at 8 o'clock.

3. The General Committee will meet in the vestry of the church on Wednesday, June 9th, at 3 p.m.

4. The Executive Committee will meet in the vestry of the church on Tuesday, June 8th, at 2 p.m.

5. Churches which have not sent in their annual collections to the Treasurer, will please do so at once, as the accounts for the year must be closed for audit.

6. Applications for grants from the funds of the Society for the year 1886-7 must be in the hands of the Secretary immediately. Blank forms for such applications will be sent when requested.

SAMUEL N. JACKSON,
Secretary.

KINGSTON, May 11th, 1886.

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Provident Fund Society will be held in the Congregational Church in Ottawa, on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th of June, immediately after the College meeting.

CHAS. R. BLACK,
Sec'y-Treasurer.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE, B. N. A.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the College will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, on Friday, June 11th, 1886, at 2.30 p.m.

GEORGE CORNISH,
Sec'y C. C. B. N. A.

MONTREAL, May 7th, 1886.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

I. ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual meeting will be held in the Congregational Church, Ottawa, Ont., commencing on Wednesday, June 9th, at 7.30 p. m., when the Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. R. Black, B. A., of Garafraza, Ont.

The Churches connected with the Union are reminded of Standing Rule No. 12, which requests every church to take up a collection for the Union on or before the first Sunday in June. This rule is intended to apply to all the churches, not excepting those which may not send delegates.

It is requested that all matters to be brought before the Union, especially applications for membership, should be placed in the hands of the Secretary a reasonable time before the Annual meeting. All such applications for membership are required to be in writing, and, in the cases of churches applying, to be accompanied by a recommendation signed by three (3) members of the Union.

The attention of pastors and churches is directed to Standing Rule No 4, where they will find instructions as to the manner of electing the Chairman.

Arrangements will be made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies for reduced rates. The Secretary is prepared to furnish the necessary certificates to all Ministers and delegates. He would be obliged if the applications were all forwarded in good time, and specified the lines by which it was intended to travel.

The Union Committee is requested to meet in the vestry of the Ottawa Church, on Wednesday, June 9th, at 2 p.m.

II. CONFERENCE ON THE STATE OF RELIGION.

At the last annual meeting of the Union, a resolution was passed in favor of holding a Conference on the State of Religion, and a committee, consisting of the Rev. Jno. Morton, together with the Chairman and Secretary of the Union, was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The Committee decided to ask several gentlemen to give addresses or papers on subjects of practical importance, these to be followed by open conference and discussion. The following is the list of subjects and speakers:—

“Statistical Secretary's Report,” Rev. Geo. Robertson, B. A.

“Conditions and Obligations of Church Fellowship,” Rev. W. H. Allworth.

“How to Secure the Right Material for our Ministry,” Rev. W. H. Warriner, B. D.

“How may the Church Best Reach the Churchless,” Rev. E. M. Hill, M. A.

“Why are there not More Conversions in our Congregations,” Rev. D. Macallum.

It has not yet been finally decided at what stage of the meetings these subjects shall be introduced. It has been suggested that we endeavor to secure the whole of Saturday forenoon for the Conference. The Secretary, on behalf of the Committee, would be glad to receive any further suggestions in order that we may have all the light possible in coming to a decision. It is hoped that the brethren will come to the Conference bringing their best thought on the subjects named, and ready to utter their thought with brevity and weight.

HUGH PEDLEY,
Sec.-Treasurer.

Cobourg, Ont., Box 166. April 26, 1886.

OBITUARY.

On Tuesday the 6th of May, the Rev. WM. BURGESS, of Tilbury, passed away to his rest. He was the son of the Rev. James Burgess, of Cambridge, England, was born 16th of May, 1801, so that at his death he was within a few days of the ripe age of eighty-five. He studied in the Royal College of Preceptors, London, of which he was a licentiate. He entered the ministry as assistant pastor with his father, whom he succeeded at his death. He came with a family of seven sons, to Canada, and settled in Southwold, taking charge of the Congregational church there, the first of our order in Ontario, seemed to be just waiting and praying for such a man. They were without a pastor and the peace of the church was disturbed. They were divided among themselves and some of them almost hopeless, in regard to their future, when the Rev. W. Burgess came among them, and by his wise, gentle, kind, healing policy brought them together again. After five years of happy useful ministry he determined for the sake of his family of sons to purchase land, and settle in the woods, which to the regret of the church to whom he had endeared himself, he did. Without practical knowledge of backwoods life, but looking to God alone for guidance he purchased land in Tilbury, to which place he moved his family. Tilbury was then a new country and the lands low and undrained. There in the deep forest with a large family, none of them very strong, he settled with a wife as humble as himself. Very soon after he got sheltered, they began to build a house for God, about two miles from his own, to accommodate others as well as themselves. Here he preached the gospel, and gathered around him a church of believers into which every one of his own family were brought, with others. About eight years ago, he was succeeded by his son Rev. Edmund Burgess, now minister of Tilbury Centre, but continued occasionally to preach as late as the winter 1885. He was always a close student, and for many years spent most of his time alone in his study. He wrote a good many hymns of the acrostic order which have occasionally

appeared in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, and other papers. His amiable wife and eight children survive him. One, a daughter by a former wife in England, seven sons in America, all followers of Christ. Two sons are in the ministry. Rev. Richard Burgess of Alba, Michigan, and Edmund before mentioned in charge of his father's church and that of Tilbury Centre. He passed away quietly and painlessly, surrounded by most of his family, and was buried near the little church he himself had erected. Rev. W. H. Allworth of St. Thomas preached a funeral sermon from Job 5. 26 to a large gathering of friends and neighbors, to whom he had for so many years ministered.

So ended a humble, useful life on earth, to begin in a brighter, better world above. W. H. A.

Fell asleep in Christ on the 3rd of April, 1886, MRS. PARKER, widow of the late Rev. Armin Parker, who was so long and favorably known as pastor of the Congregational church in Danville, P. Q.

Mrs. Parker was a native of the United States, and was married to Mr. Parker about the year 1830, when she accompanied him to Danville, where he had already begun his life work of preaching the gospel. She was one of the original members of the Danville Congregational church organized in the year 1832, there being but one now living of the twenty-three who that day gave themselves publicly to the Lord's service. She was fitted by education and nature's gifts, as well as by grace, to be a true helpmeet to her husband in all his labours; and well she did her part, sharing in his work, being interested in all his plans, and assisting him by wise and loving counsels in all those ways in which it is possible for a true woman to help. For forty years she taught in the Sabbath school, being rarely absent, and much of the seed she was permitted to sow sprang up, and is still bearing fruit. But not only in the Sabbath school did she seek to do the Master's work, it can certainly be said of her *I was sick and ye visited me*. She had a large family with many home cares, but was always one of the first to call upon the suffering, and to wait upon them by night as well as by day, seeking to relieve pain, to help in distress, to comfort in trouble, and to direct the mind to Him "*who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*"

Hers was a life of much self-denial. The comforts of cultivated life were left behind for a home in the then backwoods, but not for gain as the world calls gain. The question was not what can this people do for me? but what can I do for them? Such labours, in such a spirit, were not without many tokens of the Divine favor.

She was spared to a good old age, being over 83 years of age, with her faculties clear and unclouded; interested to the last in the church of her and her husband's labours, and praying for the cause of Christ at home and abroad. She passed away quietly, peacefully, sweetly, without much pain. It was a falling asleep. Among those left behind it is well to note that one son is a minister of the Gospel in the United States, one daughter a wife of a missionary in Mexico, whilst another daughter is a wife of one of our ministers in Canada.

"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

The Family Circle.

JIMMY'S PROMISE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

"His mother says he's all right, an' he says he's all right; but you see, Tommy, he can't walk very much without crutches."

"But he kin after he gets used to it."

"No he carn't. You see one of his legs is drawed up as much as four inches shorter'n the other, an' it won't ever come straight. When the horses knocked him down they broke his leg in one place, an' then the wheels broke it in another, an' perhaps some of the pieces got lost, or somethin' like that, so that's what makes it short now its well."

"But, Bob, what's he goin' to do?"

"That's jest what I don't know, Tommy."

"When are they goin' to let him out!"

"Ter-morrer."

Seated on their blacking boxes, each with his chin in his hands, Tommy and Bob were on the curb-stone, trying to devise some plan by which they could aid Jimmy Downs, who was to be released from the hospital next day, after having been there nearly six months with a compound fracture of the leg.

Jimmy, Tommy and Bob had been partners in the boot blacking business at the time of the accident, when Jimmy had been run over by a market wagon; and now that he was as nearly well as he ever would be again, his partners were sadly at a loss to know how he could earn his daily bread.

Jimmy lived with his widowed mother, and the money he had earned at his business had gone very far towards paying the modest expenses of this household, which was contained in one small room. It was necessary, therefore, that he should do something towards the support of himself and mother; but just what his partners were trying to decide.

"We might get a stand for him, an' let him sell newspapers," said Bob, after some study. "We could get 'em fur him every mornin', an' then he wouldn't have to run round very much."

"But how are we goin' to get the money to do that?"

"That's what I dunno. How much have you got?"

"Forty cents," said Tommy, after considerable labor, in the way of counting his capital.

"An' I've got five cents more'n you have. Now let's find a good place for a stand, an' then see ef we carn't borror enough from some of the other fellers."

"But then we won't have anything left for ourselves," said Tommy, as if he was just a trifle doubtful as to whether he ought to engage in this charity.

"What of that?" asked Bob, quickly. "Hain't Jimmy been sick? Hain't he comin' out of the hospital without a cent? An' han't we got to help him?"

"I s'pose we have," said Tommy, with a sigh, as he looked again at his capital, and then handed it to his partner.

Bob believed it to be their duty to help their former partner, at least, until he was in a condition to help himself, and during the remainder of that day he neglected his own business in order to find such a place for the proposed newspaper stand as

would be favorable for trade. Of course Tommy helped him, even though he was in doubt as to whether he ought to invest all his money simply to aid a friend; and by sunset everything was arranged.

One of Bob's friends had a stand which he was willing to sell for two dollars, half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder on credit. By promising to repay the money at an early date, in case Jimmy should not be able to do so, the boys had borrowed sufficient to buy quite a large stock of papers, and everything was ready next morning for the young store-keeper to begin his duties, as soon as he should come home from the hospital.

When Jimmy appeared on the street, looking so thin and pale, and hobbling painfully along on his rude crutches, Tommy no longer regretted having listened to Bob in regard to helping their former partner. Every boy in the business appeared anxious to do something towards helping the poor little cripple, and if they never knew before how sweet it is to be charitable, they knew it then.

Jimmy, as a matter of course, was delighted at the kindness shown him, and as he sat behind his stand he told, again and again, to those of his old business associates who called upon him, of all his former partners had done for him.

Tommy and Bob watched over him carefully for two days, getting his papers in the morning and at noon, and helping him home at night. But on the morning of the third day the poor little newsdealer looked as if it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could attend to his business.

"I'm awful tired, that's all," he said, in answer to a question of Tommy's. "I'm so tired that I guess I'll have to go home to mother for a little while, if you'll tend the place for me."

Fortunately Bob was near by, and as he helped the little cripple through the crowded streets he was seriously alarmed, so weak and feeble did he grow each moment.

On the following morning Jimmy was too ill to leave the house, and Tommy said when Bob told him: "Then we'll have to give the stand up, for we can't see to it. We won't make a cent all day if we do."

"S'posen you was sick, wouldn't you think the other fellers mean if they wouldn't help you a little?" asked Bob sharply.

"Well, I don't know," said Tommy, doubtfully; but he did neglect his own business for Jimmy's, and when the two carried the poor little fellow's stock in trade home that night, Mrs. Downs called them in to see him.

Lying on the bed, pale and motionless, was Jimmy; but when he saw his friends near him, he whispered as he moved one thin, wasted hand towards Bob: "You've been awful good to me, fellers, and now I'm going to die, 'cause I heard the doctor tell mother so. I don't suppose a little snoozer like me would be let into Heaven any way; but if I kin sly in I'll tell the angels how you helped me; an' when you come they'll remember it, an' be glad to see you."

Jimmy could say no more; his eyes closed; there was just the faintest spasm of pain passed over his wasted body, and then, although the boy had never before heard the rustling of the great white wings of the Angel of death, they knew that Jimmy had gone to the land where "the inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick.'"

A GOVERNOR IN A HOGSHEAD.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him till he was wide awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?"

"My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother's dead; she died not long ago," and at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home, and take care of you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, to a commercial school, to a classical school, and afterward employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor. When he became of age his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with goods and letters of credit, so that you can start business in the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" inquired the young man.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating drink of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second, that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started business in the West, and by minding his own business in a few years became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and adopted father. In the course of a happy interview, the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total abstinence pledge?

"Yes," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes," said the man, with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politicians?"

The visitor—the adopted son, perhaps I should have said—blushed and said, "Without my consent I was nominated for Governor of my State, and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

Did ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wilderness of mortar and marble, the great city of New York.

The streets and wharves of the great metropolis of commerce invite missionary effort, and the writer hopes that the little waifs afloat on the wave of outdoor life will not be neglected.—*Ex.*

"What is the worst thing about riches," asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy; and the class laughed.

Counsel (to witness) you're a nice sort of fellow, you are. Witness: I'll say the same to you, sir, only I'm on oath."

NOT TO BE ENVIED.

"How those three little chaps do enjoy playing together!" said John Evans to his wife one day, as he stood watching his Ned playing ball with Charley Willard and Edgar Perry.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Evans soberly; "They are all on an equality to-night, but ten or fifteen years from now how will it be? Then Charlie Willard will be worth his thousands and our Ned will be worth his shoemaker, may be."

"If he is, I hope he will make the best boots in the market."

"Think of that little fellow being heir to quarter of a million," continued Ned's mother, gazing at Charley wistfully.

"Mary, I am honestly glad for Ned's sake that I am a poor man. I would not have my boy, while a boy, heir expectant to any such amount for all his future is worth."

"Nonsense, John."

"Well, Mary, if we can live, you remember what I say, and ten or fifteen years from now see if I am right. I believe the poor man's boy has a better chance than the rich man's son."

"Chance of what?"

"A chance to achieve real success, through industry, economy, and self-control: a better chance to keep a sound body, a good brain, and honest heart—better chance, in short, to secure true manliness."

"You talk like an old fogey, John."

The next week Ned wanted a ball of his own, and began to tell how Charley Willard bought everything he wished just when he wanted it.

"Earn it for yourself, my boy, then you will have strength to throw it higher than if it dropped into your hand," said the father. And that was always the way after that. What Ned had he must work for; what Charley wanted he had for asking. Soon it was a question of costlier things than balls. Both boys wanted a pony and new school-books. Ned could not have the pony, so took the books and studied them well. Charley could have both, but the pony was the most entertaining, so he let the books alone.

When the boys were eighteen one was very popular and naturally it was the one whose pocket-book always held enough to treat a crowd to whatever fun was going. Ned had friends, but their sports had to be expensive. They skated instead of driving fast horses; they spent their evenings in one another's homes, or at lectures, while Charley's comrades could afford theatres and saloons. Of course, it came to be principle, and there was a time when Ned, with twice Charley's money, would not have had Charley's tastes; but after all, in the beginning money made the difference. Ned from a little boy knew he must earn his place in the big crowded world if ever he had any place worth having. Charley grew each day to realize that he possessed everything that gold could buy, or the means to acquire it. Ned did not like shoemaking, so he studied law. Charley "read" it, too, but first he traveled around the world and saw what there was "to be seen."

The Evanses forgot his existence, until one day Ned—who was a man of wealth and influence—Ned, now "Judge Evans," said to his mother, "Poor Charley Willard, do you remember him?"

"Why, of course I do! What of him?"

"He died to-day of apoplexy, brought on by fast living and hard drinking. Poor fellow, he had too much money; everything came to him without work; and life was all play to him."

"Yes; if he had fought his way up as you had to fight yours, Ned, he would not have wasted his strength and his manhood," said Ned's mother, forgetting entirely that night, years before, when she had thought Charley very fortunate.—*The Temperance Banner*.

A STRIKING STORY.

The following is from a sermon by Rev. B. M. Fullerton in the *Waltham Record*:

A Congregational minister in one of the large towns of New England told me the other day of a man across whose path he came, in the providence of God, whose story illustrates the destructive tendencies of negations, and the constructive Christianity. He was a man of marked power; easily first in his calling in the neighborhood where he resided. He had been graduated from one of the larger New England colleges, and had been greatly respected in his class. His father and mother were believers. By and by he began to entertain doubts, and indulge in the habit of staying aloof from Christian men, and remaining away from church. His political philosophy began to show signs of unsoundness. He drank. His wrongheadedness and wrongheartedness developed into cynicism. He lost friends. He lost influence. He had been a leader in the ranks of unbelief. But his cynicism, his wrongheadedness, his bad philosophy of life and his habits all combined to urge him on along the downward grade. His business grew contracted in its range. His political aspirations were blighted. One day it became known that his offices were to be lot. This minister, as he met him on the street, saw desperation written on his face and in his bearing. He somehow felt that it would be but a brief time in which any one would have the opportunity of trying to do that man good. He went into the man's office; the man addressed him roughly, demanded his errand, and distinctly intimated to him that the best thing he could do was to let him alone. A very short time would tell the story. He had already written a final letter to his wife. In a few hours he meant to be dead.

I will not detail the story—the almost violence and compulsion employed, the struggle of hours with the man, and all. To sum up the whole, however, he at length assented to being taken to the minister's house in a hack, on the condition that he should not be obliged to see any human being while there. The minister sat up nearly all night with him, and spent hour after hour in conversation with him, and by every care and in all patience nursed him back to a condition of struggling hope again. But among the things he told him was, "Your first downward step was in letting go your hold of your ancestral faith of your mother." The man assented. He is present now at the services of the Church, at the prayer meetings too, withal, is clothed and in his right mind, and gradually is winning back his lost ground, the devil of unbelief having been expelled. "I tell you what it is," he said to the minister one day, "you may take all the skeptics in this State, and squeeze them, and you cannot get out

of them so much of the real milk of human kindness as there is in any one of your old blue deacons here." This unbelief, which is so rife among us, which leads some to doubt the resurrection of the dead and others try to disbelieve it and by which seek to justify themselves for living as though it were no sin to ignore the mission of life, is demoralizing and destructive. Negation and denial have a tendency to make men act as though life were unreal and frivolous and the grave its goal. Our Christian congregations are called upon to oppose to the negative, the positive; to the destructive, the constructive; to frivolousness, earnestness; to the deadening influences of doubt, the vitalizing influences of faith and of love for Christ.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

"Mr. Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no word to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa round to pick up some," said the good man, making a stride towards the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up all the old stuff already."

"Oh! well, then, do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer; and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing a pleasant little ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table was set in the middle of the room ready for dinner, with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerfully.

"So I see," said she placidly. "Have you had a good morning in the cornfield?"

"Why, yes, so-so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the doorstep. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the doorstep, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner—everything placed in the nicest manner, and all the vegetables as raw as they had ever been. My grandfather started, and my grandmother joined another roll of her yarn upon her distaff and began another verse of her song.

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all!"

"Dear me, is it not? Why, it has set in the sun this four hours."

"Set in the sun!"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to have a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, he said—

"Come, boys, we might as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner until we have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women always are. And so she gained the day.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Some of our exchanges have received the following odd but good story:

A number who politicians of were seeking office under the government, were seated on a tavern porch talking, when an old toper named John D——, a person who was very loquacious when corned, but was exactly opposite when sober, said that is the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away": whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and after summoning his nobles, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned his philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

While journeying along they met a countryman with a jackass. He advised them to turn, "for it will certainly rain," said he. They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming down, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more about it than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, how did you know it was going to rain?"

"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"How, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass from him, he placed him—the jackass—in the office the philosopher had filled. And here [observed John looking very wise] is where the king made a very great mistake.

"How so?" inquired the auditors eagerly.

"Why, ever since that time every jackass wants an office!"

Said the late Hugh Stowell Brown at the conclusion of one of his lectures: "Now I've done, and when I've done I sit down. That's a thing many men have yet to learn to do. I don't make 'Perorations,' and I don't like them. Take my advice—whenever you see a man getting red in the face and striking an attitude, you make for the door. You may be sure the balloon is filling, and it may explode. Some of my young friends will excuse me if I disappoint any expectations they may have had of an explosion, but I always sit down when I have done, and, having now, I resume my seat."

NOT SUCCESS, BUT FAITHFULNESS.

A discouraged and despondent preacher was one day brooding sadly over the absence of any visible success in his work, when he fell asleep and dreamed. The Master came to him and put a sledge into his hand, and commanded him to strike as often and vigorously as he could upon a great rock that lay before him. He at once went earnestly and hopefully to work. His heavy blows fell thick and fast. But yet so far as he could see they all accomplished nothing. The rock was apparently as sound as ever. And ere long he began to weary of what seemed such fruitless toil. His blows were less frequent and less earnest. He was almost ready to abandon his work in despair when the Master again appeared, and asked what was the matter. "Oh, I do not see that I am accomplishing anything," was the answer, "and think I may as well give up." With a look that seemed to pierce his very soul, the Master replied, "Did I command thee to accomplish anything? Or, did I only command you to strike as vigorously as you could? Do your work as faithfully as you can, and trust me for the results."

The dream was like a direct message from heaven to the despondent pastor. The rucke aroused him to new faith and more persistent fidelity. And ere long he was permitted to see the most joyous proofs that he was not laboring in vain.—*The Advance*.

THE TRUE TEST OF PREACHING.

The true test of preaching is the effect it has upon the lives of the hearers. By the fruit ye shall know its service and value. There is a story told of a saint who preached to the fishes a most delightful sermon. The fishes were all charmed; but the narrator says:

"The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on speaking;
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way."

It is well to please an audience, but please it to its edification. Make the truth stick. Rhetoric and oratory whose end is entertainment, are out of place in the pulpit.—*Homiletic Monthly*.

FINALLY A SUCCESS.

Dannecker, a German sculptor, worked two years on the statue of Christ. Then he called a little girl into his studio, and pointing to the figure, asked, "Who is that?"

"Some great man," answered the child.

The artist simply said, "I have failed. I will begin anew."

He worked six years, and then again brought the same maiden into his studio.

"Who is it now?" he asked.

She gazed at the statue long and silently. Then bowing her head, and with tears in her eyes, answered, "It is He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

The sculptor laid aside his chisel. He knew his statue was a success.

THE PILGRIM TEACHER for Juno is before us: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston. We can only express the hope that still more widely among our Sunday Schools this and its kindred publications may be used. The imprint "Congregational" will not hurt scholars or teachers, and the matter is truly Congregational, i.e., unsectarian and intelligently christian.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE MAID'S AMEN.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When close, in a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When at the first word, the small damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell:
"I tain, tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you!" began I; she stopped me:
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see t'es he's crying,
And 'sides sir, I isn't so sma' I;
I's been here before with my mamma,
We tumbled when you ringed the big bell;
And ev'ry time I's heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
And humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward,
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled, and mimicked, and caroled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo!—when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—*Gospel Expositor*.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
 Out from the golden day;
 Fading away in the light so sweet,
 Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
 Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
 The pearl-white hands are pressed;
 The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin,—
 Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,—
 Shutting the blue of her eyes within,
 The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
 Twineth her sunny hair;
 She was so fragile that love sent down,
 From his heavenly gems, that soft, bright crown,
 To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
 Like as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
 Froze on her silent lips
 By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
 Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
 Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath,
 Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin,—hushed in your downy bed
 Over the swinging bough,—
 Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
 When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
 Till its velvet lips with the essence wet,
 In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud,—under your shady leaf
 Hid from the sunny day,—
 Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
 Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
 It is beaming now in a world of light,
 Over the starry way.

Hearts,—where the darling's head hath lain,
 Held by love's shining ray,—
 Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
 Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
 Over the starry way.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

In a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman full of hope,
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone:
 "With a Saviour for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
 I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than gule,
 But I never said a word
 In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in scrow, nor in glee,
 Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor,

But, in monotone, the song,
 She was humming all day long:
 "With a Saviour and a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonely she,
 Just as poor as poor could be,
 But her spirits always rose
 Like the bubbles in her clothes;
 And, though widowed and alone,
 Cheered her with the monotone
 Of a Saviour and a Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
 On the wash-board in the tub,
 While the baby sopped in suds,
 Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
 Or was paddling in the pools
 With old scissors stuck in spoons,
 She still humming of her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
 Have their root in human needs,
 And I would not wish to strip
 From that washerwoman's lip
 Any song that she can sing,
 Any hope that song may bring,
 For the woman has a Friend,
 Who will keep her to the end.

—Advance.

"Is that brake hard to handle?" asked a young man of the driver of a drawbridge car. "No," responded that person. "Is that whistle hard to blow," again interrupted the youth. "No," gruffly responded the driver. "What is the hardest thing to do on a street car?" "Answering fools' questions," replied the driver.

'RAILWAY CERTIFICATES TO UNION.

The form of certificate sent to delegates by the Secretary is the one used by all Canadian railways. Full fare to Ottawa must be paid by the delegate to the ticket agent at starting point, who will fill in the certificate to that effect. The certificates must all be handed in at the Union meetings to be filled in by the Secretary, in order to secure return tickets at one-third fare. The C. P. R. does not carry for the G. T. R. except from Brockville to Ottawa. Delegates travelling on G. T. R. from points west of Toronto can get a through ticket to Ottawa via Brockville by presenting their certificate.

HUGH PEDLEY,
 Sec.-Treas.

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